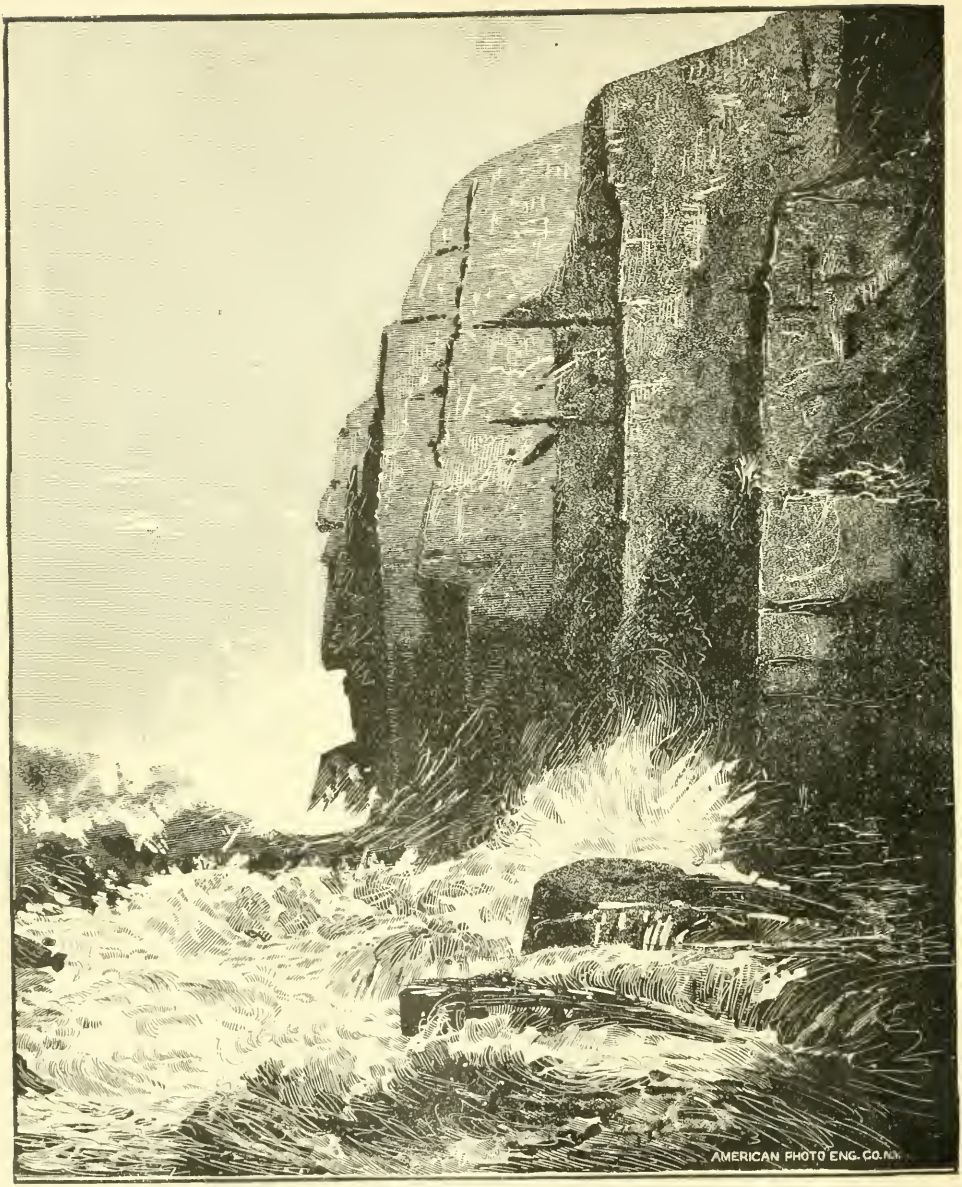


WHITE HEAD.

From a Painting by H. B. Brown.

"The heavens are all blue, and the billow's bright verge
Is frothily laved by a whispering surge,
That heaves incessant, a tranquil dirge,
To lull the pale forms that sleep below;
Forms that rock as the waters flow."—JOHN NEAL.

An Historical Sketch, Guide Book, and Prospectus of Cushing's Island

Casco Bay, Coast of Maine

By Wm. M. Sargent, A.M.

A nosegay of culled flowers I bring,
With nothing of my own except the string
That binds them.—Montaigne.

John Calvin Stevens

New York: American Photo-Engraving Co., 13 & 15 Vandewater Street.

TO ALL PORTLANDERS,

AT HOME OR ABROAD,

THIS LITTLE BOOK IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

AT THIS

CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY

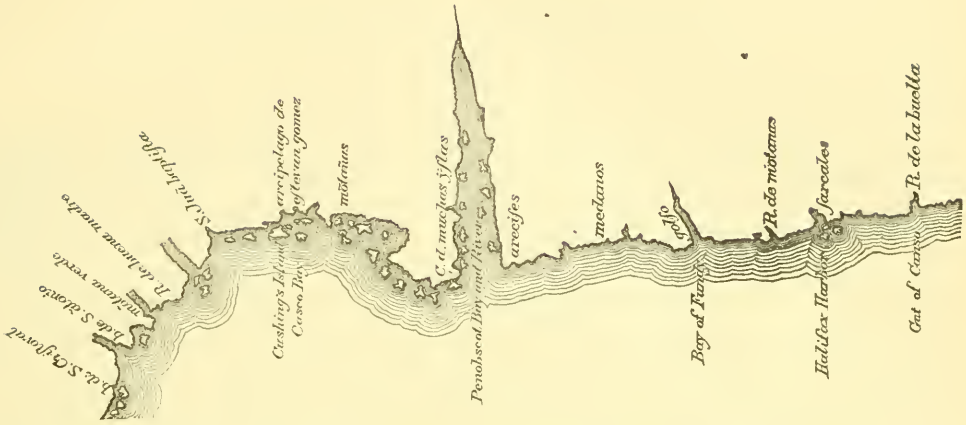
OF THEIR CITY,

EMBODYING, AS IT DOES, IN A MODEST WAY,

ONE CHAPTER

OF ITS MUNICIPAL HISTORY.

TIERRA DE ESTEVAN GOMEZ



THE EARLIEST CHART LOCATING CUSHING'S ISLAND; BY D. RIBERO, A.D. 1529.

Insulam amœnam, si quæritis, circumspice.

"Next he found the land faire, and the whole coast bold to fall with, and then, a safe harbour for shipps to ride in, which hath besides, without the river, in the channell and soundes about the Island, adjoyning to the mouth thereof, so desired a road, as yt is capable of an infinite nomber of shippes."—*Wm. Strachey.*

I.

Historical Sketch.

THE discovery of America followed close upon the age of chivalry and knight-errantry, and the hope of profitable expeditions and remunerative employment came with alluring, but, as it proved, delusive force to many a scion of hereditary houses, so lately depleted of their wealth by the crusading infatuation of the fathers. Strachey records as a principal reason for the abandonment of the Popham settlement of 1607 at the mouth of the Kennebeck that there were "noe mynes discovered, nor hope thereof, being the mayne intended benefit expected to uphold the charge of this plantation." It was through the wonderful tales of the Indians who had been kidnapped by Waymouth and carried to England, that Gorges was first led to become interested in expeditions to this country, for "some of these Indians had deceived Sir Ferdinando Gorges by making him believe they knew where Gold was to be found in abundance; and he obtained a promise from Epenow to discover it to him. Accordingly Sir Ferdinando sent over Captain Hobson, in 1614, very confident he would make a good voyage and obtain very important information about the riches of the country; but he was doomed to be sadly disappointed."[1]

"*Quid non mortalia cogis,*
Auri sacra fames"!

but "this accident must be acknowledged the means under God of putting on foot and giving life to all our plantations,"[2] for, although disappointed in their expectation of immediate and immense returns from mineral wealth, these first adventurers were led to count with more reasonable assurance upon pecuniary gratification from the development of the other lavish

[1] Drake's "Old Indian Chronicle." [2] Gorges' "Brief Narration."

productions of the *terra nova*, by the favorable reports and successful voyages of Captain John Smith; and Gorges and Sir Francis Popham continued to receive some little profit from commercial ventures, and sent out, year after year, vessels to fish along the coast and to trade with the Indians for valuable furs.

It was some time after the failure of the Popham attempt at a settlement, before the discouraging impression disseminated by the returning and scattered remnants of that first colony, who colored their tales with exaggerated descriptions of the hardships of the winter life upon the coast, and peopled the region about the Sagadahock with "cannibals with teeth three inches in length," could be overthrown, and more substantial adventurers than the ever ready and often reckless fishermen and sailors, be induced to make a trial of life under such novel conditions.

But the outcome of these small beginnings was the more ambitious conception of the foundation of a new empire in the distant West; for Gorges "held firmly to the grand thought and purpose of his life when others' hearts were failing them, and to keep up his own connection with this intractable new world, when nothing else would do, he hired people to live here."[1]

The difficulties experienced by the original patentees in forwarding settlements, doubtless led to larger liberality in the way of inducements held out to others to emulate their example, or to inaugurate new efforts: and hence we find, along our coast, such a number of smaller grants, so often conflicting and irreconcilable in terms and extent—the despair of accurate students, a snare to incipient historians and would-be geographers—made by the New England Company and its successor, the Council of Plymouth, corporations of West England nobility and gentry, which were created by charters from King James, and which in 1606 and 1620 became the successive owners of an immense domain of territory that included within its limits our beautiful Island.

Among the staunchest adherents of the house and fortunes of Gorges was Captain Christopher Levett, a gentleman of good family who had already filled the position of "his Majesty's Woodward of Somersetshire," and who was appointed "one of the Council of New England" under the futile attempt that was made to establish a general government. He says of himself that he had been "an ancient traveller by sea."

After the failure of the general government experiment, many of the proprietors abandoned their interests and sold out their shares. Discour-

[1] Chamberlain.

aged by the opposition that was developed both before and in Parliament. the original holders had become very much reduced in numbers and even more so in prestige. Gorges had now become the most influential member. as he had been long the directing spirit among those that remained. August 10, 1622, Gorges, with his partner, Captain John Mason, obtained a Patent from the Council of Plymouth of all the country between the Merrimac and Kennebeck to the farthest head of said rivers and sixty miles inland, *with all the Islands and islets* within five leagues of the shore. "which they intend to call the PROVINCE OF MAINE."

As a matter of inducement to his faithful friend and follower and as a reward for his past services to him and his family, Gorges must have entered into a private arrangement to permit Levett to locate within the limits of his new acquired territory, should he there find such a site as would prove more satisfactory than in other unoccupied parts of New England. For as will be developed further on, Captain Levett ranged well along the coast before he selected our Island as his home and the center of the grant of six thousand acres of land which was made to him, as a principal patentee, by the Council, May 5, 1623.[1]

In no other way can a satisfactory reason be assigned for what would have otherwise been an infraction, in so far, upon Gorges' prior Patent of 1622.

It will be observed that in the scanty minute that has been preserved to us no geographical confines are specified, although another account says it was "to be located by Levett, athis own pleasure, upon the vacant territory of New England."

Setting sail from England in the spring of 1623, Captain Levett arrived first at the Isles of Shoals; and after spending some months there and at the plantation of David Thompson upon the New Hampshire mainland, he set out in earnest for the purpose of selecting a favorable site for his projected plantation, which it appears by this further minute of the Council he intended to develop into a metropolis:

"The King judges well of the undertaking in New England, and more particularly of a design of Chris[t] Levett, one of the Council for settling that plantation, to build a city there and call it York.—Levett wishes 50 men to join with him in the adventure, to carry over 50 others and to build a fort for their preservation and security of the plantation."[2]

Captain Christopher Levett was the means, under Providence, of effecting the first European settlement within the territorial limits of Portland.

[1] Sainsbury's Calendar of State Papers, Vol. I, p. 45.

[2] Sainsbury's Calendar.

ten years before Cleeves and Tucker settled on the Neck, taking possession of our Island in August, 1623, by virtue of his Patent, and with the free consent of the aboriginal owners of the soil, a confirmatory grant having been first obtained from Cogawesco's Queen. The brief description printed by old William Strachey, of this loveliest indentation of our coast, that holds

CAPT. LEVETT AT ANCHOR IN WHITE-HEAD COVE AUG. 1623.

as good to-day as when penned, *mutatis mutandis*, may prove as attractive to some new readers as it, doubtless, did to Captain Levett, whose experienced judgment in selecting it in preference to all other sites shows that the pen-picture of its enchanting beauties was not over-colored:

"28 Aug. [1607] Capt. Raleigh Gilbert departed in the shallop upon a discovery to the Westward and sayled all the daye by many gallant islands. The wynd at night comyng contrary, they came to anchor that night under a headland, by the Indians called Semiamis[1]; the land exceeding good and fertile, as appeared by the trees growing thereon being goodly and great, most oake and walnutt, with spacious passages betweene,

[1] Cape Elizabeth:—so the anchorage was in Portland Sound, just west of our Island.

and noe rubbish under, and a place most fitt to fortifye on, being by nature fortifyed on two sides, with a spring of water under yt.

Aug. 30.—They returned homeward before the wynd, sayling by many goodly and gallant islands ; for betwixt the said headland, Semiamis, and the river of Sagadahock is a very great bay, in the which there lyeth soe many islands and so thicke and neere togither, that can hardly be discerned the nomber, yet may any shipp passe betwixt, the greatest parte of them having seldome lesse water than eight or ten fathome about them. These islands are all overgrowne with woods, as oak, walnutt, pine, spruse trees, hasell nuts, sarsaparilla and hurts[1] in abundance."[2]

ON THE ROAD TO WHITE HEAD.

"Our pleasant labor to reform
You flowery arbors, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth.
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
That lie bestrewn, unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease."—Milton.

[1] Whortleberries.

[2] Maine Hist. Coll. III., 301.

Captain Levett shall now proceed in his own language: "And now in its place I come to Quack, which I have named York. At this place there fished divers ships of Waymouth[1] this year [1623]. It lieth about two leagues to the east of Cape Elizabeth. It is a bay or sound betwixt the main and certain islands which lieth in the sea about one English mile and half.

There are four islands[2] which makes one good harbor: there is very good fishing, much fowl, and the main as good ground as any can desire. There I found one river[3] wherein the savages say there is much salmon and other good fish. In this bay there hath been taken this year four sturgeons by fishermen who drive only for herrings, so that likely there may be good store taken if there were men fit for that purpose. This river I made bold to call by my own name, Levett's River, being the first that discovered it. How far this river is navigable I cannot tell: I have been but six miles up it, but on both sides is goodly ground. In the same bay I found another river,[4] up which I went about three miles, and found a great fall of water, much bigger than the fall at London bridge at low water: further a boat cannot go, but above the fall the river runs smooth again.

Just at this fall of water the Sagamore or king of that place hath a house, where I was one day when there were two Sagamores more, their wives and children, in all about fifty, and we were but seven. They bid me welcome and gave me such victuals as they had, and I gave them tobacco and aqua-vitæ. After I had spent a little time with them I departed and gave them a small shot, and they gave me another. And the great Sagamore of the East country whom the rest do acknowledge to be chief amongst them, he gave unto me a beaver's skin which I thankfully received, and so in great love we parted. On both sides this river there is goodly ground.

From this harbor to Sagadahock, which is about eight or nine leagues, is all broken islands in the sea, which makes many excellent good harbors, where a thousand sail of ships may ride in safety: the sound going up within the islands to the cape of Sagadahock.

In the way between York and Sagadahock lieth Cascoe, a good harbor, good fishing, good ground and much fowl. And I am persuaded that from Cape Elizabeth to Sagadahock, which is above thirty leagues to follow the main, is all exceedingly commodious for plantations: and that there may be twenty good towns well seated, to take the benefit both of the sea and fresh rivers."

[1] The *town*, not the *captain*, of that name is intended.

[2] Cushing's, House, Peak's and Diamond. [3] Fore River. [4] Presumpscot River.

Journeying to the Eastward, Captain Levett fell in with several Sagamores, who besides entertaining him royally, affectionately termed him "cousin," and pressed gifts of beaver coats and skins upon him.

"When ready to depart I was asked where I meant to settle my plantation. I replied I intended to go further to the East before I could resolve as I had seen many suitable places West. They said there was no good places remaining unoccupied, as Pemaquid, Monhegan and Cape Nawagan had been granted to other Englishmen; and besides, as the best time for fishing was then drawing on apace, and Cogawesco promised me that if I would sit down at either Casco or Quack I should be very welcome, and that he and his wife would go along with me in my boat to see them, which courtesy I had no reason to refuse, because I had set up my resolution before to settle my plantation at Quack, which I named York, and was glad of this opportunity that I had obtained the consent of them, who as I conceive hath a natural right of inheritance, as they are the sons of Noah, and therefore do think it fit to carry things very fairly without compulsion (if it be possible) for avoiding of treachery.

The next day the wind came fair and I sailed to Quack, or York, with the king, queen and prince, bow and arrows, dog and kettle in my boat, his noble attendance rowing by us in their canoes.

When we came to York the masters of the ships came to bid me welcome, and asked what savages those were. I told them and I thanked them; they used them kindly and gave them meat, drink and tobacco. The woman or reputed queen asked me if those men were my friends. I told her they were; then she drank to them, and told them they were welcome to her country, and so should all my friends be at any time; she drank also to her husband, and bid him welcome to her country too; for you must understand that her father was the Sagamore of this place, and left it to her at his death, having no more children.

And thus after many dangers, much labor and great charge I have obtained a place of habitation in New England, where I have built a house and fortified it in a reasonable good fashion, strong enough against such enemies as are those savage people."

In his description of his intercourse with these kind-hearted though untutored children of nature, Captain Levett makes repeated allusions to the Island location of his home, that could not have been disregarded had it not been for the disposition in certain quarters to make out a claim to the honor of his occupancy in favor of the Neck. This was so evidently not the case, that it is a labor of supererogation to rehearse all the evidence, so that a few bits will have to suffice. The Neck was always called Machi-

A BIT OF WAVE SCENERY.

From a Painting by H. B. Brown.

"I look forth
Over the boundless blue, where joyously
The bright crests of innumerable waves
Glance to the sun at once, as when the hands
Of a great multitude are upward flung
In acclamation."—BRYANT.

gonne by the natives, and it was granted by that name by Sir Ferdinando Gorges to Cleeves and Tucker; Cleeves in his declaration against Winter in 1640, expressly declared that when he took possession of it first "these seven years and upwards" it "was in no man's possession or occupation, and therefore the plaintiff seized on it as his own proper inheritance by virtue of a royal proclamation of our late sovereign Lord King James," etc Now Cleeves was at this very time in full and undisputed possession of our Island by virtue of the transfer of Levett's old patent through mesne conveyances to himself, as will be shown by citations further on, and if he could have strengthened his title by any claim of occupancy by or under Levett, of the Neck, he would gladly have availed himself of all the advantage that would have accrued by such occupation, the priority of which would have antedated that of his adversaries Trelawny and Winter by at least ten years. Again, the most valuable "Briefe Discription of New England"[1] written by Samuel Mavericke (1657), and recently exhumed in England, closes the argument thus convincingly: "Betweene Sagadahocke

[1] N. E. Hist. & Gen. Register, XXXIX, 34.

and Cape Elizabeth lying about 7 Leagues asunder is Casco Bay; about the year 1632 there was a Patent granted to one Capt. Christopher Lewett for 6,000 acres of land which he tooke up in this Bay neare Cape Elizabeth, and built a good House and fortified well on an Island lyeing before Casco River; this he sold and his Interrest in the Patent to Mr. Ceeley, Mr. Jope and Company of Plimouth."

Surely that is explicit enough : it was not at Machigonne ; not on Cape Elizabeth, but "neare" it ; not at Casco—all of which were the mainland, and which three localities embraced all the mainland within a circuit of nearly half the "thirty leagues" Levett speaks of—that our Captain Levett made his home and built his "good House," but at his beloved "Quack," the Indian name for Portland Sound and that arm of the bay between the group of four islands and the main, of which ours would be the one most likely to be designated by Mavericke as "lyeing before Casco River," *i. e.*, at its mouth.

The accurate tracing of the title through Cleeves and his heirs for three generations, a task never before undertaken, illustrates the position taken, by the way our Island was derived from Levett, and the fact that its possession and tenure was never called in question by either Gorges, Rigby, Winter or Jordan, or any other of Cleeves' numerous contestants, although every other acre he ever held was, at some time in the course of his checkered career, disputed. These facts, taken collectively, fortify and render unassailable the statement that our Island title exhibits an antiquity and continuity of occupation that cannot be equaled in both respects by any spot around us.

To resume, after this digression, Levett speaks of the natives "coming presently over" to visit him : again, "they presently went over the harbor [from his house] to this roguish captain's place on the main."

> "But the winds will blow;
> And the ship will go
> And loving hearts must part,"

and Levett began to be uneasy about the wife and family he had left behind him, and commenced his preparations for his return. He goes on :— "A little before my departure there came these Sagamores to see me : Sadamoyt, the great Sagamore of the East country, Manawormet, Opparunwet, Skedraguscett,[1] Cogawesco, Somerset, Conway and others. They asked me why I would be gone out of their country ? I was glad to tell

[1] A creek that still bears his name empties into the Presumpscot.

them my wife would not come thither except I did fetch her: they bid the dogs take her [or something equivalent], (a phrase they have learned and do use when they do curse), and wished me to beat her. I told them no, for then our God would be angry. Then they run out upon her in evil terms, and wished me to let her alone and take another: I told them our God would be more angry for that. Again they bid me beat her, repeating it often, and very angerly, but I answered no, that was not the English fashion, and besides she was a good wife and I had children by her, and I loved her well; so I satisfied them. Then they told me that I and my wife and children, with all my friends, should be heartily welcome into that country at any time, yea a hundredth thousand times, yea *mouchicke, mouchicke*, which is a word of weight.

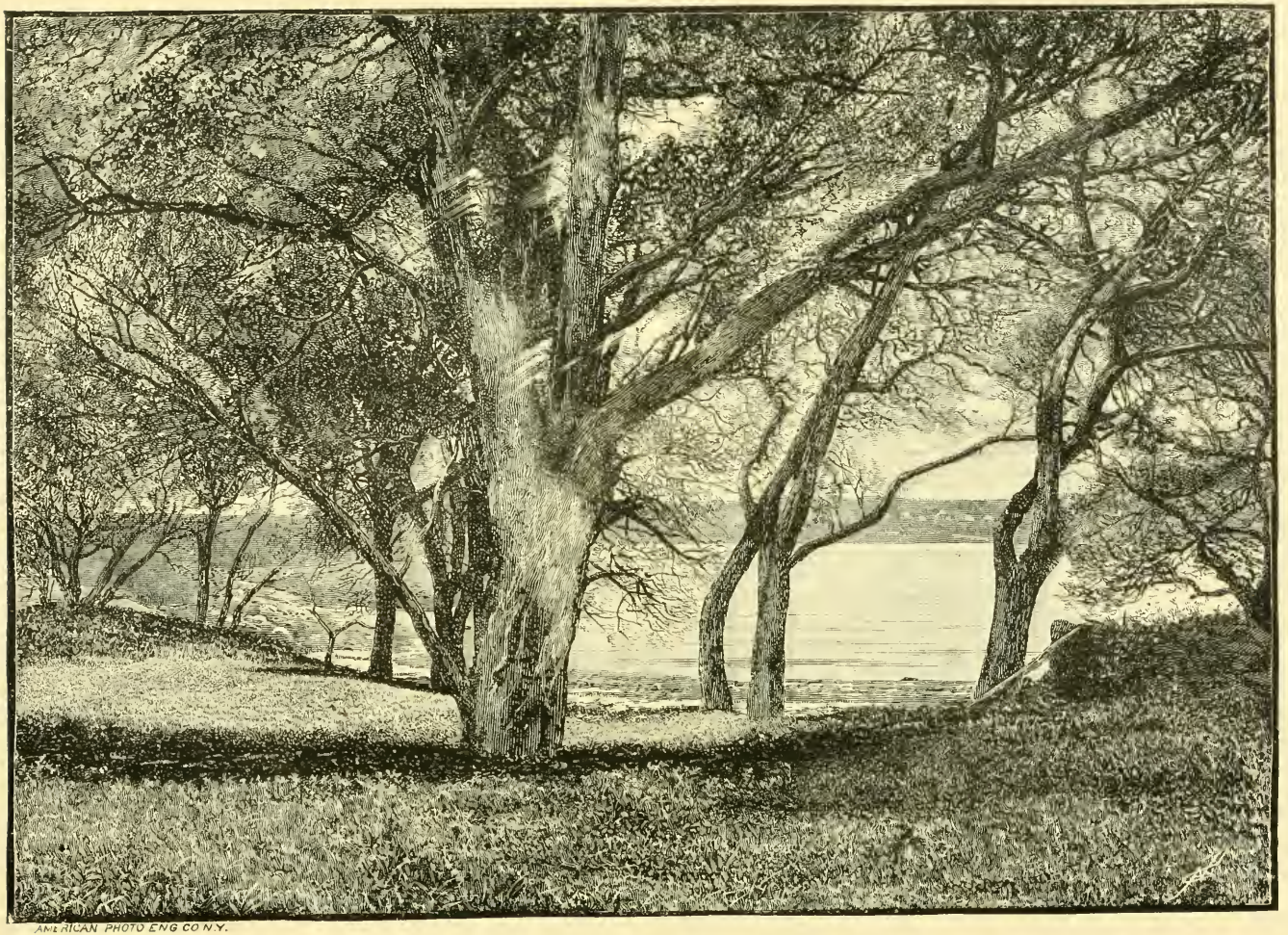
And Somerset told that his son (who was born whilst I was in the country, and whom he would needs have to name) and mine should be brothers, and that there should be *mouchicke legamatch* (that is friendship) betwixt them until Tanto carried them into his wigwam (that is until they died).

