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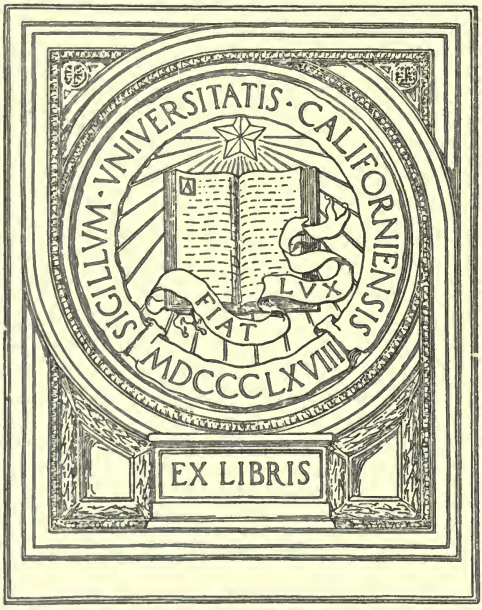
OLD COLONIAL HOUSES IN MAINE

EMMA HUNTINGTON NASON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HALL OF THE JEWETT MANSION

(See Page 26)

Old Colonial Houses in Maine

Built Prior to 1776

BY

EMMA HUNTINGTON NASON

Author of "White Sails" and "The Tower With Legends and Lyrics"

AUGUSTA, MAINE
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To
The Maine Society
of the
Colonial Dames
of America

PREFACE

THE sketches in this volume present a brief record of some of the old colonial houses that are now standing in Maine, and that were built prior to 1776. The work does not profess to be complete in its lists, nor exhaustive in its details, but rather to describe certain buildings that represent the development of the early colonial dwelling from the ancient log garrison house and first framed cottage to the grandest of our colonial mansions, and to give, if possible, a brief glimpse into the lives of the people who converted these houses into homes.

Many of the houses now popularly known as "old colonial" do not, however, fall within our period; for they were not erected until after the Revolution. The three decades from 1790 to 1820, during which peace and prosperity became assured in Maine, were rich in stately homes built on the best colonial models; and examples of these houses are now found in nearly all of our coast and river towns. Such houses, however, since they are not truly colonial, are necessarily excluded from our present consideration.

If the following sketches give to the reader a characteristic picture of our early colonial homes and of the life of the men and women who dwelt therein, the mission of the book will be fulfilled.

E. H. N.

Augusta, Maine.
April 6th, 1908.

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OLD COLONIAL HOUSES IN KITTERY

"The principles of Pepperell, which in his town and state were established as a fact, long before the Puritan colonies dreamed of them, became the conquering principles in founding our government. . . . The scenes of which he was so great a part have given many a theme for orator, novelist and poet."

—*Frisbee.*

I.

OLD COLONIAL HOUSES IN KITTERY

UPON a picturesque point of land overlooking one of the finest harbors on the Maine coast, there stand to-day four historic mansions which taken together form the most remarkable group of old colonial dwellings now existing in New England. These ancient dwellings are the Bray House, the Pepperell Mansion, the Lady Pepperell House and the Sparhawk Manse. They stand not far apart in the old town of Kittery, and represent the successive generations of three closely related families remarkable, from the earliest settlement of our state, for their integrity, their ability, their wealth, their public spirit and their service to the country in the most critical time of our colonial history.

Our sister states of New Hampshire and Massachusetts possess many fine old colonial homes, like the Warner House and the Wentworth Mansion at Portsmouth, the Whipple House at Ipswich, the Wayside Inn at Sudbury, the Royal House at Medford, the Clark House at Lexington, the Adams House and the Dorothy Q. House at Quincy; but nowhere do we find a group of houses whose interests are so closely allied and which are, at the same time, so remarkable for their typical colonial architecture, their romantic traditions and historic associations.

It is always the people who build and occupy a house that give to it a distinctive atmosphere and character. If we wish to know what kind of buildings

these old colonial houses were, even a photograph will tell the tale; but if we wish to know what kind of homes they were, we must know something of the life that went on within their walls. And so, to-day, after a lapse of more than two hundred years, if we would restore these old-time interiors, we must learn something of the people who lived, loved, wrought and died in these famous homes of Maine.

The Bray House is the oldest dwelling-house now standing in Kittery. It was built in 1662, by John Bray who came to this country from Plymouth, England, where, it is said, "he held rich estates." As it now stands, the Bray house is evidently only a part of the original building, for John Bray, in his will, bequeathed the middle part of his house to his son John, the lean-to and east room with the chambers over them to his daughter Mary, and to his wife, Joan, "the new end of my now dwelling-house." This new end and the middle room now constitutes the Bray house. It is a plain two-story building rather forlorn-looking without, but interesting within. Its walls are paneled, its windows deeply set and its cupboards quaint and time-worn. Over the mantel, in one of the rooms, there is an antique picture painted on the wooden panel. It is a harbor view, and by some is supposed to be a picture of old Plymouth, in England; others think it may be a picture of Louisburg. In its prime, the Bray house must have been quite a luxurious abode compared with the common dwellings of the period. Court often assembled here, and other public meetings were held in the old Bray house.

The master of the Bray house was a prosperous merchant and shipwright, and in laying the foundations of his house at Kittery Point, he builded more wisely

THE BRAY HOUSE AT KITTERY POINT

than he knew, for he was in reality laying the foundations of the Pepperell name and fame. The family of Bray consisted of his wife, two sons and two daughters. One of the latter was the beautiful Margery Bray who became the heroine of a romance far-reaching in its results. The hero of this romance was none other than the young William Pepperell who one day sailed into Kittery Cove, in his little vessel, to buy supplies for his business on the Isles of Shoals. This young man was born at Tavistock, Devonshire, England, in 1646. He came of an ancient, but impoverished family, and was seeking to build up his fortunes in the new world. He had established himself at the Isles of Shoals; but after a few business trips to Kittery Point and a meeting with the daughter of John Bray, he decided to remove to the mainland where he soon appears as a suitor for the hand of the fair Margery.

The rich and well-established father, however, did not at first favor the suit of this poor though ambitious young man; but Pepperell, like Bray, had great business ability and soon became so successful that all obstacles to his marriage with the fair Margery were removed. A simple marriage ceremony took place in the state parlor of the old Bray house; and it is not without a feeling of sympathetic interest that we recall this old-time wedding in the ancient wainscotted room, with its huge fireplace, its quaint windows and antique furniture, and think of the bride who stepped forth from this very threshold to share with her noble husband the honor of founding the house of Pepperell.

A business partnership was soon formed between Bray and his son-in-law whose personal ability speedily increased the fortunes of the firm. The wharves and warehouses at Kittery Point grew in size and number, and

an extensive trade with other ports in this country, and also with the West Indies and Europe, brought in large profits to the Pepperells.

At the time of his marriage, a site of land, near the Bray house, was granted to Pepperell by his father-in-law and there the Pepperell mansion was built in 1682. This fine old colonial mansion still stands as a witness to the exceptionally hospitable, luxurious and delightful social life of this period in the wealthy families of Maine. The mistress of the mansion, Margery Bray Pepperell, was an unusually beautiful woman, wise, gifted and spiritual beyond the women of her generation. She was the central figure of a home noted for its culture and hospitality. Within her doors, were entertained many illustrious guests, including clergymen, statesmen, soldiers, heroes and high officials of the colonies. Moreover, she became the mother of a son who was afterwards to be known as the hero of Louisburg and to perpetuate the fame of the family under his well-earned title, Sir William Pepperell, the great American Baronet. The following tribute to Margery Pepperell appeared in the Boston Post Boy on the 30th of April, 1741: "She was, through the whole course of her life, very exemplary for unaffected piety and amiable virtues, especially her charity, her courteous affability, her prudence, meekness, patience and her unweariedness in well-doing. She was not only a loving discreet wife and tender parent, but a sincere friend to all her acquaintance." Here we have a picture of the true type of the old colonial dame.

As we visit to-day the old Pepperell mansion, we see at once how the life and character of the Pepperell family impressed itself upon the material structure which the Pepperells converted into a home. We see here traces of the refined and cultured hospitality of the suc-

cessive mistresses of the mansion. We discern that generous largeness of atmosphere which made its wealthy master the benefactor of his country when with his own means he contributed very largely to the equipment of the armies sent against Port Royal, Louisburg and Quebec. We read also on its time-worn walls, as plainly as upon the family tomb, the pathetic story of the passing of the Pepperells leaving no one to bear their name down to future generations.

But while the family name has become extinct, the Pepperell house still stands. It is a square, stately house with a gambrel-roof and large windows, still retaining their numerous old-fashioned panes of glass. The gable end of the house, with a handsome door, faces the highway but its large and hospitable front door opens upon a terraced garden which looks off to the ocean whence came the Pepperell ships bearing the Pepperell stores of wealth. This door opens into a fine hall which discloses an imposing stairway with hand-carved balusters and an elaborate, wonderfully fluted newel-post, crowned by an armorial design. In this large hall, court was held in the days when Pepperell was local magistrate; and many social and state functions were celebrated here.

Colonel William Pepperell died in 1733, and his son William became the heir of his immense estates and his large shipping and mercantile business. William the Second was a man, in every way, worthy of his father's name; and by his genius he completed the difficult task of bringing the varied mercantile, social, military and political aspirations of his father to a supreme climax. The career of the second William Pepperell is familiar to all. The story of the siege and capture of Louisburg under his command is one of the most memorable events

in the history of the colonies. For Pepperell's services in this brilliant military expedition, a baronetcy was conferred upon him by the king of England; and the son of the once poor and humble fisherman of the Isles of Shoals became Sir William Pepperell. After the death of his father he enlarged the already spacious apartments of the Kittery mansion and changed the fashion of the roof from the original high pointed shape to the new style of curb roofs just then coming into vogue. The grand dining-hall was refurnished in a sumptuous manner; and here, doubtless, the elegant dinner service of solid silver presented to Sir William by the corporation of London, was frequently displayed upon the solid silver side-table which accompanied the gift.

On his return from England, Sir William was given a magnificent reception in Boston; and his home-coming was attended with much pomp and splendor. A gorgeously decorated barge, with liveried oarsmen, conveyed him from the vessel to the pier at the foot of the Pepperell gardens where, as a boy, Sir William had dangled his bare feet in the water and dreamed of grand things, but not half so wonderful as those the future had in store for him.

Thereafter, Sir William lived in the old Pepperell mansion, with all the state and style of the titled English gentleman. In his humbler days, he had married Mary Hirst of Boston. She now, of course, bore the title of Lady Pepperell. Two children grew up in the old mansion, a daughter, Elizabeth, who married Nathaniel Sparhawk, and a son, Andrew, who was expected to hand the title and estate of Sir William down to posterity. But all the fond hopes and ambitions which centered in the life of this promising youth failed of realization, for

THE PEPPERELL MANSION

he died while yet a young man, and the name of Pepperell, which for two generations, had been a synonym for all that was successful and grand in colonial life, suddenly became extinct.

The story of this eminently worthy, but ill-fated young man, is one of the most pathetic in early colonial history; and his love affairs with the beautiful Miss Hannah Waldo lend a touch of romance to the tale which renders it melodramatic, if not altogether tragic. This old-time love-affair, on account of the very high social position of both parties involved in it, and also on account of the very important interests to be perpetuated by the union of Miss Waldo with the heir of Sir William Pepperell, was regarded at the time almost as an affair of state; and the breaking of the engagement upon the day appointed for the marriage caused the greatest sensation which the social world of the Maine colonists had ever known. For these reasons the Colonial Dames of to-day will read the story with sympathetic interest.

The betrothal of Hannah Waldo to Andrew Pepperell took place in 1748, and was announced to the great pleasure and satisfaction of all concerned in this alliance and especially to General Waldo and to Sir William Pepperell who had been life-long friends. These two eminent men were born in the same year and had been companions-in-arms from their early youth. They served together in the siege of Louisburg; and afterwards had the honor of being presented at Court in England on the same day. Their high social position and their large landed estates in Maine gave them mutual interests, as they worked in close harmony for the development of the country. Their children frequently met and the attachment that grew up between Andrew Pepperell and Hannah Waldo was as natural as it was gratifying.

Young Pepperell was a high-minded, honorable, well-educated young man of most brilliant prospects. Miss Waldo's beauty, and position, as the daughter of General Samuel Waldo, rendered her a most fitting *fiancée*. Their union was looked upon as the most brilliant match of the period. Unfortunately, however, young Pepperell was suddenly taken ill just after the betrothal was announced, and the marriage was necessarily postponed. Three years passed; then the wedding-day was again appointed, when, for some unexplained reason, the bridegroom wrote that circumstances necessitated another delay. The sequel was graphically told by Dr. Usher Parsons, fifty years ago.

"Miss Waldo," writes Dr. Parsons, "made preparations in a style becoming the occasion, and of the distinguished guests that were to attend. A few days before that appointed for the wedding had arrived, her intended husband wrote that circumstances had rendered another delay necessary. This was too much for her to bear; her mind from that moment was firmly fixed. She returned no answer; the bridegroom, the guests from far and near, minister and all, assembled at the appointed hour and place, when she enjoyed the sweet revenge of telling Mr. Pepperell that she would not marry one who had occasioned her so much mortification, and who could not have that love and friendship for her that was necessary to her happiness." [1]

The effect of this unexpected *dénouement* can be easily imagined. It caused a profound sensation and a division of sentiment as to where the censure should be placed. Dr. Parsons writes that the probable solution of the "mysterious conduct of Andrew Pepperell" lies in his protracted illness after the betrothal was first

[1] Life of Sir William Pepperell, by Usher Parsons M. D. (1856.)

announced and in the state of mental despondency into which he sank on account of some large financial losses. A few months later Andrew Pepperell died suddenly of fever; and the pain and mortification which his father and family had suffered, from the unhappy termination of his engagement, was submerged in overwhelming grief at the death of the heir to the title and estates of the house of Pepperell.

In the meantime, in less than six weeks after the broken betrothal, the social circles of the Province experienced another sensation, when the beautiful and high-spirited daughter of Gen. Waldo married Thomas Flucker, royal Secretary of the Province. She resided in Boston until 1776; and when that city was evacuated she sailed with her loyalist husband for England where she died a few years later.

The death of Andrew Pepperell was the first great blow to the aspirations of Sir William who had fondly hoped that his name and the baronetcy would be perpetuated in his family by the direct male line; but after the loss of his only son, Sir William centered his hopes and affections on his grandson, young William Sparhawk, to whom he bequeathed his title and estates on condition that Sparhawk should take the name of Pepperell. Sir William died in 1759, and from that time the fortunes of the family began to wane. At the outbreak of the Revolution young Sir William Sparhawk Pepperell remained loyal to king; the Pepperell estates were confiscated and the most of the personal property was taken by the government officials to Boston or was scattered abroad never to be restored to the family. The young Sir William fled to England, the old mansion was sold, and strangers sat at its hearthstone.

