

MAINE IN HISTORY
AND ROMANCE

BY MAINE CLUB WOMEN





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MAINE IN HISTORY AND ROMANCE

This Edition of MAINE IN HISTORY AND ROMANCE,
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No. 227



Etta Haley Osgood

FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE MAINE FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS
1892

MAINE IN HISTORY AND ROMANCE

BY
MEMBERS OF THE
MAINE FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS

"Yours is a beautiful enterprise."

—Kate Douglas Wiggin.



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To

Sarah Rideout Abbott

*President of the Maine Federation of Women's Clubs
1913-15*

FOREWORD

I am asked to say grace, before this feast of reason and flow of soul. In the writer's request to his Master by Henry Van Dyke is my cautionary grace: "Lord, let me never tell a story without a meaning. Make me respect so much my material that I dare not slight my work. Help me to deal very honestly with words and with people because they are both alive. Give me an ideal that will stand the strain of weaving into human stuff, on the loom of the real, and when that is done, help me to say a grateful Amen."

The women of Maine in this same spirit salute you, whose stories grace this book. You have that which cannot be taken from you—a gift sent to you as the golden windows come by reflection from above. Cherish your gifts and refresh us again. We thank you; we prize your work; and above all, your efforts. One may know only so much as one lives and the day is his at its best when it is full of serenity and rich in work accomplished with high aims.

Treasure the ideals! May faith with understanding keep you and may you so continue, dear friends who have written this charming book, and you, women of Maine who may become its readers, till the twilight comes with its glorious sunset and God's "well done."

Ernie H. Luge.

Portland, Maine, November 28, 1915.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

This book, the first ever published by a federation of women's clubs in the United States, came about thru the publication of a series of articles in competition for prizes offered by the Lewiston Journal, and confined wholly to members of the women's clubs comprising the Maine Federation. The decision to publish these articles in book form was made at the annual meeting of the Maine Federation at Biddeford in October, 1915.

In the development of the original offer and the decision of the club members to publish this book there were so many helpers among the members of the Federation and so much encouragement that if the committee of the Federation were to name them all, the list would comprise a great majority of the club women of Maine. The committee does feel constrained, however, to make special acknowledgment of its great obligation to the following:

Mrs. Frederick P. Abbott of Saco and the executive board, Mrs. Grace A. Wing of Auburn, Mrs. Frederick E. Moore of Waterville, Mrs. M. W. Bessey of Waterville, Miss Mary A. Bradbury of Saco, Mrs. Charles F. Roberts of Portland and Mrs. S. C. C. Ward of Augusta, for encouraging and accepting the original prize offer.

To the Federation prize award committee, Mrs. Emma W. Moseley of Portland, Mrs. W. A. Murchie of Calais, and Mrs. Sidney A. Green of Waterville, who so carefully and conscientiously read the great amount of manuscript submitted and who so impartially and intelligently made their awards.

To the club presidents and members of the Federation, especially those who attended the 1915 meeting at Biddeford, for their enthusiastic acceptance of the recommendation of the prize committee that the prize stories be put in permanent book form.

To the Lewiston Journal Company for the gift of the copyrighted stories, the cuts and its co-operation in the publication of the book.

And finally, the committee wishes to express especial appreciation to Mrs. Grace A. Wing of Auburn, president of the Maine Federation 1915-1916, for her cordial co-operation in the publication and sale of this volume; and for the countless valuable suggestions which she has offered in its compilation, its make-up and its artistic conception.

FLORENCE L. NYE, Lewiston
LIDA L. BROWN, Oldtown
IDA F. NEWELL, Lewiston

Book Publication Committee.

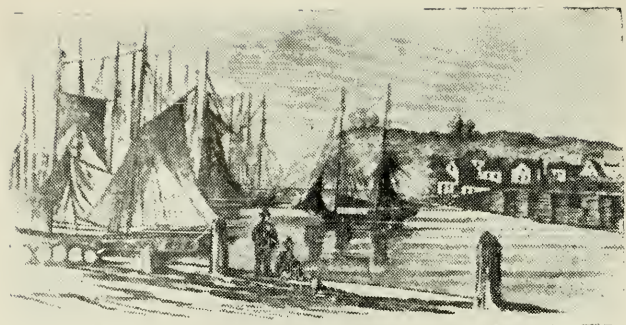
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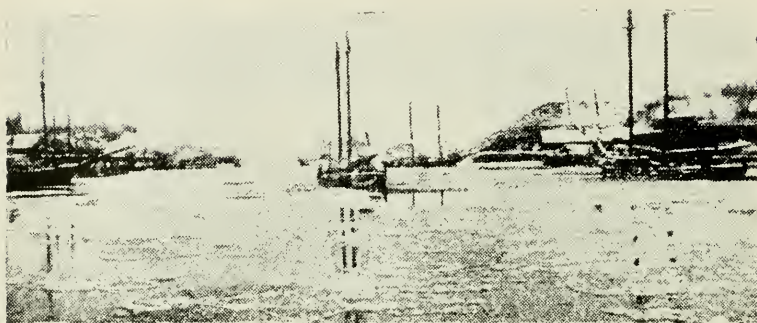
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With Illustrations



And the British Fleet Followed up the River



“More News of Privateering and Rich Cargoes than of Bloodshed”



Remains of Fort Castine

When George The Third Was King

By MRS. HARRY DELBERT SMART



GEORGE THE THIRD was king and the war of 1812 bubbled furiously in its crucible. British vessels harried American commerce and the young states endeavored to keep an even score. News of the capture of prize vessels with goodly cargoes gave a general flavor of daring and lawlessness to the Maine coast, and as a result many a merchantman, started with honest planks and a clean purpose, found itself not a privateer, nor with letters of marque, but a full rigged smuggler carrying condemnation in fine linens, costly brocades, silvers and wines of which no accounts were ever entered at the customs house.

Great quantities of contraband from Nova Scotia were rumored stored at Eastport waiting word that the Massachusetts coast was clear. Penobscot Bay with its many wooded islands saw strange lights glimmer on the fog of darkest nights and the towering Camden Hills hid many things in their shadows, it was suspected. The bluffs all along the river aided in keeping up the delusion, if delusion it were. Indeed there were people who claimed to have heard the plash from muffled oars, low, harsh voices and grate of keels upon the rocks, and to have seen those tell-tale flashing lights up as far as the head of the tide on the Penobscot and even just below the deep gulch which the Kenduskeag River makes in its eastern bank between Lover's Leap and the second falls.

Below this gulch, half a mile or more, Meadow Brook slipped in summer, only a brown shadow around a bluff half hidden by willows, but a noisy torrent in its springtime rush to the Kenduskeag.

Among the log cabins of the early inhabitants of Bangor had begun to appear framed houses of no mean size and the September sun of this unpropitious year, 1813, fell full and mellow upon gorgeous dahlias, stately hollyhocks, everlastings, beds of quiet pansies almost hidden by asters and lilies of many colors which added brightness to almost every home between the two rivers. They grew most abundantly, it would seem, on the bluff arising sharply east of the Kenduskeag where Meadow Brook, flowing south and west in its deep, narrow gorge, outlined the plateau whose top was crowned by a well-built frame house, partly shaded by several fine elms and willows scattered over the grounds.

A man in linen homespun came slowly along the high bank of the brook, pausing presently and leaning his coatless shoulders against a convenient tree. It was a wondrous view that met his gaze from this elevation. The wooded banks across the Kenduskeag made deep shadows on its water and beyond these arose yet other bluffs toward the north and west. A short distance up the stream stood a saw-mill, its gates closed, and farther up, another mill sawed its useless product intermittently.

West and north the broad Penobscot swept down, gathering to itself the waters of the Kenduskeag, smoothly, easily, without a ripple.

The young man turned his broad shoulders just enough to get a view of the fishing boats riding idly below the bridge which spanned the Kenduskeag. On the bank near the anchorage a store of logs had been built by one James Budge, for "General Mdse." Evidently the trade was not brisk this afternoon for the proprietor of the place lounged upon the platform in company with the bearded gossips of the town, smoking indolently. Dissipation marked many of these faces: poverty had laid its finger upon them all.

"A year to-day sen Capt. Erskine rode down the river—fair weather and a smart breeze, and he followed the tide—he followed the tide."

"Lucky he had a Dave Douglass to leave, though I doubt if the lad has pocketed a shilling of pay for all his work."

"How much wheat do you think he's thrashed and ground out at Hammond's mill off that Meadow Brook piece that belonged to Lapish?"

"Some say twenty bushels. He's stowed away more corn, oats and hay than most anybody else in this place."

"Much good it'll do him with the British comin' up the coast to seize and burn what they can't carry off."

"Ha! Brewer's canoe! She's up early. Camden must ha' had news!"

The men rose eagerly, glad of anything to break the benumbing uncertainty. Seeing the demonstration on Mr. Budge's platform, David Douglass picked up a field glass lying on a rustic seat nearby and brought it to bear upon the canoe and the men gathered about it. The same weary waiting on their faces crept into the eyes of the younger man.

"What is it, Dave?" The call came peremptorily from Mistress Erskine in the kitchen door.

"Nothing, Madam." The glasses fell at his side. "Col. Brewer's canoe is up—no news I guess."

The lady came forward with the nervous tread and keen glance of one to whom only personal knowledge is conclusive. The young man placed the glasses in her hand and remained gravely gazing at the woman.

White hair lay in soft waves back from a face full of kindness and dignity but bearing marks of anxiety more than due to forty odd years. David spoke presently to call the woman's attention from that fruitless quest.

"Do you advise that I begin plowing to-morrow since the grain is housed?"

Mrs. Erskine spoke sharply: "I hear there is talk of making us share with those who have raised no crops these two years!"

"Did Mary Ann hear that? Of course it's nonsense!"

"It seems you've heard it too!"

"I have heard nothing that need trouble you, Madam. Is Miss Priscilla fretting on this same head?"

Mrs. Erskine hesitated, giving the farm hand a keen glance before making a reply. It was a shapely build even with more than six feet two of height, but the heavy curling, light hair and deep blue eyes seemed rather a source of displeasure to the lady.

"I think the child had ears for naught and only eyes for the mowing across the brook that day Mistress Preble was in."

David flushed hotly.

"And you did not like her to see beauty in a field of grain yellow as gold in the sun?" His glance was steady and a whimsical smile traced his lips,

"The grain was well enough—and the land is hers."

That last hit was keen.

"And if I treble its value—"

"When the Priscilla comes in—and Capt. Erskine is home, you shall have your wage." The proudly lifted head suddenly drooped and the lips quivered.

"It's a long voyage, boy, and our ship may never come. You must sell the corn and pay yourself. It were knavery to deprive a faithful hand of his lawful hire. If there be no corn to spare, we have the silver and linens and silks that were to be dowry for Priscilla. Sell these and you have a fortune."

"You would have me vend a king's ransom when there is not money in the town to buy bread. Madam Erskine, you may keep your silks unless," with a smile of pure daring, "unless the dowered go with the dowry. Then, indeed, the debt were mine for life."

The woman abruptly entered the house without replying.

"Why, Mother!" Priscilla Erskine dropped the thread she was drawing and the impulse of the wheel twisted it into an inextricable mass upon the spindle. Her face lost its delicate color

"Are they coming—the British? You are crying, Mumsy. But they shall never harm you," wrapping slender arms about the half yielding form of the other, "not while you have me, Dearie."

"You are all I have, Prissy—we are two lone women with no one of our own standing to think or care."

"Why, Mother! Are not Gen. Blake and Col. Brewer both pledged to our interests?"

"True; but they must leave their own families for they stand with the men in their commands for public defence. Colonel Brewer hourly awaits a call that may deprive every house of its protector. His militia will join Gen. Blake's command. And what are their handful of troops to an armed English squadron acting in conjunction with King George's regulars?"

"But they may overlook Bangor, Mumsy, and if they do not we shall only have to go off in the woods and stay until they are gone. Bangor is not rich enough to keep them long busy," the girl laughed, "and if they burn our house they cannot take the land; with that and Dave, Mother—"

"Enough said, child; your father's daughter should—should—Lud! What's that?"

"A messenger from Col. Brewer, Madam." Dave stood in the doorway with the lad who had brought the news. "Word came by express this morning that Fort Mims had fallen to the Creek half bloods, Francis and Weathersford."

"Yes—yes!" the messenger broke in excitedly upon David's calm announcement of facts despite his signs for silence. "Four hundred of the garrison killed and left for dogs and buzzards and without a scalp to a crown."

"Scalped!" the girl gasped, holding her mother fast, "Scalped!"

"The British agent at Pensacola pays five dollars for long hair and baby curls as well as soldier's scalps." David's arms were folded and his voice breathed a bitterness, telling its own tale of the past months when work had kept his hands busy while the call of his country was in his blood. A silence fell upon the room. The afternoon sun gilded the rolls of dust from the flax; the air, balmy as midsummer, slid through the open window without lifting the curtain of fine linen. The brocaded furniture had serviceable covers from the loom and this product also protected the costly carpet. Brazil wood cabinets held an abundance of silver fashioned after a gracious vision of the goldsmith's art. A corner of the snowy floor of the room beyond was visible with a huge fireplace and broad hearth. A brass teakettle hung on a crane over a fire of coals. By the cake board at her kitchen window, Mary Ann molded out biscuits for tea while destiny took a like turn in human affairs. An odor of burning wood from distant cuttings drifted in fragrant whiffs over the town; the pioneer spirit but slept, paralyzed for the hour by the dread disaster hovering over the land. The falls of the Kenduskeag mingled musically with other sounds of life outside.

"You'll not be going, David—you'll not be leaving us?" The voice was but a breath and the touch on his sleeve was of fairy lightness.

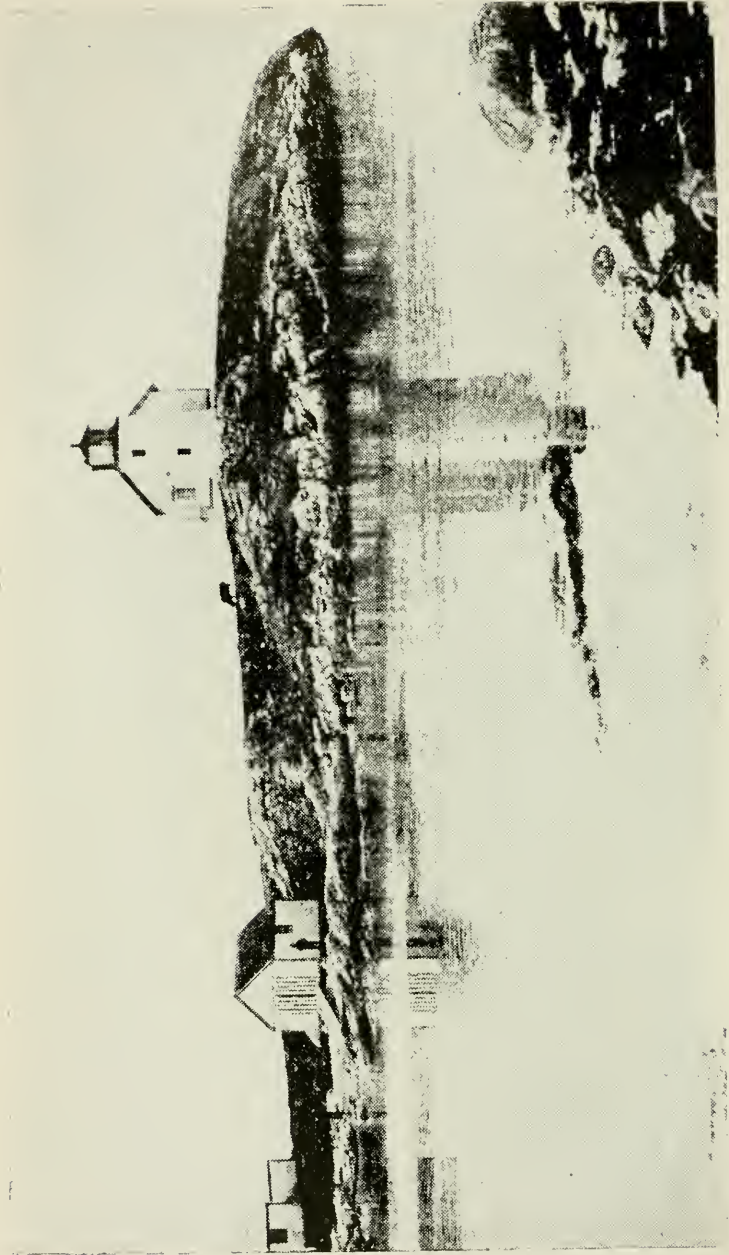
"Surely, you'll not be going, David," the musical voice reiterated.

The terrible sternness fell out of the man's strong face as he gazed, his eyes circled the room and came back.

"I'll not go, Priscilla—though it breaks my heart I'll not leave you till General Blake gets his call. To fail that were dishonor—you'd not ask that of me, Priscilla?"

"Never that, David," meeting his eyes unwaveringly with all they were telling—as if the world held but them two—"never that though you leave mother unprotected and it—it breaks my heart, David."

Again the days followed each other, level and uneventful; the oxen waded deep in the brown, mellow earth drawing the plow; apples dried in wide, spotless kitchens; a spicy odor of hams smoking over maple chips lingered near farmhouses, for now keen winds whirled gorgeously colored leaves down the valley of the Kenduskeag and beechnuts rattled crisply on the hills.



Fort Point, North Castine

“Whrr, whrr, whrr; spin, spin, spin—
Winter’s coming on, cold is creeping in;
Apples in their prime, sheep within the fold,
Flax will do for summer time, but wool we spin for cold.”

The old spinning song floated out many a window on fine days, it reached the brown field beyond Meadow Brook where David patiently followed his bovine team. He stopped a moment to listen.

“Whrr, whrr, whrr; spin, spin, spin—” Would that voice ever sing beside *his* fireside? What right had he to ask it—he, a farm hand, yet it was passing sweet. To-day the earth and air were wondrous fine, there was a full barn on Capt. Erskine’s hill, thrift had come to every rood of land he owned if he still lived to hold possession of anything—if not—

“The grain is well enough, and the land is hers.” It was only a mocking recollection.

“Never shall I ask until my acres equal these,” he laughed a little, “it were useless to ask. If the Indians had not killed my people it may be Mistress Erskine might have looked with more favor upon the son of a well-to-do English landholder, should the story they tell of my parentage be true. Even though my father were an adventurer in this new land, we all look back upon much the same lineage unless it be the savages.”

The oxen ceased chewing their cud and retraced their steps again and again over the stubbly field.

Weeks slipped into months and the sound of axes rang on the frosty air for firewood could be had without money, the want of which pinched more sharply with the biting wind. Winter swept its white garment over the little town. Was Priscilla Erskine a true prophet and Bangor to be overlooked for greater prizes and peoples?

In February of 1814, the town’s people “laid away” Capt. Lowder, government courier before the Revolution, sergeant in the French and Indian war, and gunner at Fort Pownell in ’76; he was followed by another beloved citizen, Capt. Hammond, both full of years.

Affairs of the town claimed attention, and the tide of battle flowed back and forth, driving other saddening thoughts from the foreground. Springtime brought little return to the soil among the inhabitants generally, though loafers at “Budge’s” store again had opportunity to criticise the industry on the “piece owned by Lapish” on Meadow Brook, and yet the canoe ran daily to Camden by Col. Brewer and others told more tales of successful privateering and costly cargoes than of bloodshed.

Then another August brought its labors afield in the Penobscot valley and the grain was garnered again. One August evening, Mistress Erskine looked with concern upon her farm hand, coated and hat in hand, at the kitchen door.

“Where art going, David? and the night so dark.”

“I was minded to take a stroll. You’re not afraid to be left?”

Priscilla glanced from the window into the murky night and continued to gaze silently, notwithstanding her certainty that David's eyes were upon herself while his words were apparently addressed to her mother.

"Honest men were better to bide in bed than roam such a night," the lady observed sententiously rather than according a reply to the young man's query. David shifted his hat a little uneasily.

"Have I your permission to go, Madam?"

Perhaps Mistress Erskine was a bit overawed by the coldness in the voice of her usually tractable farm hand for she answered a little ungraciously, "Do as you like, but have a care, David, evil walks abroad under cover of darkness."

It was Priscilla who caught the enigmatical expression in David's eyes as the door closed between the two, and it was Priscilla, who, a little waned from lack of sleep through the long night, heard the fumbling at the kitchen door and, softly slipping into a wrap, turned the key to admit a damp, mud-splashed figure which towered above her, a strange excitement in the eyes. The candle flared in her hand.

"You—you have not been awake all night! Why did you lock the door, Priscilla?"

"Don't think me spying, David. I felt sure from your look last night—Won't you tell me, David?"

"You are a witch, child, and there's nowt to tell. Go to your bed before Mistress Erskine hears us—that would give us plenty of explaining."

"But, David—" she pleaded.

From the foot of the stairs leading to his room, boots in hand, David turned, his eyes shining.

"A man tells everything to his wife, Prissy, everything."

The girl's eyes fell and the candle slipped from her hand, clattering upon the floor and leaving the two in darkness.

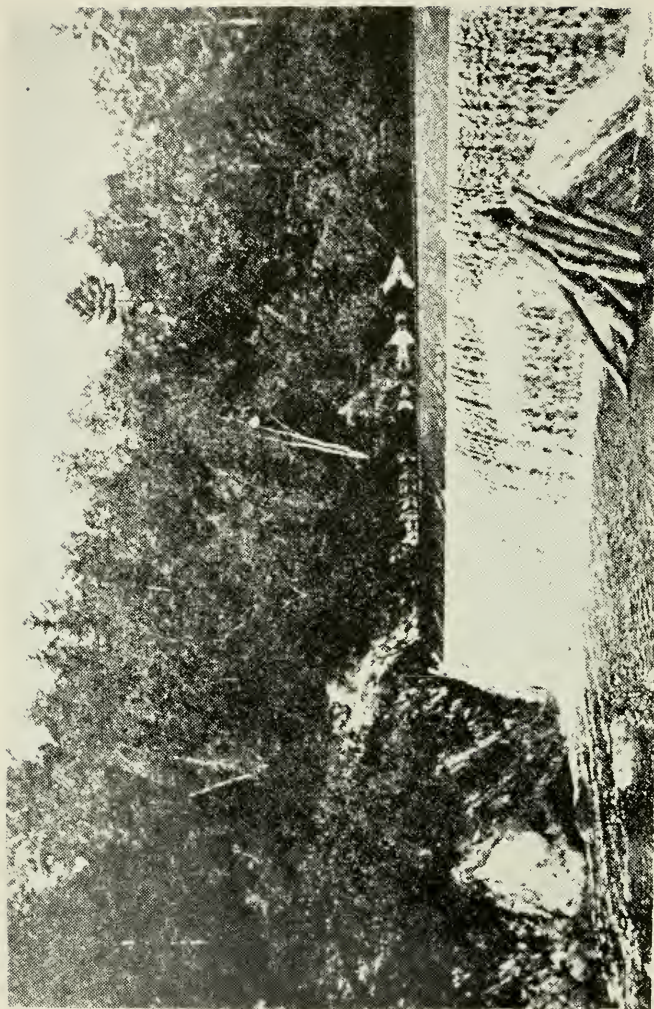
"Who's there?" Mistress Erskine's voice called sharply.

The girl hastened to reply. "It is I, Mother. I had a headache and wanted some water," both statements were true but she heard David's low laugh and a softly whispered, "Good night—Sapphira." There was no lack of color in the cheek which rested upon her pillow a moment later in the little white draped room opening off that of her mother.

By the first of September the *if* of probability had become certainty. Eastport was under British rule with all the islands of the Passamaquoddy. Her vessels were seized and three hundred thousand dollars worth of goods from Fredericton and due in Boston by way of Bangor, illicit no doubt, were prize to the captors.

The rejoicing over England's defeat in the bombardment of Stonington, Connecticut, and the sorrow for the burning of Washington were alike driven from the people of Bangor by the call to arms.

The United States corvette, *Adams*, after making her teeth and claws felt upon English shipping, had been driven upon the rocks of Isle au



"Even so Far off as Lovers' Leap"

Haut, and now, helpless and broken, lay at Crosby's wharf in Hampden; Castine had surrendered after one volley though Lieutenant Lewis spiked his guns and blew up the redoubt before making his retreat close after Lieutenant Little with a detachment of Gen. Blake's militia, and with several field pieces from the fort.

Then came the final word that sixteen English war vessels and nearly four thousand British regulars were to be sent to seize the whole country of the Penobscot.

Leaving the excited and terrified loungers at Budge's store, David hastened up the steep hillside to the Erskine house. His lips were a little white when he entered the kitchen where Madam Erskine busily removed from the oven the first pumpkin pies of the season and Priscilla deftly mixed a pretty salad.

He hesitated as to the kindest way to break the news.

The girl raised her flushed face. "David—Why, David, have they come!"

Mistress Erskine glanced from the window.

"Nonsense, child—" David's voice interrupted.

"They are coming up the river, Belfast is taken, they are after the *Adams* at Hampden now. Gen. Blake has joined his brigade with Capt. Morris's command and they are fortifying the bluff above Crosby's wharf with guns from the *Adams*—Capt. Morris will defend his ship to the last. Lewis has arrived with his regulars. Gen. Blake is gathering the Bangor militia—" the rushing impulse of David's voice broke, "I have to go—now."

A moment of silence then—"Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, lad! You've been faithful—" Mistress Erskine lifted her apron to her eyes.

"They are waiting to march, Priscilla—I have been riding Brewer's horse to summon them."

The girl's eyes were wet. "Then it's good-bye, David! It's hard to say, and we'll miss you—"

"How it rains! and what a gale!" Mistress Erskine closed and bolted the outer door. She came to the hearth shivering, that seeking look in her eyes as it ever was on stormy nights. Many times in imagination had she watched the Priscilla wallowing in heavy seas, had dreamed the schooner slipped from sight in the black water, and awakened to a bitterer sense of her loss.

"It's a terrible morrow we face, I fear, child, and David gone, with the storm so heavy and may be your father battling with the waves."

The two women sat wrapped in each other's arms in the light of the blazing logs.

It was several hours later and the wind no longer piped its wild strain. Gen. Blake's pickets had been dislodged the previous day, the women and children had left Hampden, and all night in the drenching rain, their batteries manned and forces in position, United States regulars

and raw militia stood by their guns to guard against a surprise. Capt. Morris had stationed a battery on Crosby's Wharf and another occupied the heights above. Blake had dispatched two companies to watch and annoy the approaching enemy. Between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, these reported the British on the move on land and supported by vessels on the river under Commodore Barrie.

Then, out of the dense fog which enveloped the whole region, the British poured and were met by General Blake's artillery fire. Still they came at double quick, sending volleys in rapid succession.

This proved too much for the militia whose fire Blake had restrained until the enemy were close at hand, they fled panic-stricken in every direction. Flank and rear were exposed, there remained nothing but to surrender. Capt. Morris ordered Wadsworth to spike the guns and after blowing up the Adams to retreat with his men and accompany Brewer with the remnant of his militia.

At nine o'clock the disbanded troops began straggling into Bangor, closely followed by the militia.

Leaving a detachment of English regulars to hold Hampden, Colonel John and Commodore Barrie with Major Riddle rode their horses in pursuit of the flying Yankees and were met by flags of truce and requests for terms.

"I demand barracks and provisions," was the retort, "and unconditional surrender."

On the Erskine bluff Priscilla had been the first to pierce the fog with her glass.

"It isn't a battle, Mother," she hesitated uncertainly; "but I can see cannon and warships on the river and—and—men running like boys."

"We heard the firing, child, a moment since!"

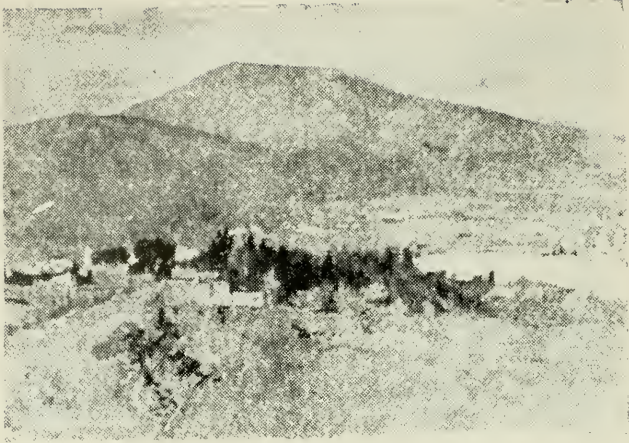
"There's not a sound now," she listened, "and—and the troops are coming toward Bangor. They are quite near—Don't you see them without the glass?"

"Aye, Priscilla, that I do; and Barker has a flag of truce out his store window. Why, that must be Col. Blake and Capt. Morris! Put up your glass, child, and help me get them breakfast for who knows when they last broke bread."

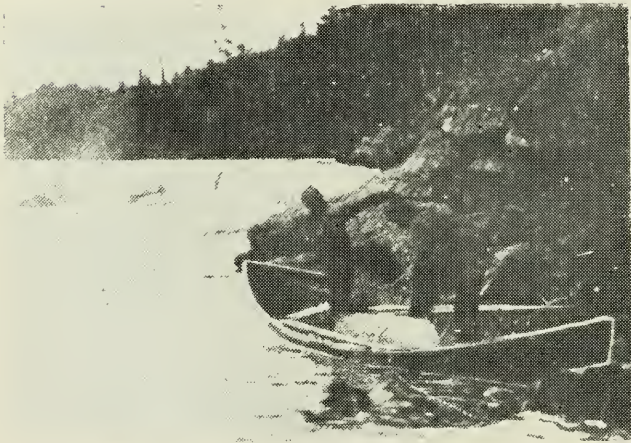
The thoughtful housewife had a full table that morning; David came when the coffee was ready, his face a mixture of disgust and anxiety. His words in reply to Capt. Morris gave that gentleman quite a turn, coming from youthful lips.

"You couldn't do any good if you remained, for Barrie and John could wipe you and your men out of existence in short order; when that work had stirred up their blood against the townspeople, with Barrie's disposition, you know how we should be placed."

"I see, sir. You quite comprehend the situation, and I'll be going the minute I have swallowed another cup of coffee."



What was Hidden by the Camden Hills



What David Saw at the Gulch

Priscilla poured generously and the cream was rich and yellow. Many long miles lay between Bangor and Portland where the captain was again to assemble his command, so what wonder that it was not until a distant shot sounded from the river that the troops scattered and set off through the woods with Capt. Morris, leaving the militia to forget their taste of powder and guard their homes with wit alone.

And now the British came swarming from their vessels and the troops on land arrived from Hampden. Promises had been received that property would be respected but no sooner had these assurances been given than Commodore Barrie showed his willingness that the town be plundered. It was a day of terror and dismay.

Stationed at her attic window Priscilla with her glass could see much that transpired.

"Why—why!" she gasped to her mother sitting near, "they are robbing the stores—Budge's—all of them, and smashing things in the houses. See that chair they are breaking, too, and there goes a dining table crashing over Exchange Street Hill—that is the second clothes line they have broken in pieces, and, Mother, that beautiful cabinet of Levett's! it came from abroad and now it is ruined."

"Can you see what they are doing in the street?"

David had rushed up the stairs and now exclaimed in dismay:

"It's brandy they are serving out in pails! and I heard Commodore Barrie issue an order that no liquors were to be sold the men—the only decent order he has given, too!"

"I think that officer demanded it set out, from what I saw," Priscilla hesitated. "And now there is trouble. Who is that man?" giving David the glasses.

"That—that is Commodore Barrie, himself, and he's furious. A score of men are drunk off their feet and more staggering. If this keeps up there won't be a whole roof, or a whole head in Bangor to see another sunrise.

"Better not look any longer," David recommended, for the tears were running down Priscilla's face.

"Yes, let me! I'll be good now, really, I will. It is that I am so foolish, besides I'm hungry."

"You stay here and I'll bring a lunch," Mistress Erskine advised. Pumpkin pie, some of the best plum cake, sandwiches, and glasses of rich milk were set out on the well dusted attic table, boxes did well for chairs, and the September sun lay as softly on the white hair as the brown and did not miss David's rough mane in its caress.

Darkness mellowed by starlight hid the depredations, the terror and the wrecked homes. Out on the river signals flashed from one vessel to another. Presently a rocket arose with a hiss, circled and fell into the water, several more followed, then all was quiet and the enemy slept.

Priscilla with her head in her mother's lap dreamed peacefully and at the attic window David held his watch alone.

Dawn came, then sunrise, and Priscilla awakened in season to see the first signs of life at the courthouse where many of the troops were quartered, and another long day, glorious with sunshine and breath of autumn, dragged by in the distraught town but the Erskine house remained untouched when late in the afternoon a red blaze on the river told that Bangor's shipping was to be sacrificed, not to greed, but to wantonness. In the light of the dying flames the men and vessels of the invader went down the river.

The treaty of 1814 between the two nations left Bangor free to return to its long disturbed pursuits. Then only did David make his memorable visit to the customs house.

"And you give your word of honor that the cargo which you claim to have knowledge of was stored away in said gulch above Lover's Leap on the Kenduskeag on the night of August 28th-29th, during that night and early morning, and that you recognized none of the men employed on the vessel, or in the boat, and that twelve months have now elapsed and that the cargo is like to be ruined in part if not better housed?"

"I do."

"And will you here before witnesses declare this and that you will pay the required duties on the same?"

"I'll do that gladly, sir."

"Then," remarked the officer smiling and with visible eagerness, "let's proceed to the inspection for it is a fine dry day to exhibit your treasure on the top of the hill."

"Shall I sell it all?" David asked, glancing from mother to daughter with the smugglers' rich horde between them.

"Why, do as you like, boy; it's a noble find, not that I think you don't deserve it and it's not fitting—and the silks are fine as spider's web."

"Are they fitting for Priscilla's wedding gown?" The brown head bent quickly to hide blushing cheeks, and there was a silence.

"She's all I have now—you may have her, David. I'm going home to help Mary Ann about the supper—"

Priscilla's quick lift of lashes caught the glance flung by David after her mother's retreating form, the lashes fell and her lips curved.

"Priscilla?" David's voice asked and his shoe planted itself firmly on a rich brocade.

"Oh, David, how cruel, I wanted it—"

"You wanted it, Priscilla, for—"

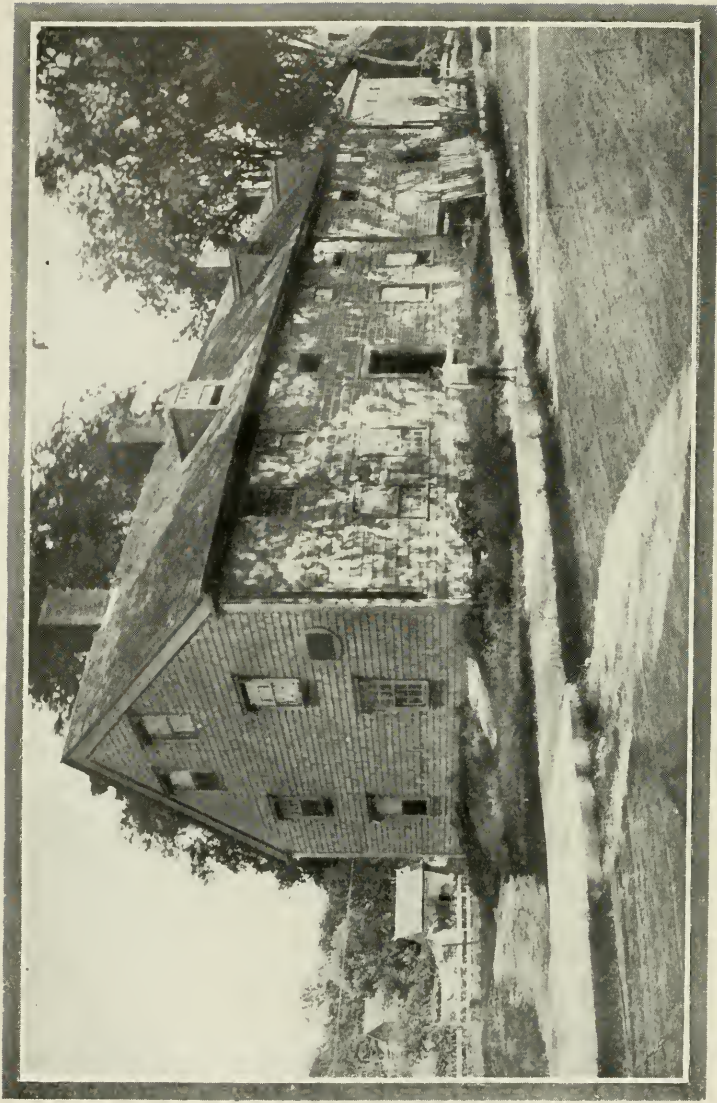
"Please take your foot away or there won't be enough not ruined for—"

"I'll take my foot away when you say what you want of the silk."

"Your wedding coat, David."

"And you'll stand beside me when it's worn, Priscilla?"

"I'll be proud to do that, David."



Old Fort Western as it is Today

John Jones, Sometime Tory and Renegade

By JESSICA J. HASKELL

JOHN JONES—the very name suggests respectability and solid worth; mediocrity, perhaps, but morality. A villain by the name of John Jones upsets all our preconceived notions of the fitness of things. Yet it was the villain's part that John Jones of Augusta, one-time Hallowell, played in the eyes of his neighbors in the soul-trying days of the Revolutionary war. Dark and gloomy enough was life in the little town on the Kennebec, a veritable tragedy of sorrow and suffering; but a tragedy lightened here and there by flashes of comedy—furnished by one John Jones.

In happier days, John had been a respected citizen and an officeholder; a man who made firm friends, some of whom clung to him through all his later trials and difficulties. He was originally from Concord, that hot-bed of Revolutionary feeling, a fact which makes his Tory proclivities seem all the stranger. He had been educated for a surveyor, and at the age of twenty-eight was in the employ of the Plymouth Company. He seems to have been liked and trusted by the company, and he certainly did good work for them. He was soon principal surveyor, and was sent to the Kennebec in charge of the work of plotting out townships in the wild lands along its shores. We know that in 1771 he made charts and plans for Pondtown, now Winthrop, and also for Hallowell; and in 1772 surveyed the region east of the Sheepscot river. In 1773, he was in Canaan; in 1774, he surveyed Vassalborough; the land which constitutes the present town of Unity, then Twelve Mile Pond; and the region including the China of to-day, then known under the plebeian name of Jones' Plantation. And surveying in the wilderness, with the ever present danger from wild beasts and from the prowling Indian, required resourcefulness and a ready courage.

What Jones saw of the Kennebec must have appealed to him, for we find him not long after snugly settled on Jonathan Bowman's Lot Number 10, in old Hallowell, the modern Augusta. He built a house upon this land, and erected a saw-mill on Bond Brook, which flowed by his door.

This mill played an important part in the community life, since much of the wealth of the little town lay in its abundant supply of lumber. Indeed, pine boards took the place of currency in more than one instance. In 1780, the town voted to pay each "Continental" two and one-half thousand feet of pine boards a month, in addition to state and national bounty. From old account books and incidental references in town rec-

ords, we gather that Jones' first year in Augusta was a peaceful and fairly prosperous one.

With the year 1774, however, whig feeling ran high, and life for a loyalist as outspoken as Jones began to be difficult. Not only his speech, but his choice of friends was most unwise for one in his position. Among these friends was the Rev. Jacob Bailey of Pownalborough, whose stubborn Toryism and intemperate speech had alienated most of his parishioners. In 1773, Mr. Bailey, on a journey to Boston, had been mobbed and roughly handled; and on his return to the Kennebec, fell into worse difficulties. A hundred armed men, thirsting for his blood, sought to lay hands on the unhappy man. By good fortune he escaped and hid himself from the first violence of their fury. In October, 1774, he was mobbed again at Brunswick, and in the excitement following the Boston Tea Party was, for a time, in serious danger. Such a man was hardly a helpful friend to one in Jones' difficult position.

John himself did escape the effects of whig fury. At midnight on the Sunday following these disturbances, a hundred and fifty armed men broke into the house of Mr. William Gardiner, and after wreaking their vengeance upon his possessions, sought and found the unlucky Jones, who had so unwisely identified himself with the unpopular Tory leaders. Their purpose was to compel him to sign the covenant. Jones must certainly have had the courage of his convictions. It can hardly be easy to refuse the request of a hundred and fifty infuriated men, more especially when that request is backed up by an array of deadly weapons, any one of which may bring one's earthly life to a sudden and disconcerting end. Along with his courage, he must also have had a sense of dramatic values, for he certainly "played to the gallery" in his defiance of the mob. In the words of his friend, Mr. Bailey, they "insisted that he should sign the covenant, when he stripped open his bosom and told them they might stab him to the heart, but nothing should induce him to sign that 'accursed instrument.'" He escaped the stabbing that he so recklessly invited, only to fall victim to a more ignominious fate. He was seized and dragged away to the river, into whose icy waters he was ruthlessly thrown. Whether he maintained his dramatic composure under such rough handling, history does not say. He was dragged about in the river until he was, to quote Mr. Bailey again, "almost torn in pieces." Our respect for him is increased by the fact that neither the icy bath nor the prolonged torture made him yield to the demands of his tormentors.

In spite of this unpleasant episode, in 1775, Jones could not have entirely forfeited the friendship and trust of his neighbors, for at the annual town meeting held that year at Fort Western he was chosen constable. The indignant whig element objected vigorously to this choice and, in the words of the old record, "reconsidered the constable vote" and "purged the town meeting." But these vigorous measures failed of effect, and John Jones was chosen constable again. His victory was, however, a barren one, a salve to his feelings, perhaps, and a satisfaction to

his friends; but a source of trouble and annoyance to himself. A constable's path was none too easy, even in the days of our sober Puritan ancestors, and when that constable had already been mobbed and ducked as a Tory sympathizer, his way could not but be still thornier. The town records are silent upon the subject of John's difficulties, but difficulties he must have had; for a month later we find that he had hired one Jonas Clark, a son of Deacon Pease Clark and a man acceptable to both factions, to be constable in his stead. It seems quite unlike John's previous record to consider discretion as any part of valor, but perhaps that cold plunge had taught him a much-needed lesson. The town must have considered this substitution of Jonas Clark a desirable expedient to put an end to an uncomfortable situation, for they promptly voted to accept him as constable "in the room of Jones."

In rather sharp contrast to this dispute over the constableness came that year a striking political honor to Jones. He was chosen a member of a committee of five, one of whom was to be the town's delegate to a Revolutionary meeting in Falmouth. His fellow members on the committee were James Howard, James Cocks, William Howard and Pease Clark. Odd company and odder business for an avowed Tory who had stubbornly refused to sign the covenant. Which one of the five really attended the meeting, we do not know—surely not Jones. In spite of his undoubted bravery, he would hardly have cared to present himself voluntarily in Falmouth, a town seething with what to his Tory mind was sedition; and still less would he have risked attendance upon a meeting where feeling was certain to run high.

For a time the records are again silent upon the subject of John Jones; but in view of later revelations, he must have been pursuing his way in cheerful defiance of his whig neighbors, and with no attempt to keep his treasonable opinions to himself. In the warrant for the town meeting called at Fort Western, July 17, 1777, we find the clause: "To proceed agreeably to an act of the state, entitled an act to secure this and the other United States against the danger to which they are exposed by the internal enemies thereof." The humble object of all this imposing verbiage was plain John Jones, who had failed to check his unruly tongue.

There was lively argument in the little assembly in Fort Western; and finally Lieutenant John Shaw, whose military record and whig principles placed him above suspicion, was appointed "to procure and lay before the court evidence against John Jones of Hallowell, whose name was exhibited to the town, and whom they suppose to be of a disposition inimical to the liberties and privileges of said states." A thankless task for Lieutenant John, but one which he appears to have attended to with commendable dispatch; for he immediately presented the case to the Court of Sessions of the Peace, a county court with criminal jurisdiction, then in session at Pownalborough.

Jones attempted a stay of the proceedings against him, and sent in a

petition signed by fifteen of the town's people, asking the selectmen to call a town meeting to reconsider the vote of "inimical." The warrant was at once issued, and another meeting held in the old fort to consider the sins of John Jones. In spite of his hopes and the best efforts of his friends, the town reiterated most emphatically its opinion of the man; the meeting, not content with refusing to reconsider the previous vote, calmly proceeded to vote "said John Jones inimical" again. Warned by the attitude of the people, John fled before the coming storm. It is said that he found shelter for the night at the home of James Winslow, a "half-Quaker friend," who sympathized with him to a certain extent. Winslow's house was on the east side of the river, at a safe distance below the town. The next day friends helped the fugitive down the river to temporary safety.

Not long after, his lack of caution betrayed him again, and he was taken and brought before the Court of General Sessions, which convened September 30. Two of the nine justices of this court, James Howard of Hallowell and Joseph North of Cobbossee, were neighbors and one-time friends of the accused, a circumstance which, considering the inflamed feeling of the time, hardly counted in his favor. In the records of the sessions at Wiscasset we find the indictment, which reads as follows: An attempt "to hurt and destroy the credit of the public bills of the United States of America and of the State by speaking in the hearing of divers subjects of the State, of and concerning said bills, as follows: 'Damn the trash;' 'I had rather have half the sum in silver;' 'Curse the Continental bills;' 'I wish they were in hell;' 'There is no value in it.'" Such language is, perhaps, surprising in a man of whom the Rev. Mr. Bailey had so high an opinion; but hardly seems to constitute a very serious offence against the State. One wonders what effect was produced upon the grave and dignified judges of the Court of Sessions when this indictment was read. Were they obliged to hide a hasty smile, or did partisan feeling blind them to the comic juxtaposition of the solemn legal phrasing of the accusation, and the crisp, irritable profanity of the badgered John Jones? Luck was on John's side, however, for because of some informality in the indictment, the case had to be dropped; its only tangible result a bill for the county treasurer, most reluctantly paid.

John's immunity was but temporary; at the next session of the court, October 17, he was compelled to appear again. Yet fate was plainly reserving him for other things; for on the new jury were John Patten, his brother and son, Tories at heart. So obstinate were they in the case of the first man tried, a Mr. Ballard of Vassalborough, that they held up the rest of the jury twenty-two hours, compelling them at the end of that time to appeal to the justices again for instructions. Even after the rather sharp admonition of the court, they failed to agree, and the session was again adjourned until November 4. On that date the jury did not appear, and another adjournment, this time until December 16,

was necessary. The witnesses, including the seven called in the case of our friend Jones, were bound over to this meeting for the sum of five pounds. These witnesses were Samuel Bullen, George Brown, John Robbins, L. Costigan, Oliver Wood, John Carlow and Ezekiel Chase, come, doubtless, prepared to demonstrate to the court the unparalleled infamy of John Jones in swearing at the Continental bills. John himself had to give bail for one hundred pounds "to answer the accusation of the town of Hallowell against him for being inimically disposed towards this and the other United States."

When the December court convened, John's luck still held. Justice Howard, coming from Fort Western to Pownalborough, "encountered a terrible fall on the ice, which prevented his attendance." A hasty search could produce no other justice of the quorum to take his place, and the court was compelled to adjourn yet again, with the terrible John Jones still unpunished. The "transportation act" under which he and the other Tories had been apprehended, expired in January; so, having no statute under which Jones could be held, the authorities were reluctantly compelled to let him go.

Jones seems to have decided that the shores of the Kennebec hardly offered a desirable residence for him, for he immediately left the scene of his many humiliations, and found his way to Boston, where for a short time he lived in comparative safety. In September of that year, under a law confiscating the estates of the "absentees," Jones' house and mill on Bond Brook were seized. Shortly afterwards, house, mill and land were assigned to one Ephraim Ballard, a new comer in the town.

Apparently John Jones could not keep silent long; for we soon hear of him as imprisoned in Boston. Luck, or friends, or a combination of both, again came to his aid; for our next news is that he has succeeded in escaping from confinement, and has left Boston behind him. An account of that escape would be interesting, but, unfortunately, the Rev. Mr. Bailey, whose letters are the chief source of information concerning this period of Jones' life, only refers to it incidentally. In spite of his undeniable propensity for getting into scrapes, Jones might well have been termed "Lucky" Jones; for if he tumbled easily into trouble, he slid equally easily out.

By various stages, our knowledge of which is very meagre, Jones worked his way to Canada, where the atmosphere was much more sympathetic. Once in safety and in congenial company, one might almost have thought that even the restless Jones would remain quiescent, for a time, at least, but not so. He threw upon danger and courted risks.

He kept up a correspondence with the Rev. Mr. Bailey, who, writing to him February 8, 1780, declared that he was looking forward to the "pleasing prospect of again meeting on the banks of the Kennebec, and of having the pleasure of regarding with contempt those sons of rapine and violence who drove us from our peaceful habitations, and forced us into

the ocean, to contend with rocks, currents, whirlpools, storms and hurricanes." True it is indeed that politics makes strange bed-fellows. The minister's scholarly, if pompous, diction contrasts oddly with the rather coarse bluntness of John's gloating epistles.

Jones had sent his wife to his people in Concord, and writing to her at this time, Mr. Bailey says: "I have just received a packet from your consort, Mr. Jones. After passing through a variety of scenes, he arrived at Lake Champlain, and afterwards, by several removes, reached Quebec."

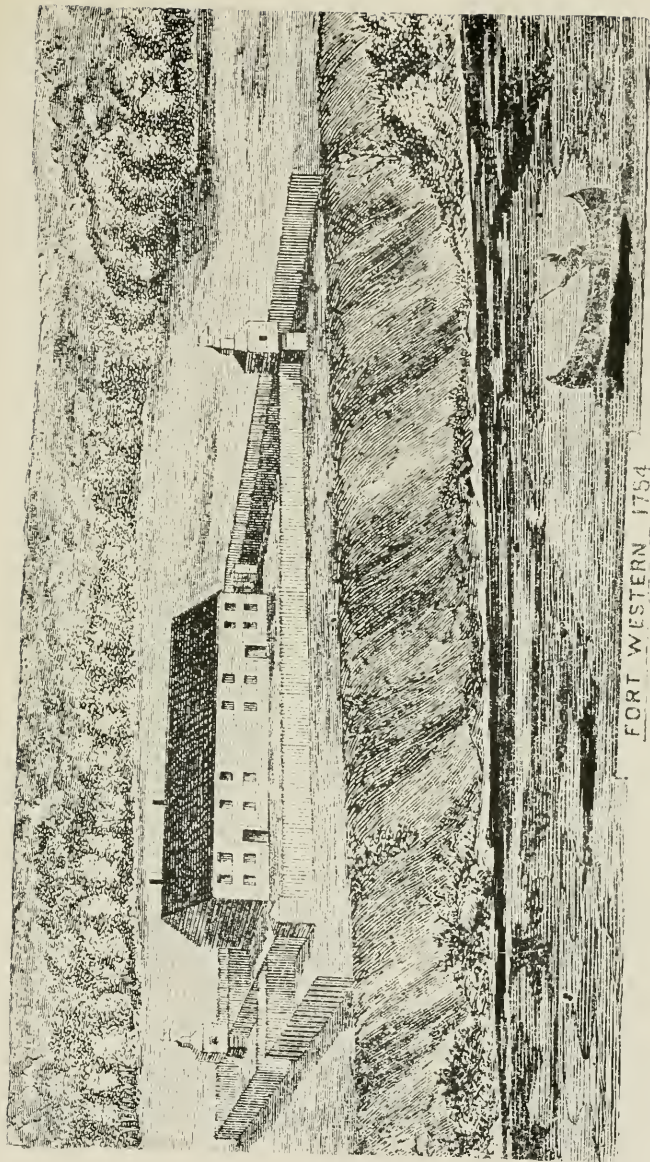
Apparently Jones had gone to Halifax, and had bestirred himself to gain opportunity for active service for his king, and, incidentally, for vengeance upon his old neighbors. The Rev. Mr. Bailey, in a letter written April 18, 1780, to a friend in that city, says: "I take the opportunity to recommend to your favor Captain Jones; he is appointed to the command of a company of Rogers' battalion. I am persuaded that his active and enterprising genius will be of great service in the department to which he belongs." And to another friend he writes: "I send you this by our friend, Jones, who is engaged to chastise the rebels; you must be persuaded that no man is better fitted for the service, both in point of knowledge and resolution."

Jones was clearly in frequent communication with his harassed and persecuted clerical friend, for the Rev. Mr. Bailey in another letter says, "We were happily surprised last week with the company of Capt. Jones, one of our Kennebec neighbors, who escaped from close imprisonment in Boston last spring. After passing through a variety of scenes, he was fortunate enough to reach Quebec, where, meeting with the famous Col. Rogers, he is engaged in the army, and intends to visit his country by the way of Penobscot. His capacity is equal to his undertaking."

Bailey was right in both his premises and his conclusion. Jones did visit his country, and his visit was a signal triumph for him and a deep humiliation for those who had once brought his pride so low.

At that time the British post at Bagaduce under the name of Fort George was a refuge for the disaffected of the province, and a base from which harassing raids were made upon the neighboring towns. The combination appealed irresistibly to John Jones, and he left the too peaceful Canada for Bagaduce and vengeance. Unlimited opportunities for mischief offered themselves to his nimble spirit; and he certainly distinguished himself in the species of petty warfare in which he engaged, and proved that the Rev. Mr. Bailey's high opinion of his capacity was not without justification.

On one of his many forays to the Kennebec, he boldly cut out a schooner and brought her safely to the Penobscot. Many smaller craft fell victim to his skill. The boldness of his feats and their success compelled the unwilling admiration of his enemies. His command, the



Fort Western, the Scene of Town Meetings, as it Looked in John Jones' Day

Jones Rangers, was known and dreaded throughout all the region between the two rivers.

But his sweetest revenge, and, incidentally, his most startling exploit came in the early summer, no less a deed than the capture of Col. Charles Cushing under circumstances which covered that worthy gentleman with ridicule. This feat can be no better told than in the words of the victorious Jones himself. In a letter written from Fort George, dated Sept. 4, 1780, he says: "I have had two trips to the Kennebec, one by land, the other in a whaleboat. First by land: I went up and down till I found where to strike. Thought it best to bring Cushing off. The way I proceeded was as follows: I surrounded his house in the morning very early, sent two men to rap at the door. On his crying out, 'Who is there?' I answered, 'A friend.' 'A friend to whom?' I answered, 'To the Congress, and we are from George's river with an express, for the enemy has landed fifteen hundred troops and three sloops.' He jumped up and came down with his breeches on, lit a candle and opened the door. We immediately seized him. On his making some noise, his wife came running down stairs, but soon returned, and put her head out of the chamber window, and halloed murder. I told her that if she did not hold her tongue, my Indians would scalp her. Away we hauled him into a boat we had prepared; and up the river, about a mile above Gardinerston, landed him and gave him a pair of shoes and stockings, and marched him to Fort George, across the woods, in four days. The whole country was alarmed, and was about six hours after us."

One may imagine that early morning scene, the frightened, hysterical wife, the half-dressed, wholly humiliated colonel, and the gleeful, grinning Jones. And that four days' forced march through the woods with his triumphant captors! A fine revenge had John for all his humiliations of bygone days.

This bold raid, as may be supposed, attracted much attention. The "Boston Gazette" of July 24, 1780, says: "We hear from Pownalborough that about Ten Days ago a Party of Tories surrounded the home of —— Cushing, Esq., High Sheriff of the County of Lincoln, in the night, took him out of his bed, and carried him off to the Enemy." The writer of this note appears to have a sly relish of the joke on the honorable High Sheriff and Colonel, in spite of the advantage gained by the enemy.

Jones' Rangers terrorized the region of the Kennebec for some time, vindictiveness doubtless acting as a spur to loyalty. Jones himself said of the situation: "Bowman keeps a guard every night, and all the people are much frightened. Many of our friends have been threatened, but no one is touched or hurt, for great is their fear. Many of the inhabitants don't cut their meadow."

With the surrender of Cornwallis, the military career of John Jones came to an end, and we find him at St. Andrews, reverting to his old

profession of surveyor, and endeavoring, with some other loyalists, to obtain a grant of the island of Grand Menan, in New Brunswick. Mr. Bailey, who always tried to further Jones' interests, wrote to Governor Wentworth of this project: "I would beg leave to present to your notice Mr. Jones, an honest, worthy loyalist, who has lost an ample estate for his attachment to His Majesty and the British government. He is endeavoring to obtain a grant of Grand Menan, and is desirous of obtaining your interest and that of Governor Fanning. I can assure you that there is not a person of my acquaintance better calculated to improve a wilderness country than Mr. Jones. He was formerly principal surveyor to the Plymouth Company, and has made several fine settlements on the Kennebec before the commencement of the late commotion." "Late commotion" was certainly a tactful way of expressing the events from Lexington to the surrender of Cornwallis when one's correspondent was a royalist governor. Jones and his associates surveyed the land and commenced a settlement, but failed to fulfill all of the conditions imposed upon them, and lost their grant.

Even in such apparently peaceful employment as the survey of Grand Menan, Jones' genius for getting into trouble did not desert him. While actually at work laying out lands, he was captured by a party of Indians under the leadership of one Allen, whom the old account calls a "notorious rebel." But neither had his facility in slipping out of a difficult situation deserted him. The second day of his captivity, he managed to escape and return to his work.

Some account of the appearance of this man of so many adventures has come down to us. He was rather short and slight, quick and lithe of limb, dark to swarthy, so dark that he was given the nickname of "Black" Jones, as much for his physical as for his moral characteristics. Flippant and profane of speech, irritable of temper, outspoken, obstinate, brave, resourceful and resolute, he made warm friends as well as bitter enemies.

One would like to leave his history with his dramatic escape from his Indian captors, but truth compels us to record that a few years later he came quietly back to Augusta, where he was ill received at first, then tolerated, and finally accepted. He returned to his work of surveying, in which he must have been skilled, for in 1797, he was employed by the Proprietors of the Kennebec purchase. He lived to a ripe old age; his last days as quiet and peaceful as his earlier years had been stormy. Thus passed "Black" Jones, "the incorrigible and dauntless Tory of old Fort Western in primitive Augusta."

Tale of a Forty-Niner

By EVA L. MOODY



HE "Almighty Dollar" has indeed a most enticing way with it. The love of gold, we are assured, has caused more sorrow, more heartache, more sin to be committed, than almost any other one thing in the world. Filthy lucre, pelf, or whatever you may choose to term the form of gain, all are seeking in one way or another. It is the all necessary, the mighty dollar, which makes the "wheels go round."

The world would seem strange indeed without the continuous barter for this thing or that. Homes are established; fires on the family altars kept burning. Bread to feed the hungry; schools, libraries, hospitals; homes for the blind, for the old, for the friendless; homes for the weak; homes for the strong; yes, jails,—each and all are supplied and sustained by the accumulation of the oft-mentioned "Almighty Dollar."

All our public institutions, national and local, are dependent on the oft-times misused mighty dollar. Who are they who furnish these dollars? Who were they who in the ages past foresaw the need of gold, much gold, to support and sustain all these things, the things with which we of this day and generation are surfeited, we who know not struggles and hardships of our forbears in securing the means for the great possibilities and privileges which the world to-day so much enjoys or abuses as the case may be.

I feel that the '49-er of whom I write must have had only the ambition of gaining gold to establish a home with "the girl he left behind him" and all that home might mean to the locality in which he might see fit to settle. He says: "I would not have you think that money is all I live for, no, far from it, but I view it as one great thing to enable us to live for something more noble."

If to brave the sea with all its moods, suffer privation of home, friends and comfort, for the mere *love* of the glittering ore had been the one object of his quest, I think he would have never sailed into the West or through the "golden gate."

The gold fever seemed hard to combat, the excitement ran high—if there *was* a pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow, this ambitious and willing-to-work young man wished to secure his share. And so, amid the tears and regrets of loved ones he set forth on that, to be, terrible journey and bitter and lonesome four years' experience, together with many others seeking the same goal, each with the same thought—accumulation of golden treasure.

On October 4th, 1849, our hero left Winthrop expecting to sail

on the 6th from Portland on the brig "Margaret," one Brazier by name, captain of the ship. The wind and weather were not favorable until the 12th, then he sailed away from all that one holds dear—parents, brothers, sisters and friends, sailed and sailed for seven long months. For seven long months it was a continuous round of stormy seas, homesickness, and discomfort, yet he would not have lost the experience.

I would that I might quote verbatim of the days and weeks of monotony, the anxiety regarding the safety of the ship and all on board, of the continual thought of home and friends, no possible communication available unless by chance a ship bound to the States was encountered; then he sent letters home. How many sad hours none can tell, but in reading these old letters I find the idea of fabulous wealth from the gain of gold was a far subject. This young man, tho uneducated, with a limited knowledge of books in general and what they might contain, enjoyed exceedingly to write and to pass the time on the high seas, he transferred his thoughts to paper oftentimes in rhyme, as extracts from a descriptive letter prove:

* * *

Could I the future veil have raised,
 And on my present lot have gazed,
 I should have shrunk from it, I ween
 And now at home I think, be seen
 I never should have found myself
 In such a place, for hope or pelf,
 If I had known the ills and woe
 That I have here to undergo.
 Away from friends, away from home
 I journey on, thro' ways unknown.
 Tho with a score I mingle here
 The way seems dark, the journey drear.

* * *

Gold is the thing which now I seek
 Yet, worship not at mammon's feet.

* * *

I left my native land and home
 And o'er broad ocean I did roam,
 Breasted the southern heat and cold
 To hie me to a land of gold—
 So breasted I old Neptune's wave
 To yellow dust to be a slave.
 It's told, that in the promised land
 There is naught else but golden sand.
 On strength of this I took my way
 To foreign lands, awhile to stay."

* * *

Two days out after leaving Portland, on the 12th day of October, the vessel was endangered by a gale which nearly drove it onto Georgia shoals. The gale, or head wind, lasted twenty-four days and there was much worry and excitement. Rather a discouraging outlook at the beginning of a journey to the other side of the continent, but after the northeast trade wind took them, a smooth passage to Rio Janeiro was really enjoyed. The first land sighted was Cape Frio, South America, with most beautiful scenery along the coast to Rio Janeiro, where they arrived on the evening of the 22d of December, making the passage in seventy-two days from Portland.

Altho Rio Janeiro to the writer presented much that was pleasing and more to disgust, it was a beautiful country. Fruits of all kinds were to be found and every kind of vegetable ever seen or heard of.

The harbor is described as being large and one of the safest in the world, eighty miles in circumference and bounded the city on two sides, was one mile wide at its entrance, so no danger of a sea breeze doing damage to shipping. "There is a large rock, known as the Sugar Loaf, 500 feet high on the left as you enter the harbor. It stands where the waters eternally lash its base and is a curiosity to every eye that beholds it." The city numbered 200,000, including slaves who composed two-thirds of the whole population. Here again a bit of rhyme:

"From harbor, Rio may be seen
Richly clothed in foliage green.
The lofty buildings towering high
Are seen with joy by stranger eye.
But, when approached so that you can
The workmanship minutely scan,
They do appear uncouth enough
Of ancient date, coarse, homely, rough.
They all are made of earth and stone,
Roofs are covered with tile alone.
The walls are plastered o'er with lime
From distance looks like marble fine.
It is a miserable place indeed,
The black folks have the whites to feed.
Every dollar the white man saves
Is earned by labor of his slaves.
The whites, Portuguese mostly, by the way
In sports and gaming spend the day.
I saw, while walking here the street,
A female slave most sadly beat.
I saw enough of weal and woe
And learned all that I wished to know
Of slavery and its thousand ills
Which at this time my warm heart chills."

There were many people in the city at this time from the 300 vessels lying at anchor in the harbor. A delegation of the boldest marched into the Palace in spite of the guard and staid as long as they wished. Their forts were simply laid up of gravel and cement and but one broadside of a "man-of-war" would ruin the place in spite of all their military power. There were no wharves, everything was carried to and from the vessels in small boats, and carried to these small boats and over the city on the heads or backs of slaves either male or female.

The Brig left Rio on the 29th of December, '49, and from that time on until Cape Horn was rounded, the voyage was a wild and rough experience, gales, squalls, head winds, thunder storms and hurricanes and all other kinds of weather "beat upon that little ship so frail" but she weathered the elements, climbed every big roller and came out conqueror.

"In this awful trying hour
 Stouter hearts than mine did cower.
 Hearts which till now were hard as steel
 In this hour did keenly feel.
 When hushed the wind and calm the sea,
 I thanked my God, and felt, that he
 Alone governed wind and wave
 And saved me from a watery grave.

* * *

I should at home some time remain
 Ere I should come this way again.
 I'd not again here trust myself
 For all California's boasted wealth.

* * *

From time we doubled old Cape Horn,
 We saw not one severe storm
 I of the ocean lost all fear,
 The weather proved so fine and clear."

The reference in rhyme to coming the other way is meant, if the trip was to be taken again, it would be taken across the Isthmus of Panama. These extracts were taken from a long letter in rhyme written to an older brother left at home with a strong desire to follow the writer if all should prove as expected and I record with regret that this brother went to California in 1850, leaving a wife and little daughter in Monmouth. After some over a year's stay he became restless and homesick and at last decided to return to Maine and induce his wife to accompany him back to California. He communicated his intentions to the wife, she, thinking the trip unnecessary and of needless expense, resolved to take the journey with friends who were about to start and surprise him in that far away land. Fate deemed the meeting never to be. The brother went on, passing the wife and little daughter somewhere on the high seas. He

contracted the fever on the Isthmus and died in Boston. The wife and mother reached San Francisco only to find her husband gone in search of her. It was some months ere the news reached them in California of the death of the beloved husband, father and brother.

But to return to the journey. Cape Horn was doubled about the 20th day of February, 1850, after being buffeted and blown about for some three weeks. Valparaiso was reached on the 15th of March, 1850, seventy-six days after leaving Rio Janeiro. Valparaiso numbered about 75,000 inhabitants but no slaves. Was very mountainous around the city and perfectly barren for miles around, more fertile back in the country and every kind of food the heart could wish was raised and brought to town by pack mules—so very rough, carriages not of much use. There were no wharves whatever, harbor small and very unsafe. Their houses were built of unburned clay, held together with straw and without chimneys.

‘The streets are narrow, rough and crooked
And houses mean, where’re I looked.

* * *

They have no chimneys here at all
But cook outdoors from spring to fall.
The mountains here are high and steep,
The valleys are not wide but deep;
And not a flower nor shrub, nor tree,
By mount or valley here you see.
But barren all as desert wild
Around the town for many a mile.”

The 25th of March found the Brig Margaret once more on the high seas en route for San Francisco. A fine run was made to the line with help of the Southeast trade wind, then the Northeast trade was taken which lasted into San Francisco harbor. The company on board, with few exceptions, was not all that could be desired. Thirty-eight people all told and of all characters. Among the passengers were some very good singers and as the '49-er of whom I write and from whose letters I quote, was a natural singer as well as a lover of all music in general, much enjoyment was had in what were termed “sings.” A melodeon purchased in Portland before starting on the voyage, together with stringed instruments and many books, both musical and readable, proved a great source of amusement. Of all the pieces sung, “Unity” seemed to be the great favorite of all the passengers.

On May 7th, I find a record of “A Grand Concert in evening with Fireworks.” The artists were Snow and Moody, violinists; Reed, fife; Sweetsir, drum; Brown, Thompson, Leavitt, Snow and Moody, vocalists. Rice prepared the fireworks. I find reference to fireworks in other letters to mean—barrels of refuse were saturated with oil of some kind, set on fire and cast overboard “amid the cheers of all on board.” This

concert commenced at 7 P. M., closed at 8 P. M. with "great applause from both gallery and pit." "For the finale three loud huzzahs from the crowd gave perfect satisfaction to every listener."

Here we find the ever present need of cheer and entertainment by the human being. On land or sea there must be a diversion, these young men were not unlike all young men of the present day, they must have amusement. I doubt if there could be a more lonesome or homesick lot than these boys on that memorable voyage.

My '49-er says: "I look on the bright side, I assure you, as long as it will do to without turning over the leaf. It will not always do, you know, to continually look at the bright spots in life for in so doing we should have no contrast, which alone goes very far towards sweetening life's pleasures. It is by seeing the extremes that we learn to value our present blessings."

And again I quote: "Alas for us, we do not know how to prize real blessings until we are deprived of them; thus we ever live on and are never happy nor content with our situation in life but are ever looking forward to something in the far distant future, which, with all our striving we never can obtain, for it, ever like our shadows, moves just so far in advance and we are never able to come up with it nor do we derive any benefit by the chase."

In all these weary and monotonous months of sea travel good health was preserved which had the happy tendency to make the journey much easier to bear. From the culinary department no such spreads and lunches were served as those with which the young people of to-day are refreshed, even when on board steam cars or sailing vessels, en route to the "Golden Gate." Note the following:

"The board is spread in the after house
 For breakfast with, what do you think?
 'Tis what the sailors call lobskouse
 With coffee and water to drink.

For dinner comes sea-pie, by sailors called,
 What we call soup at home.
 For supper we have hash, half mauled
 With bread as hard as stone.

On Tuesday as on Monday morn
 It does not change a peg,
 Except sometimes have bread of corn
 And perchance a rotten egg.

On pork and beans, at noon we're fed
 With 'taters and beef to match.
 For supper again we have hard bread
 And whatever else can catch.



Letters and Keepsakes of the Forty-niner.
Letter in Rhyme; Coconut Carved by Natives of Valparaiso; Panama
Echo of June, 1850; Box over 75 years old in which Letters are Kept

On Wednesday noons we have boiled rice
With sauce to eat thereon,
But ere one gets a second slice
Behold, the whole is gone.

On Thursday noons we have enough
And on 't I'd like to live.
A plenty of warm smoking duff
And sauce to eat therewith.

The next day noon stewed pork and beans
Are spread the table round.
And such appetites, to me it seems,
Can ne'er again be found.

Next morn salt halibut is spread
For us to take a bite.
On the same again at noon we're fed,
Then hash it up at night.

On Sundays we have nothing new.
For breakfast we have hash,
For dinner we put the warm duff through
Then take for supper trash."

Not a varied menu surely. Occasionally we find a note of a porpoise caught or an albatross or shark. The porpoise was very good eating, tasting very much like beefsteak, and then again chowders were enjoyed made of "skipjacks," a small fish I should judge. I find record of several vessels spoken and sighted from different parts of the world during these seven long months, the greater part of these vessels bound for the same port and with the same object in view—Golden Treasure. Among the craft so spoken were the "Charles Cooper," from Bangor; "May Jane," from Plymouth, Nova Scotia; "The Monument," from New York; "Herculean," from Boston, all bound for San Francisco. Occasionally a party came on board from another ship as I find "Young men from the Euphrasia were entertained at dinner." This boat seemed to be the one encountered oftenest, I read of its being so many miles ahead or so far behind, quite often during the last part of the trip.

On the evening of May 28th anchor was dropped in San Francisco bay, 64 days from Valparaiso, making in all since the Brig Margaret left Portland, Maine, 229 days, covering a distance of about 20,000 miles.

While the journey was long and tedious there were others who were as seemingly foolish as our '49-er of whom I write, as I learn from another bit from the letter in rhyme:

"If time and cash I've foolish spent
 These two things do me content,
 I'm not the only putty head,
 I have no babes to cry for bread.
 The preacher has the pulpit left
 And scooted out here with the rest;
 The good old man to preach has call
 Where most of gold and silver fall.
 The lawyer too has left the bar
 And jumped aboard the rolling car.
 He feels his talents needed where
 They have most of golden dust to spare.
 The doctor too has left the sick
 To whom he did so closely stick.
 He fancies he, 'mong stranger's ills
 At greater gain can palm quack pills.
 The cobbler has thrown down his last;
 The blacksmith blows no more his blast;
 The tinker mends no more old ware;
 The joiner has left both plane and square;
 So strong this love of root of evil
 That each with pickaxe, spade and shovel,
 Has closed his business, left his home,
 And off to California gone."