Then they must know of me how long I would be wanting. I told them so many months, at which they seemed to be well pleased, but wished me to take heed I proved not *checkaske* (that is a liar) in that. They asked me what I would do with my house; I told them I would leave ten of my men there until I came again, and that they should kill all the Tarrentens[1] they should see (being enemies to them) and with whom the English have no commerce. At which they rejoiced exceedingly, and then agreed amongst themselves that when the time should be expired which I spoke of for my return, every one at the place where he lived would look to the sea, and when they did see a ship they would send to all the Sagamores in the country and tell them that poor Levett was come again."[2]

The ruins of an ancient cellar and what may have been rude earth-works are still traceable upon the northern point of the Island, and point out the exact location of Captain Levett's "good House" and his fortification; and the place has long been locally known as "Cellar Point." Built as they were of timbers from the surrounding forest, neither the logs of the house nor the palisades of the fort have surived the gnawing tooth of Time, but have long since crumbled into dust; but the bits of pottery, the occasional trace of iron implements and the frequent musket flints that have rewarded the intermittent excavatings of enthusiastic relic-hunters,

[1] A tribe of Eastern Indians who were very hostile to our Abenakis.

[2] Maine Hist. Coll., II. 84 & foll.



THE WILLOWS AND THE BATHING BEACH BEYOND.

"Good Lord! it is a gracious boon for thought-crazed wight like me,
To smell again these summer flowers beneath this summer tree."—MOTHERWELL.

within and around the still clearly defined cellar-hole, evidence an occupation by Europeans long before the time when our exact records begin.

Here for some seasons a part of the ten men left behind by Captain Levett patiently awaited his coming again. Of this faithful band, the names of but three have been handed down to us in the "Trelawny Papers." They were Thomas Alger, from Newton Ferrers; Edmond Baker and Nicholas Rouse, from Wembery. Discouraged by the non-appearance of their master, they scattered amongst their acquaintances in the neighboring plantations; Alger joining his relatives of that name at Black Point, Baker and Rouse going to the Old Colony. It was probably the latter's son or grandson who, in 1698, became the fifth owner of the Island, doubtless induced to the acquisition of it by his ancestor's description of its fertility and rare natural attractions.

Captain Levett sailed for England in the fall of 1623, and learning on his arrival that the scheme of the Grand Council of Plymouth to establish a general civil and religious government over New England had been reluctantly abandoned, and their Governor, Robert Gorges, recalled, he gave over his design of returning to Quack, for several years, and his fortified habitation on our Island was gradually deserted by the garrison he left in it.

After the death of Governor Robert Gorges in 1624, Captain Levett enlisted in the Royal Navy, where he seems to have served with distinction for several years.

In 1628, it was believed, now that peace was restored to England, the time was auspicious for a renewal of the Council's design to establish Episcopacy in New England.

Captain Levett threw up his commission in the navy, and in that year was appointed by Royal Commission, Governor of New England; and he was authorized by his Majesty's letters to raise large contributions and benevolences in the County and City of York, England, for the purpose of founding a capital and episcopal seat to be named York upon the site of his newly acquired possessions.[1] One can hardly conjecture what might have been the result of the Captain's efforts, both in a political and religious point of view, had he not been removed by death, before he had gathered the fruits of his ambitious zeal.[2] It must ever be matter of the profoundest regret that he never more visited our coast to perfect his settlement upon our Island, as his good judgment, his conciliatory disposition towards the natives and the good will he had established with them would have proved

[1] Sainsbury's Calendar of State Papers. [2] Jenness.

not only of inestimable value to the colonists, but his energy, the confidence reposed in him by those in power at home and the material advances he had secured would have so furthered the incipient plantation that she might have "become the metropolis of all that region round about long before Boston was settled."[1]

Almost all of the early writers have indulged in conjectures concerning the origin of the Aborigines of America. Some would derive them from a migatory stock that found its way by successive wanderings through Iceland and Greenland to our shores; others advance a route by way of Asia and Alaska; while yet a remaining class make them the descendants of a people inhabiting the fabled mother-land, long lost Atlantis.

Whether we accept our Captain Levett's theory, which agreed, in substance, with General Gookin's conclusion, that the Indians "were Adam's Posterity,"[2] or adopt Governor Sullivan's independent creation, "that the Indians were placed on this continent by the Author of their nature. It was his prerogative to raise different grades of rational animals according to his own pleasure, and to place them where his wisdom directed it to be done",[3] it is not without interest that we consider their legendary traditions of their own origin: "Others say that there were two young Squaws or Women, being at first either swimming or wading in the Water, the Froth or Foam of the Water touched their Bodies, from whence they became with Child; and one of them brought forth a Male and the other a Female Child; and then the two Women died and left the Earth. So their Son and Daughter were their first Progenitors."[4]

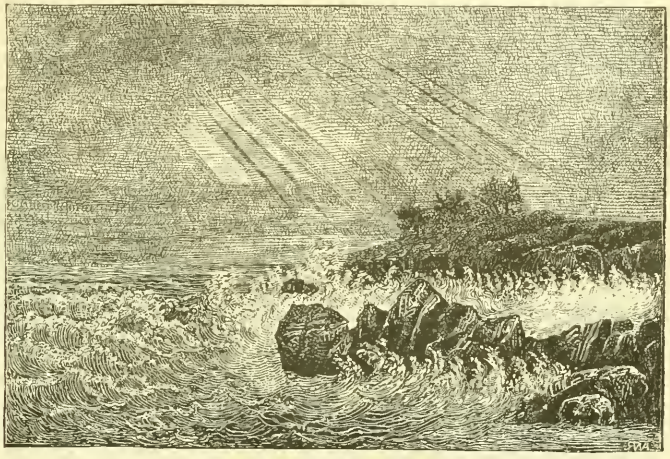
The natives of this part of Maine were of the Abenaki branch of the Great Algonquin family; they had held possession of our Island from a period of such remote antiquity that our titular occupation seems but a span in comparison. The absence of anything like records amongst them; the irreconcilability of such traditions as survive; the puritanical prejudice that regarded as unworthy any investigation of a race that were intolerantly regarded as mere bloodthirsty, relentless monsters, hopelessly degraded and incapable of improvement, prevent anything in the nature of a satisfactory history of our aboriginal dwellers; but here and there, in some half-forgotten tome, descriptions of them are preserved that are worthy of repetition:

"First of their Stature, most of them being betweene five or six foote high, straight bodied, strongly composed, smooth skinned, merry countenanced, of complexion something more swarthy than Spaniards, black hair'd,

[1] This was actually the case of Pemaquid.
[2] Drake's "Old Indian Chronicle."
[3] "Land Titles," p. 24.
[4] Drake's "Old Indian Chronicle."

high foreheaded, black ey'd, out nosed, broad shouldered, brawny armed, long and slender handed, out breasted, small wasted, lanke bellied, well thighed, flat kneed, handsome growne leggs and small feete. In a word, take them when the blood briskes in their veines, when the flesh is on their backs, and marrow in their bones, when they frolick in their antique deportments and Indian postures ; and they are more amiable to behold (though onely in Adam's livery) than many a compounded phantasticke in the newest fashion[1]."[2]

There is evidence to show that our Indians were an original people in name, manners and language. They called themselves "men"; but the name by which they were known to other tribes, "Abenakis", signifies "our ancestors of the East." Forty tribes to the Westward called them "our grandfathers", and acknowledged descent from a common origin.



From a Painting by H. B. Brown.

"O, gie me a sough o' the auld saut sea,
A scent o' his brine again."—Hew Ainslie.

Their civilization was rude and incomplete, yet in their customs, arts, religion and language they evidenced an antiquity and an age of flourishing development to which the myths and legends still rehearsed as dimly remembered traditions by their scattered and degenerate descendants all point as to their golden age. They were cruel in war, treacherous at times,

[1] The "dude" of that day.

[2] Wood's "New England Prospect."

but possessed of many manly qualities, of hospitality, gratitude, good faith, strong friendship, and sobriety, until the advent of the white man with his indulgences of a higher cultivation taught them extravagance and vice. Their love of liberty and heroism of endurance made them dreaded foes or welcome allies.[1]

Resuming, now, the derivation of the title of our Island: We have traced it in the preceding pages from the King of England, the fountain-head of all original titles, through his Patent to the Council of Plymouth into Captain Christopher Levett, and witnessed the confirmation or acquiescence of the aboriginal owners of the soil to his location thereof. Then we have read Mavericke's testimony that Captain Levett "sold to Mr. Ceeley, Mr. Jope and Company of Plimouth." Next we find it transferred by a man named Wright, probably one of the "Company", to George Cleeves, about the time he was ousted by Trelawny's agent from his first attempted settlement at Spurwink, when he was casting about for unoccupied territory to settle upon, and certainly before he had obtained a grant from Sir Ferdinando Gorges, of the Neck. For, Robert Trelawny in 1637 writes to Gorges complaining that George Cleeves had intruded upon the lands granted to him by Patent (Dec. 1, 1631), and adds: "besides he goes about Vnder a dead & outworne title to Out mee of the beste parte of my pattent, being that on which he is seated & a great part there about, saying it was formerly granted to one Leuite & by him to one Wright, & not without Some contemptuouse words of you & [mee] as I am informed. Whereas in deed Leiute neuer tooke that as parte of his pattent, but an Iland in that [baye of] Cascoe."[2]

Whatever were the varying fortunes of Cleeves with respect to his titles upon the mainland, and he was involved in endless litigation, his title to our Island under these mesne conveyances from Levett, as before asserted, was never impugned. In fact the deed to him and his partner Tucker of the Neck and Hog Island (27th Jan'y, 1636), from Gorges, contains language that is by implication strong recognition of his prior title to our Island under Levett; it recites, "as an Island adjacent to the sd premises *and now in the tenure & occupation of the said Cleeves & Tucker [by the name of Hogg Island] which said premises with the appurtenances are not already poses't or past to any other P'son soever.*"

Cleeves never conveyed away our Island, and it passed with his only daughter Elizabeth to Michael Mitton.

Mitton was a jovial soul, fond of his cups, his gun, the soul of festive

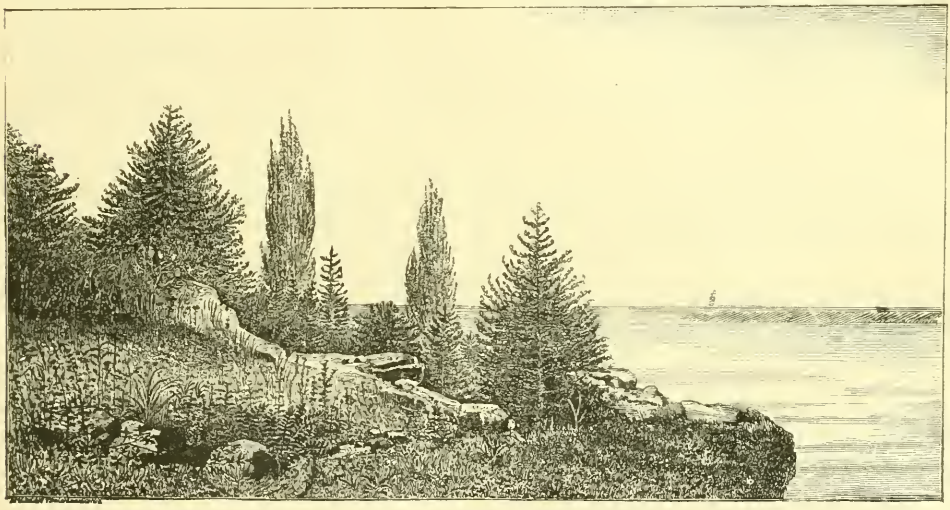
[1] For much of the substance of the above I am indebted to the labors of Mr. E. H. Elwell.

[2] Trelawny Papers, p. 102.

gatherings, too attractive by half to the maidens as poor Mary Martin bitterly experienced, who lived easily and lavishly with that selfish disregard of others' rights and prejudices characteristic of the

" .. fine old English gentleman,
One of the real old stock."

He it was who told John Josselyn "of a Triton or Mereman which he saw in Casco Bay: the gentleman was a great Fouler, and used to goe out with a small Boat or Canow, and fetching a compass about a small Island[1] (there being many small Islands in the Bay) for the advantage of a shot, was encountered with a Triton, who laying his hands upon the side of the Canow, had one of them chopt off with a hatchet by Mr. Mittin, which was in all respects like the hand of a man, the Triton presently sunk dying the water with his purple blood and was no more seen."[2]



VIEW FROM THE OCEAN SIDE.
Ram Island in the distance

"To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled."—Byron.

[1] Our Island, which was then a family possession.

[2] Josselyn's Voyages.

The Island passed next into the possession of James Andrews,[1] as the dowry of his wife, Sarah, one of the daughters of Michael Mitton. He held it from 1667 to 1698.

During Andrews' ownership, our Island underwent three changes in nomenclature: First it was called Portland Island: then Andrews Island: and finally, from the circumstance narrated below, it was known as Fort Island. It was during his proprietorship of our Island that the old house and fortification which were built by Captain Levett and which it seems from James Ross' deposition Andrews had used as a garrison-house, were destroyed.[2] It happened in this way: The Indians of Maine had remained quiescent, though strongly sympathizing with their kindred in the grievances that brought on King Philip's war. But in the summer of 1675 an attempt was made by order of the Massachusetts authorities to disarm the Indians on the Kennebeck, an ill-advised precautionary measure that precipitated the outbreak of hostilities. In the conflict that ensued from the first of August to the end of November, 1675, it is estimated that about fifty English and over ninety Indian lives were sacrificed. A winter expeditionary campaign having broken down, a fitful truce that had but a short duration was concluded. At the outbreak of the war there were over forty

[1] James Andrews, born at Saco, soon after the immigration of his parents to that place, was the son of Samuel Andrews, who, aged 37, with his wife, Jane, aged 30, his daughters, Jane, aged 3, who afterwards married George Felt, and Elizabeth, aged 2, who later married Francis Neale, embarked in the ship "Increase," of London, 14 April, 1635, and were from the vicinity of Lombard street in that city, and were members of the Established Church, bringing their certificates of conformity. He died the second year after his arrival, and his widow married (probably as his second wife) Arthur Mackworth, who had been dwelling upon Falmouth Foreside, just across Martin's Point bridge, before the advent of Cleeves and Tucker to the Neck.

James, who removed with his mother, upon her second marriage, to Falmouth, married Sarah, daughter of Michael Mitton and granddaughter of George Cleeves. He had by her, Elisha, who was a lieutenant as early as 1689, under Church in his campaign against the Eastern Indians, and probably James and Joshua who both died before their father. He abandoned Falmouth in the first war and died at Boston, 1704, leaving a widow, Margaret, whose surname is not known, the son Elisha, and three daughters: Rebecca, wife of Jonathan Adams, of Boston; Dorcas, wife of Ebenezer Davenport, of Dorchester; and Jane, wife of Robert Davis, who had perhaps had a former husband. See *Savage*, *Willis*, *Drake* and *original York Co. Records.*

[2] "The deposition of James Ross aged about seventy years who deposeth & saith that he lived in Falmouth in Casco Bay the greatest part of his time from his minority till he was taken by the Indians in the Fort with Captain Davis, and he very well knew the Island opposite Perpudock called Andross his Island & he never heard that any person claimed it but Mr. James Andross in that Day & Time. Mr. Andross had a Garrisoned House on the Island and lived there as he was informed as his own proper estate & he s^{d} Ross lived sometime there in s^{d} Mr. Andross's House or Garrison with his uncle Skilling.

Dated, Salem Sept. 23: 1731."—*York Reg.*

families in Falmouth, nearly all of which were plunged into mourning by the loss during the hostilities, of members and relatives; some being cut off to the last member.

The war broke out in the summer of 1676 on a more extended scale. All of our tribes engaged in it upon various pretexts, the real cause, however, being not so much wrongs done themselves as the influence of the disaffected Narragansett Indians, who, smarting under the loss of their property, had retreated eastward and fomented a spirit of hostility among the Eastern tribes.

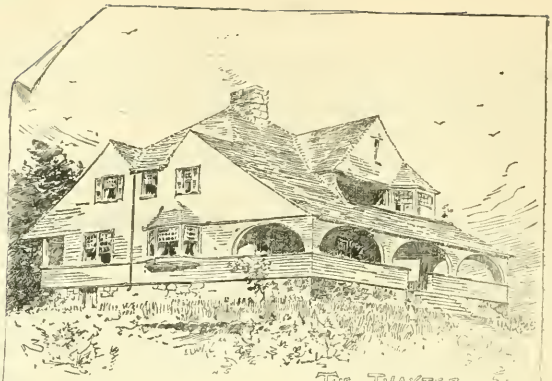
On the 9th of August some of the neighboring Indians had killed one of Anthony Brackett's cows at his large farm in Back Cove, and Simon, their chief, offered to bring the offenders to him for punishment, which he pretended to do early on the morning of the 11th; but the Indians whom he brought were a party of his own confederates, who immediately entered Brackett's house and took all the guns they could find, giving Brackett the choice either of serving them or being instantly killed. He chose the former alternative. The Indians then bound him, his wife and negro servant, and carried away their five children. Nathaniel Mitton, only brother of Ann, Mr. Brackett's wife, and of our Mrs. Andrews, made some resistance, and was killed on the spot.

From Brackett's, the Indians proceeded round the Cove to the Presumpscot River, where they killed Robert Corbin, Humphrey Durham and Benjamin Atwell, who were engaged in making hay on Corbin's farm. Corbin's wife, with the wife of one of the others, and children of the third, who, being in one of the neighboring houses and hearing the alarm, had escaped in a canoe, were overtaken and captured; as was also James Ross, the constable of the town, with his wife and children. The Indians proceeded to other houses in the vicinity, where they killed some of the inhabitants and made captives of others. The alarm was immediately communicated to the other parts of the town by Richard Pike, who, with another man, was in a boat on the river a little above Corbin's house when they heard the report of the guns; they immediately turned back and saw the Atwell boy running towards the river in great haste, and a volley of shot was fired which passed over their heads.

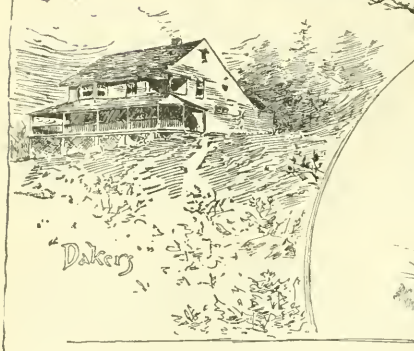
Simon hailed them to come on shore, but they hurried down the river and warned the people to escape to the garrison house, and such as could not escape to fire upon the Indians who were coming against them. Some of the Indians passed over to the Neck, where they shot John Munjoy and Isaac Wakely.

Three men going to the harvest field of Anthony Brackett saw Thomas

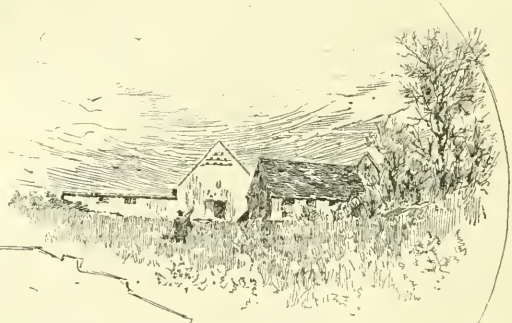
Picturesque Bits at Cushings'



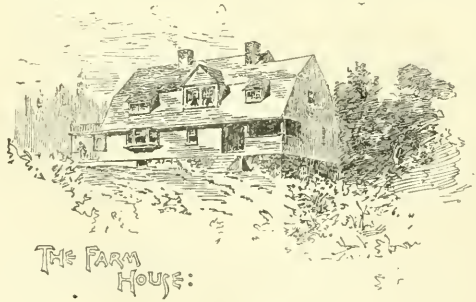
The Thaxter Cottage.



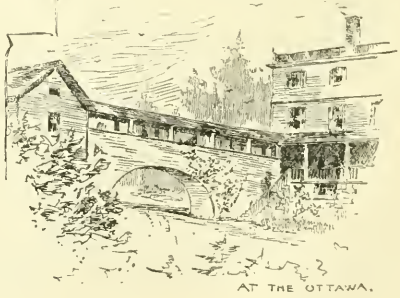
"Dakers"



The Farm Buildings.



The Farm House.



At the Ottawa.

John Calvin Stevens, Architect, Portland, Me., 1st Nat. Bank Bldg.

"Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid nature."—Cowper.

Brackett shot down, and his wife, who was Mary, another daughter of Michael Mitton, and children taken into captivity, where she died within a year. Then they made their escape to Munjoy's garrison at the lower end of the Neck, which had become a place of refuge.

The persons who had found an asylum in Munjoy's garrison, not willing to trust the security of the place, fled the same day to "James Andrews' Island,"[1] which lies at the mouth of the harbor and where Andrews had a garrison-house. From this place, their minister, the Rev. George Burroughs, immediately wrote to Henry Josselyn, of Black Point, for succor. They secured themselves upon the Island by building a new redoubt upon the inner slope of the Head, just above the present spring, where traces of it may yet be seen, and where Mr. E. P. Skillings, our most venerable ex-dweller, says he has seen piles of stones laid up like masonry, the remains of this old fortress. This they built because the old palisades of Captain Levett, which had been used as a garrison-house by Andrews, had long since tumbled into ruin, and because his site, defensible enough against the earlier arrows, was within easy musket range of and commanded by the adjacent heights.

They then recollected that a quantity of powder had been left in one or two places in town, which they were desirous of obtaining, as well for their own protection as to keep it from the hands of the enemy, so they resolved to take measures in the night to recover it. They succeeded in the attempt, and brought away a barrel from the house of Mr. Wallis, and a considerable quantity from a chest in a storehouse which the Indians had ransacked but had overlooked the powder.

Next day George Lewis, who had remained in his house with his wife, without interruption, got safe to the Island, together with two men whom the inhabitants had sent out to give notice Westward some days previously. George Felt, also, a brother-in-law of our Andrews, brought his wife and children in safety in a boat from his home near Mussel Cove, and joined the others upon the Island. Mr. Burroughs' letter mentioned ten men, six women and sixteen children killed and carried away by the Indians, but names only three : the Bracketts and Munjoy.

Finding their position better secured than they dared hope, the brave survivors, encouraged by the example of their stalwart clergyman, concluded to hold out as long as need be, and passed the entire summer on our Island, in a state of siege, their position embittered by witnessing the burnings of their homesteads, barns and standing crops; the tedium enlivened by occasional attacks, in one of which the Levett garrison was

[1] Now Cushing's Island.

enveloped in flames by the attacking savages. From time to time they received provisions from Boston and Black Point by water—but with so many mouths to feed dire distress for the necessities of life fell upon them, and seven devoted members of their band, under the leadership of George Felt, whose name alone survives, ventured to go upon House Island[1] to procure provisions, there being a number of sheep there. They had scarcely landed when the Indians fell suddenly upon them, and, although they defended themselves with desperate courage from the ruins of a stone house, to which they had retreated, they were all destroyed—one only surviving his injuries long enough to tell the tale.

> "And how can men die better, than facing fearful odds,
> For the ashes of their fathers, and the temples of their Gods."

May 17, 1698, James Andrews conveyed the Island to John Rouse, of Marshfield. Rouse conveyed it to John Brown, of Marshfield. As neither of them dwelt here, they will be dismissed without extended notice.