After the death of Sir William Pepperell, in 1759, his widow, Lady Pepperell, removed to a new house built for her about 1765 by her son-in-law, Captain Sparhawk. This stately residence, now known as the "Lady Pepperell House" still stands in an excellent state of preservation. It represents a more modern style of architecture than the Pepperell mansion, being a spacious two-story house with hip-roof and four large chimneys. It has an imposing doorway set in a projecting front which is supported by two tall fluted pilasters and crowned by an ornamented gable. Its fine hall and staircase are similar to those in the Pepperell mansion. The hall is now furnished with a large antique sofa, high-backed chairs, and mahogany side-table; and a tall clock stands at the first landing of the stairway. A portrait of Lady Pepperell and some of her own furniture are still preserved in the Lady Pepperell house. Lady Pepperell died in 1789, having maintained for thirty years the dignity of her position, in solitary state, never forgetting what was due to her title even after the Revolution had swept away the unsubstantial rank and splendor of an American baronetcy.

Following the road leading from the Pepperell Mansion toward the end of Kittery Point, we pass Fort McClary, and soon come to the ancient Sparhawk Manse. This house was built in 1742, by William Pepperell, for his daughter Elizabeth on her marriage to Colonel Nathaniel Sparhawk. The bride, who left the old Pepperell mansion for this new home, was a young woman in every way fitted for the social position which she occupied. She had not only inherited the virtues and graces of her grandmother, the "sweet Margory

HALL OF THE LADY PEPPERELL HOUSE

Bray," but she had been educated in the best schools in Boston and was skilled in all the accomplishments of her day. While in Boston she met Nathaniel Sparhawk, a young man of eminent worth and high social standing, to whom she soon became engaged.

The marriage of this young couple took place in the old Pepperell mansion and was, doubtless, a brilliant affair, as befitted the exalted station of both parties. It is pleasant to remember that this was a June wedding, and a brief reference to the summer *trousseau* of this colonial bride will appeal to the maidens and matrons of to-day.

"Send me," writes William Pepperell, in ordering his daughter's outfit from England, "by ye first opportunity for this place or Boston, Silk to make a woman a full suit of clothes, the ground to be white paduroy and flowered with all sorts of coulers suitable for a young woman — another of white watered Taby, and Gold Lace for trimming it; twelve yards of Green Paduroy; thirteen yards of lace, for a woman's headdress, two inches wide, as can be bought for 13s per yard; a handsome fan, with a leather mounting, as good as can be bought for about 20 shillings; two pair silk shoes, and cloggs a size bigger than ye shoe." [1]

Thus we have a vision of the fair young bride, in her flowered gown and silk shoes, as she walked along the grassy lane leading from the Pepperell homestead to the splendid new mansion which was henceforth to be her home. This picture soon changes to that of the stately matron, the mother of four sons and one daughter who filled the great house with life and happiness.

It was not until the outbreak of the Revolution that fate laid its heavy hand on this household. In 1775, the

[1] Collections of the Maine Historical Society, Series II, Vol. XI., p. 228.

young baronet, Sir William Sparhawk Pepperell fled to England. In 1776, Colonel Nathaniel Sparhawk died. Elizabeth lived in her widowhood for twenty-one years and was then laid to rest, with her husband, in the Pepperell tomb at Kittery.

A grass-grown path still leads to the Sparhawk mansion which stands apart from the neighboring houses, at some distance from the highway, in aristocratic seclusion. The approach to the house reveals a well-preserved building with the old-fashioned gambrel-roof and dormer-windows, but it has also a cupola upon the roof which gives a somewhat modern aspect to the house. Two magnificent linden-trees, set out in 1742, still keep ward and watch at the front of this old-time mansion, and a tall Lombardy poplar adds a touch of old-world picturesqueness to the view. The interior of the house presents one of the finest and most perfect types of pure colonial architecture and finish now existing in New England; and, happily, it remains just as it was when young Sir William Sparhawk Pepperell fled from the country at the outbreak of the Revolution. The paper on the walls of the hall and living-room was brought from London and show a wonderful design in English landscape. The paneled woodwork and wainscotting are remarkable in their style and finish, and the great fireplaces, with tile-borders representing scenes from Greek Mythology, still suggest the unbounded hospitality of colonial days. The balustrade in the hall of this house is of the same pattern as that in the two Pepperell houses, thus showing a unanimity of taste in the builders of these family homes.

In its palmy days, the Sparhawk Manse contained a fine picture gallery which included among its treasures many rare portraits and historical paintings. In reference to these pictures, Usher Parsons, the biographer of

The Sparhawk Mansion at Kittery Point

Pepperell, writes: "The large hall of this mansion was lined with some fifty portraits of the Pepperell and Sparhawk families, and of the friends and companions-in-arms of Sir William;" and in a manuscript written, in 1846, by an old lady of York, are these lines describing the Sparhawk hall:

> "Where rows of pictures, set in goodly frames,
> Of squires and belted knights and stately dames,
> Hung on the walls, now desolate and bare,
> Or patched with paper fluttering in the air."

In addition to all these attractions, the Sparhawk Manse has its haunted chamber; but what poor ghost is here compelled to "dree his weird," we do not know. Is it, perchance, the once gay and handsome young Tory baronet returned to do penance in his ancestral halls because he loved the colonies less than he loved his king?

However this may be, it matters not. "All houses, wherein men have lived and died, are haunted houses;" and, in these old homes of Kittery, the Brays, the Pepperells and the Sparhawks are still very real and insistent beings, although their bodies have long since crumbled into dust.

Kittery Point has other houses well worthy of mention on account of their venerable age and many antique treasures. Among these is the William T. Gerrish house. The Gerrishes were connected with some of the best of the old families of Kittery, and have inherited a most valuable and interesting collection of family relics. The house is a sharp-roofed two-story edifice of the conventional design of its period, but its

severity of style is relieved by a porch in front and a low ell overspread by two tall trees which greatly add to the picturesqueness of the place.

In 1743, Benjamin Gerrish, son of Timothy, built a large two-story house, with a lean-to, which is still occupied by his descendants; and, in 1750, his brother, John Gerrish, built the large square house on the west end of Gerrish Island which is now used as a summer residence.

Another house which should not be overlooked on Kittery Point is that of John Deering, which was built in 1700, for his grandmother, Joan Bray Deering, a sister of Margery Bray Pepperell.

Kittery Point also has the distinction of having a very ancient church and parsonage. The church was built in 1730. The Pepperells were among its most influential founders; and it is often called the Pepperell church. The building was remodeled in 1874 and now presents quite a modern aspect, although it still retains its ancient belfry and its tall narrow windows set with innumerable small panes of glass.

The Kittery parsonage was built in 1729. This is a plain two-story house of no architectural pretensions, and begins to look time-worn and weary with the stress of passing generations.

Standing side by side in the midst of the historic mansions of the past, this old church and parsonage remain as momuments of the spiritual and religious experience which was a prominent element in the life of the people of Kittery Point at the time of its greatest social and material prosperity.

Pipe Stave Landing

ALONG CROOKED LANE AND THE NEWICHAWANNOCK

"The huge elms that stood along the river shore were full of shadows, while above, the large house was growing bright with candle-light, and taking on a cheerful air of invitation."

—*Sarah Orne Jewett.*

II

ALONG CROOKED LANE AND THE NEWICHAWANNOCK

LEAVING Kittery Point, and passing up the beautiful stretch of water known as Crooked Lane, we find the oldest garrison house in Kittery. This ancient landmark was built by Robert Cutts, Senior, who settled here about 1652. It is now proudly pointed out as the birthplace of a signer of the Declaration of Independence. The patriot and soldier who thus added to the fame of the old Cutts garrison house was General William Whipple, son of William and Mary Whipple. The Whipples were of good old English stock, descended from the Ipswich Whipples whose ancestral home is still standing, and is considered the finest and best-preserved house of its period now existing in Massachusetts. William Whipple of Kittery married Mary Cutts who inherited the garrison house from her Cutts ancestors. Their son, Gen. William Whipple, born in this humble home, married the daughter of Mr. Moffatt of Portsmouth and afterward resided in the elegant Moffatt mansion which was one of the most beautiful colonial homes of New Hampshire.

Two daughters were also born to William and Mary Whipple in the old Cutts garrison house and are no less worthy of mention than their more famous brother. The oldest was Hannah Whipple who married Dr. Joshua Brackett of Portsmouth. A tombstone in the old Kittery burying-ground bears the following epitaph,

in memory of Hannah Whipple Brackett, which impresses us as of unusual interest.

"In memory of Mrs. Hannah Brackett, widow of Doctor Joshua Brackett, who died April 24th, 1825, in the 71st year of her age.

A pious, cheerful, rational Christian; possessing an active, intelligent mind, much of her time was employed in literary pursuits; and her acquirements were manifested with that female diffidence which made her conversation pleasing to men of science."

This is one of the very few references to literary women which I have found in my studies of old colonial homes; and it plainly teaches that although the women of that day might be gifted with literary talent, they were not expected to be overbold in the expression of their views.

The second daughter of William and Mary Whipple was quite as remarkable as her sister in her intellectual endowments. She was the ancestress of James Russell Lowell, to whom she may have bequeathed her unusual mental qualities. The old Cutts garrison house, which was the home of the Whipples, is still standing in Kittery. It retains its projecting upper story; and its well-preserved interior is furnished with the ancestral treasures of the family.

Following the course of the early settlers up the Piscataqua, we come to the Dennett homestead which was built about the year 1720.[1] This is an ideal New England farmhouse, spacious, quaint, and charming; and is approached by an avenue of lofty trees. It was the home of the Hon. Mark Dennett who had the somewhat

[1] "Old Kittery and Her Families," by Rev. E. E. Stackpole, p. 90.

unique experience of having been a representative to General Court before the separation of Maine from Massachusetts, and, after that, a representative to our state legislature for many years. He was a school-teacher by profession; and at his death, at the age of ninety-seven, it was said that three generations of people then living in Kittery had been his pupils. The Dennetts are of Norman origin; and proudly claim descent from Hugh D'Anet who is said to have come into England with William the Conqueror.[1]

The first settler within the limits of the present town of Eliot was Nicholas Frost. He came of good old Devonshire stock, and with his wife and two sons emigrated to this country about 1634. He and his descendants were men of forceful character and have held honorable and influential positions in the community.

The name of this family calls up many interesting local and historical associations. Major Charles Frost was one of the most notable men of his day in the Province. He was Justice of the Peace, Representative to General Court, member of the Governor's Council, and Commander-in-chief of the Militia of Maine. He was killed by the Indians, at Ambush Rock, while returning from church at the Parish of Unity, on the 4th of July, 1697. The descendants of Major Charles Frost were allied by marriage to the best families in Kittery. Two of the sons and one of the grandsons of Major Charles married into the Pepperell family. A daughter, Mary, married Captain John Hill who commanded Fort Mary, at Winter Harbor, which fortress he named in honor of his bride.

[1] "Old Kittery and Her Families," p. 352.

The old colonial homes of the Frost family, in Eliot, are now represented by the house built in 1749 by Eliot Frost, son of Charles and Jane Frost; and by the large two-story house built ten years earlier, by Colonel John Frost, an older brother of Eliot Frost. In addition to these, there is the small log garrison house, built by the Frosts about 1733, which now serves the very useful purpose of a woodshed on the estate of Mr. Frederick Frost.

Although the ancient Frost garrison house was destroyed in 1760, and the building which was erected to take its place has also passed away, we may form some opinion of the daily life in the Frost family and of their position in the community simply by reading the inventory of their household possessions in the wills of Major Frost and of his son Charles Frost. These wills enumerate many articles of value and of uncommon interest. For example, Major Charles Frost bequeathed to his son Charles Frost, Junior, the homestead and five hundred acres of land; and also a negro man named Tony. He gave to his second son, John Frost, a dwelling and land at Strawberry Bank, Portsmouth, N. H.; also a piece of gold called a "guinia," and a negro boy named "Esq." He gave to his son Nicholas other lands lying and being in the town of Kittery. His will states: "Also do I give to my son Nicholas all my money of old England coin and a piece of gold called a Jacobus,[1] together with my negro boy Prince." [2]

The will of Charles Frost, Junior, which was probated in 1724, mentions silver porringers, silver spoons, a silver tobacco box, a silver seal, a watch, a seal ring and gold rings, pistols and holsters, a silver-hilted

[1] A "Jacobus" was a gold coin first issued in 1615, in the reign of James I. One of the coins of this issue is now in the collection of the British Museum.

[2] See Maine Wills.

"scimiter," two riding horses, his "books of all sorts," beside gold and silver coins, to say nothing of the furniture and cattle and the three negro slaves, named Prince, Pompey and Cæsar. Item 12, in this will reads: "I give to the church in Berwick, my small silver tankerd." This "tankerd" is still treasured, with other pieces of communion silver in the church at South Berwick.

In the will of Jane Frost, widow and gentlewoman, are the following minor bequests:

Item: I give and bequeath to my well-beloved daughter, Sarah Frost, my mourning suit of clothes.

Item: I give and bequeath to my well-beloved daughter, Margery Wentworth, my black suit of clothes and my gold necklace.

Item: I give and bequeath to my daughter-in-law, Miriam Frost, my cloth riding-hood.

Item: I give and bequeath to my well-beloved daughter, Margery Wentworth, my large silver salver and fine silver spoons.

Item: I give and bequeath to my well-beloved granddaughters, Jane Frost and Jane Wentworth, all the rest of my wearing apparel of every sort to be equally divided betwixt them.[1]

I have found nothing, in my study of the old colonial homes which has so appealed to my personal sympathy as these old wills; and especially pathetic are these bequests of "Jane Frost Gentlewoman," in which she divides her personal treasures and cherished pieces of wearing apparel between her two well-beloved daughters, and the two granddaughters each of whom bore her name. This will, and that of the husband of Jane Frost,

[1] Maine Wills.

suggest very distinctly the touch of luxury which alleviated the discomforts and hardships in the home life of the better classes during the early colonial period.

The honor of being the oldest house in Eliot has been claimed for the Toby house, a little, long, one-story building erected by John Toby in 1727. But there is another time-worn, weather-beaten little house of almost equal antiquity, which is located in the upper part of Eliot and known as the home of Noah Emery. This little old house was originally the ell of a much larger dwelling, and is of especial interest because it served as the office of the first lawyer residing in Maine. Noah Emery was admitted to the bar in 1725, and served as King's Attorney for the Province. He had a library consisting of "books of law, physic, divinity and history," a valuable collection for those days, which he bequeathed to his sons.

The two Bartlett houses in Eliot are also noteworthy. One of these was built by Nathan Bartlett in 1740, and has been occupied by six generations of the Bartlett family. The other was built by John Heard Bartlett in 1750.

