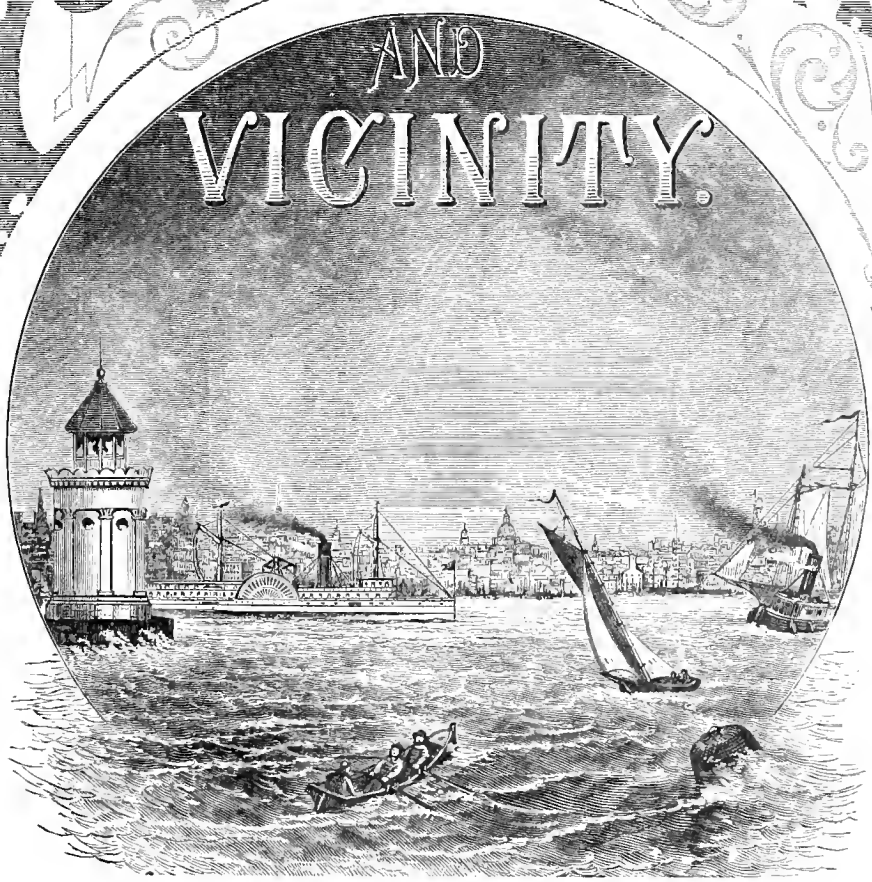
Second and Revised Edition.

ELWELL'S

PORTLAND

AND VICINITY.



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—SEE PAGE 55.—

M. S. GIBSON.

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—IN THE—

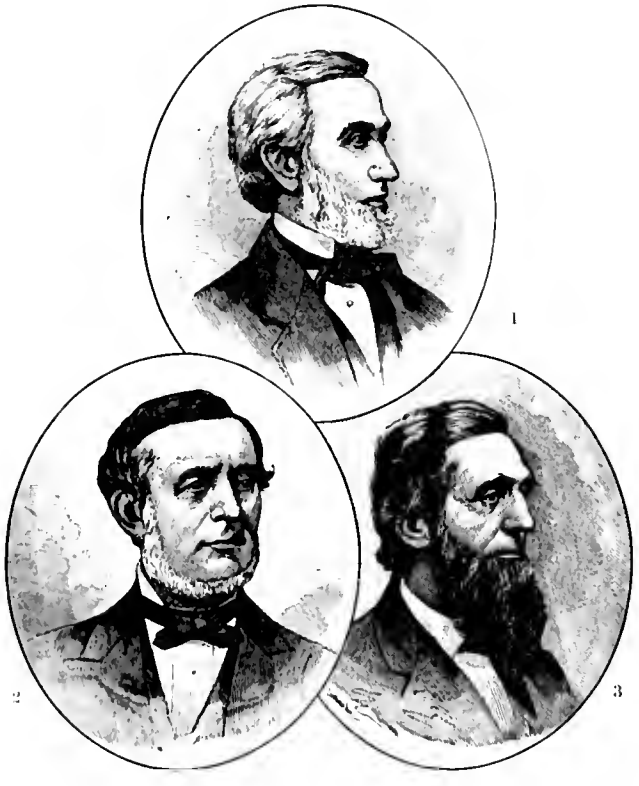
Union Mutual Life Insurance Company of Maine.

The following is a statement of amounts paid to June 1st, 1881, under the Maine Non-forfeiture Law, which was passed April 1, 1877, on Policies that but for its protection would have been worthless.

PARTIES INSURED.		STATEMENT OF THE POLICIES LAPSED, AND CONTINUED IN FORCE UNDER THE LAW.					SETTLEMENT OF DEATH CLAIM.		
NAME.	RESIDENCE.	NO. OF POLICY.	DATE OF LAPSE.	INSURANCE EXTENDED TO	DATE OF DEATH.	TIME OF DEATH AFTER LAPSE.	AMOUNT OF POLICY.	DEDUCT FOR FORBORNE PREMIUMS.	AMOUNT PAID BY THE COMPANY.
Henry Jones	East Boston, Mass.	195 A	October 9, 1878	Oct. 24, 1883	April 9, 1879	6 mos.	$5,000	$186 19	$4,813 81
Wm. H. Seymour	Passaic, N. Y.	1,195	June 20, 1878	July 31, 1889	May 9, 1879	11 mos.	2,000	52 37	1,947 63
Wm. S. Anderson	Boston, Mass	8,907	June 30, 1879	Oct. 3, 1883	March 12, 1881	1 yr. 8 mos.	1,000	88 45	911 55
Wm. S. Anderson	Boston, Mass	9,452	June 30, 1879	May 29, 1883	March 12, 1881	1 yr. 8 mos.	2,000	185 75	1,814 25
Sam'l W. Knight	Lawrence, Mass	10,741	May 23, 1880	Feb. 11, 1889	Oct. 18, 1880	5 mos.	2,000	78 17	1,921 83
John H. Griffith	Detroit, Mich	10,953	Aug. 10, 1878	Dec. 24, 1883	Aug. 21, 1879	1 year.	2,000	94 80	1,905 20
Chas. L. Gardiner	Charlestown, Mass	12,431	July 27, 1877	April 13, 1881	1877	——	2,000	58 83	1,941 17
Chas. L. Gardiner	Charlestown, Mass	13,484	Aug. 3, 1877	Nov. 28, 1880	1877	——	4,000	117 59	3,882 41
Aras G. Wilhams	Brooklyn, N. Y	30,395 A	Dec. 31, 1878	Oct. 4, 1880	Feb. 6, 1880	1 yr. 2 mos.	5,000	385 64	4,614 36
B. Waugh Jones	Rochester, N. Y	31,532	Jan. 30, 1878	July 30, 1881	Sept. 6, 1879	1 yr. 8 mos.	4,000	186 56	3,813 44
Wm. T. Mount	New York City	31,630 A	May 7, 1878	Sept. 13, 1884	April 21, 1879	11 mos.	2,000	78 91	1,921 09
Alfred Hughes	Baltimore, Md	33,693 A	May 15, 1878	May 26, 1880	Feb. 25, 1880	1 yr. 9 mos.	3,000	317 81	2,682 19
Wm. H. Seymour	Passaic, N. Y	37,817	June 1, 1878	Jan. 3, 1883	May 9, 1879	11 mos.	3,000	203 29	2,796 71
Baptist N. Fisher	Toronto, Ontario	44,266	March 15, 1879	Nov. 4, 1883	Nov. 22, 1879	8 mos.	1,000	19 20	980 80
Johann J. Weinhardt	Cleveland, O	46,129 A	Nov. 16, 1879	Oct. 20, 1884	March 27, 1880	5 mos.	1,000	36 30	963 70
Hiram D. Coombs	Prospect Harbor, Me.	48,939	March 14, 1879	Feb. 19, 1884	July 9, 1880	1 yr. 4 mos.	1,000	59 64	940 36
Jonathan W. Stafford	Noblesville, Ind	53,107 A	May 23, 1878	June 4, 1881	Jan. 13, 1881	2 yrs. 8 mos.	1,000	52 97	947 03
Geo. S. Butters	Lowell, Mass	54,587 A	Feb. 16, 1879	May 24, 1882	March 28, 1880	1 yr. 1 mo.	1,000	103 30	896 70
Thomas Logan	Fredericton, N. B	65,730	June 25, 1880	Aug. 10, 1883	Feb. 10, 1881	8 mos.	2,000	71 96	1,928 04
						TOTAL.	$44,000	$2,377 73	$41,622 27

Agents wanted in all parts of the State.

J. P. CARPENTER, Secretary. **JOHN E. DeWITT. President.**



MAYORS OF PORTLAND,

FROM 1872 TO 1891.

1. Moses M. Butler. 2. George Walker. 3. William Senter.

REVISED EDITION.

PORTLAND AND VICINITY,

WITH A SKETCH OF OLD ORCHARD BEACH AND OTHER MAINE RESORTS.

BY EDWARD H. ELWELL.

ILLUSTRATED.

PORTLAND, ME.: LORING, SHORT & HARMON.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.: J. A. & R. A. REID.
1881.

PORTLAND AND VICINITY.

CASCO BAY.

The early voyagers, as they skirted along the shores of Maine, in the twilight hours of discovery, were charmed with its secure harbors and noble rivers, where sheltered groves and grassy banks lured them to the land. In the attractions of calm waters, and sunny isles clothed with a luxuriant forest, the bay of which we write excelled all others. Captain John Smith, the first of Maine tourists, in his account of his famous summer trip along our shores, in 1614, thus describes it: "Westward of Kennebec is the Country of *Aucocisco*, in the bottom of a deep bay full of many great isles, which divide it into many great harbors." This was *Casco Bay*, the present name of which is a corruption of the Indian word *Aucocisco*, which, according to some authorities, signifies "a resting place," though others give it the interpretation of *crane* or *heron*. In view of the many halcyon retreats from toil and care which its islands afford, the former would seem to be the more appropriate designation, though the water fowl indicated by the latter still frequent the bay.

One can imagine the delight, when this land was new and clothed with the glamour of surprise, of sailing from the surges of the Atlantic into the sheltered roadsteads of this bay, along the green shores of its forest-crowned islands and out-reaching peninsulas, far into the heart of the land, where the placid waters reflected in their cool depths the verdant foliage which overhung them, in the silence and seclusion of a solitude unbroken save by the songs of birds of varied plumage flitting through "the forest primeval." No element of beauty was wanting to this miniature archipelago, and the native inhabitants, who had an eye for sunny spots and grassy glades, made it a place of frequent resort. They found in its waters an inexhaustible supply of provisions, and the evidences of their feasts still remain in the heaps of clam-shells found on the shores of the islands.

Here is a little bay, extending from Cape Elizabeth to Cape Small Point, a distance of about eighteen miles, with a depth of about twelve miles, more thickly studded with islands than any water of like extent on the coast of the United States. Unlike the low, sandy islands of the Massachusetts coast, these are of the most picturesque forms, while bold

headlands and peninsulas jut far out into the waters. There is the greatest possible variety in the forms and grouping of these islands. Some lie in clusters, some are coupled together by connecting sand-bars, bare at low water, while others are solitary and alone. Nearly all of them are indented with beautiful coves, and crowned with a mingled growth of maple, oak, beech, pine and fir, extending often to the water's edge, and reflected in many a deep inlet and winding channel. In the thick covert of the firs and spruces are many green, sunny spots, as sheltered and remote as if far inland, while beneath the wide-spreading oaks and beeches are pleasant walks and open glades.

These islands are of all sizes, from the little rocky islet, covered by the sea at high tide, to those which contain thousands of acres and hundreds of inhabitants. Though some of them present bold headlands, there is nothing barren or desolate in their aspect. For the most part they rise like mounds of verdure from the sea, forest-crowned, and from their summits one may behold on the one hand the waves of the Atlantic, breaking almost at his feet, and on the other, the placid waters of the bay, spangled by multitudinous gems of emerald, while in the dim distance he discerns, on the horizon, the sublime peaks of the White Mountains. It is impossible to conceive of any combination of scenery more charming, more romantic, more captivating to the eye, or more suggestive to the imagination.

It is a popular legend that the islands in Casco Bay number three hundred and sixty-five, a compliment to the days of the year which is also commonly attributed to Lake George, Lake Winnepesaukee, and several other bodies of water. Whence it had its origin it is impossible to say, since numerous as are these islands it is not difficult to count them. If we take down the chart and run our eye over it we see the islands fall naturally into three divisions or ranges, which we will set down in their order, beginning each with the island nearest Portland, and running eastward:

Inner Range.—Mackay's, The Brothers (2), Ten Pound, Clapboard, Sturdevant, Basket, Cousins, Littlejohn's, Lane's, Moshier's (2), Crab, Bibber's, Silver (4), two unnamed.

Middle Range.—Hog or Diamond (2), Cow, Crow Knob, Chebeague (2), Crow, Irony, Goose Nest, Little Green, French, Whaleboat (2), Goose (2), Goslin (2), Shelter, Birch, White's, four unnamed.

Outer Range.—House, Cushing's, Ram, Peaks', Pumpkin Knob, Overset, Marsh, Long, Stepping Stones (3), Hope, Crotch, Jewell's, Sand, Outer Green (2), Broken Cave (3), Bates', Ministerial, Stave, Little Bangs, Stockman's, Whale Rock, Haddock Ledge, Mark, Eagle, Upper Flag, Horse, Birch, Haskell's, Turnip, Jaquish, Bailey's, Orr's, Jebaskadiggin, Pond, Ram No. 2, Cedar (6), Elm (2), Rugged, Bold Dick, White Bull, Little Bull, Sisters (2), Mark No. 2, Brown Cow, Gooseberry, Wood (2), Burnt Coat,

Jameson's Ledge, Lower Flag, Horse No. 2, Malaga, Bear, Rogue, one unnamed, Jenny's, Yarmouth, two unnamed, Pote, Hopkins', Bateman's, Long No. 2, three unnamed.

Here are one hundred and twenty-two islands and islets, and we have perhaps left uncounted many rocks and reefs which might be made to swell the number, but it probably would not extend beyond one hundred and thirty-six. Many of the names of these islands are curious. Some are derived from early proprietors, others owe their origin to some trifling incident or a characteristic feature, while a few, like Chebeague and Jebaskadiggin, are of the aboriginal tongue. They are all homely and unromantic enough, but are not easily changed. Hog Island, which, though so inelegantly named, is one of the most beautiful in the bay —

"The gem of Casco's lovely isles,"

has been so called since 1634, though it is now beginning to be known as Diamond Island, a name long applied to the largest of its many coves.