24 March 1717, Brown transferred the Island to John Robinson, of Duxbury, Mass.

8 March 1728–9, Robinson conveyed to Nathaniel Jones.[2]

28 Sept. 1734, Jones conveyed to Joshua Bangs.[3] It was from his ownership of it that the Island got to be known as "Bangs Island," a name which it retained for over a hundred years, and which is incorporated into our Coast Survey charts.

In 1757 and 1760, Bangs conveyed the Island to Ezekiel Cushing.[4]

[1] Munjoy's *fishing* Island, the old records give, which meant House Island, and not Munjoy's, now Peak's Island.

[2] Nathaniel Jones was the grandson of Josiah Jones, who came from England and settled in Weston, Mass., about 1665. He removed to Falmouth about 1730, with his son Phineas, as they had both speculated largely in purchasing the titles of ancient settlers, among others our Island, and were deeply interested in establishing their claims.

[3] Capt. Joshua Bangs, born 1691, at Harwich, Mass., son of Capt. Edward and Ruth Bangs, and was in the fourth generation from Edward Bangs, the American ancestor, who was born in Chichester, England, 1592, and came to this country in the third ship the "Ann," July, 1623. Capt. Joshua was a shipmaster, removed to Falmouth in 1731, where he was subsequently a merchant, and represented the town in the General Court in 1741. He married Mehitable Clark of Harwich, June 18, 1713, and had by her three sons and five daughters, of whom Mehitable, born 1728, married, 1st, John Roberts, 1752, and, 2nd, Gen. Jededial Preble, 1754. Bangs died May 23, 1762, in his 71st year. His wife predeceased him, April 5, 1761, aged 65.

[4] Col. Ezekiel Cushing was descended in the fourth generation from Matthew Cushing, the Emigrant; he was born at Scituate, Mass., 28th April, 1698, the son of Rev. Jeremiah and Hannah (Loring) Cushing. He removed to Cape Elizabeth as early as 1738; was one of the most distinguished men in our neighborhood, and lived in a style befitting his successful commercial career. He

Cushing reconveyed it to Joshua Bangs, Sept. 13, 1760. From the language employed in the conveyance it is presumable that Col. Cushing built the old homestead house under the willows at some time prior to the date of his deed. After the death of Bangs the Island was conveyed, Sept. 12, 1762, to Brigadier Jedediah Preble,[1] who had married his daughter, Mehitable Bangs.

In 1812, Simeon Skillings,[2] a descendant of Preble, by his first wife.

commanded the regiment of the county, then the highest military office in Maine; was selectman nine years, and filled other important offices. He was largely engaged in the fisheries and the West India trade; and during his time there was more commercial business carried on in Simonton's Cove and on the Cape Elizabeth shore than on the Falmouth side. He died May 7, 1765, aged 67, leaving a large and well educated family.

Near relatives of his held important judicial positions in Plymouth and Lincoln counties; and one had the distinguishing honor to be appointed to the Supreme Bench of the United States by President Washington.

Col. Cushing and the late Lemuel Cushing, Esq., being descended from the same parent stock, were "first and fourth" cousins.

See *The Cushing Genealogy: Willis.*

[1] General Jedediah Preble was born in York in 1707; he was son of Benjamin, and grandson of the first Abraham and Judith (Tilden) Preble. He settled here about 1748; he represented the town in the General Court in 1753. He married, first, Martha Junkins of York; and second, in 1754, Mehitabel, daughter of Joshua Bangs, then the proprietor of our Island, she being then the widow of John Roberts. In 1755 he had a command, under Gen. Winslow, in removing the Acadians, or neutral French. In 1759 he was captain of a company of provincial troops, and joined the army in Canada under General Wolfe; was in the battle on the Plains of Abraham, and near Gen. Wolfe when he was killed. [Some doubt has been expressed as to this statement by Mr. W. Goold.] Previous to the peace he was promoted gradually to the rank of Brigadier-General, and had the command of the garrison at Fort Pownal, on the Penobscot, at the peace of 1763; he was twice wounded during the war. He was twelve years a representative from the town, the first time in 1753, the last in 1780; was chosen Councilor in 1773, and though of the popular party, was one of six accepted by the Governor while the others were rejected. In 1774 he was appointed, first, Brigadier-General by the Provincial Congress, and in 1775 received the appointment of Major-General and Commander-in-Chief of the Massachusetts forces, which he declined on account of the infirmities of age. He was chosen the first Senator from Cumberland County under the Constitution of 1780; was judge of the Court of Common Pleas in 1782 and 1783. He died March 16, 1784, aged 77. His widow died in 1805, at the same age. By his two marriages he had ten children, the most distinguished of whom was Edward Preble, our celebrated Commodore. He in turn was grandfather of the late lamented Lieut. Edward E. Preble, who was navigating officer of the U. S. S. S. "Kearsarge" at the time she sunk the "Alabama" off Cherbourg. The late Rear-Admiral George H. Preble was also a grandson of the General.

[2] Simeon Skillings was descended in the seventh generation from Thomas Skillings, the first of the name, who settled at Back Cove as early as 1658. His mother was a granddaughter of old General Preble's—a fact that probably accounts for his acquisition of the ancestral acres on the Island.

A full genealogical account of this family, by Mr. Sargent, has been printed in the 'Maine Hist. & Gen. Recorder," II., 100.

went to live upon the Island. He began to purchase parts of it as early as 1823, of the various Preble heirs, and by mesne conveyances from their assigns; and in 1837 by such purchases, the particulars of which are too prolix for the scope of this Sketch, he had become possessed of six-sevenths of the whole Island ; the other one-seventh remaining in the heirs of Edward Preble.

In 1858 by conveyance from Skillings, and in 1860 by mesne conveyances from his sons, the late Lemuel Cushing[1] acquired the entire Skillings interests ; and in 1858 and 1859 he acquired the remaining Preble interest, thus uniting in himself, again, the consolidated title.

CHANGES IN CIVIL GOVERNMENT.

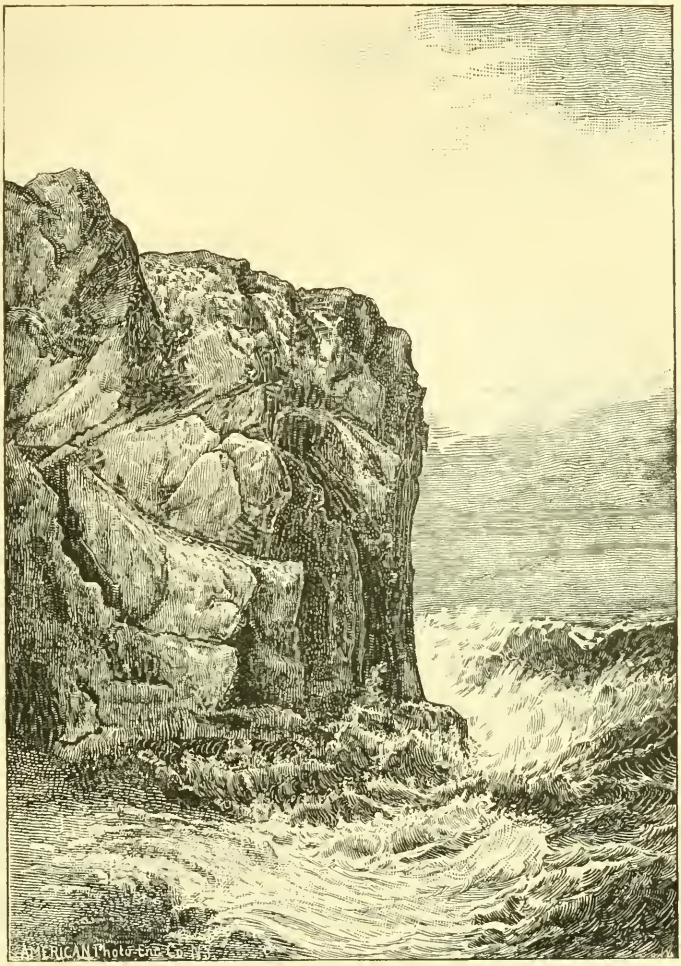
So many have been the changes of governments of this part of the State of Maine, affecting our Island, that a brief synopsis of them is expedient for perspicuity and reference :

1—Sir Ferdinando Gorges taking the 3d and 4th of the 12 divisions in 1635, which he called New Somersetshire, formed a government therein under William Gorges.

2—His Charter of Maine and administration in 1639–40.

[1] Lemuel Cushing, the last owner of our Island, was descended in the seventh generation from the emigrant ancestor Matthew, a Puritan, who, with Governor Haynes, the ministers Cotton and Hooker and others, came to New England in 1633, and in the twelfth generation from Thomas Cushing, a Squire of Hardingham, Norfolk County, England. He was born at Three Rivers, Canada, 29th April, 1806, the eighth child of Job and Sarah (Rice) Cushing. He married Catherine, daughter of John S. Hutchins of Lachute, Quebec. He was one of the pioneers in the settlement of the Ottawa Valley, having removed in early youth to the lumbering district of Chatham, on the Ottawa River, fifty miles above Montreal. Although then but sixteen years old, he opened a store and commenced business for himself with a very small capital. He underwent many severe trials, but, possessed of indomitable energy and perseverance and a vigorous constitution, he successfully overcame them all, and attained to considerable wealth and prominence. He acted as Justice of the Peace and Magistrate for over forty years, and for many years filled successively the offices of Councillor and Mayor of the Township, and Warden of the County. On the breaking out of the Canadian Rebellion in 1837, he armed a company of volunteers in defense of the British flag, and marched with them to St. Eustache, and was instrumental in preventing much pillage and the destruction of the Registry Office of St. Benoit, in which were deposited many valuable papers. He was three several times owner of the celebrated Caledonia Springs ; and in 1859 purchased the property known as Cushing's Island, Portland, Me., upon which he erected the now famous summer resort, the "Ottawa House." He died 18th May, 1875, aged 69, leaving a widow, by whom he had had thirteen children, of whom nine now survive.

See *The Cushing Genealogy.*



CLIFF.

Painted by H. B. Brown.

"I love to stand on some high beetling rock,
Or dusky brow of savage promontory,
Watching the waves, with all their white crests dancing.
Come, like thick plum'd squadrons, to the shore,
Gallantly bounding."—Sir A. Hunt.

3—The division of the Province by the River Kennebunk, under Rigby's claim, and his rule of Lygonia, which included our Island, after 1646, by Cleeves.

4—Massachusetts in 1652–53 assumes to govern Gorges' part : and in 1658 Rigby's part also.

5—The King's three Commissioners, in 1665, took command of the whole.

6—Massachusetts, in 1668, resumed the government of the entire Province, and in 1677 purchased it.

7—An administration, in 1679–80, is established under the exclusive trust of President Danforth.

8—In 1686, President Dudley, and after him Governor Andros, was commissioned to govern it and other Provinces.

9—Massachusetts, in 1689, ousted Andros of his power, and soon recommitted the government to Danforth.[1]

10—Falmouth incorporated a town, 1718.

11—Cumberland County established, 1760.

12—Portland set off from Falmouth, and incorporated a town, 4th July, 1786.

13—Maine admited a State of the Union, 1820.

14—Portland adopted a City charter, 26th March, 1832.

ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

The most influential of our early settlers were Episcopalians, and had brought with them from England the religious forms which prevailed in that country, and did not come to avoid them as was the case with the colonists of Plymouth and Massachusetts.[2] They had been joined by others who moved out of Massachusetts to escape the uncompromising and intolerant spirit of its puritanical government.

Of these churchmen was our James Andrews, whose parents, as shown in another place, on emigrating had brought their certificates of conformity to the Church of England ; and at his mother's house upon the main were held occasional services of the Church.

Although the Rev. Stephen Batchiler, who came early with the Plough Company, wrote that he had been solicited by the people of Casco to remain and officiate among them, which he did not see fit to do, the earliest

[1] Williamson. [2] Willis.

church in this vicinity was gathered upon Richmond's Island, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Richard Gibson, a graduate of Magdalen College, Cambridge, in 1636, who was sent over by Trelawny soon after leaving college; and our pioneers, would of a Sabbath morning when the weather was propitious, coast around the pitch of the Cape to the Island in flotillas of small sailing craft, to partake of the communion, for the distance through the untraversed woods and across the pathless country was too great. In 1640 he removed hence to Portsmouth.

CLIFFS ON THE OCEAN SIDE.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes
By the deep sea, and music in its roar."—BYRON.

He was succeeded in his ministrations to this and the neighboring settlements by the Rev. Robert Jordan, a graduate of Oxford (matriculated at Balliol Coll. 1632), who married Sarah, second daughter of Capt. John Winter, settling at Spurwink, and inheriting with her the vast landed estates that, joined with their own industrious exertions, has enabled successive generations of his descendants to maintain a position of comfortable independence. He played a very important part in the civil as well as the ecclesiastical history of our neighborhood. He was abused, vilified, fined and imprisoned by men every way his inferior, for exercising his remarkable talents, and

daring to serve his God in the forms prescribed by his Church. Because of the scattered conditions of his parish his visitations included a wide missionary range; and among the beautiful pictures of our early Island occupancy may be painted this venerable priest clad in his sacred vestments receiving into the fold the rising generation of the Andrews.

We, here, lie under a special debt of gratitude to this worthy gentleman for delivering us from the shadow of a great crime; for it was to his hard common sense as well as trained powers of reasoning, and the authoritative exercise of his commanding influence, that we owe the prompt stamping out of the damnable hallucination of witchcraft on its first and only appearance in our neighborhood; for the Rev. John Hale narrates that "circiter Anno 1659": "One Mr. Thorpe, a drunken Preacher, was gotten in to Preach at Black Point under the appearance and profession of a minister of the Gospel, and boarded at the house of Goodman Bayly, and Baylye's wife observed his conversation to be contrary to his calling, gravely told him his way was contrary to the Gospel of Christ, and desired him to reform his life or leave her house. So he departed from the house, and turned her enemy, and found an opportunity to do her an injury: and so it fell out that Mr. Jordan of Spurwink had a cow died, and about that time Goody Bayly had said she intended such a day to travel to Casco Bay. Mr. Thorpe goes to Mr. Jordan's man or men, and saith the cow was bewitched to death, and if they would lay the carcass in a place he should appoint, he would burn it and bring the witch: and accordingly the cow is laid by the path that led from Black Point to Casco, and set on fire that day Goody Bayly was to travel that way, and so she came by while the carcass was in burning, and Thorpe had her questioned for a witch: But Mr. Jordan interposed in her behalf; and said his cow dyed by his servants negligence, and to cover their own fault they were willing to have it imputed to witchcraft; and Mr. Thorpe knew of Goody Bayly's intended journey, and orders my servants (says he) without my approbation, to burn my cow in the way where Bayly is to come; and so unravelled the knavery and delivered the innocent."

Mr. Jordan was driven off in 1675, at the outbreak of the first Indian war; and died four years later at Newcastle, N. H.

The reflection of how much we owe to Mr. Jordan is brought home to us all the more forcibly and pathetically by the sad fate of his successor, the Rev. George Burroughs (graduated at Harvard College, 1670), who was called to the ministry at Falmouth in 1674, and who fell a victim to that stupid and wicked fanaticism, and was hanged by the Salem people, 19th August, 1692. While he dwelt among us he sustained a singularly pure

and unselfish life, and was of service to his parishoners in militant as well as sacredotal offices ; for he was the guiding and inspiriting leader of the stubborn defense of the fort on our Island upon the inside slope of White Head during the whole summer of 1676, referred to in another place ; and Major Church, in commenting on his conduct at the pitched battle with the Indians, in Deering's Oaks, in 1689, especially commends his bravery in action.

After the third settlement, our Island became an appendage of the First Parish ; and its further history can be traced in Willis's entertaining "History of Portland."

ISLAND LIFE, AMUSEMENTS AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

One marked characteristic of our Islanders cannot fail to arrest the attention of the close observer. These people have ever been of purer English blood than now remains in any county of the mother country, and the explanation of this seemingly paradoxical assertion lies in the fact that being descended from the families that came here from 1620 to 1650, from the South and West of England, they have been singularly free from immigration, more so than the home communities, or other parts of New England, and with what has come there has been but little intermarrying by the old English stock—perhaps in occasional families a tinge of Scottish or Huguenot blood, but not enough to affect this generalization. The effect of this is noticeable in the language spoken here with greater average purity than by the common people in any part of England ; in the idioms and figures of speech that survive, in the games our children play, the songs we sing and love for old remembrance's sake, and even in the modulations of the voice and the peculiar sweetness of the enunciation of the vowels.

Even our fishermen and mariners, accustomed as they are to "howl adown the gale," in their gentler converse and especially their fireside talk amaze the twangy or flat-vowelled visitor by the absence of that nasal chant he is told exists, if at all, still further "down East." If not the same as the people of Sussex of to-day, we can lay fully as justifiable a claim as they to a striking resemblance, and perhaps unconscious, because inbred, imitation that has preserved the type of our common ancestor, the South Saxon.

There was, of course, a social life upon the Island when in turn it entertained its neighbors. There were occasional evening parties, dances when the old roof-tree rung with the olden melodies, tea-drinkings and quilting-

THE OLD COTTAGE IN THE HOLLOW.

"A little lowly hermitage it was,
Down in a dale hard by a forest's side,
Far from resort of people that did pass
In travel to and fro."—SPENSER.

bees, singing-schools and spelling matches where the young people did their courting—for such renowned beauties as Mistresses Hannah Cushing, Mehitable Bangs and Nancy Preble had many a follower in their train from the neighboring main, and when their numerous brothers and sisters added their quota of admiring friends the old parlors were at times thronged to their utmost capacity, for our Island has, time out of mind, had a hospitable reputation, and invitations were ever in demand. In some of these there was no little form and ceremony, following traditionary fashions, but the impromptu amusements or new invented games were more free, and ended in fun or frolic before which the stately reserve in the relations of the sexes would thaw and bashfulness succumb to captivating graces.

But in the dearth of such and kindred employment for the young, and the more sedate religious meetings, conventions, lectures and concerts for the elders, that would intervene in the long storms of winter, they did not feel lost or lonely in their isolated home, for in the midst of this simplicity of life there were the resources of no little culture and refinement; because there were ever gentlemen and ladies in the old homestead, who did honor to the local society, and would have graced any in the world; who cultivated the fields with the happy independence of their free choice, or perfected the concomitant arts of butter and cheese making, but who had had the cultivation of our highest University, who knew Greek and Latin, and would speak or write them on occasion, as extant diaries show, who were familiar with theology and politics, as well as with the arts and accomplishments of refined society.

OUR FIRST AND ORIGINAL PIRATE.

Quite a number of deep pitholes are to be seen here and there on the Island. Failing to discover any overturned monarchs of the forest that in their fall could have upheaved such masses of earth clinging to their radiating roots, the conclusion is forced upon one that these have been the work of men. For what purpose? Why, in the hunt for concealed treasures! For, long before the days of Captain Kidd, these coasts were ravaged by a daring pirate: and tradition hands down that once when wind-bound under the neighboring Cape, baulked in his design of marauding the prosperous fishing coumunity at Richmond's Island, our pirate, Dixy Bull, landed on this Island and buried the larger part of his ill-gotten gains. This fellow illustrates in his career how true it is that

"Honor and shame from no condition rise."

Starting in life here under the happiest circumstances, with such associates as the younger Gorges, the Nortons and others of his name, but of more respectability, he seems to have lacked the recuperative energy to rebuild his shattered fortunes, and the moral stamina to resist the temptation to an easy, roving life.

Associated 2 Dec. 1631 with a dozen others as grantees of 12,000 acres of land at the River Agamenticus,[1] intent upon quicker returns than the tilling of the soil would render, he engaged in the beaver trade. On one

[1] MS copy of State Papers.

"Or, underneath the shadow vast of patriarchal tree,
Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky in rapt tranquillity."
—Motherwell.

of his voyages he was captured by the French, as a preventive measure, he having ventured too far Eastward into waters they claimed, and his shallop and cargo were declared forfeit, and taken from him. Finding others with like grievances as his own, they banded together to the number of sixteen and began a war of retaliation, in which they were successful enough to capture a vessel or two. Flushed with their successes, considering themselves invincible by any such force as the infant Colonies could equip and send after them, and failing to find other Frenchmen for victims, they next turned against their quondam friends, pillaged the English plantations, sacked Pemaquid, and even formed designs against the Western settlements. But not being "to the manner born" and not having been so long steeped in vice as to have overcome all scruples, they manifested a faint-heartedness even in the midst of their career, "making a law against excessive drinking, indulging in song only

at such times as other ships use to have prayer," that gave place to an abject terror when they learned that slow-footed but outraged Justice was on their track; and "they were filled with such fear and horrour that they were afraid of the very rattling of the ropes."

Capt. John Winter writes, 11 July 1633: "The last yeare heare was one that was a trader for beaver that is now turned pirate, and hath done much spoyle heare In the Country: his name is Bull. He is one of London. He tooke away from the plantation at Pemequid as much goods and provisions as is valued to be worth five hundred pounds, and this Bull yf winde and weather would have given him leave had an intent to com heare at Richmon Iland to have taken away their provisions also, and did purpose to have one of their men, as they say; therefore we must have somm ordinance and provision for to defend ourselves; doubtinge such threats would harm men who are for us."[1]

Their disbanding was hastened by a fortunate shot from Pemaquid that killed one of their number, and the men dispersed to the Eastward, but Bull himself was lost on his way to Virginia.[2]

OUR SEA SERPENT.

So veracious a history would be incomplete without more than passing notice of another of our occasional visitors, if not a regular frequenter. You may doubt and question as you will, but you will finally have to accept as a positive fact the existence of the maligned and much questioned sea-serpent *et id omne genus*. But even should you be vouchsafed an introduction, you will not find him so dreadful a creature; for all the accounts that have found their way into print have established a reputation for harmlessness—when let strictly alone—as a characteristic of the sea monsters that frequent our Northern latitudes, that will be reassuring to the frequenters of our bathing-beach. It is undeniable that tradition justifies a well-founded suspicion that unprovoked attack might develop dangerous resentment from a creature possessed of such latent powers; for, did not the veracious John Josselyn tell "of a Sea-Serpent or Snake that lay quoiled up like a cable upon a Rock; a boat passing by with English aboard and two Indians, they would have shot the Serpent, but the

[1] Trelawny Papers.

[2] 4 Mass. Hist. Coll. VII, 18. Dr. Banks prepared an interesting paper in this connection. It may be consulted at Vol. I., p. 57 of the "Maine Hist. and Gen. Recorder."

Indians disswaded them, saying that if he were not killed outright, they would be all in danger of their lives."[1]

Our Capt. Christopher Levett, during his habitation upon our Island, saw several of these monsters disporting themselves in the neighboring waters, and thus quaintly records his impressions: "the strange fish we saw there, some with manes, ears and heads, and chasing one another with open mouths like stone horses in a park."[2]

An intelligible description, as given by an eye-witness very recently, may not be without interest, and exactly fits our especial property portrait on the outside cover. It appeared "about two hundred yards ahead of us and reared his head and part of his body about fifty feet in all, its head being about fifteen feet out of water at an angle of about fifteen degrees, and suddenly dipped it again; this was repeated three times before it was lost sight of. On passing within a minute directly through the water it had occupied, it was very much agitated and differently to the effect left behind by a whale or any other known denizen of the deep. Judging from the portion seen, the serpent could not have been less than one hundred feet long, and about the size of a molasses hogshead in the middle. Its head and jaws had a flat, square appearance, by no means enticing or inviting to a near approach."

From all reports, its size seems tolerably uniform; the color is generally reported the same, a black, or blackish brown, with an undertone upon the lower surface. Its eyes are very prominent upon the upper part of the head. Its speed, when not disturbed, is not usually over five or six knots, but when making off from apparent danger or pursuit it speeds away so rapidly that vanishing showers of foam and spray mark its course for but a few brief seconds. Instead of being fierce or irritable, the creature seems especially susceptible to the charms of music, as water parties are agreed in reporting. Whether its peculiar undulatory dorsal movement may be a frolicsome participation and beating of time, or whether its structural anatomy restricts it from the sinuous lateral movements of snakes and eels, belongs to the province of the naturalists, who yet discuss whether this be a descendant of the plesiosaurians, or simply a variation of the common cetaceans, or if it is a new genus yet to be classified.

[1] Josselyn's Voyages. [2] Address to the Council for N. E.

ON THE OUTER SHORE.

Portland Head Light in the distance. From a Painting by H. B. Brown.