On the 29th of May all went on shore amidst bustle and hurry, only too glad to place their feet once more on terra firma. As is perfectly natural, the post office was the first place in town sought out, each anxious to receive word of home and friends after the long separation of seven months without one message from the States.

Our Goldseeker reached the office and with glad heart and eager hands received the much anticipated letters from home. Hastily breaking the seal of a letter from a brother, he read with anguish and dismay of the death of an older sister who had been as a mother to the little family left motherless for a number of years. The death occurred some four months before the arrival in San Francisco. This was indeed a most depressing blow for a young man so far from home and among practically entire strangers who neither knew nor cared for another's joys or sorrows. "Feeling that our loss is her gain and that it is right and for the best else it would not have been so ordered by the author of our being, I must bear it, alone. If prosperity attend me, I hope soon to return before another link be severed."

"There are some five or six hundred sails lying in the harbor, many of which will probably never leave if the mines hold out as they have. In my trip around the city I went into some of the saloons and such piles of gold and silver I never before saw. Gambling is carried on at a great

rate. I am told that men often lose a fortune at one bet. There is not one thing to be desired in or around the city except the 'shiners' which are here and no mistake. There is not one thing good in San Francisco. Everything to lead astray unless constantly on guard. The rum business as popular as any other business that is done."

"Business here is very good but not as good as last year, daily wages vary according to the kind of employment. A man who has a trade gets from \$10 to \$14 a day. Painters get ten dollars a day, wood is worth sixty to seventy dollars a cord, coal thirty dollars a ton. Money lets here for 9½ per cent. per month. The reason for this I cannot see unless it be the continual speculation carried on. I saw a man yesterday who had just come from the mines, had been there nineteen months and made \$15,000. Another man near him, he said, cleaned up \$14,000 in one day—a reliable story I am told."

"I leave for the mines with a hope but no certainty of success—many pleasing tales are told. A man who is steady can without a doubt do well. Common day laborers get from five to six dollars; tinmen, six to eight dollars a day; blacksmiths, ten to twelve. Board is from twelve to thirty-five dollars per week. Potatoes 25c per pound, onions \$1.00 a pound, flour twelve dollars a barrel. Clothing of all kinds is comparatively cheap." "Scythes all hung are worth \$800.00 per dozen, but before a person could get a lot here perhaps they would be as low as in the states."

I remember of reading in one of the bundle of old letters before me that acquaintances from Monmouth were cutting hay with *jack-knives* and selling in market for \$9.00 per hundred pounds. Scythes surely were much needed implements, and at that time worth almost their *weight* in gold.

In June, 1850, we find our '49-er en route for the mines. Altho he did not use pickaxe and spade, there was plenty to do, day wages were good and a certainty of payment every Saturday night. While he enjoyed the best of health in the mines together with the out-of-doors life, which was his true element, his stay was short, leaving the mines the last of September, coming into San Francisco again, filled with ambition, energy and a determination to make good. He accepted and did whatever kind of labor presented itself, living up to his adopted motto as long as life lasted that "Labor is honorable."

In early life our '49-er showed the spirit and independence and desire to find a place or make one in the world and we find him at the age of eleven years trudging from Monmouth to Manchester now called, Hallowell then I think, to "chore it" on a farm. He spent but a short time there however and *struck* for home—leaving his jacket in the bean field. From that time on, his ideas were cultivated, his pride aroused, and at nineteen he became a general mechanic. His father was a farmer also known as a "joiner," therefore the son imbibed the father's talent and became versed in the use of tools of all kinds used in those days.

Just previous to his departure for California he learned the art of building carriages and all agricultural implements. Now when we find him in far away California we find him ready to take up any sort of work, mechanical or otherwise. Thus we find him busy, with many occupations. Carpentry proved to be a lucrative employment, and we find him exceedingly tired after hard days of work, laying floors or putting up buildings of all descriptions. The Californian's way seemed to be much as the West has been in the past years or when it was new. Fires destroyed, but in two weeks' time buildings ready for immediate occupancy appeared on the sites of the burned. When wood-working business became dull, we find this young man in a coining establishment for a while, working at one dollar an hour—a day's work consisting of anywhere from five to eleven hours according to the amount of work to do. "So you see, if I am not making money I am in the money-making business surely, for we make two or three thousand dollars every day." Again we find him building drays, a semblance of the trade learned in the East. These drays were as exorbitant in price as many other articles; "A good iron axle dray is worth from two hundred to three hundred dollars."

"Variety is the spice of life" we are told, and if the varieties of this son's work were not especially spicy, they served to bring experience in all walks of life, as for instance, he served for a time as private night watch on a certain city block, with "no company but a revolver." "San Francisco for the past year has been an awful place, dangerous to be unprotected after dark; the lynch law enforced for the safety of life and property." It seemed to be a very common occurrence to hang men; in one particular instance, the prisoners were actually stolen from the jail by a vigilante committee, taken to the place of execution and in twenty minutes they were hung in the presence of 10,000 spectators.

A short quotation regarding the ups and downs of his career is most characteristic. He says: "I am determined to take the world as it is dealt out to me; if a piece of clear meat, it is well, I'll eat it; but if a bone, it is equally well, I'll gnaw it."

One letter to friends records his occupation for a short time as that of clerk in a hotel, doing all sorts of housework but the cooking, that particularly, he seemed to draw the line on, and yet a little later we find him a famous cook—in his own estimation,—of that a little further on.

In October, year of 1850, California was admitted into the Union. San Francisco carried out a great celebration with noted speakers and all the other attractions of such affairs as are in vogue at our modern celebrations of whatsoever kind. Our '49-er writes of a Washington's birthday celebration, also great crowds, gathered to hear the addresses by three speakers; and what is pleasing to us of this day, "Each speaker referred to Maine as an example worthy to be followed by each and every State in the Union in regard to the liquor question." Once more he speaks of a great time electing city officers—"The city went whig, hurrah for the whigs, don't you say so?"

And so the days and months went on. We find by the tone of many of the letters, that friends in the East were importuning him to return to his kindred. He seemed not just ready to return, not for lack of regard for the folks at home, for no one could be more loyal to the place of birth and childhood's friends than this young man—as we find in this extract: “This is one of the most pleasant evenings I ever beheld, the full moon is shining brightly and everything around looks cheerful and pleasing, yet, there is a sadness resting on my heart which the brilliancy of the silver moon cannot dispel but on the contrary rather adds to my sadness, for at such times, above all others, I am led to think and reflect on the past.”

He admitted that the country was beautiful, that more money could be accumulated in a given time than in the States, and yet he fully realized that he never would make California his permanent home. So he braved the homesickness and discomforts and toiled on only to lose by speculation and treacherous friends, a large portion of his hard-earned gold; but nothing daunted he went on, worked the harder and came off conqueror with a clean record.

He says: “In regard to Fortune's smiles and frowns, I assure you I am a better judge of the latter than the former, for since I have been in California I do not think Fortune has ever *grinned* on me much but on the whole has ever had a frown. I have, however, fared better than some, much worse than thousands. A great number will soon go back to the States, some with fortunes, but by far the greater numbers with no more than they can conveniently carry in a two-bushel basket.”

Now we find an entire change in the mode of life. Our friend bought a claim of 160 acres or one-quarter section of land, some fifteen miles from San Francisco, just across the bay. This in fall of '51. Here it became a constant grind of hard labor, that of farmer and housekeeper combined. To relieve the monotony and feeling that two would be company, he took in a partner and from this partnership a warm friendship sprang up. I will say here, he also acquired a fine cat which, in his estimation, seemed to be the *only* cat in the State worthy of mention. He describes his ranch home thus:

“It is a very pleasant place I think, yet it is somewhat out of the way of the world, as I may say. It is all in sight of the big city and bay of San Francisco and is one of the prettiest groves you ever saw. The trees are low, resembling very much in appearance a very large apple tree, all the same kind, live oak, with no underbrush to hinder traveling in a carriage even. There are some three thousand acres of this kind of lumber and the land is as level as a house floor. Our house, or hut I may term it, is just on the northern edge of the woods, under two large trees, beauties too, such as I should be proud of at home. Our house is small but large and comfortable enough for a gander party in California.” And here he breaks into verse again:

"My room is small, but large enough
 To hold myself and all my stuff.
 My furniture is not high cost
 Nor in its abundance am I lost.
 I have a small stove with all cooking tools,
 A table and fixin's and two three-legged stools.
 A bed, and a trunk which I bro't from down East.

I have many things more which I might here mention
 But think it would not be worth your attention.
 So no more I'll tell you of things I have got
 But will wish, hope and pray for those I have not."

'Tis here we find the record of his cooking and housekeeping stunts, not exactly up to the standard of the average New England housewife, but good health prevailed and here we get the idea. "The bread we use I do not bake in the oven but on a fry pan, something the way you do fritters only mix it much thicker. I *can* make a *very* good cake so and it is done in so short a time makes me like it more; men or boys do not spend much time in cooking but do it in the least possible time and have as little variety as possible. Each one has his own plate, knife and fork and uses them 'til he takes a notion to wash them which is quickly done by pouring a little hot water on them and wiping them on a piece of paper or cloth as the case may be. When we drink coffee, we use it three times a day. Sometimes we put in some new coffee but often the same old grounds have to be put through three or four times. When we get the pot nearly filled with old grounds so it won't hold enough for our family, we throw them out and begin anew, or perhaps start on tea and put it through the same way."

Hygiene, pure food and the continual war against germs seemed to be but little talked or thought of in those days of more than one half century ago, but, "good digestion waited on appetite and good health on both." With all the exercise and outdoor life, good health only could prevail. We find the ranch work described as similar to the farm work of these days but with home-made implements and conveniences, which would, in these days of modern machinery, be quite curious objects of interest to our rising young farmers. We find our California farmer planting potatoes on a large scale, we also note that they rotted in the ground as we so often hear in these days. Again we read of full crops and a good market, a good crop and no market. Hens seemed to be profitable creatures and when we consider the high price of fresh eggs at this time with us, we are thankful we do not have to pay \$2.00 a dozen as in California in 1852 and '53. Chicken we consider quite a dainty luxury even at 25 cents a pound. Would we have relished an *old hen even* at \$4.00 each? I think not, but such were the prices in those days in California. While the labor was tiresome and continuous from sun to sun there was always an hour

for fun, recreation and thought. Many an hour was spent writing long letters to friends and incidentally longer letters to the young lady friend referred to in the beginning of this article. Not all these letters reached her, however, as I read of an evening spent with pen and ink in transferring a bit of heart talk only to have the effort literally thrown away.

Ranch friends and neighbors were more or less troubled with the rodents which infest most buildings the world over, to the detriment of many ingathered crops. Rat hunts were indulged in frequently and on one of these exciting and festive occasions, our friend placed the completed missive in his cap for safe-keeping, and to insure its reaching the post office. In his zeal to chase down the creatures, he threw his cap, forgetting the letter. On returning to the field of battle, a thorough search revealed no sign of the written document, possibly a "trade rat" as we read of in "Friar Tuck" took it away. But another letter was soon written and the delay apologized for.

Rats were not the only disagreeable members of the animal family to contend with, as "I killed a big rattlesnake to-day, the largest I have ever seen in the country. I took his rattles off and am sending them home. I found him in a bunch of bushes in the field and came near taking hold of him." Here he writes: "The big guns of San Francisco have just fired which tells me it is 9 o'clock while with you it is about midnight." I read also that the big guns announced when the mail steamers left San Francisco.

Now comes the spring of 1854 and while the climate of California was all our friend could wish, particularly the winters "A young man's fancy," etc., and we find him making preparations for a return to the East. He says: "This country is new and may not present so cheering an aspect as those inhabited for centuries, still, after all, there is much to be admired in California, I think, and every year adds new beauties to it. The inhabitants are of all nations nearly, yet are not so much mixed as one would think, no more so than Boston, New York or in any city of the States."

"I have been thinking I should be thankful when I get through with this kind of life for I can assure you there is little or no comfort or pleasure in it. All are strangers looking solely after his own personal interests without knowing or caring whether others live or die." "I am truly thankful for one blessing which is—the best of health, for which I am not dependent on cold-hearted strangers but alone to the Giver and Preserver of life and the Bestower of all blessings. Did I not possess this great gift my situation would be miserable and lonely indeed." "It would take a good deal of money to hire me to walk in just the same path again I have trod in the last few years. Yet I would not be deprived of the little experience I have gained. Yankees are bound to see all there is in the world and it's no use talking."

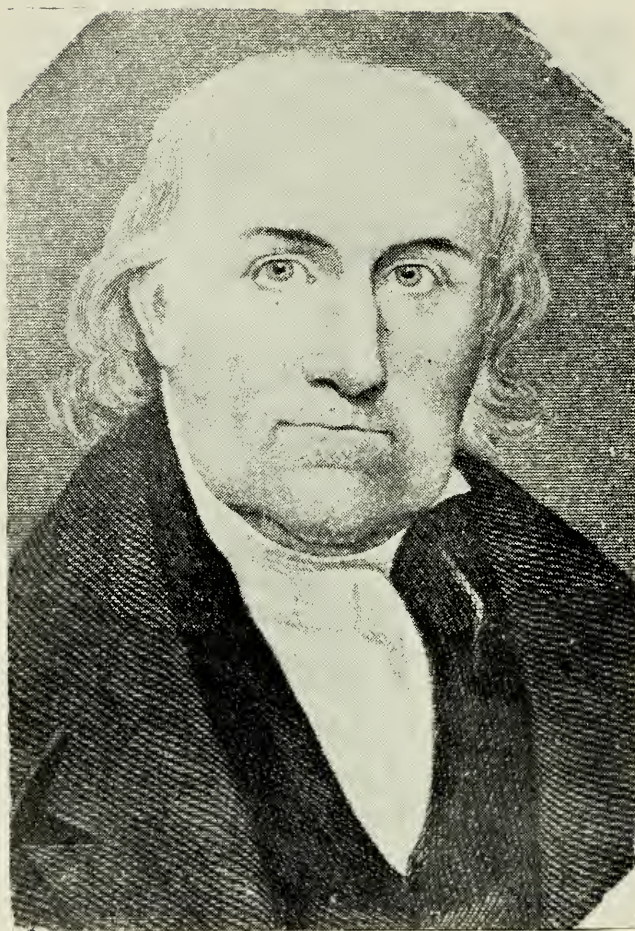
Crops were disposed of, land claims settled, adieus were made and our '49-er came away, not with the hoped for fortune, not with sacks of

the golden dust, just enough of the treasure to form a finger ring which the "girl he left behind him" (now eighty-five years young) treasures, along with the bundle of old letters from which the main portions of this article were taken. There is much more of interest in these old letters but let this suffice. Our friend arrived in Monmouth in late spring of '54, glad to see home and friends once more.

Lugan Parker Moody, our '49-er, was born in Monmouth in 1823, of poor but highly respected parents. His grandfather, Gilman Moody, from Gilmantown, N. H., was a pioneer Methodist preacher. His father, John Moody, son of Gilman, was a soldier in the war of 1812 and was taken prisoner in Quebec. An interesting item in connection with his imprisonment is this—escape was made from the prison by using a watch spring as a file. Work was done during the night in turn by the seven or eight men in the group. John Moody, distinguished for his wide mouth, was delegated to care for the spring file, which he did, by carrying it in his mouth during the day. The bars were successfully sawed, a tunnel under the wall was completed and the State line almost but not quite reached owing to the treachery and perfidy of one of the party. All were recaptured. John Moody made a second escape however. This time the effort proved a success, but with terribly frozen feet which gave much trouble the rest of his life.

Not much schooling was granted to Lugan Parker Moody, but he made the best of his meagre opportunities and at an early age, comparatively, we find him a full-fledged business man and a good citizen of the town of Winthrop, his adopted home. His was a busy life. He served the town as clerk for about seven years; acted on the board of school directors; was always interested in the general development of his town; was a staunch republican in politics; an active and prominent member of the Universalist Church and a good Masonic brother. Mr. Moody was a great lover of music, leading church choirs at various times and teaching vocal music in "singing school." He carried on a successful business in hardware and tinsmith for many years; was influential in making the Centennial Celebration of Winthrop in 1871 a success and was ever ready to work for the good of the community. Mr. Moody died in March, 1888, leaving a wife and two daughters who to-day are enjoying the comforts of the "Almighty Dollars" he accumulated by industry, thrift and faithful obedience to the Best there was in him.





“It can boast of a Brave Commander—Commodore Samuel L. Tucker”

The Story of Bristol

By SARA E. SVENSEN

Chapter I—The Gulf Between.

“**W**HY ARE you idling here? Is there not enough work on the farm to keep you busy?”

I had seated myself by the dining-room window and was watching the falling snow.

Only a week had passed since my arrival in America, and the quietness of the winter scenery made me homesick. There seemed to be a gulf between me and home. Dear old Scotland, my native land, and the happy days spent with the family, while my mother and father were living, rose up before me.

Then disturbing thoughts filled my mind—the death of both my parents; the breaking up of my home; the necessity of seeking work.

Though only a boy, I had procured on credit a small package of goods to the value of about ten dollars, and started on a peddling expedition in order to earn a livelihood.

At the very beginning of my proposed tour, I had the misfortune to lose my whole stock in trade which was stolen from me in the night at the tavern where I had stopped. From the circumstances of the case, a recovery of the goods I knew to be hopeless, and I was in utter consternation.

Without even returning to bid farewell to my friends, I struck a bargain with a captain of an emigrant brig and embarked. In due time I reached the coast of Maine and found my relative, Alexander McLean, whose name I bore.

My uncle's harsh voice filled me with evil forebodings. Had he already heard of my dishonest dealings? I was so agitated I could not answer at once, and the stern voice broke the silence again. “Come, why do you look so sulky? This is Thanksgiving Day; you ought to feel a little gratitude for past favors!”

“I am grateful, Uncle Alex,” I finally answered, “more than I can tell. I have tried to do everything as you wished.”

“Perhaps Andy is hungry,” said Aunt Mary. “It is late.” I called Mary Given aunt, although she was only a sister-in-law to Rev. Alexander McLean.

“I do not see why the guests tarry,” said uncle, impatiently, pacing the floor like a caged tiger. His beast of a temper was under control, but it was always growling to be let loose. He often brought it forth to exercise it under a cloak of religion.

When my uncle went up-stairs to his study, Aunt Mary gave me a

generous piece of pumpkin pie, and then gave her attention to the dinner. Her activity made me forget my troubles and her tongue kept pace with her hands and feet.

"Your uncle was born on the Isle of Skye, Scotland, and educated at the University of Aberdeen. He was the son of a Scotch Presbyterian who was wealthy."

Now she drew forward a kettle, hanging over the fire on a crane, lifted the cover, emitting a savory odor that made me hungrier than ever. "He is now regularly settled in Bristol, being the first to receive the honor, and preaches successively in the three meeting houses of the town, Walpole, Broad Cove and Pemaquid. Rev. William Riddell, the minister who boards here, is his colleague. Your uncle is talented, and the people like his sermons, but his peculiarities have made him very unpopular."

She caught up a holder, as if to emphasize her words, and opened an oven door in the side of the chimney. All being satisfactory, she continued, "He married my twin sister, but his harshness shortened her life. She was a beautiful girl of seventeen, while he was twice her age." As if to hide her emotion, Aunt Mary seized a crank and, handing it to the colored servant, made her understand that she wished assistance. The old negress turned the roast, by turning an iron rod thrust thru it, given such help as was needed by the younger woman.

As I looked on, I wondered why this amiable woman, whose father was considered the richest man at the Falls, had come here to work for such a disagreeable man. I spoke my thoughts, but was sorry a moment after, for possibly I had offended. Aunt Mary turned, rosy from her exertions over the hot blaze. There was a twinkle in her eye, and wit and humor lurking about her mouth, while no trace of sadness remained. "I will tell you a little secret," she said, playfully, placing a finger on her lips, to indicate that I was to keep it. "Your poor uncle has a hard time pleasing housekeepers. The last one cruelly threatened to pin the dish-cloth to his coat-tails because he wished to show her how to do the work. Called it interference and left without fulfilling her threat," Aunt Mary finished with a musical laugh.

"He doesn't seem to interfere with your work," I said, much amused.

She laughed again, and changed the subject. After a short silence, she said, earnestly, "Really, I am not overworked, Mammy does the rough part; but since the tragic death of her little daughter, she has been too broken by grief to bear responsibility." There was another pause and then she added bitterly, "Your uncle is responsible for that. It was one of those times when he thought he was obliged to bring forth his tiger temper and exercise it."

In a moment, Aunt Mary had recovered her old cheerfulness, and tenderly patting the colored woman's hand, said, "You did take good care of the little twins, didn't you? Sister and I loved our dear old nurse." Then she turned to me and said, "When Sarah was married, father, who kept slaves, gave her this colored mammy and her little

daughter as servants." In the silence that followed, I remembered Jennie, my young companion, my play-fellow, my much-loved cousin, who was two years my junior, and eagerly said, "Why couldn't Jennie take charge? She could cook a nice dinner, Aunt Mary, I am quite sure. She knows a lot."

My aunt, smiling at my enthusiasm, answered, "Jennie is a very capable girl for only twelve. She is a good housekeeper and takes excellent care of her little brother, Wallace, but she is sensitive like her mother. I wish to protect her from her father's censure. Should he consider it a religious duty to exercise his temper to-day, it will fall on the first one handy, and I wish to be the handiest one about, this Thanksgiving." Aunt Mary folded her hands in such a comically resigned way that I laughed aloud. There was a gulf between Aunt Mary and Uncle Alex.

"But there is a weightier motive for shouldering the responsibility on a day like this," she continued in a subdued voice. "Among the expected guests is one who deserves all the respect that we can give him. Not because he is idolized by the people here in Bristol, not because he has been commissioned by Washington"—as she continued, she waxed eloquent—"nor, yet because he is one of the greatest heroes of the Revolutionary War, but because of his nobility of mind and character."

"Who is the hero, Aunt Mary?" My question was lost in the excitement. There was the sound of horses' hoofs without, and we knew the expected guests had arrived.

Chapter II—The Hero.

There was a stir all over the house. Hasty footsteps sped across the dining-room floor. Final touches were added to the table, last peeps given to the dinner. Above stairs, Uncle Alex was on the watch, and in less time than it takes to tell it, he had descended the stairs and flung wide the door.

There was a noise as of many feet, and uncle's voice was heard saying, "Hang your overcoats and hats here in the hall, and come right into the dining-room where you will find a hot fire and a hot dinner if you get at it soon enough."

The harsh tones penetrated the dining-room and fell upon Aunt Mary's ear. She looked provoked and said, as if to herself, "Isn't that just like him? I call that McLean whispering."

As the guests entered, I said excitedly, "Who is the hero, Aunt Mary?" Uncle Alex heard, and taking a tall, stout, broad-shouldered gentleman of striking appearance by the arm, said, "This is the hero, Commodore Samuel Tucker."

The courteous manner and gallant bearing of the commodore inspired confidence and a jovial good humor in us all. We felt as if we had always known him.

The other guests were Robert Given, Aunt Mary's father, Rev. Wm. Riddell, uncle's assistant, and John Grant, a midshipman on the frigate Boston when Commodore Tucker was in command. They were all dressed in the prevailing fashion of the day, colored coats, velvet waist-coats, knee breeches and silver buckles.

The tall, stately figure of the commodore approached the fire, and with a strong expletive, he said, "Ah! but this is a bitter day without! I believe I am chilled thru!" "There is something that will give you both warmth and cheer," said my uncle, pointing to a well filled side-board. Then he added, "We generally take wine after our dinner." Forthwith all the guests were treated. Uncle would have been considered lacking in hospitality had he omitted the stimulant.

Jennie and Wallace joined us at table.

As I sat down, I took in the whole sumptuous affair—the immaculate cloth, the glittering glass, the shining silver, the turkey with its brown sides dripping richness, in the center of the table—at one end was placed a young corn-fed porker; and delicious pumpkin pies two inches thick that were to be eaten with cream, at the other; between were vegetables and sauces. There was considerable conversation at the table.

"This war with England is terrible," said Aunt Mary, in answer to a discussion between her father and Uncle Alex. "Provisions are so scarce and dear, it renders the situation of the poor inhabitants deplorable."

"Much of the business of this region is connected with navigation interests and the fisheries, both of which are nearly destroyed, and the people suffer seriously in consequence," said my uncle.

"They can neither send their wood to market nor obtain the necessary supplies they were accustomed to receive in return," added Mr. Given.

"Besides," said Aunt Mary, seriously, "We are kept in constant alarm, especially those living immediately on the coast, for fear the British may come up and attack Bristol. I hear that marauding parties, seeking plunder, occasionally make their appearance off Pemaquid Point."

"I hope they won't come up here," said Jennie, terrified.

"You and your Aunt Mary could go out and drive them away with your broomsticks," said Mr. Given, trying to give the conversation a humorous turn. "I think the commodore can bear me out in that."

"Well," was the laughing reply, "I have found some pretty hard customers among the British."

Mr. Given said, "I heard they were once frightened away by a shawl, and I think a broom is a more formidable weapon."

"You still stick to the broom," said my uncle, looking much amused. "What is this story about the shawl?"

"I can't vouchsafe for the truth of the tale, but will tell it as 'twas told to me. A party of ladies and gentlemen went down to the old Pema-

quid fort. One female, becoming separated from the others, stood on the great rock and waved her shawl, hoping to attract the attention of her companions. The British, thinking the Americans were summoning re-enforcements, set all sails to the breeze and hastened away."

"Did she find her companions?" I asked.

"You'll make a good lawyer, you stick to the point," said Mr. Given, and then he added, answering my question, "I remember I was told she did."

"Now it is your turn to tell a naval story," said Uncle Alex to Commodore Tucker.

"A story, let us have a sea story," was repeated on all sides. The commodore smiled, and there was a twinkle in his eye, as he replied, "If I tell any naval stories, I shall have to talk about myself and I rather some one else would do that." Tucker closed his firm mouth as if he would never open it again.

As we arose from the table the clock in the corner, towering above the straight-backed mahogany chairs, struck three. Uncle Alex seized the tongs, stirred the fire into a crackling blaze, and invited the guests to seats around the spacious fire-place.

"I'll talk about you, commodore," said John Grant. The narrator was a typical Scotchman, tall, fair and broad-shouldered, and as the story became exciting, he arose to his feet and made expressive gestures.

"I am now to relate an incident about which I love to talk.

"It was the Christmas present given Captain Tucker in 1777—the command of the fine, new frigate Boston, built in Boston and named for that town—

"She carried twenty-four guns and one hundred and seventy-five men, besides her company of marines, and in her equipment surpassed any other vessel in commission at that time.

"We went on board the craft December 27th, and we all had the feeling that she was to be assigned to some important mission.

"The new year came, a month passed, but still we waited. The first of February an incident occurred which led us to believe the time of our sailing was drawing near. A new banner arrived for the frigate, the flag adopted by the American Congress and destined to be known 'ere long the world over as the emblem of liberty—the stars and stripes. Amid the cheers of our men, it was unfurled from our masthead.

"Nine days later, Captain Tucker was summoned before the Chairman of the Naval Committee, and directed to receive the Honorable John Adams upon his frigate and convey him as a special envoy to France. To avoid the numerous man-of-wars which infested the track across the Atlantic, required an officer of consummate skill and intrepidity and Congress had full confidence in the commodore; and for that reason had chosen him commander of the vessel which was to perform this mission.

"On the 16th day of the month, Mr. Adams was received on board of the Boston with all the honors of his high position, and on the 17th, at

seven p. m., we weighed anchor, and proceeded to sea, with the stars and stripes waving to a fine northwestern breeze, and with the firing of a salute of seven guns. Captain Tucker went to the log-book, and wrote the following brief prayer: 'Pray God conduct me safe to France, and send me a prosperous voyage.' Our departure at nightfall had been purposely arranged to slip by the watching frigates at the mouth of the bay under the cover of darkness. We made the passage in safety, and in an hour were well out to sea; but we were soon aware that we were chased by three of the enemy's ships. An anxious night followed. We were running at the rate of seven knots an hour, and we had reason to believe that the other vessels were making as good a pace. Double watches were kept on the deck. Captain Tucker never left it. For three hours we held to the course we had been following before nightfall. I will not go into details, suffice it to say we finally distanced our enemies, and when morning dawned, we were out of sight, and saw no further trace of them.

"But barely had we escaped one danger when we ran in with another. A northeast gale swept down upon us, and for nine days we battled with wind and rain and sleet and snow, and were compelled at times to heave to, and other times to sheer around and run before the storm. I do not think we gained a hundred miles on our way during the tempest.

"Then came gentle breezes from the south, the temperature moderated, the snow and ice that had encased us disappeared, and we made fair progress towards our destination.

"One day during this spring-like weather, we sighted a vessel to the southeast, which was standing to the west. We changed our course to intercept her, and in a short time were able to make out that she was a large merchantman, carrying twelve guns.

"There was no question but that she also saw us, and seeing us, she must have known that we were larger than she, and mounted two guns to her one. Yet she made no attempt to escape us, or, for that matter, to come up with us. She simply kept on her way. When a little nearer, however, we noticed that her plucky commander was preparing for an attack. All hands had been piped to their stations. The guns were being shotted and made ready for firing. His attitude said as plainly as words: 'Let me alone, and I'll let you alone. But if you attack me, you'll find me ready. I shall defend myself to the best of my ability.' Tho we had not yet spoken a word with him, he inspired us with a feeling of profoundest respect. Had we been without our distinguished passenger, we should have hastened to the attack. But our first duty was to care for his safety, tho there had been nothing in Captain Tucker's orders to prevent him from taking a prize if she fell in his way.

"Confident that the ship ahead of him must contain a valuable cargo, or she would not be so heavily armed, our commander felt it would be a grave mistake to allow her to pass unmolested. Yet he would not as-

sume the responsibility of attempting her capture alone. He therefore called Mr. Adams and his officers into council, frankly stating his wish to seize the English ship in sight.

"Mr. Adams was the first to speak when he had stated the case:

"If I were not here, Captain Tucker,' he said, 'you would not hesitate at all in making the attack, would you?'

"Not an instant,' acknowledged the captain.

"Then consider that I am not here, and go ahead,' continued the brave envoy. 'I agree with you that yonder vessel must have a fine cargo or she would not take along twelve guns and at least two score men to protect it. If so valuable to her government, it is more valuable to us. We should not miss the opportunity to make it ours.'

"That settled the matter, and instantly the frigate was alive with activity. The men were drummed to their stations; the reefs were shaken out of our top-sails; the guns were made ready for action; the marines were drawn up amidships, ready to rake the deck of the enemy with their muskets and away we dashed in pursuit of the craft.

"Having executed my last order, I paused a moment to glance about me. What a fine appearance the frigate made when ready for battle! How earnest and reliant our men seemed! For an instant I was lost in admiration of the scene, and then my attention was diverted. I saw Mr. Adams seize a musket and take his place with the marines. Evidently he was going to take part in the fray. But the captain discovered him a little later, and stepping up to him and placing a hand on his shoulder, he said with a voice of authority: 'Mr. Adams, I am commanded by the Continental Congress to deliver you safe in France, and you must go below, sir.'

"Mr. Adams smiled, and went down to the cabin, but with such evident reluctance, our men broke into a cheer.

"By this time we were well up with the ship, and our skipper, by one of those quick maneuvers for which he was noted, put his own vessel into the position he desired. His guns were ready, his men were at their posts, the match stocks were smoking and yet he hesitated to give the order to fire. At this delay the crew grew impatient, and, seeing so fine a chance to strike a fatal blow passing, they began to murmur. Then Captain Tucker cried out in a loud voice: 'Hold on, my men! I wish to save the egg without breaking the shell!'

"Nor were they compelled to hold on long, for the commander of the merchantman, plucky as he was, saw the advantageous position our frigate was in, and how desperate his own chance was, and so struck his colors without our firing a gun.'

"Isn't it time we heard from you, commodore?" asked Uncle Alex.

"I beg to be excused to-night, I fear that too much of Commodore Tucker may weary the company."

As our hero spoke, his face wore such a queer expression we all laughed in spite of our disappointment, but with quick sympathy he add-

ed in reassuring tones, "The very next time we meet around this hospitable hearth, I will tell you a naval story."

"We will not forget that," said Mr. Given.

It was late and the guests agreed with my uncle that it was time to go to rest.

With the reverence peculiar to the Scotch people, before retiring, Uncle Alex took down from a high shelf the Bible, and said with solemn air, "Let us worship God." He handed the book to Wm. Riddell. The chapter was from the New Testament, how guiltless blood was shed for guilty man; how Christ who bore in Heaven a name exalted, had on earth not where to lay his head. As we were about to kneel, the commodore said reverently, "Pray God to protect us and carry us thru our various troubles." That Tucker had troubles, disappointments and losses was well known.

The guests, with cheerful good-nights, ascended to their rooms. As I entered the large, old-fashioned apartment that I was to occupy, I felt lost, a trifle lonesome, a little nervous, from listening to the stories perhaps; I could hardly analyze my feelings. The light from the dying embers on the hearth shone fitfully upon the large four-poster with quaint canopy. I then thought of the events of the day and of its close, of the prayers. What a difference there was between my uncle and Mr. Riddell!

I thought of the latter's humble prayer. The acknowledgement that he was nothing and Christ was all. That discovering his own utter helplessness, and in place of it all, accepting the divine strength, the divine wisdom, the divine peace, with such child-like trust and faith. I did not put this into words then, but I felt it. What uncle accomplished with difficulty by authority, Mr. Riddell accomplished pleasantly by love. All that Uncle Alex did was tinged with bitterness, even his praying, so I thought.

The fire was now out, and I undressed hastily and hopped into bed. The remembrance of that other prayer shed a benign influence around me and I slept peacefully.

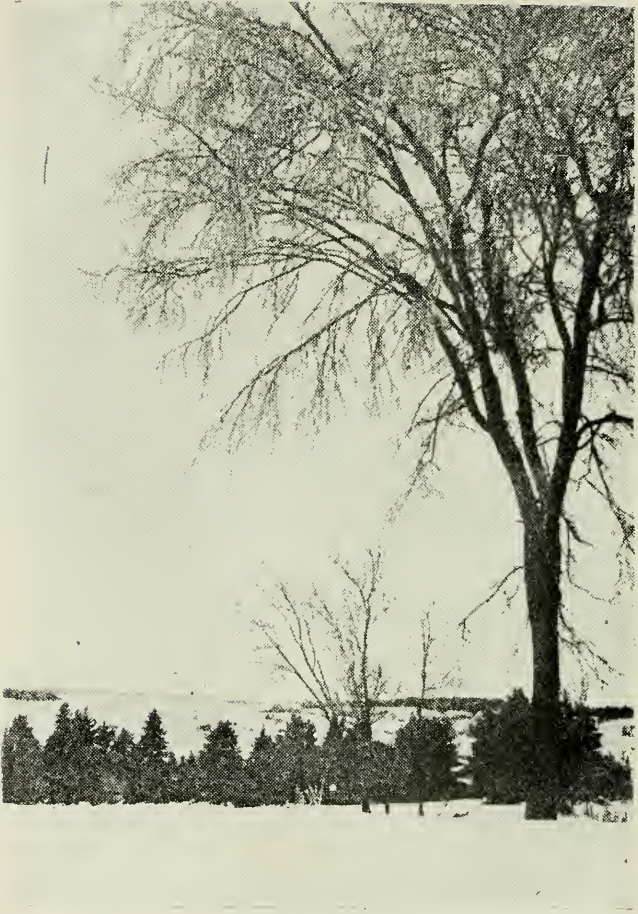
Chapter III.

The next morning I jumped quickly out of bed and approached the window. The beautiful white expanse lay before me like an unsullied sheet.

The guests had already arisen. As I descended the stairs I heard uncle say, "The roads are so bad you had better stay until after Sunday."

Another winter evening had darkened without the McLean farmhouse, but all within was sunshine and joviality.

The guests had again gathered around the broad, hospitable hearth. The fire gave forth a ruddy light, reflecting pewter dishes arranged along the wall. Heavy logs dripping with half-melted snow were cast upon the embers. Commodore Tucker, true to his promise, told his stories without urging.



The McLean Elm at Round Pond

"I will relate an experience when I came as near being a coward as ever I did in my life," he began. We all knew that wasn't very near, for in coolness and deliberate courage, no naval commander had excelled him.

"It was when we were chased by the Algiefian Pirates that every hair on my head seemed to stand on end," he continued.

"I was only seventeen when it happened, and more afraid of dying then. I enlisted on board a vessel at Salem, bound for Lisbon. I was second mate, my brother being first mate. We had arrived within a few hours' sail of our destination, when we discovered the pirates with crowded sail, in pursuit of us. The captain became frightened and flew to the bottle to get courage; but he drank too much of the intoxicating draught, and had to lie down, so I persuaded him to go below and leave the mate to manage the ship. The pirates were coming upon us rapidly, frightening the wits out of everybody, including my brother. Thoughts went thru my brain like a flash. 'Look here, Sam Tucker,' I said to myself, 'You'd better lose your wits than your head, and you will lose both, if something isn't done to prevent, and blamed quick too.' I knew there was a prospect of having all our throats cut. The mere thought made me tremble with fright.

"'Perhaps I will sink the ship,' I reasoned, 'But of two evils I will choose the less.' Terrorized beyond endurance, I made one bound and seized the helm.

"As it was drawing towards night, I saw there was hope. I now mustered all my nautical education to my aid, and thanks to my father's advice in attaining unto throness, it amounted to considerable.

"Instead of fleeing before the enemy, I united naval tactics with skill and navigation and practiced the art of maneuvering the ship in the face of the pirates. I steered the schooner towards the enemy until I passed right under the bow of the windward ship and kept sailing off and on towards the two, whereby one pirate firing on my vessel, the other would be exposed.

"Thus I maneuvered for hours, waiting for the shadows to deepen. At one time we were within pistol shot of the cut-throats. As soon as it was dark I ordered the lights to be put out, and making all the sail I could, bore away under cover of night."

We all enjoyed this story and thus encouraged, he consented to tell another.

"The day I was dubbed the 'rebel Tucker' was the most laughable one of my life."

The commodore smiled as the whole scene arose before him. His fine features became animated, his bright complexion was all aglow, his deep blue eyes seemed to grow dark, as he continued.

"I had spread my sails and braved the boundless ocean, with the flag of my native land unfurled, and was right in my element."

He now looked off into the further corner of the room as if scanning the surface of the sea. Tucker's eyes, accustomed to gazing at distant

objects, had become sharpened in vision, and the expression of his countenance had the appearance of looking afar off at sights not seen by men shut up in a narrow horizon.

"Soon I discerned a frigate under gallant sail on the high seas, and knew her features well. She was the same one that a short time before had turned away and refused to fight. Now the British officer, smarting under the imputation of cowardice, had come out to redeem his character by finding the 'rebel Tucker,' as he called me, and giving him a sound drubbing.

"I sailed toward his vessel under English colors, and soon he hailed me, and the following conversation took place:—

"'What ship is that?'

"'Captain Gordon's,' said I, mentioning an English captain.

"'Where are you from?' was the next question.

"'From New York,' said I.

"'When did you leave?' he asked.

"'About four days ago,' I replied.

"'Well, I am after that rebel Tucker, and am bound to carry him dead or alive, to New York,' said the British officer. 'Have you seen him?'

"I answered, 'Well, I have heard of him; they say he is a hard customer.'

"During the conversation, I was maneuvering to bring my ship into raking position, so as to sweep the decks of the English frigate. Every man was at his post, guns shotted, gunners with lighted matches in their hands, and all waiting orders from me. There was a man in the main-top of the enemy's ship who had formerly known me and cried out to the English captain, 'That is surely Tucker. We shall have a dashed smell directly.'

"I overheard this and having got my ship in a raking position, just as I wished, and seeing I was discovered, gave the order to my men—

"'Down with the English flag, and hoist the American.'

"I then said to the British captain, 'I am Samuel Tucker, but no rebel. Either fire or strike your flag.' The English captain struck his flag. Not a gun was fired. I have been laughing about the 'rebel Tucker' ever since, but I guess the English captain has been crying, for after the capture, he came aboard my vessel, went below to the state room, and shed tears to think he was captured by a vessel no larger than his own."

The commodore's conversation was like an April day with so much variety it never became tiresome. "There are times that I dislike to speak of," he continued. "Times when all the pride of a victor vanishes. One was the burial of the dead on an island. 'The vessel that I had taken was from Scotland. It was a heart-rending sight to see the women, who had accompanied these troops, weeping with loud lamentations, and to hear the funeral dirge on the bag-pipes.'"

"Tell how you were deceived by a charming widow," said Mr. Grant, addressing Commodore Tucker.

The latter threw back his head and laughed heartily at the mere mention of it.

"I was about to set sail from Falmouth, Maine, one evening after dark, when a lady of genteel appearance, dressed in deep mourning, closely veiled, and apparently in great affliction, applied to me to take the body of her deceased husband on board, that she might bury it among her kindred in Massachusetts.

"Overcome by her solicitations, I consented, tho reluctantly, and then she informed me that the coffin had not yet arrived, and might be delayed two or three hours, and begged me to wait.

"To this also I consented, tho with great inconvenience to myself. It was nearly eleven o'clock before the coffin arrived, which was then placed in the hold, and the mourning widow was accommodated with a state-room near the body of her husband.

"As I was pacing the deck at night, watching the movements of the vessel till it should get clear of land, the man at the helm, a shrewd, old seaman, said to me:

"Commodore, may I have a word with you?"

"Certainly," was the reply.

"Well, Commodore, I tell ye I don't like the looks of that 'ere widow very well."

"Why?" I asked, 'I am sure she is a very genteel person, and tho closely veiled, apparently quite attractive.'

"Yes," says the old sailor, 'all that; but she steps the deck too much like a naval officer to suit my notions of a woman. If I were you, Commodore, I would just take a look at that coffin before I turned in to-night.'

"My suspicions were aroused, and furnishing my pockets with suitable instruments, and taking a lantern, I went into the hold.

"As I approached the coffin to examine it, I must confess that for a moment I felt that strangeness one experiences when alone in the presence of the dead. I thought to myself, 'If the old Yankee is right in his ideas, the inmate of this casket must be asleep at this late hour. I will make as little noise as possible so as not to awaken him.'

"I noticed the coffin was a very large one and, on further examination, discovered a slender black silk cord running from the inside of the lid, and passing thru a crevice into the state room of the widow.

"I hesitated, then I gently raised the lid, and there was a stalwart form, quietly sleeping, dressed in the uniform of a British naval officer, and abundantly armed with sword, pike, pistols, etc. Before the man was fully awake, I secured his wrists with handcuffs, which was an easy thing to do to one in such a position, and taken so unaware. I told him if he valued his life not to speak. Then I passed into the state room of the widow. There I found the widow's weeds hanging upon the bulk-

head, and a young, handsome, beardless British naval lieutenant sitting rather uneasily on the side of his berth.

"He was also instantly accommodated with handcuffs; and confronting the two, it was found, that by the aid of accomplices among the crew who lifted the coffin on board, they had formed a plot to seize the vessel, as soon as she should reach the open sea, and run her into Halifax, with myself, my officers, and faithful crew, prisoners of war."

Chapter IV—The Departure.

Altho Sunday dawned bright and fair, only the men folks attended church. We mounted our horses, and set off, Commodore Tucker, Mr. Grant and I going on ahead, while Uncle Alex and Mr. Given followed at some distance behind.

Mr. Riddell was to preach at Walpole.

We went directly along the shore from Round Pond to Muscongus Harbor, and turned northward. After a long, rough ride, we reached the Broad Cove meeting-house, situated on the shore at Greenland Cove. The interior was rude, the ceiling low, the walls unplastered, the pulpit very high with sounding board above. The floor was occupied by cushionless benches, within an enclosure.

We entered the pew by a small door. My uncle had not yet arrived, and I sat watching the people as they came in; children with bright faces, whose buoyant spirits could not be suppressed even on the Sabbath, flitted by beside their parents, and young men and maidens, some gaily attired, others in more subdued colors.

I turned from these scenes and looked out the window, just as the others rode up. The tall form of my uncle now entered with a slow and quiet pace. He was dressed with clerical neatness. He bowed to the people as he passed along and, ascending the steps of the high pulpit, showed himself far above the congregation. After opening the service with prayer, Uncle Alex read the "Westminster Confession of Faith and Presbyterian Rules." Then followed his sermon.

My uncle was a man of education, conversant in Greek and Hebrew, and his discourse was a scholarly one. He had a loud and energetic voice, which, uttered in the breadth of the Scotch brogue, gave to his preaching a peculiarly dark and terrible import, as tho he was armed with the thunders of Heaven. . . .

Monday morning the guests departed, Commodore Tucker to his farm on the Muscongus, Mr. Given to his home at the Falls, and Mr. Grant to fight for his country on the broad seas.

The day following, my uncle was pacing the floor in the same old restless way. Suddenly he paused, and said abruptly to Aunt Mary, "I have decided to leave home, will be gone some time on a visit to Scotland and I would like for you to remain here during my absence." Aunt Mary was so surprised she did not answer immediately, but in a moment

she collected herself, and said, "I was thinking of returning home to-day, but am willing to look after my dear sister's children while you are gone, if it is necessary." There was a pause and the uncle said, "There is something very important of which I wish to speak before I go."

At length uncle added, "It is about Jennie's reading. The girl has been much given of late to the perusal of fictitious stories. I have burned several novels in the past few months. If any such books are brought into this house while I am gone, I wish you to destroy them without delay."

In a few days he departed, leaving Aunt Mary with the care of the household; but the burden did not rest heavily, for she loved to minister to those so near and dear to her.

The days passed quickly. They seemed to be keeping pace with Aunt Mary's busy fingers. Not only was she occupied with the general housework, but she gave her attention to knitting, weaving and spinning. Many a needy person could testify to her industry and charity. Not only clothing, but food was contributed at intervals. All thru the winter she had sent well-filled baskets to the poor.

The evenings following Uncle Alex's departure, altho busy ones, were exceedingly enjoyable, especially for the children. The blaze from the burning logs made it sufficiently light to see thruout the room.

Altho Mr. Riddell spent many a busy hour with his books, he often joined the family circle, assisted the children in their lessons, and related interesting and uplifting stories.

Thus happily were our evenings spent. The time flew by on golden wings. The severe winter had passed and the balmy days of spring were with us before we were aware.

One early morning I went out upon the back veranda, and breathed in the pure invigorating air. The scene before me was inspiring; the green grass shooting up, the fine trees budding forth, the broad expanse of water shining and sparkling in the morning sun.

I sat down upon the steps, and took from my pocket a map of Bristol, and spread it out before me. Beneath was printed the following, "The very appropriate name, Bristol, was given to the new town, because of the connection of its previous history with so many eminent citizens of Bristol, England, but it is not known by whom it was first suggested."

I learned that Bristol was bounded on the north by the towns of Damariscotta, Nobleboro and Waldoboro, on the east by Muscongus Sound and bay, and on the west by Damariscotta River.

Then I traced out the location of a few houses, and found these words, "The farm of Joshua Soule bought by Alexander McLain." "That is this place," I exclaimed aloud.

It was now time to perform my morning chores, and I walked toward the barn. The farm hands were already busy, some were caring for the cattle, while others were preparing the ground for early planting. . . .

Just a week has flown since we welcomed the coming of spring. I

wish I could leave out what happened in the meantime, but this history would be incomplete without it.

As I think of it my heart sinks within me, and I feel as if an arrow had pierced my soul. I must leave here or I shall die!

In spite of my youth I will go out to fight for my country. I believe it the only way to get relief. The only way to sink myself into forgetfulness. If Commodore Tucker goes out again, I will go with him, if nothing more than as cabin boy.

Now for the sad, cruel accident. I will tell it as simply as possible, and then try to forget it forever.

I was awakened in the night by scratching and whining. I knew it was Jennie's dog.

I rose and dressed quickly. Boxer's piteous appeals increased and there was a strong smell of smoke.

I scarcely had finished dressing when my ears were assailed by heart-rending screams. I ran out of my room and as I hastened along the corridor, saw Mr. Riddell rush into the unfortunate girl's apartment, and carry her out in his arms.

Jennie had adopted the very objectionable practice of reading by the light of a candle after retiring in bed, and this was the consequence.

"Hasten to arouse Mistress Given and Wallace and all the servants," exclaimed Mr. Riddell excitedly, "The flames are increasing. We can save nothing, we will be lucky to escape with our lives."

Jennie was taken to the nearest neighbor's, and was so badly burned she died at 9 o'clock the next evening. The others of the family were rescued but the house was entirely consumed and with it my uncle's library and correspondence and also the records of the church.

Aunt Mary returned home taking Wallace and me with her.

Uncle Alex returned from Scotland with a mind in no condition to endure such losses. He wanted to blame Aunt Mary, but didn't dare to. Now he had a reason for restlessly pacing the floor.

"I had told Jennie time and again not to read novels," he said angrily. I knew that he was holding back his temper with difficulty, and that he wished to say some bitter thing to Aunt Mary, but her dignified attitude checked him.

"I loved Jennie," she said, in a choked voice, "and would have been willing to die in her place, could I have saved her."

"Jennie suffered thru her own disobedience. It was hard, but hell-fire is harder!" Thus speaking, Uncle Alex left the room—

Aunt Mary dropped her head in her hands, and wept aloud. "I never thought he would say such words! And think of it, Alex, he has placed a gulf between Jennie and Heaven!"

Then she told me of the death of the little slave. "You know that the past winter has been a severe one, and it was ushered in by an autumn of snow and sleet.

"One night, a few weeks before your arrival from Scotland, the

cows not coming home, the colored girl, poorly clad, was sent to find them. In the evening she came in declaring that she was not able to find them; but your uncle sternly ordered her to continue the search until she should be successful.

The poor girl with the tears freezing upon her face, left his presence and in the morning was found dead by the side of a fence, not far from the house. It was supposed that, being much fatigued, she lay down to rest herself, and froze to death."

Chapter V—A Cruise Against the Enemy.

A few weeks later, when time had lent its healing influence, I said to Aunt Mary, "I think we have misunderstood Uncle Alex. He has high ideals which he is trying to carry out and would sacrifice anything for the sake of his high principles. Perhaps he deserves pity rather than blame."

Aunt Mary looked surprised and said nothing, but in the days that followed I could see a change. She was more patient, more sympathetic towards him. The gulf between Uncle Alex and Aunt Mary was perceptibly narrowing; but only a few days had passed when my mind was occupied by weightier matters. What we had long feared had at last happened; the English schooner *Bream*, of eight guns, and crew of one hundred men, which accompanied the seventy-four *Rattler*, had begun to harass Bristol, alarming the inhabitants, carrying off cattle, burning fishermen and coasters and keeping the people in jeopardy and watchfulness lest their homes should be invaded.

The people were thoroly aroused by these outrages. There was great excitement all over the town, and wherever several met these grievances were discussed. Mr. Robert Given's was a favorite place.

"The enemy is getting bold, we ought to teach them a lesson," said Mr. Given. "If we decide upon such an enterprise and want a commander, Commodore Tucker is our man, he is a bold and successful fighter."

"Yes, he's our man," said Mr. Sprowl warmly. "He is as anxious for the private welfare of his fellow citizens, as he was for the defence and honor of his country."

"You remember those Squatter troubles, here in Bristol?" continued Sprowl, "What a deep interest the commodore showed in the adjustment of the suits in which he and his fellow-townsmen were entangled."

"Yes," said my uncle, "they have shown their appreciation by repeatedly electing him as one of the selectmen of this town, and by frequently sending him to the Legislature."

The following Sunday a number of men met together in a store at Muscongus Harbor to see what could be done, Robert Given, Walter Sprowl, my uncle and myself being among them.

"I should send for Commodore Tucker," said Mr. Given. A messen-

ger was dispatched. In a short time Tucker arrived and immediately inquired, "What is the trouble here?"

"The trouble is with the enemy—Commodore, who ought to have a severe drubbing for their impertinence," answered Mr. Given, "and we are ready to give it to them, providing you will be our commander." This declaration was met with a cheer. "Would it not be possible to capture her by such a force as could be raised on the spot?" continued Mr. Given.

"That is a very good suggestion," said Commodore Tucker. "I strongly advise that such an enterprise should be instantly started."

There was no lack of volunteers for the service; and before twenty-four hours, the sloop Increase had been engaged, and a crew of forty-five men, myself among them.

Later the crew was somewhat increased, and our hero was chosen captain. Before sailing, Tucker called together his little band of adventurers, and addressed them in these words: "Shipmates, the agreement which you have put your names to is voluntary, and not binding in law. If any one chooses, he has a right to withdraw his name.

"We wish no one to go with us—for there may be fighting—without his own full and free consent. Now is the time to make up your minds."

There was a solemn pause. Everybody looked at me with pitying looks on account of my youth. I thought of the past few weeks of suffering and felt no fear.

Frank Hammond, poor fellow, saw in his mind's eye the horrors of war, and he stepped out of the circle. "May I have my gun?" he asked.

"No," said his comrades, "that is pledged; you must leave it," and he went away amidst the hisses of the crowd.

"He ought to have his gun," said Billy Johnson.

"What do you mean?" asked Andy Smith.

"I mean that he ought to have it with the muzzle pointed towards him." This was met with a loud cheer.

"A man who cannot be inspired by the example of our heroic commander, must be depraved," I said when I could make myself heard.

"Well said, my brave boy," responded Andy, patting me on the shoulder.

Everything being in readiness, we passed out of the harbor and steered east, in hopes of meeting the Bream, but only to be disappointed. At the end of two days our supply of provisions becoming scanty, we prepared to make our way home, a little discouraged at our want of success.

As we came around Pemaquid point we saw a sail some distance to the east.

Tucker ordered all his men below, except the regular sailors to manage the vessel, and shaped his course as if aiming to make his escape. But soon tacking ship he suddenly bore down on the craft, at the same time ordering the American flag to be hoisted, and all his men to take



Monument Erected by State of Maine to Commodore Tucker
Grave of Commodore Tucker

their proper positions on deck, the object being to oblige the enemy to fight at close quarters, which in his condition was an important point to be gained.

As the vessels neared each other, the firing began, and the sails of both were riddled.

"Andy Smith," exclaimed the commodore in loud tones, "take up that kedje anchor at the bow, and stand ready. When the word is given, throw it as a grappling iron over the gunwale."

Andy was remarkable for his height—six feet, six inches, large in bulk, and of a swarthy complexion—a terrible looking champion in battle. He lifted the iron on his back, and stood ready, and seeing his chance from the near approach of the vessel, cried out, "Commodore, shall I heave?"

The men on the English vessel, seeing this giant-looking fellow ready to throw this huge anchor on board, ran below crying, "Satan is coming after our vessel sure."

The captain seeing that the Yankees would soon grapple and board him, struck his colors and surrendered.

The prize was taken to Muscongus Harbor, and the crew deposited in the jail at Wiscasset. The commodore, who was hospitable, exceedingly fond of company, ever in gladsome spirits, and ready to make others happy, invited his Yankee crew to spend the following evening at his home. There was feasting, story-telling and music. Billy Johnson brought his violin, and Commodore and Mrs. Tucker danced the stately minuet, which was considered a fashionable accomplishment.

The former, tho sixty-seven years of age, was surprisingly light of foot and very graceful.

Later in the evening Mrs. Tucker sang several beautiful songs.

"We will now hear from our brave boys," said Mr. Given, with a comical bow and wave of the hand toward the group, "who will sing some verses composed by Andy Smith and set to music by Billy Johnson."

Johnson took up his violin and several of the boys gave the old song which was sung for years after at social gatherings and around the home firesides—

I will conclude this historical sketch with the verses—more as a specimen of the spirit of the times than of the beauty of the poetry—altho it may compare favorably with some of the old English ballads.

I.

On the 26th of April, it plainly doth appear,
The brave boys of Bristol fitted out a privateer,
In command of Captain Tucker—a sloop both neat and trim,
And we set out to cruise the seas, all for to take the Bream.

Chorus:—

So cheer up, my lively lads, and never be it said,
That the brave boys of Bristol were ever yet afraid.

II.

We cruised the shores for several days and nothing did appear;
At length our brave commander resolved to homeward steer;
It was on Friday morning, and clear was the sky,
And as we were returning, a sail we did espy.

Chorus.

III.

Then rose our bold commander, and to his men did say
"My boys be all stout-hearted and do not fail to-day;
Our enemy's before us, and after her we'll run,
For I'm resolved to take her before the setting sun,"

Chorus.

IV.

Then we bore away for her, and up to her did come;
We hauled down our foresail, and gave her a gun;
'Twas broadside and broadside, we showed her Yankee play,
Till our enemy got frightened and tried to run away.

Chorus.

V.

Then they quit their quarters, and down below they run;
We shot away their halliards, and down their colors come.
Their captain then stepped forward and waving his hand,
He cried, "I must surrender; this I can no longer stand!"

Chorus.

VI.

Then we hoisted out our boats, on board of her did go;
We made them all prisoners, and ordered them below;
We hoisted Yankee colors and hauled the British down,
And when we did examine her, she proved to be the Crown.

Chorus.

VII.

"Now," said our brave commander, "we'll bring our prize ashore,
For we're the boys that fear no noise, tho' cannons loudly roar;
And quickly we will clear the coast of all these British boys,
For we will fight 'em till we die, and never mind their noise."

Chorus.

VIII.

Now we have fought this Britisher, till she is overcome;
And God bless Captain Tucker, this day for what he's done,
Likewise his officers, and all his valiant crew—
God grant that they may prosper in everything they do.

Chorus.

Norridgewock in Congress

By FLORENCE WAUGH DANFORTH



NORRIDGEWOCK, situated about midway between the Bombazine Rapids and Skowhegan Falls, is one of the historic towns of the Kennebec Valley; even its early settlement by the red man was of more than ordinary interest, for the French Government sent Father Rasles, a Jesuit Missionary and a cultured gentleman, to instruct them in the rites and ceremonies of the Catholic faith. The "Norridgewogs" regarded Father Rasles as a special messenger sent to them by the Great Spirit. They had a chapel at Old Point, built of the branches of hemlock trees and covered with the bark of white birch. Here they assembled to celebrate mass; the Indians sang in their native dialect and were most devout in their religious duties.

But the hatred between the French and English grew stronger, and finally the edict went forth that the "Norridgewogs" must be exterminated. Falling upon the little band while they were at chapel, it was an easy matter to overpower them. Bombazine, their chief, was slain, and Father Rasles was shot just outside the chapel door.

This was in 1720. The land roundabout remained a wilderness until 1772, when the first log cabin was built; others followed, but the growth was slow. In 1779 there were only ten settlers, but they had enough public spirit to carry on a school. In 1788 the town was incorporated with three hundred and twenty inhabitants, and in 1820, when Maine became a state, Norridgewock had a population of fourteen hundred and fifty-four.

Those hardy pioneers, who came from Ashby, Townsend, Pepperill and thereabouts in Massachusetts and settled along the Kennebec River, displayed the good old New England stock, not only in their courage to endure hardships, but in their desire for education for their children and a place of religious worship for their families. The year following the incorporation of the town, a committee was appointed to select a desirable spot for a meeting-house, but the plan did not materialize till the summer of 1794, and even then remained in an unfinished state until 1807.

I have spoken of these early efforts for school and preaching privileges because they seem to be forming the shadowy background of literature and culture which, in years to come, expanded so wonderfully and made Norridgewock stand out prominently as one of the leading towns of Maine in her gift to the State and nation of so many eminent men and women.

During the ninety-five years that Maine has been a State, sixteen years of that time, Norridgewock has furnished for her district a repre-

sentative in Congress. Only three years after Maine was separated from Massachusetts, Hon. David Kidder of Norridgewock was a Federalist representative to the eighteenth and nineteenth Congresses. Mr. Kidder, a native of Dresden, Maine, was born December 8, 1787. He received his education from private tutors, and was so well grounded in the classics that during his whole lifetime he was a great reader and lover of the solid literature of the day. He studied law, was admitted to the bar, and commenced practice in Canaan,¹ now Skowhegan, in 1811. Shortly after he married Lucy Weston, daughter of Joseph and Sarah (Emery) Weston of that town.

In 1814 Mr. Kidder was asked to deliver the Fourth of July address at Bloomfield, and, so great was his success, a copy of the oration was respectfully solicited for publication. There was ample material for the display of oratory—the times being not unlike the present—wars were raging both sides the Atlantic. The United States was at war with Great Britain; the first French Revolution was just over; Napoleon, having aspired to conquer the world, was exiled at Elba. The greater part of his oration, however, is devoted to the war with England and to the danger of an insurrection in New England. He attributes the cause of the second war with Great Britain to England's jealousy of our commercial prosperity and a desire for despotic sway on the ocean. But Mr. Kidder forecasts success for the United States; how can it be otherwise? when, as he says, "We have the most exalted confidence in our illustrious President.² Shielded by his own virtues and encircled by the love and veneration of millions, the malevolence of foreign and domestic foes will assail him in vain." In 1817, Mr. Kidder removed to Bloomfield, and in 1821 to Norridgewock. Besides being a Representative to Congress, he served his own State and county in several offices, such as County Attorney for Somerset County (1811-1823), an unusually long term of years for any one man to serve in that office, and as Representative to the Maine Legislature from Milburn in 1829. In the early days military offices were looked upon as high offices of trust. Mr. Kidder was captain of the first Light Infantry, north of Augusta, and field officer in the militia. When the Aroostook War³ broke out, Mr. Levi Weston of Skowhegan, who was then about twelve years of age, remembers watching the company drill, and while Mr. Kidder was prevented from going with the company, on account of lameness caused by an illness in early life, Mr. Weston recalls hearing his voice giving orders while having a general oversight of the company.

Mr. Kidder in his younger days was fond of horse-racing and not above taking a chance at betting, as some of his papers of a hundred

¹Canaan was incorporated June 18, 1788; Bloomfield, February 6, 1814; Milburn, February 5, 1828; Milburn changed to Skowhegan, March 26, 1836; Bloomfield annexed to Skowhegan, February 19, 1860.

²James Madison, 1809-1817.

³In 1837 the Aroostook War was caused by a dispute over the boundary line between Maine and New Brunswick. It was finally settled by arbitration.

years ago show. Mr. Eben Weston, in his "Letters on the Early Settlers of Canaan,"⁴ says: "Over seventy years ago, I witnessed a horse-race in company with a large number of the most respectable gentlemen of the village . . . I remember only the Honorable David Kidder and two other men. The mention of David Kidder at the horse-race," continues Mr. Weston, "recalls an incident. On the fourteenth of December, 1814, a robin was seen by several persons in Skowhegan Village. Without calling attention in any way to his remark, in his usual quiet tone and manner Mr. Kidder said: 'Treaty of Peace between United States and Great Britain signed this day.' In those days of slow sailing vessels, it was near the last of February that the news came that the Treaty of Peace was signed on that day." Over one hundred years have passed, and we readers of the present day are still in doubt as to what connection the robin had with Mr. Kidder's powers of divination.

We are in doubt, also, as to who won the following bet between D. Kidder and J. McClellan, but, as Mr. Samuel Weston of Skowhegan held the stakes, we are indebted to him for the privilege of reading this document⁵ of a century ago:

"It is a bet of ten dollars that Benjamin W. Crowninshield, who has lately been appointed Secretary of the Navy, is the same person who commanded the vessel that brought the bodies of Lawrence and Ludlow from Halifax. Kidder takes the affirmative and McClellan the negative.

D. KIDDER
J. McCLELLAN."

Dec. 29, 1814.

After Mr. Kidder's return from Washington, he made his home permanently in Milburn.⁶ He built a law-office on the site now occupied by our local newspaper, the Independent-Reporter, and became quite a noted character about town. In stature he was tall and spare, slightly stooping, with dark blue eyes and black hair. Dressed in a long, black, broadcloth coat and a tall silk hat, with cane in hand, he was a pleasing and familiar sight, for he was a favorite with young and old.

Mr. Kidder's law practice was never large; being a peace-loving citizen, he usually counseled his clients to settle their disputes and keep out

⁴These letters are in the Free Public Library at Skowhegan.

⁵The original of this document is in the possession of Mr. Levi Weston, Skowhegan, Maine.

⁶In the list of Representatives to Congress in the Maine Register, Mr. Kidder's residence is given as Skowhegan, but in Allen's History of Norridgewock, published in 1849 (before Mr. Kidder's death), he says: "After his services expired, he returned to Skowhegan" (page 103). Mr. Allen says "returned" for the reason that before Mr. Kidder's residence in Norridgewock he was a resident of what is now Skowhegan. See also History of Norridgewock and Canaan, by J. W. Hanson, 1849, page 330, in which it is stated that Mr. Kidder removed to Skowhegan in 1817, to Norridgewock in 1821, to Skowhegan in 1827.

of litigation. Hon. D. D. Stewart of Saint Albans remembers seeing him often at the Court House in Norridgewock, but never recalls his trying any cases.

About 1840, the Washingtonian temperance movement was started. Mr. Kidder, with his ear to the ground for everything that should be a social betterment to the community, became at once interested, was made president of the Society in Skowhegan, and continued to hold that office until his death. Mr. J. W. Hanson⁷ says of Mr. Kidder: "He has filled important trusts and occupies an elevated position in the community." Mr. Kidder died November 1, 1860, and is buried in Skowhegan.

* * *

Again in 1831, Norridgewock furnished a Representative to Congress; this time Dr. James Bates was the people's choice. Dr. Bates, the eldest son of Solomon Bates and Mary (Macomber) Bates, was born in Greene, Maine, Sept. 24, 1789. His mother was a Friend, and of that fact Dr. Bates was always proud. He acquired a common-school education, such as the times afforded.

At the age of twenty-one, he began the study of medicine, as a pupil of Dr. Charles Smith of Fayette, Maine, and afterwards studied with Dr. Ariel Mann of Hallowell, Maine. He took a course of instruction at Harvard Medical School and immediately after was appointed surgeon's mate in Colonel Denny McCobb's regiment of volunteer infantry in 1813. In 1814 he was appointed hospital surgeon-mate, and served on the Niagara frontier until the close of the war, in Colonel⁸ Winfield Scott's brigade. Dr. Bates was present at the surrender of Fort Erie and at the battles of Chippewa and Bridgewater.

At the close of the war in 1815 he was left in charge of the general military hospital near Buffalo, with seven hundred sick and wounded, and was the ranking medical officer at that time remaining in the service. He left the army in May, 1815, and entered into co-partnership with his former instructor, Dr. Mann of Hallowell, Maine, for the practice of his profession. On July 27, 1815, he married Mary Jones, daughter of Capt. Sylvester Jones of Fayette, with whom he lived happily sixty years.

In 1819 he removed to Norridgewock, where for twenty-six years he was engaged in an extensive practice of medicine and surgery, which included several counties of the State. For his time he was considered a daring and successful surgeon, having performed what are considered capital operations in surgery in ten of the sixteen counties.

In 1845 he was appointed Superintendent of the Maine Insane Asylum at Augusta, in which capacity he served six years, until that institution was destroyed by fire, at which time he was commissioned by the Governor and his Council to visit all the public institutions of note as far south as Virginia, with a view to obtaining information as to the

⁷History of the old towns, Norridgewock and Canaan, by J. W. Hanson, page 342.

⁸Afterwards General Winfield Scott.

best methods of heating and ventilation, preparatory to rebuilding the hospital. He made an elaborate report,⁹ which was made use of by the State in the new building.

After spending one year in Gardiner, Maine, he removed to Fairfield, where he remained in practice till 1858, when, at the request of many citizens of Yarmouth, Maine, he removed to that town, and was engaged for over ten years in the active duties of his profession.

Dr. Bates was unusually skilful in whatever he undertook; not only was he a great surgeon, but in his study of agriculture, which he carried on as an aside, he made many original experiments. In the home he was all that one could wish for, a good talker himself he naturally drew cultivated people around him. During his life at Norridgewock, Lydia Maria Francis (afterwards Mrs. Child of abolitionist fame), who in her youth lived next door to him, was a frequent and valued visitor at his home.

He was a man of very strong convictions; in politics a democrat; in religious faith a Congregationalist; kind of heart, keen of wit, when occasion demanded he had a sharp tongue; in short, he was just the sort of man to make warm friends and bitter enemies. Dr. Bates was unusually clever in verbal expression, as, for example, when sitting for his portrait¹⁰ and deploring "the smile used in sitting for pictures only," he said to the artist: "Don't, I beg of you, send me simpering down to posterity." In person he was tall and spare, with a vigorous frame, but small feet, of which it is said in his youth he was not ashamed. His eyes were gray and piercing, but with a humorous twinkle.

Miss Sarah Clark, his niece, says of him: "I knew Dr. Bates chiefly in his brave, serene old age, when he was very deaf and almost blind. At that time he cultivated an attractive flower-garden, and after he could no longer distinguish plants from weeds a devoted little granddaughter used to dog his footsteps to guide his hoeing. Finally he became totally blind, but I am told that even then he would not be conquered by despondency."

Dr. Bates died at Yarmouth at the age of ninety-three, and was brought to Norridgewock for burial.

* * *

In 1843, Norridgewock again furnished a Representative for her district at Washington, this time for two terms (1843-1845) (1849-1851). Mr. Cullen Sawtelle, son of Captain Richard and Sally (Ware) Sawtelle, was born in Norridgewock, September 25, 1805; graduated from Bowdoin College in 1825; studied law and began practice in his native town. He was Register of Probate (1830-1838), and member of the State Senate (1843-1844).

⁹From the record of the meeting of the Governor and Council held April 18, 1851, it appears that the report of Dr. James Bates was received, presented and ordered on file. But recent search for the report was fruitless.

¹⁰This painting is in the possession of Mrs. Loren Dresser, Berlin, New Hampshire.

Mr. Sawtelle's life was made up of the most interesting and varied events; it may well be said of him he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. He had the honor of being one of the first men from his town to receive a college degree, and was also fortunate enough to receive his diploma with a class of men who later became prominent in law, literature and the pulpit; the most notable of whom were: Henry W. Longfellow, poet; Nathaniel Hawthorne, author; John S. C. Abbott, historian; James W. Bradbury, United States Senator from Maine; George B. Cheever, clergyman and author; Jonathan Cilley, representative to Congress from Maine; Samuel P. Benson, representative to Congress from Maine; etc.

Mr. Sawtelle completed his college course at the age of nineteen, and after spending a few weeks under the parental roof, announced to his father that he wanted the loan of one hundred dollars, that he intended to spend the entire amount in travel; then to work his way back and bring his father the equivalent of his loan to him.

He travelled leisurely as far south as Richmond, Virginia, when he found his funds were running low and he must bestir himself to earn some money. Accordingly he advertised for a position as tutor and was engaged by Colonel Scott to fit his two sons for college, with the understanding that he should work only four or five hours each day; that a saddle-horse should always be at his disposal and an intelligent servant should attend to his personal wants.