The bay is almost as remarkable for its peninsulas as for its many islands. At its western extremity, between the sheltered waters of Fore River and Back Cove, extends the Neck on which Portland is built. At the eastern end the long narrow peninsula of Harpswell stretches far out into the quiet waters, flanked by many islands. The land here is very much broken, the islands cluster thickest, and the mainland reaches out many fingers, between which creeks and inlets and tidal rivers extend far inland. The shore is fringed with picturesque "Points." The Presumpscot River brings down in a full stream, the waters of Sebago Lake, and discharges them at a point a little north of Portland harbor.

The waters of the bay present as many attractions to fishermen and sportsmen as do the islands to the seekers after health and recreation. The early voyagers found them full of fish. Hither came Capt. John Smith in pursuit of whales, though he caught not many. The early settlers, when they met to talk over the wonders of the new land, told marvellous tales of the strange creatures found in the bay. Jocelyn, who was here in 1639, tells of one Mitton, a great fowler, who encountered a triton, or mereman, in its waters. As he was fetching a compass about a small island for the advantage of a shot, the creature laid its hands upon the side of the canoe, whereupon the said Mitton actually chopped one of them off with a hatchet, and he solemnly averred that it was in all respects like the hand of a man. The triton presently sank, dyeing the waters with its purple blood, and unfortunately his like has never since been seen. Jocelyn, too, makes the first mention of the sea serpent on our coast, seen coiled up like a cable on a rock at Cape Ann. This monster must therefore be considered an ancient inhabitant of our waters, and Casco Bay is one of its favorite haunts. It has frequently been encountered off Cape Elizabeth, and we have good authority for saying that it has even paid our harbor a visit within a few years past.

On a ledge in the inner bay, off the shore of Falmouth, the seals still breed, and sport in the calm waters. More real is the presence of the pugnacious sword-fish, in the pursuit of which our fishermen find not only sport but profit, since its flesh is by many esteemed a delicacy, and finds a ready sale in our market. Of the other edible fish there is great abundance and variety. The earliest inhabitants made great profit by catching fish and drying them on Richmond's Island, and for more than two hundred years House Island has been the scene of similar operations. Looking from some headland, on a bright summer day, it is a beautiful sight to see, on the horizon, the white sails of the mackerel fleet standing out against the blue sky. Here, too, the oleaginous porgy is pursued by steamers, while the fishermen catch for the market, cod, pollock, hake, haddock, and halibut. Along the rocky shore the cunner or sea-perch, best of pan fish, is caught, and furnishes the substantial dish of many a feast on the rocks, while in the creeks and inlets the silvery smelt abounds.

Of sea fowl there is still no lack, though they are not so abundant as fifty or even twenty-five years ago, when off Bald Head, an outer promontory at the south-eastern extremity of the bay, flocks might be seen passing for days together. From the middle of April to the middle of May great numbers of old squaws (pin-tail ducks) fly into the bay in the morning, through Hussey's Sound, to feed, and out again at night, to rest on the ocean. Then the gunners station themselves in boats, in a line from Long Island to Peaks' Island, and shoot at the birds as they fly over. A few geese are occasionally shot, but the shooting of coots (surf or velvet ducks) affords more extensive sport than any other during April and May. These are shot over decoys and in flying past points of land and over bars. Bald Head is a great resort of sportsmen, for there the coots, which will not fly over the mainland when migrating, may be shot in passing.

Walking along the solitary outer shores the lonesome cry of the loon is often heard, and they are sometimes seen in flocks of five or ten. The long legged heron may be met at times stalking along the shore in search of fish, and the ospray, or fishing eagle, builds its nest on some tall tree, and catches its prey by darting upon them when near the surface of the water.

For many years this bay has been a pleasure ground, the resort of lovers of the picturesque, as well as those in pursuit of fish and game. How many pleasant associations cluster around the recollections of the pic-nic parties at Diamond Cove, or fishing excursions farther down the bay. Year by year the stream of summer visitors increases. An afternoon trip to the islands is the daily recreation of our citizens in the summer season. The extension of our railroad system now enables excursion parties, numbering many hundreds, to come from points fifty miles distant in the country and spend a day in the enjoyment of the refreshing sea breezes of our bay, returning home at night. From Canada and other distant points come

visitors who make a longer stay, filling to overflowing the numerous hotels and boarding-houses on Cushing's, Peaks', and Little Chebeague Islands, and finding health and recreation in sea bathing and fishing.

Parties camping out dot with their white tents the shores of Little Diamond, Cushing's and Peaks', and the more distant and secluded islands of the bay. In the height of the season there have probably been at times as many as five hundred people camping out on the islands of Casco Bay. The building of summer cottages has begun, and before the lapse of many years it must become one of the most frequented summer resorts on our coast. Many steamers now fret its waters in the summer season, and fleets of pleasure yachts frequent its secure roadsteads.

In beauty of scenery, in wide ocean views, healthful breezes, and facilities for boating, bathing and fishing, it offers a most desirable place for the recreation of visitors, and the happiness of its permanent inhabitants.

How delightful to sail through this enchanting bay, steering now hither and now thither, as caprice impels or as perpetually changing views attract us. We may thread the intricate channels of the lower bay, where land and water mingle in delightful confusion; we may sail through the calm waters of Broad Sound, past the out-lying Jewell's Island, where it is said Capt. Kidd buried a portion of that great ill-gotten fortune which he scattered so lavishly over the world; we may pass into Luckses Sound in view of the lofty, forest-crowned Hope Island, and entering the passage between Long Island and Great Chebeague, — largest of the group, containing over two thousand acres, — touch at Little Chebeague, and so skirting the shores of Long Island and crossing Hussey's Sound, catching a glimpse of Diamond Cove, that dimple of beauty in a Hog's snout, pass through Hog Island Roads, with the green shores of Peaks' Island on one hand and the rocky wall of Hog Island on the other, and entering Portland Harbor see, at its head, the city, like

> "—— a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
> Rising with her tiara of proud towers,
> At airy distance, with majestic motion,
> A ruler of the waters and their powers."

PORTLAND.

HISTORY.

Settled in 1632 — Population, by census of 1870, 31,418; by census of 1880, 33,810. Area, 1,666 acres; including islands, 4,600. North latitude 43 deg., 39 min., 27 sec.; west longitude from Greenwich 70 deg., 15 min., 40 sec. Assessed valuation, 1880: real estate, $19,777,200; personal estate, $11,376,456 — total, $31,153,656.

The two centuries and a half which have nearly elapsed since the settlement of Portland may be divided into five periods, each ending with an

Portland in 1632, with Cleeves and Tucker building the first log house.

important event in its history. The first extends from 1632 to 1690, and covers the time of settlement and of destruction by the Indians. At its beginning we find George Cleeves and Richard Tucker, driven by John Winter from the proprietors' lands at the mouth of the Spurwink, making a new home for themselves on the shores of the wooded peninsula jutting out into the quiet waters sheltered by Cape Elizabeth, on which now stands the city of Portland. Cleeves landed on the beach now covered by the made land of the Grand Trunk Railway, at a point a little east of the foot of Hancock street, where a small brook made its way into

the bay. Here he built the first house and planted the first corn, his field extending westward to Clay Cove. Our first settler was a restless, ambitious and self-willed man, long prominent here; his partner Richard Tucker was of a more quiet disposition, and attended to the trading, while Cleeves devoted himself to public affairs. At first they were squatters, but in 1637 Cleeves went to England and obtained from Sir Ferdinando Gorges, the proprietor of this part of Maine, a grant of the peninsula on which he had built, and other neighboring lands and islands. These he proceeded to parcel out to settlers who sought the place, and a scattered community grew up on the edge of the wilderness. It was long without government, and the morals which prevailed were not of the highest order. The people devoted themselves principally to fishing, and cheating the Indians in the purchase of their furs. Beaver skins constituted their chief currency. They were roughly clad and coarsely fed. They lived in temporary shelters of logs, filled in with clay, or in houses of one story, with thatched roofs and wooden chimneys. The impenetrable forest was behind them, the open ocean before them, and this was their highway and the chief source of their sustenance. They had no roads, and when they traveled by land to Massachusetts they crept along the seashore on the beaches, which were the first highways. The settlement came to be known as Casco. In 1658 Massachusetts usurped the government of this territory and gave the name of Falmouth to the town, but this portion of it continued to be called Casco Neck until its incorporation as Portland in 1786. Falmouth comprised, in addition to the Neck, the territory now occupied by the towns of Cape Elizabeth, Deering, Westbrook and Falmouth. Of course with Massachusetts rule came the imperative order for the settlement of a minister, and the people built the first meeting-house on the point now occupied by the Portland Company's works. There officiated the Rev. Mr. Burroughs, a man so amiable and generous-hearted that the enlightened people of Salem afterwards hanged him for a wizard.

The main road to Massachusetts

The settlement grew but slowly. In 1675 there were only forty families in town, of which but four or five lived on the Neck, then mostly covered with a dense forest. During these forty or fifty years the Indians, who from the first had received them hospitably, dwelt in peace with these new comers. In return, all along this coast, they had been outrageously wronged by vagabond and unprincipled white men, and at last the day of wrath came. In 1675 King Philip arose to avenge the wrongs of his

people, and in the following year the blow fell upon Falmouth. All the settlements in the town were ravaged, and the inhabitants who had not previously sought refuge in more secure places were killed or carried into captivity, and the place was entirely destroyed. The town remained desolate until the peace of 1678, when the inhabitants began to return and build up the waste places. Fort Loyal, the largest fortification on the coast, was erected on a rocky eminence near the foot of India street, where the roundhouse of the Grand Trunk Railway now stands, and Falmouth became a frontier post. Government commissioners reallotted the land to new settlers, and the old proprietors quarreled with them about it. A new element in the population was added by the accession of a party of French Huguenots. The town began to prosper again. Mills were set up and inroads were made on the forest. Trade in fish and lumber was opened with the towns in Massachusetts. Roads were laid out, though they were mere foot-paths through the forest, — no vehicles having been introduced. In 1681 the first tavern was opened, and licensed to sell spirituous liquors, the intercourse up to this time having been so limited that no inn was needed.

First Church in Portland

In 1688 the population had increased to six or seven hundred, comprising eighty families, twenty-five of whom were living on the Neck. Then came the second Indian war, caused partly by the failure of the English to fulfil their treaty stipulations with the Indians, and partly by the instigation of the French. In 1689 the timely arrival of Major Church, with a force of volunteer troops and friendly Indians, saved the town from destruction. A battle was fought on the farm of Anthony Brackett, under Bramhall's Hill, in which the Indians were defeated and driven off, the whites suffering a loss of eleven killed and ten wounded. Next year, 1690, the French and Indians came down five hundred strong, killed Lieutenant Clark and his scouting party of thirteen men on Munjoy's Hill, captured Fort Loyal after a siege of five days, and carried Captain Davis, commander of the fort, and his surviving garrison captives to Quebec. Thus the Neck was again made desolate, became a thoroughfare for the savage and a resort for beasts of prey, and for many years was known only as "deserted Casco." The war continued until 1698, after which a few old settlers straggled back to their desolated homes. The center of population and defence now shifted to New Casco, a point of

First Hotel in Portland

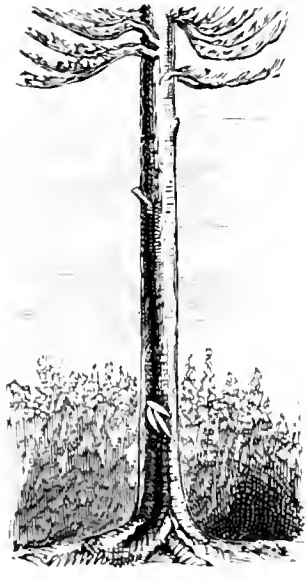
land east of the Presumpscot, where a fort was built in 1700. In 1703 the war broke out again, and in that year twenty-five persons were killed by the Indians on Purpooduck, at Spring Point, near where Fort Preble now stands. The town was now entirely deserted of inhabitants, and did not become the scene of further cruelties during the war.

The second period begins with the resettlement of the town in 1715, and ends with its destruction by Mowatt in 1775. This was the era of colonial growth and prosperity. In 1717 one Ingersoll built a hut on the Neck, where he lived some time alone, being thence called Governor Ingersoll. In 1718 twenty families were settled there in a compact and defensible manner. They clustered principally about the foot of India (then called Broad) street, and eastward along the beach where had stood the houses of Cleeves and Munjoy. This continued to be the court end of the town until after the peace of 1783. The second meeting-house was erected at the corner of Middle and India streets, where Rev. Thomas Smith, in 1727, commenced his long ministry of over sixty-eight years.

When the town was incorporated in 1718 the Neck, above Clay Cove, was all forest and swamp. A brook flowed from the northern part of Hampshire street into the cove, which was crossed by bridges on Fore and Middle streets, under which boats passed. There are men now living who remember the old bridge on Middle street. The passages were at first only trails or foot-paths through the woods, but gradually grew into streets, as vehicles requiring them were introduced, and they were named the Fore, the Middle, and the Back streets, the name of the latter, after the Revolution, being changed to Congress street. In 1774 the territory was occupied as far westward as Center street, the upper portion of the Neck still being covered with woods; this was at the close of a period of sixty years of steady growth. The Indians, broken and scattered, made peace in 1725, which lasted for many years; they dwindled away by death and by emigration to Canada. They took part against the English in the French wars of 1744 and the following years, and Falmouth was frequently alarmed by their depredations in the neighborhood, but was never again seriously threatened by them. In 1755 it had ceased to be a frontier post, and was free from the alarm and danger to which it had formerly been exposed. The people devoted themselves to the improvement of their condition; new mills were erected, and the forest as well as the sea was made a source of profit. At one time in the year 1727 there were thirty vessels riding at anchor in the harbor of Falmouth. Commerce was reviving. The articles of export were fish, fur, and lumber. Population gradually increased: in 1753 it numbered 720 souls on the Neck, and in the whole town, 2,712, including 21 slaves, Parson Smith owning one. In 1774 the population of the Neck had increased to 2,000.