"As the dark waves of the sea
Draw in and out of rocky rifts,
Calling solemnly to thee
With voices deep and hollow,—
To the shore,
Follow, oh follow!
To be at rest forevermore,
Forevermore."—J. R. Lowell.

THE SECOND DESTRUCTION OF FALMOUTH, MAY 20, 1690.

As the first destruction of Falmouth, in 1676, narrated in the foregoing pages, was the outgrowth of Massachusetts' troubles with the Indians rather than a result of any local quarrels, or any especial grievances the savages had against our own people, so this second attack was rendered feasible if not directly instigated by the penurious neglect of the Massachusetts authorities of the Province they had purchased of the Gorges heirs.

after depreciating its value by their repeated encroachments. They grumbled at the heavy expense of the last war; they even considered a proposition to sell the Province rather than continue the expense of properly administering and defending it: and then tried to throw all the cost of defense upon the struggling settlements. Even the expense of building Fort Loyal was defrayed by sale of lands about it.

The Indians recommenced hostilities in August, 1688. In June, 1689, the lieutenants of the Falmouth Foot Company wrote representing "there were but few men in the fort and they about worn out with watching; that they had but 3½ pounds of powder, 24 hand grenades, 2½ pounds of musket shot, 20 balls for the great guns, a small quantity of match, about 30 cartridge boxes for small arms, not one musket belonging to the fort, and no provisions."[1]

These representations did arouse that Government to a fitful activity, and an expedition under the famous Captain Benjamin Church was sent into Maine. This resulted in that battle on the Deering farm in October, 1689, between the troops of Church aided by the men of Falmouth, and the French and Indians, in which the English were victorious, of which Sullivan wrote: "This action, 1689, was terminated in favor of Church, and altho his troops suffered very much, yet he saved the town (Casco), and the whole eastern country by that action."

But the savage foe, though checked, was not conquered, and in spite of the apprehensions of the inhabitants, and the representations of Church on the exposed and necessitous situation of Falmouth, the expeditionary force was withdrawn instead of quartered as garrisons, and the Massachusetts people replied "that they could do nothing till Sir Edmund [Andros] was gone."

In the spring of 1690, the French sent out three marauding expeditions from Canada; one, supplemented from their savage allies, rendezvoused at Merrymeeting Bay, comprising a force of between four and five hundred, under the French leaders, Portneuf, Hertel, Baron de Castine, and Courtemanche, and the Indian chiefs, Madockawando, Moxus, Hopegood, Robin Doney, Hignon, and some inferior chieftains. Captain Willard was at that time in command of Fort Loyal, with a force of one hundred men. If they had remained, Fort Loyal would not have been taken. Warning had been given by savage attacks upon Schenectady, and Salmon Falls. But with full knowledge that the enemy were menacing the frontier Eastern settlements, what did the Bay authorities do but adopt the asinine policy of a

[1] Mass. Archs.

counter expedition against Nova Scotia, withdraw all of her troops to participate therein, and leave Fort Loyal and Falmouth to their own resources against the foe then hovering round their borders.

But loyal hearts and true had gathered under the command of Capt. Sylvanus Davis, who succeeded Capt. Willard after his apparently cowardly withdrawal from the face of danger. Capt. Davis voiced the determination of the sturdy men of Falmouth "to hassard our lives upon the place rather than Drawe off without orders."

The combined force of French and Indians came into Casco Bay from the Kennebeck by way of New Meadows River, meeting no opposition from the scattered settlements whence the inhabitants had retired to the protection of Fort Loyal. They made their rendezvous on some of the islands, and soon spied out the weakness of the garrison, ascertaining quite well the number of English left after the departure of Captain Willard.

Amid the darkness of the night of the 15th of May they moved their forces from the islands to that part of Munjoy's Hill near the G. T. R. Bridge, which to this day bears the name of "Indian Cove." The next morning a detachment of them proceeded to the top of the hill and concealed themselves in the low woods and underbrush, waiting for the opportunity to begin the attack. They were soon discovered by some of the soldiers at the Lawrence garrison house, and reported to Capt. Davis at the Fort. The officers resolved upon a sortie to dislodge and drive away this supposed small party of Indians, and towards noon a party of young men full of zeal and courage set out under the command of Lieut. Thaddeus Clark. What happened is best narrated by the French themselves: "At noon thirty men issued from the principal fort, and came to the spot where our people lay, who, having discharged their guns at ten paces distance, rushed on them sword and hatchet in hand, and pursued them so hotly that only five of them, all of whom were wounded, entered the fort again. As our men followed hot foot they were exposed to the fire of one of the forts, in the proximity of which they happened to find themselves. One Frenchman received a wound in the thigh and an Indian was killed. At night the principal fort was summoned to surrender, but an answer was returned 'that they should defend themselves to the death.'"

The struggle lasted four days and nights. The Lawrence garrison was abandoned, its defenders retiring into Fort Loyal, where the inhabitants, to the number of two hundred or more, sought refuge and safety; but the fighting force did not exceed seventy men.

The next morning the enemy resumed the attack, setting fire to the deserted houses. The first day of the siege passed without definite results,

the enemy gaining no advantages. The next day the French leaders became satisfied that notwithstanding their superior force they could not capture the fort by direct assault, having no cannon with which to effect a breach. So they resorted to mining, the fort having been incautiously built so near the verge of the bank that under its shelter they could commence digging not more than fifty feet away, entirely protected from its guns.

This mine gave every promise of proving successful, and the garrison had been so reduced in number by the unsuccessful sortie and by successive casualties, that a hand-to-hand conflict in the breach would have been hopeless. The foe had succeeded repeatedly in setting fire to the buildings of the fortification, that had been with difficulty extinguished, and were now advancing a fire machine against the palisades that proved still more effectual, the flames taking hold of the dried logs and crackling among the foundations, filling the fortress with unendurable smoke. The brave defenders then realized that they were doomed ; that no choice was left to them but to surrender or be destroyed in the flames.

Up to that time the English had not discovered that there were any French among their assailants, supposing from the equipment and dress that they were all Indians. Some order in French accents by a leader reached the ear of Capt. Davis, which gave him a ray of hope. If there were any whites among their foes, would they not respect the rights of war and the duties of humanity, and protect them, if they surrendered, from their savage associates ? Relying upon a favorable answer from Portneuf, promising quarter, up went the white flag of surrender.

But what a scene followed, of pillage, devastation, outrage and massacre ! The terms of capitulation were grossly and barbarously violated by the insatiate savages, unchecked by the French ; and of the men, women and children, even of the wounded, who surrendered, Capt. Davis says only three or four were spared and carried into captivity with him to Canada.[1]

INDIAN WARS.

The thrilling incidents of these first two wars have been set out somewhat *in extenso*, because of the prominent place our Island filled in the one as a *situs belli*, and because she was a silent and frowning witness of

[1] I am indebted to Mr. J. T. Hull's Paper on Fort Loyal, just published, for the foregoing graphic description. The reader is referred to it for fuller accounts.

the wide-spread desolation and misery occasioned by the other. Indeed, she suffered sorely herself; swept of all the improvements industrious hands had reared, her fields neglected, she sat in mourning garb awaiting the dawning of better days. Nor should it be omitted that one of her own sons played a manly part in these exciting times. Elisha Andrews, son of our first James, held a commission under Church and was distinguished for coolness in action and ready resource against the wily foe. So, too, did her subsequent masters, Colonel Ezekiel Cushing and General Jedediah Preble win honor and renown in the Five Years' War and the French and Indian War.

Between 1675 and 1760, there were six Indian wars, covering thirty-five of those years, "when almost every house was a garrison, and every man carried a gun to meeting." The last hostile act in this vicinity was the attack upon Mr. Thomas Means' house at Flying Point, Freeport, May 4, 1756.

A table of these wars and the principal treaties with the Eastern tribes is here subjoined, which will not be without interest to the general reader, and which will prove of needed assistance to any summer sojourner who may wish to further pursue such thrilling chapters on the events of those blood-stained wars as may be found in the Public Library of the City:

Mugg's treaty, Nov. 6, 1676.—2 *Neal's N. E., p.* 403.

1—King Philip's war, from June 24, 1675, to the treaty of Casco, Apr. 12, 1678.—*Mass. Rec.*

2—King William's war, from Aug. 13, 1688, to the treaty of Mare Point, Brunswick, Jan'y 7, 1699.—2 *Mather's Magnalia*, 556.

Treaty of Pemaquid, Aug. 11, 1693.—2 *Mather's Magnalia*, 542.

3—Queen Anne's war, from Aug., 1703 to the treaty of Portsmouth, July 11, 1713.—*Penhallow's Ind. Wars*, 83.

4—Lovewell's war, from June 13, 1722, to Dummer's celebrated treaty, Dec. 15, 1725.—*Secretary's Office.*

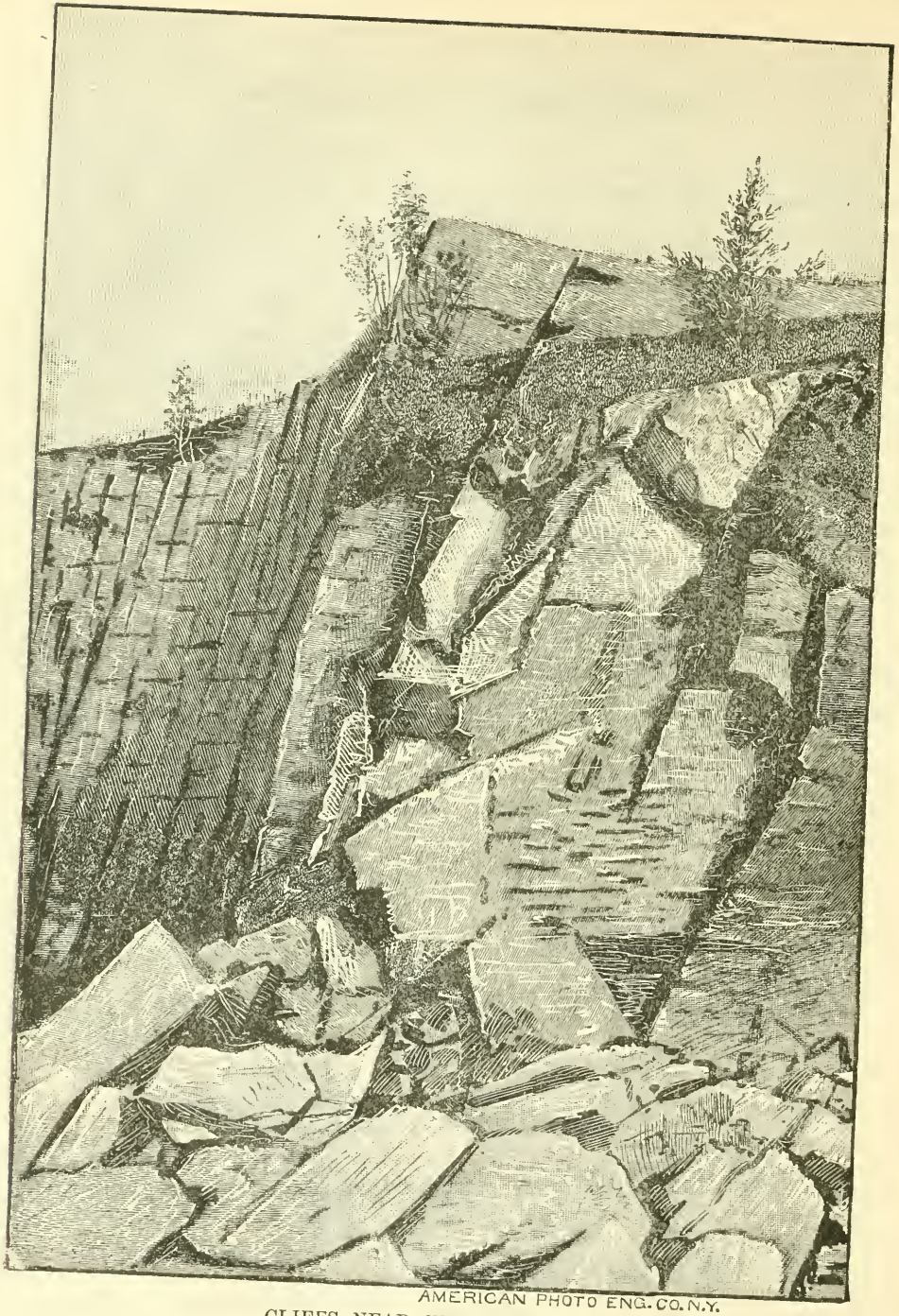
5—Spanish, or Five Years' War, from July 19, 1745, to the treaty of Falmouth, Oct. 16, 1749.—9 *Mass. Hist. Coll.*, 220.

Treaty of Halifax, Aug. 15, 1749.—*Secretary's Office.*

6—French and Indian war, from April, 1755, to the conquest of Quebec and treaty of Halifax, Feb. 22, 1760.

Treaty with the Mickmacks and Marechites, July 19, 1776.[1]

[1] Williamson, I., 499, n.



CLIFFS NEAR WHITE HEAD.

"Not to be shook thyself; but all assaults
Baffling, like thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave."—THOMSON.

OTHER HISTORICAL INCIDENTS.

THIRD DESTRUCTION OF FALMOUTH, OCT. 18TH, 1775.

Scarce half a generation's space from the final burying of the tomahawk precipitated the troubles of the Revolution; and from presenting a united front to a common foe, the citizens of our community were divided by sympathies and interests into two hostile camps. With the growth of the town a very considerable Episcopal society was gathered, composed largely of the crown officers of the seat of justice and royal port of entry and their political friends, who were naturally warmly attached to the crown interests and hostile to the growing sentiment for popular government. A bitterness of feeling had been engendered in the minds of the conservative element by many aggressive acts of the growing patriotic party, like the burning of the hated stamps in the custom-house; the resolutions against tea-drinking; the muffled tolling of the meeting-house bell when the port of Boston was closed, and the holding of conventions; that prompted the advocates of the crown to denounce Falmouth to the home authorities as second only to Boston in rebellious spirit.

One Coulson, a wealthy Tory, achieved the unenviable distinction of hastening the inevitable conflict by importing from England the sails, rigging and stores for a large ship he had built here. Opposed by the citizens who determined he should not land nor use them, he appealed for aid to Captain Henry Mowatt, R. N., who was stationed at Boston in the sloop-of-war "Canceau." Mowatt, finding upon his arrival the excitement among the people at fever heat, and being unprepared and probably not as yet instructed to resort to violent measures, was very imprudently arrested, whilst negotiations were pending, by Colonel Samuel Thompson, a bold, reckless man, who had come from Brunswick, with fifty picked men for the avowed purpose of seizing the sloop-of-war. Encamping secretly in a grove on Munjoy's Hill, they could not resist the temptation that offered to seize upon the persons of Captain Mowatt and his surgeon while they were exercising upon the shore, thus frustrating their bolder design by betraying their presence; for the plucky second-in-command threatened to open fire on the town if his captain was not immediately set free, and thus secured their release.

The news of the peril of the town brought hundreds of militia men from the country, and Mowatt, though smarting under this indignity, considering his force too weak to wreak the vengeance he threatened, upon such

numbers, weighed anchor on the 16th of May, and sailed for Portsmouth, taking Coulson and his ship with him.

Mowatt procured from Admiral Greaves, who then commanded on this station, an order for the destruction of the town, and the force with which to execute it. On October 16th he arrived here from Boston, with a formidable flotilla under his command, consisting of the "Canceau," another ship called the "Cat," two schooners and a bomb-sloop. Warping up into the harbor, he sent a letter ashore in the afternoon of the 17th informing the people that he had been sent to "execute a just punishment on the town of Falmouth," and allowed them but two hours to remove themselves and families from the scene of danger. A committee of citizens expostulated with Mowatt upon the cruelty of his order, and obtained a postponement of the bombardment until the next morning, coupled with an offer to delay the execution of it until he had sent an express to Boston for further instructions, provided the people would, before eight o'clock the next morning, surrender four pieces of cannon which were then in town, and all their small arms and ammunition. A meeting was held, and the inhabitants, with a firmness and courage worthy of all praise and a better fate, while the loaded cannon were pointed toward them, resolutely rejected a proposition which carried with it the abject terms of surrendering their arms to save their property.

At half-past nine o'clock on the morning of the 18th, Mowatt commenced firing from all the vessels in the harbor, which kept up a discharge of solid and red-hot shot, bombs, carcasses, shells, grape-shot and musket balls, with little cessation, until six o'clock in the evening. In the meantime, parties landed from the vessels and set fire to various buildings. The inhabitants were so much occupied in removing their families and property to places of safety, that but little resistance was made to the parties which landed. No plan of defence had been concerted; the soldiers were scattered; part of them having that morning returned from the islands, where they had been on duty, were employed in saving their families and goods, and the remainder were without any sufficient leader: all, both soldiers and civilians, were in too great consternation to make any effectual resistance. There was also a deficiency of powder, there not being an hour's supply in the town. Had there been one company here, well organized and of sufficient coolness, much of the evil occasioned by straggling marines might have been prevented. Several of the British were killed and wounded: none, fortunately, were killed on the side of the inhabitants, and only one wounded.

The town soon presented a broad sheet of flame, which, as the buildings

were of wood, spread with great rapidity, and involved all the thickest part of the settlement in one common ruin.

The situation of the inhabitants after the fire was one of great suffering and distress ; many families who had formerly been in comfortable circumstances had lost all their property, and were turned out houseless at the beginning of winter. Two hundred and seventy-eight dwelling-houses and other public and private buildings had been consumed, bringing the whole number up to four hundred and fourteen, and the aggregate loss to the enormous sum, for those days, of fifty-four thousand five hundred and twenty-seven pounds, thirteen shillings.

This widespread devastation was not replaced for many years, as but little exertion was made to build up the waste places till the war was over ; and it was not till 1799 that the dwelling-houses again numbered so many as four hundred and fifty-nine.[1]

THE "ENTERPRISE" AND "BOXER" ENGAGEMENT.

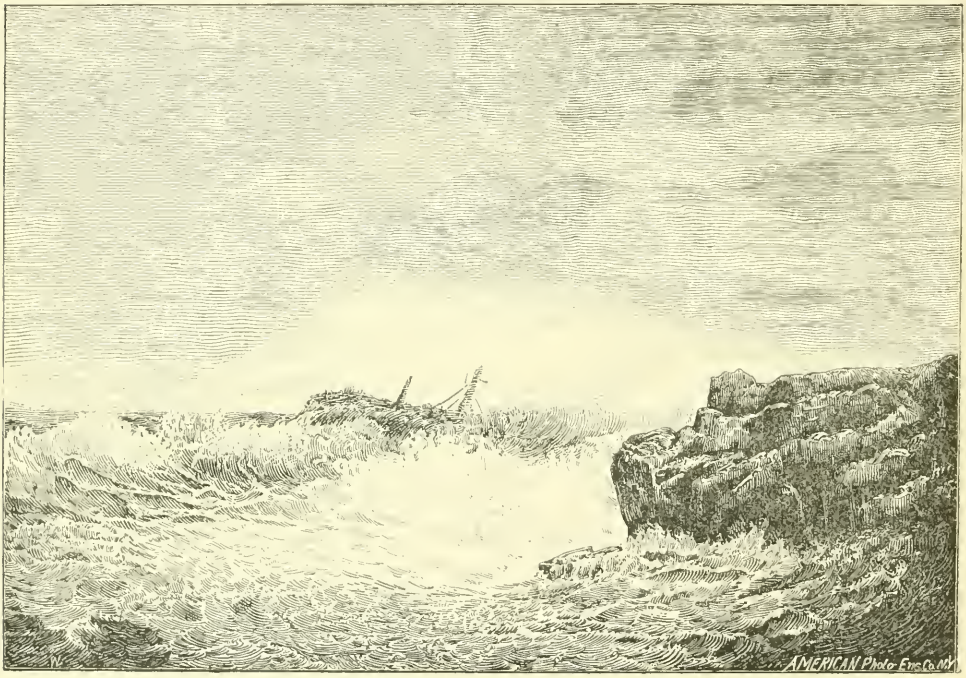
September 5, 1813.

A signal naval battle was fought on this day between these two brigs within full sight and hearing of our Island, between here and Monhegan, and the Island was thronged with anxious spectators of it. The "Boxer," a British brig of eighteen guns and a crew of a hundred and four men under command of Captain Samuel Blythe, had been for some time cruising along our coast, committing great depredations. The American brig "Enterprise," which carried sixteen guns and a hundred and two men, was at anchor in Portland harbor. She was commanded by Captain William Burrows, twenty-eight years of age.[2] The "Boxer" lay off and on in front of the harbor, for the purpose of bringing on an engagement—a challenge that was perfectly understood and readily accepted. So, when Captain Blythe made his last tack to the westward from off Seguin, he discerned his antagonist rounding out past our Island and bearing down upon him with every sail set to the light midday breeze. By three o'clock in the afternoon, they had approached within half pistol-shot, and began pouring into one another terrific broadsides. For thirty-five minutes the contest raged around ; the decks ran blood ; the idle sails and rigging shot away or hanging in tatters told of the severity as well as the three eighteen-pound shot, eighteen large grape and sixteen musket-balls that were found embedded in the "Boxer's" mainmast. Under such a terrific fire as

[1] Taken mainly from Willis.

[2] Diary of Rev. Samuel Deane.

swept their decks both gallant captains fell, and when the "Boxer" struck she had lost in killed and wounded forty-six men besides; the "Enterprise," more fortunate, escaping with two killed and twelve wounded. The next day the victorious brig returned to Portland with her prize; and on the 8th the two commanders were accorded a burial made splendid by all the pomp and circumstance of war but more impressive by the general sadness that prevailed for the untimely loss of a beloved friend and a respected foe.



SHIPWRECK ON THE OUTER SHORE.

From a Painting by H. B. Brown.

"Cloud upon cloud, in dark and deepening mass,
Rolls o'er the blackened waters; the deep roar
Of distant thunder mutters awfully;
Tempest unfolds its pinion o'er the gloom
That shrouds the boiling surge; the pitiless fiend,
With all his winds and lightnings, tracks his prey;
The torn deep yawns,—the vessel finds a grave
Beneath its jagged gulf."—Shelley.

THE "TACONY"–"CUSHING" AFFAIR, 1863.

Our Island witnessed quite a different affair upon the bosom of the broad Atlantic about equidistant from herself and Harpswell. The Adjutant-General of the State reported: "The prompt and vigilant action on the part of the civil authorities in capturing the officers and crew of the rebel bark "Tacony," off the harbor of Portland, on the 26th of June, 1863, forms one of the most brilliant pages in the history of the war, and will ever be remembered as a gallant and praiseworthy affair."

On the morning of that day the city was thrown into the wildest state of excitement by the spreading of the news that the "Caleb Cushing," the United States revenue cutter, had been successfully cut out during the night by the rebels, and was then making her way out to sea, having been discovered from the Observatory about half-past seven. Though a sailing vessel, she had been heavily armed and properly provisioned, and ordered to cruise for the privateer "Tacony," that had been depredating along our coast; because of the recent death of her captain she was waiting for a new commander, under charge of a lieutenant; and her proceeding to sea gave rise to suspicions that were confirmed by after-discovered facts. Lieut. C. W. Read, a commissioned officer of the rebel navy, had abandoned and burned the "Tacony," and, transferring himself to a fishing vessel, the "Archer," which he had captured, he sailed into the harbor and anchored overnight. Between the hours of one and two o'clock, they silently boarded the "Cushing" from boats, and, overpowering the watch, made prisoners of, ironed and confined the crew below. He then towed his prize out of the harbor with his boats, passing between Cow and Hog Islands, thus avoiding the forts, and standing out to sea by the Green Islands. At ten A. M. he was about fifteen miles from the city, when the wind left him becalmed.

Collector Jewett immediately chartered the steamers "Forest City" and "Casco" and the tug "Tiger;" Mayor McLellan chartered the propeller "Chesapeake," and they were all armed with cannon and filled with U. S. Regulars from the fort, part of the 7th Maine Regiment, and volunteer citizens with plenty of arms and ammunition. The "Forest City," starting first, received the honor of several shots from the captured cutter, but they all fortunately fell short. After consultation it was determined to run the cutter down with the "Chesapeake," and she steamed ahead for that purpose. It seems that they had exhausted all the shot from the

racks, and were unable to find the reserve stores on board; and neither threats nor inducements availed with the crew to disclose them. So Lieut. Read set the cutter's crew adrift in one boat, fired the "Cushing," and in his two boats attempted to escape to the Harpswell shore, but was overtaken and made prisoner by the "Forest City." At two o'clock the magazine of the "Cushing," containing four hundred pounds of powder, exploded with a terrible concussion. Her fate being thus determined, the expedition returned to the city. On the way the "Archer," with the remaining three of the "Tacony's" crew, was captured while she was attempting to escape, and taken in tow. The prisoners were placed in close confinement at Fort Preble.