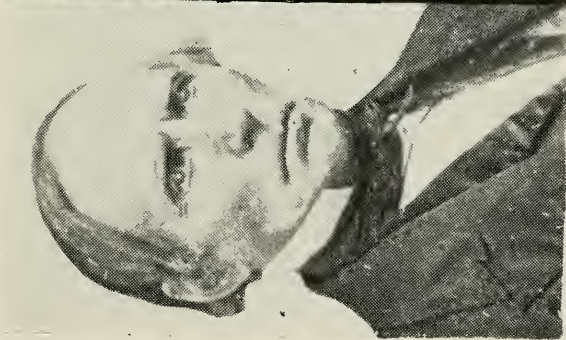
Colonel Scott was the owner of one hundred and fifty slaves, the greater part of whom had descended to him by inheritance. During Mr. Sawtelle's stay in Colonel Scott's¹¹ family he had a most excellent opportunity to study the institution of slavery, and to realize the insecure tenure of life of the slave. He relates the following incident as typical of some of the cases coming under his observation. "Met a bright, intelligent, colored boy one morning. I said to him: 'Whose boy are you?' 'Dunno! I belonged to Massa Brown this morning. He got to playing poker with another man, and I dunno whose I now is.'"

At the end of the year, Mr. Sawtelle arrived home, presented his father one hundred dollars in gold; had besides a gold watch in his pocket and a trunk full of clothing of better quality than he had ever possessed at any previous or later date.

He was then ready to study law and entered the office of Judge Green of Athens, Maine, where he remained a year and a half; from there he went to Greenfield, Massachusetts, and spent one year in the office of Hon. Daniel Wells. In 1829, he returned to his native town and opened a law office, where he spent several years practicing his profession under most favorable auspices.

In 1828 Mr. Sawtelle cast his first vote for Andrew Jackson of Tennessee for President of the United States; his first battle-cry polit-

¹¹Mr. Sawtelle records that Colonel Scott's slaves were treated with great kindness; it was from general observation that Mr. Sawtelle drew his conclusions in regard to the slavery question.



Dr. James Bates



Cullen Sawtelle



Stephen D. Lindsey

ically was: "Hurrah! for Old Hickory!" Of Andrew Jackson Mr. Sawtelle says:

He was truly a hero and a patriot, and his superior qualifications were equally manifest in all situations, in peace and in war; in the Cabinet and in the field. In that memorable battle of New Orleans,¹² when the British were besieging "The Crescent City," General Jackson utilized a large number of cotton bales for strengthening the redoubts on his line of defense; a part of said bales belonged to a Frenchman, who, fearing they might be injured, called upon General Jackson to demand the delivery of the same back to him. The General asked the Frenchman if he were employed in any military service. To his reply that he was not, the General directed that a musket be put into his hands and ordered him to the front, remarking dryly that none had a better right to fight than those who had property to defend.

General Jackson's last will and testament contained one bequest which could not fail to be of interest to the nation many years after. It read as follows:

"I bequeath to my beloved nephew, Andrew Jackson Donelson, the elegant sword presented to me by the State of Tennessee, with the injunction that he fail not to use it, when necessary, in support and protection of the Glorious Union, and in the protection of all the constitutional rights of our beloved country, should they ever be assailed by foreign enemies or domestic traitors."

It was reported that this sword was ruthlessly unsheathed and used by his nephew, at an early stage during the War of the Rebellion, to stab the very vitals of the Republic.

Mr. Sawtelle's great admiration for Andrew Jackson and his interest in national affairs naturally tended to enlarge his political horizon. While he was successful in his law practice, still he longed for a larger field—ambitious young lawyer that he was—and after serving his county as Register of Probate for eight years, his next move was a seat in the Senate. Here he laid the foundation for his future career at Washington.

In 1841 Mr. Sawtelle was unanimously nominated by the democratic county convention as its candidate for the State Senate, and although Somerset County at that time had a large whig majority, he was elected by a very flattering vote, and re-elected to that same body at the next session. During his second term of service in the State Senate a bill for the redistricting of the State for members of Congress was introduced, and for six weeks of the session this bill became the all-absorbing question, and was daily the subject of debate in both branches of the Legislature.

¹²Jan. 8, 1815.

During this time Mr. Sawtelle was prominent in shaping the result that followed and the counties of Somerset and Waldo were classed together to elect a member of Congress. Since the county of Somerset was whig, and the county of Waldo largely democratic, by this classification the district became democratic by a large majority. From Mr. Sawtelle's demonstrated ability to carry his own county (which had an accustomed political majority against his party), and on account of his conspicuous services to his party in obtaining a new classification so favorable to it, he became its logical nominee. Accordingly, in 1843, he was called to the twenty-ninth Congress, which he says was a memorable one. Never since the organization of the United States Government had there been more distinguished and influential statesmen, both in the Senate and House of Representatives. In the former were Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, John C. Calhoun and Thomas H. Benton, who were called "the four kings of the national pack." In the House of Representatives were John Quincy Adams, Andrew Johnson, Hannibal Hamlin, Alexander and Thaddeus Stevens and a score of other brilliant men.

Mr. Sawtelle in his Memoirs records his great admiration of Daniel Webster, of whom he says he had no superior, or it may be safely said no equal, and who battered down all opposition whenever and wherever it was made to him. But, he continued, notwithstanding Mr. Webster possessed genius and intellect and a power of mind that could master all great subjects, still it was said of him that in his knowledge of minor affairs and transactions of every-day life, he was greatly deficient in many ways.

The following humorous example illustrates Mr. Sawtelle's meaning. Daniel Webster and his wife were invited to attend a social function in Boston. A sumptuous collation was prepared. Among other dainty viands were nice little apple-tarts of which Mr. Webster partook with great relish. On his way home Mr. Webster commented on them to his wife, saying: "What delicious little pies those were; can't we have some?" To which his wife replied: "Yes, but I must have some green sour apples with which to make them." The next morning Mr. Webster sallied forth for his morning walk towards Faneuil Market in quest of sour apples. He espied an old man seated on a market wagon, and accosted him thus: "Have you some sour apples, and what is your price?" The man replied: "Yes, sour enough to set your teeth on edge, ninety bushels early pippins, fifty cents a bushel." "Very well," said Mr. Webster, "I will take them all. Go directly to my house with them and call at my office for your pay." It is quite probable the great statesman had all the little pies he wanted for several weeks.

At the close of his second term of Congress, Mr. Sawtelle returned to his native town, quite content, as he expressed himself, to enjoy henceforth the quiet life of a civilian. After the mild climate of Washington, the extreme cold of a winter in Maine did not appeal to him; for this reason he decided to seek a warmer habitation.

With his usual luck, a large mercantile house called him to New York, to take charge of their credit system and to aid in such matters as might be in litigation in courts, etc. Here his opportunities were excellent for travel, as his duties often called him to the extreme South and West. He remained in active business as long as he cared to and then retired to Englewood, New Jersey, to enjoy a quiet and serene old age, tenderly cared for by his two daughters, who still survive him.

But although retired from active service, his life was by no means over. A rare treat was in store for him. It was his wonderful privilege to be present at the fiftieth anniversary of that famous class of 1825 at Bowdoin College, when Henry W. Longfellow delivered his memorable poem, *Morituri Salutamus*, and Rev. Dr. Cheever gave an oration.

Mr. Sawtelle records a most pleasant incident which happened to him on his way to Brunswick, Maine. His usual good luck attended him, and his reunion began on the railroad train. To quote direct from his *Memoirs*:

"Hardly was I comfortably seated in the car, bound for Brunswick, when an elderly gentleman with white hair, flowing beard and placid countenance entered the car and attracted my attention. He gracefully bowed to me and I returned the salutation, as he took the vacant seat next my own. The stranger proved to be of a social turn of mind as well as myself, and as the train moved on we grew more confidential and I remarked: 'I am going to Bowdoin College to attend the semi-centennial anniversary of my class of 1825. Our class numbered thirty-eight; but only one-third of that number now survive. We who still live are old men now. I shall meet there Henry W. Longfellow, John S. C. Abbott, Horatio Bridge and others, all of whom I knew so well and loved so much. I wonder if we shall know each other after so long a separation.' To my astonishment my travelling companion replied: 'Friend, look me in the eye and see if you know who I am. I, too, am going on the same mission, but I have not the slightest idea who you may be, although the intonations of your voice carry me back fifty years and I am struggling to place you.' In perfect silence we sat face to face for more than a full minute; then I said to him, 'I cannot for my life name or place you.' Finally my companion said hesitatingly: 'I think this must be Cullen Sawtelle,' and as I assented, he grasped my hand, exclaiming aloud: 'John S. C. Abbott has met again the dear old friend of his youth.'"

Arriving at Brunswick, our travellers found eleven out of the thirteen surviving members were able to be present. They went out into the wide world when life was young and sweet, but after fifty years they returned to their Alma Mater, gray-haired veterans. Many was the touching incident related by each to the other of their past lives.

Of that wonderful class meeting, Mr. Sawtelle says it was a scene that baffled all description; the very silence of the moment was almost painful; the audience was made up of the most distinguished men in the country. After a prayer by the only surviving teacher of the class dur-

ing their college days, Mr. Longfellow arose and took for his subject the words of the Roman Gladiator addressed to the Imperial Caesar:

"O Caesar, we who are about to die,
Salute you! was the Gladiator's cry
In the Arena, standing face to face
With death and with the Roman populace."

Just before leaving, the surviving eleven gathered in a retired college room for the last time, talked together for a half hour as of old, agreed to exchange photographs and prayed together, then stood for a moment in silence under the old Liberty Tree, took each other by the hand and separated, knowing full well that Old Bowdoin would never again witness a gathering of the famous class of 1825.

At the dedication of Memorial Hall at Bowdoin College, July 12, 1882, services were held in memory of the late Professor Henry W. Longfellow. It was again Mr. Sawtelle's good luck to be present. Several distinguished men spoke on that occasion, but the best address was said to be by Hon. Cullen Sawtelle. His remarks produced the greatest effect of any of the speakers.¹³ After speaking of the object of this Memorial Hall, he described a meeting between the historian, John S. C. Abbott and himself, after fifty years' separation, in a manner that drew tears from the eyes of half the audience.

Although over eighty years of age, Mr. Sawtelle again visited Washington.¹⁴ "An aged Congressman again looks upon a changed scene in Washington. A tall, white-haired old gentleman came on the floor of the House yesterday afternoon. He looked around and found, like Rip Van Winkle on his return from the Catskill Mountains, that there was no one now in the House of Representatives who knew him, and yet forty years ago, in the twenty-ninth and thirty-first Congresses, Representative Sawtelle, from the Waldo District in Maine, was a prominent figure on the floor of the House. Neither in the Senate nor House did he see a single member who knew him as a member of the Twenty-ninth Congress. This shows how short and changeable is a political career in our system of Government."

The year following, Mr. Sawtelle passed "into the land of shadows," November 11, 1887, and was buried at Englewood, New Jersey.

* * *

Again Norridgewock furnished a representative for her district in Congress, this time for three consecutive terms (1877-1883). Stephen Decatur Lindsay, the son of Captain Melzar and Melinda (Cannon) Lindsey, was born in Norridgewock in 1828. His father was for many years a teacher of rural schools, his son being one of his pupils; but the young boy soon outgrew his surroundings, and his father sent him to Bloomfield Academy, then under the instruction of the late Honorable

¹³Portland Press, July 12, 1882.

¹⁴Washington Evening News, Jan. 23, 1886.

Stephen Coburn. His teacher soon recognized the boy's natural ability and they formed a life-long friendship. After his graduation, the young student returned to Norridgewock, and entered upon the study of law in the office of John S. Abbott. Mr. Lindsey afterwards bought this office and was still occupying it at the time of his death. Having passed a most creditable examination in 1853, he was admitted to the bar and resided ever after in his native town—in every sense of the word a true son of Norridgewock. He was twice married, his first wife being Sarah, daughter of Dr. Amos Townsend of Norridgewock; his second wife was Mary Clark (sister of Sophie May and Penn Shirley), also of Norridgewock.

Mr. Lindsey avoided rather than sought public office, but important positions—town, state and national—were thrust upon him. At the age of twenty-eight, he was chosen a member of the Legislature and was given a prominent position upon the Judiciary Committee; in 1868-9-70, he was a member of the State Senate, being president of that body in 1869; in 1860 he was a delegate to the National Republican Convention which nominated Abraham Lincoln, and again in 1868, when General Grant was nominated; in 1874 he was a member of the Executive Council of Maine, and in 1877 was elected to Congress.

All these offices came to him unsought; only a few months before his death he was urged to become a candidate for a position upon the Supreme Bench, but he absolutely refused, saying that an office wasn't worth while if one had to work for it. Mr. Lindsey was never a politician in the modern sense of the word; he abhorred all the low-down tricks of that profession; with him it was a square deal always.

His true sphere was law. Endowed naturally with a legal mind and strong mental organization, he was always happiest when engaged in "unravelling abstract questions of law." He never took an advantage in order to carry a point; it was his custom to deal with every situation in perfect candor; to appeal to reason rather than prejudice; to swing the pendulum in the direction of reconciliation as far as possible, and whenever it seemed practicable he sought a settlement rather than litigation. More than one member of the Somerset Bar has dryly remarked that if all the legal profession were like Lindsey, the lawyers would starve. It has been said also that many a time has a client turned from him in disgust on being urged to seek pacific measures, and returned in repentance at the end of a costly lawsuit.

But when he did undertake a lawsuit, he entered into it to win. His methods of examining witnesses were simple but direct. He grouped the facts logically in his own mind, and quickly decided what the truth should naturally be; then he questioned the witness, approaching him in such a friendly way that he succeeded in getting the truth presented to the jury before the witness was aware of what he had done.

Mr. Lindsey never attempted to display his knowledge of law, nor to use flowery language; he aimed only to aid the jury to understand his

argument. The secret of his great success was the fact that the jury always had confidence in him, knowing that he would not misstate the law or the facts of the case.

Being a public man, Mr. Lindsey was called upon to make many political speeches, though always under protest. During the Garfield campaign he was most active, speaking day after day, afternoon and evening. But perhaps the most typical of all his speeches,¹⁵ and the one that will stand out most prominently when all others are forgotten, was one given at Coburn Hall, Skowhegan, Maine.

It happened in this way. A big open-air meeting was interrupted by a pouring rain, and the people were obliged to seek close quarters under cover. Several distinguished speakers addressed the restless crowd. At last Mr. Lindsey arose—he had but little to say, but as usual his words were most fitting. With great calmness of tone he told the people that notwithstanding their disappointment over the rain, it had done Somerset County more good than twenty such meetings; that it would give good harvests and result in general prosperity for all, and an outdoor meeting could have done no more.

“The words came as a benediction to the whole exercises of the day and were widely spoken of in many a household.”

Just as Edward Everett’s two-hour speech at Gettysburg, polished and elegant in every particular, has long since been forgotten, but President Lincoln’s never, so not only the speeches but the very names, even, of those political speakers at Coburn Hall have passed out of memory, but the plain, simple, practical words of the Honorable S. D. Lindsey are still remembered. It may well be said of him: “Though dead, he still lives.”

Of his home life, there is so much that is sweet and beautiful. He was singularly gentle and winning in manner, and particularly fond of the society of his family and friends. His doors were always open; for him society had no caste; it was to him a moment of pleasure and delight to extend a hearty handshake to the tiller of the soil who, soon after Mr. Lindsey’s return from his first term in Congress, drove up to his door with his ox-team, and, grasping his old townsman’s hand, said: “Hanged if I didn’t think I’d go up to see Steve, long’s I heard he’d got home.” At that very time Mr. Lindsey had distinguished guests from out of town, but his parlor was large enough and his heart warm enough to put them all at their ease.

Mr. Lindsey’s sister-in-law, Miss Sarah Clark, gives this personal tribute: “He was the most amiable man I ever knew, and the kindest of husbands and fathers. And his son, now living in California, when interviewed as to what stood out most prominently in his mind in regard to his father’s early training of his children, quoted his father’s favorite precept: ‘If you can’t say anything good of a person, say nothing.’”

¹⁵I am indebted to the Somerset Reporter (May 3, 1884) for the report of the speech.

To quote from the Somerset Reporter:

"By the death of Mr. Lindsey the entire community has met a great loss. He was a father and counsellor to hundreds of people from whom he never took a dollar for advice. The town loses a valuable and unanimously respected citizen. The bar loses an upright lawyer. His family mourns the loss of a fond father and husband, and the world loses an honest man."

Mr. Lindsey died suddenly at his home in Norridgewock after a long illness, April 28, 1884, and was buried in his native town.

* * *

Concerning the work of the four Congressmen at Washington, the Annals of Congress are my guide. The records say but little in regard to Mr. Kidder's Congressional work; it was his privilege to be in Washington while Henry Clay was Speaker of the House.

Although Dr. Bates served but one term, he showed great activity, both in committee work and in debate, a rare thing for a member during his first term. But he was so constituted that it was impossible for him to remain silent when there was anything to be said.

During that session the Committee on Manufactures had the tariff under consideration. The Hon. John Quincy Adams¹⁶ was a member of that committee, but later was appointed to go to Philadelphia and investigate the affairs of the Bank of the United States. He therefore begged to be excused from further service on the Committee on Manufactures. But many members considered the tariff of such importance that they opposed Mr. Adams's request, Mr. Bates among the number. He spoke in substance as follows: That he should do violence to his own feelings if he did not state the reason for the vote he should give on the present occasion. He was free to confess that in many instances it had been his good or ill fortune to disagree with Mr. Adams¹⁷ . . . but that the time had now arrived when he looked to that gentleman as the only man in the Union capable of taking the high stand of umpire; the only man who would possess the power of preventing that dire catastrophe which seemed to be pending over the country and which every patriot must fear as the greatest of evils. Such being the case, he must with whatever reluctance give his vote against complying with the request which had been made.

There seems to have been no subject debated during the twenty-second Congress upon which Dr. Bates did not have pronounced ideas. The tariff was as troublesome to Congress in those days as in more recent times, and it is interesting to note some of Dr. Bates's ideas on the subject. In some of his remarks he went into calculations to show that the effect of the amendment in regard to wool would be to give a pro-

¹⁶Hon. John Quincy Adams of Massachusetts was then serving his first term in the House, after being President of the United States.

¹⁷In politics Dr. Bates and John Quincy Adams disagreed. Dr. Bates was a democrat; John Quincy Adams was a whig.

tection of 85 per cent. He said he was a wool-grower himself to some extent, and that he would deem 50 per cent. on that article to be such full and ample protection that if it were not he would slay his sheep and give them to the dogs. So he was of the same opinion as to the woolen manufacturers that if 50 per cent., apart from nice calculations as to exchange, the value of the pound sterling, etc., was not sufficient to protect that interest, he was prepared to say he would vote to give it no protection whatever.

Mr. Sawtelle's work in Congress was chiefly on Revolutionary Claims; as chairman of that committee it was his duty to inspect the claims and then assign them to a sub-committee to make a thorough examination as to their merits and to recommend what action should be taken.

Stephen D. Lindsey during the forty-fifth and forty-sixth Congresses was a member of the minority party, which may account for his not receiving as good committee assignments as his ability would warrant; he served in each of these Congresses on the Committee on Claims, and in the forty-sixth he served in addition on the Committee on Expenditure in the Navy.

In the forty-seventh Congress he served as a member of the Committee on the Expenditures in the Department of State, and on the Committee on Library. The records of these Congresses show a vast amount of work done by Mr. Lindsey, through the reports that he made to Congress, and the debates which followed show that he was always prepared with the facts, and generally his reports were adopted by Congress. The clearness with which he stated the proposition and the fairness with which he always acted universally gave him the attention and respect of his fellow-members, and they were inclined to adopt his conclusions as their own.

Thus it is that these four men have so well performed their parts in the places to which they have been called, and Norridgewock is proud of having had the opportunity of sending these, her sons, to the councils of the nation, feeling that she has during these ninety-five years fairly and honorably done her part; and if, during these years, she has occupied more than her part of the time, she may justly feel that it was because she had men who were best qualified for the work to be done.

Not alone along the lines of statesmanship have her sons and daughters displayed their abilities, but in nearly every walk of life she has furnished some of the best, some of the bravest, and some of the noblest, who have left their impress upon the State and nation.

Should you ask why this little town with but fifteen hundred inhabitants should stand out so prominently in the State, we would point with pride to those early settlers who were men and women of great strength of mind and body, who were glad to endure the hardships of those early days because they believed they were laying a foundation for a town that should in the future become what it proved in after years.



A Direct Descendant of Sarah Hill Fletcher
(A Saco school teacher)

Saco Valley Tragedy and Romance

By CORA BELLE BICKFORD

PART I.

JUST BELOW the great falls of the Saco, the river reaches out an arm to encircle an island that has become the busiest part of a manufacturing town. Below the island, the body and arm having become one, the river widens into a stream that floats upon its surface stately ships, bringing their cargoes to port, and a variety of smaller craft that for business or pleasure pass up and down and from shore to shore.

A few rods farther down, the river again divides to clasp closely a smaller island that is like a garden of tangled green during all the months of summer; then the mountain stream moves on and finds its way between rocky banks and sandy levels to the blue ocean seven miles away.

Around the lower edge of the island that forms a part of the town and along the adjacent shores, wharves have been built, for here navigation ceases; and upon the wharves stand long coal sheds, grim fortifications that echo to a rattling cannonade whenever the product of the mine is discharged into their gloomy depths.

In places, the west bank of the river is barely a few feet above high water mark. From a low level the land rises gradually to a succession of rocky heights crowned by dwellings that form part of another busy manufacturing center. So side by side lie these two towns and the noisy Saco flows between. On the west bank is Biddeford; on the island and east bank, Saco.

Back of the coal-sheds on the west side of the river, houses and stores are grouped in a mild disorder. This was once the most thickly settled part of the town, and one still sees an occasional building after the colonial style, its many-paned windows drinking in the light of the sun, its great chimneys sending out thin curls of smoke from their black throats.

Only a few such dwellings remain. Most of them have been converted into tenement houses for the shelter of the hurrying throng that answers to the clang of the great bell in the factory tower; and the huge chimneys have been torn down and replaced by smaller vents that there may be yet more room for the life that is constantly increasing within these walls. So are the landmarks of our fathers removed.

But there is an earlier architecture of which no monument remains. The log house that stood as a shelter to the first colonists has long since given its last fiber to the dust; the primitive fort and the block-house have passed into history and not a memory remains to the oldest inhabitants.

In the year 1675, on the spot where later stood the colonial mansion ¹of S. Pierson, Esq., and where to-day stores and dwellings crowd close upon the city's highways, stood the house of Major William Phillips. It was more strongly fortified than the other houses of the settlement and here the people were accustomed to gather in times of danger. The thick walls were for defense; musket barrels fitted into the loop-holes that opened between the huge logs, and the heavy, nail-studded doors could be secured by oaken beams that held them firmly in place even under the hostile attack of neighboring savages. It was the garrison of the settlement and was coming to be more and more needed as a retreat, for Squando, Sachem of the Sokokis,² could no longer be counted as the white man's friend. There was a time when he had been generous and even humane, but the jealous, cruel nature of his race was beginning to assert itself and acts of barbarity and a wanton spirit of revenge was being proved against him.

Of the tribes of Maine Indians the Sokokis, belonging to the great Abnaki family, were among the oldest. Their dwelling place had ever been beside the Saco, and all the valley had been theirs until the white man came to set up his dwelling. "We receive our lands from the Great Father of Life; we hold only from Him," was a great chief's reply to the white man's demand for more land.

The male Sokokis were tall, sinewy, and brave withal. The maidens, too, were brave and many of them good to look upon. The suppleness of their limbs showed through their scanty coverings. Their black hair fell long and straight as their arrowy bodies. Teeth of unusual whiteness gleamed through well-curved lips and long lashes shaded their bead-like eyes and rested upon deeply tinted cheeks.³

But of them all none was so comely as Nibena,⁴ daughter of Nakis,⁵ the hunter. Long had Nakis and his squaw Ankan waited for a gift from the Great Spirit. From sowing time to harvest and from harvest to sowing time they had waited and then had come this wonderful gift of life. "Niben! (summer) Niben neguech!⁶ (summer now)," Nakis had said when he first looked on the coppery little face; and to them she had always been Nibena, a child of summer.

Like other children she grew from babyhood to childhood; like other daughters of the tribe she marked off the years of girlhood; and yet she was not like others. She cared little for the gaudy trinkets that pleased the Indian mind. She loved better the flowers that grew beside the wigwam and the butterflies that fluttered above them. She would charm the

¹Folsom's History of Saco and Biddeford, page 154.

²Fr. Vetromile in his book, *The Abnakis; And Their History*, uses Sokokis and Abnakis as the noun, page 23. He uses Sokoki and Abnaki in the adjective sense, as Abnaki villages, page 27.

³Hubbard, Williamson and Folsom all speak of the attractiveness of the Sokokis, male and female.

⁴From Niben, summer, Fr. Vetromile, page 79.

⁵Nakis from Abnakis.

⁶Neguech—Fr. Vetromile, page 43.

birds to come to her hand and wrap them about with the folds of her hair. When Nakis took short tramps through the forest she would accompany him, entertaining herself by visiting with the birds and squirrels. But she never smiled when his arrow brought down a habitant of the woods. Nibena did not like the shedding of blood.

So she grew to womanhood and Ankan died. Fifty years had this wife tended the wigwam fire and stirred the evening meal and Nakis mourned truly. But for Nibena the old brave would have passed many lonely hours. This thoughtful daughter prepared often the dish of succotash of which the old man was fond; she remembered to keep his pipe filled with well-cured leaves of the tobacco and she made the wigwam bright with her presence. All of her thoughts were for his comfort. So little did she mingle with her people that when she appeared among them the Indian maidens would turn to whisper after her.

But Nibena passed them by with a gentle unheeding for she had little in common with her red sisters. When they met for a sunset dance, decked in bright colors and the finest of their apparel that they might attract the attention of the young braves and so gain a lover, she was not among them. She would watch, from some sheltering pine, the swaying motions of their bodies, the pretty gleam of the bright feathers caught in their hair and the glistening otter teeth about their throats. So, one evening, Squando, the chief found her and turned to look again at the lithe figure outlined against the tree's dark trunk.

A month had passed and in the early morning Squando stood on the bank of the river as the rising sun touched with a flash of light the surface of the stream. While he watched the canoes of his people glide from the shore and downward with the tide an arrow cut the air with a swift sound and a bird fell fluttering at his feet. It struggled; it was not dead. A wing was broken and blood splashed the soft gray of its breast. Its helplessness aroused the chief to pity and he stooped and lifted it in his hand. Carefully he examined the wound and gently wiped the blood with the fur of his garment, smoothing the ruffled feathers to a state of calm.

When he would have placed the bird again on the ground a slight motion stirred the air and he turned. Nibena stood near; her gaze was fastened upon him and on her face was a look of wistful tenderness. Then he held the bird towards her saying: "Take it, maiden." And the maiden took the bird, pressing it with gentleness against her breast and carried it to her wigwam that she might nurse it back to strength.

That night Squando sat before his wigwam fire and dreamed. He saw the face of Nibena lift itself from the flames and he could hear her voice in the winds that stirred the branches of the trees above his door. The next evening and the next it was the same. Then Squando knew that he had lost his heart to Nibena and he set about to win her.

The winter season was advancing but he searched beneath the ground evergreens of the forest that he might bring her bunches of the checker-

berry. He followed the trail inland and near the head waters of the Saco gathered the pale-faced frost flower half hidden in a blanket of snow. For her he had prepared a garment of beaver fur set about with polished shells from the seashore. Then all the maidens said: "Squando woos Nibena."

It was not a long wooing for Nakis' consent was easily gained. The old man could see that Nibena had given the keeping of her heart to the young sachem and he was glad to know that his daughter would be cared for when he had followed the faithful Ankan.

The winter months sped apace and the marriage feast was called for the spring month, April (*Amusswikizooos*).⁷ Never more gentle had been this capricious month of the year. The pink stars of the trailing arbutus made the forest carpet bright with their color; dainty anemones lifted delicate faces to the sun and the air was filled with the balmy odors of the pine and hemlock. Three days of feasting and revel, three days of solemnizing the Sokoki marriage rites and on the fourth day Squando led away to his wigwam Nibena, the wife of his choice.

As the wooing had been prosperous so was the wedded life happy. The stern sachem was ever tender and gentle with Nibena and her presence would soften his harshest moods. So the days passed and there came to bless their union, first a boy. Nibena called him Wajoc,⁸ meaning of heaven, for to her he was the crowning of all happiness. With a love intensified by her recluse nature the young mother brooded over her child. The old life had passed like the years of her maidenhood and she gave it scarcely a reverting thought. The birds were remembered because they awoke her child with their matins while he answered them with a note of baby appreciation; the flowers were forgotten except when their bright colors gave Wajoc amusement. Nature had lost a worshipper; the maiden had become a mother.

Often when the days were sunny Nibena would put Wajoc in the canoe and pushing off from the shore would paddle up and down, or let the canoe drift in the shadow of the rocky bank. On a warm June⁹ afternoon she was returning from one of these pastimes while the sun was yet high. As the canoe drew out from the shadow a small boat came around a bend in the river¹⁰ a few rods below. The occupants were sailors coming up from Winter Harbor and their eyes were at once turned in the direction of the canoe.

"Look at that squaw paddling ahead of us. If she wasn't quite so coppersy she'd be a d— handsome wench," said the sailor at the bow when they had come nearer.

"See! but there's a young pappoose with her. Let the canoe give a

⁷Fr. Vetromile—page 30.

⁸Fr. Vetromile—page 43.

⁹Hubbard gives the time June, 1675.

¹⁰All historians of this section, covering the colonial period, give this story of the canoe overturned by English sailors coming up from Winter Harbor.

lurch and she wouldn't be so calm, I swear," answered the one standing at the stern sculling.

"Ha! I've heard a pappoose will swim like a fish," answered his shipmate.

"No; on my soul! I'd like to give the thing a tip and see the pappoose flop out."

Then there was betting and coarse joking until the boat was within a few oar's lengths of the canoe.

Nibena could not interpret their conversation but the rough voices and coarse laughter gave her apprehension and she swerved from her course to get nearer to the shore. But the boat followed, swerving still more to the left, then as if he would go ahead, the sculler by a dextrous turn of the oar sent his bow to the right. As the boat shot by he leaned forward and struck the edge of the canoe with such force that it careened suddenly and without a word of warning mother and child were thrown into the water.

The child sank and the mother, with no thought of herself, dove after it. Their sudden disappearance brought a look of consternation to the face of the sculler, but he drove it away with a rude jest and while the laugh was still echoing from shore to shore the mother came to the surface with the child clasped in one arm.

With slow and uneven stroke she started for the shore while the occupants of the boat coolly sculled for the opposite side of the river. Almost exhausted she reached the shore and with an energy born of despair began to climb the bank of the river. She reached the shadow of the trees and calling together all the strength she could summon broke into a run. But her trembling limbs impeded her, the child pressed against her was as one dead and her heart seemed tearing its way through her bosom.

When she had reached the wigwam she began to apply the simple remedies she knew for the child's restoration and in a few days Wajoc was a happy boy again. He answered the morning songs of the birds and clutched at the wild flowers within his reach.

Only a few days and then his face took on a look of weariness that gave the mother anxiety. Day after day the child drooped while Squando practiced all the arts he knew and called on other medicine men of his tribe. But the baby frame grew weaker while the days became weeks and one evening when the sun went down Nibena held in her arms her child, now a stiffened piece of clay.

With the funeral rites of the tribe they put the child away in the forest and on that day, with tomahawk in his uplifted hand, Squando swore revenge to the white man, for he believed the death of his child was due to the cruelty of the white sailors. And Nibena heard and sanctioned the oath. In these past weeks all the revengeful spirit of her ancestors had been aroused within her.

PART II.

There had been uneasiness among the settlers in the valley of the Saco for many a day for it was now two months since it became known that Squando was no longer the white man's friend. At first there had been alarming experiences, reports of which had travelled from home to home and to every settlement in the valley. But many of them had resulted in no bodily harm as when the Indians attempted to enter the Haley garrison at Winter Harbor. That day the men were at work in the field, a considerable distance from the fortified home where the women had gathered to pass the time during their absence. It was a summer day, full of the scent of the forest and of the wild flowers that grew near by. The hours since the morning had passed and the sun on its way to the western horizon was sending slanting rays across the threshold of the heavy oaken door that stood ajar.

Busy all day with the tasks of spinning and weaving for the winter's supply, the housewives had now stopped to rest and to talk of days in another land that once they called home, and some to tell of experiences that had been theirs or their parents' before them as they crossed the stormy Atlantic. The younger ones of the group were busy with their knitting and all were deeply interested in stories of yesterdays when Goodwife Page, looking up from the sock that was rapidly growing beneath her fingers, saw, through the door that was ajar, an Indian lurking near the edge of the clearing. Experience had already taught this young wife of the forest not to give expression to alarm, whatever the circumstances, and she went on swiftly clicking her needles, apparently absorbed in the story-telling, when she saw another Indian and then a third skulking along as if to conceal their presence by the shadow of the woods.

Coolly dropping her knitting to the floor she rose and closed the door noiselessly letting the big wooden bar slip into its socket, then turning, said in as calm a voice as if she were asking one of her companions to bring some wool rolls from another room: "It's the Indians; mind that the doors and windows are secure and make no confusion lest they hear; they are on the edge of the clearing."

The pioneer woman was learning not to question in the hour of apparent peril and each goodwife rose to the task that had been set for her. Doors and windows were quickly and quietly closed and guarded so that when, a few minutes later, the Indians came into the open and approached the house they found every entrance secure.

Their purpose was quickly made known when they tried to force an entrance, and it has always been believed, for the story has been handed down to children and to children's children, that it was the quick wit of Goodwife Page that saved them that day from a cruel death.¹¹

Quick action was necessary and going to the attic where there had

¹¹The story of the pumpkin rolling is to-day family tradition.

already been placed some pumpkins for the fall supply, she sent them rolling, one at a time, with a bump from stair to stair, having first bidden the children to pick them up and bring them back as soon as they reached the floor. The falling pumpkins made a sound like the tread of many feet and in a voice so changed that even her near companions did not recognize it she called out as if handing the muskets to the men as they passed:

"Here, John, take it, fire! Your powder horn, Ben, load and be quick! Over to east window, Richard, aim well! Thomas, guard the west side, aim to kill!" And while the brave woman was giving off orders and the children were carrying the pumpkins up the stairs to send them down again, the other women were standing with barrels of the muskets thrust through the loop-holes, ready to fire.

For once the wily foe was worsted. Believing that the men had been concealed about the house they did not linger long, but went away not to return that night. The men coming back from the field shortly after sundown reached home unmolested.

The summer had nearly waned and already September had set in when the real atrocities began and all days became alike, full of fear and hourly supplication, for who could imagine a more frightful tragedy than that which came to the Wakely family in Falmouth, on the west bank of the Presumpscot river.

Here in a lonely cabin lived Thomas Wakely and his family of nine, counting children and grandchildren. Unawares the Indians came upon them, killing the aged man and his wife, the son, John, his wife and their three children, then setting fire to their humble home.¹² Two of Mr. Wakely's children were taken into captivity, one of these, the youngest daughter, Elizabeth, with her sunny hair and bright eyes, whom every one loved. This lass, but 11 years of age, had been obliged to see her dear ones killed and when friends heard of the massacre and thought of her exposed to cold and hunger, on the long, weary march, in the power of a cruel tribe of Indians, they shed many tears and offered many prayers.

Such deeds as these struck terror to the hearts of the bravest colonists. They had said good-bye to home and many friends; had risked the perils of a storm-tossed ocean; had endured the hardships that must come with the building of new homes in a strange land peopled with savage Indians, and now an ignominious death seemed to await them. Is it wonder, then, that fond mothers clasped their children in terror whenever a strange cry came from the forest? That the stoutest-hearted maiden's cheek paled when an unknown shadow crossed her path? That young men and old sprang to grasp their muskets that they might protect their loved ones at the least provocation of fear?

But a worse tragedy than any that had gone before might have been enacted at the Saco Falls settlement had it not been for a friendly Indian

¹²Williamson and Hubbard both give the date of the Wakely tragedy as the 12th of September, 1675.

who came to John Bonython one morning in September with the message:

"A strange Indian from the westward, and several Anasagunticooks of my acquaintance have been at my wigwam, persuading all our brothers to lift the tomahawk against the white people and they will soon come back from the east with more."

The manner of the Indian greatly alarmed Bonython. He felt that it was a warning to be heeded. He hastened to give his neighbors and the settlers as far as he could send it, the message fraught with so much meaning, that they might assemble at the Major William Phillips' garrison, situated on the west bank of the river and at an elevation that commanded a view of the opposite shore along which were located the homes of the settlers and the saw-mill of Major Phillips.

The settlers, when they heard the message of the Indian, did not wait for further warning. Gathering supplies to last them through several days' siege, each man took with him his family, forgetting not the aged and the ill, and, by way of the ford below the falls, reached the opposite bank and climbed the hill to the garrison. And none too soon, for on the next day, the 18th of September, 1675, on Saturday, the seventh day of the week at 11 o'clock in the morning, looking from the windows of the garrison, they saw the house of Captain Bonython in flames, and in half an hour the Indians were upon them.¹³

They were first seen by a sentinel in one of the rooms of the upper story, who reported an Indian lurking by a fence near a cornfield. Then Major Phillips himself, not willing to believe until he had seen with his own eyes, ran hastily up to the window, exposing himself to view. Alarmed for his safety, one of the men cried out: "Major, what do you mean? Do you want to be killed?" At the same time his goodwife came quickly to drag him from his exposed position, when, turning suddenly at the commotion, a bullet struck him in the shoulder, grazing the flesh, but breaking no bones.

The force of the bullet caused him to fall back from the window and the Indians, believing that he was killed, sent up a great shout. But the colonists, finding that they were surrounded, were prompt to act and returning fire from the flankers of the fort, killed the Indian leader. This brought such consternation to the savages that they retired, bearing their dead, taking him some three or four miles away where his body was taken care of. During that day the Indians were much in hiding, trying to bring the men out of the garrison by the most tantalizing acts and the burning of one after another of the homes of the most prominent settlers.

In the meantime, within the garrison Major Phillips had had his wound dressed and had taken his place with the men, encouraging them to fear not, telling them that God would take care of them. That morning when the warning came and all were preparing to enter the garrison, he had sent messengers to Winter Harbor which had a larger number

¹³Story of attack on garrison—Hubbard, pages 271 to 273; Williamson, page 522; Folsom, page 155.



Decanter Used at Wedding of Pendleton Fletcher and Sarah Hill at Winter Harbor

of men with plenty of ammunition, asking them to come to the aid of the settlers at the Falls, and he believed that if help did not come in some way God would protect them.

Of the fifty people gathered within the walls of the garrison only ten were able-bodied men, five could give some assistance, and there were aged ones and women and children to be protected. All felt the seriousness of the position and no one more than the brave commander, the while he urged all to be of good cheer, trust in God and fight with what strength he might have, so long as strength should last.

So the day passed and the early twilight fell. It wrapped the forest, the clearings dotted with homes, the surface of the river as it broadened below the falls, with a blanket of mellow light. Night was drawing near and no assistance had come from Winter Harbor.

The supper of mush and molasses with a strip of dried fish, hastily prepared, had been eaten and the pewter bowls had been washed and put away by the women. The men who must be ready for action when trouble came were trying to rest with hearing keenly alert to the slightest sound from without. Mothers had hushed their babes to slumber lest a single cry might arouse a lurking savage, and the older children, huddled together in such beds as the garrison house afforded, whispered among themselves. Young maidens stood about ready to give their assistance where needed, and the sentinels in the upper story kept constant vigil while muskets loaded, ready to fire, stood against the walls beside the loop-holes.

So the night wore away. For hours there was little to break the silence except the lone call of a whip-po'-will to its mate, or the hoot of a night owl. It was like the lull before a coming storm; there was premonition of evil. The moon was in its last quarter near the eastern horizon and the hour was about four o'clock in the morning.

Suddenly the air was filled with the most blood-curdling yells that brought the men to their feet and instantly the barrels of loaded muskets were put into position to fire. At the same moment a sentinel saw a cart coming into the opening in front of the garrison. It was on four wheels, having a barricado built on the fore part to keep off shot, while the hind part was filled with combustible matter, birch rind, straw, powder and with poles 20 feet long, already lighted for the purpose of firing the house.

The cries of the Indians were now most tantalizing: "Come out, you English dogs! Come out, you English cowards!" while they danced about, confident that they now had the means of destroying the house and all the white people within its walls.

Inside the garrison all was confusion for the moment. The little ones had awakened with cries of terror, the children were sobbing their fright in each other's arms, maidens and mothers were beside themselves with terror and the aged bowed their heads to meet the inevitable.

Even the men at the guns felt, when they looked out and saw the engine of fire being pushed towards the house, that the time had come to

surrender, but Major Phillips never lost his courage as he bade the women to pray while he exhorted the men to quit them of fear, putting their trust in God who, he was confident, would relieve them.

He cautioned the men to let the Indians drive the burning vehicle within pistol shot before they made shot against them, and the Indians seeing that no resistance was made, steadily pushed the blazing mass towards the house, nearer and nearer. Coming to a small gutter, and making great effort to get over it, one wheel stuck fast, causing the cart to slew so that the Indians were suddenly exposed to fire from the fort, that opened on them, killing six and wounding fifteen. The enemy fled precipitately, taking their dead and wounded with them, while the flaming cart slowly burned itself up, the wheels finally falling where they had stood.

The colonists could only look on the victory as the work of God and many of them fell on their knees in praise to Him who had brought them through so great danger, for all felt that the Indians would return no more than night. At sunrise, looking from the garrison, the colonists saw 40 Indians marching away.

As the Saturday had been full of confusion and of terrors so was the Sabbath peaceful. The day was one of Nature's most beautiful, the blue sky without a fleck of cloud, the gentle breeze wafting odors of forest and flowers while song birds sent up an almost continuous roundelay as if in praise to their maker.

Not one of the 50 within the fort had been killed or wounded; the Indians had disappeared as entirely as if the earth had swallowed them but there had been no response from Winter Harbor and this gave cause for anxiety. Were the relatives and friends there suffering a like attack, or had sickness come among them? These were questions not answered that day nor the next.

On Monday, at a conference in which all of the grown people in the garrison had a voice, it was decided that if help came not by Tuesday morning, an attempt should be made to remove to Winter Harbor, so that day was a busy one getting ready for an early morning start. Vigilance was still necessary and no one dared to venture far from the garrison. At night all retired early, with the exception of the sentinels, that they might be ready for the arduous labors of the coming day.

But we should not have said all, for looking out from an upper window, across to where once had been the homes of so many of her neighbors, sat Sarah Hill, the daughter of Roger Hill and his wife, Mary Cross. Beautiful to look upon was this young girl, for she was scarce turned 17, with milk white complexion, and cheeks like the petals of a wild rose. Long lashes veiled blue-gray eyes, heritage from a far Celtic grandmother, while an abundance of dark hair waved above a full brow.

These last days had been for her indeed a testing-time. While others had been facing all the horrors of an Indian massacre, her heart had held a hidden joy because messengers had been sent to Winter Harbor.

As soon as he knew of their distress, Pendleton Fletcher would be one of the first to come to their relief—to come to her—her heart whispered it.

But he had not come and now after three days there had been no word. And had she not a right to expect different attention? Should not young Fletcher have come to her as a knight of old would have sought his lady-love when she was in danger? The young man had talked to her often of the future, what he would do when he came into possession of the land at Winter Harbor that his grandfather, Major Brian Pendleton, had already told him should be his. He had often admired the work of her hands, her knitting, her spinning and her weaving, and one day he had said: "Such thrift will make glad a man's home, Sarah. You must be ready when your knight comes for you, and it may not be so long." And now he had not come in face of all the danger that had surrounded the garrison.

She leaned her head close to the window that she might feel the cool damp of the September air and hear more distinctly the murmur of the Saco falls as the water tumbled and rushed over the rocky precipice, on its way to the sea. To-morrow she would be going toward the sea but she would rather stay and face all the danger. Tears wet her lashes, then she brushed them away and with lifted head, held proudly, went to lie down for the night. She had inherited some of the spirit as well as the good looks of that Celtic grandmother.

On the morrow not one was busier with the preparations for the journey to Winter Harbor than Sarah. She dressed the children and amused them with her playful jokes; she kept the sick ones and the infirm cheerful with her gentle ministrations and she was so gay during the entire journey that no one could feel depressed despite the anxiety that attended every step of the way. And when they had reached the garrison at the Harbor, and all were safe, it was her bubbling spirits that kept them from dwelling on the terrifying experiences of the days just passed.

Pendleton was not at the garrison to meet them, nor had she expected to find him there, and she avoided speaking of him. From the conversation of two of the men she knew that he was down at the "Neck" with his grandfather, Major Pendleton, who, as the men expressed it, was sick from over much eating, an explanation that made her resent her lover's absence the more.

When Pendleton came to the garrison fully more than two weeks later, Sarah met him with so well-feigned indifference that the young man, proud to the heart's core, made no advance lest he might annoy her. Nor in the weeks and months that followed would she allow herself a moment of conversation with him except in the presence of another person. She preserved a gentle yet happy dignity that was most misleading and addressed him always with a look that passed him by. In those days they often joked her about the loss of her pink cheeks, but when she looked in the glass night and morning she felt that it mattered little, were

one's complexion fair or sallow so long as a certain young man was apparently unconscious of one's existence.

Those were troublous times for the colonists all along the coast, and far into the interior. Indian outrages continued and there was scarcely a family between the Piscataqua and the Kennebec rivers that did not suffer directly or indirectly. Capt. Lincoln of Wells, with 16 volunteers coming to the assistance of the inhabitants in the Saco Valley, landed at Winter Harbor where they were attacked by 150 Indians and many were killed and others wounded. Twelve coming to their assistance, having heard the firing of the guns, were drawn into ambush and shot down. There was the killing of the Tozier family and of the men with Lieut. Roger Plaisted and half a hundred lesser atrocities, all so heart-rending in detail that it is a wonder the colonists did not lose hope.

PART III.

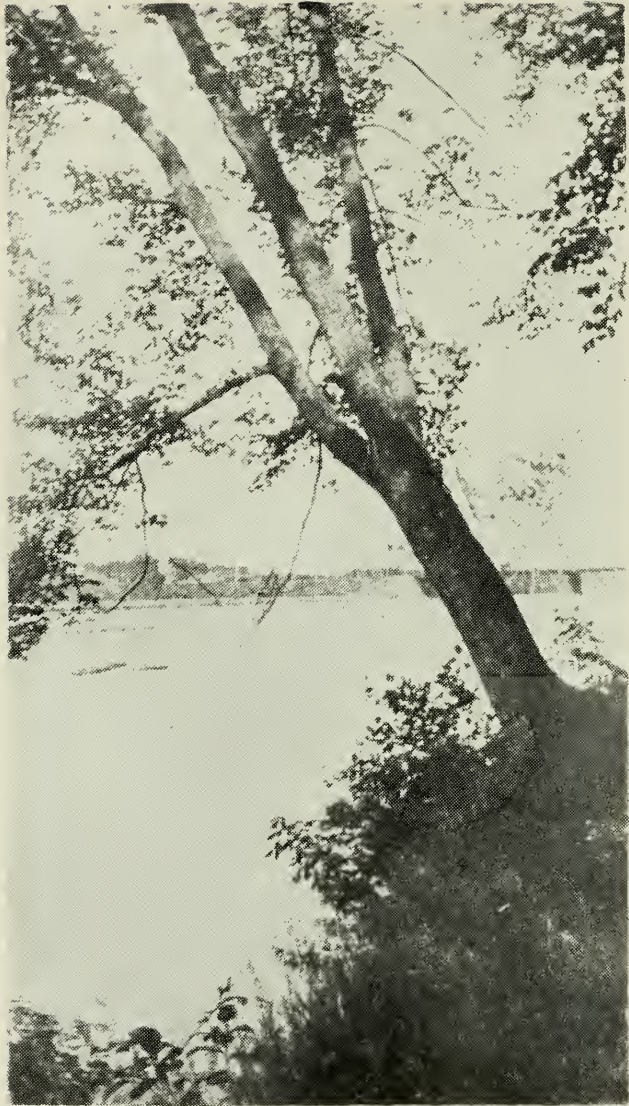
So the winter wore away and when the spring came it found the members of the Saco Falls settlement rebuilding their homes and tilling their lands. They put their sorrows by for the day and at night told them over again before the blazing logs in the great fire-places or in the pleasant summer twilight on the settles before the open doors, not forgetting when bedtime drew near to take down the Book from the shelf and on bended knees to thank God for great and singular goodness in snatching them and their families as brands from the burning.

The year had rolled around and it was again September. Sarah Hill had come down from the Falls to visit with Goodwife Page, who half suspecting the unhappiness the young girl was bravely trying to conceal, had sent a special invitation for this month of the year when Nature is sure to smile and be at her best.

It may have been, too, the plan of the young matron that on this particular morning, the 17th of September, Sarah should be urged to take a walk along the long beach to the rocky shore where she had always loved to sit and watch the waves throw themselves upon the sands and against the immovable rocks. Mistress Page may have known that on that very morning Pendleton Fletcher was expected to be at work with his men cutting witchgrass on the point of land just over the bank of sand blown together by the heavy winds.

Whether or not it was in the plan, after half an hour or more, the goodwife remembered that she must go up to see Mary Fletcher, mother of Pendleton, and take her a particular message from a friend to the westward who had written a letter brought by Capt. John Alden, the son-in-law of Major William Phillips, and Sarah, unsuspecting, allowed her to go.

Left by herself, Sarah sat idly beside a deep pool of water playing



Indian Trysting Place

with the seaweed, gathered in one of the rocky crevices, now lifting feathery fronds to the light, now dipping deep for shells and pebbles far below the shining surface.

Suddenly there was a great commotion within the water of the pool followed by feminine shrieks that fairly rent the air. This young colonist who had gone through a garrison attack with no more visible expression of fear than blanched cheeks, who had fought an angry gander in the pens of the settlement while he drew blood on her hands and arms, without an outcry, was now screaming at the top of her voice because a lobster was pinching her finger, and there is no knowing how long the cries might have continued had not a young man appeared over the top of the sand bank running as fast as his legs could carry him.

It was seconds only before young Fletcher was beside her and, taking the angry crustacean in his grasp, had pulled the claws away and flung him far into the ocean. Then without speaking he took from an inner pocket a roll of lint bandage and some home-made ointment and proceeded to bind up the bruised flesh with as tender a touch as a woman.

And all would have gone on as before had he stopped there, but the bandaging done he lifted the hand and carried it to his lips with as gallant an attitude as any knight of old. And then he looked in Sarah's eyes and something he saw there tempted him farther and in another second he was holding her in his arms.

It was all explained when Pendleton told her that he had not gone to the Falls because he had cut his foot on a scythe so badly that he could not step and he did not want to alarm her by letting her know of the accident that had kept him in the house for nearly four weeks. His only reproach because of her attitude towards him was, "Couldn't you trust me, Sarah?" and that well-nigh broke her heart so that the tears rolled over her cheeks, and Pendleton must needs wipe them away.

When Goodwife Page returned, after an hour or more, she found them sitting side by side on the rock, Pendleton holding the bruised hand as if afraid the lobster might come after it again, and by this time it had all been arranged. It was to be a fall wedding for what need was there to wait. Did not the chest hold whole weaves of linen and homespun? When he got married there would be the house at the "Neck" for Pendleton and his bride and there were kine in the pastures and sheep in the pens.

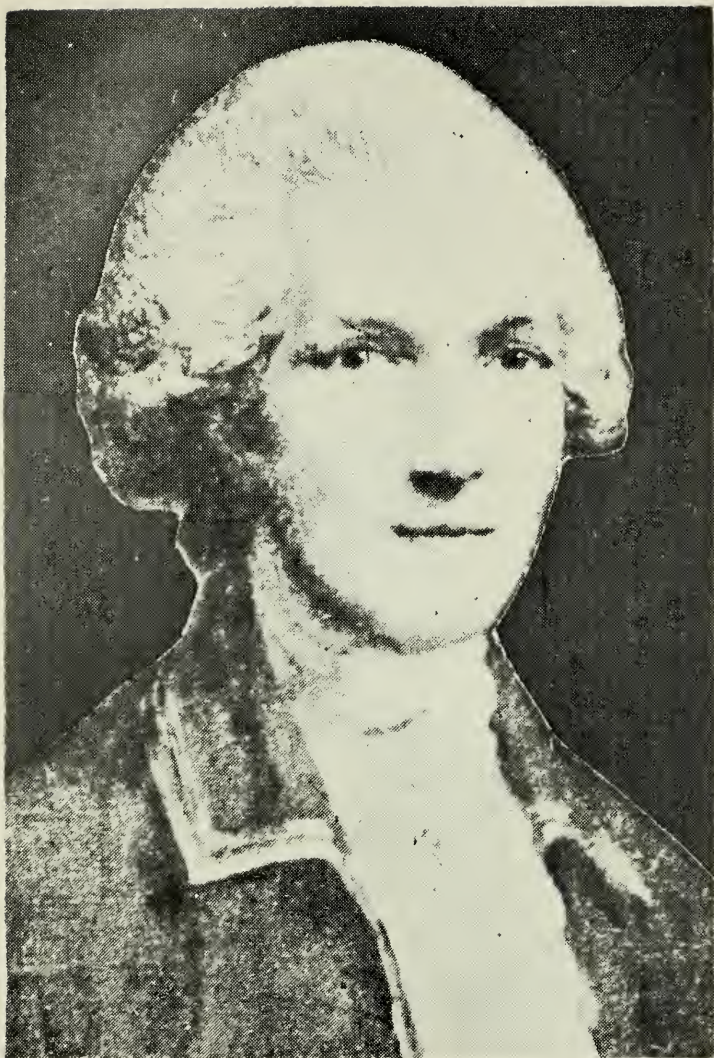
It was a Thanksgiving wedding and there was feasting such as Winter Harbor had not seen in many a day and was talked about for many a day and year after. Major Pendleton himself drank the health of the bride, pouring the liquor from a decanter that is still cherished as an heirloom of that memorable occasion.

And so let us leave them, Pendleton Fletcher and his bride, Sarah Hill Fletcher, to their first wedded happiness and whatever the years

were to bring them. It is enough for us to know that their descendants number to-day leaders in all professions, men and women whom city, state and country do well to honor.

[Knowledge of Pendleton Fletcher and Sarah Hill Fletcher was received from prominent members of the Daughters of the American Revolution.]





Count Rumford
(From a Portrait by Gainsborough)

Count Rumford

By MRS. MARTIN L. GRIFFIN



HIS SKETCH is intended to give, briefly, only a few incidents in the life of Sir Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford; and is an attempt to show why he is more often thought of as an Englishman than as an American. It is also intended to give an historical account of the events in his life which connect his name with the town of Rumford, Maine.

Except for a few of the older residents of Rumford, little or nothing is known as to how the town received its name; or whether Count Rumford belongs to the present or a past age; whether he was a soldier, scientist or statesman, still less his true name or the extraordinary events of his career. Surely, a man who was widely known on two continents, acknowledged as an authority in science, and whose benefactions to mankind have been so great, ought to receive honor and recognition in the town which bears his name.

One of the pictures accompanying this article represents the statue to the memory of Count Rumford in Munich; the other is a copy of the famous portrait painted by Gainsborough, which is now in the possession of Mr. E. C. Converse of New York City, who is an ardent admirer of Count Rumford.

In the early days of the Revolutionary war, there lived a young man in New England, for whom the influence of circumstances, even in opposition to his own inclinations, seemed to decide whether he should side with his native country or against it, in its war for freedom. These circumstances will have interest in themselves; and especially for us in this section of the country, because they are a part of the life of Benjamin Thompson, who afterwards became Count Rumford.

Young Thompson, who was born in Woburn, Mass., was at this time a handsome young man of twenty-two. He had large, bright blue eyes and dark auburn hair, the manners and polish of a gentleman, with fascinating ways and a most agreeable manner.

The mental qualities which distinguished him later in life had been apparent in his boyhood, and as a young man, his thirst for knowledge was, as he afterwards expressed it, "inextinguishable." His studies and accomplishments were many and varied. He played the violin and was clever at drawing. We are told that at one time when clerk in a store "instead of watching for customers over the counter, he busied himself with tools and instruments under it." For some months he studied medicine, and in company with his friend, Loammi Baldwin, attended lectures at Harvard College. This was the beginning of a friendship which lasted

thru the life of these two men; and while Thompson was accused of disloyalty, Baldwin became a colonel in the patriot army.

Thompson, in these early days, also employed himself in teaching; and it was while he was master of the village school in Concord, New Hampshire, which was then known as Rumford, that he married at the age of nineteen Sarah Walker Rolfe, a wealthy widow of thirty-three. By this marriage, which gave him money and leisure, Thompson was relieved of the necessity of school teaching and was brought into new and important social relations. It was then he became acquainted with Gov. Wentworth of New Hampshire, who up to the time of the actual rupture with the mother country, had been very popular in the province; and had been strongly opposed to many of Great Britain's tyrannical measures. He had even been sent to Great Britain, as the agent of the Assembly, to procure the repeal of the Stamp Act.

Governor Wentworth was not long in discovering young Thompson's talents and accomplishments, which were enhanced by his fine appearance, and he was given, by the governor, a commission as major in the second provincial regiment of New Hampshire, an honor which delighted Thompson, but one which really was unfortunate for him, because it secured him the jealousy and intense ill-will of the subordinate officers of the regiment, whose prospects were injured by his appointment. To this fact may be traced much of the enmity which afterwards drove him from home when accused unjustly of toryism.

Besides his acquaintance with Gov. Wentworth, at Portsmouth, he had on visits to Boston with his wife, met General Gage and several of the British officers and had been a partaker of their hospitalities.

Public opinion, always at fever heat in great crises, was at this time quite open in denouncing any who received favors at the hands of the British; and in those stern times, as in the days of the Civil War, moderate and negative forms of patriotism were suspected. To the Sons of Liberty in Concord it was enough that Thompson was in favor with the governor; while the following incident which really illustrated the kindness of his nature, excited their distrust to a violent outbreak.

It appears that Thompson had given employment to two deserters from the British troops, then occupying Boston; but on learning of their desire to return to their regiment, had successfully interceded with Gen. Gage for them. His enemies made capital of this; and it was not long before Major Thompson was called before a committee of the people of Concord to answer to the suspicion of being unfriendly to the cause of liberty. He positively denied the charge and boldly asked for proof. The evidence, if any such was given, was not of a sort to warrant any proceedings against him and he was acquitted.

We must remember that, at the outset, the Revolution was a rebellion, and to many at that time, the King's Cause might be honestly and honorably called the cause of patriotism. There were reasons in those early days which might lead wise and right-hearted men, lovers and



Statue to Count Rumford Erected to his Memory at Munich
(A replica of this statue has been erected at Woburn, Mass., his birthplace)

friends of their birthland, to oppose this rising spirit of independence. Yet the utterance of such views, if only as misgivings, might be impolitic and even dangerous.

While Thompson was not, indeed, an ardent patriot, he was by no means unfriendly or even indifferent to the interests of the colonies, and while what he did or said, or failed of doing or saying, must be left to conjecture, he was still a suspected person in Concord even after his acquittal.

It is very difficult to combat public opinion, which is very intolerant of hesitation or neutrality in great dilemmas, it must be yea or nay; and as an example is often more desired than justice at such times, it was agreed that Thompson's home should be mobbed, and he, tarred and feathered and ridden on a rail, as an example to others, who might not be wholly loyal to the cause of freedom.

However, this indignity was not done him, for having received a friendly warning that the assault was likely to be made, he journeyed to Woburn, fifty miles away. Here he was not free from trouble, for he was again arrested and tried, and again acquitted, this time with an emphatic recommendation to public confidence. But this was denied him, for when he showed an interest in the popular cause by applying to Gen. Washington, then in headquarters at Cambridge, for a commission, it was not given him because of the jealous interference of some of the officers of the New Hampshire Militia.

Deeply hurt by this rebuff, Thompson returned to Woburn to his mother's home where still another attempt was made to arrest him. This, however, was foiled by his devoted friend, Col. Baldwin, himself an ardent patriot. It is not surprising that in deep bitterness of spirit, he now wrote his father-in-law, Rev. Timothy Walker, "My enemies are indefatigable in their endeavors to distress me, and I find, to my sorrow, that they are but too successful. I have been driven from the camp by the clamors of the New Hampshire people and am again threatened in this place. I hope soon to be out of reach of my cruel persecutors for I am determined to seek for that peace and protection in foreign lands, and among strangers, which is denied me in my native country. I cannot any longer bear the insults that are daily offered me. I have done nothing that can merit this cruel treatment and nothing, with design, to injure my countrymen, and cannot longer bear to be treated in this barbarous manner by them."

He then asks Mr. Walker to care for his wife and infant daughter during his absence, and ends with the hope that he may be able soon to return to them, a hope which was never realized.

If the persecution which drove Benjamin Thompson from home in the first place was unmerited, we cannot so easily condemn the resentment with which his former associates regarded his presence later in America, as a British officer; but thru even this, Colonel Baldwin remained his friend. Let us cover this portion of his career with a veil of

charity, not letting his mistakes in youth eclipse for us the achievements and fame of his later life.

To class him with Benedict Arnold, as some have done, is to do injustice to a man, who, while he did serve a short time in America in the service of the British, never betrayed a delegated trust and who to the end of his life affirmed that he had been friendly to the patriot cause. That this statement was true is shown by his subsequent benefactions to this country as well as by his friendly relations with the American Government during the administration of John Adams.

We might better think of Benjamin Thompson as we do of his contemporary, Benjamin Franklin, as a man who knew that he would meet with fuller appreciation, and find stimulus and a helpful patronage, only, in the fellowship of men who had talent, means, and leisure for scientific inquiries and pursuits. These two Benjamins were both born of English parents and came into humble homes located within twelve miles of each other. Both later in life visited England, and while there won fame and distinction for services to humanity.

While Thompson's work in science was far more laborious, and has been proven more useful than Franklin's, he has not shared in the honors bestowed upon Franklin by this country. Pity it is that the suspicion of disloyalty rested upon his opening manhood and that he was forced to leave America and seek friends abroad; but nothing should blind us to the glory of his remarkable career. The poor loved him and blessed his memory, while the rich and powerful lent him their influence. Benjamin Thompson was what might be termed a scientific philanthropist, because he consecrated his scientific work to the welfare of the public.

His methods of discipline in the armies of Bavaria are known the world over. He made self-respecting citizens of beggars of Munich. He reclaimed vast swamps in Bavaria, broadening ideas of agriculture and stock-raising, and everywhere establishing schools. His work in science covers a very wide range of experiment, altho his chief investigations had reference to the properties of heat and light and their adaptation to social comfort. He was devoted to the problem of finding nutritive and economical food for the poor; and almost everything that is valuable in our modern systems of charity, may be traced to his writings.

One of his biographers, in speaking of an essay by Thompson for the "Relief of the Poor," says, "The suggestions which it presents, and the methods and rules which it proposes, might be adopted this year, after all the gatherings of experience, as promising a satisfactory solution, if such is possible, of the problems offered to the civilized world in pauperism."

Thompson had many honors bestowed upon him during his life abroad, especially in England and Bavaria. He had been created a knight by George the Third, and in 1791, he was invested with the rank of Count of the Holy Roman Empire, an honor, which he honored in turn, by choosing as the title of his new dignity, the name of the New Hampshire

town where he resided as a young man, the name of Rumford. During all his life in other countries, Count Rumford cherished an affectionate regard for his native land. Besides his gift of a medal fund to the Boston Academy of Arts and Sciences, he bequeathed in his will, a sum to Harvard University, for the foundation of a Rumford professorship, for the purpose of teaching the application of science to common life.

It was gratitude which prompted him to take the name of Rumford, for he always looked back lovingly and tenderly to his home in America, hoping sometime to return. We like to think that this illustrious man had reason for this gratitude and sense of obligation. Had he fallen upon peaceful times and made his native country his home, the propitious start he received at Rumford and the friends he had there would have secured for him high position and success.

Rumford, which is now Concord, was in its early history included in Essex Co., Mass., and had been claimed by Massachusetts after its settlement by the English. New Hampshire also claimed this territory, and out of the dispute which arose at this time, Rumford, Maine, came to be settled. Many of the settlers had been put to much expense and trouble in defending their titles to land in the disputed territory, and they petitioned the General Court for a grant of Eastern lands along the Amoscoogin or Great River. The petition was granted; and in due time thirty families came to the new settlement bringing with them many evidences of their old associations, including the name of their old home Rumford. Subsequently, in December, 1779, at a drawing of lots, it is noteworthy that Sir Benjamin Thompson claimed six. Thus it was that Rumford, Maine, came to be settled by descendants from its New Hampshire ancestor, and with both towns the name of Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, is associated.

In Bavaria there is a beautiful garden, six miles in circumference, which Count Rumford redeemed from a waste and neglected region. This is known as the English Garden and is a favorite resort for the people of Munich, and contains a monument to the memory of its founder. On one side is cut the following inscription in German:

"Pause, Saunterer. The enjoyment is heightened by gratitude. A suggestive hint of Charles Theodore, seized on with genius, taste and love by Rumford, the friend of mankind, has transformed this once waste spot into what thou now seest about thee."

On the reverse side, beneath a bust of Rumford appears the following: "To him who rooted out the most disgraceful public evils, idleness and mendacity, who gave to the poor, relief, occupation and good morals; and to the youth of the Fatherland, so many schools of instruction. Go Saunterer—and strive to equal him in spirit and deed and us in gratitude."

In Woburn, the Count's birthplace, a replica of this monument in Munich has been erected.



Joseph Penley, *The Stripling Traitor*

The Stripling Traitor

By BERTHA FIELD SEYMOUR

“**T**HE STRIPLING TRAITOR” is a historical novellette, founded on the early life of Joseph Penley, who was born in Gloucester, Gloucestershire County, England, July 13, 1756, and after the events of this story, settled in 1791 in Pejepscot, now Penley’s Corner, Auburn, where he lived to a ripe old age.

At this time, one year before the first clearing was made at the corner of Court and Main Streets and six years before the establishment of ferry service across the Androscoggin, it was impossible to use a plough because of stumps and logs and no one possessed a cart, in lieu of which, hods were used to convey what little dressing was used on the soil. Farming tools were of the crudest sort, scythe handles being straight and without nibs, and generally procured from a handy bunch of alders. Dishes were almost unknown and the food, of all but the very prosperous, was of the plainest sort imaginable, it being said that the good man was wont to carry with him a bean soup, frozen onto a string for convenience’s sake, on his trips which necessitated his absence from home any considerable length of time.

CHAPTER I.

It was a warm day in July. A boy who, at first glance, one could see came from the country, stood in the door of a hatter’s store in a London thoroughfare, gazing at the passersby. His name was Joseph and this was his first visit to the great city.

A lady brushed by him and her stiff skirts, set out with hoops, combined with her towering horsehair headdress, almost half her own height, were nearly the means of upsetting him backward into the store of his brother, the proprietor, whose guest he was. He recovered himself quickly however and gazed after her as she swept on down the street. A bodice so tight he wondered how she managed to breathe, much less move, was ornamented profusely, while the tight sleeves were finished with flounces of lace which reached quite to her knees. Her chest and back were unprotected to the shoulders, but a ruffle of lace encircled her throat.

The boy turned his attention to a gentleman who stopped to speak with her as they met. He wore a singularly figured long waistcoat which scarce covered the sides, in order the better to show the satin vest of contrasting color. This in turn was left agape over the breast to show the high stock and inner vest of soft white material. The tight knicker-

bockers (as we would call them now) surmounted white stockings and black slippers. A tricorne hat was set above the heavy puffs of powdered hair in front and on the sides, a broad black ribbon confining the "pig-tail" at the nape of the neck. The lace frill at the wrist of the left hand half concealed the hilt of a sword dangling at his side. He compared this dress with that of his parents back in Gloucester, Gloucestershire County, in the southwestern part of the island. The contrast was as strange as that of the placid farm lands with their grazing herds and flocks, with this busy, noisy, dirty mart. He turned back into the store.

"I would see more of the city, Brother," he said, as a newly fitted customer left the store.

"I would that I might conduct you, for truly the sights would mean much to your unaccustomed eyes but you see—"

"Yes, yes, Brother, you are needed here but I—I am a great boy of sixteen. Surely no harm can befall me and if perchance I miss my way I have a tongue to inquire. And right soon you know, they will look for me back to tend the cows and sheep and harvest the hay."

The older brother frowned. "The father and mother would like it not I wean," said he finally, "but go, and be careful. Thank God for the law that forbids the pressgangs touching you. Be back for supper."

The boy waited for no second bidding, but hastened out. A big boy he was, big for his years, but his knowledge of the ways of the city was small indeed. To the wharves he hastened, for to see a real man o' war such as his brother had described was his first desire. These few days in London had strangely stirred his mind as he listened to conversations between customers and his brother, and on one occasion he had spoken out when he could scarce contain his thoughts, but his brother had silenced him with a rebuke in the presence of a customer. "It is not seemly for a stripling to discuss the affairs of our king and a boy of your age is not supposed to have opinions."

Mutely he turned to the window; but the customer gone, he stubbornly ventured, "It were well that King George should not call upon me in this war which is threatening, lest I be called a traitor to my country. That is a hard name but I would not bear arms against these people who want, it seems, nothing but their own rights."

"Their rights" rejoined the brother "are to obey our wise King, George III. What whims possess you to talk thus foolishly? Concerning matters of which you know nothing, it were well in future to keep silence when gentlemen are being fitted, lest I, your brother, be called to account for the idle talk of a stripling traitor."

'Twas in a jovial tone these final words were spoken but well the younger lad perceived that a second offense would mean a hasty termination of his visit and a boy in disgrace on the Gloucester coach. Still rebellious thoughts were mingling with the country boy's impressions of the city on the Thames.

Now, as he wended his way to the wharves, he scanned the passersby wondering whether they were sympathizers with the colonists or like his brother, apparently all for the King. From time to time he made inquiries and soon found himself at his destination.

Several vessels lay at anchor. They were of various sizes and uses but one larger than the rest attracted his especial attention. It differed from the others in many ways besides size. Its hull was covered with copper as was the new custom in the British navy and the muzzles of many guns were thrust through portholes on the sides. It was an all-absorbingly interesting sight to this unsophisticated country lad. He worked his way along through this throng of men, some shouting out orders, some busily loading or unloading, still others standing in groups loudly or quietly discussing, according to their tastes, the topics of the day or the trend of the times. Soon he found a position from which he could spell out the name of the vessel, the *Rainbow*. He turned to question a bystander, who like himself, was scrutinizing the vessel; but scarcely had he learned that she was about to leave for America to procure a load of masts, when he was roughly seized from behind by two sailors and borne kicking and struggling to the *Rainbow's* gang plank.

Instinctively he felt himself a victim of impressment.

"I am only sixteen. You have no right to touch me," he protested.

"Tell that to King George when you see him again," roared one of his captors. "A rope here! He has so little liking for the sea that he lies about his age. We will punish him with the rope for a while but once under way he will be safe enough."

Left to himself, all he had ever heard of British navy life, especially on men-of-war, returned to his mind. He shuddered and his tears mingled with the filth on the deck. Only yesterday he had heard it talked over in his brother's store, and certain expressions and statements returned to his mind: "Even the inferior officers are in a state of vassalage; the superior officers despots and the majority, ruffians as they are, with no care or thought for the comforts of those under them."