The prosperity of the town was retarded by the frequent wars with the

French, into the spirit of which, however, our people heartily entered. They were Englishmen, and hated, of all things, the French, the Indians, and the Devil; these were their Trinity of evil. They joined with Massachusetts in the capture of Louisburg, sending a company of fifty men, easily enlisted. They had their dark and troubled times, often being in danger of starvation from their neglect to cultivate the land. Corn was imported from North Carolina, and potatoes from Massachusetts, and the arrival of a cargo of the former was often an occasion of great rejoicing. In 1737 Parson Smith writes in his journal: "There is no wood, little corn; sad complaints everywhere." At such times the sea was a great resource. In 1741 the Parson writes again: "The fish have but now struck in; a great relief to people almost perishing." Still the town was growing, and trade increased. The English navy was supplied with masts from our forests, the best pine trees being reserved for that purpose, and marked with the broad arrow, which indicated that they were not to be taken for other purposes by the settlers. A trade with the West Indies also grew up. On November 1, 1766, six large ships were lying in the harbor. At the commencement of the Revolution 2,555 tons of shipping were owned in Portland.

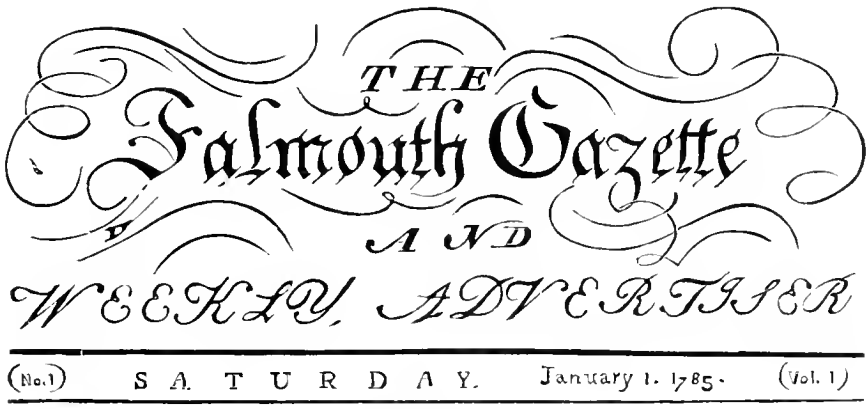


The King's Mark

With the development of trade, and the increase of wealth, distinctions of rank obtained between the different classes of the community; "the quality" looked down upon those engaged in mechanical employments, and disported themselves in cocked hats, bush wigs, and red cloaks. Dandies made themselves gorgeous in embroidered silk vests with long pocket flaps, and ruffles on their breasts and over their hands, and even little boys had their heads shaved and wore wigs, as well as buckskin breeches, common to all.

In the midst of increasing refinement and wealth came the great trial of the Revolution. Our people, who had fought the Indians and the French, were now brought into deadly conflict with their own countrymen. They were patriots and stood up boldly for their rights as freemen. When the news of the battle of Lexington reached Falmouth a strong company was immediately sent off to Cambridge; when the hated stamps arrived they were seized and burned; when the tax was imposed upon tea it was resolved, in popular assemblage, "that we will not buy nor sell any India tea whatever"; when the English government closed the port of Boston in 1774, the bell of Falmouth meeting-house was muffled and tolled funerally

from sunrise to sunset. There were Tories in the town, but they were outnumbered and put down. For these and other acts of patriotism the town suffered a terrible doom. Piqued at his capture and detention here the previous spring, by a party of militia from Brunswick, Captain Henry Mowatt returned in October, 1775, with a fleet of five war vessels, and on the eighteenth day of that month, a hundred and six years ago, laid the town in ashes. It was always regarded by the townsmen as his personal act, and it was one of great barbarity. The citizens nobly refused to give up their arms, and Mowatt opened his batteries on the defenceless town, and not content with this sent parties on shore to fire the houses. The people fled in terror from their homes, taking with them what they could carry of their household goods. All the compact part of the town was destroyed, embracing 414 buildings, the whole loss being estimated at about £55,000; only 100 dwelling-houses were left standing, many of which were much


THE
Falmouth Gazette
AND
WEEKLY ADVERTISER
(No. 1) SATURDAY. January 1. 1785. (Vol. 1)

Miniature fac-simile of Heading of first Newspaper published in Maine.

damaged. The place was again deserted, many of the inhabitants removing to the country, and the few who remained among the ruins suffering great privations. Thus, for the third time, the town was made desolate, and so ends the second period of its history.

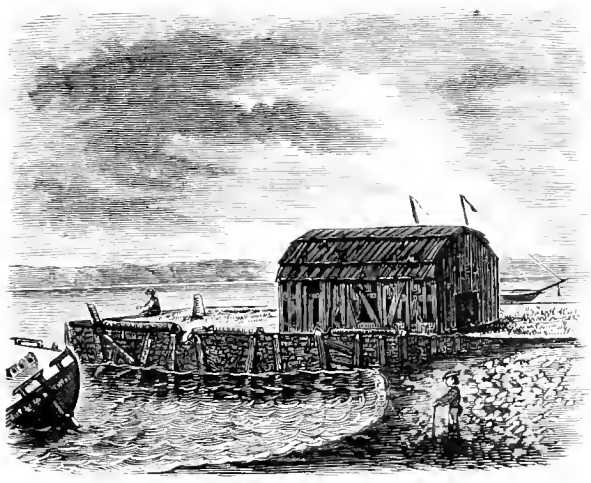
The third opens with the peace of 1783 and ends with the war of 1812. It was the period of commercial expansion and rapid increase of wealth, ending with the first of those financial disasters of which the country has since had frequent experience. With the establishment of national independence new energies were awakened, and new ideas began to prevail. Distinctions of rank and of dress gave way before the democratic spirit of the times; cocked hats, bush wigs, and breeches passed out, and pantaloons came in. Captain Joseph Titcomb created quite a sensation when he returned home from the South, in 1790, wearing the latter form of the nether garment, — the first seen here. A sudden impulse to business was given by

the close of the war. Population gradually increased. In 1784 there were built on the Neck forty-one dwelling-houses, ten stores, and seven shops. In 1785 the first brick house in town was commenced, and the same year appeared the first newspaper, "The Falmouth Gazette," published by Benjamin Titcomb and Thomas B. Waite. In 1786 the town was divided, and the Neck, with the name of Portland, started on an independent career, with a population of about 2,000. In 1793 wharves were extended into the harbor. In 1795 Nathaniel Deering built the first brick store. In 1799 the first bank was incorporated. Trade advanced westward from the old site at the foot of India street, and in 1800 Exchange (then called Fish) street was the principal seat of business. The population by this time had increased to 3,704, and in 1810 it had reached 7,169. A desirable class of residents came in, bringing capital with them. Our merchants, no longer content with a coasting trade, engaged in foreign commerce. Lumber and fish continued to be the principal exports, but ships were also built and sent on freighting voyages. From 1795 to 1805 the growth of the town in commercial business and general prosperity was unexampled in New England. Dr. Dwight, visiting the place in 1797, wrote: "No American town is more entirely commercial, and of course none is more sprightly." The tonnage, which in 1789 amounted to but 5,000, in 1807 had reached 30,000. The duties collected at the Custom House increased from $8,109 in 1790 to $812,909 in 1806. Napoleon Bonaparte had thrown all Europe into war, and American bottoms, as being declared neutrals, monopolized the carrying trade. Portland ship-owners profited accordingly and fortunes were rapidly made.

With the increase of wealth came greater refinement and a more lavish style of living. In 1801 our rich merchants began to build for themselves large and elegant houses, some of which still remain to us, the square, old-fashioned mansions, of noble front, with wide halls running through them, admitting, in the rear, into large, high-fenced gardens, where fruit trees flourished. Of such is the stately Matthew Cobb house, which still stands at the corner of High and Free streets; the mansion built by Ebenezer Storer, corner of High and Danforth streets, now occupied by John Mussey, Esq., and that built by Joseph H. Ingraham, on State street. These, and others like them, were the best houses in the State, and some which remain unaltered, like the fine old mansion on the corner of High and Spring streets, long the residence of the late General Wingate, still give evidence of the architectural taste and thorough workmanship of the olden time.

But the prosperity of the town received a sudden and disastrous check by the non-intercourse policy of 1806, and the embargo which followed in 1807. Commerce was at once suspended, and the almost total destruction of our shipping followed. Navigation fell off nine thousand tons in two

years, all the various classes to whom it gave support were thrown out of employment; eleven commercial houses stopped payment in 1807, and many others the following year. Great distress prevailed throughout the community, and the grass literally grew upon the wharves. In the war of 1812, which followed, our sea-faring people manned the privateers fitted out here, some of which ran a successful career, and did great damage to the enemy, while others were soon captured by superior force, and their crews held as prisoners.



"And the grass literally grew upon the wharves."

We come now to the fourth period in the history of our city, beginning with the peace of 1815 and continuing to the commencement of the railroad era of 1846. This was a period of slow recovery from commercial disaster and the demoralization caused by war. Commerce revived, but did not flourish as it had done at the beginning of the century. Lumber continued to be the chief export, shipped to the West Indies in low-decked brigs, which returned with cargoes of sugar, molasses, and rum. In the decade from 1810 to 1820 the population of the town increased only 1,412. In March, 1820, the District of Maine was separated from Massachusetts and admitted into the Union as a State. Portland became the capital of the new State, and held that position until the removal of the seat of government to Augusta in 1832.

In July, 1823, a great event happened at Portland, — nothing less than the arrival in the harbor of the first steamboat ever brought to Maine. This was the Patent, a vessel of about one hundred tons burthen, owned by Captain Seward Porter, of Portland, who had bought her in New York to run as a passenger-boat between Portland and Boston. Jonathan Morgan and Captain Porter had both previously experimented with steamboats of their own construction, the Kennebec, built by the latter, in 1822, having been the first to run in Casco Bay, but this was the beginning of the successful application of steam to the navigation of our waters. In 1833 came the Chancellor Livingston, built under the direction of Robert Fulton, and the same year the Cumberland Steam Navigation Company was formed,

and, in opposition to the Chancellor Livingston, put on the line between Portland and Boston the steamer Commodore McDonough. The Portland Steam Packet Company was organized in 1844, and its boats have ever since run on the route with great regularity and success, — a result largely due to the skillful management of Captain John B. Coyle, a pioneer in steamboat navigation in Maine.

Another enterprise, of which the town had great expectations, never wholly realized, was the construction of the Cumberland and Oxford Canal, to connect the waters of Sebago Lake with Portland Harbor, begun in 1828 and completed in 1830, at an expense of $206,000, of which sum $27,000 were raised by a lottery granted by the State. The Canal continued in successful operation for many years, but has now, through the extension of our railroad system, fallen into disuse. In 1832, the town having then a population of about 13,000, a city charter was granted to Portland.

Middle Street, before the Great Fire of 1866.

Middle street had now become the principal business avenue, especially of the retail dry-goods trade. Blocks of stores, built of brick and granite, had been erected, — considered spacious in those days, but low and dark as compared with the business structures built since the fire of 1866.

About 1840 the city began to experience a depression in business, caused by the revolution in trade centers, brought about by the introduction of railroads. Boston, by the extension of her railroads, had seized upon the trade of Vermont which had formerly come to Portland through

the Notch of the White Mountains. In 1842 the Portland, Saco and Portsmouth Railroad was opened, and that also took business away from the city. It began to be the fashion to say that Portland was "wilting." Visitors spoke of it as a beautiful little city, but a quiet old place. From 1840 to 1846 there was scarcely any increase in the population of the city. It became evident to our business men that it was necessary to seize the weapon which was being wielded against them and turn it to their own advantage. Measures were adopted to form railroad connection with the interior. For this purpose a company was formed, and a charter obtained, to construct a railroad to Canada.

This brings us to the fifth period in the history of Portland, commencing in 1846 and continuing to the present time. This is the era of railroads, and though interrupted by war and conflagration, the prosperity of the city has steadily increased since their introduction. With the hour came the man, in the person of John A. Poor, by whose far-reaching foresight, broad grasp of possibilities, and untiring energy, the project of a railroad to Canada was set on foot. The conception was a grand one, but the undertaking seemed overwhelming to a little city of sixteen thousand inhabitants. Montreal was three hundred miles away, through mountain ranges, through waste spaces, through sparsely populated regions, deeply encumbered with the snows of winter. Whence was the capital to come? How was a railroad to be built in the face of such physical obstacles?

John A. Poor

Mr. Poor and Wm. Pitt Preble drove over the route in a sleigh, in mid-winter, to prove the possibility of getting through. Our merchants and business men took up the enterprise with enthusiasm; all classes of citizens joined heartily in the endeavor. It was a revival movement, — a revival of enterprise, a revival of business, a revival of prosperity, — and everybody but a few croakers was converted. The city loaned its credit in bonds to the amount of $2,000,000; eleven miles of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad were opened in 1848, and in 1853 it was finished to its junction with the Canada road from Montreal, — a distance from Portland of 149 miles. The Grand Trunk Railway brought our city into connection not only with the towns and cities of Canada, but with the vast grain-growing regions of the West. Following its completion came, as necessary adjuncts, a winter line of steamers to Liverpool, and the construction of a

new business avenue along the whole water-front of the city, — a mile long and one hundred feet wide, — running over tide water, across the heads of the wharves, — leaving high and dry old Fore street, so long the water street, the locality of slop-shops and sailor boarding-houses. This new street, — appropriately called Commercial, — is the scene of a heavy wholesale trade in flour, grain, and groceries, while it also affords railroad communication across the front of the city, and with the numerous wharves. Then came the building of that system of railroads opening to the trade of Portland all parts of the State, and now consolidated under the name of the Maine Central. Our merchants also opened connection with the eastern part of the State, and the Lower Provinces, by means of steamboat lines, and thus secured much of the trade which had formerly gone to Boston. Manufacturing establishments, — like the Portland Company's Works and Brown's Sugar House, — also sprang up, and gave employment to hundreds.

The city passed through the panic of 1857–8 without serious disaster, and trade was reviving again when the war of the Rebellion came in 1861. Business then gave way to the demands of patriotism. The First Maine Regiment, Colonel Jackson, (six companies of which were raised here), was speedily organized, though the measles prevented its being the first in the field. In response to later calls for volunteers our people were active in organizing other regiments, — especially the 5th, 9th, 10th, 12th, 13th, 17th, and 25th; the latter a nine-months' regiment of Portland boys, led by Colonel Francis Fessenden. Other recruits followed, Portland contributing in all 5000 men, to whom she paid in bounty $428,970; and of whom 421 lost their lives in battle, or by disease. Large contributions were made in aid of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, and many noble women gave their services in nursing the sick and wounded.