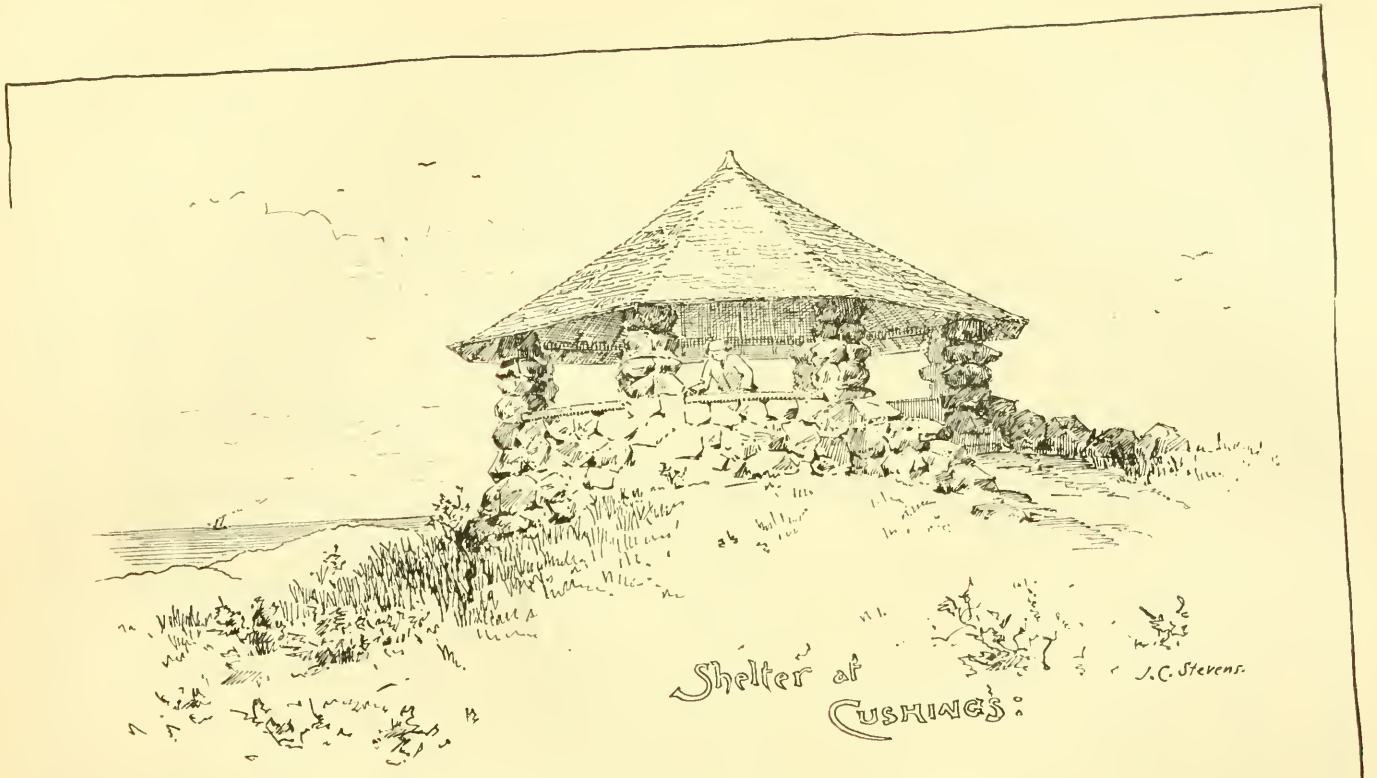
The brilliant achievement of the expedition was honored by the ringing of bells and firing of cannon, and the wharves and every available point were alive with people on its arrival, who indulged in joyous demonstrations.[1]

THE FOURTH DESTRUCTION OF PORTLAND, JULY 4, 1866.

"On the Fourth of July, 1866, a carelessly-thrown fire-cracker set fire to a boat-builder's shop in Commercial, near the foot of High street, and the sparks soon communicated with Brown's sugar-house, wrapping that great structure in flames, and speeding onward, spite of all opposition, spreading out like a fan as it went, diagonally across the city, glowing with a furnace heat, melting iron, crumbling stones, wiping out the costliest 'fire-proof' structures, leaving desolation in its track, sweeping away not only whole blocks, but entire streets, massive warehouses, lofty churches, splendid mansions, ancestral homes in the crowded and oldest part of the city, spreading anguish, terror and dismay among the whole population, until, at last, in the small hours of the morning, it burnt itself out amid the waste spaces at the foot of Munjoy's Hill. That night of terror and destruction will never be forgotten by the people of Portland. The morning saw fifteen hundred buildings laid in ashes; fifty-eight streets and courts reduced to a wilderness of chimneys, amid which the most familiar inhabitant lost himself; ten thousand people made houseless and homeless, and ten millions of property destroyed.[2]

[1] See the Adjutant-General's Report.

[2] Elwell.



THE PAVILION.

"Go, sit by the summer sea,
Thou whom scorn wasteth,
And let thy musing be
Where the flood hasteth."

CONDENSED HISTORY OF THE CITY PROPER.

Portland was first settled (upon the main land) in 1633, by two adventuresome Englishmen, named George Cleeves and Richard Tucker, who had been ejected from a prior attempted settlement upon the Cape shore which fell within the patent of Goodyear and Trelawny. It lies upon a peninsula at the south-western end of Casco Bay, and was called by the natives "Machigonne." The part now included in the city proper was called the "Neck," to distinguish it from the other parts of Falmouth, of which it formed a corporate part till 1786.

Though in point of population the largest city in Maine, in territory it is the smallest municipality in the State. It comprises the neck, a space three miles in length by one-half to three quarters of a mile in width, and sixteen islands and parts of islands in Casco Bay, of which Cushing's Island is one. The population is 37,000. It is the centre of a population of 50,000, if the suburban villages within sound of its bells be included.

The neck or peninsula on which Portland is built rises into a hill or promontory, both at the eastern and western extremities—the former called Munjoy's Hill, the latter, Bramhall's Hill, both named for very ancient settlers and occupants. These hills command views of beautiful scenery—Munjoy's looking off over the island-dotted waters of Casco Bay and the ocean beyond, while Bramhall's commands an extensive view of diversified country, cultivated and pastoral, including the peaks of the White Mountains, ninety miles distant. With far-seeing liberality the city has appropriated for the public, drives encircling the brow of each hill, and seats are provided for weary pedestrians.

Portland has been four times swept by fire and sword: once by the Indians, in 1676; again by the French and Indians, in 1690; once more by the British under Mowatt, in 1775, and yet again by the great fire of July 4th, 1866. It has now wholly recovered from the effects of this last conflagration, having been rebuilt in a greatly improved style of architecture.

The city has always been a commercial one, having at one time had an extensive trade with the West Indies, and still having a large commerce with South America and other foreign countries. It is the winter port of two lines of ocean steamships, by which immense quantities of provisions are shipped to England.

Among the principal buildings worthy of notice by visitors is the City Government building at the head of Exchange street, one wing of which

contains the court-rooms of the State, Portland being the shire-town of Cumberland County. This noble edifice has a frontage of 150 feet, built of Nova Scotia Albert stone, and contains 80 rooms, among which are a handsome City Hall, capable of seating 2,500 persons, a Public Library and the room of the Maine Historical Society. The building of the Portland Society of Natural History, on Elm street, contains an extensive museum, lecture-room, and laboratory. The Federal Buildings : the Post-Office and United States Court-rooms, Middle and Exchange streets, and the Custom-House, Commercial street, are both fine specimens of architecture.

Among the churches are St. Luke's, the Bishop's Cathedral, State street (Episcopal), State street Congregational, the First Parish (Unitarian), and First Baptist, in Congress street, and the Roman Catholic Cathedral in Cumberland street.

The Observatory, the old tower on the slope of Munjoy's Hill, was built in 1807 for the purpose of signalling shipping, and is eighty-two feet higher than the hill. Visitors are recommended to ascend it for the increased landscape that may be brought into view by the aid of its very powerful telescope.

An efficient line of horse railroads gives ready access to all parts of the city and into the suburbs at Deering : and as the city is now the best lighted in the country, by the introduction of electric lights, a visit in the evening is rendered much more pleasant than formerly.

HOW TO REACH PORTLAND.

If from Canada, Chicago, the great West or Northwest, come by way of the Grand Trunk Railway, or the St. Lawrence River, or connect with the Portland & Ogdensburg R. R., and come through the White Mountain Notch.

If from New York, or points further South viâ that city, take either the morning or evening express viâ Springfield, or the evening express over the Shore Line viâ New London, or one of the steamboat lines viâ Bristol, Stonington, Norwich, or Fall River, arriving in Boston in time to take your breakfast : and then take the first 7.30 A. M. express or the 9 A. M., 1 P. M. or 7 P. M. train from the Eastern Division Station (Causeway street), or the 7.30, 8.30 A. M., or the 1 or 3.30 P. M. train over the Western Division (Haymarket square Station) of the Boston & Maine Railroad ; or take the 8 A. M. or 7 P. M. boat of the Portland Steam-Packet Co., from India

PORTLAND HEAD LIGHT.

"The rocky ledge runs far into the sea;
And on its outer point, some miles away,
The lighthouse lifts its massive masonry,
A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day."—LONGFELLOW.

Wharf—the morning boat gives an eight hours' sail by the shifting panorama of the shore of the Gulf of Maine, from Boston Harbor to Casco Bay, including Nahant, Cape Ann, Isles of Shoals, Old Orchard and Cape Elizabeth. The Portland & Rochester R. R. also runs two trains between Boston and Portland, by a longer and slower route. There are ten trains and two boats daily between these two cities.

The Maine Central R. R. furnishes communication with all the principal cities and towns of the State and Bar Harbor, Mt. Desert, Moosehead Lake; and, over its connections, with St. Johns, N. B., Halifax, N. S., and the Eastern Provinces. The White Mountains are reached over the Portland & Ogdensburg R. R.

TABLE OF DISTANCES FROM PORTLAND TO POPULAR RESORTS.

From City Hall:

	Miles	Fur.
To Prout's Neck, by way of Stroudwater Village	13	2
To same, by way of Vaughan's Bridge (old road)	11	1
To same, by way of Cape Elizabeth Bridge, over Buzzell's Hill	11	0
To same, by way of Ocean Road, around the Cape shore	14	7
To Atlantic House, Scarborough, by Vaughan's Bridge	9	7
To Kirkwood House, Scarborough, by same route	9	7
To Ocean House, Bowery Beach, Cape Elizabeth	7	7
To Two Lights, Cape Elizabeth	8	5
To Portland Head Light, Cape Elizabeth	4	0
To Cape Cottage, Cape Elizabeth	3	4
To Underwood Spring, Falmouth	8	0
To Falmouth Foreside	5	0
To Blackstrap Monument, Falmouth	7	0
To Marine Hospital, Deering	2	6
To Evergreen Cemetery, Deering	2	7
To Libby's Corner	1	7
To Stroudwater	3	0
To Cumberland Mills	5	1
To Woodford's	2	0
To Morrill's	3	0
To Pride's Bridge	4	6
To Allen's Corner	4	0

By Water—From Franklin Wharf:

	Miles	Fur.
To Cushing's Island Landing	2	4
To White Head Landing, Cushing's Island	3	0
To House Island	2	0
To Peak's Island Landing	2	4
To Evergreen Landing, Peak's Island	3	4
To Little Diamond Island Landing	2	2
To Diamond Cove, Great Diamond Island	4	3
To Long Island Landing	4	6
To Little Chebeague Island Landing	7	0
To Jewell's Island	10	0
To Harpswell	13	4
To Freeport	14	4

CARRIAGE-DRIVES AROUND PORTLAND.

"Go where you will in this country, or over sea, and you will not often meet with a greater variety of pleasant, romantic and picturesque carriage-drives, than about this greatly undervalued, greatly misunderstood, if not greatly misrepresented Portland.

If you take the easterly sea-shore road, and keep along by the old Falmouth coast line, always in full view of Casco Bay, with its numberless islands, you will find such pictures at every turn, as are not likely to be forgotten by a lover of landscape scenery, associated with marine views; and along this road through Cumberland, running to Freeport, Yarmouth, Brunswick and Bath, you may ramble for half a day, or a day, with a certainty of being abundantly rewarded—not that there are any mountains or cataracts, castles or volcanoes to be met with, or anything, indeed,

AMERICAN PHOTO ENG. CO. N.Y.

"Come, come into the wood,
Pierce into the bowers
Of these gentle flowers,
Which, not in solitude
Dwell, but with each other keep society;
And with a simple piety
Are ready to be woven into garlands for the good."—EDWARD YOUL.

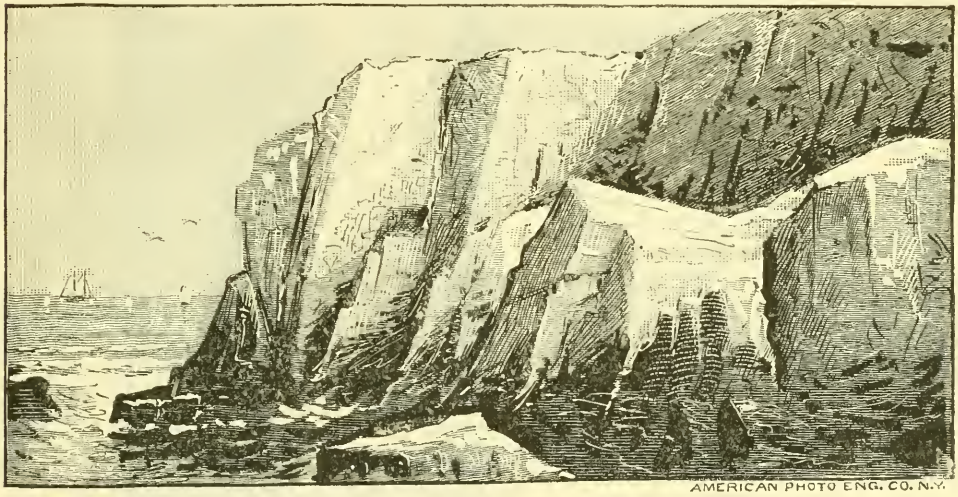
but the calm, tranquil and soothing associations of untroubled country life, with the open sea and the blue heavens to lure you along your way.

Or, if you prefer it, you can take the bridge-road to Cape Elizabeth and go 'rioting in foam and spray' along the rugged cliffs that run from Cape Cottage to the first or head-light, and thence to the two lights, and so on to Prout's Neck, or Old Orchard Beach, where a swift succession of unfinished, rough pictures—or sketches—burst upon you at every stopping-place, in decided contrast to the scenery along Falmouth Foreside.

Or, you may launch away toward Sacarappa, Gorham or Deering, or Old Falmouth, abounding with huge trees and pleasant water-courses, and sunny lakelets, with here and there a primæval wilderness, which might be well mistaken for a park—a nobleman's park, perhaps—like that of the Deering Oaks, out of which you emerge, all at once, into the city of Portland itself.

In a word, go which way you will, out of town, or toward the country, or the islands, your horses' heads will be sure to lead you into something out of the common way, and well worth seeing, though they may not lead you into any outburst of extravagant enthusiasm. Rocks and woods and tinkling rivulets, pretty, goodly farms and farm-houses, and a rough landscape, with here and there a magnificent elm, or huge oak, or a cluster of birches, sumachs and black-cherry trees, and a great variety of cedars, pines, hemlocks, with stone-walls half-buried in roses, overrun with wild vines and flanked with golden rods, which Salvator Rosa himself would not disdain to deal with, even though he were mustering his banditti, and bringing out the masses of rock, as if they were about falling on you.

But a brief description is hardly worth remembering; come and judge for yourself."[1]



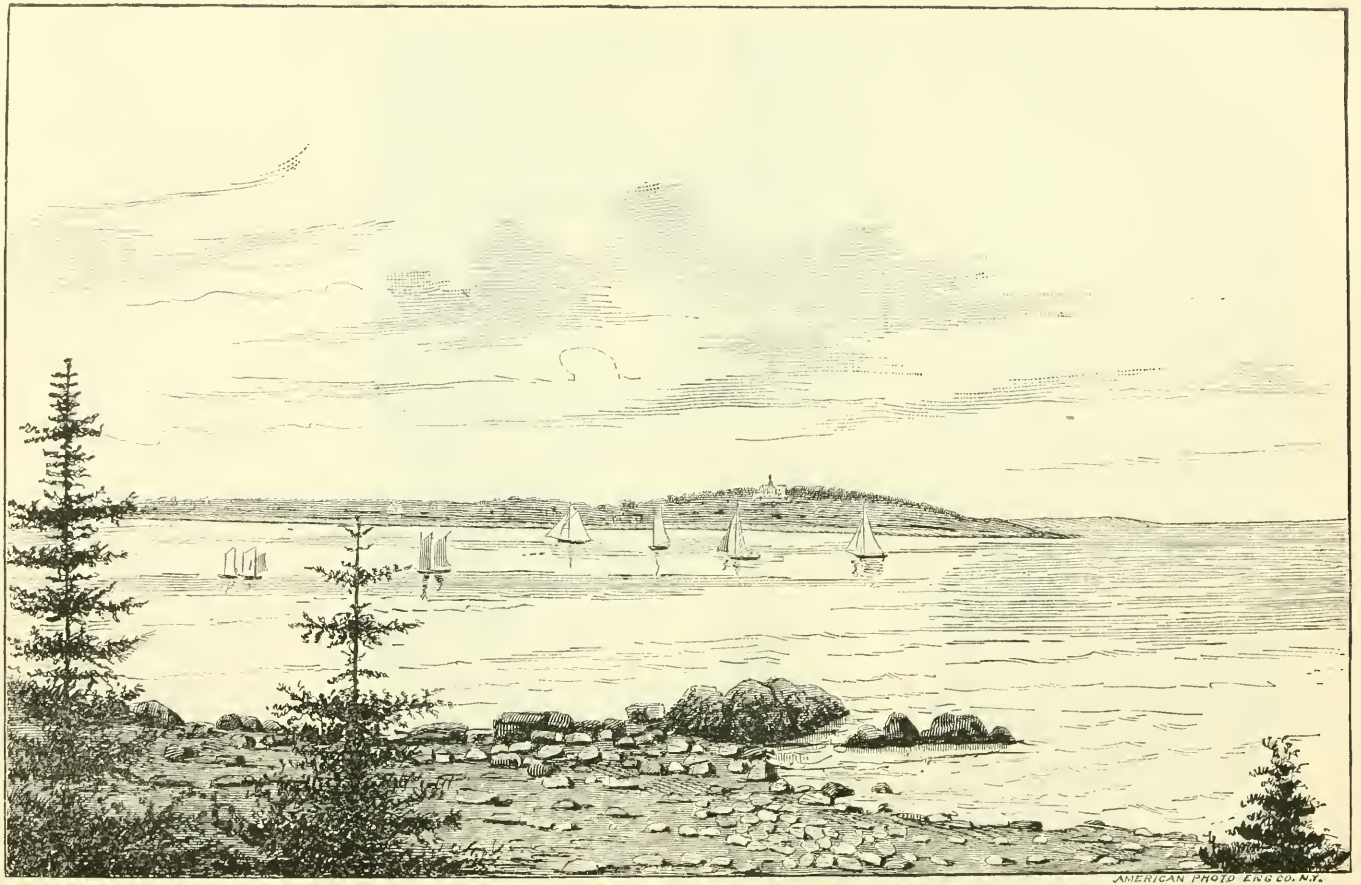
NEAR WHITE HEAD.

From a Painting by H. B. Brown.

"When in ten thousand sparkles bright, went flashing up the cloudy spray,
The snowy flocking gulls less white, within its glittering mists at play;
And headlong now poured down the flood, and now in silver circles wound,
Then lakelike spread, all bright and broad, and gently, gently flowed around;
Then 'neath the caverned earth descending, then spouted up the boiling tide,
Then stream with stream harmonious blending, swell bubbling up, or smooth subside."

—Prof. Milman's *Translation of "Ramayana."*

[1] John Neal.



THE ISLAND FROM THE CAPE SHORE.

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green."

II.

Guide Book.

When the Summer Solstice draws on apace there comes a season of rest and recreation in which weary workers recuperate for labors yet to come; the time for the annual exodus from the cities to the sea-shore begins; whole families people afresh the disused summer cottages, that have stood silent through the long months of winter and the drearier spring, with merry occupants. Now flirtation and bathing, music and dancing, picnics and excursions, fishing and yachting claim each its especial votaries.

Glowing descriptions of all these delights and rapturous messages make yet more unendurable the afternoon deserted look of city streets whence all the world is gone a-summering. Now the neglected guide-book is dragged forth, and regains importance as counsellor, mentor, guide; it is eagerly searched for pastures new and woods afar. But in the multiplicity of such counsellors in this day, it is with a certain diffidence that another is added to a constantly increasing list—a diffidence that might have been overpowering, were it not for the quiet confidence that the genuine merits and rare delights of the scenery to which it is designed to introduce the reader will amply justify such temerity in rushing into print.

Cushing's Island lies in 43° 38 N., and 70° 12 W. Its length is one mile and a quarter, its breadth three-fourths of a mile; with a shore line of five miles.

THE SHORE OF THE MAIN LAND.

All of the shore line visible from the Island was included in the two ancient settlements of Casco and Westcustogo, which, upon incorporation, were named Falmouth and North Yarmouth respectively. The boundary line established between these two townships bears away from the Ottawa House piazza about east of north, past the end of Lower Clapboard Island, and remains to-day the dividing line between the present towns of Falmouth and Cumberland. The line between Falmouth and Deering, upon the shore, is the Presumpscot River, which debouches between Mackey's

Island and the U. S. Marine Hospital. The Back Cove lying behind the city separates Portland from Deering. The Fore River separates Portland from Cape Elizabeth. The boundaries between Cumberland, Yarmouth, Freeport, Brunswick and Harpswell lie so far recessed in arms of the bay that the exact demarkations are not visible from the Island, and must be determined by the aid of a County atlas by those not familiar with the coast line.

NATURAL ATTRACTIONS.