He recalled the picture a former officer had drawn for a nephew who was anxious to enlist. "You will resign a good table for no table at all; a good bed for your length and breadth." To leave the beautiful green fields of Gloucester, with all their pleasant associations, for the company of criminals who had been given their choice to be hanged or enter the navy; to witness daily duels and scenes of wickedness and horror of which in his hitherto sheltered life he had no conception and likely enough be a helpless party to them; surely it was all too terrible to think of and yet he knew it was the life he was facing without the slightest hope of rescue. Bound for America! A country so far away, so new and little peopled he had scarcely heard of it until his visit to London. If once he could get on shore again and free of these ropes which cut him so, how he would run for his life and board the next

coach which would bear him back to the herds and the homely tasks of Gloucester. He struggled in desperation and groaned with the agony of pain and disappointment. A passing officer dealt him a vicious kick with "Be still there." Resigning himself to his fate in despair he sobbed himself to sleep.

CHAPTER II.

The loneliness of the awful life on board the man-of-war was happily lessened the next morning by the discovery, when the ship was well under way, of a boy a little older, like himself, the victim of the press gang system.

What the two boys endured, as each succeeding day found them farther and farther away from their distracted relatives, is better left untold. Deeds of cruelty and vice of which they had never dreamed, were daily witnessed on board; words of blasphemy were heard on every hand until they ceased to shudder and shrink at their repetition. They were brutally treated by nearly everyone. The underlings who had come on board of their own free will were given to bribing the officers by means of gifts of brandy or other things acceptable, but the youngest ones on board being minus these requisites were subjected to the greatest abuse and deprivation. Without sufficient food or even water enough to quench their thirst they were compelled daily to perform tasks in comparison with which their home duties had been mere play, and they were often ordered aloft for no other reason than to terrorize them, thus furnishing sport for the brutes in charge.

In due time they had reached the end of their voyage, anchoring off the coast of Maine, while a tender landed on shore a crew including the two boys, to cut the masts.

In spite of the arduousness of their task the privilege of once more setting foot on terra firma and procuring fresh water to drink was lessening the hopelessness of their despair when John, the newly made friend of Joseph, was so unfortunate as to offend an officer and win for himself a severe flogging. This proved the climax and the two lads resolved to escape. As no opportunity of escape by day seemed possible, the vigilance of the captors never relaxing for a moment, a bold scheme entered the mind of Joseph while John lay sobbing and writhing in pain at his side.

That night they crept stealthily on board and with difficulty lowered the one rowboat, aboard the tender, to the water and scrambled in. Once on shore they secreted the boat as carefully as their haste would permit and then ran for their very lives.

They knew absolutely nothing of this strange land but at least they had each other, and Robinson Crusoe, with whose adventures they were quite familiar, had had only himself on a lonely island while this, tho apparently a wilderness, they felt was inhabited, if sparsely, by people

speaking their own tongue. These were comforting thoughts as they ran on and on; anywhere away from those merciless tyrants. The bruised and sore they struggled on, now thrown heavily by thick, entangling brush, now hurled backward by impending branches; with hands cut and faces bleeding as they madly dashed thru thorns and thicket, suddenly they found themselves in a sort of road and then their progress was much easier.

Presently a dim candle light was visible in a cabin window and they paused to hold council. "Shall we ask them to shelter and hide us?" asked Joseph. Poor John, so miserably bruised and utterly exhausted, fell in a heap with a groan by way of answer. Still Joseph felt that there were many people on American soil who were as staunch supporters of the crown as, with few exceptions, the British people themselves were, and who knows, thought he, that this pioneer family in this clearing is not one of them?

Then he fell to wondering if people in Massachusetts always burned their candles all night; reflecting that this would not be in keeping with the stories of frugality so often related in his hearing.

But now, as he waited for his companion to recover himself sufficiently to go on, a terrible anxiety drove everything else from his mind. John was not only weary, he was sick, for while the night was chilly and Joseph's own flesh was cool, John's cheeks and brow were burning and he was mumbling words of "Mother" in a way that was heart-rending to his homesick companion. Joseph had dragged his friend to a little spring nearby and had allowed him to dip his hands and drink, but now with the alarming discovery of fever and the memory of sickroom customs at home he dragged him away and turned a deaf ear to all future pleadings for water. Now indeed they were lost! He sank down beside his friend and burying his face in his hands he wept as if his heart would break.

A startled cry aroused him from his bitter thoughts and he raised his head to behold a girl, carrying in one hand a firebrand to light her way and in the other a pail. The firebrand at the same time lighted up a beautiful tho frightened face, and from out its framework of yellow curls the terror in her big blue eyes gradually gave place to wonder. Joseph spoke as he reached for her pail by way of reassurance. As he filled it he said "Do not be afraid of us! We are but two miserable fugitives from the Rainbow and my companion here is sick."

At mention of the Rainbow, whose origin she evidently knew, the girl stiffened perceptibly. In a moment, however, the woman instinct asserted itself and she was all anxiety and sympathy when she realized the serious condition of poor John, delirious before her and unconscious of her presence as he continually moaned and mumbled about home. She handed her torch to Joseph and knelt by the sick lad, brushing back the unkempt hair from his brow. Touching his fevered cheeks she rose quickly saying, "He must be brought into the cabin. It is not safe for

one so ill to remain here unsheltered from the night air and besides there are always wolves skulking about in these woods at night. Grandfather is sick in bed and I must return. Let us take him along," and so saying she laid hold of the lad upon the ground and together they carried him to the cabin door. They lifted him, still unconscious, to a hastily prepared trundle bed in one corner and with a sense of relief, Joseph recalled the stories of wolves he had been told, but which in their determination to escape they had ignored.

Joseph's mind was too full of thought for his friend and of plans and speculations concerning their escape to permit of sleep, altho at the girl's bidding he had taken the place alongside his friend, glad enough to rest. The girl, keeping watch for any change in her grandfather's condition, climbed to the loft where he lay with a frequency that left no chance of neglect by the entrance of a new patient. With no physician at hand, the best she could hope was that rest would restore the newcomer and, with her grandfather sleeping, she went below once more to see that all was well. Perceiving that young Joseph was not sleeping she took occasion to question him about his course and whence he came.

"I came from Gloucester, Gloucestershire County, England," said he "and not so recently either for it truly seems to me a longer time than all the rest of my life that I did spend on board that ship. 'Twas in the month of July we sailed and this is? I have lost track nor cared."

"The twenty-first of November," said she, "and soon we will celebrate our Thanksgiving, our own Massachusetts holiday of which perhaps you have never heard." Joseph shook his head and waited for her to proceed which she did, explaining the interesting origin and beautiful significance of the day;—then, in a reflective mood she said, "Do you know the name Joseph is one much revered in these parts. I might tell you who our Joseph was." Joseph nodded and the girl began.

"Years ago, no white person in these towns was safe in the summer season. The aged and the infant fell alike victims of the tomahawk and scalping knife of the Abnakis. Some captives were not killed outright but were sent to the St. Francis tribe in Canada and sold into practical slavery. Sometimes the prisoner escaped as was the case with Samuel Hinkley, who was so fortunate as to be enabled to buy back his freedom and later that of his son, but more often the man, woman or child was never heard from again.

"Often the people of Wescustogo, for so this place was once called, were sent fleeing in terror to the blockhouse, babes were killed by the same arrow that pierced the mother's breast, homes built in privation and suffering were destroyed by the torch of the fiends. The tears of the helpless wives and babes mingled with the blood of the protector, killed as he labored for his loved ones. Only in the winter was one safe from attack, for then the Indians went back into the interior and left our people in less dread.

"So they lived like one big family, in sorrow and in terror until, in

1725, Joseph Felt was killed and his family taken into captivity. It was then that his grandson, standing over his grave, vowed a terrible vengeance on every Indian. Tho but a boy he constructed a garrison and set out to kill and scalp every Indian he saw. Soon the very name of Joseph Wier was a sound to strike terror to the savage heart. From his belt dangled the scalps of hundreds of Indians who were now no more relentless, and much less powerful in destruction, than their white enemy. Many a captive was returned to the embraces of grateful families by the same hands which laid the captors weltering in their own gore.

"On the tenth of August, in the morning, twenty-six years ago, Philip Greeley, a friend and fellow scout, was taken by surprise and killed by the Indians at Yarmouth block house. With redoubled energy and a still deeper hatred, Joseph Wier fought relentlessly on until at noon the ground was littered with his victims, whose bodies their companions did not dare attempt to remove for fear the same rifle would stretch their own beside them. By sunset not an Indian was to be seen about here and since then our little band has lived in peace and thrift. But now,—" she paused, regarding her listener with an expression of much concern, "both are again threatened."

"By the cruelty of King George III?" said he. "Yes" she replied with questioning gaze.

"And you are amazed to hear me speak thus of my own king? After all I have endured the past few months, being a bit large for my age (I feel years older than I did a few months ago), and when I think of it all, I am no lover of the King even tho I am a British subject. E'en before we sailed from old England I told my brother I would ne'er take up arms against the colonists. Now—only let me see a chance to help your people, to help put down this merciless tyranny, to free myself from danger of recapture, with floggings, starvation and all manner of misery—you see it's a common cause; injustice, cruelty and the turning of the worm."

CHAPTER III.

The escape of the boys was discovered early the next morning. Pursuit, however, was rendered difficult by the fact that the boys had taken the one boat possessed by the tender. The officer in charge paced the deck in helpless rage until finally, having exhausted his vocabulary of oaths, his better judgment prevailed and he faced his men who waited in a body their master's command.

"Two pounds,—'tis more than their souls are worth,—to the man who will bring back yon boat, yea more, his liberty when once more he sets foot on British soil."

A man with a price upon his head, looked up. "What means this liberty?" he growled, rather than spoke. "His Majesty shall hear of

your heroic deeds which will serve to offset the stories of crimes on your head, many as they are, and give you your freedom in truth, man!"

With but slight preparation the culprit made a dive into the chilly waters below and headed for the point where the stern of the boat, washed from its hiding place by the rising tide, was just visible. When he returned with the boat it was quickly filled with men less eager for the recapture of the boys than for the variety of the chase.

Few masts were cut that day, for practically the whole crew of the tender sought the woods for the fugitives. The early sunset found them still searching in vain, for while the cunning of an Indian would have traced the direct course to their enforced hiding place, not so the grog-dulled wits of the sailors. More than once they came in sight of the cabin in the clearing and the girl within trembled with fear and excitement, as with blanched lips she repeated over and over again the story intended for their deception.

The two boys lay in a dugout beneath one corner of the cabin, concealed by the scanty harvest of the little clearing, both happily unconscious of their danger; the older one too sick and weak to realize or care, the younger asleep, having at last succumbed to utter exhaustion. The only approach to their retreat was covered by their trundlebed, now occupied by the grandfather who was still ignorant of the presence of the boys.

Esther felt that sooner or later inquiry would be made at her door, however improbable it might appear to their pursuers that the boys would seek refuge in so comparatively nearby a spot. But she busied herself about her tasks and was just putting the kettle on the trammel in the huge fireplace, when a loud knock sounded on the door. She hastened to answer it, taking courage from the fact that in her prostrate grandsire she had apparent cause for pallid cheek and trembling limbs.

"Two young knaves escaped from the Rainbow" said one of the men gruffly. "Have you seen aught of them?"

"Oh Sir!" said the girl suddenly bursting into tears, "I have not so much as looked without today. Poor grandfather is *so* sick. I fear he is dying! And no one to bring the logs or feed the swine. See!"—pointing to the open fire—"with my own hands I dragged in the big log on a sled. And now the cows to be milked, for we need the milk for grandsire, and more wood must be brought and the while I'm gone poor grandsire may be too long alone."

The poor old man stirred in the trundlebed and half soothingly, half reprovingly said, "Hush Lass! I am not dying. We must not seek aid of men in his Majesty's service. A neighbor will come ere long no doubt." Then turning to the men he said "The lass has spoken truly. We have seen no one here since sundown last night, when this sickness took hold on me, but I'll soon be up and about. She is a good lass and has cared for me well. She speaks the truth to ye nor would she be found with the lie in her mouth, not even to protect herself, much less a British hireling!

Let us not detain you from the search for I will soon be up and about."

The men turned away, apparently satisfied, while Joseph, quaking at the sound of the all too familiar voice which awakened him at its first sound, heaved a sigh of relief and soon fell asleep again. Not until the next day when the crew returned to their work of cutting masts did the boys venture forth from their hiding place, altho the old gentleman had been apprised of their presence soon after the departure of the sailors. Esther, with the natural instincts of a nurse, could no longer neglect the patient below. Much to his amazement, her grandfather, so lately represented as in so critical a condition, was requested to rise and hobble to a nearby settle where Esther had prepared a comfortable place for him, with a view to giving some light nourishment to the patient below.

Both patients improved rapidly with rest and the care she gave them.

CHAPTER IV.

In a short time news of the departure of the *Rainbow* was received. This was cause for great rejoicing, for then and then only did the boys dare venture forth. Once they felt assured that the *Rainbow* had really set sail for England they fared forth with rifle and axe in an endeavor to repay in some measure the kindness of their two friends who had saved them from so much agony and probably death.

But poor Joseph, inured to much suffering of body and mind, was verily in the throes of a new kind of pang, until now a stranger to his boy heart. Quite naturally enough he had fallen in love with Esther. So had John and it required no wisecrack to see that John, the elder lad, was first in her favor.

Shortly after Thanksgiving, which was made memorable with a feast from the best of the harvest and the hunt, Joseph announced his intention of sallying forth to seek his fortune. The grandsire helped to get the lad a horse and away he rode, leaving John to be the mainstay of the family in the woods and ere long to make Esther his bride. On his journey Joseph was regarded with suspicion whenever it became known that he was a native of and so recently over from England. But as both he and the times were too young for him to be taken as a spy, he went unmolested.

At a Portland Inn he became engaged in conversation with a gentleman lately from Kingston, N. H., who upon hearing the story of his strange plight was greatly interested in him and offered the lad an opportunity to learn the shoemaker's trade at his own shop in Kingston. Joseph was quick to accept this chance for advancement and the next week found him sewing buskins and sorting buckles for the slipper-like shoe being worn by gentlemen of fashion.

Tears of homesickness often coursed down his youthful cheek, sometimes accounting for a misplaced stitch or a buckle placed awry.

Well he knew the terrible anxiety that his parents, his sisters and brothers must be suffering on his account; but in those days letters for friends abroad were consigned to captains of vessels if one were so fortunate as to know any and the missives might or might not reach their destination. Joseph knew no American captains or sailors, while he knew only too well the danger of recapture should he frequent the ports.

Often his employer would regard him curiously as he worked; apparently unconscious of the scrutiny. Turning upon him suddenly one day the older man said "And how is it with the folks at home? Do they yet know aught of your whereabouts?"

The lad shook his head for reply. "And you keep them in suspense thus willingly! You should go home or at least send them some word."

"Think you" queried the lad "that they would be any the happier for finding their long lost boy, only to discover him a traitor to his and to their King? No, let them believe me dead! It is as well. Some day I shall return but not soon." And this had closed the conversation.

So the winter wore away. Couriers brought news occasionally from Boston, but on the whole the atmosphere here was calm and the general peace undisturbed by rebellious speeches such as those often heard in the home town of Samuel Adams and John Hancock.

Governor Wentworth, tho siding with the King, was still popular but sympathy for Boston and the Massachusetts colonies in their greater troubles was gradually stirring up trouble in this province.

But young Joseph worked on, biding his time, saying little as be-hooved his years but hearing much and thinking more.

At length, following the Boston Tea Party of December 16, 1773, real opposition to the Governor as the representative of King George III began and grew steadily until one year, lacking one day, later a band of patriots under the Durham lawyer, John Sullivan, and the merchant, John Langdon, who had been keeping his ears and eyes open in England, captured the fort at Newcastle and carried away one hundred barrels of powder, the very same with which the famous battle of Bunker Hill was fought the following June.

Kingston is only 37 miles from Concord and the news of the first bloodshed of the Revolution quickly reached young Joseph's ears. He soon resigned his apprenticeship, saddled his horse and left town.

CHAPTER V.

Joseph had fully determined to enlist, but he was anxious to learn, first of all, how fared his friends in the Maine forest. He knew full well that John would join him, provided the poor old grandsire had gained in strength sufficiently to make it seem prudent for him to leave the home to his care. Not a word had come from them during this long year and now with Kingston and the cobbler's bench behind him, his thoughts were

with them on the one hand while thoughts of the dear ones in Gloucester besieged him on the other.

John, as the sharer of his evil fortune on board the *Rainbow*, had become as dear to him as an own brother, and it was a cherished hope that in event of war they might endure these sufferings side by side.

All along his route he came up with groups of men excitedly discussing the events of the day. Sometimes such a conversation, which was always of intense interest to the young passerby, would be interrupted for a brief space of time, with uncomplimentary epithets and dire threats hurled after some Tory so unfortunate as to pass within their view.

At Falmouth an anxiety amounting to distress possessed the inhabitants. Their town was facing the danger of complete destruction owing to the selfish ambition of a Tory sea captain, Coulson by name, who insisted upon receiving British goods to complete his new ship at this most inauspicious time and in direct opposition to the laws passed by Congress. After he had called for and secured the aid of Capt. Mowatt, of the British service, the patriot, Captain Thompson of Brunswick, precipitated matters by seizing Captain Mowatt and another officer, while enjoying a stroll on shore in the company of a Tory divine.

This episode culminated in a terrible threat, fearfully executed the next fall, under which the people of the beautiful and prosperous town of Falmouth now trembled, torn between the strongest allegiance to the American cause and fear for the fate of their homes and halls.

At last Joseph approached the little clearing near Flying Point and who but John was the first person in sight. How rugged and full of health and strength he looked! Though not so broad of shoulder as himself he was somewhat taller than when Joseph saw him last and as he bent at his task of planting the garden plot, all unaware of Joseph's presence, a quite paternal appearance greeted Joseph's vision.

"Hello there! Are you a Yankee?" he shouted with a boy's love of startling someone. Straightening quickly and with face aglow with joy John ran to grasp his hands. "A Yankee! Yes! And you, you stripling traitor! Ah, how you have grown!"

"A Yankee," Joseph repeated slowly, "I could have sworn it," then suddenly, "and a benedict too I'll warrant." For reply John smilingly indicated the cabin door, which now framed a picture Joseph never forgot. In the arms of Esther, a babe was wakening from restful sleep. A child with her mother's large, deep blue eyes and John's high brow peered out in childish wonder from the folds of her sheltering gown as Esther hastened to greet the stranger.

"Yes," said John, "I became a benedict shortly after you left us even while some of the patriots talked of hanging me as a spy. The grand-sire comes here, see how improved in health he is!"

The hearty greeting between them would have proved the genuineness of Joseph's welcome if any proof were needed. "He seems to have

taken a new lease of life," said John. "He is actually talking about going to the front, but you and I have the blood for such a life, only two years difference in us, eh? We will leave the little family in his charge and the opportunity will not be long in coming now, Joseph. In North Yarmouth the people have pledged their lives and fortunes to the support of the cause, and in this town as well as the nearby towns of Brunswick and Topsham the increasing numbers of Tories and even fearful patriots are being made exceedingly uncomfortable."

In Brunswick the following proclamation had followed close upon the heels of the Concord and Lexington engagements:

"You are hereby required forthwith to warn all the inhabitants of the said town of Brunswick, qualified to bear arms, to meet at the West meeting house in said Brunswick on Thursday, the 27th inst. at ten o'clock in the forenoon, with their guns and what ammunition they have, in order that it may be determined what the condition of our town is for defence; and to decide what measures shall be taken by the town for the purpose of providing materials for defence against whatever enemy shall invade it, and to act upon and to do the things necessary for our security in the present alarming state of affairs."

Given under our hands and seal this 25th day of April A. D. 1775.

NATHANIEL LARRABEE,

THOMAS MOULTON,

Selectmen of Brunswick.

The story of the American Revolution is a familiar one and it was in Col. Edmund Finney's regiment that John and Joseph began service immediately after the burning of Falmouth, where they were active in the building of a fort on Munjoy's Neck. From here they went to Cambridge. Now they were fighting side by side, now separated for months at a time, but seldom after the very first in the northern portion of Massachusetts.

Previous to their departure for the front, Joseph had turned his skill to account in the making of shoes and slippers for the townspeople. The day following that on which they left for Cambridge, three marvelous pairs came to light, a surprise indeed. With painstaking labor Joseph had made them and then tucked them in a row at the side of the settle and pictured Esther, so full of sorrow as they left, brightening a bit at the discovery of these practical gifts for each remaining member of the family. To the grandsire, she exhibited at once a pair no one could mistake for other than himself, so strong, of deer skin, and yet so flexible; the best the poor old man had ever seen.

"A fine lad, a fine lad!" said he. The tears stood in his eyes as he thought of the two boys gone to a fate no one could foretell but to cheer the heart of the youthful mother he said, "I'll be learning to make the shoes myself when the boys be back. And what have ye there pray?"

said he, catching sight of the slippers for herself and the wee girl. "Wonder of wonders! Tiny moccasins ornamented with tufts of wool. How soon the little one will grow to be wearing these. And these—the like I never saw" said he, as he beheld the pair unmistakably her own. Well she knew the value of them. She put them carefully away and as she turned to her household tasks she prayed the wise God above to spare her the father of the little one beside her and give her courage to face life in his absence. Resolutely she took up her work, for woman must be brave as well as men in times like these.

John fought nobly and his name was among the valiant who fell wounded in one of the early engagements. He was taken by the enemy however and died in a British prison. It was Joseph's painful task to break the news to his people.

CHAPTER VI.

At the close of the war Joseph plied his trade and by dint of much economy saved enough before long to enable him to take passage for England. He wondered if his people would recognize in this big, bronzed, broad-shouldered man their long lost boy; he recalled the thrashings he used to deserve and sometimes received and pictured to himself what luck his father would have if he tried him now. Then thinking of home a sudden fear seized him. Perhaps he might not find them all; perhaps the father or his mother, or one of his two sisters might be missing from the home circle. Or the little hatter's shop might be closed or in the hands of some stranger.

How slowly the boat seemed to travel until he reflected on the cause of this sudden anxiety. For the past few years he had been daily in touch with misery, sickness and death. He had seen hitherto prosperous little families rendered homeless and destitute in an hour, by the atrocity of British officers and soldiers. He had seen American soldiers in rags, suffering from cold and hunger, dropping off one by one, never again on earth to answer the roll call. He had seen the lives of men in perfect health wiped out in an instant by a ball from a musket, or a thrust from a bayonet, or a slash with a sword. All this carnage and suffering had produced a melancholy in his mind not to be dispelled by the alloyed joy of victory.

But he told himself, all these things had not been going on in his boyhood home and he soon began to dispel his depression with thoughts which, if more wicked, were more cheering, for he had wild hopes of again seeing the man who had first seized him at the London wharf and had helped in so great a measure to render his life intolerable on board the *Rainbow*. He felt certain he would not be recognized and he had determined upon some little revenge. On the whole he was not sorry for his impressment but he felt that thanks were due the ruffian who seized him for that circumstance.

Arriving at last in London he at once sought out his brother's store. The American garb he wore attracted many curious glances but as the troubles had been adjusted no affront was offered him.

His brother being engaged with a customer when he entered, he waited a moment, gazing from the same window thru which he had gazed a few years ago, following his brother's reproof.

"They have made their great general, George Washington, President," the stranger was saying.

"So I learn," replied his brother, laying aside one hat and choosing another of a somewhat different style, while he stood off to note the effect. "And right well have they chosen," said Joseph, in a deep voice which scarcely concealed his mirth.

The two men turned and scanned him for a moment. "And who may you be, sir?" the brother ventured to ask. "Ah, who but the 'stripling traitor,'" cried Joseph, unable longer to restrain himself.

"Is it true! O my Brother! Is it true that you are alive and well!"

"Tell me of home," said the stripling.

"All well, but not one of them quite willing to forgive me for letting you out of my sight that afternoon so long ago. How long it seems. When they see you and know you are safe again among us perhaps—but tell me, where have you been? But why should I ask? In America of course."

The story was soon told while the prodigal was feasting at a nearby saloon.

"And now make your plans to remain with me in London and be my partner; after you go home and visit the old place in Gloucester." But Joseph made no sign of consent, waiving off his brother's urgent appeals with restless interest in home, the sweet, sweet home of their boyhood; while in his very heart he knew that his stay there would be brief.

The details of the joyful meeting at Gloucester were such as would take much space to tell. Suffice it to say that the father, mother and sisters, after recovering from the first shock of his appearing to them, he whom they had given up as dead, were again cast down by his strange tho unmistakable resolution to return to America.

And now for the first time he began to note the prosperity about him. Mother and the girls were even stylishly dressed; the herds and flocks were double the size of former days and everywhere the place bespoke the family of means. At his first remark concerning it his father looked up surprised and said, "Did not William tell you of the legacies, ours and yours? Then I will. Your uncle, Capt. John, who, you will remember, had become quite wealthy thru his portions of prize money received upon capture of foreign vessels in war, died not long after you left, bequeathing his fortune to us. Your share was to be held in trust for you five years, which time expires next week, and then it was to be

divided among us. So now, my boy, you will be able to account for it if you have noticed any lack of warmth in your welcome home."

The father slapped the son on the shoulder as he said this. And John assured his father he had never realized what home meant till now. Every member had greeted him with such sincere expression of affection.

Joseph was soon informed that his share in the legacy would amount to about 200 pounds, and again with a great leap of gladness in his heart he thought of the lonely little family in America.

When poor John's people had been told the sad news they declared that the certainty of his fate, while it brought sorrow, was much better than the terrible suspense which they endured since his disappearance. Then, as he told them of the wife and babes, they showed much concern for them and expressed the desire for their immediate transportation to England. Joseph was then for the first time forced to divulge his secret hopes and the family, tho evidently disappointed, were also relieved.

Standing on the docks three months later, about to depart for America, Joseph had a dissatisfied sense of something left undone. The gruff voice of a ruffianly looking sailor nearby broke in upon his puzzled reflections. From some strange instinct he shuddered and drew back into the shelter of a pile of luggage whence he peered out with unconquerable curiosity. Here was the very man upon whom he had sworn vengeance! Joseph's mind worked quickly now, for his vessel was nearly ready to lift anchor and if he accomplished his purpose he must work with all speed. The position of the man, at the edge of the wharf, was most auspicious for Joseph's purpose and the crowd of idlers and some would-be passengers was increasing, which circumstance broadened the queer smile which lurked about his mouth, since he recognized his prospective victim. He noted in haste that a goodly number of people, who were to sail on the same boat with him, for Boston, still remained on shore, taking leave of friends. His plans would require but little time in execution.

Two minutes later a sudden oath, followed by a loud splash, broke in upon the leave taking and loading orders. Joseph's old friend (?) was overboard! Some of the women near by screamed, but the men laughed, especially the sailors who roared in derision, recalling that the victim was a chap who enjoyed a joke on others always.

Thus the fellow had received his second cold plunge; in this instance however with not a bit of reward attached, thanks to his impressment of young Joseph, who now stood chuckling on the deck of the outward bound vessel.

CHAPTER VII.

Once more Joseph returned to the cabin in the clearing on Flying Point. Once more he was listening to Esther's musical voice crooning a lullaby to her little one. How much the little one meant to them all

now. How the child enlivened each leaden hour from the time fate took away the mainstay of this home. Yet the young mother was showing plainly the strain of her arduous lot. With her grandsire struggling his utmost it was overwork and discouragement that faced her. In these pioneer days much was to be done that only manly strength and brawn could accomplish. The woman was aware of her dependence and well she knew the errand that brought back the virile youth who viewed her. The kindness of heart of this lad had always touched her deeply, but now when as the man, with a serious note in his voice and purpose in every gesture, he assured her that all his hopes for future happiness and prosperity were centered there, that from his heart he longed for no home but this, she knew he spoke the truth. Her interest was kindled when he described the people, the houses and the customs of old England. What a courtier he seemed to her. How could he prefer the crudeness and simplicity of these surroundings to the luxury he described. As Esther set a heel in a stocking for her chubby lass Joseph related incident after incident in his experience across the water. He told her of the wonderful city of London and of his people who would welcome them both whenever they found it meet to cross the big ocean. The scenes he pictured of beautiful streets and houses, of his brother's haberdashery where distinguished gentlemen were coming and going, his descriptions of costumes for ladies the like of which she had never seen, were so entrancing.

Joseph related the story of his visit to John's people and in her interest she questioned him eagerly. But quickly again she was silent and her eyes fell when he told her of the answer he had given them. "With her consent I shall care for them until death do us part," he had told them.

He told her now the meaning of his hurried trip to Kingston. He told her how he never could and never wished to efface from his memory the picture of her as he had first seen her, in the dead of night with the flame of a pine knot lighting up her lovely face. Then he turned to dwell upon the other vision framed by the doorway upon his return; the vision which had so sweetly yet so cruelly thrust the other aside, as he supposed, forever. As if to steal their troth he told her now that John in his last moments had requested him to care for them and almost with his last breath had blessed him when he assured him they should never want or know discomfort "so long as these arms have sinews or this heart beats true."

So absorbed they grew that they were quite unaware the noble grandsire waited a place to rest, for now he could not climb to the loft o' nights and the limited rooms in the cabin of the clearing made it necessary to clear the living room for grandpa when bedtime came. Up to the loft the courtier, Joseph, flew with all speed, while Esther prepared with the usual care a place for her grandsire and another for herself.

On the following day the treasures in the mysterious looking trunk, which had come with Joseph, were displayed and Esther's eyes beamed with delight when she viewed the damask, the silver candlesticks, the blue and white tea set and many other things which contrasted oddly enough with the rude furnishings of the little cabin.

The day soon arrived when, with Esther before him, Joseph realized the great hope of his heart and took his place upon his faithful horse forthwith to journey to the parson's house where their vows might be solemnized.

When, in the twilight of the cabin door, Joseph sat and watched the stars peep forth as Esther joined him, the little one now safe in dreamland, he was constrained to call himself the most fortunate man in the world; all thru his impressment. Verily he thanked his lucky stars that, tho the ropes did cut and brought such bitter tears, they had been strong enough to hold.



Men of Faith

By LUCY BROWN REYNOLDS



THE WOODED shores rose abruptly from the clear waters of the Kennebec. Toward the west the eye ranged over an ocean of leaves, glorious and rich, in the varied verdure of a generous vegetation and shaded by the luxuriant tints of early fall. The elm, the many varieties of maple, superb in their scarlet and gold, the noble oak, the broad-leaved basswood, formed one seemingly interminable carpet of foliage, that stretched away toward the setting sun, until it bounded the horizon, by blending with the clouds as the waves and the sky meet at the base of the vault of Heaven.

Here and there, by seemingly a mere whim of nature, a small opening among these giant members of the forest allowed an inferior tree to struggle upward toward the light, and to lift its modest head nearly to a level with the surrounding surface of verdure. Of this class were the birch, the aspen and various nut woods. Here and there, too, the tall straight pine, with its rich, green foliage, rose high above this vast field, like some grand monument, reared by art on a plain of leaves. Here scattered along the banks of the river were the teepees of the Canibas Tribe of Indians, of whom Taconet was the chief or Sagamore. Directly opposite on a long peninsula, dividing the waters of the Sebasticook from the Kennebec, could be seen the more substantial log houses of the English, of the little settlement of Winslow, once known as Taconet.

At the extreme end of this neck of land, rose the walls of a strong blockhouse and fort, so placed as to have easy access to the water, in times of siege. Around these buildings extended a high, strongly built wall or palisade.

The relations between the Indians and the settlers had hitherto been friendly. The fields along the Kennebec were level, free from trees and very rich. Here the settlers had planted their corn, buying the seed from their red brothers. They had also cleared quite a bit of land, which they had planted to potatoes. Their crops looked thrifty and were nearly ready to harvest.

Among this little group of colonists, who had made their slow way thru the forests from Cape Cod, were a few hardy settlers, who wished to locate on one of the numerous lakes, about eight miles to the westward. This tract was also included in Winslow. Among them was a short, dark complexioned man, of a sturdy build, by the name of Moody Crowell, his young wife Deborah, their little son Rodney, and his wife's sister Polly, a bright-eyed, sunny-haired maiden of eighteen. Also came his brother, Isaiah, and his family. As this story deals only with Moody

Crowell and his immediate household, we will merely accord the rest of the party a passing word. Polly was a general favorite and needless to say had many suitors. They had tarried in the little settlement for some days, the morrow would find them on their way. Among the many aspirants for the hand of the young maiden, two only might be said to be the most favored (Polly, I fear, was a sad coquette, but withal a very sweet and innocent one)—John Cushman, tall, muscular, dark of eye, grave of mien, with a wondrously rare, sunny smile; the other, Abner Jones, merry, light-hearted, ever ready with quip and jest, yet the thin lips had a sinister set, and in the eyes was a cruel gleam.

In the last rays of the setting sun appeared John and Polly walking slowly towards the river's edge. "I wish to-day might go on forever," burst forth the young man impetuously, as they seated themselves on a fallen log.

"I wouldn't say that John," admonished the maiden gently, gazing at the limpid flood rolling past them, on which a cance floated, light as a bubble of air. "It may come true. Think of the perils surrounding us on all sides, of the terrible atrocities of the Indians, and no help near."

She shuddered and clasped her hands tightly in her lap. John laid one muscular hand lightly over hers for a moment. Altho he had known the maiden for such a short time, yet he knew that she was the one out of the whole world that he would have chosen for his name; the one to help him build a home out of the savage wilderness. His voice was very grave as he made reply. "That is exactly what I have been thinking of Polly. Not for us here, do I tremble. We are twenty-five men, well armed and provisioned, and a good strong blockhouse to take refuge in should we be attacked, while you will be almost defenseless. I wish your brother could have taken a farm near us."

"I wish so too," replied the girl slowly, after a short silence. "But he has a large tract, well sheltered by hills, while it borders a beautiful lake, abounding in delicious fish. The Indians call it Messalonskee. A musical name surely. Do you know the meaning?"

"Yes"—answered the young man, slowly tearing in pieces a brilliant leaf that had fluttered to his feet. "The name has a poetic sound but a sordid significance. It is named for the Muskalonge, a giant pike that is sometimes found in its waters. It is a very greedy, cruel fish. Another thing, fourteen small bodies of water empty into the lake and the Indians say it is never satisfied."

"A strange people, the Indians," observed Polly gravely. "Moody claims they are all bad, but I should hate to believe that. There must be some humanity in them, don't you think?"

John shook his head, "I am afraid I agree with your brother, Polly. When you think of their fiendish work farther down on this very river, there is little to be said in their favor. Binding living babies to their dead mothers' breasts, scalping, burning, torturing men, women and children, gnawing a man's fingers to the second joint, every finger and thumb



Fort Halifax



The Wooded Shores Rose Abruptly

off both hands, then thrusting the mangled stubs into red hot pipe bowls to stop the bleeding. When you think of such things, I say, there is little to be said of their humanity."

There was silence for a moment, broken only by the soft murmur of the river, and the far off, distant howl of a lonely wolf. The sun had now set, but its colors still glowed in the sky, staining the waters a brilliant blood red. In this radiance floated the canoe, the face of its solitary occupant standing sharply defined as tho carved in bronze. He had taken up his paddle, and the canoe glided slowly toward the farther shore. The girl's face had paled and her breath came quiveringly thru her parted lips. "Let us not talk of it, my friend," she pleaded faintly. "It freezes the very blood in my veins. Why—Why do men want to leave their homes in England where they are safe and come to this terrible place?"

"Men would risk much for freedom," came the young man's stern reply. "Freedom to worship God in their own way, to make this wilderness blossom like the rose, to build homes, to rear children, to live. It is worth the risk. This is a glorious country." He spread his arms in a sweeping gesture. His dark eyes glowed with patriotic zeal. "Already I love it, I am ready to die for it if need be, but I want to live, to help make it (his deep voice was full of feeling) and you must help me, dear."

The maiden's eyes flashed a startled look into his, then at what she saw there, pictured so eloquently, they sank demurely, while blushes stole over her pretty cheeks.

"Polly, before snow comes, I mean to build a snug little home of my own. Will you share it with me?"

Polly, like the straight-forward little soul that she was, answered "yes" very softly and squeezed, ever so slightly, the big hand clasping hers. Thus under the quiet stars, close by the murmuring river, was their troth plighted. John drew from his pocket a thin gold ring that had been his mother's and placed it on the girl's slender finger.

It was quite dark now. Very reluctantly they arose, and, still clasping hands, slowly retraced their steps homeward. Their hearts were too full of happiness for mere words. Unflinching they turned their young faces to the future. What mattered all the turmoils of war, of pestilence, or of famine, thru which they might pass. They had each other. That was enough.

There was a slight rustle in the bushes beside them and the face of Abner Jones peered forth. It was no longer merry and laughing as was its wont. It was filled with fury, as he beheld the lovers so entirely absorbed in each other. A moment later a canoe silently left the shore. The furious barking of dogs announced its arrival on the opposite shore. No one imagined that its solitary occupant was Abner, nor heard the conversation that passed between him and a fierce looking Indian, a little later.

The following morning saw the little party on their way. The early morning chill was soon dispelled as the sun rose warm and bright. John

accompanied the party, bringing up the rear with his trusty rifle. The other men marched ahead, keeping their women in the center, thus guarding against a sudden attack. A well defined trail led thru the forest.

The little party moved briskly along in Indian file, little Rodney riding in state on his father's shoulder. There he sat, shaking back his golden curls and laughing gleefully, as he caught at some low hanging branch with his chubby hands. At last his father bade him be silent, as the noise might attract some wandering savage.

The woods, stretching for miles away around them, were cool and green and filled with the songs of birds. Here and there the brush of autumn had painted a bush or tree a flaming crimson. The Indian encampments were for the most part located on the banks of some body of water.

Leaving what is now Waterville, the trail led directly to the little settlement of Oakland, then a part of Winslow. Then, crossing the stream, followed the shore of the lake downwards for some distance. When the sun reached its zenith, the little party halted by the side of a cool, clear spring to eat their lunch of corn bread, cold fried fish, and a birch bark dish of delicious blackberries that John had managed to gather on the way. Each head was bowed in reverence while Moody Crowell asked a blessing on the humble food of which they were about to partake. Verily, these were Men of Faith, who believed that without the help of God in their daily lives, they were powerless indeed.

As they sat discussing their lunch and talking in low tones, an Indian runner suddenly burst thru the bushes and sank down in their midst, as tho exhausted. His brown chest rose and fell convulsively. With the exception of a dirty breech clout he was naked, and his bare feet were bleeding. Altogether he was a pitiable object. The tender hearts of the women were touched at his evident suffering and they forgot he was an Indian and remembered only that he was a fellow creature in distress. They gave him food and bound up his feet with soft linen bandages. The poor fellow ate ravenously, merely grunting as the women ministered to him. Little Rodney was especially attracted to a fine necklace of Bear's claws that adorned the Indian's neck. Finally he edged near enough to touch one of the claws with an inquiring finger. The savage turned his head and omitted a guttural "How?" being his form of greeting.

"That," was the child's quick reply again touching the coveted bauble—"Me want it."

"Rodney," admonished the startled mother, but ere she could say more the Indian silenced her with a short gesture and unfastening the necklace, quickly placed it over the child's neck and before the surprised party could find voice to remonstrate, their strange guest was gone.

This episode greatly encouraged them. They felt they had made one friend among that savage host. That night no happier home could be found in all New England than the little rough log cabin on the shores of Lake Messalonskee. Altho in the midst of danger, yet their hearts were

filled with courage and hope and their faces were set steadfastly towards the future.

The following morning, John bade Polly a tender farewell and returned home, full of plans for the comfort and well-being of the maiden he was soon to wed. Already in his mind's eye rose a picture of the little home, and of an evening before the huge pile of blazing logs, just he and Polly sitting dreaming, hand clasped in hand, while the wintry wind howled outside. He could hardly wait for the time when it would be not a dream, but a reality. Another plan forming in his mind was to build a mill for the grinding of corn. The settlers at present followed the Indian method of pounding the grains in a mortar with a stone. A tedious and unsatisfactory process.

Leaving the young man to build his air-castles, we will return to our friends, the Crowells. Their family life now began in earnest. If thoughts of the many friends, or their pleasant homes in England, gay with flowers, ever intruded, they were thrust resolutely one side. True, they thought of them tenderly, but never with vain regrets, or home-sick longings.

In this new land they had few of the comforts and none of the conveniences of life. At first they had neither milk, butter nor eggs, neither matches nor lights, except the light from blazing pine knots, or logs. If, perchance, the fire should be improperly banked and go out, then someone must go to a neighbor's and borrow a pan of coals to start another. Not a particularly pleasing task on a bitter cold morning. There was plenty of hard work, however, both indoors and out.

Moody planned to dig a well before the ground froze and so he set about it at once, and the water he found at no very great depth, was pure and delicious. Then he must clear the land, piling the wood and burning it, so by another spring he could begin hacking in the crops. That is what they called it, and that is what it was, literally. They cleared fields for their corn, but they hacked in their potatoes. Hack out the sods from between rocks or stumps, drop in their potatoes, cover, and press down with the foot. That was the beginning of the smooth, well-tilled farms we enjoy to-day. What strength and grim determination did our forefathers possess—men of faith, strong to endure. Farm implements were very primitive, made for the most part by themselves out of wood, such as plows and hoes; axes were brought from England and of course they had their muzzle loading firearms. Everything was home-made, even the shoes. No wonder idleness was almost unknown.

Game and fish were abundant, also berries, wild grapes, apples and nuts. Little Rodney was now a constant care, as well as a delight. He had gotten into the habit of running away. True he couldn't go far, only to his uncle's, perhaps a scant half mile distant, but it was far from safe, owing to prowling Indians, or wild animals, with which the forest was infested. Also it was rumored that the great Chief Squando, hitherto so friendly to the whites, had donned his war paint and feathers and de-

clared war. To the shame of the English soldiers, sent to the Kennebec for the protection of its settlers, be it said, that his cause was just. In rough sport, a party of them snatched a papoose from a frantic Indian mother and threw it into the river, to see it swim, "for" they argued, "Indian babies can swim as naturally as puppies, just watch and you will see." And they saw—the child sink like a stone. They saw the poor mother dive and dive again in the chilling waters of the river, and finally bring to the surface a poor little drowned mite, whom all the love in the world could not bring to life. The woman was the wife of Squando, and the victim his little son. The result of that "bit of sport" was far reaching and terrible. He declared he would make the pale faces suffer, even as he was suffering. He would kill every white papoose he could lay his hands on, and he did. Countless numbers were needlessly slaughtered.

One beautiful day, the child was more than usually troublesome. Both Mrs. Crowell and her sister were very busy. The days were growing short and they wished to utilize every bit of daylight.

"Rodney!" sharply exclaimed his mother the second time Polly had run after him, reaching for a little birch stick she kept for such purposes. "I have told you not to go out of sight of the house. Twice you have disobeyed me. Now I shall whip you." Steeling her heart against the uplifted tear-filled eyes and the babyish quivering lips, she administered two sharp taps to his chubby legs.

"It hurts *me*, worse than it does him," she sighed to her sister, as she again took up her work. "But something must be done to make him remember."

Little Rodney returned to his play determined to mind mamma and keep within sight of the cabin. He knew that the switch period meant the limit, so it behooved him to be extra careful. He was but a baby after all, so when he suddenly observed a shiny, dangling object on a bush just a little way in the woods, temptation was too strong to be resisted. He investigated. Just as he reached for this bauble, a thick blanket suddenly descended on his curly head and he was borne swiftly into the forest, his shrieks of fear effectually muffled.

"Hush baby, hush," whispered a voice in English soothingly. "You are not going to be hurt, you may have the pretty bauble, if you will cease your crying and you shall go home to your mamma, too, bye and bye."

This was satisfactory, so Rodney stopped crying, the blanket was withdrawn, and he gazed up into the laughing face of Abner Jones. "Just a joke, baby," chuckled the young man, placing the brilliant home-made toy into the eager little hand. "By the time I take you home in the morning they will be pleased, eh?" He went on talking as tho the child really understood him. "I think they will, son—even Polly will welcome me, will take my hand—perhaps—who knows. She may even learn to love me. It is worth the risk," he muttered to himself. "All is fair in love and war, and the child is the very apple of her eye."

Thus did he muse, while the child was borne farther and farther away into the thick forest. It was some time before the little fellow was missed. Mrs. Crowell, looking from the window, saw her husband returning from his work, and he was alone. So absorbed had she been that she had failed to notice how low the sun was getting. She flew to the door.

"Moody, where is the baby?" she cried anxiously.

He stopped short. "Why I haven't seen him Deborah," he replied, "not this afternoon. How long has he been missing?"

Here Polly joined in, "Why, Brother," she declared, "the child was here but a moment ago, or so it seems. He ran away twice to-day, and then Deborah punished him, and he promised that he would not go out of sight of the cabin again. Usually he remembers after he gets a whipping. Oh! I am afraid he is lost." She began to cry, burying her face in her apron.

Moody and Deborah looked at each other with pale set faces. Hot words of blame arose to his lips at their seeming carelessness, but the agony depicted on his wife's face made him desist. The short October day was rapidly drawing to a close. He must work quickly.

"Do you stay here?" he commanded, "until I return, I am going to rouse the neighbors. We will find him, never fear. He cannot have strayed far." He walked rapidly away. The poor mother stood motionless, her straining gaze on the darkening forest, where her baby was wandering, lost, perchance crying for her. Such a little fellow, a prey to wild beasts and still more merciless savages. Worse still, he might be dead.

Visions of that still little form lying under the stars, its sunny curls dabbled in blood, rose and tortured her. She must help find him. She could not stay behind weakly inactive. She raised her eyes to the sky. The God of Daniel who closed the lions' mouths, still had the power to protect her darling. Kneeling there by the open door she prayed, as she had never prayed before, and a great peace seemed to descend and enfold her like a garment. She arose and went in to her sister, who was still moaning and crying. "Be silent, sister," she commanded gently, "little Rodney will be found, I am sure of it."

Just then came a low tap on the door and John entered. "Polly threw herself into his arms, with a glad cry of relief. John would know just what to do. In a few words the story was told, and the young fellow dashed away to join the searchers. He had barely reached the edge of the clearing, however, before he saw someone approaching. He stepped behind a tree to investigate. Coming swiftly towards him, in all the hideousness of his war paint, was an Indian, bearing a bundle tenderly in his arms. It was the missing child, warmly wrapped in a blanket, and sleeping as soundly as tho in his trundle bed at home. Even in the darkness John could see the sheen of the golden curls against the bare brown shoulder of the Indian. He also shuddered as he beheld a fresh gory scalp, dangling at the belt. John waited until the two had reached the door of the cabin, then followed. Of the joy that awaited them there little need

be said. Great was their surprise to learn that the Indian, Kennebis by name, was the same to whom they had ministered so kindly on the day of their arrival. They had been told that an Indian never forgets a favor, nor forgives an injury, and well had it been proven that night. The Indian was strangely reticent when questioned. He had brought back the child, was not that enough? The terrible trophy at his belt might be the meaning of his silence, but they never knew. "Kennebis never forgets," he had said in his guttural voice, as he placed Rodney in the mother's eager, outstretched arms. Then he had departed immediately, and they never saw him again.

The searching party returned late in the night, weary and discouraged, with news of fresh horrors by the Indians, and great was their relief at finding the child safe. That night the little cabin seemed all too small to hold so much joy. With hearts full of gratitude they knelt to give thanks to God for all his benefits. So long as they had each other, nothing else mattered. Cold weather was now rapidly approaching. Already had there fallen a light snow. There was a long, hard winter to prepare for. Large quantities of salmon and sturgeon were smoked, fried and salted and stored away for use. Water fowl were abundant and good.

The war cloud still hung heavily, working death and ruin all about them. John had now everything ready for his bride, and the first of December they were married, happy in their love for each other, yet the terrible doings of the savages kept them in constant dread. Finally Capt. Church with a company of soldiers ascended the Kennebec as far as Winslow. When the savages beheld the troops approaching they set fire to their huts and fled like frightened partridges.

Soon after, four of the most distinguished Sagamores of the Kennebec, Penobscot, and other Eastern tribes, repaired to Boston before a General Council. The discussion that ensued lasted more than a month. At length, an agreement was reached. Hostilities ceased. Professed friendship was established.

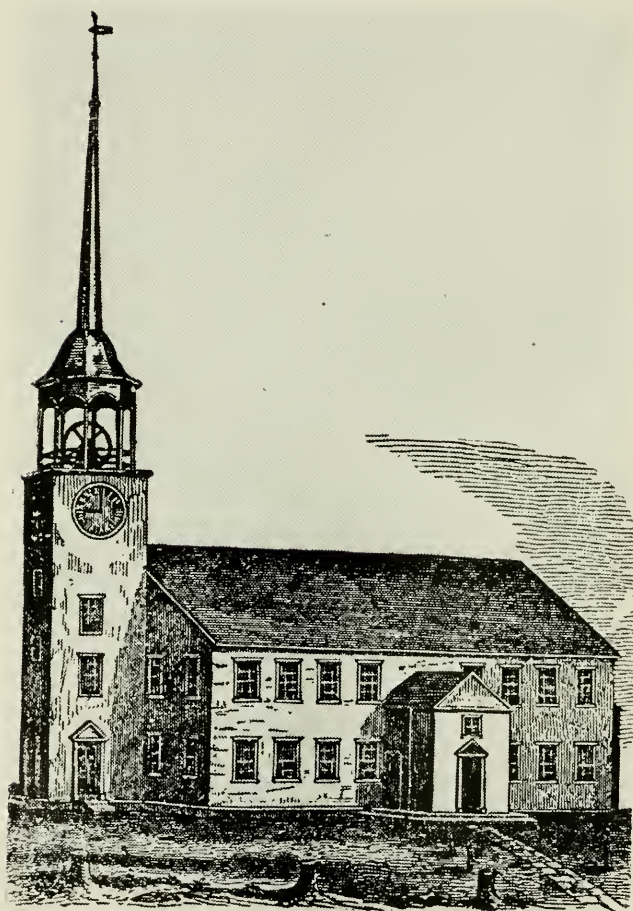
Thru all those terrible times the faith of those brave pioneers never wavered. Strong to endure, they were bound to conquer, and great was their reward.

The white wings of peace were once more gently unfolded over the scattered colonies, but since that awful day when little Rodney was lost, Abner Jones was never seen again.





Alice Greele's Tavern in 1775
(Sketch by C. Q. Goodhue in Possession of Nathan Gould)



Second Church Building 1740-1825

In Falmouth Town

By ELLA MATTHEWS BANGS

JUST BEFORE my father went to join the Continental Army he said to me:
"Rebecca, why not write out what has befallen us during this last year whilst it is fresh in your mind? Mayhap at some future day we may find it convenient to refer to it."

It seems to me now that the events he spoke of can never fade from the terrible colors glowing in my memory, still, though I have lived but eighteen years, I am convinced that, as my father has hinted, Time doth dull the edge of recollection, and so, as I cannot spin, nor even knit, nor sew overmuch, for want of material, I am minded to carry out my father's request, at the same time most humbly conscious that the dreadful scenes which the Lord has allowed us to pass through during these latter days, can in no wise be done justice by any quill in the world, even though guided by one of far greater talent than can be claimed by me—Rebecca Wilson.

As nothing is more certain than that Paul Bramhall will get into this story of mine sooner or later, I may as well begin with him, and on a certain morning six months gone, or to be exact, on the second day of May, 1775. During this forenoon, whilst helping my mother with some tallow dips, a knock sounded on the door, and as I went to open it there on the door-stone stood the young man I have mentioned, tall and straight and good to look upon withal, with a new black ribbon on his queue. His small clothes was of a snuff color, and his coat a bottle green. Now I had known Paul Bramhall all my life, since the days when hand in hand we had played ring-around-rosy together, but on this day it pleased him to make himself well nigh strange to me, and bowing as I curtsied, he asked very politely,

"Is your father within, Mistress Wilson?"

Mistress Wilson, forsooth, when it had always been Paul and Becky between us! But truth to tell I was knowing to the reason for this, and that the blame, if blame there was, lay at my own door, for ever since the company of militia had marched away from Falmouth in April to join the continental forces in Boston, after the battle at Lexington, I had made it appear that I thought him wanting in patriotism that he had not gone with them, when all the time I knew full well that having been sick of a fever, he was, of a truth, still too far from well to join them.

This hurt him not a little, I suspect, and—well, mayhap it hurt me just as much, albeit maids will do these things, and besides I did not wish him to think me lacking in maiden modesty, and of late I feared me I

might have been showing my feeling for him overmuch, for in my heart I owned that I cared more for Paul Bramhall than for anybody else in the whole world save my mother and father, and little sister Jane, and some times there were when I was well nigh convinced—but there, this is not the story I set out to tell.

“My father does not hap to be at home just now,” I made answer to his inquiry, “but perchance I could give him your message.”

With that a smile came into his dark eyes. “Perchance you could,” he returned. “’Tis this. Cap’n Coulson has arrived in port with rigging sails and the like for his new vessel, an’ a meeting is called of the committee of inspection to decide whether or no he shall be allowed to land them.”

He then came in and told my mother and me more about it. We already were knowing to the fact that this same Captain Coulson had been building an uncommon great ship, one of no less than 1000 tons, down at the foot of King (India) street, near where he lived, and that this was more than likely to join the British fleet, for Coulson was a loyal subject of King George. That was what he called himself; we called him a tory, and disapproved of him accordingly.

The committee Paul spoke of held their meeting that same day, and Captain Coulson was called in. The next day came another meeting when it was voted that to allow him to land his goods would be a violation of the American Association, so he was given the privilege of sending his packages back to England without opening them. Upon this the Captain flew into a fine rage, and gave out that his vessel needed repairs, and these could not be made unless he unloaded. This did not change the vote as anybody could see, for on the following day it was writ out and posted all over town. It fell out that instead of obeying his orders from the town, Coulson set sail for Boston, giving out word that he was going to ask permission of the Provincial Congress to rig his new ship, but what he, in truth, did, was to get one Mowatt, captain of the sloop-of-war, Canceau, to come and protect him whilst he unloaded his goods and set to work on his noble new ship.

A week later, or on the 9th of May, came events that set the town in a great toss. I tell the story as I heard a man tell it to my father. On this day, ’twas Tuesday, Mr. S. happed to be around by Sandy Point, on the north side of Falmouth Neck, and he see a strange sight. By a thick grove of trees, a boat load, another and another rowed in till no less than fifty men had landed. The man who saw this said something about Great Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane, which, my father thinks belongs to something writ by Mr. Shakspeare, but as this man’s writings are mostly for the use of play-actors, my father thinks them of small account, and my mother of none at all. Mr. S.’s reason for his remark was in the fact that every man that come ashore wore in his hat a small bough of spruce and their standard was a spruce pole with its green top left on.

It appears that their plan was to disguise their vessel as a wood coaster, hide the men in the hold, and sail for Falmouth in the night, there to board Mowatt's vessel and capture her, and this was the beginning of what Paul says is certain to go down in history as "Thompson's War," as the men were under command of Col. Samuel Thompson of Brunswick. Once landed, guards were placed about the camp, and to keep the fact of their presence a secret, they seized and made prisoners of any who chanced to go that way. About one of the clock that afternoon, as Capt. John Merrill and two of his guards walked about in the neighborhood, they run across three other men like minded to take a walk in the May sunshine, and these three were no less important personages than the Rev. Mr. Wiswell of St. Paul's church, Captain Mowatt, and his surgeon.

That Thompson's men were no respecters of persons we see plainly, for in less time than it takes me to write this, the three men found themselves prisoners. A great ado followed on board the *Canceau*, as might be expected, when this capture became known, and Lieut. Hogg sent a letter ashore red hot with words of threat, in short nothing less than that he would set the town afire if Mowatt was not released.

Now Col. Thompson had the misfortune of a stuttering tongue, so to Hogg's message he made answer, "F—f—fire away, f—f—fire away, every gun you fire I will c-c-cut off a joint."

Later Hogg did fire two cannon, and though we heard afterwards that there was no shot in them, it frightened us women quite as much as if there had been, and some of our neighbors was all of a high for leaving the town, and packed up their things to go.

But to go back to our distinguished prisoners. Some of the grandees of Falmouth went to Thompson's camp to try if by any means they might bring about the release of the three men, but Thompson was far too well pleased with his capture to let them go, saying withal, that as open war existed between the colonies and the mother country, and Providence had smiled on them by throwing the men in their way, they were not minded to give them up. Everybody was excited, men and women ran about the streets, and all talking at once till verily, one might have thought it another confusion of tongues.

At last, finding the whole town's people against him, Thompson did agree to let his prisoners go on their promise to appear on the next morning, and Gen. Preble and Col. Freeman pledged themselves for them, so that night about nine of the clock, Thompson's men marched up to Mars-ton's tavern on Middle street to remain for the night.

I heard the tramp, tramp, and a sound of many voices, and without stopping to consider I ran out to see what was taking place; others followed the soldiery and I with them never thinking of myself till in the crowd I chanced to look up, and there was Paul with a look of such grave displeasure on his face as made my cheeks grow hot in a minute,

"Becky," he said as if surprised, "'tis no place for a maid, here."

And almost before I knew it we were walking together toward my

home, but not till I had caught sight of Thompson's men crowding their way into Marston's tavern where they must have overrun the tap-room on all sides.

"What made General Preble and the others so anxious to let the prisoners go?" I asked as we went along.

"'Tis this way," Paul answered. "An you must know, we are running short o' corn and flour here in Falmouth, vessels being looked for daily and we can't afford to risk a famine."

The next morning, wonderful to relate, the prisoners did not keep their word to appear, and Thompson was well nigh beside himself with rage. During the day I was sitting by the open window when Paul chanced to see me as he was going by, and stopped to give me good day. I expected naught but he would go on after this, to the home of Sally Perkins for all I knew, for I had seen him with her now and again of late. Of a truth, I sometimes wonder what they all see so fetching about Sally. She is a good enough maid, but my eyes be as blue as hers, and if I have not the steady red in my cheeks that she has, there is yet a color sufficient to please some, if not Paul, and my hair has more of gold in its shade, and moreover it curls of its own accord, which is more than can be said of Sally's.

As Paul now seemed in no great haste, I asked what news he might be knowing.

"There's one bit that mayhap has not come to your ears as yet," he made answer.

"And pray what may that be?" I wanted to know.

"'Tis the reason Captain Mowatt gives for not keeping his parole, forsooth," said Paul. "He gives out that he sent a man ashore to see his washerwoman, and meantime the fellow overheard some soldiers vowing to shoot Mowatt an he showed himself again."

"So he took it to be the part of wisdom to keep out of sight." I laughed a little with the words, and added, "'twas a natural act, in truth."

"'Twas the act of a coward," cried Paul all afire in a minute.

And as I looked at him standing straight and tall, the firm set of his mouth, and the flash in his eyes, I felt certain that Paul Bramhall would never have broken a promise for such a reason.

"There's more news, too," he went on. "Falmouth is overfull o' soldiers, militia flocking here to the number o' five or six hundred."

"Oh Paul, where from?" I gasped.

"From Gorham and Scarborough, Cape Elizabeth and Stroudwater."

"What have they come for?" I asked with sudden trembling, for of a truth the look on Paul's face was exceeding grave."

It seems they had heard that Mowatt had been let go which so enraged them that they marched into town determined to destroy his ship, then finding that he did not intend to keep his parole, they vented their rage on Gen. Preble and Col. Freeman, their sureties, kept them locked all day, without dinner, and would not allow their children to see them

during the time. Toward evening they did release them, but only on condition that they furnish the troops with sundry barrels of bread, a goodly quantity of cheese, and two barrels of rum for each company, and however much against their inclination this must have been, it was done.

As might be expected, many of the soldiers became unruly and did behave themselves most unseemly. They went to Capt. Coulson's house and made free with whatever they found to their taste, and as the cellar was well stored with liquor, this suited them so well that they become still more uproarious, and one man, Calvin Lombard by name, went down to the shore and fired two shots from a musket straight at Mowatt's ship, the *Canceau*—or as straight as he could—but I suspect he was so inflamed with rum and other liquor that he aimed with no great skill. At any rate his shots went into the side of the vessel, doing no harm, and bringing in return naught but a fire from a "fusee" which was likewise harmless.

Meantime the citizens of Falmouth were by no means easy neither in mind, nor body. In truth the women were in so much terror lest Hogg should make good his threat to set fire to the town, that as I went outdoor it seemed to me that every woman on the Neck was likewise there, some wringing their hands, and in tears, others hurrying about with their valuables done up in a quilt, or other covering, bent on getting to a place of safety, and again some women I knew whose husbands were away, took their children and fled to the woods up by Back street (Congress).

But night passed and nothing new took place. The next day, Thursday, was a general fast day, and this came a bit hard on Gen. Preble and Col. Freeman who had fasted to their heart's content on the day before.

During the day some soldiers seized one of Coulson's boats, and dragged it off, and on the next day one of Mowatt's was treated in the same way. As my father and others now say, had the town been inclined to fall in with Thompson in his plan of attack, the *Canceau* would, likely, have fallen into our hands, and the misfortune that later befell poor little Falmouth town might never have been. Be that as it may, this company of soldiers, which Mowatt called "a mob from the country," albeit many of them were prominent and respected citizens—not being under proper control—did, some of them, conduct themselves in a manner most unseemly. They took possession of Coulson's house and used it for a barrack, and carried off property worth more than one hundred and forty pounds. Not satisfied with this they went to Sheriff Tyng's, and took a silver cup and tankard, and his gold laced hat, for Tyng is, like Coulson, a tory. Therefore when on Friday, the 12th of May, the last of the country soldiers left town, everybody drew a long breath of relief, and this was a fortunate thing, for the very next day Mowatt demanded the boats which, however, Thompson's men had taken away with them, and our breath came quick again with fear. On the following Monday we were once more of easier minds, for both Mowatt and Coulson sailed in their ships for Portsmouth and Boston town.

It was on the 8th of June that the *Senegal*, a vessel of sixteen guns under command of Captain Dudington, arrived from Boston and anchored near the islands in our harbor, then four days later Coulson came in his new ship and dropped anchor near the *Senegal*. What did this mean?

In reply to a letter from the committee, Captain Dudington declared that he had orders to protect the persons and properties of his majesty's faithful subjects. Accordingly Madam Tyng and Madam Coulson were allowed to go on board the ships, but the committee still refused to let Coulson have his masts as he was a declared enemy of the town. Upon this Coulson sent an armed boat to the mouth of the Penobscot river on the pretence of getting water, but in truth, looking for new masts and timbers for his cargo. His plan miscarried for boats, guns and men were captured, though the men were soon released, and the upshot was that as Coulson could get no masts, he was, forsooth, compelled to set sail without them.

During the summer just past, we lived quite peacefully save that now and again companies of soldiers were raised, and marched from Falmouth to Boston. Of the few men left in town, Paul Bramhall was one. It was during the forenoon of Oct. 16th and I was busy stirring up a brave cake with plums in it for little Jane's birthday, for what with having to drink the juice of raspberry leaves steeped in water in place of the forbidden tea, one must have somewhat of extra relish to eat with it if possible, so as I was at work who should come to interrupt but Paul Bramhall, and a few minutes later I had forgot that there was any such things in the world as birthdays or plum cake by reason of the news he fetched us. 'Twas, indeed, no less a fact than that our old, troublesome acquaintance, Captain Mowatt, had come back to our harbor with not only his vessel, the *Canceau*, but with a squadron of four vessels besides a store ship.

"What can he be after now, think you?" asked my mother, the color fading from her face as she put the question.

Paul saw this, and made answer quickly, "'Tis not thought he comes to do us harm, save as he may help himself to our sheep and cattle down on the islands, for as we hear, the British are greatly in need of provisions."

"Oh, that indeed," said my mother much relieved.

"But will they be let to have them?" I asked.

"Not if we can prevent it," Paul returned. "The greater part of the two companies of soldiery has gone down to keep guard."

So with our fears somewhat quieted we went on with our work, whilst Paul went to his. But the next morning, instead of landing at any of the islands, Mowatt's vessels were warped up the harbor, the wind being ahead and uncommon strong, and formed a line fronting the most thickly settled part of our little town. Most threatening and war-like they looked, their position as I have since learned, was this:—

The flag-ship *Canceau*, of sixteen guns, was anchored opposite the foot of King street (India). Next above was a schooner of twelve guns, then the ship *Cat*, of twenty guns, opposite Union wharf, and a bomb sloop above all. The store-schooner was anchored below the armed vessels.

Still we could not believe any great harm was meant, till late in the afternoon, like a clap of thunder came a letter from Captain Mowatt which I am allowed to copy. This it is.

CANCEAU, Falmouth, Oct. 16th, 1775.

After so many premeditated attacks on the legal prerogative of the best of sovereigns, after the repeated instances you have experienced in Britain's long forbearance of the rod of correction, and the manifest and paternal extension of her hands to embrace again and again, have been regarded as vain and nugatory; and in place of a dutiful and grateful return to your king and parent state, you have been guilty of the most unpardonable rebellion, supported by the ambition of a set of designing men, whose insidious views have cruelly imposed on the credulity of their fellow creatures; and at last have brought the whole into the same dilemma; which leads me to feel not a little the woes of the innocent of them in particular from my having it in orders to execute a just punishment on the town of Falmouth, in the name of which authority I previously warn you to remove without delay, the human specie out of said town, for which purpose I give you the time of two hours, at the period of which a red pendant will be hoisted at the main top gallant mast head, with a gun. But should your imprudence lead you to show the least resistance you will in that case free me of that humanity so strongly pointed out in my orders, as well as in my inclination. I do also observe, that all of those who did on a former occasion fly to the king's ship under my command, for protection, that the same door is now open to receive them.

The officer who will deliver this letter, I expect to return immediately unmolested.

I am, &c,

H. MOWATT.

The officer who fetched this monstrous epistle, landed at the foot of King street where a prodigious assembly of folk had gathered, and all went up to the town house where it was read by Lawyer Bradbury, and Paul told us that an impressive silence followed, but not for long, for forthwith a committee was appointed who went at once on board the *Canceau* where they remonstrated with Mowatt as to his harsh orders; this to no purpose, withal, as he even went the length of saying that his orders did not oblige him to give any warning whatsoever to the towns-

people, but that he had been requested to come opposite the town with all possible expedition, and there burn, sink and destroy!

Upon this the committee tried their best if by some means they might fall upon a plan to save the town, and at last Mowatt gave his word that if by 8 o'clock in the morning we would deliver up to him our four pieces of cannon, with other arms and ammunition, he would not harm the town till he had sent an order to the admiral who, no doubt, would give him leave to spare us, and, moreover, as a token that his demand would be granted, he required that our eight small arms be given up to him by eight o'clock that evening.

The committee, very doubtful as to agreement to this, told him as much, and that in their opinion, his demand would not be granted, but that they would inform the townspeople which in due time they did. No vote was taken that night, but it was thought the part of wisdom to send the small arms that evening that our town might be safe till morning, which would give time to remove our sick, and children, and such other things as might be got together. There was little sleep for anybody that night but beset by a thousand fears we made what preparation we might, and when morning dawned, clear, calm and beautiful, it seemed monstrous indeed to imagine that calamity threatened our dear little town.

At an early hour the committee met as planned, and there resolved by no means to give up the cannon and other arms, well knowing all the time that Mowatt's four ships with shotted guns and springs on their cables ready for bombardment, were anchored in battle line within a little distance from the heart of Falmouth town.

When Paul came and told my mother and me of this, and advised us to flee from the place, we were at first too amazed, too terror-stricken to realize the terrible meaning of it all. Poor little Falmouth to be ruined, our homes laid in ashes by a ruthless enemy! Oh, it was too dreadful to believe, and yet, through all our fear I was conscious of feeling proud—proud of our townspeople who had shown their loyalty and patriotism to this length. Was it not a brave thing for them to refuse to submit to Mowatt's demands in the face of certain destruction of property, and mayhap, of life? Of a truth it was brave, and when Paul told us, adding that such weakness as granting Mowatt's demands was not to be thought of, I for one would not have had it otherwise, though God save we should ever pass through another such twenty-four hours as those that followed.

When the committee went on board the *Canceau* to inform Mowatt of the town's decision, they purposely lengthened their visit to its fullest extent to give us townspeople as much time for preparation as might be, nevertheless at only half after eight Mowatt did request them to leave, so enraged was he and anxious to destroy us. But of a truth, so crazed were our townsmen, so upset with fears, that I doubt me if even a longer time would have been of much advantage. My mother and I tried to get together the things we valued most, while in every home, and in the streets women and children rushed hither and yon, some with tears

streaming down their faces, some dumb, and moving as if by no will of their own, and when at sharp 9 o'clock the dreaded signal went up on board the flagship, the sound of the gun followed without delay by a blood red pennant on all the other vessels, and firing began with all possible briskness on all parts of our fated little town, a horrible rain of bombs, carcasses, live shells, grape-shot and musket balls—no words can describe the terrible scene. Screams and cries of old and young, to which was added the frightened voices of our animals, cats, dogs, and horned cattle.

Not satisfied with firing from the ships, boat loads of men landed and with lighted torches ran about on their hateful errands, setting fire to any and everything in their way. The "swish, swish" of the shot and balls, the clouds of smoke, the showers of sparks. I can now—more than two months later—seem to hear and see it all as on that dreadful day.

Every sort of cart or wagon that could be found was loaded with promiscuous articles, many, I am convinced, piling their belongings on with no knowledge of where they would be fetched, or whose was the team. Many more were piled in the woods by Back street, helter-skelter, silken gowns and mahogany chairs, bed quilts and hen-coops. Of a truth it was pandemonium and nothing short.

"Whose house burns now?" would be asked, and before one could try to answer, the speaker had hastened away to other scenes.

For a time, as advised, my mother and I stayed in our home, if by so doing we might, perchance, save it, but when, seeing it was doomed, like all its neighbors on Fore street, and we were trying to save what we might of our household goods, Paul came to us, and by his help we were so fortunate as to get a goodly quantity loaded on an ox team that would fetch them to Gorham where Uncle Jacob would take care of them.

In the midst of our haste, with sparks and burning timbers falling all about us I said to Paul, "Why does nobody fire back at these murderers? Must we, perforce, sit still and be fired upon without resistance?"

Paul smiled for the briefest moment as he replied:

"We be not exactly sitting still." Then with a more serious look replacing the smile, he went on, "Of a truth, Becky, had we but an organized company o' men, and powder enough, we might give some of these men on our streets as good as they send, but 'tis pity that no plan of defense was made."

Then in answer to further inquiries as we bent over our work he said, "Every man is helping his own, and 'tis said there's no more than an hour's supply o' powder in the whole town. Come," he added pulling me by the arm, "your house is on fire. Come Mistress Wilson, 'tis time to run."

It was, in truth, and run we did as fast as might be, and amid fire-brands and choking smoke. Frightened at the strange sights and sounds, oxen ran away leaving behind a trail of scattered household goods on

the roads and in the fields. Reaching Back street, we stood a moment to gain our breath, and, then, had it not been for other feelings, we could not but have been impressed with the marvelous scene before and below us. Grand and terrible beyond words were the devouring flames that swept away our homes, flashing, rising, falling, sending up a shower of vermilion sparks, a curl of smoke, and another burst of flame. Verily it seemed like some fiery monster that reached out a flaming wing, touched ever so lightly a house or other building, and the next moment a thousand brilliant tongues sprang into sight, tiny at first, but growing as they played in and out till they themselves formed a monster of destruction, and leaped on to leave in ashes still other homes.