The residence now owned and occupied by Dr. J. L. M. Willis of Eliot is a handsome two-story house with bay windows and inviting porticos, shaded by two magnificent elm-trees. This house was originally a low-roofed cottage built by a Mr. Dixon, and purchased, about 1775, by the great-grandfather of Dr. Willis. An old chimney of the house bears the date of 1727. Another very old house, reputed to have been built in 1700, and still having its original shutters stands just north of the residence of Dr. Willis.[1]

[1] Old Kittery and Her Families, p. 232.

THE NASON-HAMILTON ESTATE

The town of Eliot also possessed, in the well-remembered Shapleigh homestead, a fine example of early colonial architecture, with picturesque gambrel-roof and one huge center chimney. This chimney was shaken down on the fateful first of November, 1755, which will long be known as

> —"the terrible earthquake day"
> When "the deacon finished the one-hoss shay."

Unfortunately this typical old home, after surviving the storms and earthquakes of two centuries, was torn down in 1899, and must be added to our much-regretted list of late, lamented houses.

Next to Eliot lie the beautiful shores of South Berwick, a town famous for its fine old houses, around which cluster many historic and social traditions. Let us pause first in that most picturesque spot which, in olden times was called "Pipe Stave Landing." Here, in 1639, Richard Nason possessed a grant of two hundred acres of land, and, here, he and his descendants lived for a century or more. The old Nason homestead, whose kindly and dauntless owner was fined for harboring and entertaining Quakers within its hospitable walls, has long since crumbled into dust; and on its site now stands the handsome colonial mansion built by Colonel Jonathan Hamilton. This house is very spacious, and its interior is elaborately finished in the old colonial style. Colonel Hamilton was a wealthy lumber merchant and spared no expense in making his home one of the most beautiful dwelling-houses of its time. This old mansion is described by Miss Jewett, in the opening chapter of the "Tory Lover," as "the chief show and glory of a rich provincial neighborhood."

Two other remarkably fine mansions in South Berwick are the Judge Hayes house, which is located on a terraced hillside commanding a most picturesque view of the river valley and distant mountains, and the famous Cushing mansion built by Madame Wallingford for her daughter Mrs. Cushing. All of these houses are most suggestive of the historic days and the elegant social life in the last quarter of the eighteenth century; but they were not erected until after the close of the Revolution. We therefore reluctantly let the ghosts of Paul Jones, John Hancock, General Lafayette and other distinguished personages, who have been guests in these historic homes, slip silently away without even asking for their story.

Happily we still have in South Berwick one fine example of the earlier colonial houses with which to grace our pages. This is the Jewett mansion; and it is a most perfect type of the old colonial dwelling. For spacious elegance, richness of finish, harmony of design and that indefinite something, which we call atmosphere, it is without a rival in our state. It is a two-story house, with colonial portico, hip-roof and dormer-windows. From its hospitable front doorway one steps into a large, finely proportioned hall which presents that distinctive effect for which our modern architects have so often striven but seldom succeeded in producing; and from the rear of the hall a large, handsomely carved and paneled door, ornamented with a quaint, brass knocker, opens into a delightful, old-fashioned garden. A broad archway, supported by two finely proportioned pillars, frames the stairway, making a perfect architectural picture as viewed from either doorway on the lower floor.

The stairway rises by easy ascent to a broad landing, lighted by an oval-topped window of beautiful and unique

THE JEWETT MANSION AT SOUTH BERWICK

design; and thence turns to the left to reach the floor above. The balustrade is of solid red wood with elaborately wrought newel-posts, rods and railing. The paneling and woodwork in the hall is hand-carved and of an elaborate pattern; and the fluted cornice is very deep and of a most artistic design. A tall mahogany clock stands in a corner of the landing; and Chippendale chairs, antique side-tables and two long, narrow settles, with curiously carved mahogany frames, give a genuinely colonial aspect to this fine hall.

The paneling, mantles, and other woodwork in parlor and library are also of rich and most elaborate workmanship; and the fluted cornices around the ceilings are a foot in depth. All of this interior finish was originally of solid dark red wood; but unfortunately was painted white by one of the earlier owners of the house. The walls of the parlor are still papered with the original hangings in the shades of dark red and pale rose color, and form a fitting background for the antique mahogany furniture which adorns the room. The library, the state dining-room, and the smaller but very attractive breakfast-room are all furnished with the rare old heirlooms of the family, with which, by faultless taste, the modern additions of books, pictures and bric-a-brac, have been made to harmonize. The chambers are furnished with high-posted, canopied bedsteads, antique mirrors, silver candelabra and inlaid dressing-tables which make us feel as though we were living in a perpetual story-book.

Among the art treasures of the house is the portrait of Maine's gifted authoress, Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, painted by her artist friend, Mrs. Sarah Whitman. The delicate, yet strong and spiritual face of Miss Jewett thus looks down and graciously greets the guest from the corner of the library; and we gain, in this alluring

room, a better understanding of how Miss Jewett has been able to give to her books that fine flavor, that characteristic atmosphere and exquisite expression of true New England life which is lacking in the work of so many of our modern writers.

The Jewett mansion was built in 1774 by John Haggens, a wealthy merchant who lavished his ample means on this ideal home. The house was purchased sometime prior to 1830 by Captain Theodore F. Jewett, and has been in the possession of the Jewett family for three generations. Here the eminent physician, Doctor Theodore H. Jewett lived during his long and useful life, beloved and revered by all who knew him; and here his daughters, Miss Sarah Orne Jewett and Miss Mary R. Jewett still dispense the old-time hospitality and preserve the ancient traditions of the house. Unlike most of our old colonial mansions, the Jewett homestead has not seen the glory depart from its gates; and we leave the doors of this ideal home feeling glad that Maine can claim the birthplace of one who, in her writings, has given to the world the noblest types of New England womanhood.

Other old pre-Revolutionary houses of the plainer sort in Berwick are the Yeaton House, the Stackpole house (formerly the Butler house), the Hersom house, built by Edward Haggens, the house of Judge Hill now owned by Mrs. Parsons, and a second Hill house owned by E. S. Goodwin. Another old house which is the property of W. A. H. Goodwin represents a similar style of building.

These old homesteads, as they stand on their ancestral acres, along the shores and on the hillsides of old Eliot

Upper Hall in the Jewett Mansion

and South Berwick, still preserve an air of quiet and unobtrusive superiority which is born of good and ancient lineage; and seem apparently quite indifferent to the more pretentious but ephemeral claims of the modern summer cottages that have recently appeared upon the coast.

Colonial Mantelpiece in the Jewett Mansion

OLD HOUSES IN YORK AND KENNEBUNK

"Built in the old Colonial day,
When men lived in a grander way,
With ampler hospitality."

— *Longfellow.*

III

OLD HOUSES IN YORK AND KENNEBUNK

RETURNING to the coast, we come to the old historic town of York, called at the time of the visit of Captain John Smith, in 1614, by its ancient Indian name Agamenticus. In 1640, Agamenticus was chartered as a city, the first city in America, but twelve years later the charter was revoked and the place was given the name of York. As the county seat, the town of York very early in its history acquired local importance and is now rich in civic, ecclesiastical, military and social traditions. Here stand the ancient jail built in 1653; the old meeting-house whose corner-stone was laid in 1747; the McIntyre Garrison of historic fame; several fine large houses that were once used as taverns, and many spacious mansion-houses of the colonial gentry.

The old jail, built in 1653, is unique in being the only building of its class remaining from the early colonial period. Its solid wall, heavy doors, high windows, huge locks, bolts, and iron gratings recall the days when this building was a terror to evil-doers. One has only to glance at the York Records to learn the misdeeds for which the inhabitants of the county were here incarcerated, and often after a preliminary punishment in the stocks, or by lashings upon the back. Happily now these unpleasant associations are growing dim, especially since the old jail has been converted into

an historical museum by the public-spirited women of the town. It now contains a fine collection of antiquities and historical relics which are of interest to every chance visitor, or summer guest, in this charming old seaport.

The ecclesiastical records of the town of York during the eighteenth century are, without doubt, the most interesting of any in our state. One of the earliest colonial parsons established here was Shubael Dummer who was killed by the Indians in the terrible massacre of 1692. Dummer was succeeded by Samuel Moody, a Harvard graduate, and a man of great piety and learning, who came to this outpost of the wilderness in the true missionary spirit. He served the church faithfully from 1700 to 1747, albeit with many eccentricities of character and a truly dominant sway.

This, however, was the age when denunciatory sermons, with scathing personalities, were frequently indulged in by the pulpit, and both saint and sinner trembled beneath the law. During the pastorate of Father Moody, many of his church members received public warnings and reproofs; but it is evident that they sometimes rebelled, for Ralph Waldo Emerson, the great-grandson of Father Moody, tells us that "when offended parishioners wounded by his pointed preaching would rise to go out of church," the parson would cry out: "Come back, you graceless sinner, come back!"

Some of the sermons, to which Father Moody's flock were thus somewhat peremptorily invited to listen, are still in print under the following titles: "The Vain Youth Summoned to Appear Before Christ's Bar;" "The Doleful State of the Damned;" and "The Traitor

Judas Hung Up in Chains." [1] And yet we are constrained to believe that Father Moody was a gentle, kindly, lovable man whose long pastorate was marked by heroic self-sacrifice and devoted service to the welfare of his people. This eccentric old colonial parson was the father of a still more eccentric son known as "Handkerchief Moody." Father Samuel Moody died in 1747, and the parish voted to raise sixty-five pounds to enable his family to go into proper mourning.

Such was the religious spirit of pastor and people in the community when the old meeting-house, now standing in York, was erected in 1747. This ancient house of worship is located on one of the principal streets of the town, and is an excellent model of the New England church in the second period of its development, after porches and steeples had been added to the original barn-like structures. Its interior was also typical of the period when it was erected. Its square box-pews, its massive pulpit under the high sounding-board, its low galleries and long windows have often been described; and we cannot help thinking how incongruous with all this barrenness and severity must have seemed the gorgeous costumes of the embroidered, brocaded, be-wigged and be-ruffled old saints who strode majestically down these bare aisles and sat heroically in the uncomfortable, high-backed pews.

But this old house of worship, notwithstanding its severe and forbidding aspect, is so hallowed with memories, and so rich in its priceless parish records, to which so many of the old families of Maine owe a debt of gratitude, that one gazes upon the building, not with idle curiosity, but with a reverent interest. Modern customs have mitigated its discomforts and time has

[1] Williamson's Bibliography of Maine, Vol. II, p. 136.

mellowed its walls — and also the doctrines advanced from its ancient pulpit — but an atmosphere of the early Sabbath-day sanctity still remains which, with its inherited and acquired traditions, makes it the typical old colonial meeting-house of Maine.

The McIntyre Garrison House, built in 1640, is the oldest block house now in existence in the State of Maine. It was built by Micum McIntyre, a loyal and dauntless Scotch soldier of the old country, who had been captured by Cromwell's army and, with other Scotch royalists, exiled to the new world. The energy, enterprise, and especially the fighting qualities of "Micum" immediately found scope in the new country. It must have been no small task, considering the facilities of the period, to construct this heavy fortification with its rough-hewn timbers, dove-tailed together, and its massive, projecting second story loopholed for firing upon the enemy. The equipments and the commander of this old fort, taken together, were so formidable that the very name of McIntyre struck terror into the savage breast of the Indian; and on that terrible night of February 5th, 1692, when the town of York was burned by the French and Indians, every dwelling-house was destroyed; but the McIntyre garrison remained secure. It still stands as a monument to the valor of its builder and of the dramatic scenes enacted in the early history of this ancient town.

The old Judkins garrison house, built about the same time as the McIntyre garrison, is now a dilapidated forsaken building but still lifts its one huge chimney in token of the life and light once existing, but long since extinct, upon its hearthstone.

In the early colonial days every town was required by law to maintain an ordinary, or tavern for the entertainment of travelers and the best and most commodious dwelling in the place was often used as a public house. Rules were prescribed by the General Court, as to the food and drinks to be provided for the guests; and also the prices for the same. During the seventeenth century, dancing, card playing and all disorderly conduct were prohibited; and the landlord himself was chosen from among the most staid and respectable men of the town. As the years passed on, more laxity was allowed in the general regulations; but the taverns still retained all the dignity of the most hospitable of private houses.

At the door of the ancient ordinary, swung the creaking sign-board with its time-honored legend announcing entertainment for man and beast; and, within, was the alluring tap-room, with its huge fire-place where the great logs were kept brightly burning, and its tempting bar where hot flip and other stronger drinks were served at short notice to the ever thirsty guest. The tavern tap-room was the Mecca of the traveler and of the village loafer alike. It was the paradise of the joker and the story-teller; it was the club-room where home and foreign politics were discussed and public sentiment moulded; it served in the place of the daily paper for the circulation of news from abroad, and rivaled the modern clipping bureau in the dissemination of local biographical and critical notices. The most brilliant social functions of the town were also frequently held at the tavern where, in the later colonial times, a banqueting room and dancing hall were always at the service of the guests.

Such an hostelry was the old Wilcox tavern at York, which still preserves an air of consequence and mellow hospitality. This old tavern was one of the most preten-

tious houses of its class,—a large two-story edifice, with high hip-roof, spacious rooms, and wide halls with two large doors ever ready to open in welcome to the guest. It still stands surrounded by magnificent elms, a type of the old-time colonial tavern.

The old Wilcox tavern like other famous contemporary hostelries has sheltered many distinguished guests under its time-worn roof; and some very entertaining traditions have been preserved in regard to those exciting days just prior to the Revolution when Whig and Tory met within its doors.

As York was the county seat to which the judges and barristers from New Hampshire and Massachusetts often came, the court sessions were attended with much official pomp and ceremony. This doubtless contributed an aristocratic quality to the tone of society in this ancient town, and aided in elevating the social plane of its entire people. A brief record of the customs of this period has been left to us by John Adams who, as a young barrister, came to York in 1774, and who made at that time the following entry in his journal:

"When I got to the tavern on the eastern side of the Piscataquis river, I found the sheriff of York and six of his deputies, all with gold-laced hats, ruffles, swords and very gay clothes, and all likely young men who had come out to that place to escort the court into town."

This gives us a hint of the pomp and splendor affected by the court officials in those olden days "when the judges wore robes of scarlet, with large cambric bands, and immense wigs, while the barristers had gowns, and also bands and tie-wigs. As the judges approached the shire towns, the sheriff met them with an escort and

Old Wilcox Tavern at York

flourish of trumpets. Their arrival was announced by cannon; and the daily summons to the court, before bells were introduced, was by beating a drum." [1]

The first court held in York in 1653 was presided over by Chief Justice Right Worshipful Richard Bellingham; and from that time to the days of Judge Sewall, the builder of Coventry Hall, the pomp and ceremony of the court penetrated into the private residences and gave to the homes of York a characteristic dignity.

Of the early homes of the old families of York, much of interest might be written. Among the most noteworthy of these spacious and elegant old mansions, are the Sayward house, the Pell house, and the Barrell house, all of which are rich in colonial traditions. The handsome Sewall mansion, named Coventry Hall, from Coventry, England, the original home of the Sewall family, is a rare example of the more elaborate type which appeared just after the Revolution. The front of the house is ornamented by two fine columns with elaborately carved capitals; and its pillared doorway surmounted by a glass fanlight of extraordinarily beautiful design, is ever a delight to the guest, or the passer-by.