Nature can here be studied in so many of her varying moods that he who cannot on this Island find gratification in admiration of her beautiful phases must be one to whom few such joys upon this earth will ever come. The almost infinite variety of diversified saunterings that unfold drive off encroaching ennui. There is the sea-shore with its wealth of simple riches, of delicate and curious shells and variegated aquaria, where—

> "Moveless still the glassy stream;
> The wave is clear, the beach is bright
> With snowy shells and sparkling stones;
> The shore surge comes in ripples light,
> In murmurings faint and distant moans";[1]

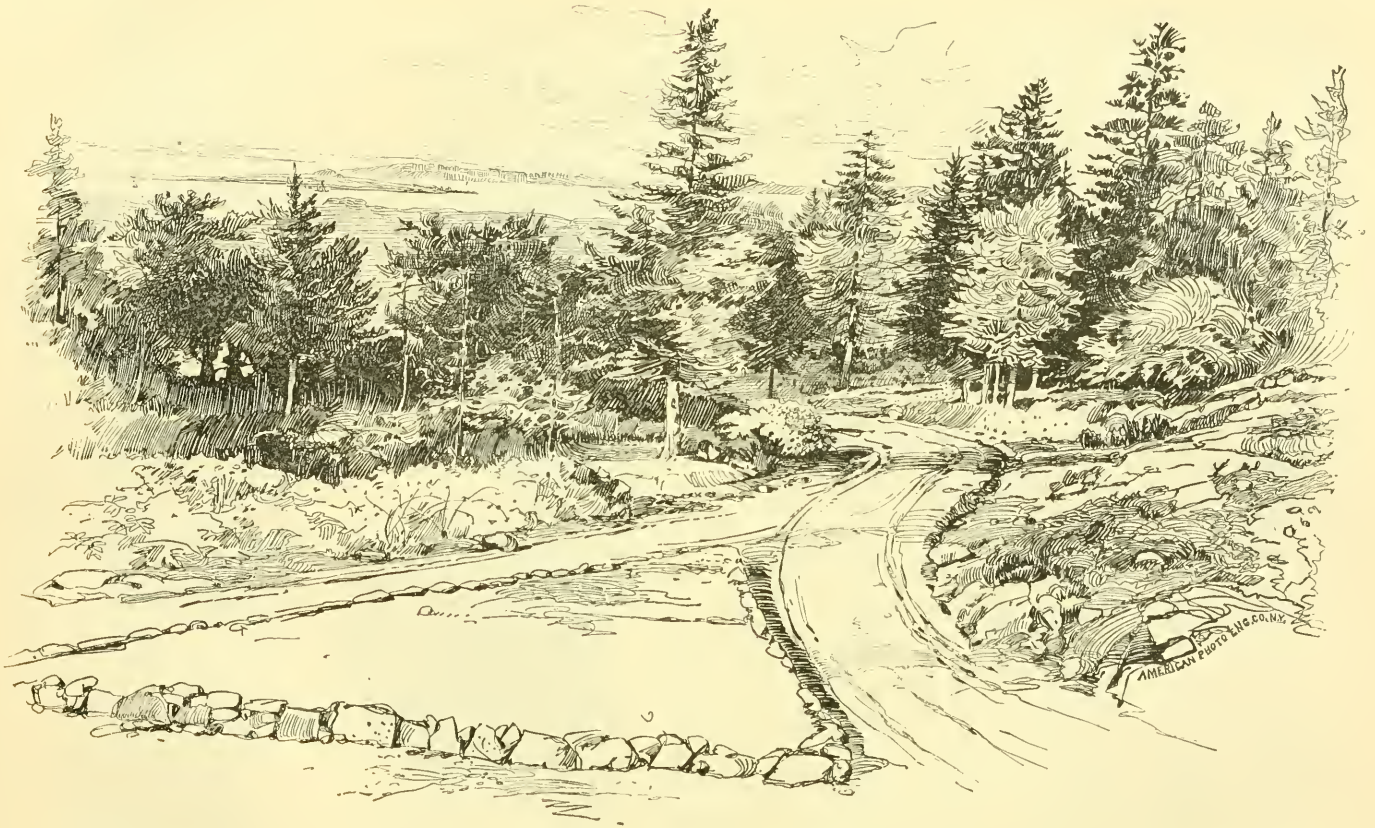
the caves and beetling cliffs to be explored, and the musical cadence of the unceasing roar of waters to be noted, where—

> "The sea-caves ring, and the wild waves sing";[2]

the dizzy heights of breezy headlands to be climbed, to watch with bated breath the whirling and seething billows in persistent but futile attempts to engulf the fallen fragments of the cliffs that have succumbed to oft-repeated onsets, but yet interpose their huge bulk as ramparts against the advancing foe; the little green glades and fairy-like nooks with which the Island is dotted; the picturesque vistas afforded through skilful clearings, from some sheltered knoll, of boundless ocean or the looming main.

Or, watch the occasion of a lovely summer's night, when the moon, quite at her full, bathes field, forest and the flood beyond with such a shower of light that every object in the foreground stands out in bold relief, and the distant Bay shines like a burnished silver shield; traverse, then, the well-learned paths and by-ways under the spreading branches, while

[1] J. R. Drake. [2] Scott.



VIEW FROM THE HOTEL, NORTH, OVER CASCO BAY.

(Peak's, Diamond and House Islands, and the Main Land.)

" Its fertile golden islands
Floating on a silver sea."—SHELLEY.

the weird phantasies that grow before your strained senses people each shadowy glen and dale with recumbent figures that seem all too animate as the soughing of the night-wind moves the whispering tops above you. Silence so profound grows awesome, and the listening ear finds glad relief in the mysterious flutter of seeming spirit wings that pervades all forest growths at night, and the subdued murmur of the softened surges is hailed as the known communing of an ever-welcome friend.

WALKS AND RAMBLES.

The Island has been made available in all its parts by ten miles of carriage-drives, foot-paths and connecting and intersecting by-ways. The walks and rambles in the immediate vicinity of the hotel are the quickest sought, as these have been made easy by the exercise of intelligent care in their selection through pastures and woods, thus securing nice grades, and then by grubbing and gravelling, so improving the natural advantages, that parts of these Island roads seem as well cared for as the pet preserves of some nobleman's park.

The shore road, commenced last season, is now being continued around the Island, a distance little short of five miles. There can be no full conception of the panoramic beauty of this walk but by going over it. Seats are being placed at points where particularly fine views will tempt the traveler to linger. As the bed of this road is being constructed with a layer of pulverized shell over pebbles, it will be dry and smooth in the dampest weather, the water draining through it immediately, even while it is yet raining.

It is possible, thanks to painstaking and energetic management during the winter months in clearing out the decayed trees, lopping off superfluous branches, perfecting and grading the main roadways, opening a hundred miniature by-ways, expending laborious care both overhead and under foot, now, to extend one's strolls in every direction; and, no longer tantalized by glimpses of views to which nearer approach was forbidden by rugged branches and impenetrable undergrowth, one can gratify each new-born fancy and wander at will.

The Island justly claims for itself a combination in exquisite harmony of more conditions which go to make up a truly enjoyable watering-place than can be found elsewhere in a month of wanderings along the coast Where else will you find such restful and recreative qualities and facilities; where, more complete seclusion and isolation from the busy world and its

affairs ; where, within such limited confines, more natural beauties and attractiveness ; where, more refined qualifications for either social or domestic enjoyments ; where, more absorbing historical surroundings furnishing a stimulus to healthy mental exertion and research, as its soft yet invigorating atmosphere, with nothing to contaminate its purity, ever tempts to exhilarating bodily exercise !

THE ARCHERY AND TENNIS GROUNDS.

(The Willows and the Cape beyond.) From a Painting by H. B. Brown.

"But from the breezy deep the blest inhale
The fragrant murmurs of the western gale."—POPE.

You may traverse fields of delicate grace and tender pastoral sweetness, where the jewel-like mosaic of vivid light green, deep blue green, clear masses of emerald and brilliant patches of blossoms impart to the plain a vernal richness you would scarce accredit to bleak New England.

"With wonder seized we view the pleasing ground,
And walk delighted, and expatiate round."[1]

You come out, scarce conscious of volition, upon the cliff-bound coast where the rocks, by some convulsion of Nature, have been rent sharply down to the sea, and present at all points keen angles and edges, eaten away at the water line by the everlasting erosion of the waves, but insurmountable to all approach ; the rocks protected from assault by dangerous reefs, running far out, over which frolic the blue waters.

"And the multitudinous
Billows murmur at our feet,
Where earth and ocean meet."[2]

[1] Dryden. [2] Shelley.

Or, resuming your walk through the verdant maze of sweet-brier hedges, emerging unexpectedly from the environing forest, there bursts upon you, in all its sublimity and grandeur, majestic old White Head.

"Heaven sure has kept this spot of earth uncurst
To show how all things were created first."[1]

Breathing a fervent prayer that the genii of the place may preserve it ever while the ages run, in its state of primitive wildness, the mind next ventures into speculation how the immense pile of stone, rising abruptly from fifty feet of warring waters, should have resisted their assaults thus long; for the traces of past conflicts lie thick about you, indicative of forces the mind can barely grasp. Imagine the awful energy of waves a mile long, twenty rods wide and fifteen to thirty feet deep, hurled by a wind-force of over sixty miles an hour, every minute for hours, against the seamed sea-face of White Head, as happens in every southeast gale:

"The rolling billows beat the rugged shore
As they the earth would shoulder from her seat."[2]

How about a hundred years, or a thousand, of such terrible assault upon such a surface! Little wonder that masses have fallen from its face and perceptibly shoaled the water at its base. The rock formation is seamed and cracked in every conceivable direction into lozenge-shaped blocks, from a few inches on a side, up to large masses thirty feet on a side and weighing hundreds of tons.

"WHITE HEAD.

I.

Say what amid the stormy waves,
Its hoary head majestic rears;
Which yet uninjur'd nobly braves
The shock of tempests and of years?

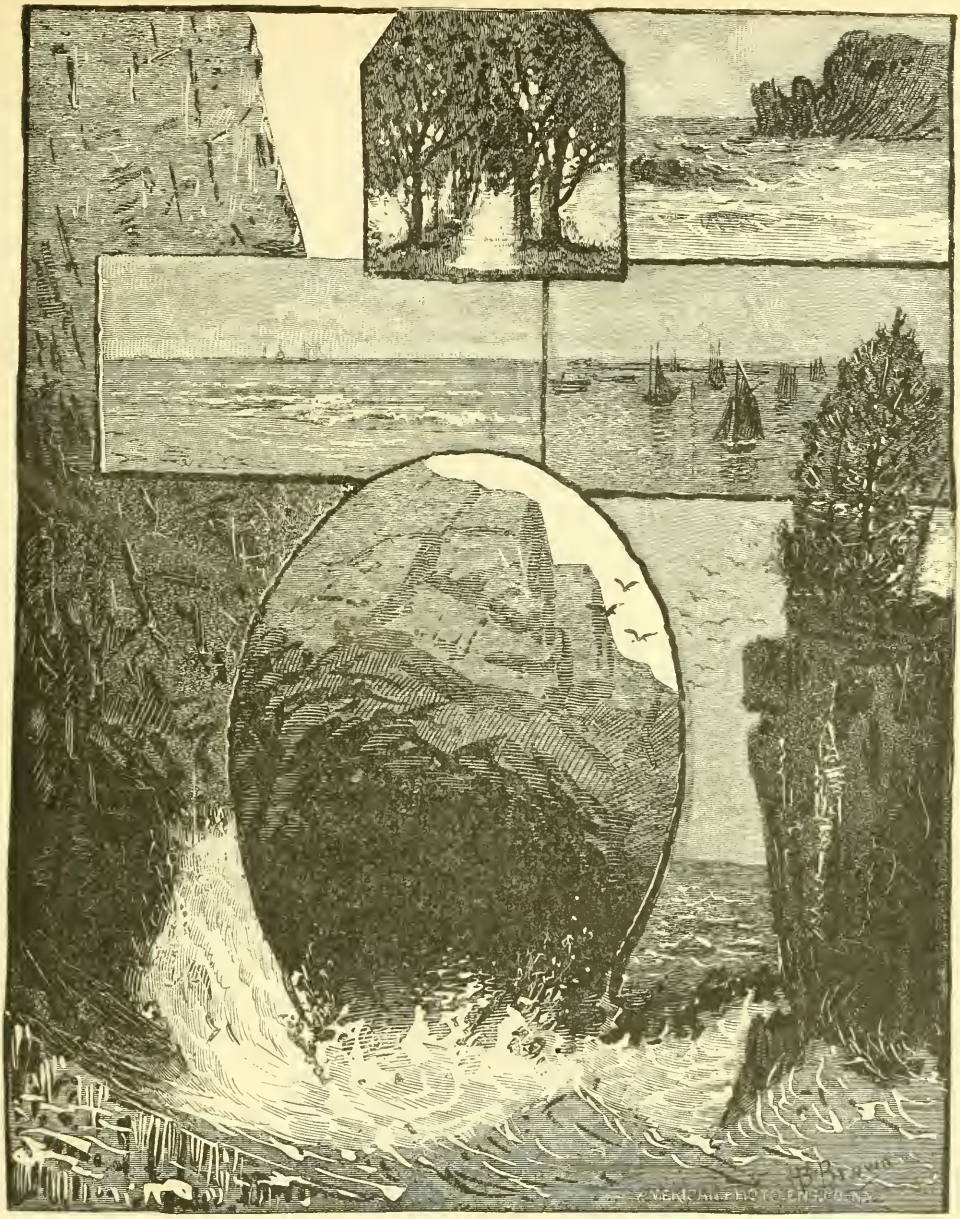
II.

Delightful spot! well known, I ween,
To ev'ry son of pleasure near;
Thy lofty rocks who has not seen?
Thy lofty rocks who holds not dear?

III.

Have I not seen the painted skiff
At anchor ride beneath thy brow?
While clouds of smoke around thy cliff
Betray'd the gaiety below.

[1] Prior. [2] Spenser.



SKETCHES BY H. B. BROWN,

Showing the Caves under White Head; the Beach; Under the Willows; Looking towards the City; Two Headlands on the Island.

"Had I a cave on some wild distant shore,
Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar,
There would I weep my woes,
There seek my lost repose,
Till grief my eyes should close,
Ne'er to wake more."—BURNS.

IV.

There have I heard the merry tale,
  There pass'd the sparkling cup around;
While rock and forest, hill and dale,
  With notes of merriment resound.

V.

And can a soul so dead be found,
  Who ne'er has stray'd thy woods among
Who took no pleasure in the sound
  Of echoes from the rocks that rung?

VI.

Ah, often from thy lofty steeps,
  With caution creeping from the wood,
The fox perhaps by moonlight peeps,
  Below upon the rolling flood.

VII.

There I've surveyed the ocean blue,
  There gaz'd upon the green isles near,
While countless sails would rise to view,
  And countless sails would disappear.

VIII.

'Twas silent, save when in his flight
  The crow his frequent clamors gave,
Save when the hawk from lofty height
  Dash'd headlong in the foaming wave.

IX.

And there perhaps full many a pair
  In converse sweet have bent their way;
Have talk'd of love and prospects fair,
  Regardless of declining day.

X.

Perhaps, too, footsteps of despair,
  This sweet retreat could frequent show,
Who sought from agonizing care
  A refuge in the wave below.

XI.

Delightful spot! while life is mine
  I'll wander on thy sea-beat shore;
From rock to rock still love to climb,
  And still thy shady wood explore."[1]

[1] By Nathaniel Deering—from original manuscript.

Quite near the Hotel, say about two hundred yards away, to the right of the road to White Head, there must be an immense subterranean cave, for the stamping of the feet causes a reverberation of sound, and at certain stages of wind and tide one catches the smothered boom of inrushing waters and the slap of receding waves, like a heavy long-drawn "ker-chunk, with several heavy spanks," repeated again and again, sounding miles away and yet close by. This is probably caused by the sea rolling in under some shelf for a long distance, without hitting anywhere, and ending with the resounding spank that re-echoes a long way underneath.

> "In a cavern under is fetter'd the thunder,
> It struggles and howls at fits."[1]

There are several *lusus naturae* upon the Island that will attract the attention of even the idle, and may engross the thoughts of even philosophic minds. Amongst these are several trees growing apparently directly out of rock, with no supporting earth-bed. Near Willow Cove there is a sturdy young oak springing out of a willow—a queer instance of parasitic growth. In Spring Cove, near White Head, a spring of pure sweet fresh water gushes and bubbles up above the overlying salt water, several rods off from the beach. This is now inclosed with a curbing, and affords opportunity for yachts or vessels to refill their water casks.

The necessity for good water for the various cottage-sites laid out, induced the proprietor to sink artesian wells, with most gratifying success. Water has been struck in four localities, in some that were considered very unpromising, as on ledges, at remarkably slight depths—in no case over thirty-five feet—in most bountiful abundance. The water is absolutely and chemically pure ; equal to the best Poland or Underwood Spring, or the best to be had anywhere. In fact, it could not be sweeter or more palatable.

IN SUNSHINE AND IN STORM.

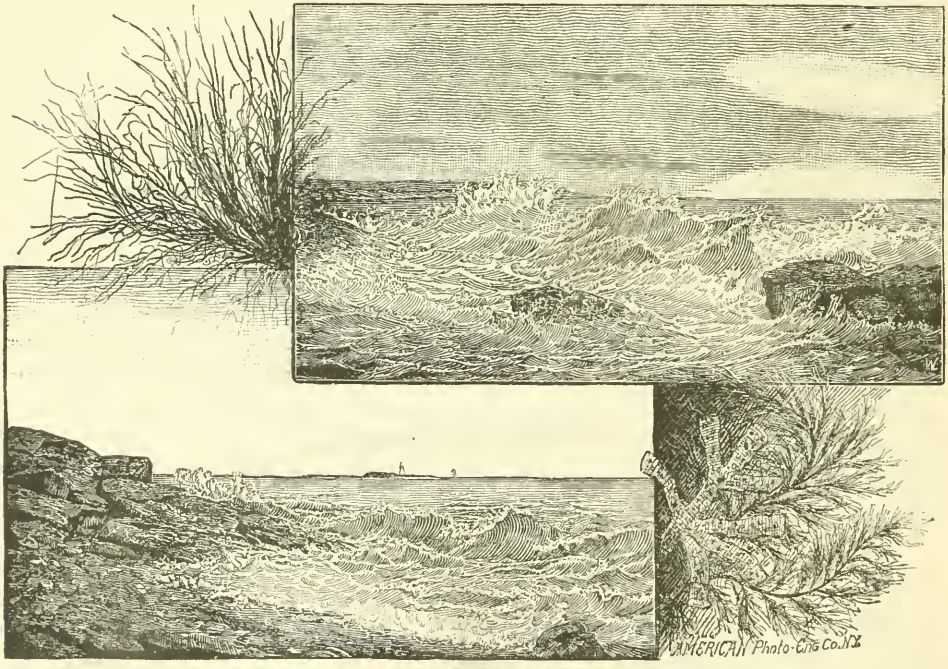
The Island is a paradise for women and children, and men seeking rest and quiet and recreation through contact with all that is most restful and serene in nature. Old Ocean offers here all that ever characterizes her ministrations for tired humanity ; and whether one whiles away the hours in boating, sailing, yachting, bathing or watching the various ocean moods from shore or headland, the entertainment offered is always superlative—the very best possible under the conditions of the union of land and sea.

[1] Shelley.

When calms prevail, the sea lies like a mirror, reflecting on its bosom the sea-fowl on poised wing as they gracefully skim its surface; the nearer shores and islets stand out in contrasting hues over a foreground of neutral blue; the spires and towers of the distant city, like index fingers, point, all converging, as if to show how all roads lead to the loveliest Island in the bay:

"Some island far away
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs."

Again, when breezes come ruffling the vasty deep, filling the sails of the fishing craft and sedate coasters as they industriously ply their trades,



LEDGES ON THE OUTER SHORE.

(Ram Island Ledge in the distance.) From Paintings by H. B. Brown.

"For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave;
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him."—SHAKESPEARE.

now and then wafting in or out the stately ship, with snowy sails all set and drawing till she walks the waters like a thing of life; then the ripples plashing on the shingly shore emit a lullaby irresistibly soothing in the silent watches of the night, and equally inviting to drowsiness and *dolce far niente* in the mid-day sultriness.

Or, when in fiercer mood the water is tempest-tossed, the vaulting billows come rolling in from the great deep with a sullen roar that wakes and prolongs the echoes from the encircling cliffs, dash against the outlying barriers of our safety, and are splintered into foamy fragments that with milky froth bedeck and cozen their too potent adversaries, and then retire baffled of their impetuous design, seething and hissing to the embrace of the refluent undertow.

Sometimes in storms, but rarely in the peaceful summer months, a marvellously grand spectacle is presented by the whole shore-line as far as the eye can reach. The waves dash to enormous heights, their crests outlined against the inky blackness of the skies by the foam that tips their summits, or by segments of spray that are whirled away inland with the velocity of the wind, or now and then revealed by fitful flashes of zig-zag lightning; the nearer rocks obliterated by swelling surges that seem as though they must be encroaching foot by foot past old remembered limits, and as charge succeeds charge, seem about to engulf the land; while around and above all, the winds howling fiercer and fiercer, fairly drown in their shrill trebles the minor notes of the dashing waves, and only the deep, hoarse bass intrudes a sullen undertone, perceptible by the concussion of the ground as much as through the deafened ear.

SEASON.

Though our calendared summer embraces but three months, one of the best times to enjoy the scenery of the Island is in late September and early October, after the murkiness of the summer haze has been dissipated by the equinoctial storm, and the line of horizon gains both a clearness of demarkation and an extended remoteness of range, when each object of interest in the widened circuit stands forth clearer in diversified coloring. The month of June is more favorable, however, to the ardent lover of nature than the later summer months, because the air is usually clear and balmy. From the middle of June to the middle of July the foliage is fresher, the cloud scenery more massive, the fields clad in more brilliant verdure, and there is then a longer continuance of the afternoon light that kindles the

landscape into its richest loveliness. These extremities of the holiday season will, upon reflection, especially commend themselves to discriminating pleasure-seekers who can fortunately choose their own time, and are the happy possessors of robust physical powers. That they afford the most gratifying enjoyment of the round of seasons is to the full appreciated by the fortunate cottagers, who begin their residence before the influx of the transient guests, and prolong it afterward.

In August there are fewer clear skies, and undeniably more fog, but, as if to compensate, under its prevailing sultriness the forests give off their balsamic odors, the iodine of the seaweed is wafted in refreshing fragrance by every in-shore breeze, and "when the winds do blow" the salt fluff of the sea impregnates the flying scud with exhilarating and invigorating aroma. What is ever so grateful as an August sunset breeze to the busy townsman grown weary under the pressure of business or study, who has lost his ability to eat or sleep, or to take pleasure in either present or anticipated comforts in his home surroundings, but who has wisely abandoned his cares for the nonce, and come off to us with a mind properly receptive of our ennobling scenery.

"Spirit that breathest through my lattice! thou
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day!
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow;
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray,
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea."—BRYANT.

CLIMATE.

"*Si numeres anno soles et nubila toto*
Invenies nitidum saepius esse diem."—OVID.

Penned as it was of a distant clime, this opinion of old Ovid's applies with equal truth to our climate, while, if its application be restricted to the summer holiday season, the statement may be double-discounted in favor of the bright sunshiny days that are the marked characteristic of the Island. When the easterly winds do sweep landward enveloping the shores of the Bay inside of us and the flat stretches of country with a mantle of summer fog, it often happens that the Island lying well out to sea, swept by winds in all directions, is cleared of all vapors and looms

above the environing mists, and the happy dwellers rejoice in clear skies and gentle breezes overhead, while gazing out over walls of cloud-enshrouding mists.

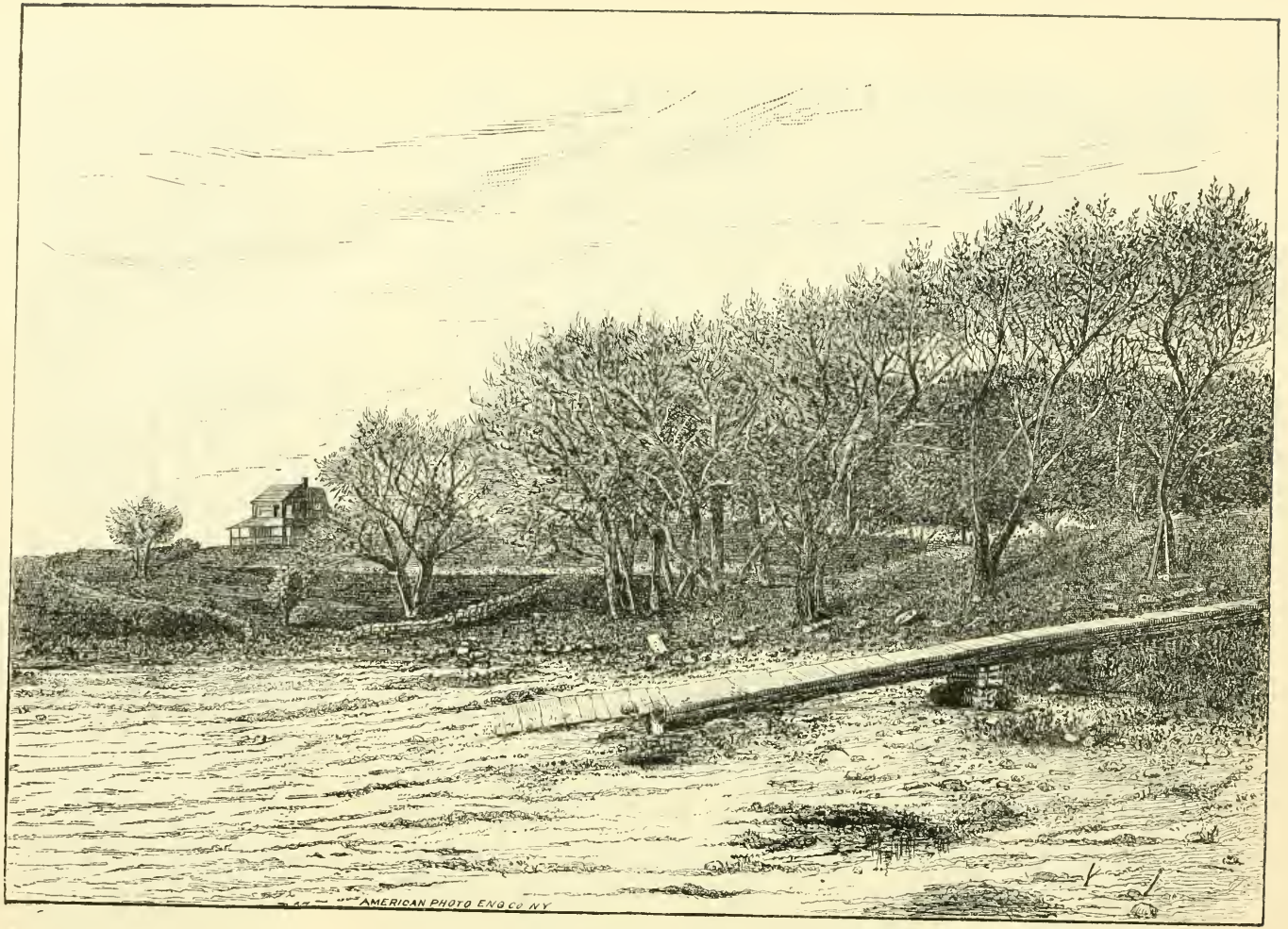
Careful observations by Government officials, continued through a dozen years, show the average temperature at the Island to be 66 deg. Fahr. for the summer months; with five inches less of rain-fall, and many less rainy days, and thirty-two fewer days of easterly winds than in Boston. This marked superiority of summer climate has brought our Island into great and growing favor as a summer resort. The winds from all quarters are tempered and rendered refreshing by the wide expanse of ocean around us; the thermometer is singularly steady, and sudden changes are rare; the skies are clear; the sea is blue and bright; pleasant breezes cool the blood and brace the nerves, and sleep is relaxed and soothed by the perpetual plash of a slumberous ocean.