Amid it all was Pandemonium. Rich and poor—though we knew not who among us was rich or poor by this time—old and young, men, women and children, teams, dogs, hens, every living creature seemed of the crowd that surrounded us.

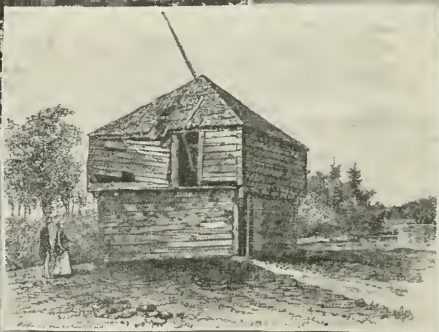
"The meeting-house still stands," I said, looking over to it from where we stood.

"Ay," said a man who overheard my words "the Old Jerusalem still stands, but 'twould ha' been in flames long e'er this was it not that two o' our men stand guard there. They've caught one already trying to set fire to the building."

After dark it seems that two or three other attempts were made to set the meeting-house on fire, but were discovered, and the building being on Back street, was prevented by its position from falling a victim to Mowatt's guns. Paul was one who helped guard the meeting-house, and though it still stands, he says that for many a day it will carry the marks of small balls and grape shot and at least one cannon ball.

On swept the flames, and still on, writhing, twisting, exulting as it seemed, and not satisfied till our sprightly little Falmouth was in ashes, for not till six o'clock at night did the fire from the enemy cease. Nine long hours of shot and shell. It is a thousand wonders that no person was killed, and only one injured, this was Reuben Clough who lived on the corner of our street. The last house to take fire was that of Parson Smith; on Back street, but facing on King, and at length the guns were still, but oh, what terrible destruction had they wrought. Morning showed us the blackened, and still smoking ruins of no less than one hundred and thirty-six buildings, among these being St. Paul's church, the new Court house, Town house, Custom house, a fine new engine, every store and warehouse, several vessels in the harbor, while only two wharves escaped. The reckoned loss is 55,000 pounds.

One hundred dwellings were left standing on the morning of dismal rain that followed this day of fire. Marston's tavern being in the upper part of the town, was not burnt, the place where Thompson's men had spent a night. Among the homes left was that of Paul's family, though it had been struck more than once, and afire, too, but as Paul said,



First Parish Church, Portland, Erected in 1825
Old Tate House—1750. Built and Occupied by George Tate
A Typical Fort of Revolutionary Days

"'Twas better than to have a cannon ball pass through the house as one did through Deacon Codman's."

"Did it so?" I cried, "and no one hurt?"

"No one hurt," Paul answered, "and Madam Greele, did you hear how she did save her tavern?"

"This place?" I asked with much interest, for we were now the free guests of Madam Greele, sharing with as many others as the tavern would hold, this offered hospitality. This was the most fashionable tavern of our town, a long building with its six windows facing on Back street, and sitting by one of them Paul told me how our undaunted landlady had saved her house.

"She stayed right here," he began, "determined to save the inn, and by this means did, putting out the flames whenever they caught. The house you see, being somewhat removed from the water front, made this possible," explained Paul, "which was not to be thought of in the case of your home. Once," and Paul smiled, "Once they say, a hot shot after its ricochet landed out here in the back yard and set fire to some chips. Nothing feared, Mistress Greele took it up in a pan, and tossed it out into the lane just as a man was passing, and said she, 'They will have to stop firing soon, for they've got out o' bombs, and are making new balls and can't wait for 'em to cool.' There's spunk for you!"

There was, in truth, nor was Mistress Greele the only woman to show bravery during this time. Dismal as is our lot we are but one of the one hundred and sixty families that found themselves homeless on this rainy, October morning, and many who had been considered well to do, if not rich, now knew not whether they had aught wherewith to buy flour or corn, or provide a shelter for their heads, and winter would soon be upon us. Did Mowatt feel proud of his day's work? Without doubt, and it is believed that the order to burn our town came from Admiral Greaves, that Mowatt, Coulson and others had inflamed his mind against us, and now we beheld his terrible revenge.

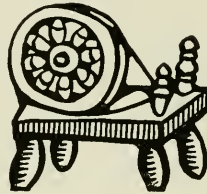
Of a truth we have passed through a fiery trial, and the smell of fire is on all our garments. We have lost much, but our lives and at least a part of our property is saved.

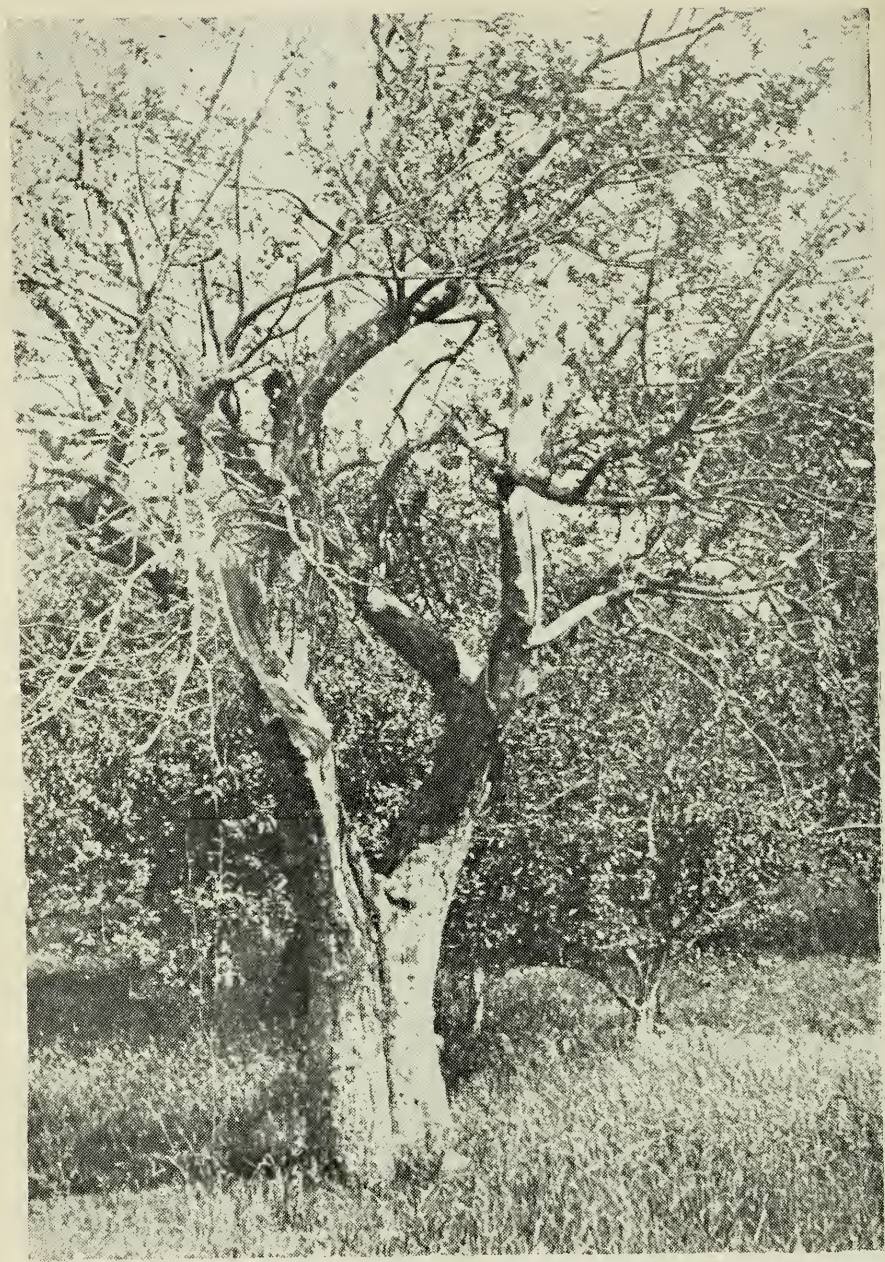
A few days ago Paul bade us good-bye, and went at last to join the Continental army, and the excuse he gave me for not sooner going had so much the sound of reason that forthwith I forgave him, and even when he went the length of asking me to wait his return, saying that perchance by the time he comes back Falmouth may be rebuilt to the extent of providing a place in which we might set up housekeeping together—why, even then I could not say him nay.

So ends the story of Rebecca Wilson. When it was written she could indeed, have had little thought that one day her great-granddaugh-

ter and namesake would come across a bundle of papers yellowed with age, and finding the ink-written characters still legible had proceeded to read the story they contained, and which I have now re-written, with a few corrections in the way of spelling, and other minor matters—with the hope that it may have for others something of the interest it has had for me, for the little town of Falmouth was, in good time, not only rebuilt, but re-christened, until to-day it is known as the beautiful city of Portland.

REBECCA WILSON BRAMHALL.





Apple Tree Planted by Sarah Colburn Marsh, First White Bride of Orono

John Marsh, Interpreter

By PERCIA V. WHITE

IN THE city of Oldtown, Maine, the Penobscot river suddenly thrusts out a great arm-like branch—the Stillwater—and gathers in its embrace Marsh Island, whereon is located the University of Maine.

The Stillwater re-enters the Penobscot on the south side of this island just above Ayer's Falls. Marsh Island and Ayer's Falls, not such were their names when the Tarratines were Lords of the Penobscot! Then, island and falls wore one name, a name with a long, low roll like muffled thunder—Arum sunk hungan—and the change to the short, less musical names involves an old story of friendship and clan brotherhood between white men and red. In the long ago days of 1775, when

“The league of the men whose coats were red
With the men of the woods whose skins were red
Was riveted, forged and sealed.”

After participating in a great, roaring barbecue, where three huge bears, roasted in true frontier style, were the principal features of the feast, Benedict Arnold and his command of over a thousand men left Fort Western—now Augusta, the capital city of Maine—and plunged into the great woods. They were on their way to Quebec in answer to a call for help from General Montgomery, then encamped before those gloomy walls.

The forest shut a green door behind these riflemen from Virginia and Pennsylvania and these musketmen from Massachusetts, Rhode Island and New Hampshire and then, after its own grim, implacable fashion, initiated them into the mysteries of its solitudes.

When the remnant of this ill-starred expedition reached the border line between Maine and Canada, the spirits of the men were broken by hunger so unbearable that they had boiled and eaten their moosehide moccasins in their frantic fight with famine; their clothing was so torn that it was no protection against the thorns of the wilderness or the inclemency of the on-coming winter; their swollen, briar-torn hands were so tremulous with the palsy of exhaustion that they could hardly push their water-soaked bateaux against the current of the foaming rivers or drag them over the great, bog-like “carries,” where, at every step the staggering bearers sank eight or ten inches into the treacherous green moss.

After crossing the border, the route of the expedition lay along the river Chaudiere. Here they found a white trader possessed of the stately dignity of an Indian sachem and a perfect command of the Indian language.

This trader was John Marsh, jr., who was born in Bellingham, Mass., July 24, 1751. When less than twenty years of age, Marsh pushed his way north into the land of mighty rivers and lakes, where roamed the dark-skinned Tarratines. A friendship was cemented between this adventurous, blue-eyed white rover and the blue-eyed overlord of the Tarratines—Orono—that was never broken. Blood-brothers were they until death parted them. The Tarratines became Marsh's teachers and guides. They taught him to speak their language fluently. They taught him the mighty secrets of the Long House. All woods-lore became as an open book to him and the great woods became his loved home.

In 1774, Marsh accompanied Jeremiah Colburn and Joshua Ayers from Massachusetts to Maine into the territory occupied by his dark-skinned forest teachers. Five miles above any settlement on the Penobscot River, just where Arumsunkhungan Falls in its deep bass voice sang:

"A carol free and bold,
As when a mighty people rejoice
With shawms and cymbals and harps of gold"

they found wild and unimproved lands on which Colburn and Ayres settled while Marsh went his adventurous way into Canada. Here Arnold's army found the White Trader of the River Chaudiere. What followed is graphically set forth in the opening sentences of a petition sent by Marsh to the Massachusetts General Court in 1793.

"The Honorable, the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled: The Petition of John Marsh Humbly Showeth,"

"That your late Petitioner for a number of years Resided and Hunted with the Penobscot Tribe of Indians and by that means become perfectly acquainted with their Language previous to the late war with Great Britain and had left said tribe and settled on the River Chaudiere in the Province of Canada in a very comfortable and advantageous way of trade; and that on the arrival of the American Army under the Command of General Arnold, your Petitioner, compelled from a regard to his Country and the Solicitation and even Command of said General, to again Quit a Regular life and business and take upon himself the disagreeable way of savage living to serve as Linguister during the Blockade of the City of Quebec."

This blue-eyed Iroquois, who haunted the vicinity of Quebec, be-

came an object of suspicion to the English and he was taken before a court of inquiry and subjected to a most searching examination. He faced his examiners with the impassive dignity of a forest king and not by the quiver of an eyelash did he betray his white blood. The English then sent for their red-skinned allies and the Iroquois put him through "the third degree," plying him with every subtle meaning of every secret known to the Long House. At the end they exclaimed: "This man hath the Iroquois tongue and the bearing of a true Iroquois, but never yet was there known to be a blue-eyed Iroquois."

He was thereupon condemned to death as a spy, but was rescued by some of his own Tarratines. A few months later Marsh, in company with the rest of the Americans, was driven back over the border into the States.

But now the work that suited John Marsh far better than that of a painted "Linguister" became his portion. Col. John Allen, then commander of our troops in the eastern part of the State, employed Marsh as a messenger up and down the St. John river and as a guide to pilot troops through the woods of Maine to Machias.

In 1777, Col. Allen sent Marsh with important despatches to "The Honorable Council and to the Honorable House of Representatives in General Court assembled at Watertown in the state of Massachusetts Bay." He came by way of the Schoodic lakes in whose calm, shadowy depths moved the duskier shadows of great fish, down the singing Passadumkeag to the great, hurrying current of the Penobscot "white with foamy falls." Here he met old friends; established in comfortable homes with their families about them, living in peace and friendship with the Indians and prospering on every hand were his white friends, Colburn and Ayers. Living on the islands all up and down the Penobscot were his red friends, the Tarratines.

Red and white entreated Marsh to cast in his lot with them. The Indians gave him a princely grant—Arumsunkhungan Island, containing 5,000 acres and wearing its great forest like a fair, green mask—for the nominal consideration of 30 bushels of yellow corn.

This deed was executed, Jeremiah Colburn being witness, July 8, 1793, by a committee of Indians who represented that they had "good sight, full power and lawful authority." It was ratified in the following October, at a council of chiefs at the house of Robert Treat, Esq., in Bangor. Orono, chief of the Penobscots, was present and subscribed his mark which was the facsimile of a seal to this document.

Marsh took possession of Arumsunkhungan Island, gave it his own name which it bears to this day—Marsh Island—and on the spot where now stands the Maine Beta Upsilon Chapter house of the Alpha Tau Omega fraternity occupied by students of the University of Maine, built himself a great log house. Here in 1778, he brought Orono's first white bride, Sarah Colburn Marsh, for the blue eyes of the daughter of his old friend, Jeremiah Colburn, determined Marsh's stay among the Indians

far more than gifts of great islands or forests of singing pines. On the river bank between his house and the dark, calmly flowing Stillwater, John Marsh, with his own hands, planted an orchard of apple trees—trees whose sturdy vitality has enabled them to withstand the storms of over a century and to burst into rosy bloom with each recurring spring.

The great, hospitable log house overlooking this orchard became known as "The Interpreter's House" and John Marsh, the Interpreter, became a man of enormous influence. To the Interpreter's House came the forest people free to come, free to go. To the Interpreter, they looked for protection against the white men's violence and deception. He became their advocate in all matters lying between white and red, their judge from whose decision there was no appeal, their faithful friend who at call of need would journey from place to place to interpret for them. And never did they come in vain or go denied from the Interpreter's House.

"By day, by starlight, by the glimmer of moons long dead, by candlewood, by torch, by the flicker of smoke from green fires," the Interpreter spent his health and strength in service for these, his friends. Gradually, the Interpreter's House filled up with children. Sturdy, virile children who frolicked in the terraced orchard, swam the Stillwater, and learned the secrets of the great forests. Following is a list of the children of John and Sarah Marsh:

Samuel, married Jane Oliver of Orono. He died 1810. They had four daughters.

Benjamin, born in Camden, Oct. 29, 1780; unmarried; died in Orono, 1863.

Ziba, married Sarah, daughter of Benjamin C. Colburn of Pittston. They had 12 children. He died in 1843.

John H., married Bertha Freeze of Sunkhaze in 1813. He died in 1852. They had five daughters and seven sons.

William, born 1789. Methodist clergyman. Married and had 15 children. Died in Canada in 1865.

Jeremiah, born March 15, 1791. Methodist clergyman. Married and had 11 children.

Polly, married Matthew Oliver, of Orono; published Feb. 11, 1811. They had nine children.

Sarah, married Samuel Stevens of Sunkhaze, 1816.

Abigail, married Phineas Vinal; published Sept. 22, 1815. They had eight sons and three daughters. One of these sons is still living, in the person of Phineas Vinal, residing on Main Street, in Orono, aged 84 years.

Elijah, born March 28, 1801, married Mary Wiley and had nine children.

In 1784, Marsh agreed, with other men, to build a saw mill, the first in the town and the first on the river above Bangor. In 1787, Jeremiah Colburn gave his deposition relating to the mill:

Commonwealth of Massachusetts,
Penobscot, April 23, 1787.

The deposition of Jeremiah Colburn of Penobscot river in the county of Lincoln, gentleman, on oath testified and saith, that on about the 28th day of November, 1777, John Marsh of Penobscot in the county aforesaid, entered on an island called and known here by the name of Marsh's Island and took up and settled on a certain lot of land for a farm for himself which lot includes a mill privilege. That on or about the last of May, 1784, Messrs. Levy Bradley, Joseph Moore and Daniel Jemison, all of Penobscot in said county, did then and there agree with said John Marsh to build a saw mill upon the lot which the said John had settled as aforesaid. And the said Levy, Joseph and Daniel did also agree with the said Marsh to relinquish to him one-quarter part of one saw immediately after finished in the mill which they so built upon conditions that the said Marsh should relinquish ten acres of land included within said lot so as to include said mill privilege and upon the former conditions being fulfilled upon the said Levy, Joseph and Daniel's part. Then the said Marsh was to give a deed of said ten acres as soon as he obtained a deed from government.

JEREMIAH COLBURN.

This mill was located by "Slough Gundy," a little bay on Stillwater river that makes up into the shore about where the home of Prof. W. J. Morse of the University of Maine now stands. From this mill, a long sluice ran down the bank of the Stillwater to its junction with the Penobscot river. Here, at the end of this sluice, great lumber rafts were constructed which when complete were run down the Penobscot to the lumber mart of Bangor.

After a time, the Interpreter's House ceased to be, and John Marsh took up his residence on a farm on the eastern side of Marsh Island, directly overlooking the majestic Penobscot. This farm is now owned by the Penobscot Development Company. Here, Mrs. Marsh planted with her own hands a tiny apple tree brought from her former home in Massachusetts. It became a great tree, loaded with golden, juicy "pleasant sour" apples and from far and near, the pioneers came to obtain the seeds of this famous tree.

Beautiful for situation was this home also, but the restless spirit of the Interpreter drove him farther north on his beloved island, and yet another home became his before his death. This home was located on what afterwards became known as the "Heald lot," and the small, sturdy barn erected at the same time is still remembered by Orono's oldest inhabitants. A quiet little bay made up from the Penobscot into the land near this barn and this little bay eventually bore the name of Marsh Barn and in after years, it was a common thing to hear the lumbermen casually say that they had tied up their rafts for the night at Marsh Barn.

To this home, in the early days of the War of 1812, came a secret messenger of the American government to Marsh, who by this time was

over 60 years of age. On the departure of this government agent, a lithe Indian runner left the Marsh homestead and swiftly summoned, from among the Tarratines, John Marsh's much trusted friends. That night a secret conference was held at the Marsh homestead. The next day, Marsh bade his family farewell and set forth. One by one, his selected scouts joined Marsh, now as much an Indian in appearance as they.

Through the forests of Maine, at a killing pace, they sped like shadows. Over the border and into Canada they went, until they reached a selected spot, lonely and wild, on the king's highway. Here, one night, the Canadian mail was held up by a party of Indians. The frightened mail carrier was forced to deliver over the mail bags into the hands of a tall, wiry Iroquois, who evidently was unusually well acquainted with the white man's writing, for he passed by everything until he reached the precious government despatches. These he concealed in his clothing, tossed the mail bags—into which he crowded the discarded letters—back to the carrier and then, with his dusky companions, silently disappeared. The American army profited much by this exploit of John Marsh, the Interpreter.

Not long afterwards, in 1814, the strenuous life of the Interpreter ended and there was mourning, sincere and true, on the Penobscot Islands for the white man who never betrayed the red man's trust. The island which still bears the Interpreter's name became noted far and wide. Located within its limits, is part of the town of Orono and part of the city of Oldtown.

The House of Representatives, in Legislature, assembled, passed the following act, Feb. 8, 1866:

"The inhabitants of Orono are hereby authorized to raise money by taxation or loan, not exceeding \$11,000 for the purchase of the White farm and the Goddard or Frost farm, so-called, and convey the same or cause them to be conveyed to the trustees of the Maine State College of Agriculture and Mechanics Arts: provided, that the inhabitants of said Orono, at a legal meeting within 30 days from the approval of this act, by a vote of two-thirds of their legal voters present, and voting, shall agree thereto."

Now by a deed executed June 5, 1793, John Marsh conveyed "a certain tract of land being and lying on an island known as Marsh Island" to David Stockman, who, in turn, conveyed the same July 11, 1807, to Samuel White. This tract of land comprising 100 acres was thenceforward known as the "White farm." A tract of 200 acres just west of the White farm was conveyed by John Marsh to Seth Wright of Northampton, Mass. A French Canadian soldier by the name of Antoine Lachance, who had served before Quebec under Montgomery, squatted on this tract in 1795, cleared it up and lived there until his death, which took place August 6, 1839. Eventually, this farm was sold to the noted lumber king, Col. John Goddard, and from that time was designated as the "Goddard farm."

At a great and enthusiastic meeting held in Wilson's (now Mayo's) hall, February 26, 1866, the citizens of Orono voted to raise \$8,000 to be applied toward the purchase of the above mentioned farms. Oldtown generously contributed the remaining three thousand. The White and Goddard farms were purchased and then were conveyed, for the sum of \$1, to the trustees of the Maine State College and the Mechanic Arts.

Said Hon. Israel Washburn, Jr., the great war governor of Maine, in his splendid address at Orono Centennial celebration, March 4, 1874:

"Considering the locality of the college in its relation to the whole State; its proximity to the broad and fertile agricultural county of Aroostook, a county containing a larger number of acres of farming lands of the finest quality than any other five counties in New England; considering the different kinds of soil on the college farms, furnishing opportunities for a great variety of experiments; and considering finally, the surpassing beauty of its site, and its proximity to what I have ever regarded as, beyond question, the most charming inland village in the State, so far as outward setting of landscape and scenery is concerned; I think it must be universally conceded that the location of the college was fortunate and wise."

The years fled by, and great changes attended their flight. The feeble College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts has broadened and widened into the great and powerful University of Maine. On the site of the Interpreter's house stands a stately fraternity home, housing many students attending the university.

The Interpreter's orchard, after being in the possession of the Webster families of Orono for many years was, at a special town meeting held August 4, 1907, conveyed to the town by the heirs of the Webster estates upon the express condition, that it should forever be used and maintained by the town as a public park. Webster park, as this park has been designated by a grateful community, is a scene of natural beauty. Around its semi-circular shores, its strange key-ash trees and the deep, dark waters of the Stillwater ever hold an interchange of soft whisperings. Over its terraced slopes the gnarled old apple trees still stand guard as sturdily as in the far away years, when the clan-brothers, Orono, Lord of the Penobscot Isles, and John Marsh, the Interpreter, walked side by side beneath their fair green boughs.





Stairway of the Johnston Mansion

Glimpses of an Old Home: The Intimate Gossip of an Old Town

By LOUISE WHEELER BARTLETT

GLIMPSE I. 1844.



SALLY PERKINS came dancing along the rough wood road from Moore's Hill, where she had been to pick a basket of tender green tips of fir balsam, from which to make a pillow. Her mother was a great sufferer from neuralgia, and balsam was considered a sure cure. As she came within the ramparts of the old British fort the fast gathering November twilight enveloped her. Here she was alone in the gloaming, so near the spot where stood the gibbet on which they hung Ebenezer Ball.

Every bit of strength left her limbs. Could she ever get by the place? Why had she allowed herself to be so late? Her feet seemed to be rooted to the ground. She murmured to herself, "If I escape the shade of Ebenezer, it will be just my luck to run plumb into the ghost of the little drummer boy who was starved to death in the dungeon." Collecting all her courage she made a wild dash by the gibbet and away from the mouth of the magazine, down over the slope of the fort to Main street.

There she saw the lights twinkling in the houses. She turned with new-born boldness, waved her hand toward the gallows, and called out in derision:

"Take warning, then, O my dear friends!
Let me advise you all;
Pray shun all vice, and do not die
Like Ebenezer Ball."

As Sally came opposite the Johnston house, some one opened wide the front door, and a soft flood of candle light shone out. A sudden desire to enter that paradise of her young imagination came to her. Just then she saw Asa Collins go whistling by driving home her father's cows for the milking. In her little coaxing, yet imperious way, she called to him, "Here you, Asa, take this basket home to my mother and tell her I am going to stay up to Uncle Daniel's to supper."

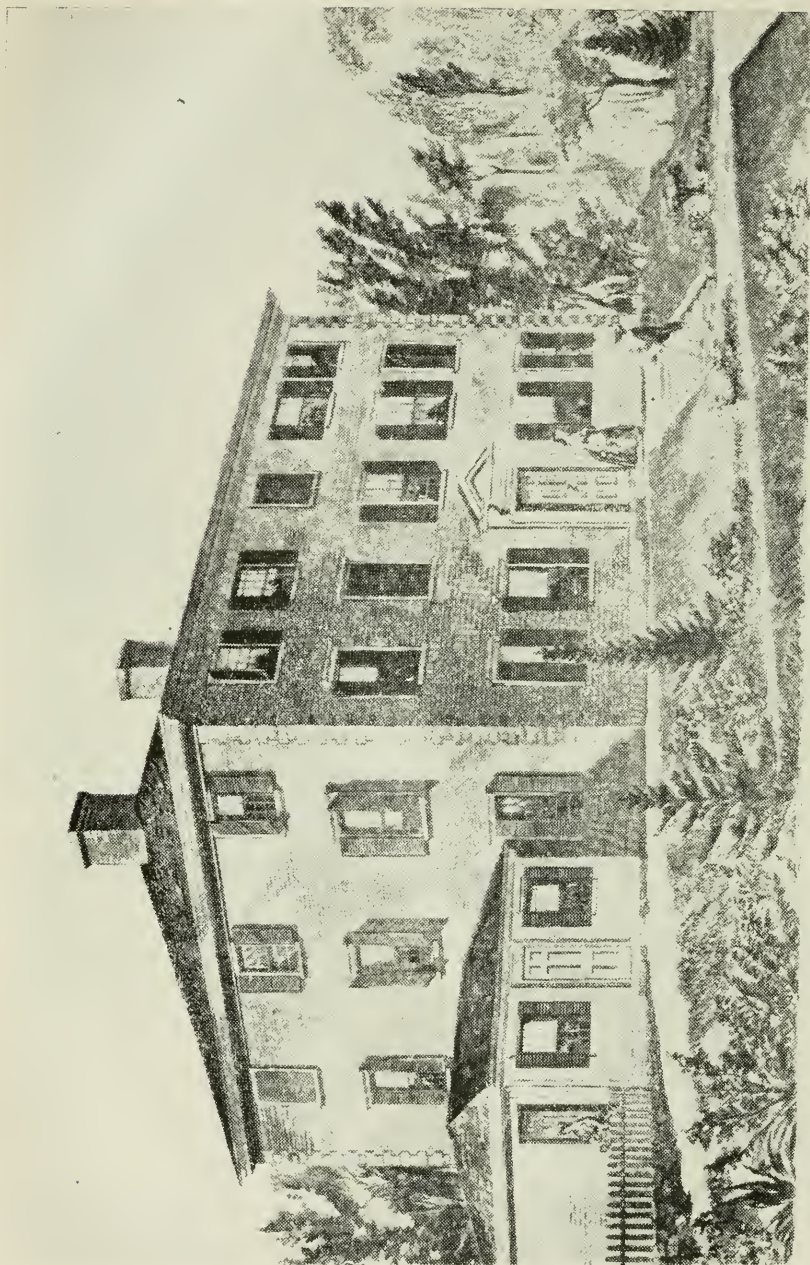
It was Uncle Daniel himself who stood in the wide doorway, only too glad to welcome the little sixteen-year-old niece. Daniel Johnston had come to the town of Castine about 1800, and had married Temperance Perkins. He kept a general store, where he sold not only groceries of all kinds, but clothing and shoes. Shortly before the war of 1812 he

had built this fine residence. There it stood beneath the shade of a dozen elms, its brick walls clothed in a soft colonial yellow; the doorways with their porticoes upheld by slender columns. The long ell rambled away at right angles, giving plenty of room for kitchen, scullery and servants' quarters. Daniel's position in the town as president of the bank, organized in 1816, allowed his keeping at least two maid servants and a man of all work.

One of Aunt Temperance's famous suppers was already waiting. The dining-room gleamed with the soft mellow light of old mahogany. The tablecloth of heavy linen had been woven by Sally's grandmother. Tall bayberry candles in quaint silver candlesticks lighted up an old silver service and eggshell teacups of blue Canton china. The boiled ham, beaten biscuit, honey and delicious cakes melted in Sally's mouth as she devoured them with the healthy appetite of a girl who lived much in the open. Aunt Tempy's recipes were known all over the county—recipes whose faded ink and wrinkled paper summed up the essence of the past ages of culinary skill.

After supper Sally ran to the old spinet in the drawing room, and brought out amazing strains of music, while she sang in a sweet, clear soprano, Uncle Dan's favorite hymns. Aunt Temperance soon came in from locking up the silver and putting away the cakes. Sally went to each of the long windows and carefully closed the lower shutters, leaving an oblong opening in each upper shutter, as she expressed it, "just a wink of light to guide the steps of old 'Liakim Heath on his homeward way, if he has taken, at the Green Dragon, more gin than he can conveniently carry."

The big open fireplace held an immense backlog of birch and a smaller fore log of driftwood bursting into the bright colors of wood soaked in salt water. The flames, curling up the chimney throat, cast a warm glow on the stately room with its old oil portraits, were reflected from the satin-striped paper (just over from England) with great baskets and festoons of gay flowers, and played over the high mantel with its brass candelabra adorned with scintillating glass prisms. The brass fire-dogs proudly guarded their wealth of glowing logs. The light of the flames radiated over the two old people in their mahogany arm-chairs; over Uncle Daniel with his fringe of yellow hair and his shining bald pate, dressed in a ruffled shirt and stock, blue small-clothes, and much brass-buttoned, swallow-tailed coat; over Aunt Tempy, clad in her "every-afternoon" black silk with its dainty embroidered collar fastened with the gold pin which contained her first baby's silken hair; over the soft white curls held by the high-carved, tortoise-shell comb given her by her cousin, the governor's wife, on her last visit to Augusta, but it touched with an unusual caress of warmth little Sally Perkins as she sat upon the deerskin rug in front of the fire, her head on Aunt Tempy's knees.



“Whitney Castle.” Built in 1795

Sally was short of stature with delicate bones and an enticing plumpness that might later turn to stoutness. Her hair was dark, wavy, and coiled low on her neck. Her features were small, her eyes a very beautiful brown. Her chiefest charm was her amiable disposition, her cheerful temperament, and a vivacity that overcame all obstacles.

Her Aunt Temperance tilted up the girl's flower-like face until she could look into the depths of the clear brown eyes before she said softly, "Our son Daniel is coming home next week from New Orleans, Sally, and brings his friend, Alonzo Wakeman."

After a few words of pleasure at Cousin Dan's expected home-coming, Sally began to tease for a story. Long before the Johnstons had built this fine house, it had been Sally's custom each evening to coax for a story of Aunt Temperance's girlhood.

"What can I tell you to-night, Sally? I am almost cleaned out of stories. Do you remember that cross old maid who lived down at the South End? Yes, her name was Mehitable Reedman, and she did limp dreadfully. It was rheumatiz that threw her so out of shape. Indeed, she was snappy with the boys when they ran through her flower garden.

"Well, when I was a girl, Mehitable was the sweetest little thing, all pink cheeks, yellow curls and big blue eyes. She was engaged to marry a young sailor. I think he was the son of Deborah Orr, who used to keep the tavern on lower Main street. No, perhaps his name was Mac-something. It makes no difference—I only knew Mehitable. Her lover had only been short trips, like up to Boston on the packet, but now he had a chance to take a long voyage, to get good pay, and was allowed to do a little bartering on his own account. I think he was going to Hong Kong. She told us girls all about the lovely things he had promised to bring her home for their wedding. She was a seamstress, and she nearly worked her fingers to the bone. Day times she worked for other people, and nights she sat up and sewed by the light of a tallow dip to get her linen chest filled and the few clothes she would need for herself, made.

"Her lover expected to be gone a year. She had only one letter from him, which a passing ship took to Boston. Letters were expensive things those days. It cost twenty-five cents postage to Boston. Our mails had been very small, so George Russell used to walk with the mail carried in a big yellow handkerchief or in saddle-bags over his shoulders, but when Abner Lee began to carry the mail there was more of it, so he harnessed up his horse and heifer together. It made a very stylish outfit. That was long before the days of stage-coaches.

"To go back to Mehitable, she never heard another word from her beau for two years. Then there came a report that the ship had been wrecked off the coast of Africa. About six months later the captain of the ship came back, and he told poor Mehitable that most of the crew got into a life boat and were rescued by a Spanish ship. Two of the crew, her lover one of them, swam ashore. When they got thru the surf, the men in the lifeboat saw six black savages fall on them and begin to tear

them limb from limb to eat them, for they were cannibals on that coast. First Mehitable went crazy with grief, and we all hoped she would die. Then she recovered her senses, but almost went into a decline. Finally she got well, but grew sour and crabbed, so that every one disliked her except the few of us who remembered her buried romance."

"Dear Aunt Tempy, just one more story," coaxed Sally.

"Well, remember, child, just one more. Then, Sally, you must be going home, for it is getting late for little girls. How would you like to hear about the Baked Papoose?"

"At one time Mr. Joseph Perkins' family lived in a small house where the Tilden store now stands. They had an old-fashioned stone oven down in their cellar, where once a week they did up all the family baking. Their maid-servant was a young Indian woman, who had a little baby. Every afternoon she would rock her baby to sleep and put it away in this oven for safe keeping. One day, after hiding away her baby, she went down to the Marsh Bridge to hold a tryst with some member of her tribe. Mrs. Perkins was perfectly ignorant that her oven was used as a baby's crib. She had some relatives come down the Penobscot River in a trading packet. They expected to be here several days. She planned to give them a good hot supper. Contrary to her usual habit, she built a big fire under the oven. A thing she never did was to bake in the afternoon. Such a time as there was when Mrs. Perkins opened the oven door to put in her raised rolls, and found the little roasted papoose. The mother was frantic when she got home. Soon after, she went back to live with her own tribe, and the Perkins family moved into the house where they now live. Ever since it has been called a haunted house."

At Aunt Temperance's last words Sally hustled into her thick winter coat and hood. With an ardent, but grateful hug and kiss for both Uncle Daniel and the old auntie, she started for home. Sally's own home had been built in 1765. It was overflowing with children and good cheer. It had the finest of views of the beautiful Castine harbor. The furnishings were of substantial mahoganies of the period before the Revolution, but lacked the luxuries which sea captains were now bringing home to their families from foreign voyages. The Whitney Castle with its big ball room on the top floor and the Johnston house were the best exponents of this new era of artistic furnishings.

Cousin Dan brought home from New Orleans his chum, Alonzo Wakeman, who was immensely taken by Sally's charming manner. Later they became engaged to be married, which was the source of much hidden grief to Dan, as his heart too had long been entangled by Sally's mischievous ways and graces. Out of sight, out of mind, was true in Sally's case, however, for before the year was over the engagement had been broken. The following summer she yielded to the importunities of Cousin Daniel. They were married, and went to live in New Orleans. Daniel Johnston the second, like his father, had the faculty of making

money. Soon his wife had the chance to travel, both in this country and in Europe.

As the years went by four children were born to them, two boys and two girls. They found the conditions and the climate in New Orleans poor for the upbringing of children. So Sally spent her summers in Castine with Uncle Daniel and Aunt Temperance. When this worthy couple had passed away, her sister, Lucy, took charge of the Johnston home.

Lucy Leighton's romance had been all too brief. She had married at eighteen a bluff, but worthy young sea captain. There had been a blue-eyed baby girl, whose little life had left behind merely a memory and a miniature. Then her husband was lost at sea. Now Lucy's lot in life was to foster-mother her nephews and nieces. Sumner and Dan the third were now left in Castine with Aunt Lucy at the old homestead both winter and summer with a yearly visit from their parents.

GLIMPSE II. 1884.

The little village of Castine drowns thru the fleeting summer hours, hemmed in by woods and waters of the Penobscot. No noisy trains or whirling trolleys break its wind-swept silences. Its broad streets are lined with lofty elms, which form an arch of shade from the heat of the noonday sun. White are the houses that gleam from behind the unbroken green of lawn and shrubbery, with here and there one clad in softest yellow. For generations these homes have sent out men who have gone down to the sea in ships. They have brought home from the seven seas tributes from all nations, which they guard within their walls safe from the clutch of the collector of antiques.

The Johnston house is astir with life. The widowed mistress no longer answers to the name of Sally, but as Aunt Sarah she now wears the mantle of Aunt Temperance. She and Aunt Lucy Leighton are entertaining at tea, Jeannette, the village belle, Fan, the best raconteur for miles around, and Elizabeth, the dignified. Just as in Sally's day the table gleams, only over everything lies that more mellow atmosphere which age lends to its favorites. Uncle Andy, the old gray-haired colored retainer, brought from the South twenty years before, moves quietly about his duties as butler. The soft summer twilight fills the library with its lingering shadows as, after their delicious meal, two of the young girls curl up on the old mahogany davenport and the third luxuriates in the arms of a real Canton chair. The cry goes forth, just as it did in 1844, for a story of the olden days.

"Do you know, Fannie," begins Aunt Sarah, "I was looking to-day at that old silver tobacco-box your uncle, Captain Elisha Dyer, brought home from Holland, and it called up a crowd of old memories of my girlhood. I could see him before my eyes exactly as he looked the night we

gave Hezekiah Williams the great surprise party. A dozen of us planned it, when suddenly we remembered that we could not have a real good dance without any piano. That was before the Williamses bought their piano, and ours was the only one in town. 'Lisha Dyer said, 'Let's take your piano over, Sally.' Luckily father and mother had gone to prayer-meeting or they would not have allowed such a crazy act.

"The boys brought in cord-wood sticks and laid our piano, which was rather small, flat across them, then each boy put his shoulder under one end of a log and we started on the march. We girls brought up the rear, with the piano legs and stool. When we got to the Williams house, Hez was over to the Hawes girls'. Miss Almira taught him navigation, and knew as much about it as any old sea captain. Before he came home we had the piano all set up. We really had a very jolly evening, with singing and dancing.

When we went home, about midnight, we found that the snow had drifted quite badly. On our way we passed the Higgins house, next door to the church, where the three Higgins sisters lived. They were very religious, and expected to be wafted to heaven with greater glory than any of their poor neighbors. Just as we got in front of the Unitarian church the boys put down the piano, to rest themselves. I sat down on the stool right there in the snow drifts, and played and sang "Glory, Hallelujah!" and several hymns. The rest of the party joined in strong on the chorus. Then we picked up the piano and the stool and quietly stole away. The next day the Higgins sisters told all over town what a glorious visitation they had had in the middle of the night; that an angel band, clad in white with their heads wreathed with halos of light, had discoursed sweet music before their windows. For a week they sat up late each night ready to be taken up on high to their special seat among the elect.

"We played many pranks in those days that parents would not countenance now. One day we had been to a launching of a big ship down in Master Noyes's shipyard. About the whole town was there. We decided that when the old folks went to the supper which was usually given after a launching, we young people would have a spree of our own. So we went, one at a time, to the old academy building. As we were not allowed to use this school building without permission, we took with us shawls, blankets, and carriage robes. These we tacked up at the windows, which were not so large as the modern schoolhouse windows. One of our number stood outside to be sure that not a ray of light could be seen thru the blankets, while the others lighted the candles and built a fire in the flat-topped, soapstone stove. We had a kettle and several quarts of good New Orleans molasses. We made some fine candy and pulled it amidst much merriment. After that we popped corn and played games. There was a good deal of candy left over, we had such a quantity, so the girls divided it.

"About ten o'clock we crept home to bed. As I was undressing, I started to pull off my solitaire diamond ring—you know that was the year

I was engaged to Alonzo Wakeman. To my amazement and grief, I found that the diamond was gone from its setting. I then remembered that the candy had stuck to my fingers dreadfully when I was pulling it. In no time I was dressed again, and rushed over to the Cate house. It was all in darkness. I rang the bell several times, and finally one of the girls came down to the door. She had a lighted candle in her hand, and as she opened the door the wind blew it out. The Cate house was so big and rambling that I was rather afraid when I crept into the vast hall. We whispered there in the dark. I told her of my loss, and asked her to give me what was left of her share of the candy. That summer, Harriet Beecher Stowe was visiting them. She was some sort of an in-law relation. She was busy writing "Uncle Tom's Cabin." We had waked her with our talking, and she put her head, all covered with frowzy little curls, out of her chamber door to advise me to go to the other houses quickly and collect the candy before it was eaten. So I went to the Williamsses and the Whitney Castle. At each place they seemed sorry for my lost diamond, but a little vexed at being disturbed in their first sleep. To make a long story short, I took home all the candy, put it in a saucepan over the coals in our fireplace until it melted, and strange as it may seem, I found my diamond in it safe and sound."

Just then Aunt Lucy Leighton woke up from her usual after-supper nap and said softly, "Tell the girls about the time you brought home the black lace shawl from Paris."

"There's not much to tell," replied the buxom little widow.

"One afternoon, just before dusk, Mrs. Abbot and I were sitting on her doorstep looking thru that avenue of fragrant green spruces out over Penobscot Bay, which looked even lovelier than the Bay of Naples. The sight of it made me just long to travel again. I spoke out and said, 'I would like to go to Paris once more before I die.' Temperance thought a moment, and replied, 'Let's go next week. I had a letter to-day from my step-daughter, and she is very anxious for me to visit her.' Just on the spur of the moment, as it were, we made our plans. The next week 'Squire Abbot started with us for New York City to see us safely on our foreign steamer. As we had a few hours we did a little shopping. I remember 'Squire Abbot bought his wife a remarkably handsome black lace shawl as a parting gift.

"We had a fine trip across the ocean and a perfectly beautiful visit in Paris. The shops there were just distracting, there were so many elegant bargains. Things sold for a mere song. I was tempted and fell. I purchased a handsome black lace shawl for myself. It cost a pretty penny, much more than I could really afford.

"On our return trip I began to worry about how much duty I would be obliged to pay on all my new things. I arranged my trunk for the examination of the customs inspector with a great deal of care. The next day, when he began to poke thru my trunk, I became very affable and helped him all I could. In fact, I kept him so busily and agreeably talk-

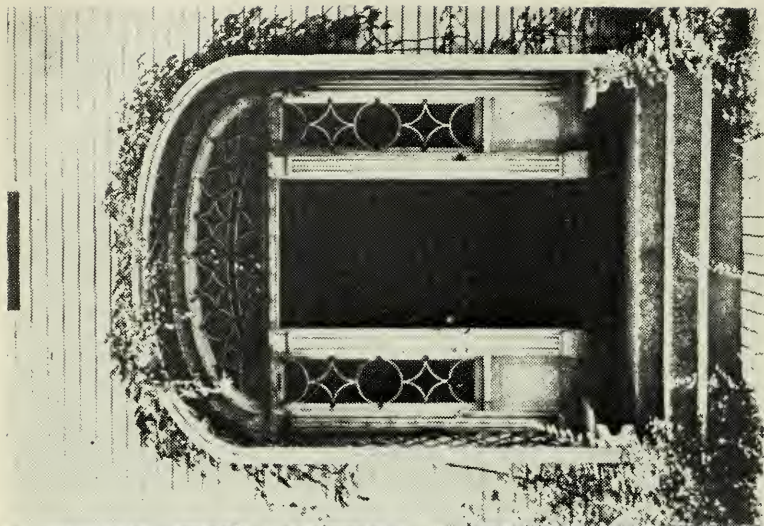
ing with me that he failed to notice several dutiable articles. I had folded my new black lace shawl up very small and put it inside of my extra hair bustle. It was lying right there in full view in the bottom of my trunk, but he never offered to open it. Well, when he had passed my trunk thru with only a few dollars' duty, I turned to see what was happening to Mrs. Abbot.

"Temperance Abbot was just the sort of woman for a minister's wife. She was just as square and fair about everything in this world, and she had declared every article which she bought in Paris, I believe, even down to a new toothbrush. Then the man who was examining her trunk pounced on her black lace shawl. She never was much of a talker, so I went to her rescue. I swore until I was black in the face that her husband bought that black lace shawl right in New York City. It was of no avail. Temperance blushed redder and redder, and was almost in tears, but that stupid man took it for signs of her guilt instead of vexation, as it really was. They actually made her pay fifty dollars' duty on that lace shawl. When we got home to Castine, Squire Abbot was the maddest man I ever saw, and do you blame him? Did you ask if he was a classmate at Bowdoin of the poet Longfellow? Yes, my child, and of Hawthorne, too. He was a fine lawyer and a man of sterling character.

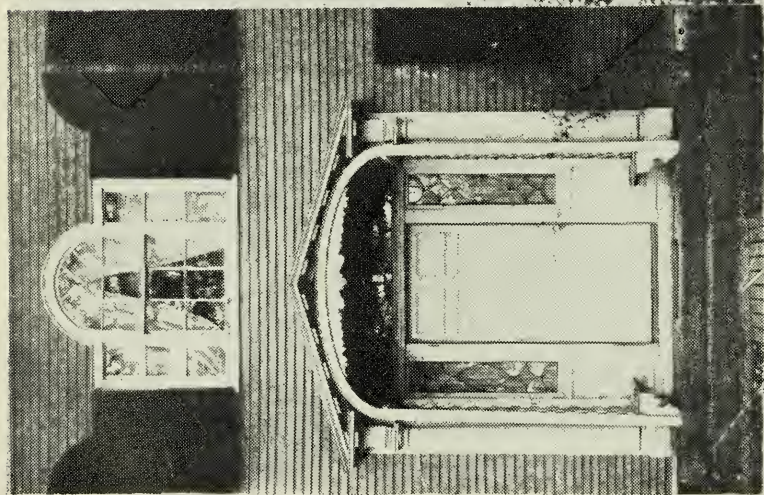
"I see, Jennie, that you have been looking over that old diary of Eggathy Phillips. Didn't they have queer names in olden times? Did you ever hear of Hate-evil McCarslin? He was a queer old man, who lived here in town. The British officers in 1812 joked him a great deal. He was only half-witted, and did very queer things. Once he went into church and put some sausages and bacon on the stove, and the congregation did not know it, until they began to smell it frying. Another time he went to General Gosselin's headquarters, saying, 'Are you General Goslin?' The general said, 'Yes, I am.' 'Then,' said Hate-evil, 'Damn the goose that hatched yer.'

"One day Hate-evil took his wife Hepzibah across the harbor to one of the small islands, where they spent the day picking blueberries. On their return Hepzibah was seated in the bow of the dory. When they reached the landing she tried to step smart and spry over the side of the dory with an eight-quart pail of blueberries in each hand. Hate-evil tried to hold the boat steady with an oar. One moment Hepzibah stood, one foot on the step and one in the boat. Hate-evil tried to help her, but his oar slipped and over went Hepzibah head first. A bluff sea captain saved her from a watery grave. When she stood on solid ground once more, and saw her blueberries bobbing on the waves, she turned to her gallant rescuer and said, as matter-of-fact as you please, 'Oh, save my berries.'"

The grandfather clock on the stairs struck ten, and Uncle Andy came in with a candle in his hand on his rounds of the house to lock the lower windows for the night. The three girls took the gentle hint and voiced



Cate Doorway



Johnston Doorway

their thanks for the generous hospitality and the fund of stories. Then each one took her homeward way.

The sons of the Johnston house both went into business in Chicago, where the elder died. Both little daughters had died in early childhood. Daniel Johnston, the third, married in Chicago, and later, with wife and little daughter, went to the Pacific coast. His mother, little Sally, lived for several years alone in her big house dispensing hospitality with a lavish hand. Then she, too, was gathered to her fathers, leaving her native place a fine town clock as a reminder of her interest in and affection for the old town with a history.

For twenty-five years or more the old house has been the temporary home of a professor, whose young daughters have grown up within its safe anchorage. Its wide halls and broad steps have re-echoed with the joy of life and the abundant mirth of young college girls. Little grandsons have prattled thru the stately rooms and played baseball on the lawns, but not grandsons of the Johnston name.

GLIMPSE III. 1914.

Is it Dan's daughter? Is it really Dorothy Johnston, who sits on the lowest stair of the long, broad flight in the wonderful old hall? The Johnston house has come into its own again. Dorothy, with the Johnston wealth of yellow hair, the pink delicacy of skin, and the enticing plumpness of her father's family, and the beautiful brown eyes and vivacious speech of her grandmother, with it all a certain western breeziness and a sturdy independence, which is all Dorothy's own. She makes a very pretty picture sitting there, a white embroidered Japanese silk gown falling away from her finely molded neck and arms, her fingers picking at the strings of a little mandolin while she sings in a simple, unaffected manner some Hawaiian folk-song, which she had gathered up on the California seacoast.

It is her first visit to the home of her ancestors, and she loves that home, loves every inch of it. It is all so different from the newness of her western home. One day she devotes to the drawing-room. She learns the history of every book and picture. She spends hours over the old albums, with their many family portraits. There is a day for the dining-room. An old chest is brought out filled with family silver. Here is the little silver cream pitcher, given Aunt Temperance when she was a bride; here are the heavy tablespoons, given by Major Andrews, 1814; these are the thin old teaspoons, which have been used by the family since 1760.

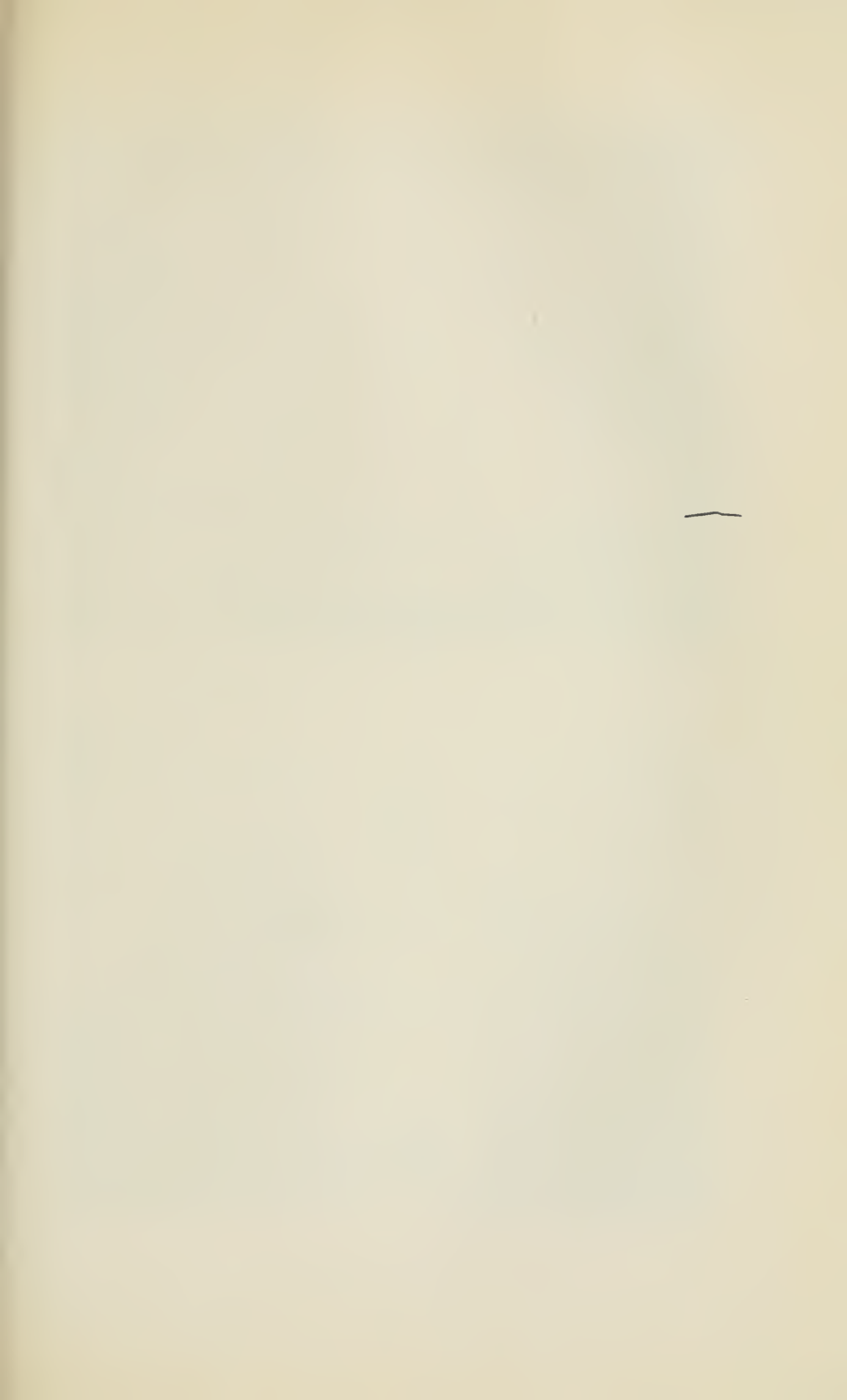
But the garret is the spot above all others which is a constant delight to this daughter of the house of Johnston. It is also a liberal education in things of the past. The doors and windows, here, there, and every-

where, are opened wide. The autumn breezes enter freely and stay awhile, sure of a free passage out. The cheerful sunbeams enter, too, and light up all the shadowy places. In one corner stands the old spinning-wheel, which has spun all the linen of the past generations. By the window with the southern exposure is an old mahogany four-poster covered with a hand-made blue and white spread. A marvelous braided rug fills the space between the bed and a great winged chair by the window, a chair covered with faded English chintz figured with vivid green trees, among whose branches dark red squirrels chase a wonderful flock of very blue birds. Evidently this corner was an overflow bedroom. Several old hair trunks, with the initials of their former owners outlined with brass nails, stand under the eaves asking to be opened.

Dorothy quickly responds, and soon bed and chairs are covered with a nondescript assortment of gowns built before 1820. There are brocaded satins with ridiculously high waists, with tiny, high-heeled satin slippers to match, crape shawls, yellow and dingy with much folding. The sweet, clean smell of lavender penetrates the whole garret. Like a child, Dorothy is seized with the spirit of trying-on. Soon her figure is draped in an old pink satin with a creamy, filmy lace drapery. As she stands on tiptoe to fasten in her hair an aigrette slightly the worse for wear, she spies in the cracked gilt-framed mirror a Chippendale escritoire standing, like a decrepit old man, on one leg, with a box to balance it. Her masquerade is forgotten. In the twinkling of an eye she pulls the battered old desk in front of the window, opens the drawers and explores their depths. In the secret drawer she finds a box, which contains a quaint miniature on ivory of great-Grandfather Daniel as a chubby boy; an old gold locket with the initials T. J. in brilliants, hung on a slender thread of gold; and a packet of love letters of Temperance Johnston tied with a faded love-knot of blue and written in palest ink.

There let us leave her enthroned like a queen of old in the big, winged chair, with the old locket lying just above her heart. Do you ask for Dorothy's romance? It is just in the making. She stands on the borderland of youth and love. Will her romance be of the East or West? Who can tell? When its adopted family leaves the old house, as in time it needs must, will it stretch out its arms in vain to gather into its embrace for its last years one of the Johnston family?







The Margareta (Taken from an old drawing)



Old Burnham Tavern

The First Naval Battle of the Revolution At Machias, June 12, 1775

By BEULAH SYLVESTER OXTON

FAR EASTWARD on the rocky coast of Maine a shining river curves suddenly out of the forest, flows quietly onward a few miles, leaps over a precipice, and, amid the thunder and foam of its falls, joins the ocean tide.

Thither came, in the early autumn of 1762, a company of men from the town of Scarborough, Maine (then in the Massachusetts Colony) seeking, because of the ravages of fire and drouth during the two seasons past, a supply of hay and, if might be, a new field for lumbering operations.

Providence must have guided them to the banks of the Machias for there, indeed, they found acres of marshlands covered with the native "salt hay" untouched by the scythe. And, more precious still, a virgin forest of pine stretched for miles on either hand and power furnished by the falls waited to serve them.

What wonder that the following spring witnessed the first permanent English settlement at Machias. That the new colony should have been prosperous from the beginning was to be expected, drawing as it did from the older settlements the more fearless, industrious and enterprising of the people.

In seven years, or in 1770, a grant of the township had been secured, eighty families were living in a central village at the Falls with several others located at nearby points. Five saw-mills were in operation. A brisk trade in lumber had been established with parties in the older colonies, especially Boston, who sent their vessels to Machias loaded with provisions, dry goods, hardware and a variety of other supplies needed by a new and thriving settlement. Returning they brought back the rich spoils of the forest—pine lumber—so prized in the more populous centers of New England.

Among the leading men in Machias at this time were Morris O'Brien and his six sons who had joined the colony in 1765, coming from Scarborough. They at once became interested in lumbering and together with several other men built the first double saw-mill, called the "Dublin Mill," for O'Brien's old home in Ireland. The two sons, Jeremiah and John O'Brien, were later to be leading spirits in the events connected with the first naval battle of the Revolution and the subsequent history of their town and country. And to-day, one of the latest additions to the navy of the United States bears their honored name.

Other men prominent in the new town were: Benj. Foster, afterwards colonel; Captain Ichabod Jones and his nephew, Stephen Jones, who later became Judge Jones; Joseph Getchell, Benj. Foss, Daniel Elliott, Joseph Libby, Samuel and Sylvanus Scott, Jonathan Longfellow and a score of others.

As will be seen, the settlement at Machias was an isolated one, the nearest towns of any considerable size being Castine on the west and on the east the town of Annapolis, Nova Scotia. The forest hemmed them in on all sides save one. The sea was their only highway. Thus was early developed in the people a sturdy independence, self-reliance, love of liberty and devotion to their home.

But though far removed from the older New England settlements the people of Machias kept in touch with them thru trade with the Boston merchants, and sympathized heartily with the spirit of opposition on the part of the Massachusetts Colony to the acts of English oppression leading up to the opening of hostilities in 1775.

Gathered as was their custom when any subject of a public nature claimed attention, a group of Machias citizens in the east room of Burnham Tavern discussed the news from Lexington which had been conveyed to the settlement by a trading vessel from "the west'ard." When during the debate, a proposal was made by Benj. Foster that they erect a Liberty Pole, all present readily agreed. It was also decided to appoint a Committee of Safety to have charge of all matters relative to the Proclamation lately issued by the Provincial Congress. In order that this action should assume a legal aspect and receive more general approval by the people, a public meeting was called on the following day. At this gathering it was unanimously voted to plant a "Liberty Tree in front of the town house." Before sunset that very day a tall pine tree had been erected in the public square and the people, men, women and children had congregated beneath it and pledged property, honor and life if need be to the defence of "Colonial Rights and Independence."

Very soon following these events two vessels belonging to Capt. Ichabod Jones set sail from Machias for Boston loaded with lumber. Capt. Jones himself commanded one, the "Unity," and a Capt. Horton the "Polly." Captain Jones had lived in Boston until the year past. His family, then on a visit to Machias relatives, had been prevented from returning home thru the effect of the Boston Port Bill. Now the captain was anxious to remove his house furnishings and to bring a cargo of food supplies to the people of Machias. Upon the arrival of his vessels in Boston conditions were so alarming that he hastened to remove not only his own household goods but those of his son, together with the family and that of a Mr. Lee, his son's partner in business.

In order, however, to accomplish his purpose it was necessary to gain permission from Admiral Graves, then in command of Boston Har-

bor. This was granted only on condition that Jones return with his two vessels and bring to Boston lumber greatly needed by the British for the construction of barracks for their troops then quartered in the town.

Accordingly, Captain Jones sailed for Machias, accompanied by an armed schooner the "Margaretta." This latter vessel was under orders of the admiral to see that Jones fulfilled his contract and incidentally to protect him should any resistance to his return be offered by the Machias citizens.

On the second day of June, the vessels with their armed convoy arrived and anchored in the river off the village. Suspicion was at once aroused in the minds of the people, not only by the presence of the ship of war, but also by the action of Capt. Jones in circulating among them, before re-opening trade, a certain obligation. By signing this the people promised to send their lumber to Boston and to protect the captain and his property in event of trouble. Furthermore the lumber desired was exactly the kind needed by the British to build barracks. As soon as this feeling became general it was followed by the determination that the "Unity" and "Polly" should not return to Boston.

What action the people would have taken to carry out their resolve must remain a matter of conjecture; but it may be doubted if later events did not result in the same or similar action.

The "Margaretta" was commanded by Captain Moor, a gallant young Irishman, a relative of Admiral Graves. His personality must have been winning and disarming to a degree, for it is recorded that, "by his gentlemanly conduct he won largely the esteem of the inhabitants."

Soon after his arrival in Machias, Capt. Moor noticed the Liberty Pole and remarked to a group of men then near him, "that pole must come down." Whereat he was given to understand that no such action would be taken. His spirit was at once aroused by such determined resistance to the orders of His Majesty's officer, and he replied that if the pole was not removed at once it would be his duty to fire upon the town. As he was about to return to his boat, Captain Jones prevailed upon him to suspend action until a public meeting could be held. For it was his, Jones', opinion, that the people would vote to remove the objectionable pole in view of Moor's threat.

Events hastened rapidly to a climax. That afternoon the Committee of Safety met. They recommended a town meeting for the following day, doubting not what the sentiment of the people would be concerning the Liberty Tree.

Then they proceeded to discuss plans for defence in anticipation of an attack upon the town. Messengers were sent to ask assistance from the nearest settlements at Chandler's River, now the town of Jonesboro, and to Pleasant River, now parts of the towns of Addison and Columbia.

At the town meeting held on Saturday, June the tenth, the people of Machias voted unanimously to defend their rights and the Liberty Pole was retained.

In order rightly to understand the character and spirit of these patriots we must remember their isolation, their dependence upon the mother colony for food supply, their lack of numbers and means for defence, the retribution certain to follow any open act of resistance to British authority, the strength of the foe and the ease with which he could control their only means of communication. In view of these facts, their resolve to resist the British power must be acknowledged one of the bravest in the annals of this or any other people.

When it became known that Capt. Moor would attend church on the following Sabbath, a few of the boldest among the younger men conceived a plot whereby the commander could be surprised and taken prisoner before he should return to the "Margaretta." This enterprise no doubt would have been accomplished had it not been frustrated in an unforeseen manner. During the service on Sunday morning, Capt. Moor, glancing out of a nearby window, saw men crossing the river below, each armed with a gun. (The men from Chandler's River). Immediately becoming fearful of a conspiracy, he lost no time in making his escape from the church by the easiest method—the open window.

At once the congregation was in confusion and amid the tumult that ensued, Capt. Moor made his way unhindered to his boat and thence to the "Margaretta," which was soon put under sail and headed down the stream after firing several ineffective shots upon the town. Later in the day he sent word back to the village that he would return and fire upon the town should any attempt be made to interfere with Jones' vessels, then partly loaded, or to prevent their departure for Boston with the promised lumber.

Scant attention was paid these orders from the captain. Instead, at a meeting of citizens held that afternoon, it was proposed to seize the Jones vessels and with them follow and capture the "Margaretta." This meeting was held in a field near O'Brien Brook. It was contended by some present that should the proposed attack upon the "Margaretta" prove unsuccessful, it would lay the settlement open to immediate destruction by the British. On the other side, it was urged that resistance to British aggression had already begun and it was their duty to follow the example of the men at Lexington.

Smith's Centennial says: "Foster at length, tired of the discussion and hesitancy manifested, stepped across the brook and invited all who were in favor of taking Capt. Jones' vessels and the Margaretta to jump over also. On this a large majority followed him at once and the minority falling in, a unanimous declaration of war was agreed upon."

The plan adopted was this: Jeremiah O'Brien, with about forty men, was to seize the sloop "Unity," while Benj. Foster went to "East Falls" to make ready a vessel and gather a company of men from that place. Both vessels were to join at the "Rim" on the morrow and together proceed to the capture of the "Margaretta."

No one attended divine services that afternoon. Every hour men arrived from the neighboring settlements armed with guns, or lacking those, carried their pitchforks, scythes or axes. While the men completed their plans, the women melted lead and cast balls and sought high and low for powder and shot. Ammunition was not plentiful in those early days and one can imagine that many a treasured heirloom of pewter and, mayhap, of silver was unselfishly laid that day upon the altar of liberty. And this story would not be complete did it not record the act of heroism performed by two young women, Hannah and Rebecca Weston, sisters-in-law, aged seventeen and fifteen, who carried from Chandler's River to Machias thru the almost trackless forest, a distance of nearly twenty miles, between thirty and forty pounds of lead tied in a pillow-case.

Early on the morning of Monday, June twelfth, the sloop "Unity" joined the "Falmouth Packet" at the "Rim." But before the attack on the "Margaretta" was begun the packet became grounded leaving the "Unity" to push on unaided to the encounter.

The "Margaretta" was a cutter and mounted four, four-pound guns and sixteen swivels. She was commanded by a trained naval officer and manned by hardy seamen. The "Unity" carried no guns and was under the command of a civilian untrained in the art of naval warfare and manned by farmers, lumbermen and shop-keepers, who had as their equipment only twenty fowling-pieces with three charges of ammunition, thirteen pitch-forks and ten or twelve axes. Yet the reckless bravery and intrepid daring of these men were to outweigh all advantages of the enemy.

When Captain Moor found he was pursued, he seems to have been desirous of avoiding a collision, and crowded on all sail in an attempt to escape the "Unity." In tacking the "Margaretta" met with an accident to her main boom and ran into Holmes' Bay where a spar was taken from a vessel anchored there in command of Capt. Robert Avery. When the repairs were completed Capt. Avery was pushed on board the British vessel to act as pilot and, the wind favoring, they stood out to sea fully expecting to outsail their pursuers.

But the sloop proved the better sailor and soon came within hailing distance. Captain Moor called out that if the "Unity" came too near he would open fire. In return O'Brien demanded him to surrender. Soon the vessels were along side and a sharp engagement ensued with musketry at close quarters. The men on the "Unity" had decided to board the "Margaretta" so when the two came together, O'Brien and his followers leaped upon the enemy's deck, John O'Brien being the first man to do so, closely followed by Joseph Getchell.

The encounter was short, sharp and decisive. The gallant captain of the "Margaretta" was among the first to fall, mortally wounded, and his second in command, a young midshipman, was so terrified that he

sought safety in the cabin leaving O'Brien and his men to take possession without resistance. Thus was won the first naval battle of the Revolution more than a year before the Declaration of Independence was adopted and several days before the Battle of Bunker Hill.

Of the patriots, one was killed, one mortally wounded, and three others severely injured, who later recovered. On the "Margaretta," beside Captain Moor, four were killed, one being Robert Avery, and several injured. The captured vessel was brought that same day back to Machias where the wounded were landed. Some were placed in the east room of Burnham Tavern, others in a shop, converted for the time into a hospital. Captain Moor was carried to the home of Stephen Jones where he died the following day.

Lovers of romance will be interested to know that when the "Margaretta" first arrived at Machias she had on board two young women as passengers. One was the promised wife of the captain and they were to have been married in Halifax as soon as he had performed his duty in seeing the Jones vessels loaded and on their way to Boston.

Remembering this we may the more easily excuse the young naval officer if his conduct when pursued by the "Unity" at first savored of cowardice in seeking to run away from a battle in which every advantage was apparently on his side. He could not have conceived defeat possible.

In justice rather let us say he did not deem the action of the "Unity" the result of sober judgment on the part of the majority of Machias citizens, but instead, considered it the act of a few daring young upstarts over-anxious for excitement and adventure. They would readily return home when their enterprise proved unsuccessful and be glad to make peaceable settlement with Ichabod Jones for the seizure of his property. Neither would the young captain consent, unless under great provocation, to fire upon the village that sheltered the darling of his heart. No, he would prevent any outrage if possible, put to sea at once and later, when affairs had become less tense, return to Machias. He would see Captain Jones safely under sail for Boston, then take his sweetheart on board once more and continue their voyage to Halifax, there to receive the sweet reward for all his trouble. Alas, how inscrutable is fate!

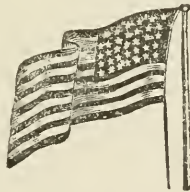
We are told that the grief and shock following that day's fatal battle, when the dying lover was brought to the house where she awaited a far different coming, were too great for his affianced and she outlived him little more than a year.

As was foreseen, the capture of the "Margaretta" with resulting events did bring down upon Machias the stern wrath of the British. In the summer of 1777 the settlement was besieged for three months, both

by land and water. But all attempts to reduce the town failed and the English forces were obliged to relinquish the task. Never were the patriots of that little colony forced to surrender to the foe. Instead they rendered signal services in helping to hold from British occupation the vast tract of land lying between the Penobscot and St. Croix Rivers, so that when our eastern boundary was finally determined, it was the latter river and not the Penobscot that formed part of the frontier.

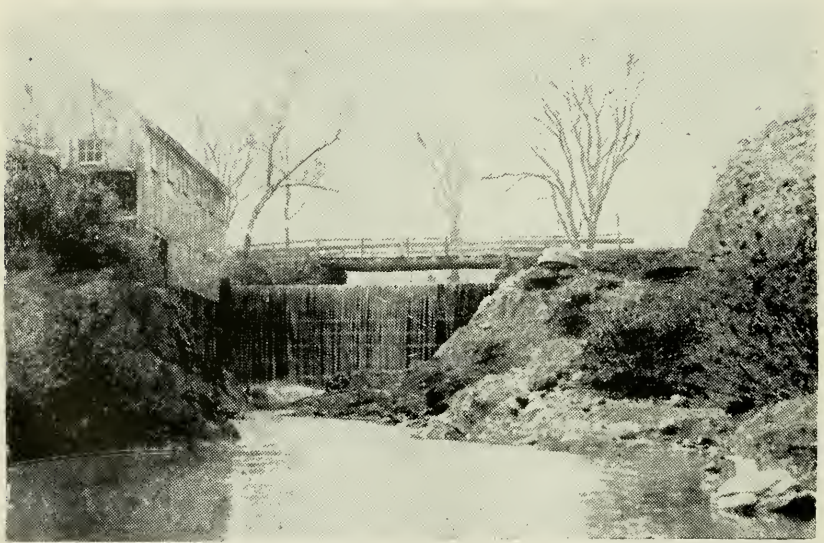
All honor to the men of '75 who, nothing daunted, dared all in defence of independence and counted no sacrifice too dear that could secure to themselves and their posterity the blessings of liberty and justice!