The oldest house in York is undoubtedly the little Bradbury cottage which occupies a picturesque location on the banks of the York river.

The Sayward mansion is also of very ancient date and is especially rich in historic traditions. This house was built by Jonathan Sayward, who was one of the most wealthy men of his time in Maine. He was a successful merchant and prominent in public affairs, having been

[1] Collections of the Maine Historical Society, Series II., Vol. I., p. 305.

Representative to the General Court for seventeen years; also Judge of the Court of Common Pleas and Judge of Probate for York County. At the outbreak of the Revolutionary troubles, he was a staunch and conscientious loyalist; and while treated with respect by his fellow townspeople, he was virtually a prisoner in his own house for many months during the trying year of 1775.

The Sayward house contains a full length portrait of Jonathan Sayward, and also portraits of his wife and daughter painted by Blackburn, between 1750 and 1765. In addition to these rare old colonial portraits, the descendants of the Saywards also possess many antique treasures some of which were brought from Louisburg by Judge Sayward in his own vessel, in 1746.[1]

But this famous old house is also of interest from the fact that it was the birthplace of Maine's first woman novelist, Madam Sally Barrell Keating Wood. This remarkable authoress was the daughter of Nathaniel Barrell and Sally Sayward, and granddaughter of Judge Jonathan Sayward. She lived until her marriage in the ancestral Sayward mansion, and during her childhood she must have heard many romantic and exciting tales of the early settlers which doubtless stimulated her vivid imagination and inspired her love for story-telling. One of the most remarkable of these tales was the tradition of the "Sixteen Silver Porringers." This is a story as true as it is romantic; and is worthy of remembrance as a type of many similar tales which were the actual experiences of not a few of the early colonists who were captured and taken to Canada by the Indians. But not many of these prisoners were so fortunate as the Lady of the "Sixteen Silver Porringers." This old colonial

[1] Collections of the Maine Historical Society, Series II., Vol. I., p. 403.

heroine was the aunt of Jonathan Sayward. It was when she was a little girl that the Indians made the fateful attack on York and killed so many of the inhabitants.

Little Hannah Sayward was among the eighty-four prisoners that were captured at this time. She was taken to Quebec, where her captors were induced, by a large reward, to give her into the keeping of a wealthy French lady. Little Hannah was educated in a convent; and when she grew up she became a nun. Her benefactress, on her death, left a large property, one half of which was given to Hannah and the other half to the nunnery of which the little New England-born girl, in time, became the Lady Abbess. Then it chanced, one day, that a stranger visited the nunnery, and told the sweet-faced Lady Abbess that he came from the town of York in Maine. The surprise of the guest can be imagined when the Abbess said, "I too came from York in Maine; my name was Hannah Sayward."

When the stranger, who was Mr. Manuel Beal of York, left Quebec, the Lady Abbess sent by him sixteen small silver porringers, one for each of her sixteen nieces and nephews. One of these porringers came to Jonathan Sayward who, in course of time, purchased from his cousins all the rest of them and had them melted and made over into six large porringers. One of these large porringers is still owned by a descendant in York. What became of the five, tradition saith not.

Listening to such stories as this, it is no wonder that Sally Sayward treasured up material for future use as an author. Her own life, too, was eventful. At the age of eighteen she was united in marriage to Richard Keating of York. The wealthy grandfather built a fine house for the young couple near his own where they lived happily until the sudden death of Mr. Keating in

1783. Then to divert her mind from her own sorrow, Mrs. Keating essayed the pleasurable task of authorship. In 1804, she married General Abiel Wood of Wiscasset, and subsequently gave to the old Wood mansion of that town the distinction of being the home of the most noted literary lady of the time in Maine. Later in life "Madam" Wood resided in Portland; and subsequently at Kennebunk where she died at the age of ninety-five.

Williamson gives a list of seven novels written by Mrs. Wood who calls herself, upon her title pages, "A Lady of Maine." She also wrote many biographical and historical articles. It is said, however, that when the Waverley Novels appeared she was so dissatisfied with her own works that she gathered what she could of them and destroyed them. The historian and biographer of to-day can give up the works of fiction written by the "Lady of Maine," with comparative resignation; but the loss of Madam Wood's personal reminiscences and sketches of early colonial life is irreparable.

The villages of Kennebunk and Kennebunkport are recognized rivals of Old York in the natural beauty of their location and in their fine old homes hallowed by historic associations.

The oldest building in Kennebunk is the garrison house which was built as a defense against the Indians in 1730. This ancient historic landmark is still preserved on the estate recently purchased, for a summer home, by Mr. William A. Rogers of Buffalo; and here the quaint and time-worn garrison house will stand, amidst the beautiful gardens, cultivated lawns, and all the improvements of modern life, in mute, but eloquent, expression of the changes wrought by time.

One of the most notable of the old dwelling-houses in Kennebunk is the Waldo Emerson mansion which stands on the road to Kennebunkport and which was built, according to local tradition in the year 1760. It is a large, handsome two-story house with gambrel-roof and two huge chimneys; and in its exterior is fully comparable to the Pepperell mansion at Kittery Point.

Waldo Emerson, one of the ablest and most influential of the early settlers of Kennebunk, was an enterprising and successful business man. His wife was esteemed as "a valuable woman, distinguished for all those virtues which make up the Christian character." The home which this worthy couple founded was an ideal one, in its time; but they did not live long to enjoy its comforts and dispense its hospitalities. Mr. Waldo Emerson died at the age of thirty-eight, and his wife at thirty-two. Their only daughter, Sarah, married Theodore Lyman who, with his wife's inheritance and the money which he acquired in the West India trade, rebuilt the Waldo house in a manner of "surpassing magnificence." In the year 1785, a distinguished visitor wrote of this new mansion: "It is fit for a nobleman. I have seen nothing like it in this country, and scarcely anywhere."

This old house, which was once "of surpassing magnificence," is now in the possession of the Kingsbury heirs. There seems to be a little disagreement among the authorities as to whether it is the original Waldo Emerson house remodeled by Theodore Lyman; or whether Theodore Lyman's mansion was an entirely new structure built after the Revolution, but local tradition ascribes the house to the earlier colonial period.

The oldest house in Kennebunk is said to be the Parsons homestead. Tradition tells us that this house

was built by Joseph Storer, in 1758, and that it was the first painted house in the town.

Kennebunkport, also, claims among its elegant and stately homesteads, some very ancient dwellings. The oldest is the Nevin house said to have been built as early as 1730, by Thomas Perkins, Junior. This was a typical old-time home, of the smaller low-studded two-story pattern with a "lean-to" in the rear; but it has been somewhat modernized by the addition of a front piazza which gives the house an attractive appearance as it stands on the banks of the Kennebunk river.

Not far from the Nevin house is the Hoff house, also of very early date, but which still rests securely on its ancient foundations, overlooking from its windows the pretentious new hotels and the modern residences of the summer visitors at the "Port."

The McLellan House at Gorham

THE COAST AND INLAND TOWNS

" 'Tis the old familiar homestead,
Its doors stand open wide;
One looks to the light of morning
And one to the sunset side;
But cometh the guest from the eastward,
Or cometh he from the west,
The broad hall gives its welcome,
Its welcome and its rest."

— *The Old Homestead.*

IV

THE COAST AND INLAND TOWNS

AS WE follow the coast of York County and reach the mouth of the Saco river, we come to a storied region which vividly recalls the days when

> "— traveled Jocelyn, factor Vines
> and stately Champernoon
> Heard on its banks the gray wolf's howl,
> the trumpet of the loon."

In these early times the Saco Valley was a very alluring place to adventurers of both high and low degree; and its shores were alive, not only with romance, but also with a very real and strenuous life. This is proved by the permanent foundations and substantial walls of the many old houses still existing in Biddeford and Saco.

The oldest house in Biddeford is presumably the ancient Jordan garrison house built in 1717, and originally surrounded by a strong stone wall as a protection from the Indians. This house was erected by Captain Samuel Jordan, a man of great enterprise and public spirit who was identified with the early prosperity of the town.

Another ancient, time-honored landmark in Biddeford is the old Emery house on the Pool Road which was built in 1730. Several generations of Emerys have lived and died in this house which still preserves a look of substantial antiquity although its exterior has been somewhat changed by modern improvements.

About 1730, also, Benjamin Haley, "an architect and builder of meeting-houses," erected for himself a two-story house on the north side of the Pool Road. This old house has sheltered five generations of the Haley family. The old Squire Pierson house, at Biddeford Pool dates back to 1737. The house of the Hon. Richworth Jordan, was built by this "chief magistrate of Biddeford" in 1742. The residence of Oliver Dean, a large and handsome house was erected in 1768. Among other pre-Revolutionary houses in Biddeford are the Jeremiah Hill house, the Cleaves house, the McCobb house, the Allen house and the Chadwick-Coffin house.

As we read the early history of each of these old towns of Maine we cannot fail to be impressed by the pre-eminence of some one of its inhabitants—some one leading man who commands attention for his success both in private life and in the public affairs of the community. Many of these men, in spite of the discouraging conditions of the times, amassed large fortunes, and left a famous "great house," as a monument to his family name.

Such a man was Colonel Thomas Cutts of Saco, a descendant of Richard Cutts of Kittery. When a young man, Thomas Cutts had been employed in the great business establishment of Sir William Pepperell, where his youthful ambition was no doubt stimulated by the unexampled success of the Pepperells; and in 1759, with a capital of one hundred dollars, he purchased a part of Indian Island at the entrance of the Saco river. Here he engaged in ship-building and the lumber trade and did much to develop the resources of the Saco valley.

Soon after his purchase at Indian Island in 1759, he built a small cottage on the shore, and to this humble home he brought his bride Elizabeth, daughter of Dominicus Scammon of Saco. Thomas Cutts and his family lived for twenty years in this low-roofed cottage which is still standing on the island; but as time passed and his fortune increased, he began to dream of building a splendid mansion which should rival the Pepperell and Sparhawk homes at Kittery. The foundations for such a house were laid, on the banks of Indian Island during the Revolution, and in 1782, the new home in its sumptuous elegance was completed. It still stands in an elevated location commanding a fine view of the Saco; and with its gambrel-roof, handsome doors, ornamental window-caps and other exterior finish, it remains a vivid reminder of the great days of old.

There were other old houses in Saco of no mean type; as is shown by the old Moody tavern on Main St., now called the Barrows house; the Captain Coit house; the Warren house built in 1756; the Amos Chase house on Beach St., built in 1763; and a part of the Scammon garrison house built in 1736. All these old houses serve to indicate the degree of material prosperity enjoyed by the early settlers in the region of the Saco valley.

The temptation to linger in the old towns of York county is very great; but on the coast and hillsides of Maine stand many other ancient homes which claim our notice. As we pass through the town of Scarborough, it is very easy to call to mind the great old manor houses which once stood upon its historic shores. It was here that Cammock, a nephew of the Earl of Warwick, settled with his young wife, the "fair Margaret;" and here they

built a "great house" and lived surrounded by their tenants in almost feudal state. Hither also came that young Englishman of noble birth, named Henry Jocelyn, who after the early death of Cammock, married the still young and beautiful Margaret; but of their lordly home no vestige now remains.

In later times the eminent Judge Southgate settled at Scarborough and built an imposing residence which was taken down and replaced about 1800 by the fine colonial mansion now known as the Southgate house.

Another historic residence which should have been preserved in Scarborough was the King house. Richard King, the builder of this old house, was one of the wisest and most patriotic of our colonists, as his speech [1] to the freemen of Scarborough, in 1769, plainly shows; and his three sons, born in this old homestead, were among the most noted men of their day and generation. These three famous brothers were Rufus King of New York, the American Minister to the Court of St. James; William King, the first Governor of Maine; and Cyrus King, Member of Congress from Maine. Of their birthplace, once known as the "King mansion," only a small and inferior portion now remains.

There are a number of other houses in Scarborough of an unpretentious type which doubtless antedate the Revolution. Among these is a remnant of the Vaughan garrison house which, in the troublesome days of Indian warfare, was an extensive building, or set of buildings, large enough to accommodate from sixteen to twenty families. Nothing now remains of this great garrison house except one small low-studded cottage which served as a schoolhouse for many years.

[1] Southgate's History of Scarborough, Coll. Maine Historical Society, Vol. III, p. 237.

Following the well-known Indian trail in those olden times one came to Falmouth Neck where the city of Portland now stands.

It is a matter of great regret that among all the beautiful homes in this city, many of which are of colonial style and finish, there is not one which we may call an example of the best class of pre-Revolutionary houses. Had not the town been burned by Mowatt, on that fateful eighteenth of October, 1775, many of its famous early homes would doubtless have been preserved to us. One of the houses, the loss of which is much to be lamented, was that of the noted old colonial parson, Thomas Smith. This house was built by the inhabitants of Falmouth Neck for their esteemed minister in 1728. It stood on Congress street opposite the head of India street. It was the "first house in the town to receive the ornament of a house paper which was put upon one of its rooms by nails."[1] This house was the last one which was destroyed in the conflagration of 1775.

As late as 1897, there were seven houses standing in Portland which escaped destruction at the time of Mowatt's bombardment. These were Marston's tavern and the houses of Parson Deane, John Cox, Benjamin Larrabee, Joshua Freeman, Joseph McLellan and Bryce McLellan.[2] They had all suffered from changes and the ravages of time; and within the last decade some of them have been permitted to drop entirely out of existence. The oldest house now standing in Portland is the Bryce McLellan house, 97 York street, which was built in 1731, by one of the founders of Portland whose name has been honorably perpetuated in the state.

[1] Memoir of Thomas Smith, p. 30.

[2] Collections of the Maine Historical Society, Series II, Vol. VIII, p. 77.

The name of McLellan is also associated with an old house in Gorham built by Hugh McLellan and his family. This was the first brick house in Cumberland county; and still stands in an excellent state of preservation. The bricks of which it is constructed were made by Hugh McLellan, with the assistance of his wife and children, in a brick-yard on their own land. The house was begun in 1770, and finished in 1774. One of the bricks bears the date 1773, imprinted by the fingers of Elizabeth McLellan. The building is a massive two-story structure. It had originally a curb-roof and dormer-windows, but now bears a steep-pitched roof with projecting eaves. In the story of "Good Old Times," by Elijah Kellogg, there are some very vivid and interesting descriptions of the life of the early occupants of this old house, and many stories are related, as told by "Grannie Warren," who was Martha, the daughter of Hugh and Elizabeth McLellan. The family was noted in those early days for its energy, thrift and generous hospitality. No poor man was ever turned from the doors of the McLellan homestead without assistance.