When, one June morning, in 1863, the U. S. Revenue cutter Caleb Cushing was missed from her anchorage, the Collector of the port, Jedediah Jewett, in conjunction with the Mayor, Captain Jacob McLellan, promptly manned and armed the steamers Forest City and Chesapeake, and pursuing the rebels who had seized her, found her becalmed near the Green Islands. The rebel commander, Lieutenant Reade, set the cutter on fire, and she blew up with a terrific explosion; he and his crew meantime taking to the boats, to be captured by the pursuing steamers and confined in Fort Preble as prisoners of war. For this prompt and patriotic action the Secretary of the Treasury awarded high praise to Collector Jewett and his associates.

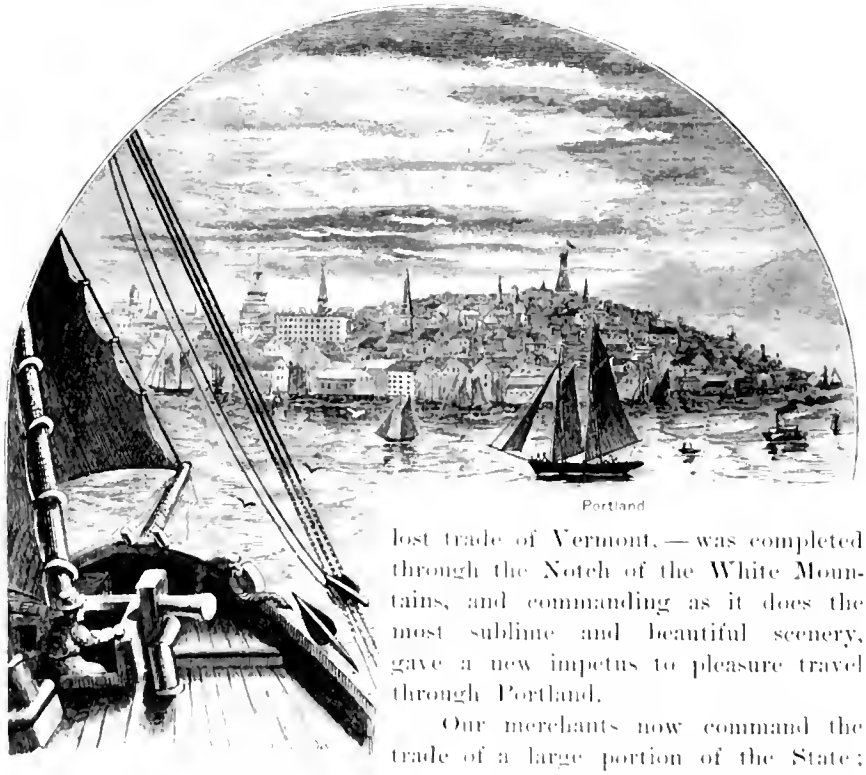
The city came out of the war without great loss, though its commercial progress had been checked by the transfer of much of its shipping to the British flag. The war, however, had given employment to many; money

was flush, and the city was again entering on a prosperous career, when, for the fourth time in its history, it was laid in ashes and made desolate.

On the Fourth of July, 1866, a carelessly thrown fire-cracker set fire to a boat-builder's shop on Commercial, near the foot of High street, and the sparks soon communicated with Brown's Sugar House, wrapping that great structure in flames, and speeding onward, spite of all opposition, spreading out like a fan as it went, diagonally across the city, glowing with a furnace heat, melting iron, crumbling stone, wiping out the costliest "fire-proof" structures, leaving desolation in its track; sweeping away not only whole blocks, but entire streets, massive warehouses, lofty churches, splendid mansions, ancestral homes in the crowded and oldest part of the city: spreading terror, anguish, and dismay among the whole population, until, at last, in the small hours of the morning, it burnt itself out amid the waste spaces at the foot of Munjoy's Hill. That night of terror and destruction will never be forgotten by the people of Portland. The morning saw fifteen hundred buildings laid in ashes; fifty-eight streets and courts reduced to a wilderness of chimneys, amid which the most familiar inhabitant lost himself; ten thousand people made houseless and homeless, and ten millions of property destroyed. For a moment only the energies of the people seemed paralyzed, and then commenced the great work of providing for the houseless and the hungry. Whole villages of tents sprang up on Munjoy, and elsewhere; barracks were built; generous contributions from abroad flowed in; the work of rebuilding was begun, — advantage being taken of the opportunity to widen and straighten old streets, and open new ones, — and now, after a lapse of fifteen years, the city stands rebuilt, far handsomer than before the fire.

Middle Street in Ruins.

Meantime the work of railroad extension has gone on, enlarging the area tributary to the trade of the city, and opening new routes of pleasure travel. In 1873 the Boston and Maine Railroad was extended from South Berwick to Portland, giving easy access to Old Orchard Beach, where a whole village of hotels has since sprung up. In 1875 the Portland and Rochester Railroad completed its connections with Nashua, N. H., and Worcester, Mass., thus opening a direct route to New York, and saving many miles of travel between Portland and the great metropolis. The same year the Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad, — which is to open a new and shorter route to the Great West, and bring back some of the



Portland

lost trade of Vermont, — was completed through the Notch of the White Mountains, and commanding as it does the most sublime and beautiful scenery, gave a new impetus to pleasure travel through Portland.

Our merchants now command the trade of a large portion of the State; to a considerable extent they supply Northern New Hampshire and Vermont, and find customers in the Maritime Provinces and the Canadas.

Various branches of Manufacture, — as the rolling of railroad iron, the making of carriages, shoes, matches, stone-ware, and drain-pipe, have sprung up, and these products find a market all over the United States, and to some extent in foreign countries.

The city now occupies the whole of the peninsula, from the slopes of Munjoy to the brow of Brandhall, — many elegant residences having within

the past few years been erected in what was once "the swamp Ward," at the west end. The business streets, as well as those devoted to private residences, are handsomely built, lighted with gas, supplied with pure water from Lake Sebago, and well drained. It has thirty-four churches and places of public worship; twenty-two well conducted public schools, attended by about six thousand scholars; five daily and nine weekly newspapers, and is well equipped with charitable, literary, and musical associations. It has six national and two savings banks. The whole number of vessels belonging to the district in 1881 was 362; aggregate tonnage, 118,025.48,— an increase of about 7,000 tons in five years. The total of foreign imports and exports in 1880 was $20,024,189, and the transit trade of the port is two or three times larger than in all the other ports of the United States combined. Its harbor is deep, safe, accessible, and spacious. It commands most beautiful and varied scenery, from wide ocean views to the everlasting mountains lifting their summits in the distance.

As a center of pleasure travel Portland presents unequalled facilities and attractions, — having the seashore at its feet, the mountains at its back; bay, islands, and inland lakes on either hand.

With its dependent suburban villages it is the center of a population numbering not less than 45,000, and possesses, — in its situation, the enterprise of its merchants, and the industry of its mechanics and manufacturers, — the elements of large growth and future prosperity.

TOPOGRAPHY.

In superficial area Portland is the smallest town in the State. Its territory comprises a small peninsula, which juts into the inner waters of Casco Bay, and sixteen islands and parts of islands, lying at a distance, down the bay, of from three to ten miles. The peninsula, or Neck, was called *Machigonne* by the natives, which, according to some authorities, means *bad clay*, while others contend that its interpretation is a knee, or elbow, — a term descriptive of the great curve which the Neck makes in sweeping round from the Fore River to Back Cove. The names of the islands are Peaks', Long, Cushing's, House, Great and Little Diamond (or Hog), part of Crotch, part of Hope, Little Chebeague, Jewell's, Cow, Ram, Marsh, Overset, Crow, and Pumpkin Knob. These islands, according to the census of 1880, contain but 741 inhabitants, of which Peaks Island has nearly one-half, 370, and Long Island, 252.

The peninsula which constitutes the site of the city proper projects from the mainland in a northeast direction, and is about three miles long, with an average breadth of three-quarters of a mile, — its narrowest point being scarce half a mile in width. On the southerly side it is divided from the Cape Elizabeth shore by an arm of the bay, called Fore River, which

constitutes the inner harbor, having, between Portland Bridge and the Breakwater on one side, and Fish Point on the other, an area of six hundred and seventy-seven acres, and an average depth, at mean high water, of about thirty feet. Vessels of the largest size ever built can enter the lower harbor, day or night, with forty feet of water at low tide, and lie safely at anchor in that depth, inside of a line connecting the Breakwater with Fort Gorges, and distant not more than one-half mile from the Great Eastern Steamship Wharves. Commissioners appointed by the Government to examine the harbor say, "The city of Portland stands precisely upon the spot which a careful examination would pronounce to be the best."

On the northerly side the Neck is separated from the shores of Deering by the waters of Back Cove, — an inner basin of large extent, having a sufficient depth of water, at high tide, to float vessels of considerable tonnage.

The peninsula, therefore, has tide water on either hand, and its shores slope up gradually on both sides to a mean central elevation of more than a hundred feet, — thus affording every facility for drainage, and contributing to make Portland one of the healthiest cities in the world. At its northeastern extremity the Neck rises into an eminence called Munjoy's Hill, having an elevation of 161 feet, and commanding a delightful view of the waters of Casco Bay, its green islands, and the ocean beyond. At its southwestern end the land also rises into a prominence, ending with a bold bluff, called Bramhall's Hill, having a height of 175 feet, and affording an extensive view of farm, forest, village, and mountain scenery, — best seen at sunset.

Between these two elevations the land sags, but at the lowest point, on the central ridge, (the head of Hampshire street), is still 57 feet above tide water.

Along the whole line of this central ridge, from the slope of Bramhall to the outer declivity of Munjoy, Congress street extends, the backbone of the city, three miles in length. Below it, on the southern slope, and running parallel with it for a part of its length, are, first, Middle street, a business avenue devoted largely to the retail and wholesale dry goods trade; second, Fore street, the ancient water street of the city, now devoted to miscellaneous trade; and third, Commercial street, the new commercial thoroughfare, fronting the harbor, and occupied by wholesale traders in heavy goods. At the west end, where the Neck widens, there are other longitudinal streets between Congress and Commercial, as Spring, Danforth, and York.

On the northerly slope, also running parallel with Congress street for a part of its length, are, first, Cumberland; second, Oxford, supplemented on the western end by Portland; and third, Lincoln, on the new-made

land along the shore of Back Cove, and also supplemented, at the western end, by Kennebec street.

Across these streets, radiating like ribs from the back-bone of Congress street, are many shorter streets, of which the principal are as follows: At the easterly end, India street, the early site of trade and population; Franklin and Pearl streets, the only ones that run straight across the peninsula, from water to water; Exchange street, a business thoroughfare devoted largely to brokers, banks, and insurance agencies; High street and State street, devoted to private residences.

The whole peninsula is covered with a net-work of two hundred and forty streets, lanes, and courts, aggregating a length of fifty miles, while thirty wharfs extend into the harbor and give accommodation to the commerce of the port. There are six avenues on the land side into town, all of which are over bridges, except the old road from Stroudwater. All the bridges were at first supported by tolls, but now they are free.

In addition to these there is projected, and partly completed, a Marginal Way, running around both sides of the city, nearly five miles in length, and one hundred feet in width.

The horse cars of the Portland Railroad afford an easy means of transit along the whole length of Congress street; also from the Grand Trunk Station, through Middle and Congress, down High, and up Spring streets to Bramhall's Hill; and from the head of Preble street, in Market Square, through Preble, Portland, and Green streets, and the villages of Deering Point and Woodford's Corner, to Evergreen Cemetery and Morrill's Corner, — a distance of three and a quarter miles.

From east to west the city may be divided into several distinctive districts, as follows: Munjoy's Hill is covered with an almost distinct and independent village, of middle-class residences, having its own churches, schools, and shops. The business of the city centers on the southerly slope below Congress street, near the middle of the peninsula. The northerly slope, back of Congress street, along its whole length, is devoted to private residences. The western end, rising gradually to the eminence of Bramhall, as in most cities, is the fashionable quarter, and having been spared by the great fire of 1866, now contains the oldest mansions, as well as many of the newest and most elegant residences. The streets here are all shaded by stately elms, and the houses are surrounded by well-kept gardens and lawns, — not, as formerly, shut into seclusion by high board fences, but thrown open to the public view by low, ornamental hedges, and guards.

It will readily be seen that from the elevation of its site, and the character of its surroundings, Portland commands scenery of the most varied and beautiful description. The beauty of its location and surrounding views, has often received the warm praises of visitors and tourists, and is the pride and boast of its citizens.

Looking through the vistas of the over-arching shade-trees on some of the streets leading to Back Cove, one catches delightful glimpses of tranquil water and green fields, and hills beyond. It is like a picture set in a frame-work of foliage.

If, in the early morning, you walk to the summit of Munjoy's Hill, you see the round sun swinging up from the ocean, and shedding his golden radiance on the many green islands which dot the beautiful bay. If, at evening, you stand on the brow of Bramhall's Hill, you look over a panorama of field and forest, shining water and tree-crowned hills, with here and there a white church-spire pointing to the heavens, now all aglow with the radiance of the departing sun.

We know of no city where, from the very center of its business streets, one may look out upon such beautiful views of land and water as may be seen from the heart of our city. Stand, at the hour of sunset, at the head of Preble street, and look out over the waters of the Cove, reflecting the hues of the sunset sky; upon the green fields and tree-crowned summits of Deering, and tell us if anything can be finer.

DISTANCES TO POPULAR RESORTS

FROM CITY HALL.

	MILES.	FUR.		MILES.	FUR.
To Pront's Neck, by way of Stroudwater Village	13	2	To First of the Two Lights	8	5
To same, by way of Vaughan's Bridge, old road	11	1	To Cape Cottage	3	4
To same, by way of Cape Elizabeth Bridge, over Burrell Hill	11		To Evergreen Cemetery	2	7
To same, by way of Ocean road, round the Cape	14	7	To Marine Hospital	2	6
To Atlantic House, Scarboro, by Vaughan's Bridge	9	7	To Libby's Corner	1	7
To Kirkwood House, by way of Vaughan's Bridge	9	7	To Stroudwater	3	
To Reform School	4		To Saccarappa	6	
To Ocean House, Bowery Beach	7	7	To Cumberland Mills	5	1
			To Woodford's	2	
			To Morrill's Corner	3	
			To Pride's Bridge	1	6
			To Allen's Corner	4	
			To Blackstrap Monument	7	
			To Portland Head Light	4	1

FROM CUSTOM HOUSE WHARF.