Recently, by the banks of that shining river, within the tender shadow of the pine trees where the murmur of the branches mingles ever with the music of the Falls, the descendants of those valiant sires presented these stirring scenes from history in the beautiful "Pageant of Machias Valley," seeking thus fittingly to honor sacred memories, to tell effectively to the rising generation the inspiring story of the early days, and to quicken a deep appreciation of "that noble band" by all who call themselves Americans.





Old Elm (12½ ft. circumference) Still Standing



Site of First Mill in Gorham on Little River

When the Phinneys Came to Gorham

By MARIA IRISH



SPRING CAME early that year, 1736. Star flowers and trillium had spread their carpet of bloom over all the sunny glades of the forest, and the beeches, oaks and birches were flinging their delicate new leaves in the breeze against the background of dark evergreens. There was a tang of winter in the air for the White Hills still wore their caps of snow.

On this May morning, a man and a boy with gun, ax and pack on their shoulders might have been seen, making their way toward the mouth of the Presumpscot river to the north of the little village of Falmouth (now Portland) and just as the sun rose over the bay to the east, they slipped their canoe from its hiding place among the bushes, stepped in and paddled away up river.

Let us go back a little and see who these people were. We shall have to go back to Barnstable, a town on the shore of Cape Cod, where thirty years before this man, who was none other than Capt. John Phinney, was born and where his father and grandfather lived; his grandfather coming from the Plymouth colony after having married Mary Rodgers, granddaughter of Thomas Rodgers of Mayflower fame. This same grandfather had served in King Philip's war, that terrible war with the Narragansett Indians in the company of Capt. Gorham. And this was the reason that Capt. John was paddling up the Presumpscot River. A far cry it would seem from Cape Cod to the District of Maine, from a grandfather's fight in his youth to his thirty-years-old grandson.

Let me tell you how it was: The Massachusetts Colony, being "land poor" in those days, offered its soldiers grants of land in the unsettled parts of the colony in payment for their services. The war began in 1675 and lasted for two years. But the court of Massachusetts was slow in confirming the grants so that in 1731, fifty-six years after, we still find some of the heirs of these brave soldiers petitioning for their grants and it was not until 1733 that the matter was finally settled by dividing the petitioners into groups of one hundred and twenty men and giving to each group a township of six miles square. The men in and about Barnstable formed one group and received Narragansett No. 7, situated in the District of Maine, ten miles or so from Falmouth. This township was in charge of Col. Gorham, son of Capt. Gorham, and two others and was surveyed and divided into 30-acre lots, which were given by number to each man with the privilege of choosing, later, two other lots, one of 70 acres and one of 100 acres in different parts of the township. One of these lots fell to the Phinney family.

It happened a few years before this took place that Capt. John and his wife began to worry. Now it is not often that any good comes of worrying. Their eldest son was a lad of ten. We can imagine him in the little seaport town, playing with the other children about the wharves, watching the fishing boats go out and often, no doubt, going out himself with his father and lending a hand at the fishing—watching the neighbors' boys go off on long sea voyages in the big ships and welcoming them back on their return and listening to their wonderful stories. And what more natural than that he should begin to talk of the time when *he* should go too?

And right here came the worry of Father and Mother Phinney for they both disliked the sea. Of course it would never do to let Edmund know that they did not want him to lead a sea-faring life. What should they do? What could they do? Something must be done and quickly for Edmund was altogether too much interested in the sea already.

After much consultation we may believe and not without many misgivings, Capt. John moved his family, consisting of a wife and five children, two boys and three girls, to Falmouth, a little village in the far-off wilderness of Maine, so far off that their going is spoken of as an "emigration," intending to take up farming.

Here they lived for four years and in 1735, Narranganset, No. 7, having been definitely granted, Capt. John Phinney was appointed by Col. Gorham to take charge of the surveying of the township, so that he was not going to unfamiliar ground on that May morning when he and his son, Edmund, now a strong, well-grown boy of 14, paddled up the Pre-sumpscot to found a home in the midst of the forest.

We can imagine with what pleasure they spent that day on the beautiful river, passing thru the quiet stretches that we know now as Riverton, carrying their canoe around the falls at Ammoncongion (now the prosaic Cumberland Mills), the long, smooth stretch till the Saccarappa Falls and rapids were reached, the "carry" around them and then on, mile after mile, between the forest-shaded banks in the still coolness of that spring day till they turned into "Little River" and at last arrived at the point where the Indian trail from Sebago Lake, leading to Scarborough and Old Orchard, forded the stream. Here, carefully concealing the canoe in the bushes, they shouldered their guns, axes and packs and began the long up-hill tramp of a mile or more towards the south.

It was late afternoon when they arrived at the top of the hill and as they began to descend, the beauty of the situation struck them and they said: "Let us build our home here on this southern slope." After looking about, they selected a place to camp for the night and Capt. John said to Edmund: "In the morning you may cut that big basswood tree and then you can say that you cut the first tree in town and we will build our log cabin right here." Which they did. For the rest of the week they worked felling trees on the slope and, on Saturday afternoon, took their canoe and returned home.

The next few weeks they spent in felling trees and building the log cabin which was to be their home for a number of years. Early in June the family came from Falmouth and they began housekeeping and home-making in earnest. They burnt over the land which they had cleared and had, as the saying then was, "a good burn." Then they put in their crop, altho it was late and the weather cold. They had corn for seed and a plentiful supply of peas, but found their pumpkin seed to be watermelon. Nothing daunted, they planted them with the corn and the tradition is that they raised "ten cart loads" of melons and "found them exceedingly good food for their hogs."

While the early part of the summer was cold, in July the weather became very warm and the wilderness garden grew apace, altho it had been rather rudely forced into the rough ground among the stumps. Master John, Jr., then four years of age, planted the first hill of corn under the direction of his father. Of potatoes there were none, these being rarely raised in New England in those days. So the first harvest of the white people of Gorham town was gathered in the fall: "A goodly amount of corn, enough for bread, ten cart loads of watermelons, and peas, ninety bushels."

Edmund gathered the peas. His father, finding it necessary to be earning something during the summer, went every week to Falmouth and Stroudwater to work in the shipyards, returning on Saturday with provisions, the proceeds of his week's work, leaving Edmund to care for the family in his absence. When the time came to harvest the peas, he told Edmund he would give him a week for the work and whatever time he had left he might "go hunting." So Edmund went to work with courageous heart, stamping down a piece of ground between the stumps and bringing the vines there and beating out the peas with a pole.

But the harder he worked, the farther off seemed the goal and on Saturday night the task was only half done, much to the surprise of the captain on his return for he never dreamed of such a crop. So, as his mother testified to the faithfulness with which he had worked, he gave Edmund another week.

On the 13th of August, a baby girl came to gladden their home and, according to all tradition, she was a child who did gladden all with whom she came in contact.

Of course the first question to settle was about her name and because she was a girl the captain had his way. Mary, for his grandmother—there were no Marys in the family—and Gorham for his grandfather, captain in King Philip's wars, which was really the reason why they were there.

And now we have the town of Gorham well started under the hands of the Phinney family, the captain, his wife and seven children, little Mary being distinguished as the first white child born within the town limits.

And for two years they were the sole occupants of the forest, with the exception of wild animals and the Indians, who came and went as they chose, calling on the new-comers and sometimes making long visits, camping in the nearby woods for they loved the food that the "white squaw" cooked and which was always generously given them.

At the end of two years, two other families settled in the town—one, the McLellan family, about three-quarters of a mile to the south, and the other the Moshiers, very near, which must have been a great comfort to Mrs. Phinney. From time to time other families settled about the Phinneys, until in 1745 there were eighteen families in the colony.

About this time war broke out between England and France. The French had their strongholds on this side of the water in Canada and the Indians were allied to them. The first that the settlers suspected of the hostility of the Indians was their sudden disappearance from the neighborhood.

Under the advice and guidance of Capt. Phinney, the colony made preparation during the winter of 1745 for the erection of a log fort and stockade, which was built early in the spring, for as soon as the deep snows began to melt they were sure that the Indians would "take the war path."

At once nine families moved into the fort, some others moved to Falmouth and some to Massachusetts. A few remained for a few days in their houses, in order to complete some arrangements and to finish getting their land ready for planting. In those "few days," one family was wiped out with the exception of the mother, who was carried a captive to Canada and one boy who hid in the woods. Two men, who were working in their fields, were taken captive, their families afterward going to the fort and one family was saved by the sagacity of their dog, who sniffed Indians at night and made such a disturbance that the guns were gotten out, the door barricaded and a watch kept. Failing of a surprise and not wishing to fire a gun and thus arouse the men at the fort, the Indians left with their captives and for a time the town was safe, altho the families remained in the fort for four years and for years afterward fled there for safety at the least alarm.

During all this time the Indians were constantly appearing, and as suddenly disappearing. And while the men went in squads from the fort to cultivate the fields in turn, taking the boys with them to watch, the women guarded the fort.

There is a tradition that one day when the men were in the fields and the women making soap, the Indians suddenly appeared. Having watched the men depart, they were so bold that they came close to the stockade, endeavoring to set fire to it. The women took the guns, but were not able to use them to advantage, so near the walls were the Indians. Suddenly, some bright woman seized a dipper, filled it with boiling soap and poured it over the unsuspecting savages, all her compan-



First Parish Church, Gorham



Gorham Academy. Erected 1806

ions following her example. Needless to say, this proved an effective line of warfare and the Indians decided to defer the attack.

This story comes down from Mary Gorham Phinney, who was, at the opening of the war, nine years of age, and was told among many another, to her grandchildren, when they were allowed, after a day of unusual good behavior, to take supper in "Grandmother's room," before the open fire, at the little round table, which is still preserved by her descendants.

The first settlers of Gorham were men and women of strong character and religious purpose and set a high value upon education. We find them in 1741, five years after Capt. Phinney made his first break in the wilderness, and when there were not more than eight or nine families in the Colony, calling a public meeting and passing a vote to build a "meeting house," for "the public worship of God," the house to be "forty feet one way and thirty the other, with suitable roof." This house of logs was built the next year and 50 shillings was assessed on each land-holder to meet the expense. It was burned by the Indians in 1745 and thereafter for many years, meetings were held in the fort.

But as the colony grew it spread toward the south and quite a little village sprang up, where the trail to the sea, then called a road, crossed the trail from Saco River to Falmouth. This being by far the larger part of the colony and the minister not being very acceptable, many objected to going to the fort to worship. So it was decided to build a meeting house at the "Corner," as the village was called. This did not please the people on Fort Hill and there was a division and for several years two services were held. But upon the retirement of the settled minister and the death of the other, the trouble was healed and a new meeting house was dedicated at the corner in June, 1765, and occupied with pews apparently for four years, when a vote was passed, choosing seven men to "rank, finish and appraise pews in the meeting-house."

This house was used for thirty years, when, the congregation outgrowing it, a larger and better one was built on the spot where the present church stands, the foundation and frame remaining the same, altho the form has been slightly changed several times. The first heating apparatus was put in in 1822, in the form of large box stoves, and was considered a great innovation by some of the older members, and when, in 1828, the pipe organ was placed in the gallery, some were mortally offended and refused to attend worship and listen to "wooden music." This organ was the first one built by Cavin Edwards and was used for nearly forty years, when, it being still in good order, it was sent away to a smaller church, needing an organ, and replaced by a larger one.

Schools, too, were taught in the fort and later in the homes, turn and turn about. But no record of the building of a schoolhouse is found till 1796, altho it is known that there were schoolhouses before that time and

the first record of the raising of money for the support of schools was in 1766, when 40 pounds was raised.

One vote is recorded about this time: "To raise 15 lbs. and improve Mr. Jonathan Green, schoolmaster, till the money is expended." From this time on there are records of schools and there is a long list of schoolma'ams and schoolmasters, one of whom has this recommendation: "A celebrated teacher of children who teaches from Thomas Dilworth's Spelling Book." On this list are the names of several who ecked out their college stipend by teaching and who afterward were noted in the public affairs of the country.

Toward the end of the century there arose a feeling that, while there was a goodly number of common schools, there ought to be one in town where the boys could study Greek and Latin and be fitted for college and in 1803 the General Court of Massachusetts was petitioned and passed an act incorporating the Gorham Academy. A large board of trustees was appointed, one of whom was Samuel Longfellow, a member of the first board of overseers of Bowdoin College. A lot was selected and the building put up which is now standing—being used by the State in the work of the Normal school—and on the 8th of September, 1806, Gorham Academy was dedicated and the school opened the next day with about thirty scholars, under the care of Rev. Ruben Nason. The academy grew to be the most popular and influential school in this part of New England and bears on its roll of alumni the names of many scholars, orators and statesmen.

The admission of "Females" into the school was considered the next year, in order to bring the number of scholars up to seventy, "that the assistant teacher might earn his salary." Accordingly twelve girls from Gorham and surrounding towns were admitted. The price of tuition was raised to \$2.50 per quarter, a stove placed in the schoolroom and a bell hung in the cupola.

In the prospectus of the school, the following rules are laid down:

Hours of Attendance.

"From April 1st to Oct. 1st from 6 to 7.30 and from 9 to 12 in the morning, and from 3 to 6 in the afternoon. During the remainder of the year, from 8.30 to 12.30 in the morning and from 2 to 5 in the afternoon." Also: "There shall be three vacations, viz.: The first, three weeks from the second Wednesday in August. The second, three weeks from the first Wednesday in January and the third, two weeks from the first Wednesday in May."

In 1834, the girls' school was separated from the boys' school and was kept in the hall on the second story of the Academy building. In 1836, just one hundred years from the coming of Capt. John Phinney, the cornerstone of a new brick edifice was laid and the next year dedicated as a dormitory and seminary for girls. This institution, known as the "Female Seminary," became as noted as the academy.

Later, upon the rise of free high schools, both the academy and seminary closed their doors and were made over to the State for the use of the Normal school, established here in 1878, the last in the long line of increasingly efficient schools with which Gorham has been blessed.

During the Revolutionary War, the colony suffered great hardships, the men being summoned to serve in the army. But some of the women were equal to the occasion, among them Mary Gorham Phinney, who had been married in 1756 and now was the mother of nine children, the two oldest sons serving in the army with their father which left her with the care of a family of seven, the youngest an infant. Feeling that she must earn something, she rode to Falmouth, obtained raw cotton from a merchant, spun and wove it into cloth on her hand loom and, returning it, received in payment the difference in value between the raw and manufactured article. She rode to and from Falmouth, 14 miles, on horseback over a road little more than a trail. To quote from an old diary: "This transaction was performed on horseback on a man's saddle over especially bad roads."

During this time, 1780, there was great scarcity of food, actual hunger being in some homes and we read in the same diary that this woman had time in their dire stress, to think of others than her own, for she allowed her own children and gave the meal thus saved to her neighbors less fortunate than herself.

Thus little by little the town grew, set on its hills overlooking a rolling country of field and woodland. We read of streets being laid out, the first, King street, now Fort Hill road, following the old Indian trail to the sea. This street and others, as they were laid out, were bordered by trees, either the original forest trees or those planted in the desired places by the citizens, so that now the town is beautiful with its arching elms. And the old trees whisper of the men of long ago, who, altho roughly clad in homespun, held in their hearts the sweetening and refining love of the beautiful.

And dear to the hearts of the descendants of these early settlers is this old town. Often and often they make pilgrimages thither and go over in mind the tales which have come down thru the years from their grandfathers and grandmothers.

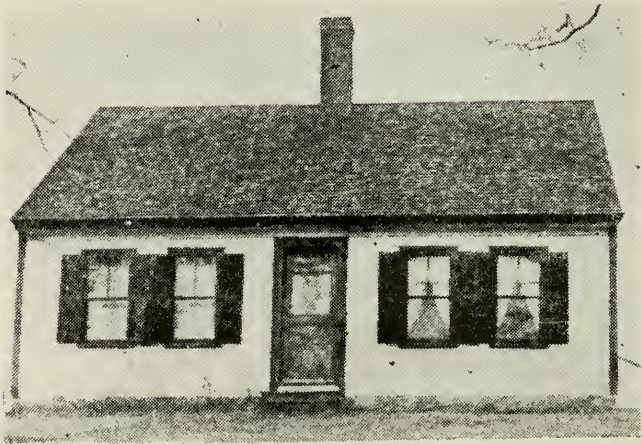




"Aunt Susan" Born 1804



"Uncle Bige" Born 1797



Jonathan Brown House—

(Oldest in town and one the men were shingling Sept. 5, 1814)

Bits Here and There About Early Clinton and Some of Its Inhabitants

By MARY L. STINCHFIELD



BEYOND the mere record of settlement, little is known of the life of the pioneers of this region until they had established homes and begun to acquire things not actual necessities. When their spotted footpaths from clearing to clearing had become bridlepaths and they had begun to mingle with their neighbors socially, their history begins for us.

The earliest settlements were near the Kennebec, the western river boundary, but later and larger settlements were made along the Sebasticook and here the population continued to increase. In order to establish communication with the other parts of the country, it was necessary for people settling in a wilderness to locate near a river, for waterways were the only highways and until such time as roads could be built and the land tilled to produce foods, all things needed must come by the way of these. Rivers were also the only roadway for moving; men might traverse the unbroken forest, but women, children and household goods must travel by water. Ignorance of rivers or supreme faith in their ability to overcome obstacles, caused the pioneers to attempt long-distance moving that was sometimes disastrous.

In the year, 1800, a family moving from Anson to Ohio capsized, going over Ticonic Falls and the father was drowned, the rescued wife and son becoming a part of the population of this town. Descendants of the boy, who was a baby when rescued, live now on the farm cleared by him. Probably the ease with which larger places could be reached was no small factor in the growth of the settlement along the Sebasticook. The natural resources of the region, as well as the waterway, must have been an inducement to those seeking homes.

Fruits and game were abundant and the river well supplied with fish. In addition to the regular supply, schools of shad, herring, etc., so large that the river banks could not confine them and they crowded out on the shores, came up at times. Women went there and picked up in their hands a dinner for their families, and quantities were cured for winter consumption. Before land was cleared to raise corn and potatoes these three natural products formed the greater part of the living of the people. Lucky was he who had a cow, for fish and milk furnished a diet both palatable and nutritious.

Supplies of salt, tea, molasses, rum and other necessities were brought up river on flat boats, much like the raft of the river-driver and

propelled in the same way. Returning, the boats carried lumber and produce with an occasional passenger.

Our written history is meagre and similar to that of other early settlements, but not all of it has been written. Some of it has been handed down by old inhabitants, and these stories, told by Uncle Bige, who was born in 1797 and Aunt Susan, born in 1804, are bits of unrecorded local history.

The old Indian name of Sebesticook was retained by the town for nearly fifty years after its incorporation as Clinton in 1795; then it was divided, the upper part becoming Clinton, the lower retaining the original name. These stories are of both parts.

Life was no dream for our forefathers, both men and women worked hard. Nor was the work done solely by the heads of families. Children were given their "stent" and if the zeal of their parents exceeded their judgment, these were sometimes long. Boys were required to help their fathers clear the land and prepare it for crops and girls were taught all the housewifely arts, learning to spin at an age when children of the present time are being taught how to play. One girl, at least, learned to spin when so short, a platform the length of her wheel had to be built for her to walk on. Before she was twelve years old she had spun and woven her first web of cloth, springing the loom by getting down from her high seat and jumping on the treadles. This she called "fun." Except in rare instances young people were not overworked.

Realizing the necessity of education, one of the first steps taken was to establish schools and children were sent to these at three years of age. The early start on the road to learning, the daily stent and the general poverty of surroundings must have subdued them greatly for it was said, "they obeyed their elders implicitly."

It was a law of the times that children remaining at home and unmarried must submit to government by their parents and sometimes they were allowed little choice in the matter of marriage.

Desiring to cement their friendship and unite their property, the heads of two families proposed to unite their son and daughter. This plan was not favored by the young people, but a little thing like that was not worth considering and preparations for the wedding went gaily on. When all the preliminaries had been attended to, the parents, being of a thrifty turn, started the couple on foot for the house of the parson three miles away.

Determined not to travel together till obliged to—and perhaps desiring to show a little independence—the young man crossed the river and he and the choice of his parents, walked down on opposite sides, stopping occasionally to "holler" across their opinion of the world in general and their parents in particular. The fact that this was a happy marriage was proof positive of the wisdom of parents.

The young lady evidently did not consider marriage a failure, for when, after a few short years, her husband crossed Another River, she lost no time in taking to herself a second spouse. He in turn going the appointed way, she was not long in filling his place, this time marrying King Hunter, one of the brothers who built the first mills here and in whose honor the village was for years called Hunter's Mills.

Hunter died and though nearly eighty years of age, the fair Matilda again became a willing bride.

Their nearness to nature brought the settlers near to God and most of them were extremely devout. A regular religious society was formed soon after incorporation and services were held in schoolhouses, circuit riders going on horseback from one to another. At these places of worship was seen the "Sunday Constable" or "Tithing Man" designated by the children as "The man who carries a long pole and wears his hat in meeting." Apparently he was very devout, sitting with bowed head, but if grandpa, soothed by the droning voice of the preacher, dozed, or an active child forgot the solemnity of time and place, he was alert, and a smart rap with the pole brought them to a sense of their wickedness and instilled the fear of man, if not of God, in their hearts.

It was also the duty of that Sunday officer to visit one known to be doing unnecessary work on the Sabbath and compel him to observe the day. Not many were visited for the hard labor of the week made a day of rest welcome.

The day that was a day of rest for the grown people was one of unrest and dreaded by the little ones. On that day they were made to keep quiet and, as soon as old enough, to learn a passage of Scripture or a hymn. If caught in any misdemeanor the hymn was not, "Some sweetly solemn thought," but instead something regarding death, the torments of Hell or the natural conditions following death.

The religious rigidity of the times allowed nothing in the way of personal adornment, on the Sabbath, to those belonging to the church. One young girl having curly hair was publicly rebuked by an old parson for wearing "unseemly curls on the Lord's day."

Religious rigidity was also apparent in other ways; as late as 1829 a young church member who married an unbeliever (meaning in this case one not a church member) was refused communion because she would not acknowledge she had done wrong and say she was sorry. She lived past the allotted age but never again communed with her own church. Her obstinacy, as it was called, could not have detracted from her goodness for, when he was dying, the husband who had lived with her more than half a century, spoke her maiden name, then, opening his eyes said, "You know who I mean, Martha S——, the best-little-woman-that ever lived."

The scarcity of tea caused by the embargo was one of the worst deprivations that elderly people had to endure for they were very de-

pendent on it as a beverage. Those not having it resorted to the steeping of willow leaves. A few there were who were provident enough to have a supply. One of these was visited by a very old lady who had walked several miles in the broiling heat of a July day to get what tea she could carry in a snuff box. She was willing to do anything if she could only have a "lectle tea." She got it without price and, after being refreshed by several cups, started on her return trip rejoicing.

At this time coffee had been heard of, but had never been seen or tasted and the making of the first caused many a smile, though not considered a smiling matter by the one who attempted to make it. Many of the inhabitants were poor and luxuries were scarce, but very few were so poor that they did not make a spread when a son became of age and have a "Freedom Party;" guests were invited from near and far for the afternoon and evening and everything possible to get was provided to eat and drink.

The "Freedom Party" of the man who afterward became Squire Weeks was a great event, for he was of the aristocracy. Luxuries for the table of every known kind were procured, but good Dame Weeks, who considered nothing too good for her son, could not be satisfied till she got a bag of coffee. Early on the morning of the great day a quantity of coffee beans was parboiled, a generous piece of salt pork added and the whole set to baking. Other things there were in plenty to eat but when late in the afternoon Mrs. Weeks found her principal dish was not getting done she was in despair. Luckily among the guests was a lady from Boston and after many lamentations and much exclaiming Madam Weeks "swallowed her pride" and asked for instructions in making coffee—these were given gladly and the embryo squire had the distinction of serving the first coffee made in Clinton.

The second attempt was made by a man who, determined not to be guilty of the mistake made by a woman, put his coffee in a bag that it might be clear and the kernels not bother in pouring—then set it boiling. After it had cooked the greater part of a day, this pillar of the church was discovered by a neighbor batting the bag against a tree and indulging in unseemly language.

As time passed and the needs of the people increased, many kinds of business were started, but few survived any length of time. Some moved to larger places—some died a natural death as did the iron industry.

Rapid additions to the population brought the need of more dwellings and with increasing prosperity the stock of cattle became larger and more buildings were needed to protect them from the storms and winds of winter. Lumber was plenty, but the scarcity of money made it nearly impossible to get nails. Pig iron was twelve to twenty cents per pound and nails were twenty-five to fifty cents. The large timbers of a build-

ing could be pinned with wooden pins but for boarding, finishing and shingling, nails were needed.

Bog iron was abundant in the vicinity of that part of the town called Pishon's Ferry and here Major Peavy made preparations to manufacture farming implements as well as nails. A dam was built across the stream, a suitable manufactory and houses for the workmen. Ore was mined and charcoal burned for fuel. No newspapers were here but the joyful tidings were carried far and wide by word of mouth. Men seeking employment came from the farthest part of the commonwealth.

Fancy, if you can, a wilderness and in a little clearing a great furnace, huge bellows driven by waterpower, ore melted in the furnace and run out in the sand; men hammering the pig with sledges to make it hold together to be put under the hammer which had a handle fifteen feet long and twelve by fourteen inches square. The pig was handled by four men with tongs and bars and placed under this hammer which lifted about four times a minute. The striking clang could be heard for miles and the shower of sparks and cinders was never forgotten by a boy who saw. 'Think of an industry like that in such a place and at such a time! Is it any wonder that scores traveled miles through the forest to see the sight?

The business proved unprofitable and was abandoned shortly after the war of 1812, causing a local poet to lament the multiplicity of children and the scarcity of bread and meat.

With the raising of the embargo, better times were hoped and expected, but instead the year was the hardest that had been known and was locally spoken of as "The cold year."

Ice left the river and brooks earlier than usual—spring opened with great promise and farmers were able to do early planting. Crops were up and some of them hoed. Trees had passed the blossom stage and fruit had set. Everything in nature was at its best. The morning of June 8, 1813, was a rare morning, even for the year and season. Little people went to school barefoot and without wraps. Windows were opened wide to let in the pure air and sunshine and men went to their farthest fields, taking their dinners with them.

Soon a little cloud arose, then the sun grew dim and snowflakes commenced falling; careful housewives hastily closed the opened windows, but, before done, the snow lay in little drifts on the floors. The chill was said to have been more penetrating than in early winter and men came running from their fields with numbed hands and chattering teeth.

Shortly after noon an ox-cart went from house to house collecting the shoes, stockings and outer garments of the children, but the storm increased so that it was considered unsafe for them to walk the long distances, even when warmly clothed and their fathers went after them with sleds and pungs. Drifts covered the fences and snow fell over the high sides into the pungs.

The following morning was so warm that, had the snow not been there, people must have thought the experience a bad dream of the night. The hot sun melted it quickly and farmers, hoping to save a part of their blackened patches of corn and make them grow from the roots, set their little children to cutting off the tops. Their labor was mostly in vain and many were that fall obliged to cut lumber, raft it to Bath, and exchange it for meal to make bread for their families.

White bread was almost unknown. What they did occasionally have was made from homegrown wheat, ground by a primitive process and was not what we would call white; an old lady described it in after years as, "Sweet but black as your hat." Such as it was, it was considered a luxury and the most prosperous had it only occasionally.

A number of years later, Squire Weeks, when making a business call, was invited to remain to dinner, but was obliged to refuse because his wife expected him home. The lady of the house, thinking it courteous to urge him, added, as an inducement, "If you will stay we will have white bread for dinner."

That was something he could not refuse and forgetting that his wife expected him, he stayed, much to the mortification of the lady who urged him for she was obliged to confess she had neither bread nor flour. With the passing of the winter following the phenomenal snow-storm, things begun to look brighter—all felt life worth living and this a good place in which to live it.

Though the war of 1812 had been in progress and companies of soldiers organized, they had not seen active service and all were settling back to their usual routine when some thoughtless person chanced to speak of the possibility of the Passamaquoddy and Oldtown Indians uniting with the British. Soon it was rumored that the fear was a reality and a general massacre was to ensue. Early settlers found traces of camp-fires and, in tilling the land, unearthed relics that showed the lower part of the town to have been a camping-ground of the Indians, but the lapse of time and the nearness to Fort Halifax dispelled any fear of hostile return and had it not been known that the British were willing to make use of the Indians and were then hovering near the coast of Maine, the rumor would not have been credited. Knowing this, great fear was felt through the early summer and men had taken their guns when going to work. As time passed and nothing happened, they ceased to take this precaution and went from one part of the town to another to help their neighbors and the women ventured to visit again.

The resuming of the usual activities was of material help in causing what is known as

The Indian Scare of Sept. 5, 1814.

It had been the custom to do the family washing by the river and this being a particularly fine day for that work, two girls, Jerusha Doe

and Polly Richardson, living in the upper part of the town about a mile above the present village, repaired to the river with their basket of clothes.

Talking and laughing were easier than washing and little had been done when the splash of oars was heard and a batteau containing the worst looking beings they had ever seen, came in sight. One look was enough.

Jerusha's yell would have made a Comanche envious and that of Polly was a close second in both pitch and quality. Keeping up this alarming duet they started for the Hunter house where a quilting was in progress. When they reached there, their cry "The Indians are coming" hardly increased the alarm of those there for, from the time the race begun, they had been aware that something had happened. The boat crew came yelling after the girls, and found a vacant house, the quilters and girls having vanished to spread the news as they ran.

In this part of the town were only a few houses and the men thought it prudent to go to the lower part as quickly as possible. There were no land conveyances and if there had been, the road was too newly made for rapid traveling, so, as soon as the women could be collected, they were started down river in boats.

Meanwhile, David Brown had gone on horseback to alarm the settlers. Rapidly as he rode the news reached the lower part of the town before he did and the neighbors of the upper part were reported as "killed and scalped."

People quickly gathered and, acting on the advice of Asher Hinds, a leading citizen, they decided to take their families to Fort Halifax, there fortify and make a stand against the enemy. To do this it was necessary for the men to make preparations. Taking their guns and all the ammunition each man could carry, they started, leaving the women and children to follow protected by men too old for rapid traveling.

A few men haying on their bog land did not wait for guns, but took along their scythes for weapons of defense. Panic-stricken women, before leaving the homes they never expected to see again, destroyed or hid their dearest possessions.

Valuable heirlooms in the shape of dishes were broken, mirrors were smashed and feather beds, at a great expense of time and muscle, were carefully hidden. Hot brick ovens were spoiled by throwing in cold water so there could be no danger from fire and things too numerous to mention were entirely destroyed.

A few valiant ones would not desert their homes. Mrs. David Reed and Mrs. Flagg, whose husbands were up river shingling for Neighbor Jonathan Brown, "A devout Methodist and the father of twelve children whose birthdays were all in different months," remained, hoping that their husbands had escaped and would return. Mrs. Reed, being made of sterner material than the generality of women, set her children to cutting

leads from the fishing net of their father which she melted and run into bullets.

Her neighbors, stopping in their flight, urged her to go with them. Without ceasing her work and hardly looking up she would reply, "We are just as safe here as on the road." An old man acting as rear guard, called to get her gun which she refused to give up and the children brought him one from the attic, so old and rusty that a thump on the floor caused the lock to drop off.

"Hell, you—Hell, you, hand me a string—hand me a string," the old man yelled. A twine was brought, the lock tied on and happy in the thought that he could now fight in defense of the weaker sex, he trudged on.

Captain Trial Hall was "Powder Monkey." This was not, as one might suppose from the name, an insignificant office. The man who bore the title held a position of trust for he had charge of all the ammunition held in reserve for an occasion like this and was the possessor of a dashing uniform which he wore on all occasions of importance.

Working some distance from home, Hall was one of the last to hear the dread news and came from his field in a very excited state of mind for he had much to do and little time in which to do it. His official duties need not delay him, for the ammunition was taken before he reached home and he was free to work for the protection of his family. With his wife in bed with a babe three days old, and none of his children old enough to walk the three or more miles to the Fort, much depended on him, but being a Yankee, he was resourceful and he speedily floored his ox-sled, framed walls from his wife's loom and using the web she stopped weaving to give birth to her child, he made a canopy to shield his dear ones. The necessity of the occasion must have given him strength for, small man though he was, he managed to get his plump wife, her feather bed with the children and a few precious possessions (among them his hens) on the sled.

Attaching the oxen, they were ready to start. Time was passing and he was shaking as with palsy, but this was an occasion of importance and the dignity of his official position would not allow him to proceed till his working suit had been changed for his uniform. "Pants trimmed with heavy silver braid an inch wide coiled along the side seams, coat trimmed with the same; heavy silver cord epaulets on the shoulders and sword hanging at his side; long-legged red morocco topped boots, a half moon shaped hat trimmed with the silver braid, a large silver star at the front, tassels depending from the sides and hanging over each shoulder" completed his attire. Being at last dressed to his taste, the goad was applied and they started for the Fort, but before they reached there it was learned that an American war vessel had been chased up the Penobscot by the British and, rather than let her fall into the hands of the enemy her crew had blown her up and burned her.

Some of the crew then, going through the woods and by water to their homes on the Kennebec, were the cause of the scare which was increased by the chase they gave and their attempts to tell the girls who they were.

Capt. Hall and his brood did not get home for three days. Whether hindered by his finery or the slowness of his oxen is not known.

Truly he must have been an impressive sight, clad in such a uniform and driving oxen attached to a covered sled, over bare ground!

For a time after the scare of September 5th, 1814, the only excitement was the Religious Quarterly Meetings which were regularly held wherever a church was established and ministers took with them to these their wives and children. Some hospitable woman would take all she could and provide for the entertainment of the children that their mothers might worship undisturbed by their care.

On one of these occasions several families with children stopped at one place where the children were left in the charge of a young girl who was also expected to wash the dishes and "tidy" the house. The noon-time meal was served, the parents returned to church and she was left to attend to her work of clearing the table.

While she was doing this the children followed her about, as children will, and being quiet, no notice was taken of them till one tiny tot began to walk queerly and soon dropped to the floor. Then another developed the same peculiar symptoms. Finally she, too, dropped, then another was stricken, another and another till all were either wobbling around or lying on the floor.

At first the girl was nearly paralyzed with fright but, being possessed of sound sense, she decided there must be some cause to produce such an effect. Not daring to leave the children lest they rouse and hurt themselves staggering around, she looked for the cause herself and found that when traveling around the table they had been busy cleaning the sugar and dregs of rum from the glasses from which their fathers—ministers of the gospel—had drank.

While this girl had never seen the effect of liquor she had heard of it and realizing that her charges were dead drunk, her fear speedily changed to indignation. Laying them all in a row she awaited the return of their parents.

The first to return was the father of several of the children and when he inquired for them, this twelve years old girl, rising in her wrath, delivered a temperance lecture, illustrated with living pictures.

That evening the father related the incident and gave a temperance talk so impressive that most of his hearers became total abstainers. He, himself, never again took liquor, even as a medicine. Whether it was the able lecture he heard or the sight of the children he loved, lying apparently dead, none can tell.

Though he talked temperance all his life, he did not again refer to the lecture and few knew the direct cause of the first agitation of the temperance question.

The upper part of the town becoming more thickly settled, meetings were held in the schoolhouse there instead of traveling to the lower part and in place of circuit riders, or a supply, there were settled ministers. So poor was the pay that a minister having a large family was obliged to work at manual labor through the week. The first house used as a parsonage was known for years as "The mill house," the pastor first living there having run the grist mill. Though no fault was found with him as a minister, he was a miller so many more days than he was a minister that the higher title was discarded and he was known and addressed as "Miller Reed."

Another spoken of as the smartest preacher they ever had was a little Irishman, named Murphy, a man with a wonderful memory and a "gifted talker," but he could neither read nor write. An active, earnest, working Christian, he felt that he was called of the Lord and was able to convince his hearers that he was not out of place in the pulpit. His wife or one of his children would read a passage of Scripture to him and, going into the pulpit, he would look at his Bible, apparently read it and then expound it.

All went well with him until one morning his memory either went back on him or one of his children played a joke on him. His text that morning was to be found in "Hatchet backside of John."

Unlike "Miller Reed" Murphy had no trade to help him provide for the needs of his growing family and the problem of how to feed, clothe and shelter them was often hard to solve.

Obliged to embrace every chance to curtail expenses, when the basement, or cellar kitchen, as 'twas then called, of the house now known as the Knights house, was offered, rent free, the offer was hailed with joy and winter found the family living there.

This kitchen with walls of brick and with one unsheltered side, even with a good fire and all the comforts that could be provided, was a cold damp place and fearing the family might suffer, the good women of the village started a donation party. No soliciting was done by the men and though most of them gave something when asked, their general attitude of indifference spurred the women to greater effort, and clothing for the family, groceries to last the winter and quite a sum of money were donated.

One thing only, a barrel of flour, was lacking and this, one "store-keeper" would give "if the women would load it on a cart and place it in Murphy's kitchen without help from the men."

Here was a poser. No way could be devised to do the job.

About this time one of the young men brought home a bride. She has been described as near physical perfection,—tall, straight as a pine,

and so well proportioned that she weighed about one hundred and seventy-five without an ounce of superfluous flesh.

Hearing the conditions attached to the giving of the flour, she volunteered to load and unload it. Her offer was accepted with delight by the women, though they secretly thought of it with fear and trembling, while the men openly jeered, saying, "It can't be did, the combined strength of ten of you women couldn't do it."

However, the bride knew what she could do. Having always lived an active life, so well trained were her muscles that they responded to every demand made on them and when the time came, Lois Means rolled a barrel of flour the length of the store to the door, grasped it by the chimes, carried it down the three steps and cheered by men, women and children, placed it in the cart. Followed by the crowd, the cart was driven up the hill to the Murphy home and the flour delivered.

This house was once again the home of a parson (though he did not occupy the basement), a man the direct opposite of Murphy in most things and known as "the muscular parson." So full of energy was he that he was a pounder of the Scriptures as well as an expounder.

Proud of his energy and his ability to shout and pound out a theme, he called himself "Jesus Christ's Threshing Machine." This name the irreverent loved to call him until, following his pounding, the Bible nearly out of its binding and the packing out of the cushion on which it rested, a bright but unredeemed young man, composed a poem recounting the parson's muscular feats and renaming him as "The Whangdoodle Preacher who lives on Gospel Hill."

The good man has long since gone to his rest and his nicknames are remembered by few, but the hill still remains "Gospel Hill."

"Father" Nye—As long as any one lived who had known him personally, these two words were spoken in a caressing tone that showed the love and reverence accorded the man. A kindly old gentleman, "the salt of the earth," but he believed that a spade should be called by its rightful name and truth spoken at all times if one spoke at all. A young would-be preacher much desired the approval of "Father" Nye who avoided committing himself, but a day came when he was obliged to. After afflicting the old gentleman with a two-hour sermon, the young man said, "You have heard me speak. Do you not think the Lord has opened my mouth?"

Driven to the wall, the reply was, "My young friend, the Lord opened the mouth of Balaam's ass, but he wasn't fit for a preacher."

The burning of the schoolhouse left the people without a place of worship. Thinking the building of a church advisable, "The Clinton Union Meeting House Association" was formed. Two of the members drew a plan that was accepted and the church was built. Fifty dollars was paid for the first choice of a pew and twenty-five for the second.

The first was chosen because it was near the minister and a "Sightly pew." The second, because if the owner leaned forward, seemingly in-

tent on the sermon, he could glance out the window and see if his house was on fire.

As there were several denominations represented in the ownership of pews, the time was apportioned and each denomination had its own minister for that time. One Sabbath in the year there was no service, for the time belonged to the one "Hardshell Baptist" and he would neither hire a preacher nor allow any other denomination to use the day.

At the end of the church opposite the pulpit were seats, one tier above another, like the seats of a grand stand. Here sat the village choir, composed of a few who could sing and more who thought they could. The instrumental music was furnished by Uncle Bige who, sitting in the front row, played a big bass viol. After a time, the younger members of the choir, desiring something more modern, the viol was discarded for an organ and the grand stand was changed into what was designated as "The gallery" but looked like a box stall. This was very convenient for the leading soprano, who was invariably late and whose custom it was to sit flat on the floor, between the first and second selections, take down her crimps and button up her shoes.

Alas for the changes time brings! The old "Meeting House" has been made into a garage—the once sacred bass viol is played in local minstrels by a great-grandson of the original player and those who told these stories sleep within sound of the river they loved—the beautiful Sebesticook.

Since the above article was written, a fact has been learned which must be of interest to all whether they are natives of Clinton or not.

On a bell, which hangs in the belfry of the first church built in town (the lower part now called Benton) is inscribed the name "Revere" and on the books kept at the Paul Revere Foundry is this record: "In the year 1828 a bell weighing 708 pounds was sold to the town of Clinton, Me. This was the *last* bell sold from the Revere Foundry at Canton, Mass.," and probably it was the last one cast.





The Desk with Portrait of John Wingate Gookin
A Daughter of the Desk, Eleventh Generation in America

The Story as Told by the Desk

By MRS. E. C. CARLL



THE OLD clock has told its story, the mirror has told its story, and why not I, thus spake the Ancient Desk. The living part of me first saw the light of day as a tiny shoot on the Bay of Campeachy. My fine quality was early noticed and I was duly watched over and guarded, not by mortals in my young days but by the wood elves, the fairies of the sward.

Slowly I grew, O! so slowly. The fairies held high revelry beneath me, and I grew to love them as I sheltered them, both in the day time and on the great nights when they held high carnival. One day I awoke to the fact that I was slipping away from them, even tho it was so slowly. Cling to earth as hard as I might, something was drawing me away up and beyond, farther and farther from all I loved.

Tearfully I drooped, till one bright day, the Cheerful Breeze whispered "Friend, look up, think happy thoughts of the past but stay not there. You are destined to come higher, to be a very king among your kind. Courage, look around." I raised my eyes and beheld the beauty of the heavens.

From that time on my ambition was to reach out to the sun. Time went on, a century passed and still another. Then a strange thing happened. Looking down one day I saw what, from my dizzy height, looked like my fairies of long, long ago, but proved to be men. Then a shiver ran through me, my sap froze in my veins from sheer fright, for blow after blow was rained upon me. Then a crash. I passed through space, my neighbors calling a sad good-bye. And then I lay prone upon the earth.

After a time the sound of voices aroused me. I was praised on all sides, but bewildered, until the voice of Cheerful Breeze again whispered, "Look up, listen, this is not the end. You will be changed in form, made into many wonderful things to gladden the hearts of mankind, you will be made into things of beauty to be a delight forever." Thus cheered I minded not the blows and the journeys and was glad when they spoke of the value of my color and the beauty of the curl.

One day a cabinet maker came to look over my splendid timber, for my fame had gone abroad. Said he, "A great man has ordered a desk, it must be strong to stand voyages, it must be of many parts to hold much manuscript, it must have many drawers for linen, it must have arms to hold the slab when the great man sits to write, and it must be beautiful to look upon."

So I was chosen, and after many days I became the desk. I was viewed with pride by both maker and owner, the day I was delivered to

the great man, and I felt a glow of pride when I was patted and caressed and pronounced, Grand.

Then began such a strange, strange life. I was never alone, people came and went, they paused before me, always with the word, "beautiful," on their lips as they turned away.

The great man sat much before me. The younger days of the man were spent in England, where he was sent for schooling. Early glimpses of him reveal him in Virginia at his father's plantation, just after his eighteenth birthday. His father, Daniel Gookin, had, in Sixteen Hundred and Twenty (1620), transported cattle to the Colony of Virginia and founded a plantation in that distant land, he being the tenth to whom patents were granted in that year.

About that time the great Indian massacre took place. Among manuscripts in the possession of the Duke of Manchester is a letter from William Hobart to his father which says, "Mr. Gookin, at whose house Governor Wyatt and his wife were visiting, had only a very few men left, a second massacre having taken place."

Upon a tract of land at Newport News was this plantation named Marie's Mount, after Mr. Gookin's wife. It is of interest in these times to know that the purchase power of money in the first quarter of the Seventeenth century was eight or ten times greater than to-day. How very fortunate, as at this time there were twenty servants besides the family to be maintained upon the place. The young man being discontented sold this house and, departing, in due time reached England. There he wooed and won a fair maiden, Mary, by name. Again, in a little over a year, the wanderlust seized him and he with wife and baby sailed for Virginia to start a home in the new land, for being only a younger son, the hope of the landed estate in England was far, far away. He settled at Nansemond Plantation, on land granted him in Sixteen Hundred and Thirty-nine (1639). His ability was soon recognized. He represented Upper Norfolk in the Grand Assembly and was made Captain of a trained band.

The man and his wife, Mary, longed for religious worship, and wished the child brought up with "fear and admonition of the Lord." He sent a letter to the elders in Massachusetts Colony, begging for a preacher. Their prayers to God and man were answered in the person of Reverend William Thompson, a distinguished preacher, who was sent them. After a very dangerous voyage he landed safely in Virginia. While there he made his home with Captain Gookin and they became close friends. Governor Berkley wanted all people to conform to the Church of England, so Preacher Thompson was removed.

Captain Gookin, with his family and Reverend Thompson, went to Maryland to live, acquiring land near Annapolis, but this did not satisfy the Captain; he wanted to live among Puritans, so leaving servants to care for his plantation he sailed to Boston. Six days after landing, the tall, grave, robust, dignified gentleman of thirty-one years was admitted

to the first church in Boston. Four years later he with family removed to Cambridge, finally to Roxbury, where they were next door neighbors to Rev. John Elliot, the Apostle to the Indians. At this age plain living, high thinking ruled the day. Captain Gookin founded the free grammar school in 1645. In 1648 the family and belongings, myself included, moved to Cambridge, it having been voted that Captain Gookin be granted a farm if he buy a house in town. This he did on Crooked Street, now Holyoke Street.

He was made Captain of the trained band, being called a "forward man to advance marshal discipline and the truths of Christ." Later he was made Sergeant-General, afterward Major-General. In the following spring Captain Gookin was chosen Deputy from Cambridge to General Court in Boston. Here on my polished slab I saw him and one other man draw up "Lawyes for women's dowyes," so women's rights were having attention even in that long ago. In 1651 Major-General Gookin was chosen Speaker of the Court; the next year, one of the Council of Eighteen magistrates who, with the Governor and deputy Governor, had charge of the Government of the Colony. He was re-elected to this for thirty-five years. He acted as one of the judges, being assigned to various places to hold court. He assisted John Elliot in his missionary work with the Indians. Later he was appointed to examine into the state of Harvard College.

On my writing slab one day, I saw a letter written by my great man, Daniel Gookin, in which he negotiated with Ferdinando Gorges for purchase of Gorges' claim to the Province of Maine. Thus it read:

"Though a stranger to you, you may have heard my name, because my father, who bore the same name, was intimately acquainted with your father, Sir Ferdinando Gorges."

In 1687 the affair was settled, the Gorges claim purchased for 1250 pounds. The final report to General Court drawn up by Daniel Gookin was distinguished for clear reasoning. Amid difficulties and discouragements he and Elliot worked among the Indians, and there his sterling traits stand forth, tact, patience, sympathy. The court appointed him first ruler or Superintendent of the Praying Indians. He was the founder of the city of Worcester. To call him the Father of Worcester was a deserved compliment and an honor to Worcester. The name Worcester may have been suggested as a tribute to Oliver Cromwell. Mr. Gookin liked to honor him for he was an admirer of the Lord Protector. There were close friendly relations between Cromwell and the Gookin family. Daniel was Cromwell's Commissioner to Jamaica, and his brother, Sir Vincent Gookin, was his Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Though the battle of Worcester was not one of Cromwell's great achievements it was of significance to the Puritans. These words of Hugh Peters, in an address to the militia men of that battle, "When your wives and children shall ask where you have been and what news, say you have been at Wor-

cester, where England's sorrows began and where they are happily ended," made a deep impression on Major-General Gookin and may be the reason for his choosing the name Worcester.

Notwithstanding military and judicial duties Major-General Gookin found time to write a valuable book—An historical account of the doings and sufferings of the Christian Indians in New England. He wrote: "I have earnestly moved others to undertake this history, but not knowing any who would and being unwilling a matter of so great concernment for the honor of God and the good of man should be buried in oblivion, I have endeavored in old age, to draw some rude delineaments of God's beautiful work in this land." The following is a copy of the "Epistle Dedicatory:—"

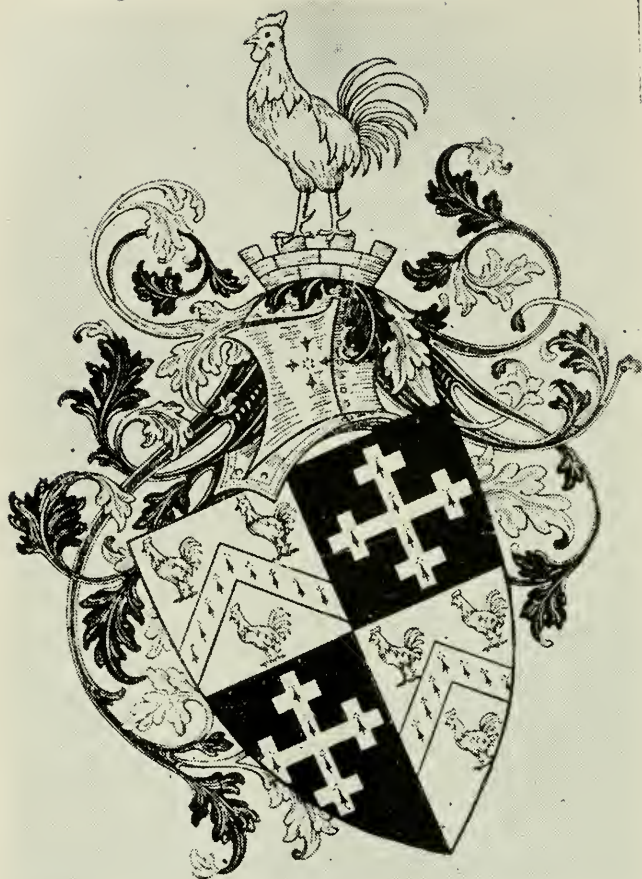
"To the high and mighty Prince Charley: by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland. Defender of the Faith, etc. Royal Sir: I have read that Artaxerxes Mnemon, King of Persia, going his progress, the people used to present him with their several gifts by the way. Among the rest a country man having nothing else to present him with, ran to the river and taking up his hand full of water presented him with that. Artaxerxes was so taken therewith that he gave the fellow a considerable beneficence. So have I, dread Sovereign, presumed to offer this poor mite as a testimony of my affection. I must acknowledge that it is unworthy to kiss your royal hand, being so meanly appavelled in an Indian garb, but the matter therein contained being a true account of the progress of the Gospel among the poor Indians within your Dominion, and that under the influence of your royal favor. This as I conceive is not unmeet for your Majestic's knowledge; therefore, let it please your Majesty to accept and peruse these collections, and especially that humble proposal made in Chapter 12, Section 5, as a temporary expedient to promote this great work, and which must have its life, under God, from the rays of your Majesty's favor. The God of Heaven and Earth bless your Majesty with all temporal, spiritual and eternal blessings in Christ Jesus, and make you more and more a nursing Father to his Church, that under your shadow it may rejoice, and every individual person thereof be encouraged in all ways of Godliness and honesty. So prayeth he that is most unworthy, yet desiring to be reckoned among the number of your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects.

DANIEL GOOKIN.

Cambridge in New England, Dec. 7, 1674."

His language testifies to his great mental equipment, poise and breadth of outlook.

By my side one day I saw my great man writing a letter to his youngest son, who became the beloved pastor of the First Church in



Armorial Bearings of Daniel Gookin

Cambridge. And then, later, O joy! this distinguished preacher would sit by me hours at a time, writing what he was to tell his people. My great man would take long horseback rides to hear this son preach to his beloved Indians.

Then there came a time when the great man could no longer sit by me; friends came and went. Then the angels came and took my good man away and there was weeping o'er all the land. His remains were placed in the burying yard of the First Church of Cambridge opposite the gate to Harvard College. Over his grave is a brick monument with slab of brown sandstone with suitable inscription.

Some few extracts from his will are interesting because they sound so odd. It is a long drawn out affair. Several pieces of silver were given to the children with instructions they be made over. To the wife all the real and personal property that were hers when she married him; also the house where they lived with all the orchards and gardens, with three commons for wood and pasture, providing she kept both houses and fences in repair. "I give her the use of a feather bed during her life." This makes a smile, realizing the great value of a feather bed in olden times and now one would hardly take the gift unless for pillows. "To my wife I give my second best Bible," so there was a first best Bible, possibly buried with him. "Also I give to my wife, table, cupboards, chairs, while she abides in the house. To son, Nathaniel, I give my blue couch unless so Daniel desire it. To daughter, Elizabeth, I give a gold ring. I gave her plate and bedding at her marriage, and have not been wanting to her, having helped to breed up her son, John Elliot, for seven-teen years at my house and the college."

And so this queer will goes on, everything properly disposed of. This strange will long reposed in my secret drawer, for I had been given to son, Nathaniel, the preacher, on his marriage to Hannah Savage. At thirty-six years of age he died. He was at that time pastor of the First Church of Cambridge. There is to-day a slab in the church in memory of this beloved pastor.

With this change came another move for me, this time travelling to the home of his son, Reverend Nathaniel Gookin of Hampton, N. H. In a few years another change to his son, Rev. Nathaniel Gookin of North Hampton, N. H., the third Orthodox preacher of that name. Here the ministerial succession terminated and I was next owned by Daniel Gookin of North Hampton, N. H., who after the Revolution became a judge. Here in my pigeon hole I have faithfully taken care of his diary which he carried in the Revolutionary war, and many letters written by him. The diary is of great interest, one pathetic record being where his dog, Jack, having faithfully followed on the march for one hundred thirty-six (136) miles, finally yielded to fatigue and was left behind to mourn out his faithful, loving dog heart. Surely there must be a dog heaven for such faithful animals. This Revolutionary officer, Judge Gookin of North

Hampton, was one who helped to entertain Lafayette when he passed through Saco on his visit in America.

My next journey was to Hollis, Maine. I was now owned and treasured by John Wingate Gookin, son of the Judge. John W. Gookin was a Captain in the war of 1812. You see I had been handed down according to the English custom from eldest son to eldest son, and what seemed strange to me, the older I grew the more pride was taken in me. I often dwelt on this fact, for the pride of the humans around me seemed more in the extremely young, altho in olden times there was a great deal of reverence in the young for the aged ones in my family.

Of all who sat before me, I grew to love this Captain's face the most, and I was both proud and gratified when a likeness of him was hung directly over me. He was fond of reading and of study and would sit long at a time pouring over his books, with his head on his hands and elbow on my slab. Such a bright, gay, jovial, mischief-making family as was his one seldom sees. Would that I could describe the pranks that went on around me. The tricks and jokes of eight boys, ranging up just like stairs, yet always so gentle, thoughtful and kind to the little sister that grew up among them, and often speaking in subdued tones of the baby sister God took back. In a nook of a drawer I have, all these years, treasured the trinkets of this little one, and the brothers, long after they were grey-haired men, would reverently handle the little beads, and in softened tones would say, "my little baby sister."

Among the gifts of love is a little book mark made by a tiny boy. With love and patience he toiled over it. What mattered it if when finished it did read "Tomy Sister." The blessed tired mother of these boys prized it, knowing it was done with a heart full of love for the baby girl, trying to find expression in the hand work of the little son. For years I carefully kept in a panel drawer a letter from George Washington and card of invitation to dinner from George Washington, both written to the Revolutionary soldier, Capt. Gookin, who came out of the Revolutionary war a major-general, and later was judge in the Supreme Court.

One day my owner, dear man that he was, viewing with amusement the pranks of his boys, bethought him that those precious papers might be in danger, so he sent them to the Historical rooms of New Hampshire for safe keeping.

Judge Gookin was the founder of the New Hampshire branch of the Order of Cincinnati. I held correspondence between Washington and Judge Gookin on this subject. The officers, who had served together in the Revolution, wanted to perpetuate the remembrance, achievements and friendship formed under common danger. General Knox said, "I wish for some ribbon to wear in my hat or button-hole, to be transmitted to my descendants as a badge or proof that I have fought in defence of their liberties." The Society was formed in the Cantonment on Hudson river in the year, 1783, with Washington at the head of it, as President-

General. The society was named Cincinnati, in honor of the Illustrious Roman Quintus Cincinnatus. The society met opposition as some feared it would create a race of hereditary nobility, and the country be composed of two ranks, the Patricians or Nobles and the Rabble. They feared the Cincinnati would have exclusive rights to offices, honors and authorities, civil and military. These predictions were never realized. The society flourished without much trouble and continues to exist. The membership is handed down from oldest son to oldest son.

In my keeping was a letter from Captain Gookin, as follows: "I wish to present to the New Hampshire Historical Society the books and papers of the New Hampshire branch of the Society of Cincinnati which has become extinct by the death of all its members. My father, Judge Gookin, was the last of the original members and he has been dead some years. I consider the library of your society the most safe and proper place for the repose of this valuable record of old Revolutionary worthies, and although they have gone to their long home I hope the principles they contended may be perpetuated to the future posterity."

Note the beautiful language in a letter from a Lieutenant of war of 1812 to Captain Gookin: "Captain Allen of the 9th wishes to be remembered to you. I find in him an agreeable associate and valuable friend. Where there are so many deserving my respect and friendship I will not particularize, but to those who think me worth inquiring after, give for me, a return." In another letter we note this polite wording: "Have the goodness to write me soon on this subject and oblige others as well as your old friend." These are among many letters written to Capt. Gookin pertaining to matters of the war of 1812.

Another move was to my owner's sister, Mrs. J. B. Thornton of Oak Hill, Scarboro. Here Henry Storer, pastor of State Street Congregational Church in Portland, he being my owner's nephew, often sat before me. From this time on I belong in Maine. We lived in Saco, then to Walnut Hill, North Yarmouth, we journeyed. Now I begin to think we are permanent, for one day lying before me I read a quit claim deed for pew number seventy in the Walnut Hill meeting-house, to my owner and his heirs forever.

How the young folks come and go. These are happy times, till one day the beautiful mother is taken from them and the house is one of sorrow for many a weary day. After a time, another steps in and much praise is due a woman who dares assume the responsibility of bringing up another's eight boys. As the years roll on come many letters to the Captain from the boys from various parts of the world. Treasured letters to their honored father; letters that vividly describe the great events going on around them, particularly matters pertaining to the wars and the condition of the country. From one we read this interesting extract:

"A pleasant voyage, not a gale of wind. We put into old Robinson

Crusoe's Island, Juan Fernandes, for water; there were all kinds of fruit on the Island, quinces, peaches, pears, grapes, figs, walnuts, mad-dog, wild-cats, goats and horses. The goats were rather strong; he taught them to fight as well as to dance. There were eight or ten persons on the island. They showed us Crusoe's cave and five or six others dug out since by the Chilians for convicts. They were dug out of solid rock, twenty feet wide and thirty-five feet long."

The following letter from California, dated 1851, is particularly interesting just now: "California beats all the places I ever was in. I used to think New Orleans was bad enough, but it is no comparison. They think no more of killing a man here than they do of drinking a glass of liquor. They will stab a man for the fun of seeing him dance a little. The minister I saw last night in a gambling house, with a pile of gold, stumping somebody to play with him. There are three or four hundred gambling houses, all crowded every night. There is one circus, one theater, one or two churches. Tell Mother and all hands to send me one page from each one in one letter and then it will not cost so much."

These boys in all their wanderings never forgot the home ones; they wrote often and through their letters ran a longing for home. When the son's letters arrived the Captain would call the family in and bending o'er my side would read aloud. They were of great interest to all, and this united family all shared in this common joy of a letter from the absent one. Then it was given to me for safe keeping, with the promise to the brothers, sister and baby niece that in the answer all should share.

In one letter is this: The young man writes he feels hurt because he has had no invitation to attend family prayers, he living in the house of the man in whose office he works. Would the young man of the present day mind that? Rather he would run away than attend, if family prayers were a feature in the boarding place.

The respect and reverence in which these parents are held is striking. Many letters begin "My honored Father." They felt duty bound and happy to give their moves from time to time. As one stated, "I think it is a very good plan to let my friends know what vessel I am going in and then if anything should happen." In another, a son writes: "We had a terrible time; in the gulf seventeen days. It blew a gale of wind; we made the land. Next day we laid the old brig up to dry, stayed on an island three weeks. We could not get off before." Another extract from a letter from Liverpool: "In the ship Georgia, we had a very long passage across Old Briny, thirty-four days." Some difference in length of days of passage then and now.

In my care were beautiful, spiritual, uplifting letters from the mother of Rev. Henry Storer, a sister to Judge Gookin, also sister to Mrs. Eliza Thornton, some of whose verses are in the book, "Poets of Maine." The man of the picture which hangs over me, a member of New England Historical Genealogical Society, when made an honorary member of the State Society, writes: "To be made a member of one of

the most useful and honorable societies gives me great pleasure. I take great interest in whatever concerns the history, welfare and prosperity of the State." For many, many years our good man was Justice of the Peace and Councillor for all the people of his neighborhood at Walnut Hill, leaned on and highly respected. He passed away at a comparatively early age, beloved and greatly mourned by all who knew him.

Again, in a few years, wrapped, packed and boxed, I start on another journey, this time but a short one. My destination is soon reached and I am proudly set up in a home of the son residing in Portland. Here a small girl, evidently mistaking me for a piano, tries to make music on my keyless slab; she is very happy and contented over it. The little voice hums a tune and the little fingers keep the time. A neighbor's little girl comes in; they play a duet and their happiness makes all merry. Once more God's sunshine and the sunshine of love pours over me and I am glad. My boxes now are all bulging with the precious letters, so they will scarcely close. The Madam of the house declares there must be a thinning out. The Master of the house dislikes to take away any of my papers, but as Madam's word is law, it has to be and some of my treasures are consigned to the waste-basket and I certainly do present a much neater appearance.

From now on, for a long time, I am locked up, only visited when madam wants to take out the best linen, or to show some ancient treasure deposited within. So back and forth swings the pendulum of time. Changes come. Another move. This time into a country house in Buxton. Now it is declared I am looking pale, tired and worn, so the polishing physician is called and I am doctored. I am rubbed and scrubbed and treated until I stand forth in bright glory. I am very satisfactory to all who visit me. I have an honored place in the best parlor. The only interest in me to the little girl of this family is that I hold a handsome old style spangled fan which she longs to own. While living in Buxton I remembered that that township of land once known as Narragansett No. I was granted as a bounty to the soldiers who fought under my most distinguished owner, Major-General Daniel Gookin in the Narragansett war.

Again the familiar process of packing goes on around me. With much thoughtful care I am again prepared for another trip. I sigh and mourn. O! Where can rest be found, rest for the weary desk? Yet, I am handled with care and after a few days I reach the capital city of Maine. In all these years my journeys have been in one family, handed down, as is the English custom, from oldest son to oldest son. Here I belonged to the only surviving son of my good man, but now he, too, has journeyed over, having stayed on earth more years than any other of his race. Now by his daughter I am treasured. What would these ancient ones think of our present ways could they hear, as I, in the music of the Victrola, voices of departed ones. It would indeed to them seem witchcraft. Among my letters is one that reads "The first ticket to Jennie

Lind's concert sold for Six Hundred Twenty-five Dollars (\$625) in Boston." Our old ancestors never dreamed of the day while sitting in one's own home could be heard the great singers of the day. It seems to me I catch a look of wonder on the pictured ancient face above me, as it gazes down on the electric light and telephone that sits now on my top. The picture seems imbued with life and I catch a look of amazement on his face as my owner, reaching up, takes down the 'phone and talks and talks. The spirits of the departed hovering o'er do indeed see strange sights.

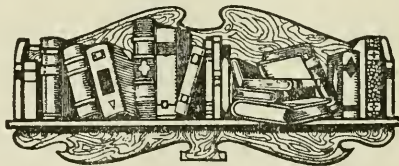
A representative of the youngest generation of my people, eleventh generation in America, often sits before me with her paper and her Grandpa's pencil, exclaiming "I want to wite" and so she does, unintelligible to others but full of meaning to herself. I trust she will pen many beautiful letters in the days to come, for me to treasure as I have those of her good people who have gone before. Scratched and scarred, with a broad seam on one side, I now repose in a house in Augusta, still enjoying a useful old age, and expecting to go down to many generations yet to come. As age and wrinkles add character, dignity and expression to the human face, so my scars and seams show strength, power and endurance as well as expressing the ravages of time. Never again shall I hold letters and papers of such intrinsic value as those I have guarded in the past. Surely I have been a treasure house of great thoughts and well have I guarded them.

Sometimes a weariness steals over me, my hinges grow weak, and with folded top I long for rest. As age creeps on there are days when I live wholly in the past. I miss the grand old men and stately women, companions of my youth. I remember a paragraph in the diary of Chief Justice Sewall.

"Sabbath, Dec. 30, 1688.

"Last night I dreamed of military matters, Arms and Captains and of a suddain, Major Gookin, very well clad from head to foot, and of a very fresh lively countenance—his Coat and Breeches of blood-red silk, beckoned me out of the room where I was to speak to him."

I surely have been and am a treasured heir-loom, and when a few days ago quietly I sat for my picture, proud indeed was I. I have looked back over much that has passed, faithfully I have reviewed much that has gone before. In years to come shall I be called upon to tell another story from the year 1915 to—what date? Who can tell?



Revolutionary and Colonial Landmarks of Biddeford and Saco

By EVA E. BEAN, LL. B.



EW ENGLAND in general, and the vicinity of the Saco in particular, are so rich in historic legend and narrative, that the student of sociological problems, from the landmarks alone existing to-day, is able to decipher much of real value from the historian's viewpoint.

As a fallen leaf or pebble may turn the channel of a rivulet, so the character of nations has been shaped by as trivial an occurrence. Had not the Redmen, roving thru the primitive forests of Maine, enjoying to the full capacity of their natures their rude existence, been captured by the treacherous Weymouth and transported as prisoners to England, the landmarks which we study along the Saco to-day might never have existed. Let us bear in mind the fact that when these Indians set foot on English soil, they were, to the Englishmen, interesting specimens of another existence yet having the same love of nature which characterizes civilized man. They remained abroad three years, and during that time Sir Ferdinando Gorges learned from them something of their land—the coast of Maine, which they described in their fashion, with its rivers, islands and safe harbors, and so imbued in the hearts of certain adventurous Englishmen the desire for exploration, which resulted in a settlement near the mouth of the Saco in 1616.

Since that date, landmarks of all descriptions have sprung into being, and the rockbound shores of old New England acquired fame thru the narrations of these ignorant people.

The members of the Plymouth Company, under the leadership of Captain Richard Vines of England, arrived at the mouth of the Saco River in September, 1616, and with Indian guides explored Saco Bay, as far up the river as Salmon Falls, and finally selected a spot known as Lighten's Pint, afterward Leighton's Point, where a log cabin was erected, which history tells us was the first habitation of civilized man upon the shores of Saco Bay or within the limits of the present cities of Biddeford and Saco.

Surely, this is the initial landmark! It requires no vivid imagery to picture this humble home of our English forefathers, built of logs, with its wide fireplace and chimney fashioned of stones gathered from the beach, its roof thatched with long grasses from the marsh, and a carpet of the fragrant boughs of the hemlock—this lonely dwelling in the heart of the forest primeval! Without doubt, these early Biddefordites lived near to nature, for history tells us they had no nearer English neighbors

than Jamestown, Virginia, for the Puritans, whose hardships and privations have been the theme of the poet for centuries, did not settle at Plymouth until several years later.

For seven years succeeding 1616, Capt. Vines was engaged in transporting colonists to other parts of the coast, so that in 1623 there were several crude habitations on each side of the Saco River. Perhaps the most notable of these, on the Saco side, was that of Thomas Rogers, who set out an orchard near Goose Fare Brook, and this farm was considered of sufficient importance to be designated on the early maps as Rogers' Garden. These trees burst into bloom, which ripened into fruit for an hundred consecutive years, before they acquired the prefix "Old," hence the derivation of the name of our now famous seaside resort, Old Orchard.

Prior to 1637, the house of Richard Bonython had been erected on the east side of Saco river, upon the spot which is now the terminus of the Old Orchard Beach Railroad, and to this house attaches more importance than to the ordinary landmark, for it was here that the meeting of governor and councillors, which was the first court held in Maine, assembled, the session lasting several days. It was an executive and legislative body, as well as judicial, and exercised a general control over all the affairs of the province. This government existed until 1652, when all the colonies in Maine were annexed to Massachusetts, and became subject to her government and protection. So that, regardless of the disappointing referendum of a few years ago and the consequent failure to remove the county seat from Alfred to Saco, we find that in ye olden time Saco had a court house of perhaps more importance than any since contemplated—the house of Richard Bonython.

While we should remember that the first settlers on our coast came from their love of adventure and exploration rather than from religious persecution, after the Maine colonists submitted to the government of Massachusetts a conflict between adherents of the Episcopal and Puritan faiths soon developed, and Rev. Robert Jordan of the English church, who ministered to the settlements along the Saco, was summoned before the General Court at Boston, charged with the crime of baptizing children according to the rites of the English church, and so greatly was he persecuted by the Puritans that he laid aside his ministerial office. This venerable minister was an ancestor of Judge Jordan, who in 1740 built the famous Jordan Mansion on the Pool road, on the spot where in 1720 stood the Stackpole garrison.

This old Jordan Mansion, a landmark worthy of more than passing notice, is to-day the summer home of Mrs. Estelle M. Tatterson. It is a large, two-storied house, with a row of stately willows in front which were planted that their roots and branches might protect the sandy hill from drifting away with the wind. At the rear, we pass thru fertile meadow lands, down a gentle slope to the river, on the banks of which, in 1814, a fort was erected to protect against English invasion; the river was

never afterward invaded, however, and the fort soon received the title of Fort Nonsense. The house is an imposing structure, standing

“Amid old trees, tall oaks and gnarled pines,
That stream with gray green mosses;
Here, in these peaceful shades,
Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably old,
Our thoughts go up the long dim path of years,
Back to the early days of history.”

As we approach the house, which is the subject of our illustration, and find the latch string out, curiosity overpowers us and we enter the old-fashioned doorway. We note the huge timbers, the spacious rooms, the broad staircase, the chimney with its wide fireplace, the small-paned windows, the hand-wrought panelling, and the whole adorned with the furniture which was the pride of the Colonial dame. We are attracted by the pewter and brass of generations ago, the highboy, the lowboy, the canopied bed, and as we look thru room after room, with the flax-wheel here, and the product of the loom and spinning wheel there, we are led to query: Was it the simple life the pioneer mothers lived, amid these surroundings?

The name of Jordan also suggests another landmark—the Jordan house on Storer street in Saco, finished in 1798, which is to-day owned by the last local descendant of Capt. George V. Jordan, and is in a good state of preservation.

That the spiritual welfare of these early settlers was not neglected is demonstrated by the fact that in 1765, at a point on the Pool Road near where now stands the Morrill schoolhouse, the modest mansion of Parson Morrill rose, withstood the changing scenes of more than a hundred and fifty years, and is to-day one of the substantial residences in that locality.