For nearly a century past this old mansion has been the home of Mrs. Caroline O. Wiggin, a lineal descendant of the first Hugh and Elizabeth McLellan. Here Mrs. Wiggin was born in 1818; here she lived all her days and here she died in 1908. Throughout her long life the traditions of the family were faithfully cherished; and the numerous relics, brought by Hugh and Elizabeth McLellan from Londonderry, Ireland, in 1733, have been sacredly preserved. The McLellans were of Scotch-Irish ancestry; and were descended from Sir Hugh McLellan of Argyle, Scotland, who was knighted in 1515.[1]

[1] McLellan's History of Gorham, p. 658.

About two miles from Gorham, on the old Buxton road stands another old colonial mansion called the Codman house. This house was built by one of the first settlers of the town whose name was John Cressy. It was purchased by James Codman of Portand in 1790 and under the *regime* of Madam Codman this fine old mansion became the center of the social and fashionable life of Gorham and its surrounding neighborhoods. Here the Longfellows, the Stephensons, the Smiths and many well-remembered people from Old Falmouth were often entertained. In its spacious wainscotted and high-paneled rooms, the minuet and the Virginia reel were often danced by the gentry of the place; "after which," as a local historian informs us, "Sally Green passed the wine and seed-cakes."

The shores of Casco Bay always offered a tempting haven to our early colonists and, as one might expect, numerous old colonial homes are found in this vicinity. At Stroudwater, there are several houses of unusual interest. The old Broad Tavern, standing in spacious grounds set with magnificent elms, is a type of the ancient colonial inn. It is a large square house with a gabled portico in front and an entrance at the side. It was built by Thadeus Broad as early as 1766, and was one of the famous hostelries on the road to Boston. The Fickett house, built about the same time as the Broad Tavern, is constructed of massive timbers and served as a garrison. It is well preserved and is a fine specimen of the conventional house of the period. The quaint little Patrick house in Stroudwater is probably the oldest in the place, and looks as though it might stand in its quiet, unobtrusive way for a century to come.

But of all the old houses in Stroudwater, the Tate house has the most interesting history. Although now deserted and dilapidated, it still preserves its look of distinction among the other old dwellings of its time. It is evidently a house with a history and full of alluring suggestions. Even the front door, with its long silent knocker, tells of a life a little above and apart from the common lot of the early settlers of Maine. This house was erected about 1775. Its builder, as we are told, was a direct descendant of the *De La Prey Abbey Tates* of Northamptonshire, England;[1] and, as if this were not enough to overawe the humble New England Chronicler, we are informed that George Tate, in his youth, was a seaman on board the first frigate built by Peter the Great; and was afterwards appointed agent for the Russian Czar and came to Maine to buy spars for the Russian navy. More wonderful even than this, the son of George Tate became the Admiral of the Russian fleet; and the Empress Catharine presented him with a portrait of herself set in diamonds, as a token of her personal favor.

The home of George Tate of Stroudwater was one of taste and elegance and was furnished with many of the luxuries of Europe; but to-day the ancient mansion stands empty and desolate: —

> "A kind of old Hobgoblin Hall,
> Now somewhat fallen to decay,
> With weather stains upon the wall,
> And stairways worn and crazy doors
> And creaking and uneven floors,
> And chimneys huge, and tiled and tall."

The name of the builder of the Tate house is, however, not forgotten, but is still held in honored

[1] Sylvester's Romance of Casco Bay. p. 128.

Old Tate House at Stroudwater

remembrance as one of the founders, and a devoted warden, of the first Episcopal Church in Portland.

As we follow the course of the few hardy and valiant men and women who boldly penetrated into the interior of Maine, we pass through many towns, each of which has its representative colonial home; and it is astonishing to learn how soon the rude log huts of the first settlers gave place to the frame dwelling, and this, in turn, to the spacious mansion, frequently called the "Great House."

Beginning with the town of Standish, named in honor of the staunch old Captain of Plymouth, we find two landmarks of pre-Revolutionary times. The older is a house formerly owned by Enoch Blake and now occupied by Rufus Gray. The second, in point of age, was built in 1774, and is now occupied by Thomas Shaw. There are other interesting old houses of a later date, and also a typical old New England church, built in 1785, which are still preserved and venerated by the people of this historic town.

New Gloucester, another town quite remote from the coast, has a handsome old house, known as the Foxcroft homestead, which was erected in 1765. This substantial and well-preserved house was built for the Rev. Samuel Foxcroft, a graduate of Harvard College, who was installed as pastor of the first church in New Gloucester in 1765.

The ordination of Parson Foxcroft must have been quite a festive occasion, according to the following entry in the Journal of Parson Smith of Falmouth: "January 16, Mr. Foxcroft was ordained at New Gloucester. We had a pleasant journey home; Mr. L. was alert and

kept us merry. A jolly ordination; we lost sight of decorum." [1]

These vivid pen-pictures, by old Parson Smith, are done only in outline, but no very powerful imagination is needed to fill in the lights and shades. Subsequent records show that Parson Foxcroft proved himself, after his "jolly" ordination, a faithful Puritanic minister of the sterner type, and as strict in "decorum" as in the doctrines. His fine old parsonage is still in the possession of his descendants.

Another pioneer settler of New Gloucester was Isaac Parsons who erected a low gambrel-roofed cottage in 1762. This house is now the ell of the handsome Haskell residence which was built in 1783. It was then called the best house in Cumberland County, outside of Portland.

The town of Yarmouth, like New Gloucester, has also a fine old house which was built as a parsonage; and it is evident, from these examples, that in these olden times the best house in town was none too good for the minister. The Yarmouth parsonage was erected in 1771 for Rev. Tristam Gilman. It is still called the "Old Gilman House."

Another old house, near Prince's Point, long known as the "Granny Millett house," was built by a Mr. Ring some years before the Revolution, and subsequently purchased by Captain Millett with prize money obtained by privateering.

The inland town of Durham also furnishes, in the fine old homestead of Captain Israel Bagley, a notable example of the large and substantial dwelling-houses of this period. This house, built in 1770, is shaded by

[1] The editor of Smith's Journal states that this "Mr. L.," who was so "alert," was Stephen Longfellow. Smith's Journal, p. 203.

giant elms, and stands, as a monument of the hospitality of the times, and of those ever open doors which needed no swinging sign to announce a welcome to the approaching guest.

On the road from Topsham to Bowdoinham, however, the traveler was warmly greeted at a genuine old-fashioned tavern where "entertainment for man and beast" was generously provided, by John Hunter, as early as the year 1770. Hunter's tavern was familiarly known as the "Old Red House." It was a substantial, well-built house, with elaborate panel-work inside, and was finished on the outside with grooved clapboards split by hand.

A second house on the road from Topsham to Bowdoinham, known as the Rogers homestead, was erected in 1773; and for ten years was used as a tavern. This house had a typical, old-fashioned fireplace in its large living-room. Its chimney, said to be the first one ever built in town, was put up by Mr. Andrew Whitehouse, "a mason of the first order." It is also recorded that the plastering of the walls of this house "excited the admiration of all who came from far and near to see it."

The remote little hamlet of North Bowdoin also had its famous homes, the memory of which calls to mind the time when the three great men of the New England village were the minister, the doctor, and the lawyer, and when frequently the lawyer was the greatest of the three. As the village 'Squire was preëminent in the public and social life of the community, so the 'Squire's house had an importance beyond that of the other houses of the town. Ability and integrity were recognized in those days; and the 'Squire's townspeople seem not to have begrudged him his renown, but rather

FORT HALIFAX AT WINSLOW

FORT HALIFAX

"For the benefit of the Massachusetts Province, William Shirley, her Governor, under the auspices of the most noble George Montague Dunk, Earl of Halifax, the highly distinguished friend and patron of the British Provinces throughout America, has reared this fortress, September 6, 1754."

— *Inscription on Foundation Stone of Fort Halifax.*

V

FORT HALIFAX

THE history of the Kennebec valley yields to the student a rich harvest, not only of tradition and romance, but of that sterner stuff of which the every-day life of the colonists consisted, and which constitutes a most remarkable chapter in the ancient chronicles of Maine.

As monuments of this historic past, there are still standing on the banks of the Kennebec, two old forts, weather-beaten and worn with age, but still eloquent witnesses of the early struggles, hardships and triumphs of the first settlers on the Kennebec. These ancient landmarks are Fort Halifax at Winslow and Fort Western at Augusta.

The story of these old forts properly begins with that most interesting event in the first opening of the Kennebec valley, the coming of the Plymouth men, with a shallop-load of corn to trade with the Indians at Koussinoc, where the city of Augusta now stands. It was truly a dramatic and picturesque episode in our early history when Edward Winslow and "six of ye old standards" sailed up the Kennebec and first saw the smoke curling from the Indian wigwams where the ancestral fires of the Abenakis had burned from ages unremembered. As we look back now upon the scene, the historic perspective gives it a striking effect of which the participants themselves were doubtless quite unconscious. It was in the autumn of the year 1625,

"And fair was the river valley,
Where the sunlight flashed like wine,
And the scarlet cheeks of the maple blazed
On the heart of the sombre pine."

Standing at the door of the birch-bark wigwam, we see a man of courtly mien, accustomed to the pomp and ceremony of the aristocratic circles of England, but who now comes asking a boon, as a friend and brother of the simple savages of the forest. An inborn dignity which betrays neither surprise nor astonishment, marks the red-skinned chieftain who this day stands as host; and a mat is hospitably laid for the stranger in the lodge of the "gentle Abenaki."

When Edward Winslow and his companions returned to Plymouth, they carried, in return for their cargo of corn, a shallop-load of beaver-skins of great value. Governor Bradford gives a vivid account of this voyage in his "History of Plymouth."

"After the harvest of this year (1625)", writes Bradford, "they sent out a boatload of corne, forty or fifty leagues to the eastward, at a river called Kennebeck, it being one of those two shallops their carpenter had built for them two years before, for bigger vessel they had none. They had laid a deck over her midships, to keep ye corn dry, but ye men were faine to stand it out in all weathers without shelter and that time of the year it begins to grow tempestous, but God preserved them and gave them good success for they brought home 700 pounds of beaver besides some furs, having little or nothing else, but this corne which themselves had raised out of ye earth." This voyage was made by Mr. Winslow and some of "ye old standards," for "seamen they had none."

It was through the profits of this trip and the subsequent trade with the Indians on the Kennebec,

that the Pilgrim Fathers were enabled to discharge their debt to the London Company and to establish their colony in the new world. Realizing at once the great advantage of this commercial intercourse with the Kennebec Indians, a trading-post was established "above in ye river," as Bradford writes, "in ye most convenient place for trade" . . . and furnished "with commodities for that end both in winter and summer, not only with corne, but with such other commodities as ye fishermen had traded with them, as coats, shirts, rugs and blankets, peas, prunes &c." This trading post was successfully maintained for more than thirty years. During this period, some of the most eminent men of the colony were sojourners on the banks of the Kennebec, or were established here for a term of years as agents of the Plymouth merchants.

It is not without a thrill of emotion that we stand to-day upon these shores trodden so long ago by the feet of our Pilgrim ancestors. Among the commanders of the trading-post of whose service we have definite record were John Howland, John Winslow, Thomas Southworth and Captain Thomas Willett, a young man who had been a member of the congregation at Leyden and who followed the Pilgrims to New England in 1632; and the record of the life of the men of Plymouth at this ancient trading-post and of their intercourse with the friendly Abenaki Indians, holds, of necessity, a unique place in the early chronicles of New England. It is a bit of history which can never repeat itself. The scope of this sketch, however, permits only a brief statement of the connecting links between the early Plymouth trading-post and the more recent outposts, Fort Halifax and Fort Western on the Kennebec.

In the year 1649, while the traffic with the Indians was still very profitable, the Plymouth trading-post was leased to five prominent men of the colony. These men were Governor Bradford, Thomas Prence, John Winslow, William Paddy and Thomas Willett. Twelve years later, in 1661, these Plymouth merchants sold the patent, for four hundred pounds, to Antipas Boies, Edward Tyng, Thomas Brattle and John Winslow.

These new proprietors very soon abandoned the trading-post. The buildings fell into decay. The picturesque Indian village and the little "Mission of the Assumption" also vanished from the shores of the Kennebec. During the long and devastating Indian wars which followed, the Kennebec patent lay dormant, until 1749, when the heirs of the above mentioned proprietors began their efforts to induce settlers to come to these valuable lands.

At this time, the Frankfort Plantation was already successfully established on the site of the present town of Dresden. Here Fort Shirley was built in 1751, and named in honor of Governor Shirley of Massachusetts. An imposing court-house and an Episcopal church were erected; and a number of families of eminence and culture settled in this pioneer town.

But the inhabitants of this little "plantation" felt very insecure when they heard the rumors of the French and Indian wars. They knew that the Kennebec was the highway of their Indian foes who were the allies of the French in Canada. These Indians possessed the knowledge of all the carrying places and the secret trails through the forests, by way of the Chaudière to Quebec, and might at any time sweep down upon the hamlet at Fort Shirley. It therefore seemed necessary that fortifications should be built farther up the river, in order to

prevent the French from establishing a stronghold there, as well as to guard the settlers from the Indians.

This necessity was promptly recognized by the government of Massachusetts, and in 1751, Governor Shirley, in behalf of the Great and General Assembly, proposed to erect a fort at Ticonic where the town of Winslow now stands, providing the Plymouth Company would build a similar fortification at Cushnoc. This the Plymouth Company agreed to do, and it is interesting to note the names of the committee which then represented the Plymouth Proprietors, for they are still familiar to all dwellers upon the Kennebec as the promoters, not only of the material, but of the social, intellectual and religious interests of the early settlements of the Kennebec valley. These men were John Hancock Esq., Dr. Sylvester Gardiner, Mr. James Bowdoin, Mr. William Bowdoin and Mr. Benjamin Hallowell.[1]

Gov. Shirley at once set out for the Kennebec on a tour of inspection in order to locate the new fort. With an escort of eight hundred men, he sailed first for Old Falmouth, now Portland, where he made his head-quarters; and a brief description of Gov. Shirley's visit in this old historic town, in the year 1754, will be of especial interest. At this time, Portland was a little town of one hundred and fifty families, living upon a thinly settled coast, and it must have been a wonderful event when the royal governor, with his grand military escort, arrived in port. He was greeted with booming of guns from the fort and from the men-of-war in the harbor, and escorted from Long wharf to the Province House by a gorgeous procession of soldiers and grand dignitaries. There were many high officials from Massachusetts and New Hampshire, as well as from the Province of Maine,

[1] 3 Book Kennebec Co. Records, 63-65.

who joined in the grand parade. To complete the pageant, two bands of Indians, Norridgewocks and Penobscots, in all their splendor of paint and feathers, were also present in response to the summons of the Governor and made a treaty which they celebrated by an Indian dance and other ceremonies.

Parson Smith, a notable man of Old Falmouth, kept a journal during these exciting days from which I make the following extracts:

June 18, 1754. We have been painting and fitting up our house for the treaty which is approaching.

June 25. Eight hundred soldiers got in and encamped on Bang's Island.