	MILES.	FUR.		MILES.	FUR.
To House Island	2		To Long Island Landing	4	6
To Little Hog Island Landing	2	2	To Clapboard Cove	5	
To Peak's Island Landing	2	4	To Little Chebeague Landing	7	
To Cushing's Island Landing	2	4	To Jewell's Island	10	
To White Head Cove	3		To Harpswell	13	4
To Evergreen Landing	3	4	To Freeport	14	4
To Diamond Cove	4	3	To Cronch's Cove, Goose Island	14	4

Corner Middle and Exchange Streets

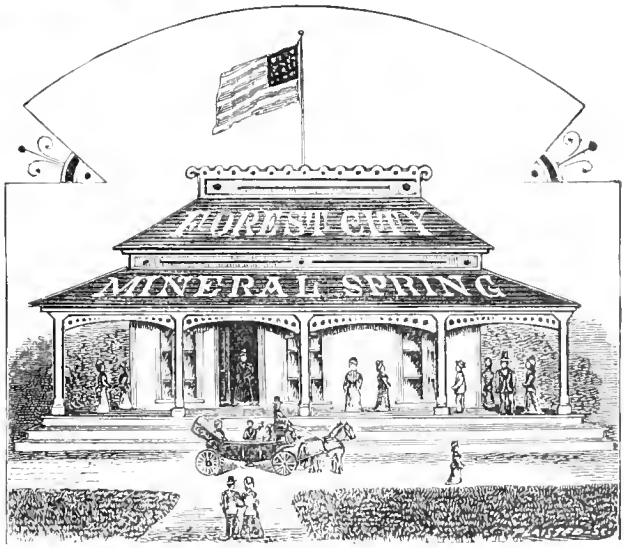
Looking down High Street from Congress Square

Farrington Block — Odd Fellows' Hall.

Looking down Middle Street from Market Square.

Natural History Building.

There was recently discovered, on Munjoy's Hill, a spring of mineral water, which has been found to have surprising curative qualities. It is said to have been very effective in cases where it has been used on trial, and has become an article of commerce. "This water contains all the valuable constituents of the famous Saratoga Springs, without containing any of the objectionable ones, such as the large excess of salt, etc." It is bright and sparkling, perfectly clear, and deposits no sediment on standing. Taken fresh from the spring it contains a large quantity of carbonic acid gas in solution, and thus can be drunk in large quantities, without fear.



Forest City Mineral Spring.

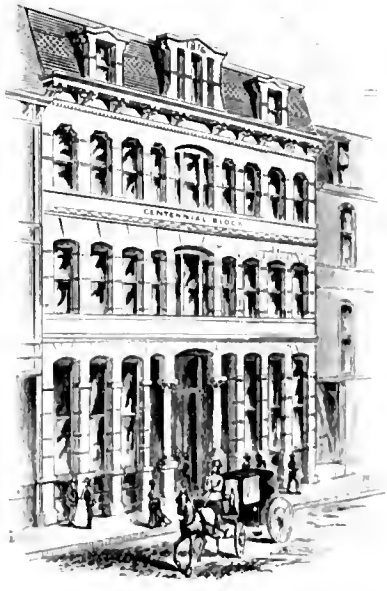
Williston Church.

Williston Church was organized Feb. 5, 1873. Rev. B. F. Leavitt was the first pastor, who was succeeded in 1876 by the present pastor, Rev. F. E. Clark. The church numbers two hundred and sixty members, while the society embraces nearly a thousand individuals.

The new church was finished in 1878. It is in the Gothic style of architecture, built of brick, faced with freestone trimmings.

The peculiarities of its construction are a wing on the right of the chancel, which forms the chapel, and is connected with the church by sliding glass doors, thus forming a part of the audience-room; and an alcove opposite the chapel for the choir and organ.

The seating capacity of the church is eight hundred, and a ladies' parlor and a kitchen afford ample accommodations for the social needs of the church. A fine organ was placed in the church in 1879.



Centennial Block, Exchange Street.

DISTINGUISHED PORTLANDERS.

Portland numbers among its sons and daughters many who have given distinction to their birthplace abroad, as well as others who have acquired a local reputation for abilities displayed in the various walks of life. Among those who are, or have been, resident here, not natives of the place, may also be counted not a few distinguished men and women. Local pride may be indulged in a brief mention of the more prominent persons in both classes.

Parson Smith.

To begin at the beginning, George Cleeves, our first settler and proprietor, was a man worthy of being remembered, not only for his own abilities, but as being the progenitor of some of our leading citizens of to-day. Though he left but one child,— a daughter,— his posterity teems in the land. Settling on the Neck in 1632, he obtained a grant of the land from Gorges, and subsequently, as Deputy-President under Rigby, ruled over the whole province of Ligonia, extending from Cape Porpoise to Cape Elizabeth, including both. For over thirty years he was prominent in affairs in this region, dying some time previous to 1671, at a great age. He was undoubtedly one of the most distinguished of the early settlers in these parts; a man of great activity and enterprise, an ardent royalist, and warmly attached to the Church of England; ambitious and self-reliant, a partisan and a leader; frequently involved in controversy,— once fined, in the court at Saco, five shillings for rash speeches; a rough old character, well suited to the turbulent times in which he lived. We derive all our property-rights through him, and his name should long ere this have been kept in remembrance by being given to some public institution.

The most prominent figure in our history, through the greater part of the eighteenth century, was the Rev. Thomas Smith, the first ordained

minister after the resettlement of the town. His descendents are also numerous, — some of them to be found among our most prominent and useful citizens. For a long course of years he was the most distinguished preacher in this part of the country; for many years the only physician in town; one of a class peculiar to colonial times, the like of whom are no longer to be found. Our early annalist, his Journal is full of quaint observations on the men and events of his times, — preserving for us a life-like picture of the manners and customs of the last century. He lived under the reign of four sovereigns, and the presidency of George Washington, dying in 1795, in the ninety-fourth year of his age, after a ministry with the people here of sixty-eight years and two months.

One of the most distinguished citizens of the town at the outbreak of the Revolution was General Jedediah Preble, known as Brigadier Preble. He had served in the old French wars; has the credit of having been with Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham; was twelve years Representative of the town; appointed Brigadier General by the Provincial Congress; afterwards served as the first Senator from Cumberland county, under the constitution of 1780, and as Judge of the Common Pleas, dying in 1784, at the age of seventy-seven.

The earliest members of the bar, resident here, were Theophilus Bradbury and David Wyer, who entered upon practice in this town in 1762, previous to which time there were no lawyers in what now forms the county of Cumberland. Bradbury acquired a good practice. John Adams writing to his wife in 1774, and querulously complaining of the success of lawyers younger than himself, says: "Bradbury, at Falmouth, they say, grows rich very fast." Mr. Bradbury served as a member of Congress, and as one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, dying in 1803. Mr. Wyer was King's Attorney for the county before the Revolution, but died in 1776, at the early age of thirty-five. These two being the only resident lawyers were invariably employed upon opposite sides. Bradbury was grave and judicious; Wyer full of wit and vivacity, and many were the combats between them, giving rise to scenes in the Forum very much to the amusement of their mutual friends.

The next ante-revolutionary character we have to introduce was a sort of factotum, a type of Yankee versatility and usefulness. Samuel Freeman, born in this town in 1742, in early life traded and kept school; entered public life as an advocate of the rights of the colonies in 1775, being chosen Delegate from Falmouth to the Provincial Congress; afterwards served as Clerk of the Courts for forty-six years, as Register and Judge of Probate forty-five years, as Postmaster twenty-eight years, as Selectman twenty-four years, as Deacon of the First Parish forty-five years, and also President of the Maine Bank and as President of the Overseers of Bowdoin College for a number of years, finding time in the intervals of business to publish

several law books, and to edit and publish the manuscript journal of the Rev. Thomas Smith.

In 1770 Theophilus Parsons, afterwards the distinguished Chief Justice of Massachusetts, came here to take a school, and taught for a number of years, at the same time studying law under Theophilus Bradbury, and was admitted to the Cumberland Bar in July, 1774. While here he was remarkable for his studious habits.

Ex-Chief Justice Ether Shepley.

Sheriff William Tyng, of colonial times, stands out as our prominent Tory; accepting a colonel's commission from General Gage; proscribed and banished in 1775, but returning in 1793, and dying here in 1807.

Among native and resident lawyers who have achieved distinction at the Cumberland Bar, we may mention the learned jurist and law writer, Simon Greenleaf; Stephen Longfellow, the father of the poet, long in successful practice here; Prentiss Mellen, who rose to be Chief Justice of the State, the duties of which office he discharged with singular fidelity and ability; Ezekiel Whitman, member of Congress for four terms, and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Maine; Samuel Fessenden, the able lawyer, whose noble presence and commanding oratory are still fresh in our recollection, distinguished not less as a philanthropist and friend of the slave than as an advocate; Albion K. Parris, Governor of the State at thirty-three, and long prominent in law practice here; William Pitt Preble, who served as Judge, was Minister to the Netherlands, and bore an important part in the settlement of the northeastern boundary question; Ashur Ware, the learned writer on Maritime law, who served as Judge of the United

Judge George F. Shepley

States District Court for forty-four years; Ether Shepley, ex-Chief Justice of the State, and his son, George F. Shepley, who served in the war of the Rebellion, and was Judge of the United States Circuit Court; Edward Fox, the present Judge of the United States District Court; Nathan Clifford, ex-United States Attorney-General, ex-Minister to Mexico, and Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; William Wirt Virgin, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Maine; Charles W. Goddard, ex Judge of the Superior Court, and now Postmaster; Judge Symonds, of the Supreme Court; George F. Talbot, ex-United States District Attorney for Maine; Nathan Webb, who has held the same office; and among prominent members of the bar to-day: Bion Bradbury, Josiah H. Drummond, Sewall C. Strout, William L. Putnam, John Rand, Nathan Cleaves, Charles P. Mattocks, Thomas B. Reed, Jr., H. B. Cleaves and C. F. Libby.

Hon. William Pitt Fessenden.

Of orators and statesmen, native and resident, Portland may claim Sargent S. Prentiss, born here, but who won his reputation in the South; William Pitt Fessenden, the distinguished Senator and Secretary of the Treasury; Hon. George Evans, formerly United States Senator from this State; Israel Washburn, Jr., whose long service in Congress, and able administration as governor of the State, during the early part of the Rebellion, place him among the most honored sons of Maine; the late George T. Davis, ex-member of Congress from Massachusetts, and a gentleman of brilliant conversational powers.

Ex-Governor Israel Washburn, Jr.

Of officers who have achieved distinction in the navy, native here, we have Commodore Edward Preble, son of Brigadier Preble, whose name stands high in our annals as the hero of Tripoli; Rear Admiral Alden,

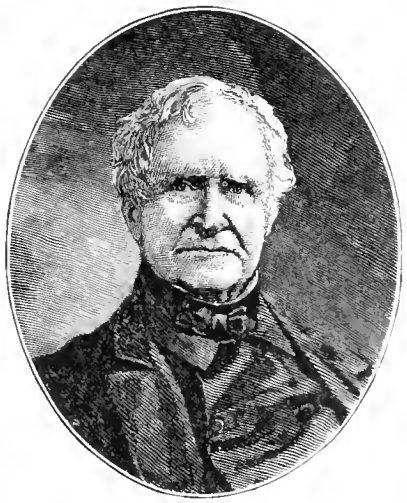
who fought at New Orleans and Mobile; and Rear Admiral George H. Preble, who has served long and well.

Among reformers we may claim General Neal Dow, who served in the war of the Rebellion, was Mayor of the city in 1851 and 1855, and has won a world-wide distinction as a zealous advocate of temperance, and the principle of prohibition, — having twice visited England as a laborer in this field, where he is now well known and esteemed.

General Neal Dow

Portland is the birthplace of many authors, some of whom have achieved a wide fame, and conferred honor on the place of their nativity.

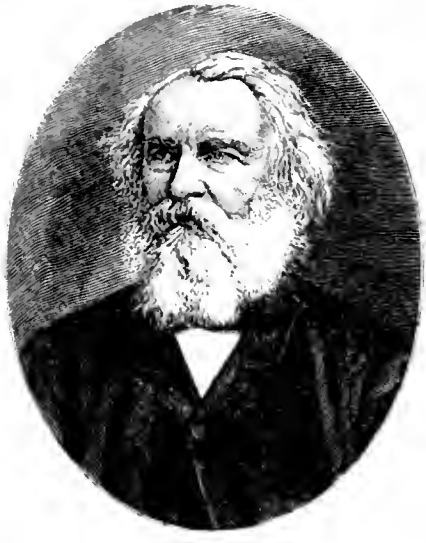
Of poets we may mention first, by right of seniority, the late John Neal, born here August 25, 1793, of a Quaker family, — though with but little of the Quaker spirit. His vigorous poem, "The Battle of Niagara," was published as long ago as 1818. In 1824 we find him in England, writing for Blackwood's Magazine, and enjoying the friendship of Jeremy Bentham. As poet, novelist, journalist, and contributor to magazines, Mr. Neal has been a prolific author, writing in an impetuous and uncontrolled style of his own, always with independence, dash, and audacity; but, though lacking concentration, also with much strong, good sense, close thought, and analysis of character; preserving to a ripe old age his vehemence and vigor, his irascibility, his scorn of everything unmanly, and his love of fair play.



John Neal

Henry W. Longfellow, who needs no mention but that of his name, was born here, "in an old, square wooden house, upon the edge of the sea," on the 27th of February, 1807. It is unnecessary to allude to his poetry, — known and admired wherever the English language is read or translated, — or to speak of his uneventful and prosperous career as a man of letters,

who has endeared himself to thousands in foreign lands, as well as in his own country, by the felicity and loving charm of his writings. Born of a family long prominent here, he has given immortality to the city of his birth by his poem entitled, "My Lost Youth," in which he describes



Henry W. Longfellow.

"—— the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea."

Nathaniel P. Willis was born here in the same year with Longfellow, January 20, 1807. He had ink in his veins,—his grandfather and his father, both of whom were named Nathaniel Willis, being well known publishers; the former having been an apprentice in the same printing-office with Benjamin Franklin. As a poet, journalist, and letter writer, Mr. Willis was distinguished for his sprightly and graceful style, and his rare choice and constructive skill in the use of words.

Nathaniel Deering, who died in 1881, aged nearly ninety years, graduated at Harvard as long ago as 1810. He chose the law as his profession, and literature as his amusement, but early abandoned both. His chief productions are two five-act tragedies, "Carrabassett," and "Bozzaris," which have been much admired. His miscellaneous poems and tales contain much of the humor of "Down-East" life.