The first settled minister in Saco, Rev. John Fairfield, who was ordained in 1762, lived previous to 1800 in a house which stood on the site of the present Old Orchard House.

On a high point of land, just opposite the steamboat landing at Biddeford Pool, is Fort Hill, so called because a fortification was erected here in the early part of King William's war, which began in 1688 and lasted ten years. This fort was commanded by Capt. John Hill whose father settled near the mouth of Saco River in 1653. This fort was the center of many thrilling scenes during the war. A military company was organized here and John Hill received from Thomas Danforth, deputy governor of Massachusetts, a commission as ensign of the company. During the war Ensign Hill distinguished himself in an engagement with the Indians, and as a reward for his heroic conduct was made lieutenant and subsequently captain. At first he had command of the twenty soldiers quartered at Saco and later, under command of Major Charles Frost, he went to South Berwick, where he met the major's daughter, Mary Frost,

whom he married in 1694. The name of the fort was then changed to Fort Mary, in honor of his wife. During this war conditions became so distressing that many of the settlers were obliged to leave their homes and seek protection in the larger settlements west.

There was not sufficient room in the fort for entire families and it often happened that for weeks at a time, those who had gone from the fort were cut off from all communication with those left behind. During one of these enforced separations, Capt. Hill's mother remained at the fort with her son. In the attic of an old house in South Berwick, about eighty years ago, was found an old trunk which had been tucked away under the eaves and regarded as of no value, until it happened to be opened and among its contents were found valuable letters and historical papers which have so close a connection with the old landmark under discussion that I make two of them a part of this article. At the time this letter was written Capt. Hill's father had gone with other settlers to Wells. The letter was sent to his wife, in care of Capt. John Hill, at Fort Mary, Saco, and is as follows:

"WELLS, May 7, 1690.

Dear and Loving Wife:

These are to let you know that we are all well here, blessed be God for it; and all our children remember their duty to you. The Indians have killed Goodman Frost and James Littlefield and carried away Nathaniel Frost, and burnt several houses here at Wells, and I would have our son, John Hill, hire a boat, if he can, to bring you and some of our things by water, for I fear it is not safe to come by land. Son John be as careful of your mother as possibly you can, for it is very dangerous times. The Lord only knows whether we shall ever see one another any more. Praying for your prosperity,

Your loving husband until death,

ROGER HILL."

Fort Mary was the last stronghold for people in the vicinity, and as the war progressed and conditions became more alarming, there seemed to be fears that the whole Saco settlement would have to be abandoned. Another letter from the same weather-beaten old trunk gives a graphic idea of prevailing conditions.

"WELLS, August 13, 1690.

Son Hill:

I am now at Wells with twenty horse, intending to come over to you, but hearing of several guns about your parts I have sent over three men to know how it is with you. I have an order from the governor to assist you in drawing off; and I have an order from the lieutenant-governor to draw off and bring away what can be transported by land, and to hide the rest in the ground with the guns; but our towns are so weak for want of men that if the enemy be about you we fear we are too weak to bring

you off—Our people are much troubled that your fort should be demolished. Let me hear from you by bearer. My love to yourself and wife. I pray God to keep you from the rage of the enemy. I remain, your loving father-in-law,

CHARLES FROST.

'Tis said six Indians were seen here this day.
To Capt. John Hill, at Saco Fort.
Haste, Post Haste."

Thus the war raged until the dawn of the new century. We regret that we cannot go more into detail about this landmark, for entwined about the name "Fort Mary" and those who made it historic is such a wealth of tradition, that in this story we can do little more than call attention to the canvas and leave the picture to be painted at a later day. On the site of this old fort, Rebecca Emery Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, has erected a monument, built of stones gathered from the vicinity, set in cement, bearing on the front a bronze tablet suitably inscribed.

While this was undoubtedly the first government fortification erected on the shores of Saco Bay, there were many private block-houses or garrisons, where settlers who lived near together joined for mutual protection. The first of these was that of Major William Phillips on the west side of Saco river, near where stood the famous covered bridge. It was in the Phillips blockhouse that Capt. John Bonython and his family took shelter on that memorable Sept. 18th, 1675, when his own home, which stood on what is now Gray's Court in Saco, was licked out of existence by the insatiable flames of his Indian enemies. The bridge just referred to, which was for many years a notable landmark, was paid for from the profits of a lottery authorized by the General Assembly of Massachusetts, but whether or not the popular game had its inception here is a question.

On a little inlet from the Pool, just west of Fort Hill, there was erected by Capt. Samuel Jordan, in 1717, a house known as Jordan's garrison, which is now the property of the Tristram Goldthwaite estate.

Perhaps the house will prove of greater interest if we catch a glimpse of the builder. Capt. Jordan's father, Dominicus Jordan, who lived at Spirwink, believing the Indians if dealt kindly with would do no harm, allowed them to enter his home; this they did several times, coming first on one pretext, then another, on seemingly friendly relations, until a favorable chance was presented, when one of them struck Mr. Jordan a fatal blow with his tomahawk. The Indians took his wife and five children captive and carried them to Canada. Young Samuel was quite a student and became so proficient in the language of the Indians that he acted as interpreter for them in the making of some important treaties.

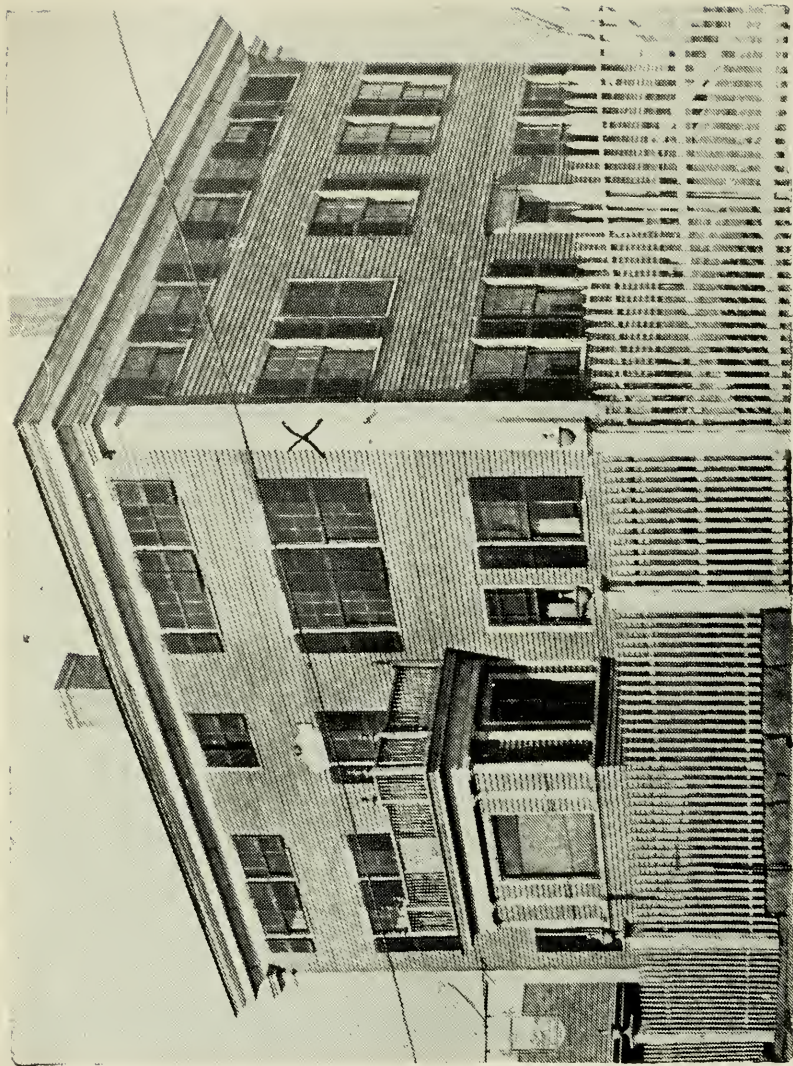
When released from captivity he returned to the coast of Maine and built the house near Fort Hill, which is well preserved to-day. His experience with the Indians, his knowledge of their methods of warfare and

love of revenge stood him in good stead in the perilous times thru which he was to pass at Biddeford Pool. He was a man of undaunted courage and looked upon by both white man and Indian as a fatal marksman.

The location which he selected for his house seems now a secluded spot, but in those early days it was considered the most accessible point of land in that vicinity for it could be reached by boat from all directions, and as transportation was chiefly by water it became an important business center. The house he built was in keeping with the times. It was surrounded by a high palisade of timber and stone with lookouts commanding a view each way, built at the corners. Capt. Jordan died in 1748 and the old house came into possession of the Hill family. During the Revolutionary War it was the residence of Capt. James P. Hill, one of the Committee of Safety. His official position brought to this house many distinguished people on errands of state. In the war of 1812, his son, Capt. Waldo Hill, and the officers of United States army were stationed here, while the United States soldiers occupied less pretentious quarters in the immediate vicinity.

How interesting it would be to turn back the scroll of Time to the days when the builder of this old garrison was in his prime—to see him in the picturesque surroundings of two centuries ago—as he starts forth on some mission of love, perhaps to be met by the blanket-robed savage who seeks his destruction! But the builder has gone the way o. all the earth and his handiwork alone remains. Methinks to-day, if this old structure could speak, if it could unfold the scenes that have been enacted in and around it, if a twentieth century light could pierce the gloom in which it has been at times enshrouded, and reveal to posterity the joys and sorrows, the hopes and fears, the births, bridals and burials of the generations that have passed its threshold forever—it would indeed unfold a volume of history! It would tell of love and loss, of happiness and strife, and of the various attributes of life which were the common heritage of our ancestors and of ourselves, and which the shifting sands of Time do not obliterate.

Another notable landmark is the old Haley house, now standing, on the north side of the Pool Road near the junction of the road leading across Leighton's Point to the beach. We have no authentic record of the year in which this house was built but it was probably about 1730. In general appearance the Jordan and Haley houses are much alike, both having the long roof at the back, sloping to include the ell; the arrangement of the windows is also the same, the only difference being in their size. Not only the houses, but their builders seemed to have some features in common, for, like Mr. Jordan, Mr. Benjamin Haley who resided here was on friendly terms with the Indians, or believed that he was, and refused to leave the house when in times of extreme peril all the other settlers fled to the Tarbox garrison in the field adjoining. In time the wiles of the treacherous savage prevailed, for one cold winter night Mr. Haley was aroused by a loud rap at the door and opened it to find



Capt. Seth Spring House or Lafayette House. On Spring's Island. Built in 1795

two Indians seeking admittance, saying they wished to warm themselves. With his usual hospitality he admitted them and kindled a fire on the hearth. As they huddled over it, muttering in low tones, he saw they intended to do him harm and ordered them out, and at this they grasped burning embers and threw them about the room in an endeavor to set the house on fire. Mr. Haley seized his musket and so terrified them that they left, while ye good man's wife appeared on the scene and succeeded in extinguishing the flames.

After this experience he was very glad to join the other settlers in the garrison, but the Indian enmity had been aroused against him and it is said that many were the thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes thru which he passed until he met his tragic death in 1745.

At that time the people had not built fences but allowed their cattle to graze in common, each man's herd being distinguished from his neighbor's by the bells which they wore. One night Mr. Haley's cows did not return with the others, and becoming alarmed for their safety he started after them. The tinkle of their bell could be heard distinctly and the cows were evidently not far away. His family waited until after night-fall and as Mr. Haley did not return they went to the garrison, gave the alarm, and an armed squad started toward the sound of the bell. They had not gone far into the forest when they came upon the body of a cow cut in pieces and, a little further on, the body of Mr. Haley in the same condition. With their inherent cunning the Indians had slain the cow and kept on tinkling the bell, going further into the forest to lead their victim to his destruction.

After his death, the family removed to the Isles of Shoals, remained there until peace had been established with the tribes and then returned, to find their house practically as they had left it. This old home is still occupied by a descendant of the builder and has always been in the Haley family. Thus we see it has withstood the ravages of time, the firebrands of the Indians, and is to-day one of the links in the chain welded by the heroic deeds of our forefathers, which binds the centuries together.

A short distance from the Haley house, in the Tarbox field, stood the Tarbox garrison. In the time of the Indian troubles the women and children assembled here for safety, while the men went armed to their labors of fishing and hunting. The women guarded the garrison, taking turns at the lookout. It was a day in late October; in the quiet afternoon the woman on watch saw several savages secreted near the house, apparently listening, no doubt intending to surprise the inmates if the men were away. Inside the garrison a council of war was hastily held and the women resorted to stratagem to terrify the marauders. They placed hats upon poles and exhibited them frequently at the windows above the palisades. In the upper story of the house, near the head of the stairs, was a large pile of pumpkins. When an attack by the Indians seemed imminent one of the women, assuming a tone of command, called to the men to come downstairs and at the same time other women began

to roll the pumpkins down over the stairs, each falling with a thud as of a heavy footfall; the women discharged their muskets and the savages, eighteen in number, believing they were discovered and attacked by a superior force, fled to the woods. The women held the fort, as the women usually do! This story of the attack on the Tarbox garrison was related to the writer by Mrs. Betsey Dyer, now deceased, whose grandmother was one of the participants in the affair. The only reminders we have to-day of this old landmark are the Indian arrow heads of flint and stone, which have been excavated from the spot on which it stood.

Conspicuous among the other landmarks, which we will notice briefly, are the following:

What is now the upper story of the Ivory Towle house on Elm street, built by Lieut. Samuel Scamman in 1736, is the oldest occupied house in Saco. A few years ago the old house was raised and a story built on the ground, but the inside of the second floor, which was the original house, is practically unchanged.

Next in point of age is the house built by Col. Cutts about 1762 at the foot of York Hill in Saco, in the rear of the coal office. On York Hill, the Cutts Mansion was built in 1782 by the same man. The latter house, now owned by the Pepperell Manufacturing Company, is one of the best types of the more pretentious eighteenth century homes; it stands on a high bluff overlooking the river, while in front are the mills of the York Company.

The Deacon Amos Chase house on the Ferry Road, Saco, until recently owned by Mr. M. H. Kelly, was built in 1763 and is in an excellent state of preservation. This naturally beautiful locality, with its dense forests and close proximity to the river, was a century ago the scene of active shipbuilding industry. Within sight of this old house was built the fishing smack or trading vessel which plied up and down the coast from Maine to Virginia, substantial, for

"The forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews.
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water lily."

The house of Daniel Page on Main street, Saco, now the residence of Mr. Rowland W. Hill, was built prior to 1798, but the exact date of its completion is not a matter of record.

The years between 1790 and 1800 witnessed the construction of several colonial houses which are notable to-day because of their excellent condition. Among them are: The Hartley house, built by Capt. Solo-

mon Coit; the Isaac Scamman house on the Portland road, the first on the left beyond Goose Fare crossing; the home of the late Mrs. Hamilton, now a Thornton Academy dormitory, and the residences of Mrs. John Berry, Charles Shannon, Lewis Hill and the late Horace Woodman, all on Main street, Saco.

In 1802 Mr. John Fitts built a house about four miles from what is now the business section of Saco; this house was for many years known as Osgood's Tavern. It was at this old landmark on the stage line between Portland and Boston that the weary traveler halted and refreshed himself and his steed with a draught from one of nature's pure springs—or, perhaps he gave his horse the aqua pura, and himself imbibed a mug of Landlord Osgood's switchel—who knows?

Dr. Porter's residence in Biddeford, also known as the Maxwell house, was built in 1775, and that of Judge Thatcher sometime previous to 1800.

Of the houses of Capt. Moses Bradbury and Capt. Seth Spring of Spring's Island, Biddeford, built in 1785 and 1795 respectively, much could be said, for these were indeed historic landmarks before the busy hand of commercialism plucked them for its own. The Spring house, is now a part of the lumber plant of J. G. Deering & Son, the first floor being used for offices. It was in this house that our celebrated French diplomat was entertained in July, 1825. The outside of this house has been changed by the removal of the old-fashioned front door and the addition of the large window, better to light the interior.

We will now leave the busy city behind and study another landmark of a different type. Let us journey along the road leading from Saco to that part which is now Old Orchard (having been incorporated as a town in 1883); we cross Goose Fare Brook and on about a mile, to the Guilford Farm. A short distance from the road, on the right, we come to a little knoll overgrown with brambles and bushes. Nothing out of the usual attracts our attention, unless it be the splendor of the sunset as its gorgeous rays filter across the blue waters of the Saco and on thru the shimmering oak leaves until the last descending beam is merged in the beauty of the landscape. But if we look closely, we find a reminder of the days of another century, for standing grim and gray amid the wild, is the lower half of a stone on which is the inscription: "Capt. Henry Hawkins, died Dec. 2, 1813."

We naturally inquire who Capt. Hawkins was, and learn that what is now the Guilford farm was for many years in possession of the Dearing family, having been purchased early in 1700 by John Dearing, Jr., shipwright, of Kittery, Maine. About the time of the war of 1812, Capt. Hawkins abandoned his business as ship master on account of the confiscation of English vessels, and having married an Old Orchard woman

named Googins, they took rooms in a part of the Dearing house. It was here they lived at the time of his death in 1813. At that time the Dearing farm was occupied by William Dearing, a grandson of the original owner. The story goes, that one evening Mr. Dearing went out to visit a neighbor and on his return saw lights in the house—so much illumination being contrary to the spirit of frugality existing in those days. On entering, he found quite a company of his neighbors assembled, and inquiry disclosed the fact that Capt. Hawkins had died very suddenly and they had come to lay him out. Naturally solicitous for the widow and anxious to console her, he looked about and finally found her in one of the back rooms where the fireplace was, talking earnestly with some old ladies about a web one of them was weaving. Capt. Hawkins was thirty-five years of age and, it is to be assumed, had accumulated some wealth, for a gravestone of slate was ordered for him, shipped from Portland on a bateau, and came up the Saco river to within a short distance of the spot where it was set and where a portion of it stands to-day—at that time a seemingly unwarrantable extravagance.

I might recount to you others, for there are many landmarks not built of wood, which were not the habitations of our ancestors but which mark their last resting places. These silent shafts, pointing heavenward from at least four different sections of our territory, overgrown by the mosses of years, kissed by summer's sun and fanned by winter's north wind, standing as sentinels over their mute possessors, speak to us to-day in a language all their own! They tell of lives filled with deeds of valor, of brave endurance, of hardship and privation, of continual conflict, of battles fought and victories won, and as we stand and look, read the simple inscriptions and listen to their message, we think we begin to appreciate the struggles thru which these heroic pioneers passed, that civilization might be implanted on the shores of Saco Bay.

And, lastly, the pride of him to the manor born, the admiration of his guest, that landmark wrought by the majestic hand of nature, in its picturesque beauty a monument to the skill of the Master, standing out to-day in all the boldness in which it was conceived—the cliff by the cataract! It was here the Indian mother peered down thru the spray and leaped to rescue her child, who had been upset by an English sailor, to see if Indian children could swim by instinct. Methinks I see those Indians as they bring their offspring from its watery grave to the foot of the cliff, silent in their grief, yet, in their inmost soul, planning revenge on the white man, and pronouncing their curse on the white man's children.

“Who stands on that cliff, like a figure of stone,
Unmoving and tall in the light of the sky,
Where the spray of the cataract sparkles on high,

Lonely and sternly, save Mogg Megone?
Close to the verge of the rock is he,
While beneath him the Saco its work is doing,
Hurrying down to its grave, the sea,
And slow thru the rock its pathway hewing!
Far down thru the mist of the falling river,
Which rises up like an incense ever,
The splintered points of the crags are seen,
With water howling and vexed between,
While the scooping whirl of the pool beneath
Seems an open throat, with its granite teeth!"



The Sculptor and the Pearl Diver

By ROSE D. NEALLEY

IN THE rotunda of the new art-building in the city of Portland is a beautiful statue, well-known to the art-lovers of Maine, called "The Pearl Diver." It represents a youth of marvelous beauty of limb and feature; it is quite nude, with the exception of a coarse diver's net draped about the loins, in which are caught a few of the shells for which he has been diving. The statue tells its own story. The beautiful youth is dead; drowned, while bringing from the depths of the sea the precious pearls for which he has risked his life.

There is a wonderful expression of peace upon the face of the young man. Though he has given his life yet he has triumphed. There is a strange analogy between the life of the sculptor who designed this exquisite statue and the story that the marble itself tells. Both were seeking for the perfection of beauty, one in the material, the other in the esthetic world, and each died prematurely while grasping the prize for which he had struggled so bravely. In the pure marble form of the pearl-diver the soul of the sculptor seems crystalized into material form. One might almost fancy that Paul Akers and the pearl-diver are one.

The nineteenth century had reached the end of its first quarter when the sculptor was born. A little village on the bank of the Presumpscot river, now absorbed in the city of Westbrook, was the place of his birth. This village was called by a quaint Indian name, Saccarappa. Benjamin Paul Akers, as he was christened, was the oldest of eleven children. St. Paul, his companions called him, because of a certain serious and dreamy quality in his disposition.

We can picture the youthful Paul listening eagerly to the tales told by a neighbor, a retired sea-captain, who spoke of the wondrous cities, the beautiful buildings and works of art he had seen in his long voyages about the world. We are told that Paul longed and hoped to see these splendid sights and how his imagination was stirred by these vivid descriptions. The boy had the opportunity of receiving only the plainest education, and there was no library to which he had access, so that his natural appetite for books and learning could not be fed. A country village in the early half of the nineteenth century possessed practically no cultural advantages. It is remarkable that the seed of artistic expression that Akers possessed could take root in such sterile soil. Yet he seized the slightest material that came within his reach to put into form some expression of his inner imaginings.

When Deacon Akers moved his family from Saccarappa to Salmon Falls on the Saco river, he started a wood-turning mill, and here Paul,

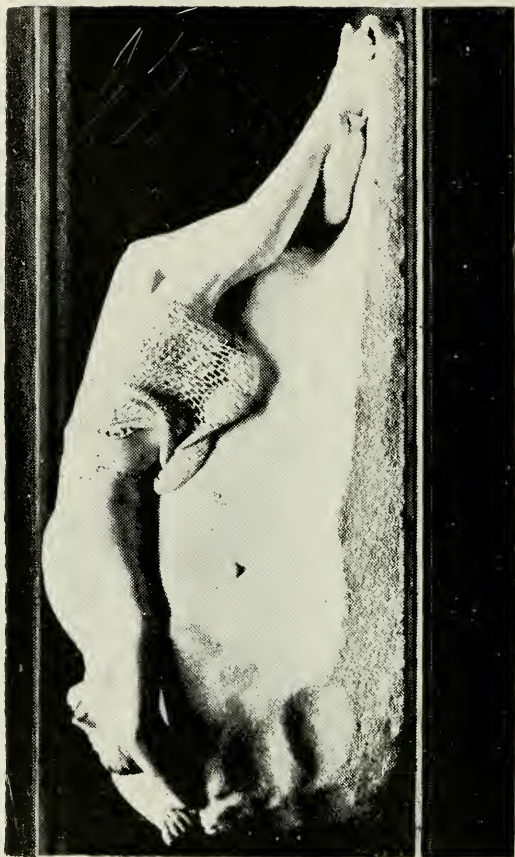
as his father's assistant for six years, turned out some choice bits of ornamental woodwork of his own designing. Never having seen a bust or a bas-relief, he roughly outlined with a carpenter's chisel, the features of a neighbor, out of a stray piece of marble which he came across. Yet even then he had no thought of becoming a sculptor. Often he wandered by himself along the wild and beautiful Saco, drinking in the glorious scenery, plucking the wild flowers and drawing inspiration from each and every form of nature's loveliness.

His love for the Saco amounted almost to a passion. He was homesick for his home river even when in after years he reveled in the beauties and art treasures of the old world. In a correspondence which he kept up with an old friend, Henry Bradbury of Salmon Falls, he frequently alludes to "Dear Saco's castellated banks," "winding riverside lanes," and "the reverberant roar of the river as it plunges thru the gorge."

When Paul Akers was nineteen he had the opportunity for the first time of browsing in a library. With a natural taste for good literature he read only the best books and these inspired him with poetic visions. "Hyperion" first kindled his imagination. Plato, Aristotle and Dante enchanted him. The beauties of German and French literature appealed to him, and Goethe he especially admired. Wider and wider the horizon opened before him. In his longing to create something—he knew not what—he took up the brush, hoping to become a painter; but he soon came to realize that this was not his forte. Then he resolved to devote himself to literature. With this purpose in view he went to Portland and entered the office of the Portland Transcript, where he began work as a type-setter.

But it seemed that literature was not to be his life work, although he possessed considerable ability in that line and later in life he wrote some valuable critical essays on contemporary art and artists. A small incident turned him from the literary path and caused him to take up sculpture as his true vocation. In passing a shop window, one day, he saw for the first time in his life a marble bust. The impression it made on him was a deep one. He resolved at once to seek instruction in the plastic art, and in consequence the following winter found him in Boston diligently studying under the guidance of Joseph Carew. In Boston he saw Chantrey's "Washington" in the State House which confirmed him in his determination to become a sculptor.

After a short course in plaster-casting, Akers returned to his home on the Saco. Deacon Akers, having become more prosperous than formerly, had about this time built a large house at Salmon Falls, on the Hollis side, overlooking the Saco, and here in one of the upper rooms, Paul began his work. This house is now used as a summer residence by Paul Akers' step-mother.



The Pearl Diver

Young Akers obtained some clay from the pottery of Jeremiah Dodge and son, near Deering Oaks, with which he tried his hand at modeling. This pottery was the same that was later the scene of the conception of Longfellow's exquisite poem, "Keramos."

The subject of Akers' first attempt at modeling was a likeness of Dr. Smith of Hollis. Akers speaks of it as being remarkably true to life but "as ugly as Fra Angelico's devil." He modeled several heads and medals which were considered marvelously well done. A head of Christ, which was much admired, is now in the Usher house at Hollis, the summer home of Mrs. Nathan Webb, of Portland. Here is also, on a marble tile, a portrait of Mrs. Webb's uncle, Samuel Bradley.

Mrs. Webb, who was a personal friend of Mr. Akers, speaks of him as follows: "I remember him as reserved, fond of the country, natural scenery and music. He sang bass but not particularly well. He was married at my home in Hollis, and I well remember the wedding at which I was present. He made a bust of my father, Ellis B. Usher, which we consider an excellent likeness. He stayed at the Usher house while making this bust and I recall that my two older sisters were special friends of his. A dear friend of his youth was the late Henry Bradbury of Hollis, who was a great inspiration to him. They read much together, especially German literature. Mr. Akers was an omnivorous reader and acquired a broad culture in that way.

"Mr. Akers was a friend of Hawthorne, the Brownings, the sculptor Powers, and all the artist colony there. He had a fine literary ability and was a valued contributor to 'The Crayon,' a New York art paper. He wrote many letters to the Usher family, which were always beautifully written. People in Portland were interested in him and tried to help him, especially John Neal, who became his devoted friend."

The sculptor's next move was to open a studio in Portland in connection with J. R. Tilton, a landscape artist. Here he worked for two years, executing busts of several well-known men, including a very charming head of Longfellow, then a young man, Samuel Appleton, Prof. Cleaveland, Governor Gilman of New Hampshire and many others, besides several ideal heads, one of the most beautiful being that of Charlotte Corday. This last is now, I believe, in the Usher house.

The year 1852 saw the realization of Akers' great dream, that of visiting Europe and seeing at first hand the works of the great artists. Here is a description from his own lips of the impression made upon him by the art of Paris: "I was thrown at once," he said, "from a world where not in all my life had I seen art, although I had lived there with my own shadowy creations—not strong, for I knew not the mighty or the feeble—thrown at once into a world where all is art. All around me, on earth, in the far heavens, were multitudes of forms, all silent, but all demanding place; and none might help me, none to say 'here' or 'there.' I only, in this mighty realm, to appoint, to assign. I was set

down in the Louvre, a boy from the woods of that new world, no idle spectator."

In Florence, where he took up his residence for a time, he modeled two bas-reliefs, "Night" and "Morning," for Samuel Appleton of Boston (who was a great patron of New England artists), besides several busts. It was here also that he began writing his critical essays. In a private letter he expresses his love for his old home: "How much I have stored up to tell you when once I am permitted to see the sweet banks of the Saco. Now I can say nothing of all these wonders. All I can say is, that I have seen and heard, that I live and breathe in this beautiful world, than which there is one more beautiful, the home world. Ah! there is only one beautiful sun for everyone, and it is that which shines on his native city. In other lands it is only a cold, mock sun, a wandering star, a delusive vision, which follows us like a ghost. Thus wrote Albert Durer, and so it is. Now the spring has come again, and down by the Saco banks the mayflowers are blooming. One place I love more than all others, beyond the oak grove where the path leads among the trees, close to the beloved river. Another spring I hope to be there, and far more lovely than the Arno or the Tiber is the stream that flows past there." His first statue, "Benjamin in Egypt," was executed after his return to Portland in 1853. It was exhibited at the Crystal Palace, New York, where unfortunately it was destroyed at the burning of that building. The next winter he spent in Washington, during which time he modeled among others the busts of President Pierce, Judge McLean of the supreme court, Edward Everett, and a medallion of Sam Houston, which attracted much attention. Here also he designed the ideal head of the "Drowned Girl," which was one of a series intended to illustrate Hood's beautiful poem, "The Bridge of Sighs." This is a face thrown back with tresses of wet hair. "You will love it, I know," he writes.

Hood wrote "The Bridge of Sighs" on his death bed and read it to Browning, himself doubting if it was worth publishing. This poem seems to have made a deep impression on Akers. Whether he completed the series he had planned in connection with this I do not know.

Another winter finds him in Rome in a studio in the Via del Crecie. Let him describe it: "I cannot see down into the garden without standing upon a chair, but when I open my window a little I can hear the nuns chant. Within my studio is the sound of ringing marble. Undine is with me, and when this shall have reached you, will be wrought in stone as fair as a pearl. Other things there are, busts with which are associated hours of my life, studies of works yet to be given to the world."

Ah! but this studio is peopled by ghosts. Do you not see them? They are the ghosts of Hilda, the pure and lovely, of Miriam with her blighted life, of the mysterious Donatello, for this is Kenyon's studio, described by Hawthorne in "The Marble Faun." Here it is: "Kenyon's

studio was in a cross-street, or, rather, an ugly and dirty little lane, between the Corso and the Via della Ripetta, and though chill, narrow, gloomy, and bordered with tall and shabby structures, the lane was not one whit more disagreeable than nine-tenths of the Roman streets. Over the door of one of the houses was a marble tablet, bearing an inscription, to the purport that the sculpture-rooms within had formerly been occupied by the illustrious artist, Canova. In these precincts the young American sculptor had established himself."

Yet these are not the rooms once occupied by Canova that Hawthorne describes. They are the rooms that Akers occupied in the Via del Crecie. Akers did, however, occupy Canova's rooms, but at a later period.

Hawthorne describes Akers himself in the following: "The sculptor had a face which, when time had done a little more for it, would offer worthy subject for as good an artist as himself; features finely cut, as if already marble; an ideal forehead, deeply set eyes, and a mouth much hidden in a light-brown beard, but apparently sensitive and delicate."

Speaking of "The Pearl-Diver," Hawthorne says: "Miriam admired the statue of a beautiful youth, a pearl-fisher, who had got entangled in the weeds at the bottom of the sea, and lay dead among the pearl oysters, the rich shells and the sea-weeds, all of like value to him now.

"The poor young man has perished among the prizes that he sought," remarked she. "But what a strange efficacy there is in death. If we cannot all win pearls, it causes an empty shell to satisfy us just as well. I like this statue, though it is too cold and stern in its moral lesson; and physically, the form has not settled into sufficient repose."

The head of Milton, which is now at Colby College, is one of Akers' finest creations. Hawthorne says of it that "it was a great thing to have achieved, such a length of time after the dry bones and dust of Milton were like those of any other dead man." Akers visited England for the purpose of studying for this head, and spent some months there. Browning praised the bust lavishly and spoke of it as Milton, the man-angel.

Among Mr. Akers' finest productions which were executed at this period were the statue of "St. Elizabeth, of Hungary," and "Una and the Lion." The restoration of a mutilated bust of Cicero, in the Vatican art gallery, was a labor of love on Akers' part, and was so successful that his finished work became recognized as the perfect conception of Cicero.

Yet even here in his beloved Rome, surrounded by his art treasures, the Saco calls him. "I am happy," he says, "and but for the valley of the Saco, here should be my home. Here are the great silent strivings for immortality and the noble struggle for true language and worthy utterance. Is the day monotonous? I can with the quickness of thought choose my day among the 3000 years of days that wait here."

But the young sculptor's incessant labor in the dampness of his Roman studio, together with his continuous study in science and art, so anxious was he to make rapid advancement in his chosen work, had already undermined his health, which was never robust, and in 1858 he was obliged to return home. His stay in America was short, for he was driven by his desire to continue his work, and so before his strength was equal to the long journey he was on his way again to Rome. At Lyons, he suffered a hemorrhage which delayed him for a short period. As soon as he was sufficiently recovered he hastened on to Rome and began work in his studio, this time on a statue of Commodore Perry, a commission for Central Park in New York City. This statue he never completed. His health again becoming impaired, he returned home.

In August, 1860, he married Mrs. Elizabeth Chase Taylor, whom he met at the old Hay boarding house, in Portland. She was a young woman who had already attained considerable distinction as a poet, under the pen-name of Florence Percy. She was a contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly* under the editorship of James Russell Lowell.

This marriage bade fair to be an unusually happy one on account of the congenial pursuits of husband and wife and the ideality of both natures; but only a few months of wedded happiness was granted them, shadowed by the approaching death of the husband. Mr. and Mrs. Akers went to Philadelphia in the spring of 1861 to consult a noted physician and there death overtook Paul Akers, on May 21, 1861. A daughter, Gertrude Katharine Akers, was born of this union, but unfortunately died in early childhood. Father and child are buried beside each other in Evergreen cemetery, Portland.

These two, Paul and Elizabeth Akers, lived near to nature and from her they gained their inspiration; from nature and their own inner lives. Says Mr. Akers: "If an artist will look within, seeking to obtain therefrom his picture, his works will be original. For in each man the inner life is identical with no other; he stands upon a plane where no other man has stood, nor can ever stand. Render with artistic truth that which you see from your own altitude and you shall speak as never man has spoken."

Paul Akers carried out this principle in his own artistic career. He was an idealist and his work marks a transition in the artistic life of America. His friend, John Neal, said of him: "Had Paul lived a few years longer he would have built up a reputation for himself and his beloved country, well worth the counting. He had in him a far-reaching, far-seeing spirit, a lofty and hallowed imagination and such a solemn sense of what a man is made for that he might have been lastingly distinguished."

Here and there in and about the city of Portland are to be found specimens of Akers' art. Many of them are in private homes. The bust of Edward Everett is in the rooms of the Maine Historical Society, also

the tiny head of a child, two or three inches across and four in length, the last thing he ever did. All these are highly prized, as they should be, but most of all, the Portland Art Club treasures the beautiful "Pearl-Diver," which is in its possession and in its rooms in the Sweat Art Museum.

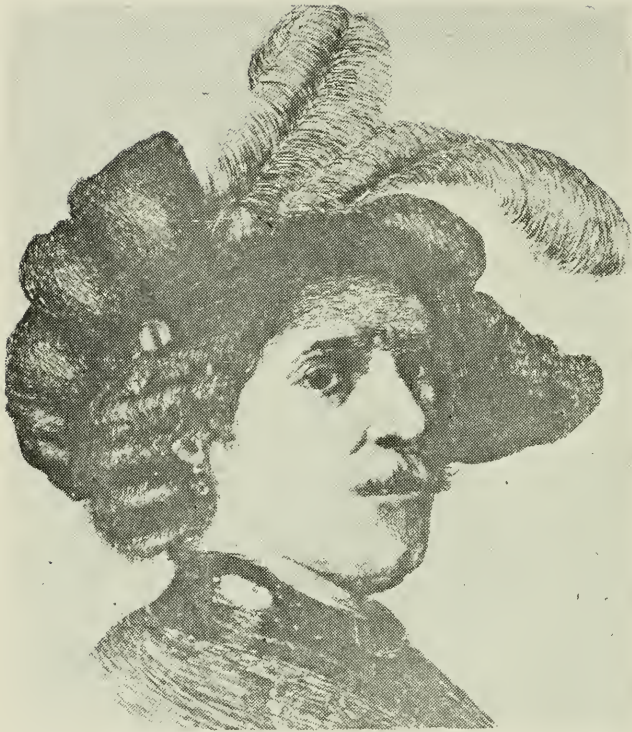
In the house of Mrs. Helen M. Shepley, in Portland, is a bust of Judge E. Shepley (father of Judge George Shepley), which has an interesting history. Mr. Akers came to the Shepley house to make the model and later he executed the bust in his studio, but on the way to its destination it was lost at sea. Mr. Akers was quite concerned over the loss of this head and made plans for another at the time that Mr. and Mrs. Shepley visited his studio on their wedding trip.

Akers has stamped his genius indelibly on American art. Unfortunately his early death, the coming of the Civil War which overshadowed all the arts, and the scattering of his works, has caused his name to sink into an obscurity which it does not deserve.

We people of Maine, especially, who are so proud of our great singers, our artists of the brush and the pen, should be brought to know and appreciate the work of that genius who lived, dreamed and labored among the pines of Maine, and who gave his life, like the pearl-diver, in giving precious gems to the world. Touching and beautiful is the tribute that Elizabeth Akers pays to the dead sculptor, to the city that he loved, and to his masterpiece, the "Pearl-Diver," in the following poem:

Most fitly rests his best creation here,
To keep his memory, thru many a year,
Living, and fresh, and sweet;
Here in this pleasant place—this loved retreat
To which his falling feet,
Weary with foreign wandering, turned at last,
When his brief day of toil was overpast—
The city which, tho widely he might roam,
He still held dear, and loved to call his home.
Gladly he left the charmed Italian shore
To walk its ways once more,—
Eager again to greet
Each well-known face and dear, familiar street,
As a child comes, when night's shadows lower,
Back to its mother's door."





Baron Jean Vincent de Castine

The Baron's Letter: A Romance of Pentagöet

By LOUISE WHEELER BARTLETT

IT WAS a warm June evening just as the dews were beginning to cool and perfume the air that an automobile, coming from the south on its way to Pau, reached that wonderful bridge of many arches at the confluence of the rivers Aspe and Ossau near the Lower Pyrenees in France. The only occupants of the car besides the chauffeur were a young man and a lady so closely veiled that it was difficult to discover her age. The road beyond the bridge seemed in process of repairs, and a much flattened, even incurable tire precluded any desire on the part of the travelers to attempt such a rough route. Noticing their quandary as to which road to take of the two leading in a northerly direction, a peasant clad in the rough blue blouse of a farm hand came forward to look at the exhausted tire, suggesting that perhaps they could reach the little town of Oloron, a few miles distant, by taking the left-hand road.

As the directions had been given in the French tongue they must have made some mistake as to the road, for after riding some fifteen miles without coming to Oloron, they reached a small hamlet, which proved to be a little north of Pau. Here they found one of those quaint, clean little inns so well known to tourists throughout France. The inn was so attractive, with its old stone walls framed in the vivid greens of the young spring vines, that they made a quick decision to pass the night there instead of pushing on to Pau.

After a change into fresh garments and a delectable dinner served by the *maitre d'hotel* himself, they wandered out for a stroll along the edge of the town. Toward the south could be dimly seen the ranges of the Basses Pyrenees, and against their background the ruins of an old chateau gleaming white in the soft light of a full moon. With a mutual promise to explore the depths of the ruined chateau in the morning hours, while their chauffeur was preparing their car for a long run, the young couple withdrew to their rooms for a refreshing sleep after their wearisome day.

Bertrand Castine, for such was the name of the owner of the automobile, was a young Australian, a wealthy land owner in Victoria, who was celebrating his honeymoon by a romantic trip through sunny France. His family had attained, not only wealth, but prominence in the island commonwealth, both in governmental and judicial circles. His ancestors had emigrated from England in the early days of Australian settlement. He was a typical Englishman, but with the usual British conservatism tempered by the breezy, kindly expansiveness of a man who had over-

come insular prejudices by much travel. He had a certain courteous way which reminded his fond wife of the days of chivalry. Once, when she had told him so, he laughingly replied, "There's an old tradition in our family that it originally came from France, that we owned a seigniori there of some sort, but were driven to England in the days of the French Revolution."

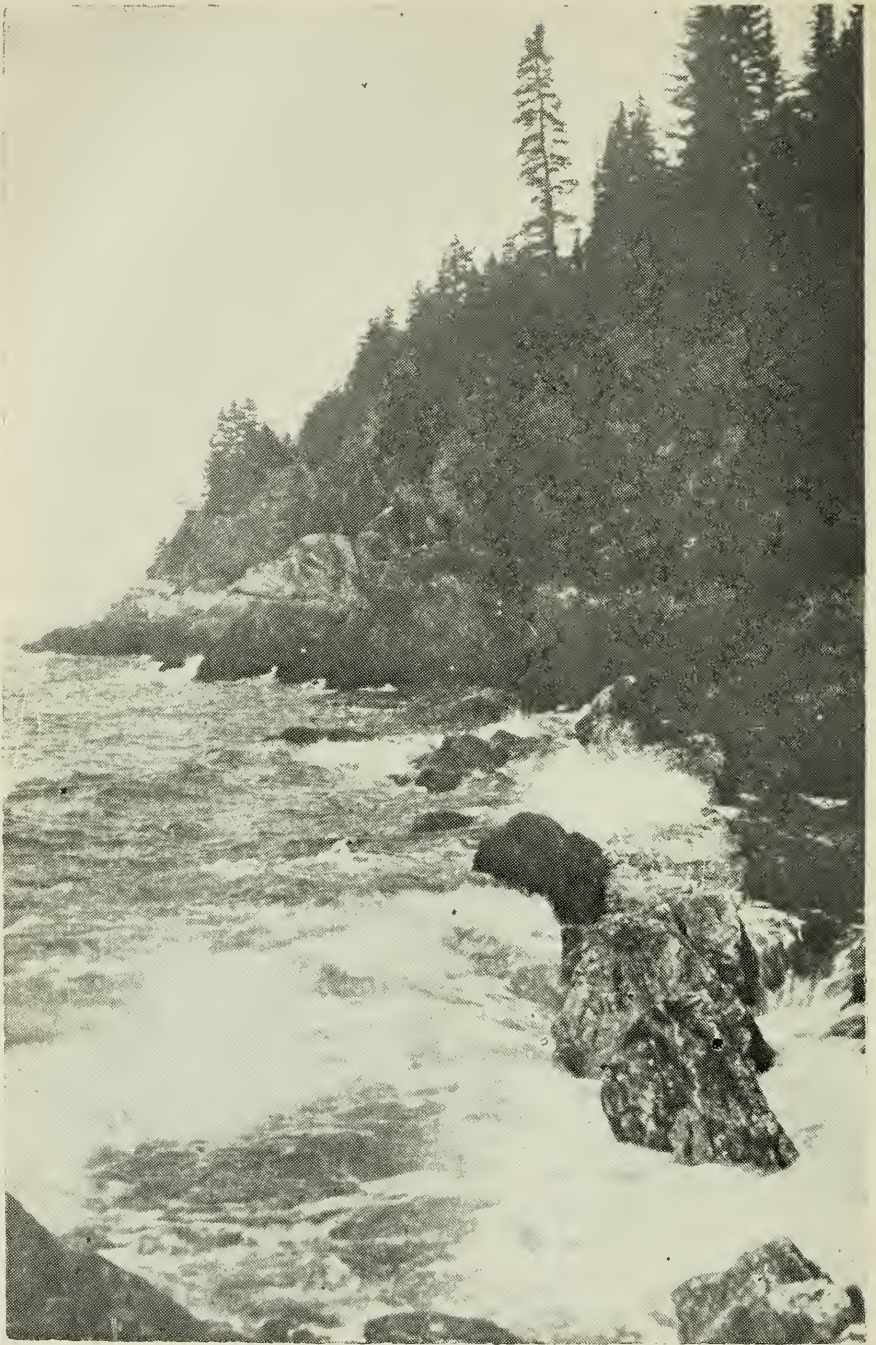
The next morning, after a chat with the innkeeper's wife, they put into execution their plan of the night before. Henri, the village mechanic, had found that it would take the better part of the day to repair the car, as several bolts had to be made by the blacksmith, so they decided to postpone their start for Pau, on their way to Paris, until the next day. Provided with a basket of luncheon they leisurely pursued their way to the old chateau, with the intention of having a real picnic within its ruins.

These ruins ran along a beautiful terrace which overlooked the valley of the Aspe, and at one time must have been laid out with a succession of steps, statues and exotic shrubs, of which few traces were now left. There were also indications of large stables, as Oloron had once been a great horse-raising center. Off in the distance must have been vineyards and groves of mulberry, chestnut and olive trees. The young couple ate their sandwiches in a vaulted pavilion of freestone, decorated with some armorial bearings which they were unable to decipher. The roof was partly disjointed, but enough was left to afford them a shelter from the heat of the noonday sun.

As they were indulging in a few sentimental words about their surroundings, a man dressed in the conventional garb of a French curé came toward them. Bertrand engaged him in an easy conversation concerning the town and his parish, and then asked him about the old chateau. The curé told him that it was the old chateau of the Seigneur de Saint Castin. When the *Bande Noire* had pulled the house to pieces for the sake of the materials which they could carry off they left a number of books and old manuscripts, which had been bought up by the surrounding peasantry for the petty sum of a few sous or a glass of brandy. His grandfather had in this way secured a few things. If *monsieur* would, with his wife, accompany him to the rectory, he would be glad to show him what there was.

Thus purely by accident Bertrand Castine came across the Chateau Castin, and when later they were examining the box of relics, he pulled out a musty parchment written in quaint old French and signed Jean Vincent de St. Castin. It seemed as if fate had led him in this direction. Below, the gentle reader will find a rough translation of that ancient document, as nearly in the form of old English written at that period as can be expected from a very ordinary student of the French language.

I, Jean Vincent d'Abbadie, Lord and Baron of St. Castin, in the year of our blessed Savior, 1716, do write these words about my life, to be



Rocky Shore at Pentagöet

given into the hands of *ma grande fille* Marie, the first born of my beloved son, Bernard Anselm, in order that she may rightly know the hardships and struggles in that new land, whither I was sent by the commands of my most gracious sovereign and king, Louis XIV.

My grandfather was a noble of the very ancient family of d'Abbadie. In 1581 he married Bernardine, Lady of St. Castin, and through this sacred union my father became the Baron de St. Castin, and from my grandmother's exalted name, Bernardine, I named thy father Bernard, albeit we called him Anselm, his second name, by preferment of thy grand-dame Mathilde. When the d'Abbadie were joined to the family of de St. Castin they were a very ancient line, and the St. Castin name had been known since the year 980, and in 1385 one most noble de St. Castin took fifteen firesides and started a small commune some five miles from Pau.

I am writing these words concerning our noble lineage in order that thou mayst ever bear in mind the deeds of thy forefathers, and so order thine own conduct that it shall reflect credit on the ancient name of Castin, and never dim its lustre.

I was born in the year 1652 at Escout. At that time we had my grand dame's house at Pau, my father's house at Escout, and my uncle, the Bishop's mansion at Oloron. When I was in my tenth month my honored mother was attacked by the pest, and waxed very ill—it was the year of the great plague in France. A strolling minstrel came to play his lute and sing before her and my Aunt Jeanne. He was in the first agony of the vile scourge, and from the odor of his garments or from his sickened breath my beloved mother took the plague and day by day weakened until she passed away. I can remember naught of her, but my sister would play her harp and sing the lays she learned from her.

My father did not take another wife, but lived at Escout caring for his lands and farms, and instructing my brother and me in those things a young noble of France should know. My brother and I grew up as other young nobles about us. The holy fathers taught us to read and write; we learned to fence, to ride the horse, to follow the chase, so that we should be fitted to enter into the service of our gracious king.

We had pleasures, too. We would swim in the river Aspe, fish for trout, climb the mulberry trees, pick water cress from the brooks, steal the honey from the wild bees. My eyes were keen, and I always would gather the best artichokes or the first meadow mushrooms.

When we were very small we rode the donkey, but when I was eight I had a strong black pony, and my father let me ride with him and the other barons to a famous boar hunt. But I was afeared of the angry wild boar with his great tusks and red mouth, and felt not quite safe until we had his head served in a pewter charger for our supper. When the harvest came I was allowed to watch the making of the wine. I saw the great vats filled to the brim with the purple foam. The grain and hay, too, had to be hauled into the great sheds, and I might ride in on the

load. Every year there was at Oloron the great horse fair and the days when the sheep were sheared. I spent much time training my hawk and my red ferret.

About this period of my boyhood, my father had the gift of a small English truffle hound, but he proved to be of little good. The idea came to me to try one of our pigs to hunt truffles, as a few days before I had seen some wild pigs digging at the roots of trees. My brother and I took one of the brightest of our young hogs and trained him to hunt. The truffle was a new kind of mushroom which had been discovered in the Province of Bearn. We called it "Food for Princes." It was oftenest found at the roots of walnut, chestnut, or lilac trees. We had many fine oaks on the land outside the castle moat, and we found that the truffles which nestled at the roots of the oaks were greatly superior to any others.

We trained the hog so he would go direct to the spot under the trees and open a deep furrow with his snout. When he reached the truffle we were on the watch. One of us would give him a sharp blow on the nose to draw him off while we took away the tuber. To repay the hog for his trouble he was always given a potato or an acorn. While a pig is dull to sweet odors, it always seems aware of the truffle beneath the soil and smells it out. It was a sport that won us lads. Our cook served the truffles well—gently stewed in wine, or as the Italians did, baked in slices with oil, salt, pepper, a dash of mace and lemon juice. Soon we had a dozen hogs trained to the sport, and sold them to the lords of the province.

Oft my sister would ask me to climb the turret stairs with her and watch the peasant maids of our household weave the silk from the worms that fed on our mulberry grove, for our clothes and hangings. My sister learned to broider, and the coat of arms on the old surcoat which thou mayst find in my chamber was the work of her skilled fingers. I thought then our coat of arms the most noble of the lords of Bearn. It was gold, with a pine tree of green, sustained on a silver crescent, and accompanied by two other crescents, also of silver, surmounted by a bird of the same, top of blue bearing three silver stars. The pine tree was like the ones that grew on the slopes of the Pic du Midi to the south of us, and the bird similar to the birds I had oft snared in our chestnut trees.

Thus our life ran smooth as the river Aspe along its banks. My father had an additional grant of land from his sovereign, and His Majesty King Louis promised that I should be of his own body guard and of his noble household. Then came that blackest day when my father was killed by a fall from his horse and our household was in confusion. He was buried in the de St. Castin church and had a noble monument to his sainted memory and many masses said for his soul.

At that time, in the year 1666, I had fourteen years, but was as large and well grown as the ordinary youngster of eighteen. My brother, Jacques, was to inherit the estates, and my sister, Marie, had plighted

her troth to Jean de Lebaig of Arette. I was a wild youth with a passion for adventure, and I begged of my uncle, the Bishop of Lescar, to intercede with the king to let me join his regiment of "Carignan Salieres," and go to Quebec, young as I was, to help restrain the incursions of the Mohawk Indians. The desire of my heart was granted, and I went to Oloron, where, in the church of Ste. Marie, I spent the night in fasting and in prayer. The next day, blest by my uncle, the Bishop, I started on my journey.

Marie broidered my gauntlets, and my brother gave me a large purse, made from the fur of a sea otter, filled with gold pieces. My trusty blade was a sword of my grandfather's, and my surcoat was embroidered with the armorial bearings of the d'Abbadie and de St. Castin seigneuries. I took for my retainer a youth of my own age, who was the son of one of our peasants. We started on horseback, and rode along the banks of the river Pau. In due time we came to the town of Bayonne on the coast. The only incident of our journey was when we were sore beset by two stout knaves, hard by a lonesome wood. Whether there was aught in their attack but to satisfy their hunger from the wallet which held our food, or perchance to rid us of our gold, I wot not. With the help of my good Denis and my trusty sword I soon forced the varlets to take to their heels.

At the port of Bayonne we found a fishing packet which plied its trade along the coast. We committed our souls to our patron saints and went aboard the *Etoile de Mer*. Again, in due course of time, by keeping along the coast of France we reached the port of Brest, where lay at anchor the good ship *Dauphin*, which was to convoy us to New France. Many of our regiment were already settled in their meagre quarters aboard ship. On the next day we up anchor and were off for Quebec.

There is but sparse room in this tale to narrate the events of that wearisome journey. I look back with horror on those weeks when in that small ship, crowded like sheep in their pens, we would lie becalmed on the swelling bosom of the ocean, or when on billows mountain high with green foam curling over the deck we called on the Heavenly Hosts to help us in this last hour of our extremity. Such horrible loathsome filth, such hours of *mal de mer*, such petty brawls, such oaths and imprecations from both soldiers and sailors, even now maketh my heart sick with the memory of them.

Quebec at last! I do not need to describe to thee Quebec, the place of thy birth, dear Marie. It was to us, after the sweet valleys of our own dear France, all so rude and wild. Our regiment, the grand "Carignan Salieres," bore its part most nobly in many a sortie on the Mohawk Indians. After a year of most honorable service, for reasons best known to the Chevalier Grandfontaine, our regiment was disbanded, and we were dismissed from the army on that account. My mind was greatly torn in two, whether to return to Oloron or remain in this country.

Angered and ashamed was I to go back with so little service. At the moment of my setting out for the coast I received word of a considerable grant of land from my gracious king at a place in New Acadie, called Pentagoet, an Indian town which had been held by our troops against the English in the days of D'Aulnay and La Tour.

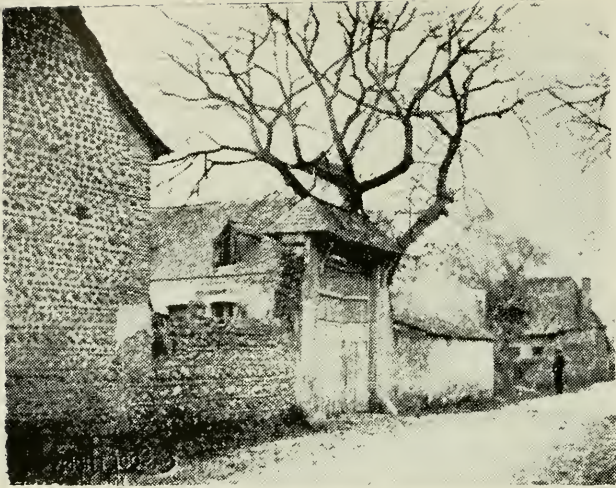
Guided by a small band of faithful Indians I pushed through all the rough land and over the rapids of several rivers to the little peninsula which bore the name of Pentagoet. We passed through many dangers on the trail. We saw at a distance ever and anon bands of hostile Indians. Wildcats lurked in the trees, and at night, betwixt the owl and the hungry wolf, sleep was well nigh impossible on account of the hooting and wailing from these creatures. Our garments were torn by thorns and underbrush. The supply of food was scant, and oft, when a fish or a hare could have been caught and cooked, we durst not betray ourselves by the trail of smoke from a camp fire. It was in that season we call hunting, and we saw moose and deer a-plenty. Now and then a fat black bear followed by her half-grown cubs would shew us the trail to a hollow tree where we found the cloying wild honey. Nuts and a root called sassafras was our only sustenance oft for a whole day.

A few times we slept at night at some fortified hamlet, and five times we met friendly tribes, who offered their quaint hospitality to my guides. I should have turned my face again at least twice toward Quebec, in despair of reaching Pentagoet—had not my faithful scouts encouraged me to endure a little longer, a cowardice not unexpected to them in a young French lord brought up in the softer ways of his own sweet land of wheat and vines.

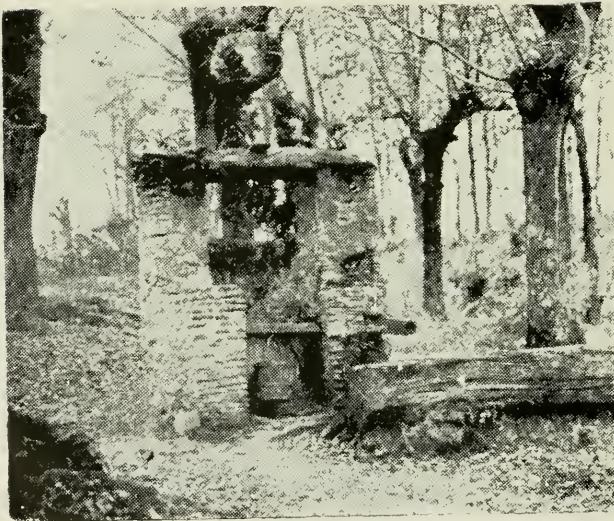
Now I come to the most eventful part of my whole life. The years I dwelt in Pentagoet were to the number of thirty, and they were sanctified unto me. It was before 1670 that Pentagoet was made headquarters for Hubert d'Audigny, Chevalier de Grandfontaine. He was ordered by his most exalted king to fortify the place, to increase traffic on these coasts, and to make the most of barter in fish and furs. By the Articles of Breda, 1667, France kept all of Acadie. The English who had homes there might stay if they would take the oath of allegiance to King Louis. Some of the inhabitants did this; to others he granted special privilege to trade there in furs.

Fort Pentagoet was built to keep our title to the Penobscot, the boundary by the west of Acadie. I had slept in this new country in wigwams, where the bed was a skin spread out upon the ground, the same kind of a mattress as our Gallic ancestors are reported to have used; when on the march I had slept in great bags lined with fur under the starry skies. Now I had the chance to settle down to an easier mode of life, and so I determined to build me a house.

Pentagoet, as mayhap thou hast heard, is a small head of land which projects out from the main by a narrow neck. From love of the blue clear waters the tongue of land stretched itself out into them, whilst, with



Old Buildings Near Castle Yard



Old Well Near Castle

an equally fond embrace, the salt sea had encircled the green pastures rich with their waving grasses, flowers and the refreshing shade of trees. One welcomed the other, and it was just this that made each so beautiful. I took for the site of my fireside a sunny slope close to the water's edge. It was pleasing to me at dead of night to hear the quiet, steady lap, lap of the waves on my pebbly beach.

It was a long, low, irregular building, part of wood and in places of stone. Placed beside my ancient house in Escout it would have looked grotesque indeed, but the nobles of France are not learned in constructing of houses, neither did we have the tools a builder has in that country. I builded the windows small and quite high, so that no one could look in from the outside. The rooms were all on one floor. Beside the common room I had a small paneled room for office or study.

Denis, who had followed the trade of cabinet maker in France, made me a rough pine table for my papers, ink horn and quill, and a row of shelves for my few books, also two or three chairs patterned after the French style but of less costly wood. For the most part we used rough wooden benches and tables. Our dishes were wooden bowls or trenchers cut from a solid block. We had some dishes of birchen bark, others of woven grass, and some rude pottery jars made by my Indians from a native clay.

As a priest, either Jesuit or Capuchin, was here all the time, I had a private altar built in my house. There were several bed-rooms and the usual cook rooms. A garden was planted with maize, potatoes and beans, and beyond it was a right pretty orchard with both cherry and apple trees and a hard pear or two. For that first winter I remained in the fort for the most time whilst my house was nearing completion.

I learned from the good fathers who came from time to time to visit the Capuchin mission many lessons, how to manage the savage Indian nature, and what tricks to expect from them. The priests assured me that the English did not know how to deal with the savage temperament, which accounted for the atrocities committed on the English. The Indians were for the most part kind to the French. As they said: "The French never cheat us and always keep their promise."

When spring came and my house was ready I went into it with my faithful Denis and a young squaw to cook for us. Denis had taken this squaw to wife, according to the custom of some of the settlers in that region. He bought her from her husband for one French pistole, a tin cooking dish and a blanket. I ever labored to teach my Indian followers that they be constant to one wife, and that God wanted us to marry but one wife; yet my friend, La Hontan, tells me that I was held up by the English as a bugbear and monster with four or five wives at one time. Abbe Reynal wrote in his letters that no doubt the fascination of my manners would have drawn to me four or five wives, but I remained steadfast to my principles of one.

At this time there were thirty-one souls in Pentagoet, but that did not include the Indians, who led a nomadic life, remaining here while the fishing was good and to tend their gardens, but going north toward the hunting season. On several occasions I went with them on a moose hunt. They hunt a moose with dogs until it is worn out, then dispatch it with spears and other missiles. This makes necessary that they traverse large areas of snow, which they do with incredible swiftness. In order that they may not sink too deep in snow, they place beneath their soles and fasten to their feet broad pieces of net work, very like to those that players use to strike a ball. These broad pieces of network support them easily while running. But the slender legs of the moose sink so deep in snow that they are extricated with difficulty.

This is not wrote to you to tell of the history of the French struggle. In brief, Grandfontaine left, de Chambly succeeded him. A man, John Rhoads, came by stealth and craft disguised to the fort, staid some four days, and returned with a Flemish corsair, "Flying Horse," with 200 men. We defended the fort in a most brave manner, till Chambly was shot in the body. The pirates made much pillage, took away all the guns, and carried away Chambly. The Dutch, two years later, made an attack on us, but vessels were sent from Boston to our aid, and the Dutch driven off. I then took charge of the fort, and kept it as long as it was kept fortified.

During these years I had made friendly overtures to the Indians, and entered into an alliance with their chief, Mataconando, in the French tongue, but called by the English Madockawando. They were a branch of the Algonquin tribe, and had various names for the different bands between here and the North—Penobscots, Tarratines, Abenakis.

Mataconando was the chief sachem of the Tarratines who lived at Pentagoet. He had great influence over the other sachems. He was not so tall as the English, yet lacked neither grace nor dignity. He was slender, beardless, and slightly tanned. He was brave, but peaceable, and treated his captives kindly; yet the first time I saw him in war bonnet and war paint his countenance was fierce enow to make the bravest quail.

My second season here was one of great scarcity. The Indians were driven for subsistence to the cranberry beds. They had wondrous skill, too, in capturing wild geese and ducks that alighted in the cranberry marshes. The chief reason for lack of food during this winter was the immense amount of ice packed into the harbor. It was well-nigh impossible to spear any fish. We could walk on the firm ice into the farthest coves.

I am minded to tell thee somewhat of the natural sources of our food at Pentagoet, for thou canst hardly imagine them. During all times of the year except the four months of winter we had an abundance of food from the sea. The clam and mussel flats were inexhaustible, mussels being somewhat like our French snail. There were all kinds of

small pan fish, but of all fish, the salmon was the most delectable. A shell fish heretofore unknown to me was the scallop, or St. James's shell. The Tarratines ate only the hinge, or large round muscle which held the two shells together, giving to the dogs the other portions. They used the large round shells for plates.

A dish also new to France was a sort of stew of corn and beans, which was exceeding savory, and called by the Indians succotash. The summer months provided us with a continuous feast of berries. There were the delicate strawberries, a great crop of blueberries, which we dried and used during the winter, and many wild blackberries. We had a green plant called mustard, very good boiled with salt pork, and a salt beach watercress, which was rather tasty.

As the year waned and grew colder our Indians would bring in great haunches of moose, venison, and bear meat, to be kept frozen all winter. Small game, like partridge, quail, rabbit and squirrel, was a plenty. We found apples, wild cherries, thorn plums, as well as beech nuts and pop-corn, which could be dried and stored for the winter. The Tarratines pounded their dried corn in a kind of stone mortar, and made a paste of it as best they could, baking a cake of it between two hot stones. Their green corn they roasted on the ear over live coals, as Pliny saith the old Romans did. At this time I had my first dish of tay, or tee, a new drink the English have brought from China—some dried leaves, which are of great scarceness and dearth. My friend, La Hontan, sent me a few in a paper wrapper by an Indian runner, who came from Quebec. Tay is brewed by a few leaves let stand in a cup of boiling water.

From 1676 to 1686, in spite of my alliance with the Indians and my strong fort, I had many struggles to keep Pentagoet. My life had been made up of warfare and trading. I was still under thirty, and vied with the Tarratines in manly sports. I could wrestle and shoot with the best of them, swim too, but they knew many kinds of Indian lore of which I was still ignorant. I was taken up with the bolder things of life, and love and marriage had not as yet entered into my heart or thoughts.

My relations with Gov. Perrot were not amicable, as he falsely charged me with riotous conduct with females. My young blood was still hot, and upon occasions I was the victim of my own weaknesses, but I feel that I bore myself with some merit, as the times were licentious, and the French and English about me were of the lowest order.

Mataconando had one daughter who was his favorite, the youngest of his children. She was a brown little papoose, still strapped in her birchen basket on her mother's back when I first saw her. During these years I had an occasional glimpse of her at play with her dolls, but I did not know she had grown to woman's estate until one day I saw her standing in her light bateau paddling against a strong tide in front of my house. Her poise, her graceful limbs, and her deft strokes awakened my admiration. A few days later I saw her stand to her knees in the riprap

of the tide and with a swift, sure clutch land a large, green lobster. Her every movement was the poesy of motion. My love for her was of slow growth, but strong and sure. It burst into full flame the night that I caught Wenamouet outside of her wigwam, his robe over his head, a hand made flute protruding from its folds, while he sang a plaintive Indian serenade:

“Listen! You will hear of him,
Hear of him who loves you.
Maiden, you will hear of him,
Hear of him who loves you, who loves you!
Listen! He will shortly go
Seeking your ancestral foe.”

Her Indian name meant “moon witch”—I know not rightly how they spelt it.

She was the veriest witch I ever saw, slender, graceful, a loveliness without a name. A healthy gleam of red beneath the tan of her cheek told why, in the native tongue, she was so often called “Rosy-throated Pigeon,” a rare tribute to her beauty. She was the pet of the Indian settlement, brought up in all its freedom. Young and winsome, many a Tarratine brave sought her hand in marriage, and fain would carry her off to his wigwam.

I resolved to press my suit in every way, to woo her constantly till she consented to be my wife. I know not if her father’s friendship helped my suit, or was it that I was cast in a different mould from her other suitors. Mayhap the fact that I was a noble and not ill favored, that my voice was soft and deferential, helped my cause.

In the moonlight whilst she paddled our bateau along the shore, I sang to her old French chansons. Her favorite was:

“A heart! a heart! ah, give me a heart,
To rise to circumstance!
Serene and high, and bold to try
The hazard of the chance;
With strength to wait, but fixed as fate
To plan and dare and do;
The peer of all, and only thrall,
Sweet lady mine, to you!”

At last Moon Witch put her firm little hand in mine and promised to make me happy.

If I have spoke naught of Catholicism in these pages it is because thou knowest how deep and abiding has been my faith and how devout and religious the de St. Castin family hath ever been. At Pentagoet the Jesuit fathers had a mission, and there was a chapel built over the gate-

way of our fort. It was entered from the ramparts. To the southwest of us was also a Capuchin mission, "Our Lady of Holy Hope," of which Friar Leo of Paris, Capuchin missionary, laid the foundation before I came to Acadie.

In order that I could espouse Moon Witch according to the tenets of the Catholic church it was needful that she be baptised in the Catholic faith. To this end the good father gave her the name of Mathilde Mataconando. At my request was her Christian name Mathilde, as it was one that had been used in the annals of our family for several hundred years.

So we were married, and lived in our house near the fort. Thus I became ruler, in alliance with Mataconando, of the powerful and warlike tribe of Micmacs. About this time came two Frenchmen to barter here, and found the place so good that they remained. One of these was James Peter Pau, as his name doth imply, from our own Pau, and the other was St. Aubin. They were greatly pleased to find me so well beloved by the Tarratines, and in many ways they helped me to instruct my wife, Mathilde, in the modes of France. She had already learnt to speak, but not to think in, the French tongue. The last cargo of goods that came by sloop from Boston had brought for Mathilde garments fitting for her position as my wife, albeit she wore them only on state occasions. I ever admired her in the doeskin skirt embroidered with beads, her slender feet clad in handsome moccasins, and her long glossy black braids hanging down her back. In this garb she was wont to go about her duties.

In the year, 1687, I was notified by the government of New England that I must surrender the fort, but I considered the instruction most outrageous in its tone, and complied not therewith. I was busily engaged at this time in building a mill for the commonalty of Port Royal.

In March, Sir Edmond Andros, governor of New England, came here aboard the frigate "Rose." Capt. Georges was in command, and anchored opposite my dwelling. He sent his lieutenant ashore to hold parley with me. I was salmon fishing at Lake Alamoosook with Mataconando and Wenamouet. Mathilde and the others of my household were frightened, so they ran into the woods without further parley, and left our house shut up. The lieutenant said he tried to get a good look at the beautiful squaw, said to be the Baron's wife. Governor Andros landed and searched my house. He left the small altar pictures and ornaments in the common room uninjured, but he carried off all my firearms, ammunition, iron kettles and chairs, which put me to great inconvenience. Later, an Abenakis runner told me my goods were at Penaquid, and that I could have them again if I would swear fealty to the English king. I was greatly incensed, and would have retaliated if the commonwealth of Massachusetts had not disclaimed all responsibility. On top of this came the loss of my flat-bottomed flyboat, which was stolen by pirates.

At the end of the same year my wife, Mathilde, gave birth to thy father, Bernard Anselm. Maternity did bring out all that was womanly in my Mathilde. St. Aubin built for us a fine French cradle, in which

she took great pride. She would rock Anselm and sing to him her Indian legends and chants whilst she broidered tiny moccasins fretted with bead-work. When I heard her sing

“Sleep, sleep, my boy! The Chippewas
Are far away, are far away.
Sleep, sleep, my boy; prepare to meet
The foe by day, the foe by day!

The cowards will not dare to fight
Till morning break, till morning break.
Sleep, sleep, my child, while still 'tis night;
Then bravely wake, then bravely wake!”

I misdoubted my son was a little brown papoose, but if she saw me coming toward her she sang one of the chansons I had taught as right for a little French baron.

I could not entirely wean her from the Tarratine customs, indeed I did not wish to, whilst we lived with them. So, for *petit* Anselm she had a movable cradle made from a board or a heavy piece of birch bark. It was two feet long by one and a half wide, a piece of doeskin richly broidered with ducks or wild animals in rude Indian design was fastened to each edge and laced up the open front with buckskin thongs. When thy *pere* Anselm was in it, a wooden bow with the ends caught to the board was put over his arms, so that if the cradle fell his face and head would not be hurt. This kind of cradle could be hung from a bough of a tree or against a lodge pole or over one side of a pony's back. Once when he was asleep on the branch of an oak tree, a red squirrel, “uncas,” ate his dinner above him, and dropt an acorn on his nose.

In 1692 a great misfortune cast its shadow on our life, but the *bon Dieu* came to our rescue. The Governor of New England wanted my allegiance to the English king. He sent a flyboat here and the captain seized James Peter Pau and St. Aubin when they were fishing for salmon on the banks of the Penobscot river. Then he captured a poor, worthless Indian, filled him with the poorest kind of *fire water*, as the Abenakis called rum, and sent him ashore to tell the families of Pau and St. Aubin to join them two miles up the river, which they did. He then worked up a plot, kept the wives as pledges for the doing of his commands, and sent Pau and St. Aubin with two deserters from the French army to deceive me and decoy me with Mathilde and Anselm to a place where I could be seized and forcibly abducted to Boston. The Governor little knew the faithfulness of my French or Indian followers, who told me the whole plot and gave up the deserters to me. A few weeks later the wives and children of Pau and St. Aubin were sent back to them by the authorities at Boston.