June 26. The Governor got in this morning and lodged at Mr. Foxes.[1]

June 28. Yesterday and to-day we had a vast concourse dined us at our expense.

June 29. The gentlemen yesterday met the Norridgewock Indians and proposed to them the building of a fort at Teuconic.

July 1. The Norridgewock Indians gave their answer and refused the fort's being built at Teuconic.

July 2. The treaty was signed between the Governor and the Norridgewock Indians.

July 3. The Indians had their dance.

When these preliminaries were ended, Governor Shirley proceeded to Taconnet, now Winslow, where he located Fort Halifax upon a point of land formed by the Sebasticook and the Kennebec rivers.

The reason for this choice of location is given by Governor Shirley who states that the only known communication which the Penobscots have with the

[1] Mr. Fox lived in one of the best houses on Exchange Street.

Kennebec Indians is through the Sebasticook which they cross within ten miles of Taconnet Falls, and their most commodious passage from the Penobsot to Quebec is through the Kennebec to the Chaudière, so that a fort here cuts off the Penobscots, not only from the Norridgewocks, but also from Quebec.

The site for the fort was laid out with due form and ceremony, a salute was fired, and the works were named Fort Halifax in honor of the Earl of Halifax, then British Secretary of State and "First Lord of Trade and Plantations."

The commission for building the fort was entrusted to General John Winslow, and orders were given for laying the corner-stone, and also a complimentary stone with a Latin inscription to the Earl of Halifax; after which, as it is recorded, Governor Shirley returned to Falmouth, and thence to Boston, where he was received "with *vivid* congratulations."

After the Governor's departure old Parson Smith made this entry in his Journal, "September 8: Thus ends a summer scene of as much bluster as a Cambridge Commencement."

The original plans for this fort drawn by General Winslow[1] may now be seen in the State House at Boston. The works consisted of a central block house, officers' quarters, barracks for the men and a large parade-ground. They were ready for occupancy in September, 1754. The fort was garrisoned with one

[1] General John Winslow was the great grandson of Governor Edward Winslow of Plymouth. It was this same General John Winslow who, with three hundred men, forcibly removed the Arcadians from Grand Prè, as related by Longfellow: but General Winslow evidently took no pleasure in this task for he wrote to Governor Shirley that it was "the most disagreeable piece of service in which he was ever engaged."
Collections Maine Historical Society, Vol. VIII., p. 280.

hundred men and the command was given to Captain William Lithgow.

But the plans for the fort as laid out by General Winslow proved very unsatisfactory to Captain Lithgow, who, in one of his letters to Governor Shirley, asks what shall be done in relation to completing the fort, "for as it now stands it is one of the most extraordinary fortresses for ordinariness I have ever seen or heard of."

The first years at Fort Halifax were marked by great suffering on the part of the men and of great care and anxiety on the part of the commander. The soldiers were in the most deplorable condition for want of shoes, clothing, bedding and food. Captain Lithgow writes in one of his letters to Governor Shirley: "We have now but four weeks allowance of bread in this fort, one barrell of rum, and one do. of molasses and God knows when we shall gitt any suplys from Fort Western on account of ye snow is so deep."

Governor Shirley's replies were always couched in terms of sympathy and encouragement; but he seems to have been unable to render any very prompt or efficient aid. The men lived in constant fear of an attack by the French and Indians, especially in the spring when the river opened and the season was favorable for the descent of the Indians in their canoes. Morover the men of the Maine settlements were very unwilling to enlist for service at Fort Halifax, and were therefore frequently impressed into the ranks, and obliged to leave their families at home destitute and uncared for. For this reason the soldiers at the fort were often in a state of discontent and insubordination.

Under such distressing and discouraging circumstances, William Lithgow proved himself to be a man of unflinching courage and staunch devotion to his post. It

is also pleasant to know that, in the midst of his strenuous duties, the gallant commander did not forget to provide for the pleasure as well as the comfort of the ladies at the fort, but often, in summer arranged picnic parties for the officers' families upon an island below Ticonic Falls; and in winter the soldiers were often detailed to clear a path upon the river so that the ladies might have sliding parties upon the ice.

It is really difficult for us to conceive of what the life of the women and children must have been in these solitary, old-time strongholds; and yet we often find in these outposts, on the borders of the wilderness, the true type of the old Colonial Dame who, even though suffering from cold, hunger or other deprivations, never forgot the honor and dignity of her station. Such a woman was the wife of Captain William Lithgow who here in the wilderness of Maine reared a family of nine children. Her sons became honorable and influential men. Her daughters were remarkable for their personal charms and accomplishments. The oldest daughter, Sarah, who married the gallant young Captain Samuel Howard, was famed for her beauty from Fort Halifax to Boston Town. Another daughter, Charlotte, was celebrated for her musical talent; while a third daughter was skilled in penmanship, and could copy a legal paper with the utmost elegance and exactness. It was said of all the members of the Lithgow family that they were "remarkable for their genteel and elegant deportment."

Evidently Mistress William Lithgow did not intend that her family should succumb to their environment.

At the close of the war with France, Captain William Lithgow engaged in trade at Fort Halifax and acquired a large property. His sons and daughters became allied by marriage with the most wealthy and influental families

of the province. A few years before the Revolution he removed to Georgetown where he built a handsome residence. Here his doors were always open to the rich or poor; and his home was widely famed for its hospitality.

At the time of Arnold's march to Quebec, Fort Halifax had been demolished and could no longer be called a fortification. Some of the buildings had been removed, and Ensign Pattee was keeping a tavern in the officers' quarters; and here Arnold was probably entertained. This building was taken down in 1797.

The corner-stone of Fort Halifax, which was laid by order of Governor Shirley in 1754, has been preserved to the present day. In 1845, it was placed by Judge Redington[1] in the State House at Augusta; and we find in the statements of some of our recent authorities that the corner-stone is still in the State Capitol. The fact is, however, that this valuable relic was removed from the State House, at the time of one of its recent renovations, and with other antiquities and curios was deposited in the geological cabinets of Colby College at Waterville. It is a slate stone of irregular shape, and was originally placed in the foundation of the central block house, afterwards the south flanker of Captain Lithgow's fortress. It bears this inscription:

THIS CORNr.
STONE, LAID
BY DIRECTION
OF GOVERNOR
SHIRLEY, 1754.

A second foundation stone laid by order of Governor Shirley, and which bore a Latin inscription, is said to

[1] Collection of the Maine Historical Society, Vol. VIII., p. 281.

have been removed from Fort Halifax to the Winslow homestead at Marshfield, Massachusetts, by a son of General Winslow.

The ancient block-house which is now known by the name of "Old Fort Halifax," stood at the southeast corner of the parade-ground laid out by Captain Lithgow. It is a venerable structure, twenty feet square, with a projecting upper story; and although weather-worn and defaced by the iconoclastic hand of the relic-hunter, it still remains a most valuable and interesting example of the "strong defensible houses" of colonial days in Maine.

Fort Western at Augusta

FORT WESTERN

"We have no colors for the fort."
— *Capt. James Howard, 1755.*

VI

FORT WESTERN

WHILE Fort Halifax was in process of erection, in 1754, Fort Western was built, by the Plymouth Company, at Cushnoc, where the city of Augusta now stands. Its main building, now standing, is one hundred feet in length and thirty-two feet wide. It was constructed of heavy hewn timbers and still shows its deeply set windows and massive walls a foot in thickness. In its early days, this building was the home of the commandant and his family, and also served as barracks for the soldiers and as a storehouse for supplies. It was surrounded by a fine parade-ground, enclosed within a double palisade. The approach to the fort was guarded by two sentry-boxes, twelve feet square. A massive blockhouse, similar to the one at Winslow, stood at the northeast corner and another at the southwest corner of the parade-ground. These blockhouses were built with port-holes for cannon in their upper stories and surmounted, on their hip-roofs, by sentry-boxes with openings for the muskets of the guard. Four cannon were mounted in the blockhouses, and a garrison of twenty men was established here, in 1754, under the command of Captain James Howard. This new outpost was named Fort Western in honor of a gentleman of Governor Shirley's acqaintance in Sussex, England.

The erection of Fort Western was completed with many difficulties. Even after the clearing had been

made on the river's bank, the workmen did not dare to remain there long enough to prepare the timbers for building without the protection of a military force. Therefore all the logs for the fort were hewn and fitted at Frankfort under the guns of Fort Shirley, and floated up the river by the men who kept constantly on the watch lest they should be attacked by the Indians from the ravines along the shore.

Captain James Howard to whom the command of the fort was given was a brave officer and an intelligent, enterprising and patriotic man. He was of Scotch-Irish descent, and had emigrated from the north of Ireland about 1735. He settled first on the St. George river on the Waldo Patent; but on the establishment of the new military post on the Kennebec, he removed with his family to Fort Western where he became permanently identified with the growth and prosperity of the place.

In those early days at Fort Western, life was full of adventure for the men and boys, and of self-sacrifice and privation for the women and children. The household supplies were irregular and often insufficient for the needs of the family. In the summer the merchandise was brought from Falmouth in whale-boats secured by Governor Shirley for the transportation of goods; but in the winter everything received at Fort Western was brought up the frozen Kennebec on hand-sleds drawn by the men upon the ice.

A letter written by Captain Howard to Governor Shirley, on the 5th of March, 1755, states that an attack on the fort, by the French and Indians was expected and that more cannon were needed for the defense of the place. "The number of men is small," he writes, "and the ground in the vicinity of the fort is advantageous for a surprise. The supplies here, intended for Fort Halifax,

will induce the enemy to attack us. The enemy may come and secret themselves in one of the gullies within one hundred yards of the fort, and we can not annoy them. When they see us leave the fort to act as guard, to convey stores to Fort Halifax they can lie by and attack it." The writer then adds this appealing line: "We have no colors for the fort." [1]

After the fall of Quebec in 1759, and the close of the war with France, there was a great improvement in the condition of affairs on the Kennebec. The fear of Indian raids passed away, and settlers were induced to take up lands in this locality. The little village clustered around Fort Western was then called Cushnoc, a corruption of the old Indian name of Koussinoc. It was also commonly spoken of as "The Fort," while another flourishing little hamlet, two miles below on the Kennebec was called "The Hook." In 1771, these two sister villages were incorporated as the town of Hallowell, and named in honor of Mr. Benjamin Hallowell.

In the meantime, the Howard family had acquired wealth, as well as influence, through the trading-post which they, like their Plymouth predecessors, maintained at Cushnoc. Many articles of comfort and luxury were brought to their home; and in 1775, Dr. Senter writes of them as "an exceedingly hospitable, opulent and polite family."

The wife of Captain Howard was a beautiful woman who dispensed a gracious and stately hospitality at Fort Western. As Captain Howard was the most prominent man of his day in this locality, all distinguished guests were entertained at his board, and many social and official functions were observed beneath his roof. It was said,

[1] Collections of The Maine Historical Society, Vol. VII., p. 184.

in proof of his hospitality, that the fire upon his hearth never went out throughout the year.

All public meetings in these early days were held at Fort Western. The first public religious service was held here in 1763, and was conducted by the Rev. Jacob Bailey of Pownalborough who writes that he had "a considerable congregation of the upper settlers" on this occasion.

The first marriage at Cushnoc was that of Captain Howard's daughter Margaret who was wooed and won by Captain James Patterson. The wedding was solemnized, Feb. 8th, 1763, in the great living-room of the fort; and the bride was married by her father who, in his office of justice of the peace, was the only person in the settlement qualified to perform the marriage ceremony. Here too, in 1766, Captain Samuel Howard brought his bride, the beautiful Sarah Lithgow, from Fort Halifax. They subsequently removed to Boston; but Colonel William Howard, another son of Captain James, lived with his family at Fort Western, until his death in 1810.

John Howard, the oldest son of James Howard was second in command at Fort Western during the French war. While a very young man, he was the hero of a remarkable exploit which merits a more prominent place than it has heretofore received in the history of our Colonial Wars.

It was in the year 1759, that General Wolfe was laying siege to Quebec, and the whole country was awaiting the result with the most intense anxiety. One day a travel-worn messenger arrived at Fort Western, after a long and wearisome journey from Crown Point. He bore an important dispatch from General Amherst to General Wolfe which must be conveyed at once to Quebec.

Between Fort Western and this stronghold in Canada, lay two hundred miles of unbroken wilderness. The route followed the waterway of the Kennebec, and then led through the swamps and morasses of the Lake Megantic region. There were streams to be forded, rapids to be run, and long portages to be made through almost inpenetrable forests, where the Indian foe was constantly lurking in ambush, and many other dangers to be surmounted before the English commander could be reached at Quebec.

Who would volunteer to go?

There was a breathless pause. Then John Howard arose and said: "Give me the dispatches. I will go." And safely and faithfully, the young hero performed his mission and placed the dispatches in the hands of General Wolfe at Quebec.

Professor Justin H. Smith, in his history of "Arnold's March to Quebec," tells us that, "in 1759, General Amherst sent a messenger to General Wolfe, by way of the Kennebec;" but he does not tell us that General Amherst's messenger rested at Fort Western while the brave young John Howard faced all the perils of the Maine wilderness to complete his errand. Let the name of John Howard be given the honor it deserves in the list of our colonial heroes.

As we gaze to-day on the old and weather-stained walls of Fort Western, it is very difficult to recall the splendid scenes which have been witnessed within its doors; but we know that stately old-time dames, with their brocaded silks, embroidered laces, and high-heeled shoes, have stepped proudly over these time-worn thresholds; and that brave and gallant gentlemen resplendent

in their velvet coats and silver-buckled knee-breeches, have figured at many grand dinners while the guests discussed local politics, and the news from abroad, at the "opulent" board of the Howards.

But of all the memorable days in the history of this old fort, the greatest and most exciting, without doubt, was the eventful 24th of September, 1775, when General Arnold, with his officers and army of over a thousand men, was entertained at Cushnoc. The inhabitants of the whole valley of the Kennebec from Pownalborough up to Fort Western had been thrown into a state of wild excitement at the appearance of Arnold's fleet, and of the army which was to march through the forest to Quebec. Arnold had first stopped at Gardinerstown where his batteaux were built, but on Saturday afternoon, September 23d, his vessel, "The Broad Bay," anchored at Fort Western.[1] Arnold and some of his officers were entertained at the "Great House" which was then the residence of Captain James Howard; others were quartered at the Fort where Colonel William Howard then resided. The men encamped on the parade-ground of the fort, and the neighboring river shores. On the following Monday, the army was again upon the way. This brief respite at Fort Western must have seemed, in after days, like a rest in Paradise, to the soldiers of this ill-fated expedition, many of whom died of starvation and exposure on the route to Quebec.

There is a tradition that on this memorable Sunday, a great feast was held at Fort Western, in honor of the army, to which all the prominent inhabitants of the Kennebec settlements were invited. Mr. Codman, in his book entitled "Arnold's Expedition to Quebec,"

[1] "Arnold's March from Cambridge to Quebec," by Justin H. Smith, p. 83.

with a few vivid touches of imagination, thus minutely describes this banquet.