The effect of these long summer suns upon the ebbing tides is especially noted and gratefully enjoyed by the frequenters of the bathing beach. Of the three beaches available for the enjoyment of this relaxation and most agreeable pastime, the one under the willows is especially commended, because on the ebbing tide the waters warmed by their spread over the flats of the harbor, and the Back Cove, are usually of a higher temperature than the atmosphere. From its sheltered position in a protected cove, there is absolutely no undertow; and nothing approaching an accident has ever occurred here.

The height, salubrity and cleanliness of the Island, its freedom from bogs and morasses, render it absolutely free from that prevalent curse, malaria; and the victims of that malady will ever bless the day that their steps tended hitherwards.

BATHING.

The facilities for salt-water bathing, as indicated in the last few sentences, are unsurpassed. Three beaches, with as pure water as the flow and reflux of old Ocean can bring to any shore, tempt the most fastidious, and at certain stages of the tide the temperature is raised to a higher point than elsewhere on our coast, by the ebbing water that has been sun-heated in the pools and shallows of the immense reservoirs inland, so that the feeble, the invalid and children can safely linger a good half-hour in the invigorating brine. The excellent view of the beach by the willows shows, also, the improvement of a new and spacious bathing-house, with the added



THE BATHING BEACH.

"A yellow stretch of rippling sand,
Curved by the bay to two gold lips:
Ah, look! the blue sea slyly slips,
Faint, frothing up the shingly strand,
Just takes the kiss, and then, for fear,
Reflows, but ebbs to reappear."—WM. SHARP.

luxury of a sheltered promenade and proscenium floor above it. No spot can offer more pleasant aspects, sweeter odors, or more refreshing waters. Fanned by sea breezes, inhaling the purest air commingled with perfumes of both sea and shore, bathers and swimmers here attain supremest enjoyment, the very ecstasy of their recreation.

SHOOTING.

The shooting hereabouts is, truth to say, indifferent during the early summer months; but August is the month for bay-bird shooting. Even, if it were legal to kill them here, the woodcock cannot be shot, because they have disappeared — gone to their dressing-rooms to don their new suits—and the only living thing that it is possible to kill and to eat after killing is the shore-bird. Under this head is meant to be included, the curlew, the willet, the brown-back, or the robin snipe, the yellow-leg snipe, and the solitary sand-piper. Lying on one's back during the whole day on a white sand-beach, or among the grass in a salt marsh, cannot truthfully be called exciting sport; but when "the flight is on," there will be an hour or two in the morning and evening when a great deal of pleasure can be had behind the stools. If the birds come along in any numbers, one forgets all about the hot sun and the reflected glare from the waters in his anxiety to discover some far-off flock, and, when they have approached, to attract their attention to their mimic relatives which stand so quietly on the mud or float about the edge of the water within easy gunshot of his place of concealment. And when a single black-breast or a wary old jack curlew has seen the stools and swings backward and forward just out of range, answering the call, and not yet quite satisfied with the appearance of things, then there is really a moment or two of excitement.

Bay-bird shooting, though not comparable to the sport of following the dogs over the uplands, has its attractive side, and after the next easterly storm, the devotee is advised to rise early and explore the numerous coves and beaches towards White Head, returning by way of the outer shore. After he has exhausted these home fields, he might row off to Ram Island, the Green Islands, and the outer beach of Long Island; or take the first train to the celebrated Scarborough Marshes. Though out of season for them, numbers of the surf-duck, or coot, linger late, or precede the southerly migration, and can be shot off Bald Head and the Cape Lights; they also bed and feed in large numbers on Ram Island Ledge and the Green Island Ledges.

SHORE FISHING.

"Wouldst thou catch fish?
Then here's thy wish,"

And the evening salutation of "What luck?" coming alike from the lips of earnest anglers, rung out in scornful accents by pouting damsels, pertly queried by impatient youth, or jocosely by phlegmatic old-timers, whose well-filled strings occasion inquiry if such returns be due to "luck" alone, gives added enjoyment to the display of a heavy load of finny prizes.

However it may happen that when the same conditions of air and tide have been vouchsafed to all, the same bait secured by each, the like stratagems adopted, such varied results should follow, of course "luck" has come to be the measure of success—'twere useless to dispute over terms—but with the cultivation of that skill and proficiency that doubly insures good luck, what other blessings have come to tired faces now lighted with new life, to enfeebled frames where health is surely re-asserting itself, to jaded and pre-occupied minds imbued with freshened thoughts, the memory of which will force dull care still further back through many a weary day.

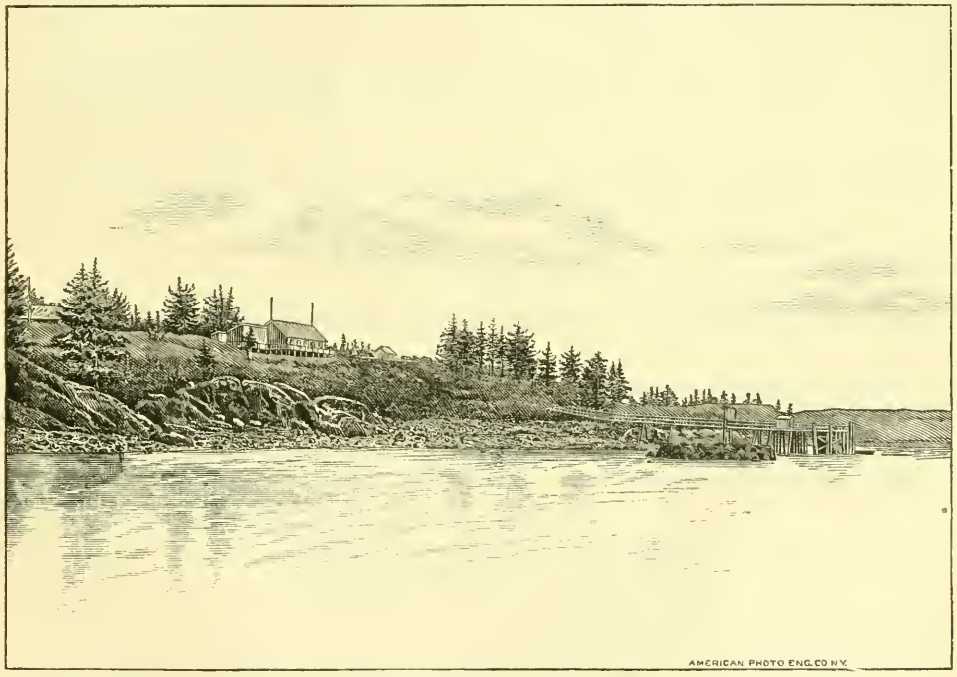
In the multitude of fish that swarm these waters, several varieties, in the pursuit of their food, venture right up to the rocks and feast upon the myriad forms of ocean life torn from its bed by the breaking of the surf.

"Thus at half ebb a rolling sea
Returns and wins upon the shore;
The watery herd, affrighted at the roar,
Rest on their fins awhile, and stay,
Then backward take their wond'ring way."[1]

When one has overcome the first temptation to "yank" everything that bites, by main force, from the water, for which nothing is suitable except the stout but light cedar poles obtainable from the woods, and when one has gained sufficient dexterity in casting a straight line beyond where shadows from the rocks are projected over the water, then it would be well to exchange this primitive gear for a light rod, a flexible line and a reel. Thus properly equipped, sport may be enjoyed in capturing and playing the mettlesome cunner, that is but little inferior to the famed trout-fishing of our woods, and is vastly less incommoding than any fishing in the woods.

[1] Dryden.

If you would not gauge the depth at every place you select and adjust a cork float thereto, it is better to rely upon the premonitory nibble that precedes a solid bite—for the salt-water fish do not take the bait with the whirl and dash that characterize the trout—but when by a dexterous turn of the wrist you have fairly hooked your game, your prey will often afford you quite an exciting quarter of an hour before you get him safely landed. His first impulse is to dart off shore for deeper water. This you must resist by the utmost tension of your rod and line, giving him the but judiciously. The cunner especially is a gamey fish and fights hard for life. The strain from the springy rod gradually checks his headlong career, and he turns to a diagonal or in-curving circuitous route that permits the recovery of part of the spun-out line; then follows a moment's pause in the conflict, which he uses to recover breath and strength for another struggle. When



WHITE HEAD LANDING.

"But sith now safe ye seized the shore,
And well arrived are, high God be blest;
Let us devise of ease and everlasting rest."—SPENSER.

this begins, the greatest care must be taken to prevent his overrunning the hook in his repeated doublings; for if you incautiously permit this, the chances are he will unhook himself and escape. In his struggles as his circles grow less, and he realizes the impending danger, he leaps repeatedly clear from the water in the attempt to free himself from the fatal steel. But such exertions sap his waning powers, and skillful hands on the rod soon terminate the unequal contest.

A variation in the way of fishing is afforded by the use of hand-lines from a boat moored in one of the coves; or the fish can be taken by hand-lines from the wharf, where a good roof gives shelter alike from rains and the too blistering sun.

Trolling through the surf, after the fashion used for blue-fish, is sometimes rewarded by the capture of a giant cod, a fighting pollock and perchance a blue-fish, but as a rule they do not run so high up the coast. This is quite laborious, and skill is required to throw the heavy squid out to the proper distance at sea, but there is a peculiar excitement and exhilaration about it as one stands waist-deep in the surf that boils around, and feels the tug on the line that tells the fish is hooked—an excitement that is heightened as the big fish is drawn shoreward, struggling fiercely in the surf, scattering the salt spray in showers along the path of its enforced journey, that make this a favorite method of angling with many fishermen.

DEEP-SEA FISHING—MACKERELING.

When the mackerel begin their annual migration from the deep waters off the Delaware capes, they work up along shore and arrive off the coast of Maine about the first of June, and begin to strike inshore, where their presence is often first detected in the fish-weirs in the bays and inlets.

> "Each bay
> With fry innumerable swarms, and shoals
> Of fish, that with their fins and shining scales
> Glide under the green waves, in sculls that oft
> Bank the mid sea."[1]

A multitude of small fry accompanies them, or perhaps precedes them, since the mackerel preys upon most of them; the pilot-fish first, then shoals of herring, shrimp, squid, menhaden, and the round jelly-fish. Behind the

[1] Milton.

mackerel come his enemies, the shark, dog-fish, bluefish, the mackerel-gull, and last, but perhaps not least in the work of extermination, man with his appliances of schooners, seine-boats, nets and hand-lines. A scene of great activity is then presented on the surface of our bay, and as far out at sea as the eye can reach—hundreds of sails idly flapping in the gentle breeze, while the attendant boats are dragging the many-fathomed nets in converging circles, and endeavoring to entrap in their meshes the schooling mackerel.

Arrangements can be made with the skippers of the fleet, yacht-like craft that frequent the harbor and the surrounding islands, for a day of this sport or a more extended cruise, as curiosity to witness this wholesale method of taking the fish may determine. But capital sport is afforded summer guests by the parties that are frequently organized to take the trim little schooner that is kept at the Island, and capture these rapacious fish with the hand-line. The ladies better appreciate this more moderate piscatorial exercise than the very considerable labor that attaches to the hauling in of the heavily weighted cod-lines, often doubled by the finny prize.

COD-FISHING.

An early morning start brings the party to the banks that lie off under the horizon, in season to indulge in the taking of more weighty game—cod, haddock, hake and pollock that there abound. But these frequent deeper water, from twenty to seventy fathoms, and require a line of that or greater length, about a quarter the size of a clothes-line, with a sinker of from five to seven pounds weight to overcome the ocean currents. This is dropped to the bottom and then hauled up about one fathom, and must be kept sawing up and down. The lines cut into the wood of the hand-rail of all the hand-line fishing craft by this sawing. Use caution against letting the fish when hooked, pull the line through the fingers—a mischance that frequently brings blood, and leaves at best tell-tale blisters on the novice's hands.

But the delightful certainty of your take when securely hooked, the merriment of disputes over the "prize fish," and the palatable delicacy of the dishes produced under the manipulations of the skilful *chef*, amply compensate for these petty trials and inconveniences, and this sport finds many votaries among our guests, and "fisher talk" soon becomes recognizable slang in the twilight gatherings upon the broad piazzas.

SWORD-FISHING.

Perhaps the most exciting as well as the most thoroughly sportsman-like entertainment afforded in these waters is the pursuit of the sword-fish. It is a most gamey fish, approximating ten feet in length and sometimes exceeding that, often reaching five or six hundred weight, with a large dorsal fin running from its shoulders almost back to the tail; another fin on each side, just back of the gills, and a little one on the under-side just forward of the tail. This equipment, with its powerful great tail, which should be avoided by smaller boats, as it can deal very forcible blows, enables it to dart through the water with amazing velocity and gives it a power of traction that can drag a boat after it for miles. Its characteristic feature is a sword formed by the projection of the upper jaw, three or four feet beyond the lower one. This seems of a horny rather than of a bony composition; it is about four inches broad next the head, tapers down to a blunt point, and is two-edged but not very sharp. What use the fish makes of this, except as a defensive weapon, is more a matter of fable than of accurate report, and remarkable yarns are spun of its attacks upon whales and occasionally upon fishing craft.

A harpooning outfit is necessary in hunting this game, and most of the neighborhood craft have a harpooner's stand or iron hand-rail fixed upon the end of the bowsprit, whence an expert handler launches the barbed harpoon with deadly effect into the fish that is either slumbering, or is usually so intent upon its finny prey that it permits itself to be almost overrun by the skimming craft ere it turns aside. Unless the iron penetrates at once a vital spot, there ensues a contest, brief, but rendered exciting by the mad dashes and expiring struggles of the impaled victim.

The flesh of this fish fried to a brown crisp has long been esteemed a delicacy by the Islanders, and is becoming a requisite of the markets of the city.

A pair of the swords nicely cleansed and polished make up a decorative trophy to which the successful fisherman can point with pride as a testimonial to his piscatorial prowess.

PHOSPHORESCENT PHENOMENA.

The jelly-fish, medusæ—call them what you will—and their varied kindred and offshoots that infest our seas work a startling transformation in the water-scape, when after nightfall the castellated rocks are frequently bathed with the splendors of phosphorescent illumination, and the phan-

THE WILLOWS, THE OLD HOMESTEAD, AND PORTLAND SOUND.

"Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May,—
Throbbing for the seaside billows,
Or the water-wooing willows."—D. F. MacCarthy.

tastic, ghastly light transforms the bosom of the broad ocean into a scene of weird revelry. Every drop of water seems a gleam of light, and the tawny kelp and depending seaweed drip with liquid fire. The scene as the waves beat upon the rocks is one of effulgent splendor, and the spray, for a moment, hangs suspended in air, a cloud of luminous mist, and then settles down upon these grim guardians of the coast, bathing them in a warm lambent light that winds its way in gleaming rivulets to the sea.

Then does boating over the quiet harbor stretches present a new allurement ; for every ripple is crested with a molten silver hue, and the plashing oars, withdrawn from an eddying circle of mysterious light, are coated now with white, now with yellow and yet again with aureolan tints, and far away behind extends a wake that traces wanderers over the no longer "pathless" flood ; while all around, beneath the surface, faint moons and stars gleam up from unfathomed depths, and swift flashes across your pathway leave a nebulous train of light behind.

BOATING AND YACHTING.

"On either side
The ripples on his path divide,
And the track o'er which his boat must pass
Is smooth as a sheet of polished glass."—J. R. Drake.

You will be tempted ere long to essay the exploration of another kingdom, for it somehow ever seems as though you could penetrate further into wonderland by water than on land, and the most wonderful and mysterious lies ever "on the other side."

So, soon as you have explored the unsuspected resources of the land, and the cliffs, forests and fields have been temporarily exhausted, the caverns disclosed their last piratical legends, the dim fens and brakes produced their last shadowy monsters, you come at last to the water.

"Beyond it lies in every myth and fairy tale the climax of your perils, the touch-stone of your courage, and to the other side you must cross."

"Larger ships may venture more,
Little boats must keep near shore."

Prudent as that advice doubtless is, it is shorn of much of the danger implied, in the inland stretches over the Bay, through the various channels, around the diversified islands, west up to the city wharves, east for many watery leagues to Harpswell, Brunswick, or Freeport, all the way under

shelter of islands that serve both as breakwaters and to keep off too violent breezes, and make of whatever route you select a perfect "ladies' course," safe alike for the fullest spread of all your light canvas on the tiniest yacht, and practicable for either lateen or lug rig of canvas, or suitable to the oarage of your own strong arms. It is the proud boast of Casco Bay yachtsmen that on any day, blow the winds hard as they may, they can afford their friends and guests of the fair sex a twenty miles' straight-away course, inside shelter all the way, without reefing a sail, shipping a pint of water, or causing the least unpleasant sensation to the most sensitive nerves.

From the fleet of small boats ever in waiting at the boat-house you can select a craft commodious enough for your party, or of gondola proportions for "a pair of spoons," and embarking at any hour of the day or evening you will find you are not without company, for the craft increase in number, all of them, with rare exceptions, sailing or rowing along in the interest of recreation or pleasure. Now and then your course is made musical with the choruses of distant water-parties ; the plaintive melodies vibrating with a strange pathos across the waters that swells the heart of the listener, even though he understands nothing of the words. Once or twice the tinkling of a guitar, or the thrumming of a banjo, is heard, marking time for solo-singers. A long racing-shell sweeps by, or you pass a laden fishing-boat, a rowing-boat propelled by a crew of bonnie, wholesome girls singing old glees to the measured plash of their oars, or perchance some enthusiast, gliding, phantom-like, about in the rapidly vanishing canoe. For canoeing, though a somewhat new pastime here in salt water, seems about to become pre-eminent among water-sports, because of the amount of pleasure it gives in return for the trouble taken. The intricacies of hull, the diversity of rigging, the variety of sails that are fast frequenting our waters lend a diversified charm to the marine scenery, and give rise to the hope that more may come where all have been so charming.

Portland Harbor and the roadstead just inside the islands is a noted rendezvous for yacht squadrons, and the great fleets of the New York and Eastern Yacht Clubs straggle in one by one, on their way down the coast and again on their return, waiting their consorts, expecting orders, using telegraphic facilities, interchanging courtesies with the home craft of the Portland Yacht Club. Among these beautiful vessels, as they pass and re-pass within rifle range of our Island, an opportunity is afforded to study model, build, rig and style ; and it is wonderful how many men of minds and yachts of many kinds one sees in a season in our waters. To row around among such fleets and look them over as they lie at anchor, all

dressed in their best, and seemingly conscious of their graceful outlines, as they coquettishly turn, now one, now another beautiful side to the swaying of the tide, presents an embarrassment of riches and renders it difficult to select a particular one as the queen of beauty. You like the bow of one, the stern of another, the rake of yet another's masts, and still perhaps before your judgment has consolidated on any one your predilections are scattered and new fancies dawn at the swift winging of the dainty beauties as they resume their flight.

From among the various models in the harbor fleet, you can easily charter for a day or week such craft as will satisfy the most fastidious, if you should disdain the very comfortable and serviceable sailing craft that are kept moored between the wharves for the requirements of our Islanders. Having selected your water vehicle then comes to you the bliss of cruising amidst our islands—their number ever in dispute, yet sufficient to give to the thickly-studded bay the look of a bed of Roman mosaic, wherein the infinite countless little bits of stone are islands and the cement water. Island after island appears emerging from these blue recesses and athwart the Bay. Some are but few acres in extent, while others' areas are miles square. Now, the dividing channels are so narrow a boat can hardly pass; then, they expand in width a mile or more. Beautiful silent harbors are entered, with peninsulas jutting into them, while behind is labyrinthine maze of further islets and still more torturous passages. It is an endless archipelago all green and smiling, with these intricate islands stretching out in every direction and seeming to block the way.

THE HOTEL.

In the multiplicity and complexity of wants that have been developed in the transition of the frequenters of this Island from their state of primitive simplicity and moderate desires to the present era of transcendent activity and progress, none is more marked than their demand for first-class hotel accommodation. So far, now, from being satisfied, as were our aboriginal visitors in the good old times of Captain Levett, with raw meats, untanned skins and leaky huts, the summer sojourner of to-day has come to desire sirloin rare, innumerable paraphernalia with corresponding space to stow them, a well-appointed hotel, with its concomitants of good cuisine, well trained and cheerful service, and luxurious appointments.

It was to meet this growing want that the Ottawa House was built.

THE OTTAWA HOUSE.

"Whoe'er hath travelled life's dull round,
Whate'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still hath found
His warmest welcome at an inn."—SHENSTONE.

There was certainly a peculiar felicity in placing this charming hostelry where it is. Dominating as it does the whole Island, commanding from its elevated site a wide circuit of most beautiful and gladdening scenery wherein the works of man do but embellish and set out in plainer contrast the unprofaned virginity of nature, it became, through many seasons, a delightful summer-home. So well appreciated and patronized did it become under the successful management of Mr. Montgomery S. Gibson, who has attained a country-wide reputation as "mine host" of the Preble House, Portland, that it became necessary to double its former capacity, which was accomplished in time for the past season.

"Nothing succeeds like success," and the patronage of last season justifies the prediction that, in the near future, another wing must be added, or the entire structure taken down and re-built.

The house is perfect in its appointments, and offers the completest comfort, and even the luxury of a delightful home. Everything is made to conduce to the happiness of its guests, and yet so far as possible to harmonize with its peaceful surroundings. No undue noises; no too early hours, none of the distressful clangor of matutinal gongs, or imperious poundings for daybreak travelers, but always, and of an evening especially, an inviting quiet reigns that shows how

"Sweet are the hours in peaceful slumber spent."

The air of genial hospitality is noticeable the moment you ascend the porch, and, till the day you leave, a pervading but unobtrusive care convinces you that they have here the art of giving to a hotel the most homelike feeling possible. The house, under Mr. Gibson's management, is something more than a mere place of shelter; one feels that at the head of the establishment is a constant and careful watcher for the comfort of every guest; and one resigns himself to a promising fate with a happy consciousness that he has fallen into good hands. This cordiality is felt by the entire force and characterizes the face of each willing attendant—and whether it be training or if it be art, it conduces alike to your daily enjoyment and freedom from care, where all is spontaneously done for your welfare.

The cuisine is of the very best; the table service is unexceptionable; the rooms, most newly furnished, are sweet and fresh—all but four or five face upon the surrounding waters—and when the nights are cool, your fire upon your hearth welcomes you to your chamber, and you fall asleep watching the gentle flames nestle down among the low-singing embers.

The grand parlor, occuping the whole of the ground floor of the western

extension, is a spacious and noble apartment; so admirably proportioned is it that at first you fail to notice its extraordinary height, a wise foresight that always insures coolness, to which the ingenious arrangement of its ventilation contributes. It is not until some general gathering like Sunday morning service assembles all the guests therein that you fairly realize its full capacity.