N. P. Willis.

Among other poets, of native birth, we may mention William Cutter; Isaac McLellan; S. B. Beckett, in whose poem, "Hester," there is much fine description of our local scenery; and D. C. Colesworthy, whose moral verses have had a wide circulation.

Among poets resident here at various times are Grenville Mellen; Mrs. E. Oakes Smith, author of "The Sinless Child," and formerly a prolific contributor to our magazine literature; and Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen, whose poems have had a wide circulation in book form, and through the periodicals of the day.

Among writers of tales and romance we have J. H. Ingraham; Charles P. Ilsley, whose tales of Indian warfare and frontier life in Maine have have been very popular; Rev. Elijah Kellogg, author of many books for boys; George Payson; Mrs. Samuel Coleman; Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, the prolific novelist; Mrs. Elizabeth (Payson) Prentice; and Mrs. Clara Barnes Martin.

Bishop Horatio Southgate has written travels, and Mrs. Margaret J. M. Sweat has published an account of a tour in Europe, also "Ethel's Love-Life," a tale, and has contributed articles of much merit to various periodicals.

In general literature William Law Symonds gave promise of much distinction, had not an early death terminated his career.

Sarah Payson Willis, sister of the poet, acquired much popularity as a writer of brief, lively essays, under the *nom de plume* of "Fanny Fern."

Rev. Dr. Edward Payson

Professor Edward S. Morse has gained distinction as a lecturer and author of works on natural history.

Mrs. Abba Goold Woolson is well known as an able lecturer, and writer on questions connected with woman's rights and dress reform.

Among residents of Portland distinguished as authors we have, in theology, Rev. Dr. Edward Payson, Rev. Dr. Cyrus Bartol, Rev. Dr. Ichabod Nichols, Rev. Dr. W. T. Dwight, Rev. Dr. J. W. Chickering, Rev. Jason Whitman, Rev. William B. Hayden, and Rev. Dr. Thomas Hill, ex-President of Harvard University. In science and natural history we may count William B. Sewall, Dr. J. W. Mighells and Dr. Wm. Wood. In history, Henry A. S. Dearborn, and Hon. William Willis, the historian of Portland, an accomplished gentleman and scholar, who, after a long useful life here, during which he filled many positions of honor and trust, — including that of Mayor of the city, — died February 17th, 1870, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. In this department we must also include Hon. William Goold, now of Windham, but formerly a resident of this city, who has devoted himself to the preservation of our local annals with much zeal and research.

In biography we have Rev. Asa Cummings, author of the life of Rev. Dr. Payson. In agriculture, Rev. Dr. Samuel Deane, author of "The New England Farmer, or Georgical Dictionary," the first work on farming pub-

lished in this country, and long a standard authority. In statistics, John A. Poor, and Walter Wells, author of "The Water Power of Maine."

Among journalists we must not omit mention of Benjamin Titcomb and Thomas B. Waite, who, on the first of January, 1785, issued the initial number of the Falmouth Gazette and Weekly Advertiser, — the first newspaper ever printed in the District of Maine. Mr. Titcomb was born here July 27, 1761, served an apprenticeship to the art of printing, and often boasted in his old age that he "struck off," with his own hands, the first sheet ever printed in Maine. He subsequently became a Baptist preacher, and after a ministry of forty years in Brunswick, Me., died in 1848, at the good old age of ninety-seven years. Mr. Waite, also a printer, was born in Saugus, Mass., in 1762, and came here from Boston in 1784; was long prominent here in political affairs, — a man of ardent temperament and independent character; active in procuring the establishment of post-office and mail routes; an advocate of the building of a theatre here, when town meetings were held on the subject, and much feeling was manifested on both sides. After a residence in Portland of about thirty years, he returned to Boston, where he died in 1830.

Hon. William Willis

In 1803 Nathaniel Willis, father of N. P. Willis, the poet, commenced the publication of the Eastern Argus. He was the first editor who was ever imprisoned in Maine because of the freedom with which he uttered his sentiments through the press. He also issued the first religious newspaper ever permanently established in this country. Mr. Willis died in Boston, in 1870, being ninety years old. In 1826 the Rev. Asa Cummings, an able controversial writer, became editor of the Christian Mirror, and conducted it until 1855, — a period of twenty-nine years.

In 1828 appeared the Yankee, which, under the editorship of John Neal, had a brief but brilliant existence; being remarkable among journals of that day for its vigor, independence, boldness, and audacity.

In 1829 Seba Smith started the Courier, — the first daily newspaper in this State, — and in its columns first appeared his famous "Jack Downing Letters," which are among the most successful adaptations of the Yankee dialect to the purposes of humorous writing. Mr. Smith was also a poet, and a writer of tales and essays for the magazines.

John and William E. Edwards became proprietors of the Portland Advertiser in 1829, and soon after engaged James Brooks as editor, who was one of the first of Washington correspondents, afterwards removed to New York, where, together with his brother Erastus, — both natives of this city, — he ran a successful career as editor of the New York Express, and long represented that city in Congress.

In May, 1833, Horatio King (since acting Postmaster General), removed the Jeffersonian from Paris, Oxford county, to this city, where it was published several years, with a good degree of success.

In 1835 the Daily Argus was started by Ira Berry and Charles Holden. Mr. Berry is still living, the oldest active printer among us. Mr. Holden, who was one of our most successful journalists, and a most useful and public-spirited citizen, died in July, 1875, aged 71 years, leaving a competence to his children, and liberal bequests to our benevolent institutions.

In 1837 Charles P. Ilsley started the Portland Transcript, which he edited for ten years, enriching its columns with many interesting tales from his graceful pen.

D. C. Colesworthy commenced the publication of the Portland Tribune in 1841, and continued it for over four years, contributing to its columns many tales and poems which attracted much attention.

About 1842 Benjamin Kingsbury, Jr., came here to edit the American, — a daily and weekly paper, started by a faction of the Democracy in opposition to the Argus. Mr. Kingsbury displayed great ability in its management, and soon made matters lively among the politicians. The sparring that went on between him and Eliphalet Case, editor of the Argus, greatly amused the town. His slower and heavier opponent was no match for him in wit and sprightliness. Mr. Kingsbury has since filled many public offices with faithfulness and ability, among which is that of Mayor of the city in 1870, '71, and '72.

Newell A. Foster, who was engaged on the American as printer and publisher, at the time of Mr. Kingsbury's connection with it, was long connected with the press of Portland. In 1862, in company with John T. Gilman and Joseph B. Hall, he established the Portland Daily Press. Mr. Foster was a man of earnest convictions and independence of character, whose untimely death, a few years since, was deeply lamented.

Among distinguished men of other professions who have for a time tried their hands at journalism here, are Rev. Russell Streeter, Hon. William Willis, Isaac Adams, Hon. F. O. J. Smith, Hon. William Pitt Fessenden, Hon. Phinehas Barnes, Hon. James G. Blaine, John A. Poor, S. B. Beckett, Henry Carter, Professor E. P. Weston, Rev. Dr. W. H. Shailer, George Gifford, and Judge Enoch Knight, of the Municipal Court.

The leading dailies of this city are now under the management of John M. Adams, of the Argus; H. W. Richardson, of the Advertiser; and Stan-

ley T. Pullen, of the Press. The editor longest in continuous service is Edward H. Elwell, for over thirty-three years editor of the Portland Transcript; with which paper Samuel T. Pickard has also been connected for twenty-eight years, and C. W. Pickard for twenty-one years.

The Christian Mirror (Congregational) is now conducted by Rev. Dr. I. P. Warren, and the Zion's Advocate (Baptist) by Rev. H. S. Burrage.

The pioneer artist in Portland was Charles Codman, who came here from Massachusetts many years ago, and commenced business as a sign-painter. He soon turned his attention to landscape-painting, for which he had a true genius, his works displaying freedom of handling, and truth to nature. Many of them are still owned by families in this city, and are highly prized. Charles O. Cole was an excellent portrait-painter, practising his profession here with success for many years. J. R. Tilton, who has gained high distinction as a landscape-painter in Italy, commenced his career here as an ornamental painter about 1848. Mrs. Elizabeth Murray, (wife of Her Britannic Majesty's Consul, John Henry Murray), a distinguished artist in water-colors, whose works are highly prized on both sides of the Atlantic, has resided here at times. Charles J. Schumacher, a native of Germany, has painted some fine landscapes and street views, — chiefly of scenes in his native land.

Of native artists, the first who attained distinction was Charles E. Beckett. Commencing as an amateur he soon displayed precision in drawing, and skill in composition, and in landscape-painting he achieved some success, and was noted for his spirited drawing of horses. J. G. Cloudman has studied abroad, and produced landscapes and figure-pieces, though chiefly devoting himself to portraiture, in which he excels. Of all our native artists, Harry B. Brown has shown the truest eye for color, and achieved the greatest success as a landscape and marine painter. Commencing as a sign and banner painter, his natural genius soon worked its way into its own field, and he has attained a recognized position among the best artists in the land. His sea-and-shore scenes are distinctive in their character, remarkable for the free dash of the waves and the solidity of the cliffs, while in atmospheric effects he excels. John B. Hudson, Jr., (whose drawings, illustrating this work, speak for themselves), has produced some close studies of nature. Charles F. Kimball has reproduced our scenery with faithfulness and poetic feeling; and Miss Maria Beckett has done good and promising work.

Of sculptors, Paul Akers and his brother Charles were long resident here. Franklin Simmons, who has attained great success in his art, executed some of his earlier busts in this city. E. R. Thaxter, whose works, executed in Italy, have won high praise, began his artistic career in Portland.

Of the business men whose energy, enterprise, and capital have done

much to promote the prosperity of the city, and gain for themselves local influence and position, a long list might be given. Our merchants, from the earliest times, have shown a commendable spirit of enterprise, and of late years, through associated action in the Board of Trade, have by their encouragement of new packet, steamboat, and railroad lines, done much to open distant markets to the trade of the city. Other capitalists and real-estate owners have contributed largely to the growth of the city, in the establishment of manufactures, and the improvement of vacant lands.

Nathaniel Deering was the first who opened a store after the destruction of the town in 1775, in which he laid the foundation of a large property now owned by the Deering and Preble heirs, — both family names being as "familiar in our mouths as household words." Joseph H. Ingraham, of the same period, improved the waste places by building blocks of stores, and became for a time one of our largest land-holders. It is to him our city is indebted for the noble avenue of State street, as also for one of our best-preserved mansions of the olden time, situated near its foot.

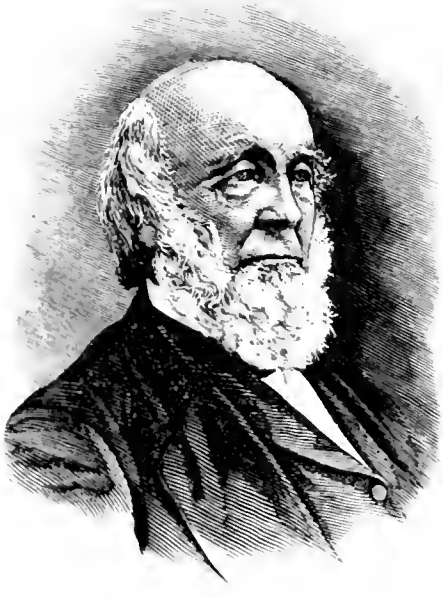
Hon. John B Brown.

Captain John Mussey was among those who first erected stores on Middle street, — on a site since repeatedly swept by fire, but always rebuilt upon by his son, John Mussey, Esq. This gentleman, formerly Clerk of the United States Courts for many years, still walks our streets, a hale and handsome octogenarian, a venerable and most respected citizen, noted for his generous gifts to our churches and charities as well as for his vigorous old age.

The financial disasters which followed the embargo of 1807 swept away the fortunes of many of our leading merchants and real-estate owners; but among those who survived the storm were Matthew Cobb, Asa Clapp, William Chadwick, Albert Newhall, Joseph Cross, Ralph Cross, Arthur McLellan, James Deering, Benjamin Willis, Samuel Trask, and Reuben Morton, — all men who have left their mark upon our city. Matthew Cobb's house still remains, at the corner of High street and Congress Square, to remind old citizens of the style and hospitality kept

up there in the days of its first proprietor. Asa Clapp is still remembered as our leading merchant in the West India trade, long active in affairs here. His two sons, Charles Q. Clapp, Esq., now dead, and Hon. A. W. H. Clapp, formerly Representative in Congress from this District, and still residing in the old family mansion, at the corner of Congress and Elm streets, have been prominent citizens, and kept up the influence of the Clapp name. The Chadwicks and McLellans were long among our most active merchants and ship-owners. James Deering, whose name meets us on block, and street, and bridge, is remembered as one of our largest real-estate owners, — a man of great activity and business energy to a late period in life.

At a later day Jacob Knight ran a long career of prosperity and influence as a leading merchant, ending, as such careers so often do, in disaster. His sons did not uphold the family name and influence, and nearly all recollection of him has passed away. At a still later time another citizen, in a different department of business, was for a brief period the man of mark among us: the Hon. John M. Wood, a builder of railroads, a projector of large improvements here, a member of Congress from this District for two terms; running a rapid career of prosperity, only to end in embarrassment and untimely death. Quite different has been the progress of one of his successors in Congress from this District, — the Hon. John Lynch; beginning life as a poor boy, rising by his own unaided efforts to a prominent position among our merchants, endorsed by them as our Representative in Congress for eight years, a useful legislator and successful business man.



Hon. William W. Thomas.

The leading business man and real-estate owner for many years was the late John B. Brown, who came here many years ago and commenced business in the retail grocery line, and by his energy and large foresight became a leading merchant and manufacturer; doing much for the improvement of the city, active in all enterprises for the extension of its trade, representing its interests in the Legislature, and taking an active part in the establishment of the Maine General Hospital, and other benevolent institutions. Mr. Brown died Jan. 10, 1881.

Hon. William W. Thomas, another leading capitalist and real-estate owner, is a native citizen, being a direct descendent, in the seventh generation, of George Cleeves, our first settler; of a family prominent here through the whole history of the city; including in his ancestry the Rev. George Burroughs, the first minister in Falmouth, and John Proctor,—both of whom the pious people of Salem hanged for witchcraft. Mr. Thomas has been engaged in business in this city for over half a century; is the oldest bank president in the city, having presided over the affairs of the Canal Bank for thirty-five years; was Mayor of Portland in 1861 and 1862, and has represented our city in the Legislature, and our county in the State Senate. To Mr. Thomas is the city indebted for many of the most substantial business edifices which adorn our principal streets. His son, Hon. William W. Thomas, Jr., has been twice Speaker of the Maine House of Representatives, and, as Commissioner of Emigration, founded the flourishing colony of New Sweden in the heart of our northern forests.