"There is mention of one feast in particular—a monstrous barbecue of which three bears, roasted in true frontier style, were the most conspicuous victims. 'Squire Howard and his neighbors contributed corn, potatoes and melons from their gardens, quintals of smoked salmon from their store-houses, and great golden pumpkin pies from their kitchens. As if this were not sufficient, venison was plenty, and beef, pork and bread were added to the commissary's supplies. Messengers were sent to other local notables—William Gardiner at Cobbosseecontee; Major Colburn and 'Squire Oakman at Gardinerstown; Judge Bowman, Colonel Cushing, Captain Goodwin, and 'Squire Bridge of Pownalborough. Social opportunities were not overfrequent on the frontier, and all the guests made haste to accept, and came accompanied by their wives.

To the sound of drum and fife the soldiers were marched up to the loaded tables and seated by the masters of ceremony, while the guests and officers sat by themselves at a separate table. Dr. Senter and Dr. Dearborn, as particularly familiar with anatomy, were selected to carve the bears, and amidst the most uproarious jollity the feast proceeded. At the end, toasts were drunk—presumably in the never-failing rum punch of New England—and the entertainment concluded amid patriotic airs performed upon drum and fife and the heartiest good humor of the entire company."[1]

Now this is a very realistic picture of such a feast as might have been given at Fort Western to the brave men just setting out upon their toilsome march through an unknown wilderness; but Professor Justin H. Smith,

[1] "Arnold's Expedition to Quebec," by John Codman, 2nd. p. 41.

who differs from Mr. Codman in many of the details of Arnold's expedition, and who relentlessly notes every deviation of the latter from the path of exact research, discredits the tradition of this sumptuous and formal banquet. Smith very plausibly asserts that, as it was uncertain when the army would arrive, it would not have been feasible to call the guests from a distance; and also that Arnold and his officers were too busy getting the army into marching order to sit out a long social banquet. Moreover, as Haskell states in his Journal, the 24th of September was "cold and rainy," and not "a fine Indian Summer" day, according to Codman's description. Therefore Professor Smith inquires: "Would it have been agreeable to sit out a long feast under such circumstances? And even if the three bears could have been properly barbecued, what would have been the condition of Mr. Codman's pumpkin pies?"

From our own point of view, we can not quite agree with either Mr. Codman or Professor Smith. We must of course, although unwillingly, give up our cherished tradition of an elaborate and formal banquet, with music and toasts and speeches, as described by Mr. Codman. On the other hand, this Sunday, September 24th, must have been a memorable day at Fort Western, and one preeminently worthy of record; and even though we are obliged to eliminate from the feast the three bears and the pumpkin pies, the important fact still remains that Arnold and his officers were "well entertained" on this day. This is explicitly stated by Major Meigs, Dr. Dearborn and Dr. Senter in their journals.

The rank and file of the army must also have been served with rations of some sort on this occasion. The companies may not have marched to the tables to the music of fife and drum, but there must have been much

going to and fro and many supplies distributed in order to feed this army of a thousand hungry men, after their toilsome passage up the river. And if the neighboring gentry, with their wives, were not present in their best array, there is no doubt that the men and boys from all the settlements flocked to see the sight, when Arnold's flotilla came up the Kennebec and landed at Fort Western.

Moreover, to our minds, it was the guests, and not the food or manner of serving, that made the feast; and surely a larger number of notable men never gathered around the opulent board of the Howards than on this day.

The guest of honor was, of course, Colonel Benedict Arnold, then a brave and loyal young patriot, already famous for his exploits at Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and with no shadow of his future upon his handsome manly face.

Closely associated with Arnold, was Captain Daniel Morgan of the Rifle corps of Virginia. Morgan is said to have been a large strong man of impetuous temper, but prudent in war and totally fearless in danger. He fought in almost every battle of the war . . . and turned the tide for the Americans in many a hard fought field. [1]

Prominent also, among the guests, was Captain Henry Dearborn, who had already fought at the battle of Bunker Hill and who subsequently served through the eight years of the Revolution. Captain Dearborn was, unquestionably, one of the most remarkable men of his period. As Hanson writes: "He was essentially a military statesman, a man of varied talents and attainments . . . one of the most honest and patriotic men of the Revolution and one of the truly great men of

[1] Codman's "Arnold's Expedition to Quebec," p. 322.

America." Dearborn's career after the war was equally remarkable. He was twice appointed to Congress, was commander-in-chief of the American army under President Monroe and Minister to Portugal in 1822. He was an able and voluminous writer and at his death left about one hundred volumes in print and manuscript.

Other distinguished officers were Major Meigs, who in 1777 was made colonel; and for his brilliant service at Long Island was presented by Congress with a sword and a vote of thanks; Captain John Joseph Henry, that gallant youth whose "thirst for glory led him to volunteer clandestinely in a company of riflemen," and who was taken prisoner at Quebec; Adjutant Christian Febiger, a Dane, who served from Bunker Hill to Yorktown, and who was popularly known in the army as "Old Denmark;" Lieutenant Colonel Greene, who devoted the remainder of his brave young life to the service of his country; Major Ward, who was with Washington at Valley Forge, afterwards a successful merchant in New York and the grandfather of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe; Dr. Isaac Senter, the surgeon, who afterwards acquired an international reputation in his profession; and the brave chaplain, Rev. Dr. Spring, eminent in the theological circles of colonial days. Conspicuous among all these noted men, was the handsome and charming young Aaron Burr, who had volunteered in his country's cause and who, in the glow of youthful enthusiasm, was just beginning the brilliant career which ended so ingloriously.

Somewhere, too, on the outskirts of the camp, we fancy, were two women, the brave, devoted, but as we judge now unwisely patriotic women, who elected to follow their husbands through the perils and hardships of the march to Quebec. These women were Mrs. Sergeant Grier and Mrs. Jemima Warner. Of Mrs.

Warner we have one more and a very sorrowful picture. It is at the camp on the Chaudière river, where the men lay in the most abject suffering, many of them dying with starvation. "She had come," writes Codman, "after twenty miles of walking and running to catch up, breathless, panting, torn and disheveled, her dead husband's cartridge belt her girdle, and his musket in her hand. Faithful unto death, she had remained with him until he had succumbed to hunger and exhaustion; had buried him with leaves, and then, at last, looked for her own safety."

Last, but not least, in the picturesque scene, stands Jacataqua, the brave Indian princess of Swan Island. This beautiful Indian girl, in whose veins flowed the mixed blood of the French and the Abenaki races, had met the handsome and fascinating young Aaron Burr a few days before when he landed at Swan Island with some of the other officers of Arnold's army. We, who know the fascination which Aaron Burr always had for the women of his acquaintance, are not surprised that the guileless maiden of the forest should conceive at once a "romantic attachment" for the handsome stranger, and follow him upon his journey up the Kennebec.

Whether the proud mistress of the "Great House" received at her board the equally proud Franco-Indian girl, or the two humbler women of the rifle corps, the journalists of the time have not told us; but the story of these three women lends a gleam of romance as well as a shadow of tragedy to the scene, and the minor parts which they played in the great drama of Arnold's expedition still appeal to the hearts of the women of to-day.

The Howards remained for many years the most influential family at Cushnoc. In 1770, James Howard built the "Great House," for his own residence. It was located about a mile above the fort. This was the first frame dwelling in Augusta, and was "the most splendid house" of its period in this locality. It was unfortunately destroyed by fire in 1866. James Howard also owned the fort buildings where his son William lived until the death of the latter in 1810. William and Samuel Howard carried on an extensive lumber and shipping business. Their vessels plied regularly between Fort Western and Falmouth, Boston, and other ports. They apparently held a monopoly of the business, for, on one occasion, when some other traders proposed to establish themselves at this settlement, the question was seriously asked: "Will the Howards let them come?"

But the Howards were always public-spirited men. The prosperity of the early settlement around Fort Western was due to their courage, energy, and fostering care, and to this day, James Howard, the commander of the old fort on the Kennebec, is held in honorable remembrance as the "Father and benefactor of the city of Augusta."

The Dresden Court-House

ON THE RIVER AND HARBOR SHORES

"We have no title-deeds to house or lands;
Owners and occupants of earlier dates
From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands,
And hold in mortmain still their old estates."

—*Longfellow.*

VII

ON THE RIVER AND HARBOR SHORES

AS WE sail down the Kennebec, we pass many old residences whose generous proportions and fair surroundings tell of the ample means of their builders in the early part of the nineteenth century. There is the fine old Williams mansion in Augusta; the Vaughan mansion in Hallowell, for over a century the home of a family eminent for its hospitality and social prestige; and the "Oaklands," at Gardiner, built after the fashion of the days of Queen Elizabeth; but we must search to-day for the still earlier homes of the Kennebec.

In the year 1763, two hundred and fifty acres of land, in the ancient town of Pittston, were granted to Major Reuben Colburn, one of our earliest "kings of industry." Upon an eminence which slopes gradually to the river's shore, Major Colburn built a large two-story house which still stands overshadowed by the branches of its ancient elms.

At the time of Arnold's expedition up the Kennebec, Major Colburn was commissioned by Washington to build two hundred light batteaux for the transportation of the troops. While waiting for the completion of these boats, General Arnold was entertained at the Colburn house; and the story of his visit, and many other Revolutionary tales of which Major Colburn was himself the hero, are still told at the hearthstone of this old historic mansion.

The old Court-House at Dresden was built by the Plymouth Company in 1761. It is a massive structure, three stories high, with hip-roof and large chimneys, and occupies a very conspicuous position on the east shore of the Kennebec. Considering the date of its erection, and its early associations, this old court-house is one of the most notable and monumental buildings in the state; and its records are filled with the names of eminent men who made the early history of Pownalborough.

The court-house was at first enclosed for security within the palisades of Fort Shirley; and for a number of years was used as a place of worship as well as a court of law. The sessions of the court were held in a large chamber forty-five feet long and twenty wide, located on the second floor, and fitted with boxes, benches, and other necessary conveniences. The remainder of the house was used as a tavern for the accommodation of those attending court, and many well-known men were entertained beneath this ancient roof.

At the time when the court-house was erected, Dr. Sylvester Gardiner was a resident of Pownalborough, and Jonathan Bowman, a cousin of John Hancock, soon located here as register of deeds. They were joined by the Rev. Jacob Bailey, a man of culture and refinement, and a devoted Church of England clergyman who was sent to Pownalborough by the "Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts." Other eminent men, who were frequent sojourners at this remote hamlet, were William Cushing, Charles Cushing, James Sullivan, Robert Treat Paine, William Lithgow, Francis Dana and James Bridge. "These men," writes Mr. Willis, "formed a community as enlightened as it was genial and courteous;" and Williamson, the Maine historian, adds: "No town in the district, before the Revolution,

THE BOWMAN-CARNEY HOUSE

was so distinguished for able and talented young men as Pownalborough. Indeed, it would be rare to find at any time, in so small a population, so many refined and educated people."

Charles Cushing, Jonathan Bowman, and the Rev. Jacob Bailey were classmates at Harvard College and graduated in 1755. They were all at Pownalborough to welcome, at the old court-house, a fourth classmate, the young barrister, John Adams, when he came here to conduct an important land case, in 1765. Adams won his suit; and the favorable impression which he made at this time upon Dr. Gardiner, and other wealthy land-owners, was of great influence in securing for the young lawyer a number of important cases in the Maine courts.

At the time of Arnold's expedition, the old Dresden court-house was occupied by Major Samuel Goodwin, surveyor for the Plymouth Company. The house has since remained in the Goodwin family, and its present owner, a great-grandson of Samuel Goodwin, bears the name of his ancestor, the proprietor of pre-Revolutionary days.

In addition to its ancient court-house, Dresden possesses a number of fine old homesteads, several of which were built in the early colonial period. Among these is the Bowman-Carney house, erected about 1765, by Jonathan Bowman, barrister and clerk of courts, who here entertained John Adams and other lawyers attending court at Pownalborough.

The Bowman-Carney house is located on the Kennebec about half a mile below the court-house. It is a large square building, with hip-roof, great center chimney and spacious interior. It is said that nearly all the

material for this house was imported from Europe; and the beautiful Dutch tiles which adorned its fireplaces, and its hand-carved banisters, wainscottings, and mouldings made it the handsomest house in this part of the country.

The house was purchased in 1805 by James Carney, a descendant of one of the early French Huguenot settlers of Dresden, whose name was originally Carnet or Carné.[1] The old Bowman-Carney house now begins to show signs of age but is still one of the most interesting historic landmarks of the Kennebec valley.

The oldest house in Dresden is the Gardiner homestead, built by Dr. Sylvester Gardiner in 1754. This house is located at Dresden Mills on the shore of the Eastern river, and is still well-preserved but somewhat modernized by recent renovations. Three generations of Gardiners have occupied this old homestead.

Dr. Sylvester Gardiner also built, about 1756 or 1758, the interesting Dumaresq house on Swan Island. This picturesque old homestead has a colonial portico, huge center chimney, and long roof sloping to the rear. It was built in the most substantial manner, with a frame of white oak, put together with wrought nails. A large bay-window has since been added. The house occupies a fine location overlooking the river and is surrounded by mighty oaks, tall pines, and groups of graceful birch-trees.

This was the home of Miss Jane Frances Rebecca Dumaresq, the famous beauty of the Kennebec, who married Colonel Thomas H. Perkins of Boston. A remarkable pen picture of this charming woman has been

[1] Charles E. Allen, author of "Ancient Pownalborough and Her Daughters."

The Dumaresq House at Swan Island

left to us by her son, Mr. Augustus Thorndike Perkins, who, on one occasion, wrote as follows:

"My mother came up from Swan Island on the Kennebec river where her father lived on an estate which he had inherited from his mother, a daughter of Sylvester Gardiner, Esq. This gentleman owned some hundred thousand acres of land between Bath and Gardiner which latter town he founded. Miss Dumaresq was making a visit to her relatives, the family of the Rev. John Sylvester Gardiner of Trinity Church, in Boston. She at once became noted, not only for her excessive beauty but also for her grace and charming manners. Even as I remember her she was almost the most beautiful woman I ever saw. Her figure was perfect, as were her teeth and complexion; but the most striking points about her were her eyes — the color of dark sapphire — and her hair which was wonderful. I have heard of raven hair, but never saw it but on her. I have been told that when she was married her hair swept the floor when she loosened it. Ordinarily it was black, but in the sun I have often seen upon it the sheen of steel-colored blue, such as one sees in the sunlight on a crow's wing; and she was as brave as she was beautiful, and as courteous and gentle as a long line of ancestors of De Carterets and Dumaresqs could make her. . . . In fact she was an aristocrat to the tips of her fingers, and such she remained to the end of her days." [1]

This beautiful woman, born in the old Dumaresq house on Swan Island, lived in splendid state in her Boston home, served by men servants and maid servants and a Chinese butler who always wore the gorgeous costume of his own country; but every summer she came

[1] Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Second Series, Vol. VII., p. 341.

with her family to the paradise of the Kennebec where she dispensed a delightful hospitality, and frequently exchanged visits with her relatives, the Gardiners, at the "Oaklands," a few miles farther up the river.