I ever found my Tarratine Indians faithful to me. If any treachery did come, it was from liquors given to them, which addled their senses. An old Indian proverb was in their tribe, to wit: "First, the man takes a drink; then, the drink takes a drink; then, the drink takes the man." This was the story of many a poor Abenakis, as well as of other tribes.

At this time the pressure on me was so great, and I was so afear'd of dangers to my wife and son, as well as the little band of settlers who dwelt with us, that I gave a half-hearted promise to remain neutral in my allegiance; but in the year 1696 Iberville besought my aid, and with a fleet of bateaux and two hundred Micmac warriors I joined him in an attack on Pemaquid. This was the largest band which had come under my direct command since I came to Pentagoet. Villabon, Iberville, and I invested Pemaquid in July 14th, 1696. The defence was a considerable one, but the terror of my savages was such that the garrison soon capitulated, on the promise from me that I would control my fierce Micmacs. Unfortunately, when we entered the fort we discovered a Micmac prisoner in irons. He told me in his own tongue such a horrible story of the tortures the English had made him suffer that before Iberville and I could prevent it, two of the English had been seized and scalped, but not killed. I came immediately to the rescue, and had all the prisoners taken to an island nearby with a strong French guard to protect them from my Micmacs. I understand the English were much surprised at my great control over the Micmacs, as they had feared a massacre.

By now Anselm was a good-sized lad. Mataconando, Mathilde, and I had learned him what we could in both French studies and Indian craft. So, when, in the year 1701, my gracious King sent for me to set sail for France, I left him at the Seminary of Quebec to finish his education. With my wife, Mathilde, I set sail for France. We went the more willing as Mataconando three years before had gone to the "happy hunting grounds," and Wenamouet had succeeded him as chief of the Tarratines.

My Royal Master had not wist me to trade with the English at Boston, and called me to France to justify this disobedience. It was necessity to me, as I could not get the goods I required either at Newfoundland or Port Royal.

I took with me three thousand crowns in good, dry gold. I intended on my return to Acadie to take up a grant of land which I had up on the river de la Pointe au Hestre. Here I designed to establish a fishery at Molue, and remove to that place some of my good Indians. After things were well started there, it was my intent to return to Pentagoet, to end my days in the peace of that quiet harbor.

The voyage on a commodious ship was a constant delight to Mathilde, who had never before been on the broad ocean in a large ship. We reached France in safety, and went to Paris to have audience with my gracious Sovereign, who liked my tales of the wild western shores, and deigned to commend me for my brave deeds.

I then took Mathilde to my ancestral home at Pau and Escout. *Mon beau frere* Lebaig made ample accounting to me of my patrimony. My elder brother was deceased, and my sister besought me to remain near her. Mathilde seemed happy in this new French life, so for the present I put behind me the lure of the wilds of Acadie, promising myself each successive year that I would go back to Pentagoet.

But I have remained here, and now, nearing the end of the year 1716, I am still at Escout. My years, they number three score and four, and the vigor of life hath left my limbs. The luxuries of France, the soft beds, the silken coverlets, the easy chairs, fine linen, rich and dainty victuals, the red wine—all have chained me to this life.

As thou knowest, thy father, Anselm, finished his studies at Quebec and returned to Pentagoet, and in the year, 1707, married thy mother, Charlotte d'Amours, daughter of Louis, Lord of Jemsec. Anselm, too, was a chief sachem of the Tarratines, and held a commission from his King as Second Lieutenant of the navy, with the pay of the same. He has writ me of his elegant French uniform, but saith he prefers the comfort of his Indian dress.

Mathilde loves the old turret chamber up the little flight of stairs, where *ma mere* had her silk looms. She has started there a little school of the peasants of Escout. Her deft fingers were skilled in basket weaving in her own country, there at Pentagoet, in the deep marsh at the foot of the long hill leading to the main, where she was wont to find much sweet smelling grasses to weave into her beautiful baskets. She brought with her to Escout some of the roots and planted them on the edges of a brook, where they grew abundant and spread afar. She also found fine osiers in the marsh land of the river Aspe, and out of those she plaited wonderful baskets that would hold water. Some were so large and fine that we used them instead of a bucket at the old well in the castle yard. In both blankets and the fine wove baskets she works odd Indian designs, creatures of the woods, rude Indian implements and figures, which do make our peasantry to marvel much. She learns her maids these arts, and they in turn show her to broider and weave both silks and tapestries, and the art of making lace.

So we pass our days in placid content, waiting for the home-coming of Anselm, our son, with his wife and you, his little daughter, Marie, our only grandchild, whose face we long to see.

[Note by the Editor.]

Baron Castin died at Pau about 1717, and his son, Anselm, did not reach France until after his death that same year. Anselm's widow died at Pau. His three daughters, of whom Marie was the eldest, remained in Pau and vicinity and married Frenchmen. As far as it can be traced,

the St. Castin family is no longer in existence in France, but the hamlet of Escout is now known as St. Castin.

The French archives give Bernard Anselm as the only child by Mathilde Mataconando, but letters are among historical papers in Massachusetts, referring to Joseph d'Abbadie de St. Castin and to Anastasia de St. Castin as children of Baron Castin, name of mother not given.

Hon. J. W. Castine, M. P., of Glenburn, Riverton, S. Australia, who is the only person, until recently, known to bear that name, has been unable to trace his line to the French family.

In February of this year, Dr. G. A. Wheeler, the historian of Castine, Me., came into the possession of a letter from Canada, written by Mlle. Zoe St. Castin, requesting his assistance in tracing her ancestry.





The Ferry



Avery House, North Castine

The Ferry, a Story of 1812

By MARGARET NILES



OME DAY when time hangs heavy on your hands and city life becomes irksome, come with me for a little trip into the country and I will tell you of an old-time romance and tragedy.

First we will buy a ticket on the Maine Central for Bangor and, after we get to B——, we will change cars to a little branch road, running down by the side of the Penobscot River, to Bucksport, but we are not going quite as far as that. In due time, the brakeman calls out, in a lusty voice, "Bucksport Center, Winterport Ferry," and we find ourselves standing on a wooden platform near the station and in the dim distance we see a few houses.

A cheery voice comes out of the twilight asking, "Are you going across to-night?" We reply in the affirmative. So, taking our bags for us, our guide starts down a very long, steep hill. We stumble after as best we can, sometimes our feet are in a rut and sometimes on high ground, for it is about the worst piece of country road imaginable. After a bit we get down to the Ferry and there, drawn up on a steep, wet slip, is a boat called a "Dory" or Double-ender. It is said it can't tip over. We are bidden to "climb in" and we have quite a time doing so. After we are seated, the mail-bag is thrown in and the ferryman gives the boat a good strong push and jumps in himself, and then there are all kinds of things doing. The tide runs like mad, right at the head of the slip, but with his good birch oars and strong arms he heads her out into the stream and up the river, that we may allow for drifting down to the right landing on the opposite side.

If you were to cross with a horse and carriage, the scow would be brought into use and you might be ten or fifteen minutes getting across, or you might be two and one-half hours, if there was ice on the river. "Head wind, head tide, never get there; head wind, fair tide, half way there; fair wind, fair tide, there now," as an old skipper told me on a yachting trip in Penobscot Bay long ago.

There is a ferryman on each side of the river, and if you can't find him at the wharf, you ring a bell rigged by a rope to a stout pole and he appears from somewhere.

So much for the ferry of to-day, 1915, and just so was it conducted in 1812.

But we are about to land on the Winterport side of the river and we climb out on a rather better slip and scramble up some steep steps. We find a public carriage, awaiting any passenger that cares to avail himself of it. This we gladly do and soon we arrive at our destination.

We are ushered into a cozy sitting-room, with its bright open fire, and receive a hearty welcome from a dainty little lady with dark, bright eyes. She shows us up to our room by a wattleing stairway, most graceful in its design. Our room contains a real "Four Poster" with canopy top, a bureau of the "heavy style," spindle legged dressing table with painted glass hanging over it and an old-time wash stand with bowl and pitcher of George Washington design.

After making our toilet, we descend to the dining-room of ye olden tyme, perfect in every detail. We count the nine doors going out of this large room to every part of the big house. The beautiful mahogany table is spread to its greatest extent, set with Great-Grandmother Avery's china and silver. All this came from Castine to grandmother who was an Avery. The china was painted in Liverpool expressly for Great-Grandfather Avery more than one hundred years ago. It consists of a sugar bowl and a larger bowl, tea or water pot and creamer but there are no plates, as pewter ones were used. The ware is white and very thin, the small, bowl-shaped cups are without handles, the saucers are deep. They have a bold decoration, a large red rose set in green foliage, across whose leaves is a dash of red. A black line edged with purple beading forms a border. Above the pattern is the large monogram—in black—T. H. A. (Thatcher and Hannah Avery.)

And now while we take our tea, I will try to tell you the story connected with this same ferry, just as grandmother told it to me long ago.

Grandmother's Story.

In the summer of 1812, I was about fifteen years old and the very first thing I knew about the British being in Castine, they had surrounded our house at North Castine. A handsome officer and two aids, dressed in red coats, much gold lace and white breeches, knocked at the front door, demanding admittance to hunt for two deserters who, he insisted, were hidden in our house. But when he saw my mother's face, so strong and sweet, for she was a handsome woman in her dark dress with snow white cap and kerchief, he doffed his hat with a low bow and begged her pardon for intruding on her family, but military orders compelled him to make the search. Mother bade him enter, and, telling my sister Betsy to conduct the gentlemen thru the house, she resumed her seat at the flax wheel by the window.

Now of all of us six girls, sister Betsy was by far the handsomest. She loved nice clothes and my father brought home many beautiful things from his foreign voyages and that kept her well supplied. She was a good match for any wit that came along and before the stern officer of H. M. S. had finished his search of our home, she had him quite tamed down and when he wanted to go into the loft over the back kitchen, entered by a trap door, she said, "certainly," but he might take the small-pox and ruin his complexion, as the bedding there was used



Plate and Mug used by British officers at Avery House
Grandmother's Jewel Box

by some of my father's sailors when they had lain there with the disease. That was enough, he did not want to hunt further.

In fact, the two deserters were lying there, shaking with fear, but Sister Betsy saved them that time. How mother could be so calm was a wonder to me. The officer withdrew, after a thoro search of house and barn, as he considered it. That night, with a good supply of food, the young deserters were sped on their way up the river, where they were to cross at the ferry and so get out of danger. Oh, how our hearts trembled lest they be taken before they reached there in safety.

The same officer came back with several others later and were quartered in our house. My father was away on a sea voyage, as he was captain of a large ship and brought home many fine things to mother and us girls. This blue mug and plate are some that the British used while in our house. I will give them to you if you care to keep them for a remembrance.

Mother was very strict with us girls and she allowed no liberties taken with her family by the British officers. I know now why that particular officer was so nice to us. He had fallen in love with my sister, Betsy, but mother would not think of such a thing while the war lasted.

The two young deserters got to the ferry all right and paid the ferryman in good, bright, British gold, to get them across to the other side, which was outside of the lines, and thought they were safe, sleeping in barns and farm houses.

Somehow an officer out on a foraging party heard the ferryman bragging about his gold and offered him more to tell him where he got that, and he just sold them out, or rather his brother on the other side told all he knew about those poor young men. They were captured and brought back and shut up in the dungeon at Fort George. My brother, Samuel, said people in the village could hear them crying and begging for mercy, for they were only young boys you know. I think the officers who quartered at our house felt badly about it, but military rule was law and at sunrise next morning those poor boys were taken out and shot.

My, how I hated those people up the river for betraying their hiding place! Little did I think that some day I should go up there to live and when your grandfather, some years later, came courting, I would have nothing to say to him, because he came from up the river and it took me a long time to overcome that feeling.

We were a large family of girls and were expected to marry and have homes of our own, so I decided he was not to blame for what others had done and I liked him overwell.

We had a grand wedding, father insisting on marrying his daughters off in proper style. I rode on a pillion behind your grandfather. I was dressed in a dark green broadcloth habit, large beaver hat, with a long plume, and when we got to the ferry, I shuddered when I looked at the man ferrying us over, to think he could take that gold and betray those

deserters. Your grandfather told me that that man was long since dead and that he had no luck all the rest of his life and people spoke of him with a—never mind what.

The big scow was brought inshore and we embarked with our saddle horses and two pack horses, loaded with my trousseau. All my furniture and my dower chest came by packet.

We started our home in two rooms at the Cox Tavern, that being near your grandfather's store. Where is the Cox Tavern, you ask? Why that is the Squire Kelly house now. Many distinguished people have passed the night in that house, Alexander Longfellow, Daniel Webster and many others. Mr. Kelly was about the best educated man in this town and knew many distinguished men in his college days and kept them for friends. They often came to visit him after he bought the house and established his home there.

No! Sister Betsy never married, altho she had lots of nice offers. She really had loved that British officer and after he was killed by a cannon bursting, she cared for no one but me, and that's how she came to live here. This monogram china was hers and she gave it to me. I only wish I had her portrait here, to show you how handsome she was.



Ancient Bristol

By ANNIE M. ERVINE

RNDIFFERENCE to past history is now considered a mark of the uncultured mind; so let us stretch our thoughts back about three hundred years and conjure up the real life and the heroic deeds of those who once walked the shores of ancient Bristol, sailed over her waters in light ships or darted along her coasts in canoes.

Wanderers from other shores were certainly here; but their footprints were washed away before any record was kept, and even the names of the earliest voyagers, the forerunners of discovery, are lost in dimness on the pages of history.

Great events often fail of appreciation from the fact that they take place in our immediate vicinity. Heroic deeds and the men who perform them are forgotten after they have vanished and slumbered long in the Valley of Silence. So it is with us in historic Maine.

Comparatively few people realize that the origin of colonization in this homeland of ours began in Bristol, of which ancient Pemaquid was, in fact, the capital. We are able to trace the life threads of New England to this historic spot, which was once its most noted locality, and which has a special interest not belonging to any other point on our shores as its name—Bristol—affiliates us with one of the commercial cities of England, from whence so many of our early ancestors came.

The progress of discovery on the American continent for at least a full century after the first voyage of Columbus was very slow. Somewhere in the records we read that in the years 1602 and 1603, Captain Bartholemew Gosnold and Captain Martin Pring, two Englishmen, in the ships Concord and Speedwell came near the shores of what is now called Bristol, but we find no satisfactory reports of their exploits.

We are sure, however, that in 1603, certain merchants of Bristol in England sent out two vessels for the purpose of trading here with the Indians for cargoes of sassafras and furs. In those days sassafras was highly esteemed by the English as a cure for the plague.

It is also stated that in 1605 Captain George Weymouth, from Downs, England, in the ship "Archangel" traded with the Indians of this section and found them very friendly. Had he never betrayed their trust it is probable that much of the disorder and bloodshed which we call "Early Indian Troubles," would never have occurred. When Weymouth sailed from Pemaquid for England, he kidnapped five of these savages with whom he held such neighborly intercourse that they were even visiting on this ship while the scheme of kidnapping was being developed in the cabin.

Not much is said about the Pemaquid Indians until the arrival in the summer of 1614 of Captain John Smith of Pocahontas fame. Here he remained for several months, trading with the natives for beaver and other furs. After this date mention is often made of the brisk trade carried on between the settlers and the Indians, chief among whom was our Indian hero of these early times—*Lord Samoset*.

It is a glory of Pemaquid that she can claim Samoset as her Lord, or Sagamore. It was he who appeared in the presence of that little remnant of Pilgrims at Plymouth when their life was hanging as it were by a thread, and said, "Much welcome, Englishmen, much welcome." Is it any wonder that he seemed to them God's messenger sent to prepare the way before them in the wilderness! It startled the colonists to hear their mother-tongue, even in broken English. Who was this stranger? this guest? He was none other than our large-hearted, broad-minded friend—Samoset, a savage lord from the eastern parts, who was distant a "dayes sayle with a great wind."

Should you like a pen picture of this hero? If so, see standing before you a tall, straight man, with long, black hair shading an eye as keen as an eagle's. About his loins is a well-tanned skin. A typical Indian, fine in physique, dignified in bearing, free of speech, and as steadfast in his dealing as the old headland of Pemaquid. Among his people he stands alone for his greatness.

This was the man who walked boldly among the sick, starving colonists, telling them of the resourceful country they had reached and of the waters that abounded in fish. He spent some time with the colonists and then passed from Plymouth scenes, leaving the Pilgrims informed of the savage conditions about them and also of the eastern parts from whence he had come.

Thus, from the incident that leaves so pleasant an impression in the memory, Samoset became celebrated. His appearance just at the crisis gave to the apparently doomed colony a new lease of life.

After returning to "ye eastern parts" he sent to the starving colonists a goodly quantity of provisions, consisting of bread material (probably ground corn) enough to keep each one of the Pilgrims from starvation until the next harvest. Thus, by the hand of the famous savage chief of Pemaquid, was kept alive the flickering spark of life among the Pilgrims. Was not the Plymouth colony saved by the Pemaquid colony? Was not the spirit of this great humane act of our venerable sagamore based on the same principle of humanity that is to-day lending the helping hand to the distressed, starving Belgians?

Just where the seat of Samoset's government was in those days is not definitely known, but it is probable that the old Sagamore had his clustered wigwams on the shores of the town of Bristol. Tradition names a cove ten miles along the coast from the point of the headland as "Samoset Cove," and tradition also tells us that Samoset sold this long stretch of land in the summer of 1625 to one *Brown*, a planter who



In the old Burying Ground

had been here long enough to have made friends with the Indians and who was known among them as "John Brown." He so got into the good graces of the Sagamore Samoset as to obtain the following deed which may be considered the earliest of its kind in America. The following is an exact copy:

"To All People whom it may concern. Know ye, that I, Captain John Somerset and Unongoit, Indian Sagamores, thay being the proper heirs to all lands on both sides of the Muscongus River, have bargained and sould to John Brown of New Harbour, this certain tract or parcell of land, as followeth, that is to say, beginning at Pemaquid Falls and so running a direct course to the head of New Harbour, from thence to the South End of Muscongus Island, taking in the island, and so running five and twenty miles into the Country north and by east, and thence eight miles northwest and by west, and then turning and running south and by west, to Pemaquid, where first begun. To all which lands above bounded, the said Captain John Somerset and Unongoit, Indian Sagamores, have granted and made over to the above said John Brown, of New Harbour, in and for consideration of *fifty skins*, to us in hand paid, to our full satisfaction, for the above mentioned lands and we, the above said Indian Sagamores, do bind ourselves and our heirs forever, to defend the above said John Brown, and his heirs in the quiet and peaceable possession of the above said lands. In witness whereunto, I the said Captain John Somerset and Unongoit, have set our hands and seals this fifteenth day of July, in the year of our Lord God, one thousand six hundred and twenty-five.

"Captain John Somerset	his X mark
"Unongoit	his X mark

"Signed and sealed in presence of
"Matthew Newman
"William Cox."

So we see that Samoset parted with his hunting grounds, as did many another at this time, not knowing that for all time he was selling his birthright for a mess of pottage.

When and how the hero of this part of Maine passed on to the Happy Hunting Ground is not known; perhaps it was not long after he divided his coat with Brown. But the story is handed down from the old inhabitants of the town that his body was buried on the island opposite his cove, known as Muscongus Island (the same mentioned in the above deed), where the Indians once roamed for game led by him, the strong, manly chief—Samoset.

We know that these natives of the soil were unjustly treated and that every inch of land which could be taken was confiscated by the early settlers.

However prejudiced we may be against the Indian and however strongly we may believe that the "only good Indian is a dead Indian," we cannot read the story of Samoset and his kindness to the Plymouth colonists, knowing it is based on actual facts, without becoming convinced that there is some good in an Indian even while he is alive.

At this time (1640) settlements here in Bristol had assumed considerable importance as business centers. One of the mysteries concerning the locality is the exact date of the first settlement.

The first fort, called "William Henry," was built in 1692, near which, on the highest part of the peninsula, stands a large, square mansion called the Old Fort House. Just when this old house was built is not known, but it is supposed to be more than 175 years old.

Here, too, have been found, under mounds of earth, paved streets, old cellars, and many implements of war, all showing that in early days a settlement was surely here. To quote one writer, here were found, "Canals, mill-races, lead-works, tanneries, mason-work, monumental stones of the dead—bearing dates from 1606 to 1610—pipes and spoons of the Elizabethan age and manufacture."

"All underneath these tufted mounds of grass
Lies many a relic, many a storied stone.
And pale ghosts rise as lingering footsteps pass
The ruined fort with tangled vines o'ergrown."

It is claimed by many that a settlement was made here as early as 1607, the year of the early settlement at Jamestown, Virginia; it is often called "Jamestown of Pemaquid." Certainly a rudimentary civilization was here some time before 1620.

The first fort, of which we have spoken, was destroyed about 1696 and rebuilt in 1730, receiving the name "Fort Frederic." Probably very few citizens of the town are aware that one of the youngest of American generals in the Revolutionary War, General William North, was born in this fort in 1755. When Benedict Arnold made his celebrated march thru Maine, young North, tho only twenty years old, volunteered for the service.

Here, where the present fort now stands, four forts had been built and destroyed before the Union of States was formed. Probably no other spot in the United States has equal distinction.

Many stories are related of the bravery of the settlers in holding the fort against the attacks of the French and Indians. Once, at midday, when the Indians were making a raid, a man by the name of Solomon

McFarland, who at this time lived in the fort with his wife and daughter, while lying on his sick bed gave directions for the loading of a cannon by the two women. Rising from his bed long enough to discharge the cannon, the report of which brought to his assistance the other white people working in the nearby fields, he saved the fort and all the settlers. A little later, a son of this brave father, while at work in the field, was taken prisoner by two Indians from the Penobscot Tribe. After being kept captive with them for about two years, he appealed to the governor and thereby obtained his release.

We could also give many valiant, heroic deeds of the brave women of ancient Bristol. This grandmother or that grandmother relates to the children by her side how her ancestor rode on horseback by night for miles and miles through the dense woods to tell the natives that the enemy was coming to their shores.

At the time of the War of 1812, the great-grandmother of a woman now living in Bristol saw the British ships coming to destroy the fort at Pemaquid. Her cabin home—the kind of house common to the settlers of that day—was in the southern part of the now famous town. Seeing the ships of the enemy, her thoughts immediately went to the distant fort and to her husband on guard there. Leaving her sleeping children guarded from any foe that might be lurking near, she started out into the night and walked thru the thick woods to warn the men at the fort to be ready for action. The long journey of several miles, over roads infested with bears and wolves, was a great feat—one which few women would have dared attempt.

Many conjectures have been formed in the minds of the rising generation of our quaint old town, concerning the very old burying-ground which lies a quarter of a mile above the old fort—where are found ancient graves marked by rough headstones of slate, rock, or wood, some of them bearing uncouth rhymes similar to those seen about the old King's Chapel in Boston, and having contemporary dates. On one stone may be found the following:

“In memory of Mr. Morgan McCaffrey, who died July 20th, 1768.”

“Behold my dad is gone,
And leaves me here to mourn;
But hope in Christ I have,
That he and I will save.”

Another tombstone, which has long since fallen or crumbled to decay is said to have borne this queer epitaph:

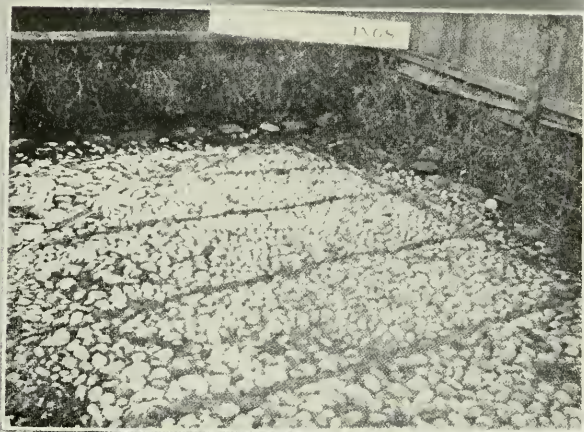
“Am she dead and be she gone?
Am she left me for to mourn?
Oh! cruel fate and how unkind,
To take she fore and leave I hind.”

Still another lone, rough stone standing in a remote part of the yard bears just the two simple letters "H. M." with a date read by some as "1625," by others "1695." Some of these solitary graves are marked only by a thick plank with the inscription carved out of the wood and lead run in to fill the spaces. Often to the old burial ground has the native turned, when he wished for lead to make into bullets with which to bring home his game.

As we stand in this city of the dead, where our rude forefathers sleep, our attention is directed to many excavations, one of which shows a remarkable structure of queer design, correctly named a cache but called here a cistern because no one knew its proper name or could tell for what it was built. It is said to be the only one of its kind ever discovered on our continent. The use of this underground structure can not be absolutely determined, but it is generally thought to have served as a place for storing provisions, altho it has been suggested that it may have been a place of punishment for disobedient soldiers.

The first minister to settle in famous Bristol was the Reverend Alexander McLain, around whose name is centered history, romance, tragedy. Born in the Isle of Skye, Scotland, graduated from Aberdeen College, sound in the doctrines fashioned to the hour, he came to this country in 1770, and two years later entered into and became a part of the history of the town. After having been here a few years, he wooed and won the heart of a beautiful girl of seventeen summers, daughter of the most wealthy family of these parts. Her life was brief. And soon after her death, "Parson McLain," as he was generally called in all the region around, made a visit to his native land, hoping, it is said, to win back another fair maiden—his first love, whom he had left in the old home. But alas! upon reaching Scotland, he learned that she had just become the bride of another.

At this time slaves were held by a few families in Bristol, one being the family to which the deceased Mrs. McLain belonged. Upon her wedding day one of her wedding gifts was a slave who was to be her servant in her new home. One cold, cruel winter night, years after the wedding day, this same colored girl, poorly clad, was sent out into the sleet and snow to find and bring home the cows of the farm. After searching a while, she came back into the house saying that she could not find them. Then her master, the dear parson, very severely ordered her back into the storm commanding her not to return until she had found the cows. The next morning the poor girl, with the tears frozen upon her cheeks, was found dead by the side of the fence. To-day, not far



Excavations Ancient Jamestown, Pemaquid
Old Fort at Pemaquid Beach

from the scene of her tragic death, may be seen the grave of that hard-hearted man of the gospel, marked by a headstone bearing these words:

"Should Auld Forefathers Be Forgot
and
Days of Auld Lang Syne."

Bristol cannot boast of a Paul Revere who at midnight rode

"Thru every Middlesex village and farm
For the country-folk to be up and to arm,"

but it can boast a brave commodore—Samuel L. Tucker, who rode over the high seas and angry billows, ordering the British to pull down their colors. This command of our daring commodore was so often heeded that it is said he took more prizes during the Revolutionary War than any other New England captain.

During one of Tucker's cruises in the *Thorn*, he fell in with an English packet of twenty-two guns and one hundred men. As the vessels drew together, the two commanders hailed each other in the way customary when ships meet at sea; and then the captain of the English packet cried out roughly from the quarterdeck: "Haul down your colors or I'll sink you." "Aye aye, sir, directly!" replied Tucker calmly and complacently, immediately ordering his helmsman to steer the *Thorn* right under the lee quarter, and range alongside her. The order was promptly executed. The two vessels were laid side by side, within pistol shot of each other. While the *Thorn* was getting into position the enemy fired a full broadside which did but little damage. As soon as she was completely alongside her adversary, Tucker thundered to his men to fire. A tremendous discharge followed, causing dreadful carnage on the decks of the ill-fated vessel. The discharge was rapidly succeeded by a fresh volley of artillery.

In twenty minutes a piercing cry was heard from the English vessel: "Quarter, for God's sake! Our ship is sinking! Our men are dying of their wounds!" To the heart-rending appeal Tucker replied "How can you expect quarter, while that British flag is flying?" The sad answer came back: "Our halyards are shot away!"

"Then cut away your ensign mast or you'll all be dead men." The order was instantly obeyed. Down came the colors; the cannonading ceased; and only the groans of the wounded were heard. Thirty-four of the crew of the prize, with the captain, had either been killed or wounded.

On going on board the prize Commodore Tucker is said to have exclaimed as he witnessed the suffering of the wounded: "Would to God I had never seen her."

In 1777 this same commodore was appointed commander of the frigate *Boston*, and in the following year he received orders to carry

Honorable John Adams as envoy to France. Mr. Adams was accompanied by his son, John Quincy Adams, a lad of eleven years. Since the object of the mission was very important Commodore Tucker was authorized to fit out the *Boston* at his own discretion. The importance of the voyage was so well understood by the enemy that the departure of the frigate was carefully watched. To escape the British sea force required great skill and daring. Such was the confidence Congress had in Commodore Tucker. And the success with which he performed the duty proved that the confidence was not misplaced. During the voyage he passed successfully thru a terrific storm; he eluded three British frigates that were pursuing him; he engaged and captured the armed ship *Martha*.

When the orders were given to prepare for action in the encounter with the *Martha*, Mr. Adams seized a musket and joined the marines. Then Tucker, placing his hand on Adams' shoulder, with a voice of authority, said:

"Mr. Adams, I am commanded by the Continental Congress to deliver you safe in France, and you must go below, sir." Mr. Adams smilingly obeyed, but soon returned. Again Tucker discovered what was happening and exclaimed, "Why are you here, sir?" at the same time seizing him by the arm, and forcibly carrying him below.

This was the hero whose exploits rival in brilliancy and in number those of the more celebrated John Paul Jones. This was the hero who died in obscurity, grieved to the heart at the ingratitude of the government he had helped to establish.

Our state, after many years of silence, awoke to the fact that honor and fame belonged to him and a few years since erected a monument to his memory. After a still longer period of silence our government at Washington has become conscious of the fact that an act of omission has been hers, and is now laying the keel of a torpedo destroyer at Quincy, Massachusetts, which is to be christened the "*Tucker*." A great-granddaughter of the old commodore, now living in Bristol, has been asked to be the sponsor.

The waters that wash the shores of Bristol are famous not only because the early voyagers found anchorage here, not only because Revolutionary heroes fought and bled here, but also because a great naval engagement of our last war with Great Britain, the War of 1812, took place here. For England, "*Mistress of the Seas*," this war had some strange surprises. One of them was America's victory in the great sea fight between our United States brig *Enterprise* and the British brig *Boxer*, which met at three o'clock on Sunday afternoon, September 5th, 1814, half way between the shores of Pemaquid Point and the picturesque island of Monhegan, the grand old landmark. Here the two vessels, commanded by young captains, one twenty-eight years of age

and the other twenty-nine, poured their deadly broadsides into each other until at the end of thirty-five minutes both captains had been shot down and both decks were crimson with blood. The Boxer struck her colors and the victorious Enterprise sailed away with her coveted prize.

Many of the old inhabitants on the shores and hills watched this fight, and were much relieved by the capture of the Boxer as she had been lurking near them for several months and had done much mischief.

When the capture became known in England, it produced a profound sensation, as the following extract from a London paper of that time will show :

“Among the American news which is to be found in the papers just received from that country, it pains us to find a full confirmation of the loss of His Majesty’s brig Boxer, which has added another laurel to the naval honors of the United States. It is represented that our vessel was literally cut to pieces, rigging, spars and hull, while her antagonist was in a situation to commence a similar action immediately afterwards. The fact seems to be but too clearly established that the Americans have some superior mode of firing and we cannot be too anxiously employed in discovering to what circumstances that superiority is due.”

From the fact that not until 1820 was she made a separate state, Maine lost much of the glory and honor that truly belongs to her. Before this all roads and by-paths had led to the Massachusetts Colony.

These incidents and gleanings from many sources we end by saying that to us, her children born and bred here, no state is more beautiful or more grand than is our own State of Maine; no town more historic and no spot more dear than is ancient Pemaquid, the capital as it were of what is known in the records as

“YE ANCIENT BRISTOL.”

“The white-winged ships slow sailing toward the west
To lands unknown, from Old World shores afar,
In search of fairer climes and homes more blest,
Seen but in dreams, like some bright distant star,
Cast anchor here; sad eyes, with watching dim,
Beheld these shores in native wildness clad,
And thanks arose in many a joyful hymn:
The land was goodly, and their hearts were glad.

“First dwellers on New England’s rock-bound soil,
Amid these wilds their humble homes they made;
Children of luxury, hardy sons of toil,

Together suffered and together prayed;
Here rose, among the hills and forests grand,
The growing tumult of a striving race;
The sounds, still wandering thru the echoing land,
Like spirits haunt their ancient dwelling-place.

“Green is the sod where, centuries ago,
The pavements echoed with the thronging feet
Of busy crowds that hurried to and fro,
And met and parted in the city street;
Here, where they lived, all holy thoughts revive,
Of patient striving and of faith held fast;
Here, where they died, their buried records live;
Silent they speak from out the shadowy past.”



New Sweden

*By MRS. JOHN O. WIDBER

UP IN THE northern part of Aroostook County, where, less than fifty years ago, stood the primeval forest, is, to-day, one of the most flourishing agricultural towns in our State. But the people here are somewhat different than in other Aroostook towns. They are nearly all of a fair complexion; the women possess a rare beauty, not only physically, but in their ways, they show an innate sense of courtesy, and even the little children reflect the good manners of their parents. The men are tall and stalwart with blue eyes and kind, intelligent faces.

Who are these people and from whence did they come? For more than five thousand years, their ancestors have lived in the Scandinavian peninsula. No wonder that they love the stories of the Vikings, the old legends, customs and fete days. These are their priceless heritage from the fatherland.

When Abraham Lincoln was president of the United States, he sent thirty war consuls to other countries. One of these was Hon. W. W. Thomas, Jr., of Maine, who went to Sweden. During the three years he spent in that country he learned the language and much about the customs and character of the people. He found them to be a frugal, industrious people, possessed of keen minds and vigorous bodies, and imbued from earliest childhood with deep religious principles. Every year while there he saw scores of emigrants leave for the United States. Believing that these people would make good future citizens for us, he used his influence to induce others to come, and saw the number of emigrants increase by thousands during his stay in Sweden.

On his return to his native State in the latter part of 1865, Mr. Thomas began to formulate a plan to turn the tide of Swedish immigration toward our own State. He found that since the census of 1860, the population of Maine had been decreasing. Knowing, as he did, the Swedish people, he thought it might be a material benefit to the State if a colony of Swedes would come to Maine and settle on some of the State's wild land, the State to look after them and give needed help until they were able to harvest their first crop. But how to induce them to come and to keep them here afterwards was a problem Mr. Thomas took upon himself to solve.

But few prominent men were in sympathy with Mr. Thomas' plan, and not without reason. In 1864 a company of men who had been incorporated as the "Foreign Emigrant Association of Maine" got together about three hundred of the peasant people of Sweden and paid

*Mrs. Widber was born in New Sweden. Her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. John Anderson, came to Maine from the old country, soon after the first colony was established in 1870.

their passage to America. These immigrants arrived in Quebec, but where they went from there is not known. They one and all disappeared. The association dissolved with a loss of several thousand dollars. At that time there were no Swedes in Maine, except a few who had come from time to time to some of our coast towns.

The story of Mr. Thomas' efforts to convince the common people as well as the legislators of the feasibility of his plan is one of unfaltering courage and untiring zeal. He finally accomplished that for which he had been striving for four years. March 23, 1870, an act was passed in the Legislature authorizing that his plan of Swedish immigration be given a trial. A Board of Immigration was established, consisting of the governor, land agent, and secretary of state. On March 25, the board appointed Mr. Thomas, Commissioner of Immigration. Thus the fate of his cherished plan seemed placed in his own hands. Mr. Thomas then arranged to go to Sweden personally to look after the matter of getting the emigrants together. The Board of Immigration thought it best not to make any preparations for the colony until Mr. Thomas should send definite word that they were coming.

Mr. Thomas sailed for Europe, April 30, and reached Gothenburg, Sweden, on May 16. He at once began to distribute circulars and appointed agents to carry information of this new project to the distant provinces. As soon as he knew for a certainty that he would be able to recruit a colony, he sent word to the Board of Immigration in Maine. As yet, nothing had been done in the wilderness at "Township Number 15, Range 3," to prepare it for the coming of its settlers from across the water. In the latter part of June, Hon. Parker P. Burleigh, land agent and member of the Board of Immigration, went up there and had the lots re-surveyed so that instead of containing 160 acres, as they had been offered to Americans for nine years and not one taken, they should each contain 100 acres for the Swedish farmers. Mr. Burleigh also let out the contract to fell five acres of trees on each of the twenty-five lots. The lots were divided into groups of four; and the five acres of clearing were made on adjacent corners. This was planned in order to let in the largest possible amount of sunlight and also that the settlers might help each other in their work. Mr. Burleigh had a road bushed out into the township and sent in the necessary supplies and tools for the colony. He also set men to work on the construction of twenty-five log houses. The houses built by the State were 18 by 26 feet, built of peeled logs. The rooms on the first floor were 7 feet high, two logs were placed above the second floor beams and a square pitch roof, covered with large, hand-shaved cedar shingles, completed the outside of the structure. There were three rooms on the first floor; a living-room, 16 by 18 feet; a bedroom, 10 feet square and a pantry 8 by 10 feet. There were four windows on the first floor and one in the front end of the chamber. A second-size Hampden cooking-stove was set up in the living-room of each house, with a stove funnel run out through an iron plate in the roof.

But while these picturesque cabins were being erected in the Maine woods, let us turn our minds to the colonists who were now preparing to leave friends, home and country to try their fortunes among strangers in an unknown land. It was well for them that such a man as Hon. W. W. Thomas was given them for a leader. Circumstances have now proved that their faith in him and in what he had told them of the State of Maine was justly founded, but, before they knew this they put implicit trust in him, paid their passage to America, bade a sad farewell to friends and kindred, and started with him on the most eventful journey of their lives. In just forty days after his arrival in Sweden, Mr. Thomas had got together a picked colony of twenty-two men, eleven women and eighteen children, and made all arrangements for starting with them on a journey of four thousand miles to help them make homes for themselves in the wilderness of Maine. He took upon himself this stupendous undertaking because of the ultimate good which he believed would result to our State by the added impetus given by these Scandinavian recruits to our population.

They left the land of Sweden on the steamship *Orlando*, which sailed from Gothenburg at noon on Saturday, June 25, 1870. They had a rough, stormy passage over the North Sea and reached the port of Hull, Monday evening, June 27. From thence they crossed by rail to Liverpool. After a delay of three days they sailed, Saturday, July 2, on the steamship *City of Antwerp* of the Inman Line, for America. Their passage across the Atlantic was pleasant. They landed at Halifax on Wednesday, July 13. That night was spent in a vacant warehouse which belonged to the steamship company. Next morning they proceeded across the peninsula of Nova Scotia and the Bay of Fundy to the city of St. John. On July 15, they went by steamer up the St. John river to Fredericton. The steamer could proceed no farther because of low water, so Mr. Thomas hired two river flat boats, on which at five o'clock next morning they again started on their way. Each boat was towed up the river by two horses and progress was necessarily slow. The weather was fine, the colonists caught fish from the river, and picked berries which grew near the shore.

When near Florenceville they met with their first and only real misfortune. Here on Tuesday, July 19, occurred the death of little Hilma C. Clasé, the nine-months-old daughter of Captain and Mrs. Nicholas P. Clasé. The grief-stricken parents could not bear to leave her in that strange place alone. They had the body embalmed, placed it in a hastily constructed coffin, and took it with them to their new home.

On the afternoon of Thursday, July 21, the flatboats reached Tobique Landing, six days having been consumed in the journey from Fredericton which may now be accomplished in as many hours. At Tobique the colonists were met by Hon. Parker P. Burleigh who went the rest of the way with them and stayed a week to help after they got

to their new home. Mr. Burleigh and Mr. Thomas went first in a single wagon; then a four-horse team, drawing a covered carriage in which were the women and children; next, two three-horse teams with the men, and lastly two double team loads of baggage. As they passed the iron post which marks the boundary between Canada and the United States, an American flag was unfurled from the first team, and a salute of cannon from Fort Fairfield greeted their entrance into the United States.

A brief halt was made while Mr. Burleigh welcomed the colonists to Aroostook County, Maine, and to the United States. Mr. Thomas translated the speech into Swedish for the immigrants, and they then proceeded to Fort Fairfield. There, in like manner, more speeches were delivered to them and what was probably of more vital interest, an invitation to dine at the town hall. Refreshed by this, their first meal in the United States, and cheered by the manifestations of the good will of the people, the colonists resumed their journey at two o'clock. Not long after, from an elevation, Mr. Thomas pointed to the distant ridges outlined against the sky, and, "Det utlofvade Landet"—(The promised land) shouted the Swedes. As they neared the bridge across the Aroostook river, a salute of cannon heralded their approach and they were met by a gathering of five hundred people and escorted by a brass band into Caribou village. The women of Caribou had prepared a bountiful supper for them in Arnold's hall. As they waited on these tired people from foreign shores, they were impressed by their politeness. When the meal was over the colonists made known to them their thanks, and even the children reached out their little hands and murmured "Tack sa mycket." (Thank you very much). The colonists spent the night in the hall. Breakfast dispatched next morning, they early made the last start on their wearisome journey, accompanied by many of the citizens of Caribou.

They arrived at their new home at noon on Saturday, July 23, just four months from the passage of the bill which authorized this enterprise, and four weeks from the time they had left Sweden. In the woods, a little south of where the Capitol now stands, the teams stopped and the Swedes gathered around Mr. Thomas, as he voiced for them a prayer of thanksgiving to God for their safe arrival and besought His blessing and guidance in the work before them. Here, too, Mr. Thomas christened the township "New Sweden," and in behalf of the State of Maine bade these far travelers welcome and God-speed. Under a camp of bark by the side of a spring of pure water, Swedes and Americans broke bread together, the colonists' first meal on the township, where they were to hew themselves homes out of the forest.

That afternoon, the Swedes of necessity had to choose a place for a burial ground. It was marked out on the fifty-acre lot which had been



、 Hon. W. W. Thomas, Jr., Founder of New Sweden

reserved by the surveyors for public use. At this time but six of the twenty-five log houses had been built and these were only partially completed. The State supplies were stored in one of the houses, and there quarters were arranged for Mr. Thomas. The Swedes and their baggage were packed in the other five, and thus they passed their first night in New Sweden.

The next day, the Sabbath, a funeral service was conducted for Hilma C. Clasé, by Rev. James Withee, an American Methodist. It was attended by the Swedes as well as several Americans who had come up from Caribou. In the cool, green depths of the Maine forest slumbered the little emigrant, the only one of that first adventurous band who did not survive the perilous journey.

On Monday, July 25, the settlers drew lots for their farms. Mr. Thomas had divided the settlers into groups of four, friends or neighbors being in groups together. The lots were also arranged in clusters of four farms. These farms were then distributed by lot among the four neighbors. By this unique method, Mr. Thomas arranged the distribution of the lots to the satisfaction of all. The houses had not been built on the clearings as these had not yet been burned over, but instead were on either side of the road. Every household had a near neighbor, and nearly every one had a spring of water near by.

On Tuesday, July 26, Mr. Thomas set the Swedes to work, felling trees, cutting out roads, and building houses. He allowed them a dollar a day for their labor, which was paid out of the State's store of provisions, tools, etc. Capt. N. P. Clasé, who could speak both Swedish and English, was placed in charge of the store-house. Thus, by his foresight, Mr. Thomas got the Swedes to do work which otherwise the State would have had to hire done, and paid them in provisions which the State was bound to furnish for them until they could raise their first crop.

Altho it was too late to think of planting a crop that year, Mr. Thomas did not wait until spring to show them something about the fertility of the soil. On July 26 he set seven Swedes to work hand-piling the logs of the four-acre chopping on the public lot. The next day the piles were burned and Mr. Thomas sent a boy on horseback to Caribou for a supply of English turnip seed, and teeth for a harrow. July 29, two acres on the public lot were sown to English turnips. The plants sprang up within a few days and grew rapidly.

On August 2, the Swedish immigrants sent a joint letter to Sweden, telling their friends about the State of Maine, how it had carried out its agreement with them, also how they were situated and advising other emigrants to come as there was room for all. This letter was published in the leading journals of Sweden. Other influences also were brought to bear upon Swedish people emigrating to other countries to come to New Sweden, in Maine.

Between the 10th and the 20th of August, nearly all the choppings were burned over, and the work of clearing the land for a crop busily carried on.

On August 12, the colony was increased by the arrival of an American citizen, a boy baby born to Korno, wife of Nils Pearson. He was named William Widgery Thomas Pearson and is now living in Massachusetts.

The first wedding in New Sweden occurred on Friday, August 19, when Mr. Thomas united in marriage Jons Pearson to Hannah Persdotter. The marriage ceremony, altho conducted in the Swedish language, was according to American forms. That evening a wedding dinner was served at the Pearsons'. The spoons used were of solid silver, heirlooms from old Sweden. So, within the first month, the colonists had experienced a death, a birth and a marriage.

By the middle of September, the Swedes commenced sowing an acre, or a half acre, each with winter wheat or rye. In all, sixteen acres of rye and four of wheat were sown that fall. More Swedish immigrants kept arriving and each as they came was given a lot of land and an ax and set to work. On September 14, twelve new colonists arrived direct from Sweden, and twenty more came on the last day of October. Two more little citizens of the United States also arrived that month, so there came to be quite a demand for little home-made wooden cradles. By ingenuity and indefatigable zeal the Swedish people made their log houses into real homes. From bits of lumber and odd shaped branches of trees they contrived to make some very original styles of rustic furniture. The prattle of little children and the singing of the Swedish mothers made pleasant music in the forests of New Sweden.

The need of a public building seemed imperative. In the latter part of September, Mr. Thomas had a cellar for a public building, 30 by 45 feet, dug on the public lot at the center of the settlement. So rapidly was the work pushed forward that the building was completed by the first of November, and the vane placed on top of the tower 65 feet from the ground. From that time, Mr. Thomas made his headquarters in the offices on the upper floor. This building has always been known as the "Capitol." For several years it was used as church, town hall, school-house and a general rallying place for the colony. It is still in use, altho it no longer has its ornamental tower. In the lower part is a good school-room and the office of the superintendent of schools. In the upper part is a modern town hall.

Early in November, the second marriage in the colony was solemnized by Mr. Thomas, who rode on horseback thru the woods and stumps to the West Chopping and united in the holy bonds of matrimony, Herr Anders Frederick Johanson and Jungfru Ofelia Albertina Leonora Amelia Ericson. The first meeting at the Capitol was held on

November 13. On that day Mr. Thomas distributed to the Swedes the certificates of their lots, and the proud, happy possessors of these papers went home feeling that now these forest farms were really their own property. That same month quite a large crop of fair-sized turnips was harvested; the first grown on the soil of New Sweden.

Religious services were conducted every Sabbath by Nils Olson, the Swedish lay minister. A Sunday school was also organized. Not all the colonists remained in New Sweden the first winter. Mr. Thomas secured places for thirty of the men to work for farmers or lumbermen in nearby towns. Supplies were taken to New Sweden for those who were to remain there, and the houses made comfortable for winter. When the Christmas season came, the Swedish settlers managed to have quite a bit of Christmas festivity in their log cabins in the woods. During the long winters of their native land they had become inured to cold and snow. Here they were pleased to find that the sun stayed with them for a longer period of the winter day than in their native land.

The Swedes soon became expert in making shaved shingles by hand, which they took to the stores to trade for whatever they needed. All were well, happy and contented. Their first winter in New Sweden passed rapidly.

In the spring, Swedish immigrants began to arrive in New Sweden by tens, thirties, forties, and, during the last week of May, there came a company of one hundred Swedes. Five days later, two hundred and sixty more arrived. Roads were laid out in all directions from the Capitol and lots to face them. As rapidly as possible, the newly-arrived immigrants were settled on their farms. A pair of heavy draft horses was purchased by the State to use in harrowing in the grain, working on the roads, etc. The Swedes did not have any animals of their own till they got the land to produce something with which to keep them. Seed wheat, rye, barley, oats, corn, beans and potatoes had been purchased in the outlying districts. As soon as the snow melted sufficiently to show large patches of burnt ground, the work of putting in the crops was begun. Every man, woman and child was busy from morning till night.

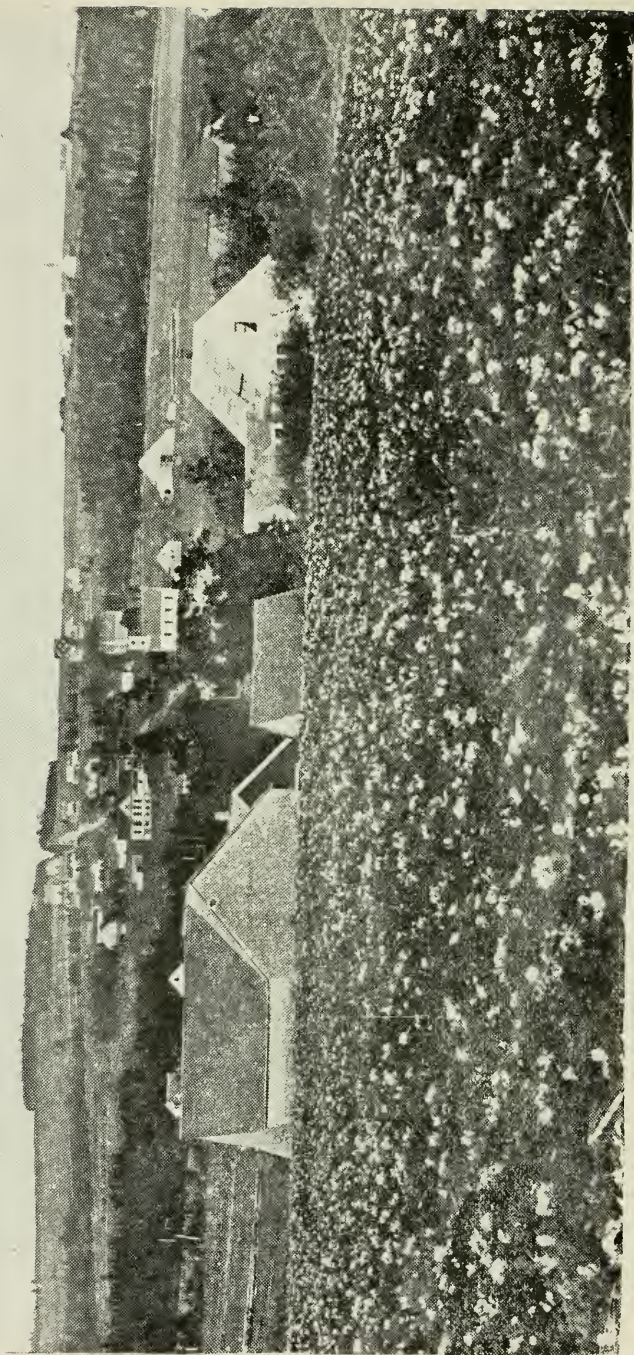
One day, August Svensson was going to work in a chopping three miles distant. His twelve-year-old daughter, Christine, went with him. At noon he sent her to a nearby spring to fill the water pail. She was gone so long he became alarmed and hurried to the spring. Imagine his terror when he could not find his daughter. He could see her little foot prints in the damp ground and tried to follow them. He called her repeatedly but received no answer. Almost beside himself, it did not occur to him to notify the other settlers until nearly nightfall. He had sought in the woods for her all the afternoon. Finally he rushed home and went to the Capitol, where Mr. Thomas then had his

headquarters. As soon as Mr. Thomas had heard the sad tale, he sent messengers out on each road in the township to notify the men to meet at the Capitol at break of day. Fifty-odd men, and all the dogs and guns in the colony were gathered at the Capitol early next morning. They went with Svensson to his clearing, formed a line north and south along the Madawaska road, and at a given signal advanced into the forest in a westerly direction, each man keeping in line with, and in sight of his next neighbor. They had agreed on a signal of two shots in succession if the little girl were found. Not until noon were the two shots heard. The little girl had been found in an almost impenetrable cedar swamp. Trunks of trees were piled up as they had fallen. How she had ever got to the place where she was found is unknown. She still held the pail, half full of water in her hand, but her fingers clutched it so tightly that the nails had lacerated the palm of her hand and blood was dripping into the pail. She looked at her rescuers with a wild, terrified glare, and gave only incoherent answers to their questions. Seeing that she had evidently lost her reason, they carried her to her home, where, after she had been tenderly cared for, for a long time, she finally recovered. She then told them that she had gone to the spring, filled her pail with water and started to return when she saw a bear and cub right in the path. She turned and ran as fast as she could. At last she glanced around and saw that she was not being pursued. She then tried to find her way back to the clearing, where her father was, but only seemed to get more and more confused. At last it began to grow dark and she remembered no more.

In the spring of 1871, one hundred and sixty-five acres of land were cleared and put into crops. As soon as the crops were in, work on the highways was begun. For each day's work, each workman received credit for one dollar, payable in tools or provisions from the State's storehouse. Thus the State money served two purposes; it enabled the Swedes to live until they could secure their first crop, and it paid for work on the roads and other public works which were of a lasting benefit to the State.

In June, Rev. Andrew Wiren, an ordained minister of the Lutheran church, arrived in New Sweden, where he was pastor for several years. He won the love and confidence of his little flock, and all the Swedish people came to him when in need of advice or help.

On the evening of June 23, the Swedes met at the Capitol to celebrate "Midsommars Afton" (Midsummers Eve), which is always an occasion of national festivity in the land of Sweden. They erected a high pole with cross-bars attached. This was called a "May-pole" altho it was the latter part of June. The Swedish word for "May" means "green leaf." And a "green-leaf-pole" it certainly was, for they had draped both the cross bars and the pole with birch leaves and garlands of flowers. At the top floated the yellow and blue flag of Sweden and



Birdseye View of New Sweden

Photo by Wright, Caribou

the red, white and blue of the United States. All joined in the merry-making. They danced around the May-pole, sang songs, and played ring games until nearly midnight. In the old country it is believed that witches are abroad on Midsummer's Eve, and huge bonfires are built on the hillsides to drive them away. There had surely been bonfires enough in New Sweden, since the colonists came, to drive away all the witches in the country.

The first anniversary of this colony's sailing away from Sweden fell on the Sabbath that Pastor Wiren conducted the first Lutheran service in the hall of the Capitol.

That summer a variety store was established at the Center, and shops were also opened up by a tailor, tin-man, shoemaker and blacksmith. A sawmill was built on Beardsley brook, four miles from the Capitol, and the foundation for a gristmill laid.

In September, a good crop was harvested, and State aid was cut off from the colonists who had secured crops, also from all immigrants who did not have families with them. The later-arrived immigrants were helped by the State until they were able to secure crops the following year.

A free public school, with an attendance of 77, was started in November. The teacher was Pastor Wiren who had become familiar with the English language during a four years' residence in the West. The study of the English language was considered of the most importance at this time. An evening school for adults was also in session. The children learned the language most rapidly. The young people of New Sweden, to-day, converse in English nearly as much as in Swedish, but the older residents still favor the beautiful, sibilant phrases of their mother tongue.

During the second autumn in New Sweden, the Swedish settlers began to purchase domestic animals for their farms. The man who then owned a horse was considered fortunate, some used oxen, and some even constructed a rope harness for the cow and did some work in that way.

The progress made in building up New Sweden was due as much to the industry of the Swedish women as to their sturdy husbands. The women carded the wool by hand and spun it into yarn, which they wove in their hand looms into cloth for the men's homespun clothes, shawls and dresses for the women and blankets for the horses. They also wove carpets and rugs. The children were taught to knit, and had to be very industrious too, to help supply the needs of the family for stockings, mittens, scarfs, etc. It was no uncommon sight to see a row of little girls sitting on a bench at the side of the room, knitting as if their very lives depended upon it. Perhaps they were knitting out so many needles each before they could go out to play, or perhaps they were having a race with each other. The women saved rye straw and braided it into

long, even braids of seven straws each. Of these they sewed hats for all the family.

One night, as Mr. Thomas was riding out of the woods, he met one of the Swedish women carrying a sack upon her back. As he was passing her, he noticed that something seemed to be moving inside the sack. Upon inquiry, he learned that this woman had walked from New Sweden to a place two miles below Caribou Village, making ten miles one way. There she had bought four little pigs, and, when he met her, well on her way toward home, she was still smiling to herself, because of the good bargain she had made.

Another woman, Mrs. Kjersti Carlson, whose husband was ill and her children in need of food, with her own hands, cut down some cedar trees, sawed them up into butts, and rifted out and shaved a bunch of shingles all by hand. She then carried these shingles a distance of five miles to the store where she exchanged them for commodities of which her family were badly in need. This bunch of shingles was later taken to the State House at Augusta and put on exhibition. A few of them are still preserved there as a memento of the heroic deed of the woman who made them.

In the early days of New Sweden, the people wore wooden shoes. There were some disadvantages about this kind of footwear. They made an awful clumping clatter on the floor, they had a fashion of splitting, from heel to toe, when the grain of the wood came just right, and there was no way of repairing them. Before long, the Swedes began to purchase leather shoes at the stores and now a pair of wooden shoes is a rarity, even in New Sweden.

A United States post-office was established at New Sweden with Capt. N. P. Clasé as postmaster and a weekly postal service from Caribou commenced July 1, 1873.

The first steps toward naturalization were taken on October 14, 1873, when one hundred and thirty-three men came before Ransom C. Norton, Esq., clerk of courts for Aroostook County, and publicly renounced all allegiance to the "King of Sweden and Norway, the Goths and the Vandals," and declared their intention of becoming American citizens.

On Sunday forenoon, October 19, 1873, Mr. Thomas met the Swedes at the Capitol. He recalled to their minds the history of the colony, spoke friendly words of counsel and encouragement and said good-bye to the colony which he had brought from the Old World and founded in the New. Four of the best years of Mr. Thomas' life were given to this enterprise but he feels to-day that they were years well spent.

In March, 1876, about thirty of the first men who came to New Sweden were naturalized by the supreme court, sitting at Houlton. On April 6, 1876, New Sweden was legally organized into a plantation. An election was held and officers chosen the same day.

On the 23d day of July, 1880, a grand celebration was held in New Sweden. It had been ten years since the colony first arrived, and on that day they dedicated the first Swedish Evangelical Lutheran church of Maine.

The Swedish people celebrate the 23d of July, every ten years. At the time of the 25th anniversary a special celebration was held at New Sweden, when many prominent men from all over the State were present, and many delivered addresses. On these occasions "Father Thomas" is the guest of honor and he addresses his "Children in the Woods," whose welfare has long been of much interest to him.

In the twenty-fifth year of its existence, New Sweden was incorporated as a town, January 29, 1895. This town has had a rapid and steady growth. The building of the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad to New Sweden in 1899, doubled the value of farm property. Before that, all freight had to be hauled eight miles to Caribou by team. The increased prosperity of the Swedish farmers became noticeable in the improved machinery which they began to supply themselves to facilitate their farm work; also in their horses and stock and the improvement and enlargement of their buildings. The days of wearing wooden shoes and using a rope-harnessed cow as a motive power for crude farm work, was a thing of what seemed the faraway past. The people of New Sweden were becoming more and more Americanized.

But the building of the Aroostook Valley Electric Road, in 1911, was the greatest boom yet for business at New Sweden. This road runs from Presque Isle, through Washburn, Perham, Woodland and New Sweden to Stockholm, with a branch into Caribou from Carson Junction, six miles from New Sweden. This road hauls many large loads of freight from New Sweden to Washburn Junction, where it connects with the Canadian Pacific Railroad, which then takes the freight to the market designated. No snowstorm since the completion of the road has been severe enough to stop the cars from running. During the recent strike on the B. & A. Railroad, many carloads of potatoes were hauled from the potato houses at the B. & A. station to the electric station and from thence shipped to the Boston markets. The electric road also provides good passenger service into the nearby towns.

The raising and selling of potatoes is New Sweden's greatest industry, but other crops are raised also. Last year the hay crop was especially good and considerable grain, oats, wheat, barley and buckwheat were also raised. Apples are raised for home use, but none for the outside markets. No lumber is being shipped away at the present time.

There are three potato houses at the A. V. R. station, and six at the B. & A. station. A. F. Ullrich and Alfred Pearson are the principal potato buyers. In the season of 1913-14, 658 carloads of potatoes, for seed and table stock, were shipped from New Sweden to outside markets. An average of 240 barrels to the car would make the shipments around 155,500 barrels. Reckoning 25 per cent. of these as shipped from other

towns leaves about 116,600 barrels shipped from New Sweden last year. There are two starch factories in New Sweden: One, located at the B. & A. station, owned by the Aroostook Starch Co., and managed by P. L. Youngren; the other, located at the Center, owned by the New Sweden Starch Co., and managed by A. F. Ullrich. Last year these two factories ground up 17,200 barrels of potatoes and manufactured 195 tons of starch.

Among the prominent farmers who raise the largest crops of potatoes are the following: Fred Johanson, C. A. A. Anderson, John Holmquist, Philip Anderson, Andrew Peterson, E. C. Hedman, Aaron Anderson, J. B. Halgren, Carl E. Johnson, John C. Johnson, August Peterson and A. H. Tornquist. The farmers of New Sweden to-day are nearly all in good financial circumstances. They drive the best horses and many of them use their own automobiles.

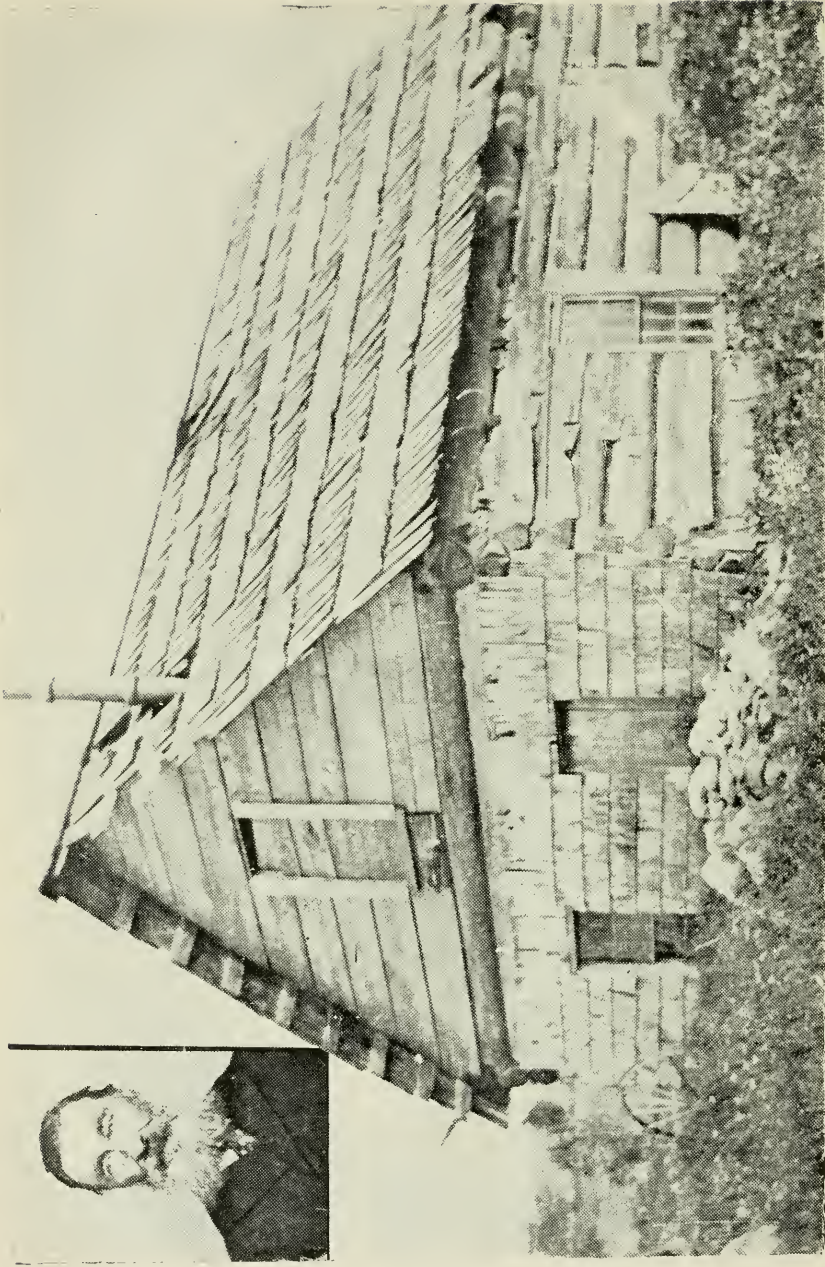
There are three saw mills in New Sweden, owned respectively by J. E. Berglind, John Ringdahl, and the Ossell Bros. At these mills quite a good deal of lumber is sawed for the local market. They also manufacture shingles.

New Sweden has now two post offices: One called New Sweden; the other, Jemtland. Both have rural delivery routes connected with them. In some parts of the town, the mail is delivered twice daily.

Five large stores are doing a thriving business: A general grocery store located at the A. V. R. station, owned by Nels Olson; three stores near the B. & A. station; two grocery stores owned respectively by John Benson and P. L. Youngren; and a hardware store owned by F. S. Tibbets, also dealer in automobiles and farm implements. A harness shop, near the B. & A. station, owned by Peter Sandstrom also does a good business. Of course there is a good demand for blacksmith work and this is done at the two blacksmith shops now in use. At Jemtland, L. P. Larson conducts a general grocery store.

New Sweden has ever been a law-abiding, church-going community. There are to-day four churches in New Sweden; the Lutheran, built in 1880, of which the pastor is Rev. A. A. Dahlberg; Baptist, organized in 1870, built in 1892, Rev. O. C. Weiden, pastor; Congregational, built in 1890, Rev. O. P. Fogelin, pastor; also the Advent church. Rev. O. C. Weiden and Rev. O. P. Fogelin were Swedish boys who came to New Sweden in their childhood, were educated in the institutions of this country, and to-day are prominent religious leaders in the town of their adoption. Another brilliant young man from New Sweden, George Randolph, graduates this year from Augustana College and will preach for the Lutheran denomination. Rev. William Lindstrom, a Baptist missionary in Massachusetts, also went out from New Sweden.

The late Rev. M. U. Norberg, for many years pastor of the Lutheran church, after the death of Pastor Wiren, won the love and reverence of all the people of New Sweden, whether of his church or not, and his memory will long be cherished.



First Log House and Charles Lindgren, Oldest Citizen, New Sweden
House built in 1870 in which W. W. Thomas lived for three months; afterwards the home of Capt. N. P. Chase
Used as first post office. Now occupied by Historical Society.

There are nine modern schoolhouses in New Sweden, where graded schools are taught by well-trained teachers. There is also a grange hall, which has been built recently. A creamery business was established in 1910. This business, owned by the Maine Creamery Association, is conducted by E. M. Lundvall, who has proved an efficient manager.

There is a central telephone exchange and about 250 telephones in use in the town. One physician, Dr. Chas. H. Hasman, is located at New Sweden Center.

The Swedish people are noted for their hospitality. Coffee and cake are served about the middle of every afternoon, and if callers come at any other time they are sure to be treated to coffee and some kind of cake or cookies before they can take their leave. Parties are frequently held at the home of one who is celebrating a birthday, for the Swedish people everywhere make more of their birthdays than American people are accustomed to do.

But the most joyous of all holidays in Sweden, and New Sweden as well, is the Yuletide. Weeks before, the housewives begin their preparations for this festal season. No matter how poor a family may be, it always manages to have its home take on a festive appearance. Every room is made spotlessly clean, and fresh, white curtains are placed at the windows. A supply of different kinds of bread and cookies is made up and stored away. The holidays begin December 23d, and last a few weeks in the old country, and, even in New Sweden, many of the people do not take up their regular work for a week or more after Christmas. On Christmas Eve, the tree is lighted, and candles are burning in the windows. For supper, that night, they serve a kind of boiled fish, called "lut-fisk," boiled potatoes, and rice pudding. The presents are not hung on the tree but are placed on a table nearby, or piled under the lowest boughs of the tree. The father or mother reads the names on the neat packages and some one of the children distributes them to the various members of the family.

One of the happiest times, in the whole year, comes on Christmas morning, when, long before daylight, the Swedish people go to church. Far and near, the Christmas bells are chiming, candles are gleaming in the church windows, as all the people are on their way to the "Julotta," an early service, which is held in the churches every Christmas morning at half past five. The meeting closes just as dawn is breaking on the hills.

Not any of the maturer men and women of the first little band, who reached New Sweden, July 23, 1870, are living there to-day. Nearly all are at rest in "God's acre," Mr. and Mrs. Nils Pearson are living at Portland, Maine, and Mr. Truls Pearson is living with his son, Herman E. Pearson at Edgewood, R. I.

Of the younger members of that colony, Mrs. Sundstrom, nee Maria Bodin, who was twenty-five years old when she came with the first col-

ony from Nordmaling, Westerbotten, Sweden, in company with her parents and other members of the family, is now living at New Sweden Station. Her brother, Israel Bodin, who was eight years old when the first colony came, is now living in Woodland. Capt. Clasé and his good wife have passed away. Of their children, Carl H. Clasé lives in Caribou, and Mrs. William Anderson, nee Agnes N. Clasé, lives in New Sweden. These two were small children who lost their baby sister on the way. The youngest child of Capt. and Mrs. Clasé was the first girl baby born in New Sweden, on August 30, 1871. Her name is Mrs. Elizabeth White Goddard Thomas Clasé Swanberg, named for the mother of the founder of the colony. She is living in New Sweden.

The oldest man living in New Sweden to-day, is Charles Lindgren, an active farmer, who came to live in New Sweden in 1878. Mr. Lindgren was born in Vimarsby, Kalmar Lann, Sweden, September 17, 1833, and came to America in 1865. Mr. Lindgren lives, with his family, on the old homestead which he took up when he first arrived in New Sweden. Until last year, he collected cream on two routes and delivered it at the creamery twice a week. Mr. Lindgren is now nearly eighty-two years of age, a man of keen intellect, who still does considerable work.

The people of New Sweden have proved themselves worthy of their origin, in the land of Bellman, Tegner, Geijer, Sergel, Linnaeus and Victor Rydberg. Many members of the younger generation, reared on American soil, have come to be men and women of influence in both Maine and other states. Many of the State's best teachers are Swedish girls who have taken a normal course. Among those whose childhood days were spent in New Sweden, who have gone out to broader fields of duty are the following: The late Prof. John Hedman, who was graduated from Colby College in 1895, received his Master's degree from the same institution in 1898, and who was instructor in the Romance languages and literature department of that college until his death, on Feb. 20, 1914; Prof. Washington A. V. Wiren, a son of the late Pastor Wiren, who is now employed by the United States government as superintendent of schools, in the Philippine Islands; John Richard Nelson, a lawyer in Boston; Dr. John L. Larson of Boston; Dr. Christian Nelson of Cambridge, and Miss Ellen Peterson, a graduate of Colby, a cousin of the late Prof. Hedman, who is now a Baptist missionary in China.

At the last census in 1911, the population of New Sweden was 909. It is now estimated that there are 1000 inhabitants in New Sweden proper, a town six miles square. There are many Swedish people in the adjoining towns of Woodland, Westmanland and Stockholm, which if reckoned would bring the number of Swedish inhabitants in that section up to 2000, or more.

Both the American and Swedish people of Maine have reason to feel thankful to "Father Thomas" whose vision reached thru the years, and peopled the woods of New Sweden as it is to-day.

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