Other merchants and capitalists, to whom the city is indebted for many improvements and business enterprises, are St. John Smith; T. C. Hersey; Messrs. Andrew and Samuel E. Spring, largely engaged in the South American trade, and conspicuous for benevolence and public spirit; G. W. Woodman, late President of the Board of Trade; Horatio N. Jose; H. J. Libby; George S. Hunt, the successful manager of two of our extensive corporations, and a large owner in our shipping interests; Francis Macdonald, to whom is due the inception and formation of the Portland Kerosene Oil Company, the Rolling Mills, and the Casco Iron Company; Jacob S. Winslow, Benjamin Webster, and Russell Lewis, three of our heaviest ship-owners; Weston F. Milliken, the head of one of our largest wholesale houses, and a promoter of steam navigation with the eastern part of the State; also Woodbury S. Dana, Henry Fox, Hon. Charles H. Haskell, Charles E. Jose, James P. Baxter, Wm. G. Davis, Charles McLaughlin, C. C. Chapman, Thomas E. Twitchell, Philip H. Brown and John M. Brown.

This list is not regarded as exhaustive in any department. I have spared the modesty of many of the living, and perhaps forgotten many of the dead, who deserve to be remembered. Defective as it may be, however, it will serve to refresh the memories of those who have grown old among us, and to incite the young to emulate the examples of industry, enterprise, and probity which it presents.

WALKS ABOUT TOWN.

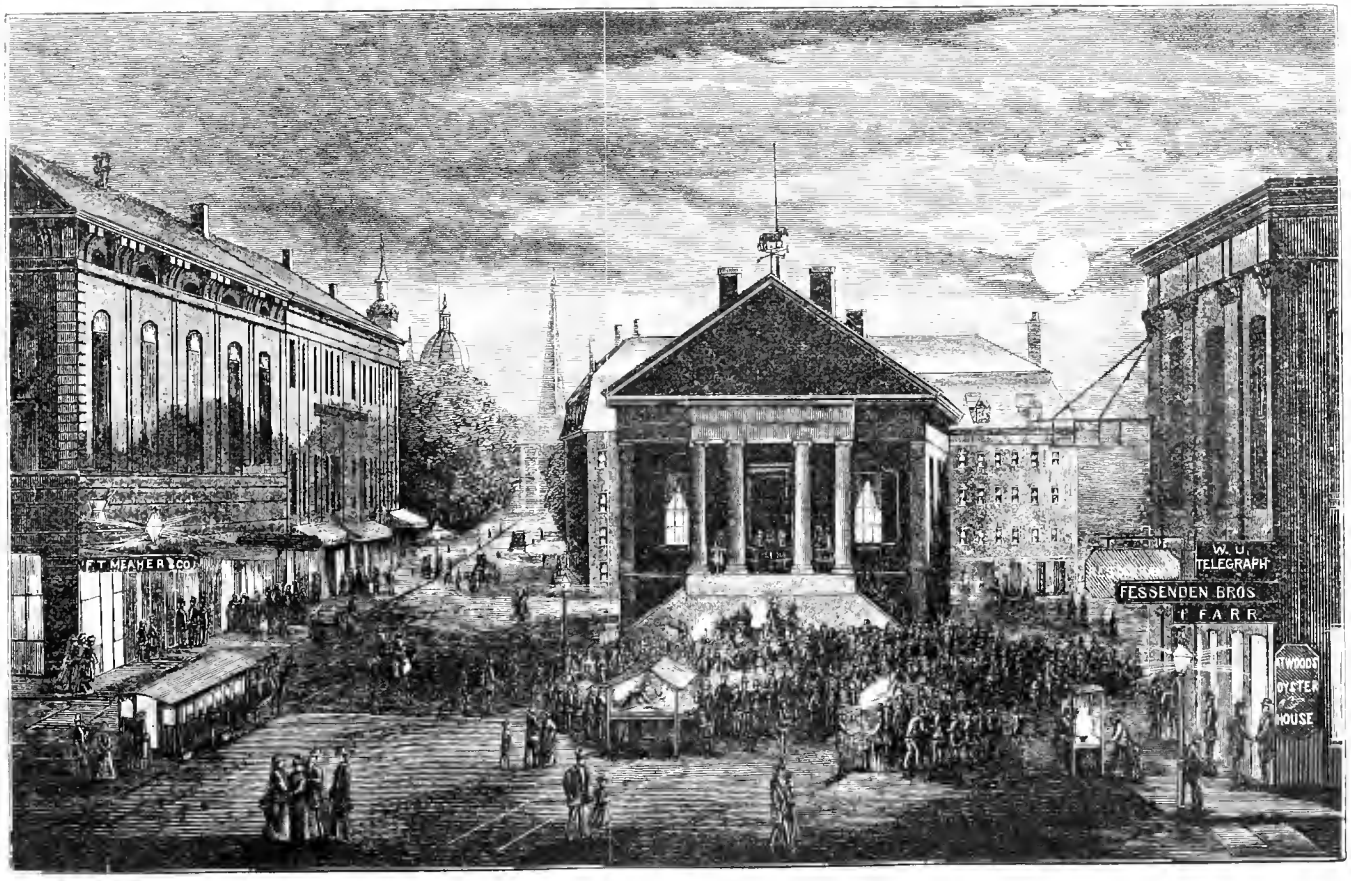
FROM MARKET SQUARE TO THE EASTERN PROMENADE.

Having now taken a hurried general survey of our city and its surroundings, let us indulge in a stroll or two about town for a more leisurely and extended view of its public buildings, private residences, and points of historic interest.

If the visitor is stopping at the Preble, or the United States, he finds himself, on stepping out-doors, in Market Square; if at the Falmouth, or Merchants' Exchange, a short walk up Middle street will bring him to the same point; if at the City Hotel he has but to walk straight down Congress street to reach it. Here he finds himself in the heart of the city. Market Square, in a small way, is to Portland what the Forum was to the ancient Roman cities: a center of business, the scene of popular gatherings, surrounded with stores, hotels, public halls, and places of amusement. Many a popular harangue has been listened to here in times of political excitement, and more than one mob has made riot around its central building.

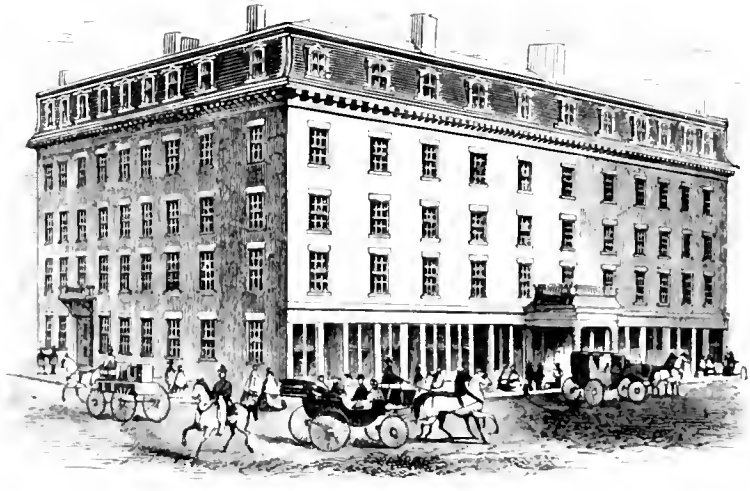
Situated on the ridge of the peninsula, about midway of its length, the Square has a central position, and affords easy access to all parts of the city. Congress street runs straight through it on the north side; Federal and Middle streets enter it on the east, with a "heater" between them; Center street, on the south, offers a direct approach to the harbor, and the stations of the Eastern, Boston and Maine, Maine Central, and Portland and Ogdensburg Railroads; while on the north Preble street opens a view of Back Cove and the country beyond, as well as an approach to the station of the Portland and Rochester Railroad. The horse cars start here for Deering, and also for the east and west ends of the city.

On the eastern side of the Square the space between Federal and Congress streets is occupied by the United States Hotel, the oldest of our public houses, a first-class establishment, recently enlarged, and well conducted. On the north are Clapp's Block and Deering's Block, built of brick, and devoted to stores and offices. In the latter block, at the corner of Preble street, is Music Hall, fitted up for theatrical entertainments. On the opposite corner is the Preble House, enlarged from the ancient mansion of Commodore Preble, of naval fame, and now known as one of our best hotels. Opposite, at the corner of Center street, is Lancaster Hall, used principally for dances, and under it is the horse car station.



Night Scene in Market Square

The building standing nearly in the center of the Square deserves a paragraph by itself. This is Military Hall, the ancient town-hall and market-house, built somewhere about 1825. It is built of brick, and the exterior was originally so plain that the late Charles Q. Clapp, Esq., a gentleman of much architectural taste, exerted himself to have the front finished with a pediment in the Ionic style, which gives the building a somewhat noble appearance as approached down Congress street. Here the town-meetings were held before a city charter was obtained; here the City Government afterwards had its rooms; here the military companies had, as now, their armories; and here excited political meetings have been held, and stirring scenes enacted. It was at one time the only hall in the city attainable for concerts and lectures, as well as public meetings of all



United States Hotel.

sorts. Here Garrison has thundered his anathemas against slavery, and here the citizens gathered to denounce the cowardly assault on Senator Sumner. Here Stephen S. Foster was assaulted by a brutal pro-slavery mob, intent on tarring and feathering him, from whom he escaped, not without personal damage, to the residence of Nathan Winslow near by; and here, under the mayoralty of Neal Dow, John Robbins was shot by the military, while acting with an anti-liquor law mob, in an endeavor to destroy the liquors belonging to the city, stored in the basement of the building. Here we have listened to the eloquence of Sumner and Fessenden, and witnessed the disruption of old political parties and the formation of new ones. The building is now chiefly used by our military companies. The question of removing it to make room for a soldiers' monument, or a fountain, — thus enlarging and enriching the Square, — has been often mooted; but it still holds its ground, and seems likely to do so for years

to come. On holidays this Square is the center of movement and display, and often of an evening, when crowds gather around the peddlers and mountebanks who here take their stands and display their wares under the light of flaming torches, when the sidewalks are thronged with people out for a walk, and the places of amusement are in full blast, the scene presented, as shown in our engraving, is a picturesque and animated one.

Making the Square our point of departure, let us turn toward the east end and stroll down Congress street to Munjoy's Hill. This portion of the city was the first settled, and before the great fire of 1866 contained the oldest houses, but is now rebuilt in modern style.

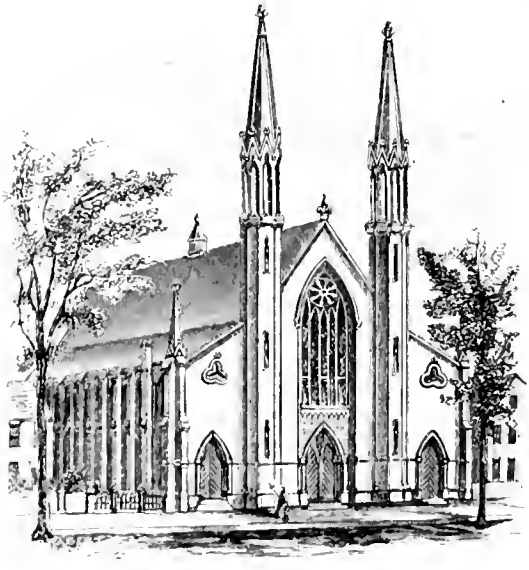
First Parish (Unitarian) Church.

The first building that attracts our attention as we leave the Square is the residence of Hon. A. W. H. Clapp, ex-member of Congress; an old family mansion, embowered in the foliage of stately trees, with its extensive garden in the rear, — a relic of the days of large city estates, which still holds its own almost in the center of business.

Next to this stood for one hundred and ten years the residence of Rev. Samuel Deane, the second pastor of the First Parish Church. In 1765 he bought here a three-acre lot, extending from Congress street to Back Cove, and built on it a two-story hipped-roof house; afterwards greatly altered and modernized, and long the residence of the late Samuel Chadwick, Esq. It was one of the stateliest of our old-time mansions, but has now given way before the march of improvement, and a handsome block of brick stores occupies its site. In this building the Odd Fellows now have their halls, which are elegantly fitted up. The rooms of the Mercantile Library Association were also in this block.

This institution was established in 1851, and gathered a library of about eight thousand volumes, which has now been united with the Public Library. Besides affording its members the benefits of books and discussions, the Association contributed largely to the entertainment and instruction of the public by its numerous courses of popular lectures. The Association is not now in active operation.

This brings us to the First Parish Church, standing in its spacious lot, and approached by a wide flight of granite steps. It was built in 1825, on the site of the old church which had stood there since 1740, and is constructed of undressed granite; having a floor eighty-two feet long by sixty-two feet wide, and 138 pews. Unlike too many of our churches there is no sham about this building; it does not present a front of one material, with the sides and rear wall of another, but is solid granite throughout, a good specimen of honest architectural work, complete on all sides.



Chestnut Street M. E. Church.

The church worshipping here (Unitarian in faith) is remarkable for its long pastorates, there having been but four pastors from 1727 to 1864, — a period of one hundred and thirty-seven years, during which there was no vacancy in the pastoral office. Rev. Thomas Smith, the first pastor, labored here in the ministry sixty-seven years; his colleague, Rev. Samuel Deane, served fifty years; his colleague and successor, Rev. Ichabod Nichols, officiated alone over forty years, and was succeeded by Rev. Horatio Stebbins, who resigned in 1864. The present pastor is the learned ex-president of Harvard College, the Rev. Dr. Thomas Hill.

In the enclosure, on the west side of the church, we see a marble monument, erected "to Rev. Ichabod Nichols, third pastor of the First Parish, in grateful and affectionate memory of a pastorate of fifty years." In a niche of the monument is a sculptured figure of St. John the Evangelist, from the chisel of the late Paul Akers.

In the rear of the church we catch a glimpse of the High School building, a large and well-proportioned brick structure, fronting on Cumberland

street. The school affords instruction to both boys and girls, and is under the charge of a Principal with a large corps of assistant teachers.

Passing on we come to the junction of Chestnut street, glancing down which we see, on the right, the Chestnut Street (Methodist Episcopal) Church, an elegant brick edifice, with two slender spires, in which worships the parent Methodist Society of the city, from which offshoots have been planted in Pine street, and on Munjoy's Hill.

On the opposite side of Congress street is the ornate Fluent's Block, formerly occupied as the Portland Museum, but now the property of the Union Mutual Life Insurance Company, the drama having shifted its quarters to Music Hall.