The little township of Perkins on Swan Island, which was the home of Miss Dumaresq, was named in honor of her husband, Colonel Thomas H. Perkins.

Another claimant for honorable old age, on the Kennebec, is the Peterson house at Bath. It stands on the banks of the river at the north end of High street, and is a most interesting type of the individuality which often characterizes the old New England dwelling. One story in height, but broad and spacious on the ground floor, and having a high pointed gable roof, this house contains sixteen rooms besides the many closets and cupboards with which it is abundantly furnished. Some of these closets are very curious in their construction; one near the sitting-room is furnished with peek-holes and others have the mysterious charm of movable panels and secret doors. The front entrance of the house is unusually large. The living-room has a huge open fireplace and a wainscotting of mahogany which unfortunately has been covered by a coat of paint. The great brick oven in the kitchen is another reminder of the generous living and abundant hospitality of colonial days.

The Peterson house was built in 1758, by an English surveyor, who was granted for his services, five hundred acres of land in this locality. In 1798, the house was sold to Captain John Peterson. At the time of the Revolution, this place was the headquarters of the agent of George III., and here occurred some exciting incidents which have a prominent place in the early history of Bath.

Among other pre-Revolutionary dwellings in this locality are the Isaiah Crocker house built in 1760, and the Colonel Dummer Sewall house built in 1764, each of which represents a characteristic style of colonial architecture.

A short journey from Bath to Brunswick leads us over a level yet picturesque stretch of country where the salt breath of the not far distant sea mingles with the fragrance of the inland pines and fir-trees.

The ancient town of Brunswick, with its stately homes and classic college halls, at once impresses the guest with a realization of its old-time New England origin, and of the eminent character of its founders. For many years, the distinction of being the oldest building in Brunswick belonged to the Robert Thompson house which was built, by one of the prominent early settlers, in 1740; but, unfortunately, this typical and ancient homestead was destroyed by fire in 1882. Several interesting old colonial dwellings, however, still maintain their existence in Brunswick; and notable among these is the well-known McKeen house built by Samuel Stanwood in 1774. This house was purchased in 1804 by President McKeen, of Bowdoin College. After his death, in 1807, it was occupied by Joseph McKeen, who, like his father, became closely identified with the interests of the college, having been its honored treasurer for more than thirty years. This house is still in the possession of the McKeen family, and has been for over a century one of the social and intellectual centers of the town.

The Dunlap-Lincoln house is also remembered as the home of several generations of one of the most respected and influential families of Brunswick. It was

erected by Captain John Dunlap in 1772, and afterwards came into the possession of Dr. Isaac Lincoln. It was in this old Dunlap-Lincoln house that Talleyrand was entertained when he passed through Brunswick on his way from Castine to Boston.

Brunswick also possesses many fine old homes of a little later date, built on the early colonial models, and filled with antique furniture, rare old china, valuable curios, and works of art from foreign lands.

Preëminent among these homes, which are famous for their art treasures and their ancient heirlooms, is that of the President of the Maine Society of Colonial Dames, Mrs. William Addison Houghton. In this charming and hospitable home, many of us have been served with tea from the rarest and most exquisite of Japanese cups while we feasted our eyes on the almost priceless treasures of Japanese art. But these art treasures, brought by Professor and Mrs. Houghton from Japan, as well as the invaluable Houghton loan collection in the Bowdoin Art Museum, are too well and widely known to need comment here. It is rather of the antique furniture, inherited from remote generations of colonial ancestry, that we would make especial mention. Here we touch elbows with the ghosts of the past, whether we sit in the high-backed, ball-and-claw footed chairs of Chippendale's earlier period, or are comfortably ensconced at the table in the old mahogany armchairs designed by the same famous maker. Here, too, in the dining-room, is the large and elegant Heppelwhite sideboard with its antique candelabra and rare old silver; and on the opposite side of the room stands a smaller companion sideboard of the same exquisite workmanship. In the living-room are mahogany tables with claw-feet and acanthus pedestals, and small

Colonial Furniture in the Houghton Dining-Room

slender-legged tables of quaint design. An irresistibly charming old sofa, with elaborately carved arms and feet, also allures the soul of every lover of old furniture.

But most valuable and interesting of all the inherited treasures of our hostess is the incomparable old secretary of St. Domingo mahogany. In design and workmanship, this old secretary is without a rival in our colonial homes. It is a combination of bookcase and writing-desk, with carved shelves, curious pigeonholes, and fascinating secret drawers. Its lineage is most ancient and honorable, and may be traced directly back to the year 1634. It was once the property of Governor Law, son of Honorable Richard Law, of Connecticut, and has descended in a direct family line to its present fortunate possessor. By the side of this old secretary stands a handsome, high-backed, splay-footed chair, of Dutch origin, made in the Queen Anne period. This chair was in the possession of Governor Law as early as 1741.

The pictures of these rare old heirlooms, which we have been permitted to copy, are of intrinsic value as representing certain famous styles of colonial household furniture; but the distinctive atmosphere of the home, of which they are but a material part, cannot be reproduced by the art of the photographer.

Just south of Brunswick, the ancient town of Harpswell stretches its long gray arms into the sea, and here, set sturdily on its barren but firm foundations, stands the Deacon Andrew Dunning house. This is the oldest house on Harpswell Neck. It was built in 1757. It is a large two-story house with a front porch, and has

the air of having been the home of one of the most prominent families of the community.

Across an inlet of the sea are the picturesque shores made famous by Mrs. Stowe in her story of the "Pearl of Orr's Island." Here may still be seen the low, wide-spreading, gambrel-roofed cottage which was built by Joseph Orr in 1756.

As we thus continue our search for old colonial houses, we soon come to realize how important is the human element in the story, and how quickly a bit of personal history or romance invests the conventional four square walls of the old-time houses with a new and never failing interest. One would hardly expect, however, even upon our romantic Maine coast, to come in contact with royalty or even to touch the borders of its garments, and yet we have our Marie Antoinette house to which still clings an interesting tradition of the beautiful and unfortunate Queen of France.

This house is frequently designated as the Clough house. It is situated in Edgecome, opposite Wiscasset, and, according to well authenticated family records, was once designed as a refuge for Marie Antoinette during the reign of terror in France. The story of this house is quite remarkable. It was first erected on Squam Island, and was for many years a conspicuous landmark at the entrance of Wiscasset harbor. It was built originally for Captain Joseph Decker in 1774,[1] and is described as a stately mansion of the Virginia plantation style of architecture. In 1792, this fine manor house came into the possession of Captain Stephen Clough who might have been instrumental in saving the life of Queen Marie

[1] Collections of The Maine Historical Society, Series II., Vol. V., p. 286.

Colonial Sofa in the Houghton Living-Room

CORNELL

Antoinette, had not fate decreed otherwise. The story is that Captain Clough, with his good ship "Sally," was on the coast of France in 1793; and that a plan was made at that time to save the life of Marie Antoinette by conveying her secretly on board Captain Clough's vessel and bringing her to America. Some articles of furniture and of the queen's wardrobe, were placed on board the "Sally," but the queen was arrested on the eve of sailing and delivered over to the revolutionary mob. Thus the Clough mansion never sheltered the unfortunate queen, as its master fondly hoped; but the royal furniture and finery came safely into Wiscasset on the "Sally." Among the souvenirs brought home by Captain Clough, were "French tapestries, marquetry, silverware, rare vases, clocks, costly furniture, and no end of apparelling fit for a queen." There was even a piece of the white death robe worn by Marie Antoinette upon the guillotine, a sacred relic treasured to this day by the descendants of Captain Clough who was himself present at the execution. There was also a satin robe, once worn by Louis XVI., king of France, which, with genuine New England thrift, was "made over" for Captain Clough's wife, who doubtless trailed these robes of royalty over the sand and rocks of Squam Island with great satisfaction.

A question naturally arises as to what became of all these valuable relics. The only answer tradition gives is that many of them were sent to the famous Swan house at Dorchester whose owner, Colonel Swan, was connected with Captain Clough in the shipping business. Other articles were scattered and lost; while some are still in possession of the Clough family.

A number of beautiful chairs and vases went to the family of the late Judge Silas Lee of Wiscasset; and an inlaid, semi-circular, French mahogany sideboard sur-

mounted by a large silver urn went to the Swan house, thence to the Knox mansion in Maine (on the marriage of Miss Swan to the son of General Knox), and subsequently came into the possession of Honorable J. P. Baxter of Portland.

The old Clough house, which thus missed the honor and privilege of sheltering the queen of France, stood on Squam Island until 1838, and then had the curious experience of being moved, by land and water, to the opposite shores of Edgecomb. It is a fact that this great house, of solid oak frame, was rolled onto large flat boats and ferried across the river to the mainland, and then drawn by oxen to its present site where it now overlooks the Sheepscot and has the appearance of being on immovable foundations. It is still occupied by the descendants of Captain Clough, and a great-great granddaughter, named Marie Antoinette, now tells the long-cherished traditions of the house.

The banks of the Damariscotta river presented great attractions to our early settlers and many ancient houses still stand upon its shores. In the town of Damariscotta there is a very old and interesting house which was built by Nathaniel Chapman in 1754. In later years it became the home of Rev. Adoniram Judson and subsequently of Rev. Duncan Dunbar. It is now called the Tilden Hall house.

The old Joseph Glidden house built in 1760 stands in Newcastle near the famous oyster banks; and farther up the river is the old Waters mansion built in 1768. This is a substantial, square, two-story house which once served as an inn and gave the welcome of its great open fires to Lafayette and Talleyrand when they sojourned

GOVERNOR LAW'S CHAIR AND SECRETARY IN THE HOUGHTON LIVING-ROOM

here on their way to visit General Knox at Thomaston.

In the neighboring town of Waldoborough stands the old Smouse house which was erected sometime prior to 1772. The builder of this house, one Daniel Holtzapple, must have been a member of that colony of Germans who, according to the pathetic inscription in the Waldoborough cemetery, "emigrated to this place with the promise and expectation of finding a populous city, instead of which they found nothing but a wilderness." But their faith and courage never failed. They cleared the land, built homes for their families, and, about the year 1772, erected the ancient Lutheran church which now stands on Meeting-house Hill.

This old church at Waldoborough is one of a group of three remarkable old meeting-houses located in this part of Maine. The second, at Alna, was built just after the Revolution; but the third, known as the Walpole meeting-house, was erected in 1772; and its ancient high-backed pews, its spacious galleries, and its massive carved pulpit, surmounted by a sounding-board, have fortunately been preserved to the present day.

No sketch of colonial history in Maine, however brief, would be complete without a reference to the shores of ancient Pemaquid; and the visitor on this romantic coast finds himself at once submerged in its historic and legendary past. If a record of all that has occurred within sight of Pemaquid Rock could have been preserved, many volumes would be required to tell the tale. There would be stories of the Scandinavian vikings, of Spanish explorers, and of adventurers from many lands; of pirates, smugglers, captains and sailors of high and low degree; of brave cavaliers with sword and

plume; of humble missionaries with gown and cross; and of heroic English men and women who first dwelt in this fair land of Mavooshen.

Very realistic and terribly true, also, are the tales of Indian war and massacre, of siege and pillage, and battles by land and sea, when stripped of the glamour of these "far-off, forgotten things;" and a substantial evidence of this rich historic past remains in the mass of ruins which mark the site of the old colonial stronghold, Fort William Henry.

These ruins, which consist chiefly of a huge heap of cobble stones, have lain for more than two hundred years almost completely buried in the sands. They are to-day the nearest approach to a pre-Revolutionary structure which exists at Pemaquid; yet they are full of possibilities; and the devoted student of our old colonial records, and all lovers of Maine's historic past, now dream of the day—and may it not be far distant—when these ancient stones shall rise from the sand, and when the great round tower of Fort William Henry shall be rebuilt from its original material to stand as a perpetual monument of the history of Ancient Pemaquid.

As we began our study of old colonial houses, at Kittery Point, on the western verge of the state, it is fitting that we should come at last to the eastern border of our "hundred-harbored Maine," and rest from our travels within the hospitable walls of the old Burnham Tavern at Machias. This ancient hostelry was built in 1770 and still retains its original clapboards, windows, and interior finish. It is the only house in eastern Maine which has a Revolutionary War record.

Old Burnham Tavern at Machias

The Battle of Machias Bay, in which the British vessel, the "Margaretta," was captured by the patriots of the town, was the first naval engagement of the Revolution and took place on June 12th, 1775. The plans for this encounter were formulated in the great living-room of the Burnham Tavern. Here the patriots gathered to discuss the exciting news of the battle of Concord and Lexington. Here they resolved to erect a liberty-pole upon the green and defend it with their blood. The captain of the British vessel in the harbor threatened to destroy the town unless the liberty-pole was taken down; but before the threat could be carried out, the men of Machias had manned a vessel, sailed down the harbor, and after a brief battle, captured the "Margaretta" and her crew.

The wounded sailors of the "Margaretta" were taken to the Burnham Tavern where the east room was turned into a hospital. The indomitable commander of the British vessel, Captain Moore, made a gallant defense, but was mortally wounded at the beginning of the fight. He was taken to the home of Stephen Jones where every effort was made for his recovery; but he died on the day following the battle. Captain Moore was a brave young Irishman who in spite of his order for the destruction of the town, had won the respect of the inhabitants of Machias, and his death was greatly regretted by the people who were charitable enough to give him credit for his loyalty to the crown. He was, moreover betrothed to a niece of Stephen Jones. This beautiful young lady, then a guest at Machias, was literally heart-broken at the death of her lover. These sad circumstances still give an undertone of pathos to the story of "the first naval battle of the Revolution" which is so often told with local pride and patriotism at the hearthstone of the old Burnham Tavern.

Such were some of the old colonial homes whose hearth-fires were lighted long before our Revolutionary ancestors set the torch of liberty ablaze, and thus severed our connection with the mother country.

These houses may still be seen standing along the coast of Maine, upon our river shores, and on the hillsides of our inland towns. Some of them are weather-beaten, empty, and desolate; their windows are broken, their chimneys shattered, and the dust and ashes dead upon their thresholds. Others are sound, stately, and well-preserved, still bearing with alertness and vigor the burden of many successive generations.

The most of these houses were large and handsome in their prime and quite worthy of the name of "mansion," or "great house," which was commonly bestowed upon them. They still stand as monuments, not only of the individual life, but of the general and characteristic life, of the early colonial settlers. They tell of the hardships, the sufferings, the struggles, the joys, the sorrows, the hopes, the faith—that wonderful and supreme faith—of our ancestors; and sitting at these ancient, dimly-lighted hearthstones, we learn to know and revere the men and women who were the founders and upbuilders of our state.

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