By a like extension of the eastern wing a beautiful dining-room is secured,

> "a stately hall,
> Wherein were many tables fair dispred,
> And ready dight with drapets feastival,
> Against the viands should be ministered."[1]

Here at the stated hours reign decorous feastings, under the sedulous attention of a polished head-waiter, whose choicest invocation is, "May good digestion wait on appetite and health on both."[2] Here is the lavish hand of our genial host, Gibson, most gratefully apparent, for, under his direction,

> "All the tributes land and sea affords,
> Heaped in great chargers, load our sumptuous boards."[3]

In the detached building, reached by a covered way to either story, are the billiard-rooms, the bowling-alleys and, above, the commodious dancing-hall, concert-room or theatre; to one or another of which diversions it is devoted nightly through the entire season, for there is abundance of histrionic as well as terpsichorean ability developed by both sexes and kindly devoted to the general entertainment.

It is a signal advantage to the elderly, the irritable, the weak-nerved invalid, or the studiously inclined, to have these inseparably noisy amusements conducted a dozen rods away; and this class will appreciate to the full the Sabbath-like peace that pervades the minor reception and reading-rooms.

Mr. Gibson keeps five or six horses on the Island; and seats may always be secured to and from the steamers; to White Head; to the eastern end, or any other point of interest.

The Island can be reached half-hourly by the swift and staunch steamers of the Star Line from the Franklin wharf, Portland. It is with a feeling of regret that you see them turn their prows aside from the inviting vistas caught in transitory glimpses betwixt the verdant isles—a regret soon dissipated as you see rising before your enraptured vision a very gem of an island in emerald setting and realize it is your destination.

[1] Spenser. [2] Shakespeare. [3] Sir J. Denham.

WHITE HEAD ROAD.

"The woods with living airs how softly fanned,
Light airs from where the deep, all down the sand,
Is breathing in his sleep, heard by the land."—TENNYSON.

SOCIAL LIFE.

As you draw near the Ottawa Landing you see an expectant throng with eager faces and welcoming smiles turned seaward—a happy augury of the social life before you. The merry, merry maiden and her 'ma, the everlasting student with his 'pa—pater-familias, his wrinkles for the nonce smoothed out by the freshening sea-air, care banished, and seeming only an elder-brother sort of a fellow—many a matron who but revisits the scene of her former conquests for a maturer but perhaps quite as sentimental harvest; the glad shouts of welcome, the irrepressible but melodious yodel, peals of glad laughter, the seemingly exaggerated manifestations of affection, of grief over partings, of hilarious hand-shaking and embraces, that would be travesties did we forget that "all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players";—these all serve to impress you favorably with the friendliness and geniality of the *dramatis personæ*, an impression that is heightened and intensified as you drive for the first

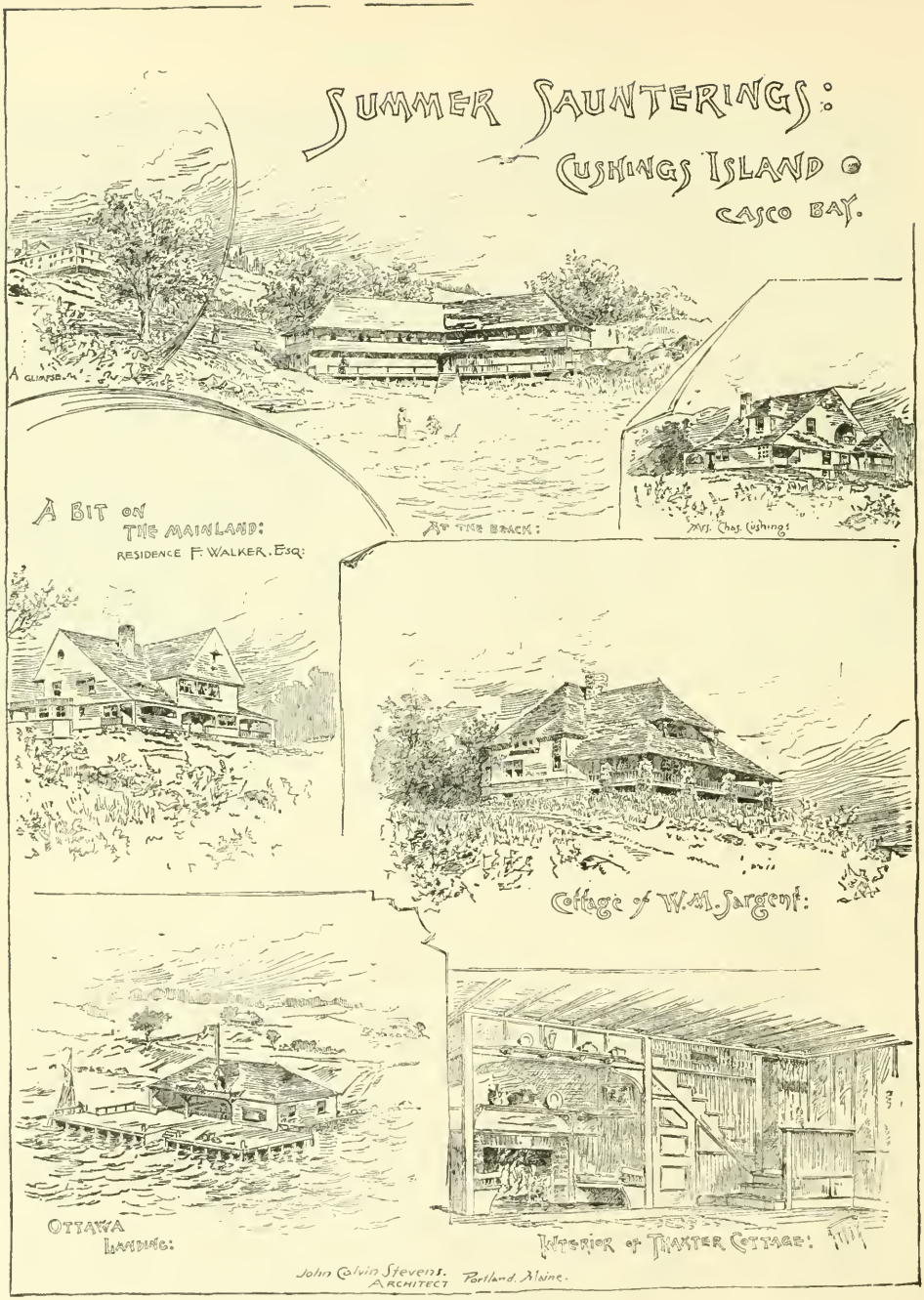
time up to the hospitable door, and find yourself upon the crowning feature, and generally most crowded part, the spacious breezy piazza, peopled with trim-figured, graceful girls, of every shade from blonde to brunette, and only a prevalent sun-kissed tint in common, who betray by the very skip and tapping of their dainty slippers their eager anticipation of the ball at night, and foreshadow a heartiness and enjoyment for the "German," quite refreshing to witness in this *blasé* generation.

Mingled together in the bonds of a first-born and enthusiastic admiration for one another's unsuspected attractions, go arm-in-arm the more reserved North Country cousin, schooled by precept and example and firmly resolved against any approach to Daisy Millerism, and the warmer mannered girl of genuine American rearing, rather free than fast, just a bit more enchanting for her native forwardness, but never vulgar, whatever her detractors may allege—till, from association, they borrow and unwittingly assimilate the winning ways, the perversities and adorable foibles, the sweetness, demureness and cleverness of the others' originals, and become so irresistibly fascinating that their influence over their male companions is delicately and beautifully apparent as the days slip by, but is not to be described nor held up obtrusively.

Your further opportunities for generalization of the social life here, before you essay becoming an integral factor therein, convinces you of a fact or two that are reassuring and dispel any *mauvaise honte.* Among the guests there is prevalent a certain friendly cheeriness; they all seem to know each other, and they have the manner of people who have taken possession for the summer, and are situated to their satisfaction—a feeling so contagious that it soon agreeably infects you too.

The dressing, during the days, is simple and entirely appropriate to the place and its requirements. At the stated balls costly toilets are displayed; but, as a general rule, the requirements for evening life have not as yet run to such lavish expenditure as to place them beyond the means of many who are obliged to count the cost of their pleasures; and so strongly is the spirit of conservatism intrenched here among the families that have frequented the place year after year, that the luxuries and little refinements of polite life on the Island will not, probably, ever exceed reasonably economical principles, or approach a stage of merely ostentatious parade.

There lingers yet about these social entertainments a halo of courtliness that seems reflected from the parting light of bygone days. No crushes; no rushes; no mere mob in good clothes, but a comparatively limited social circle who know all about each other; where culture and character vie in the courtesies and small decorums of a truly æsthetic social life.



"O leave the noisy town! O come and see
Our country cots, and live content with me."—Dryden.

III

PROSPECTUS.

"Oh! give me a home by the sea,
Where the wild waves are crested with foam."

The frankly avowed purpose of this part of this little book is to set before you the opportunity that now offers to acquire a comparatively inexpensive summer-home on the sea-coast, so situated that it can be kept forever free from the nuisances and annoyances that so frequently result from the uncontrolable acts of neighboring owners and others.

Nature having made this the most beautiful island on the coast, much money has already been expended by the owners in beautifying it and making permanent improvements, as is evidenced by the preserved timber, cultivated fields, fine drives and walks, the bathing-house, pavilion, band-stand, wharf-house and other structures for common use and enjoyment; and by individuals, as shown in the tasteful cottages erected by them.

With wise foresight, a survey has been made and mapped by the best talent in the country, locating drives and walks, public grounds and reservations, and making such a sub-division of a portion of the Island into building sites, with regard to a general and comprehensive plan for the improvement and development of the whole, that the natural attractions have been thereby preserved in their fullest enjoyment for those who shall make it their summer-home. By the plan of survey and plotting, submitted by Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, in his report, from which extracts will be taken, one hundred and thirty-three acres are laid out into forty numbered plots ranging in area from two-thirds of an acre to above eleven acres. Something over fifteen acres has been sold; and the balance is offered for sale for cottage sites. Some of the largest of these plots will be further divided, if found necessary to accommodate purchasers; but, as a general rule, it is thought best to adhere strictly to the recommendations of this celebrated landscape architect—and not make

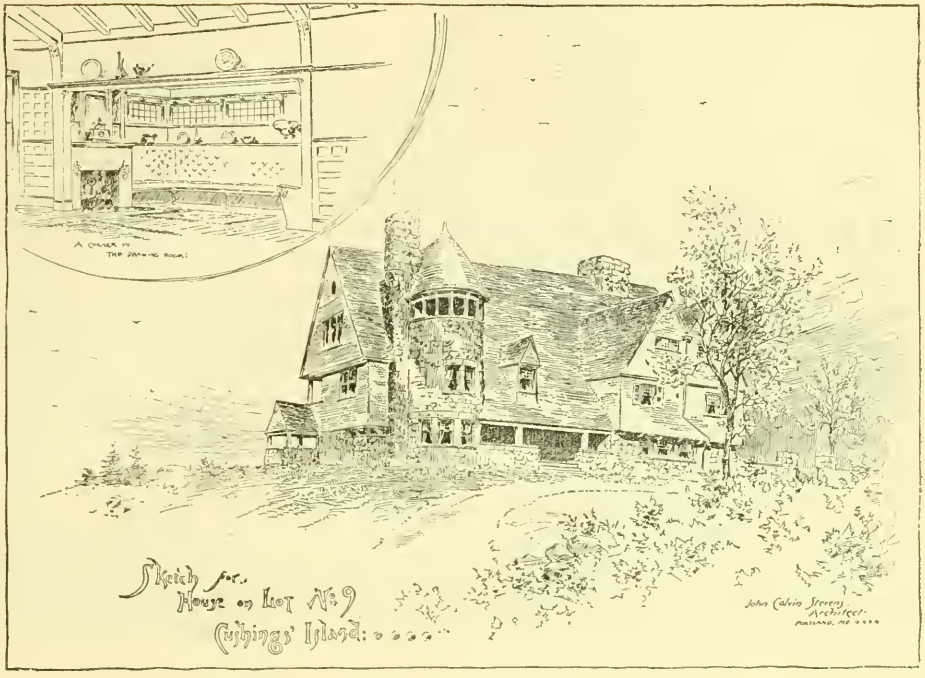
possible a too-crowded location of cottages, by infringing the lot lines established by him.

The deeds given are with full warranty and covenants, and convey the estate in fee-simple absolute, together with rights to use in common with others, all drives, walks, public parks and reservations, bathing-beaches, wharves, landings, littoral, and future improvements in the development of the Island, in as full and free a manner as have been, or may be granted to the most favored cottage sites.

Mr. Olmsted, in giving his judgment on the fitness of the Island as a place of summer residence, writes: "I found that maps, drawings and written accounts of the Island had not impressed the more attractive qualities of its scenery upon me, in several particulars. It is in parts much wilder and more rugged than I had been led to suppose, and has much more beauty of a delicate character, dependent on its minor vegetation, and the form, texture and color of its rocks. I will mention two incidents of its scenery which I found particularly enjoyable, and to which I had seen no reference: One is the rare picturesqueness of certain groups of vertically splintered rocks close off the south shore, against and among which the full swell of the ocean was surging at the time of my visit, with a charm of motion and beauty of color quite indescribable; the other, the lovely tints, due, I presume, to lichens and mosses in crannies and on the face of the beetling crags of White Head."

Mr. Olmsted recommends that the Island shall not be made "a place for a neighborhood of smart and fine suburban residences, such as many prefer to pass their summer in. Streets suitable to such an occupancy of it would be difficult of construction, costly, and a blemish upon its natural scenery. Villas and cottages of the class in question would appear out of place, tawdry and vulgar upon it. Lawns and gardens appropriate to them are in large parts of the Island out of the question. Notions of improving the Island based on what has been generally attempted at many public-favored places of summer resort should, therefore, be wholly abandoned.

"But to persons who wish to take as complete a vacation from urban conditions of life as is practicable, without being obliged to dispense with good markets, shops and the occasional ready use of city conveniences; who have a taste for wildness of nature, and who value favorable conditions for sea-bathing, boating and fishing, the Island offers attractions such as can be found, I believe, nowhere else on the Atlantic sea-board. To all such, I recommend it unreservedly. The only danger of reasonable disappointment to such persons lies in the chance that others of incom-



patible tastes and ambitions will aim to make 'improvements' of various sorts, and attempt a style of life incongruous with the natural circumstances and repugnant to tastes that the Island is otherwise adapted to gratify. If the Island could in effect be owned by a club of families of congeniál tastes, united only for the purpose of preserving and developing its characteristic advantages, and of providing convenience of habitation in a manner harmonious each with all and all with nature, it would, under judicious management, soon acquire a value to each member such as could be attained in a summer residence nowhere else nearly as economically.

"It is with a view to a disposition of it essentially of this character, that I shall suggest measures for its fittings and improvement.

"From what has been said it will be obvious that the value of a summer residence upon Cushing's Island rather than in a thousand other localities along the coast, depends on scenery much of which can only be enjoyed either from points of view inaccessible to carriages, and near which it will always be undesirable in the interests of those who will take the greatest pleasure in it, that carriages should be brought, or from elevated places in

the interior. It is of the first importance to secure the free common use of these points of observation of both classes and to prevent their outlook being either obstructed or put out of countenance by structures for private convenience. To this end, certain elevated interior localities and a strip of land bordering the entire coast should be made a constituent part of the property attached to each summer residence; these adjuncts being held in common. Certain other grounds should be disposed of for private use only in such large areas that houses to be built upon them will be scattered, leaving large spaces unencumbered by artificial objects. In the sketch plan herewith presented, about a hundred acres are proposed to be held as common property, this including all the outer parts of the Island, its cliffs, crags, shingles and beaches, and sufficient space of the adjoining upland to allow continuous foot-paths following the shore. At the more interesting points this upper space is enlarged. At each point of the Island, giving upon the ocean and the harbor's mouths, considerable spaces are reserved, and these are connected by a narrow common along the central heights which will command views, both ways.

"Roads are projected with a view to a subdivision of the property and to a convenient connection between the interior building sites and the different parts of the shore. One main road, leading through the middle of the Island, from the Ottawa Landing of the Portland steamboats, is proposed to be seventy feet wide, so as to admit of its being planted with trees. Other roads are generally forty feet wide; and a few by-paths for short-cuts between different points of interest are proposed.

"Residence sites in that part of the Island where houses will be overlooked from the heights, and where neither rocks nor declivities will make difficulties in building, are generally from half an acre to an acre in area; elsewhere, they vary, according to circumstances, from two to seven acres.

"With a view to unity, harmony and congruity of general effect, it is advised that no house be placed within thirty feet of the road-line on the smaller lots, nor within sixty feet on lots of over an acre in extent; that no house shall be more than two stories in height, or thirty feet to the top of the roof; or furnished in its upper or more exposed and conspicuous parts with jig-saw or other extrinsic and puerile ornaments.

"All the northern part of the Island is at present comparatively bare, but there is evidence enough in the existing foliage that trees, shrubs and perennial plants may be easily and satisfactorily grown. It is very desirable for the value of the property, as a whole, that trees should be planted, and that the narrow roads should be lined with low hedges in thickets. To the same general end, provision should at once be made for a gradual

"Here in the sultriest season let him rest,
Fresh is the green beneath these aged trees;
Here winds of gentlest wing will fan his breast,
From heaven itself he may inhale the breeze."

replacement of the present spruce and fir-woods of the higher parts of the Island. Such a removal and improvement of the old natural growth, if not delayed, can be secured at slight expense. A few years hence it is likely to be practicable only by an outlay many times as large. The present natural beauty of the Island may, simply by the sowing of seeds at trifling cost, be greatly increased."

Following this suggestion of Mr. Olmsted, the manager of the Island has arranged for a thousand hardy young trees, the coming spring.

Mr. Olmsted further recommends "The building of stone houses and fences, the free use of the present farm-walls and all loose stone and the quarry from which building stone for use on the Island may be taken without charge. The stone of the Island may apparently be very cheaply quarried, and if the outside of all its buildings shall present to view only the local stone, or shingles without paint or ginger-bread work, or shall be

draped with the foliage of vines natural to the locality, the general result will be most effective.

"The topography of the Island is favorable to drainage, and as far as can be judged, there will be ready and moderately direct descent from all the lots shown on the accompanying plan to the sea."

It remains but to add that the Island abounds in the freshest and purest of water. Four artesian wells have been sunk, and absolutely chemically pure water obtained in every instance. This insures that desideratum to every building site upon the Island, at trifling expense.

The following extract, taken from a well-known paper, which has appeared since this book was given into the hands of the printer, will show what has been accomplished on the Island towards ensuring a practically unlimited supply of pure water:

Two great essentials to the health of a community are pure air and pure water, the importance of one being no less than that of the other. To obtain an abundance of water, above the very suspicion of contamination, no better plan than the artesian or drilled well has been devised, and more and more of them are driven in this vicinity, with every succeeding season, the results being uniformly satisfactory. As an illustration of the advantages of this class of wells, that recently drilled by Mr. W. F. Trask near the Ottawa Hotel, Cushing's Island, one of several he is sinking upon the Island, may be taken. This well is 150 feet deep; goes through, or has, six fissures or veins, and flows over 5,000 gallons per day. A sample of water from one of these wells (Cushing's Island) was subjected to analysis on the 8th day of last February, by W. L. Goodwin, D. Sc. (Edinburgh), Professor of Chemistry, Queen's University, Kingston, Can. He pronounces the water perfectly pure, more absolutely so than that of any other wells he had analysed. The analysis is as follows:

Chlorine, per gallon,	0.5
Free Ammonia, part per million.	0.1
Albuminoid.	0.0
Solids,	9.9

The solids consist for the most part of calcic carbonate. The water is absolutely uncontaminated by animal or vegetable matter, Prof. Goodwin says, and fitted for drinking.—*Portland Transcript*, March 17, 1886.

For full information respecting cottage sites, lots, price and terms, address,

MR. FRANCIS CUSHING,
Portland, Maine.

"To some calm and blooming cove,
Where for me and those I love,
May a windless bower be built,
Far from passion, pain and guilt,
In a dell mid lawny hills,
Which the wild sea-murmur fills,
And soft sunshine, and the sound
Of old forests echoing round."—SHELLEY.

CONCLUSION.

The prominent features and salient points of the Island have now been discussed at some length. Its past has been honorable; may its future be glorious!

Starting so fairly upon its career as a summer resort, with so many natural advantages to recommend it, the Island has already become an assured success. It needs but the continuance of such properly-directed care and management to become one of the foremost of our watering-places; and, with the prosperity already accruing, that seems but the question of a few more such seasons. Its chances for attracting foreign elements to its summer life are the very best: for, "does not every one at some time visit Maine"; and when, in its neighborhood, visitors both see and hear enough of the place to make them desire to see more.

Again, one of its versatile charms is its ever-present haunting of the memory; and all who have lovingly pressed her shores live in the hope to renew and revisit such scenes. If they loved Nature, they carried away such stores of mental pictures of clear waters, overhanging rocks, ever-

green forests, swelling tides and azure skies, that gain in softened loveliness as they grow fainter and more remote down the dim avenues of Time. Or, if they love society, they will recall, with many a mimic utterance, the gay, care-free groups that lingered under the trees, peopled the pretty cottages, overflowing promenades and piazzas, invading and enlivening every recess, a picturesque, fun and sun loving community.

Such thoughts, such memories, such days, such bliss will surely lure you back again, though bonds of steel should miss.

"You may not know how sweet its balmy air,
How bright and fair its flowers;
You may not hear the songs that echo there
Through those enchanted bowers.

But sometimes, when adown the western sky
A fiery sunset lingers,
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,
Unlocked by unseen fingers.

And while they stand a moment half ajar,
Gleams from the inner glory
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar
And half reveal the story."

An Historical Sketch, Guide Book, and Prospectus of Cushing's Island

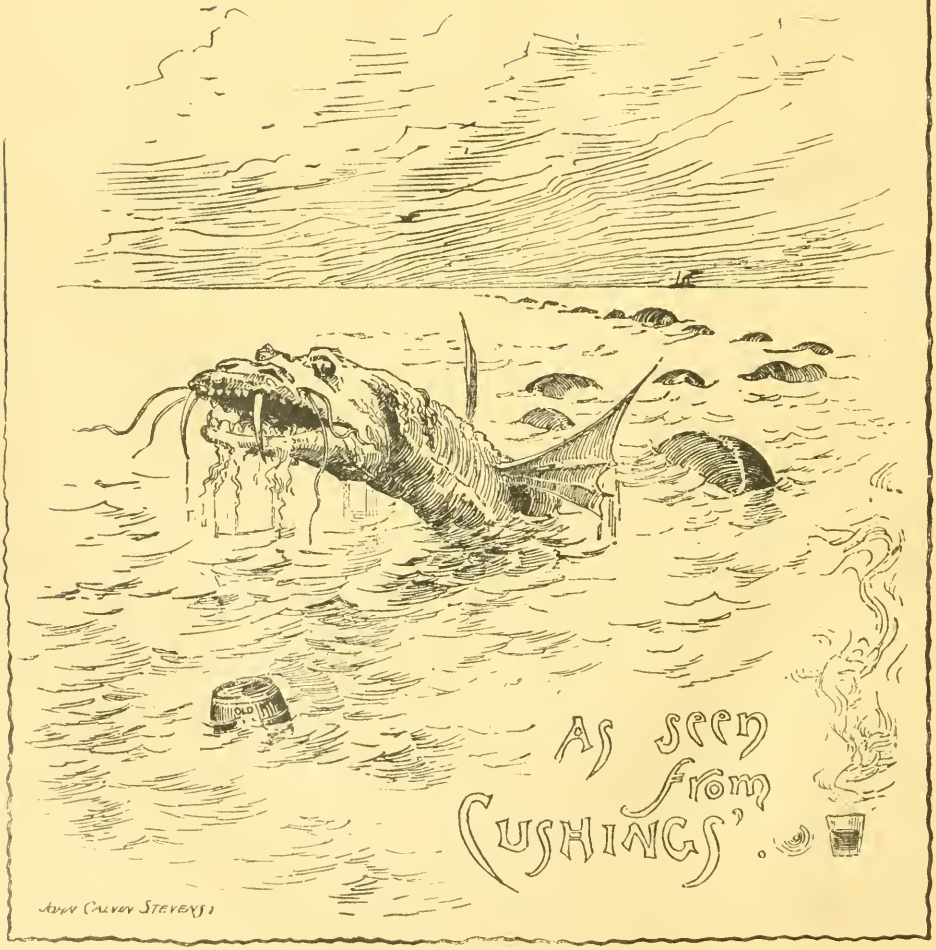
Casco Bay, Coast of Maine

By Wm. M. Sargent, A.M.

A nosegay of culled flowers I bring,
With nothing of my own except the string
That binds them.—Montaigne.

John Calvin Stevens

New York: American Photo-Engraving Co., 13 & 15 Vandewater Street.


As seen from Cushings'.
John Calvin Stevens