Union Mutual Insurance Building.

Theatrical entertainments never greatly flourished in Portland. They were wholly unknown here before the Revolution. The first performance here was given October 7th, 1794, by a strolling company from Boston. They came again at intervals, but when in 1806 it was proposed to build a theatre the virtuous citizens took alarm, called a town-meeting, and after an animated discussion, in which the leading citizens took part, succeeded in defeating the project by a prohibitory law with heavy penalties. The poor players did not again make their appearance until 1820, when they set up their scenery in Union Hall. Public opinion had by this time so far changed that they were enabled to evade the law of 1806. In 1830 a neat and convenient theatre was erected on Free street, at an expense of about $10,000; but still the drama languished, and in 1836 the building was sold to the Second Baptist Society, and now forms one of our most substantial churches. About 1848 a theatre was

built on Union street, under the convenient veil of a museum, and Joseph Proctor and old Joe Cowell there gave their vigorous and amusing performances. That building was some years after destroyed by fire. A few years since Deering Hall was fitted up as a theatre, under the name of Music Hall, and occasional performances took place there. In 1874 Fluent Hall was remodeled into a temple of the drama, but in 1880 was abandoned, and Music Hall was remodeled and named "New Portland Theatre."

This brings us to the City Government Building, which stands on the north side of Congress, directly opposite the head of Exchange street. It is an imposing structure, of good architectural proportions, having a frontage of one hundred and fifty feet, a length of two hundred and twenty-one feet, with corner towers seventy-five feet high, and a central dome swelling up to a height of one hundred and sixty feet. The front is built of the light-colored Nova Scotia Albert-stone; the side and rear walls of pressed brick, with Albert-stone trimmings. Its cost was $650,000, and it contains eighty rooms. Occupying the site of the old court-house and jail, the county, as well as the city government, has its offices here. In the basement, with entrances on the Myrtle street side, are the Police Station and Municipal Court-room. The right wing, on the first floor, is occupied by the county offices; with the Superior Court-room above. The left wing, first floor, is devoted to the city offices.

The Portland Institute and Public Library has rooms on the northwest corner, in the rear. This institution, managed by an association formed in 1867, has for its object the maintenance of a public library and institute of natural history, science, and art; to be made free to all as soon as the condition of its funds will warrant. At present it has a library of twenty-six thousand volumes, from which any citizen can take books by paying two dollars per annum. The average monthly issue of books is about three thousand volumes. A reading-room is furnished, where the use of books is free to all comers. This room is also the germ of an art gallery, containing photographic copies of "The Transfiguration," by Raphael, in the Vatican; of "The Last Judgment," by Michael Angelo, in the Sistine Chapel; busts and portraits of distinguished citizens, and paintings by our native artists. The rooms are open to all, on secular days, from 10 A. M. to 9 P. M.

On the second floor, reached by a wide staircase of iron, is the City Hall, a noble apartment, one hundred and thirteen feet long, eighty feet wide, and thirty-five feet high. It is handsomely finished, has a gallery on three sides, and will contain three thousand people, though the seating capacity is about twenty-five hundred. Here are given grand concerts, and courses of lectures, and great popular gatherings and receptions of distinguished persons are held. Connected with it are Reception and Rossini Halls, beside smaller rooms; the whole making a grand suite of apartments.

On the third floor are the rooms of the Maine Historical Society. This Society was organized here April 11, 1822, but for many years its headquarters were in Brunswick. Its library of bound books numbers 11,000, and it has an equal number of unbound pamphlets. It also possesses a valuable cabinet of curiosities and historical relics. One object of the Society is to gather and preserve all documents relating to the early history of Maine, and contributions of letters, autographs, manuscript sermons, journals and diaries are solicited. The society has issued many valuable publications, and has been instrumental in preserving much information in regard to our early history, manners, and customs. Its rooms, in charge of the Assistant Librarian, H. W. Bryant, are open to all interested in historical studies.

City Hall.

The collections of the Portland Society of Natural History, which for ten years occupied these rooms, have been removed to the Society's elegant new building, erected in 1880, on Elm street, at a cost of a little more than $20,000. Here it has spacious cabinets, and library and lecture rooms, with every convenience that could be devised for such an institution. Though its collections have been twice destroyed by fire, the Society has now valuable cabinets, illustrating the natural history of our own State, and other lands. The rooms, in charge of the Cabinet-keeper, C. B. Fuller, are open to the public.

Passing on a short distance we come next to the Payson Memorial Church, whose beautiful lancet spire, rising to a height of one hundred and seventy-five feet, attracts the eye by its graceful proportions. This church, built of brick, with a heavy front of Hallowell granite, or gneiss,

is seventy-three feet wide by ninety long, and has two projecting towers. With its two arcades of five arches the facade is imposing and beautiful. The society worshipping here is the old Second Parish (Congregational) Church, an offshoot of the First Parish in 1787, to which administered the Rev. Edward Payson for twenty years, — from 1807 to his untimely death in 1827, at the age of forty-seven years. After the old meeting-house was destroyed by the fire of 1866 it was resolved that the new church, built on a new site, should bear the name of the lamented pastor, the most eloquent preacher of his day. The late pastor, Rev. Dr. John J. Carruthers, a native of Scotland, was installed August 9, 1846, and released a few years since, after a service of more than thirty years. He is still living among us, in the eighty-second year of his age. The present pastor of the Church is the Rev. Charles A. Dickinson.

Payson Memorial (Congregational) Church.

A few steps farther will bring us to the First Baptist Church, with its handsome Norman-gothic front of hewn Connecticut freestone, trimmed with olive freestone, elaborately carved and finished about the windows, doors, and belt-courses. The style is massive and imposing, though the church sets low upon the sidewalk.

This, too, is a new erection, springing out of the ashes of the great fire of 1866. The society worshipping here was organized in 1801, and so restricted was freedom of religious opinion at that time, that as late as 1820 an Act of the Legislature was necessary to enable persons to leave any other society and join the First Baptist Society. The late pastor, Rev. William H. Shailer, D D., had a successful pastorate of twenty-four years, retiring in 1877, and dying here in 1881. The present pastor is Rev. Thomas D. Anderson, Jr.

We are now opposite Lincoln Park, — which is rather a public square, — bounded by Congress, Franklin, Federal, and Pearl streets, and having

an area of little less than two and a half acres. It has a central fountain, which sends up its cooling jets on summer days, its greensward, its seats for loungers, its concrete walks, and its outlines of trees, which, with the aid of time, will afford both shade and beauty. Evening strollers find it a pleasant resort, and children delight to sail their boats in the great basin of the fountain. This breathing place was appropriated from the thickly-settled portion of the city swept over by the fire of 1866. Standing in its center, and sweeping around on all sides, the eye falls on no structure that stood prior to that year. The imposing City Government Building, the handsome churches just described, the Cathedral and Bishop's residence, the towering North School-House, the elegant private residences, — all to be seen from this point, — have sprung out of the ashes of the old city within the past fifteen years.

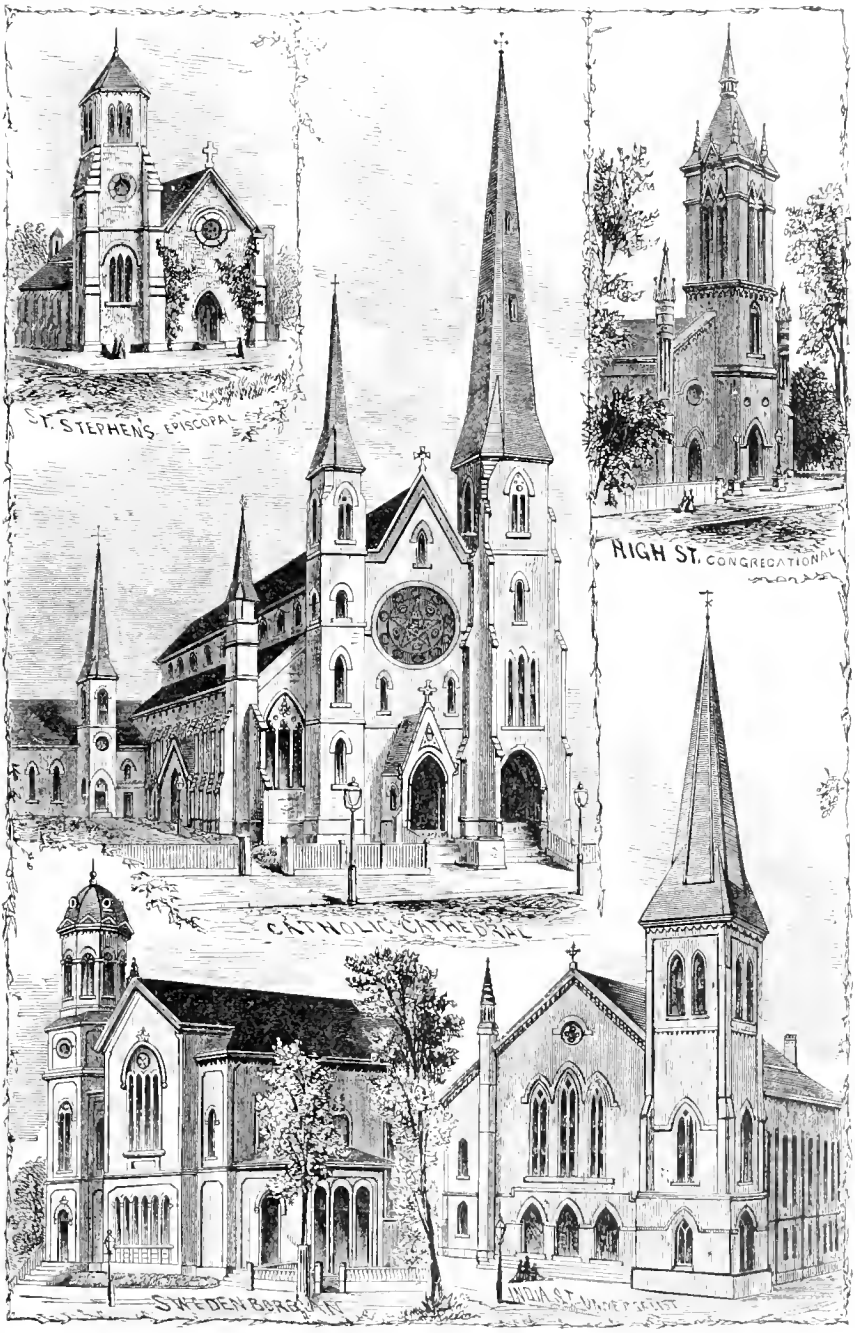
First Baptist Church.

We have now reached the corner of Franklin street, which runs straight across the city, and this is the only point, where, standing in the street, you can see, in a straight line, on one hand the waters of the harbor, and on the other those of Back Cove. Here, too, we come upon the palatial residence of the Roman Catholic Bishop of the diocese of Maine and New Hampshire, — a brick edifice, in a pointed style of architecture; in the rear of which, with connecting chapel between, stands the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, fronting on Cumberland street. This is the largest and most costly church in Maine. It is one hundred and ninety-six by one hundred feet on the ground, and seventy feet in height. The slated spire — which is simply hideous, lapping over the tower like an extinguisher on a candle, — rises to a height of two hundred and thirty-six feet, — being thus sixteen feet higher than Bunker Hill Monument. Outwardly, the building is not so attractive in material as in form, being built of bricks considerably mortar-stained; but its imposing bulk, in connection with its chapel, (which is itself a good-sized church, joined to it as an L, and opening into it near the grand altar), and the Bishop's Palace, — unique in architecture, and of great size, — form, together, the most marked feature

in the architecture of our city. As to the interior of the Cathedral, in symmetry of proportions and in elegance of decoration, it is surpassed by few churches in the country. The lofty walls and graceful arches are covered with a wealth of harmonious colors, while the stained windows, rich with figures and emblems; the elaborately ornate altar; the great organ in the music-gallery, and the brilliant circular window behind it; the shrine of the Virgin, with its arches and crowns of light on festal occasions, form, together, an imposing and beautiful spectacle. The first Roman Catholic

Lincoln Park.

Church was formed here in 1822. In 1830 St. Dominic's Church (since much enlarged) was built on State street. The diocese of Portland, including the States of Maine and New Hampshire, was formed in 1853, and the Right Rev. David Bacon, D. D., was appointed Bishop. By this time St. Dominic's had become too strait to accommodate the rapidly increasing numbers of Catholics in Portland, and in 1857 the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception was projected, and completed in 1869, being dedicated in September of that year with imposing ceremonies. Bishop Bacon



A few of our Churches

died, deeply lamented, in the year 1874, and the diocese is now in charge of Bishop Healey.

On the old Hay Seale lot, adjoining the Episcopal residence, stands the handsome structure known as the "Kavanagh School." It was completed in 1877, at a cost of nearly $23,000, the funds being derived from a generous donation of $25,000 from Miss Kavanagh, of Damariscotta. The school is supported as a free school by the Catholics of the Cathedral congregation.

We are now just opposite the head of Hampshire street, on the corner of which, in the days before the Revolution, stood the fashionable tavern of the town, kept by Widow Alice Greele. It was but a low, one-storied structure, but was a famous place of resort for clubs and social parties. Here the lawyers, traveling on circuit, were entertained: here courts sat, and conventions were held; and here the wags of the town resorted, and many a mug of "flip" was drank, and many a good joke cracked, in the days succeeding, as well as previous to, the Revolution. — for Widow Greele saved her house when Mowatt burned the town, by remaining in it and extinguishing the flames. When all around was burning, and cannon balls were hurtling through the air, she stood by her house and saved it from destruction. It was removed to Washington street about 1846.

Strolling on, a few steps farther bring us to Locust street, and the little picturesque church of St. Paul's, built of our native slate-rock. This church, built after the fire of 1866 had driven St. Stephen's to the west end, took the name of an earlier Episcopal organization here, and bears on its walls the dates 1763–1868. It suffered a sad loss in the untimely and lamentable death of its first rector, the Rev. N. W. T. Root, who fell a victim to malignant small-pox.

A short walk now brings us to the head of India street, on the vacant lot opposite which stood the house of the Rev. Thomas Smith, burned in the destruction of the town by Mowatt, in 1775. It commanded a fine view, down India street, of the harbor and the Cape, with the ocean beyond. The neighboring Smith street, running northerly to Cumberland street, perpetuates the name of the good old parson.

At the corner of Congress and India streets, where formerly the Thomas mansion stood, now rises the tall spire of the Second Universalist Church, a substantial brick structure, with massive tower. This society, formed after the removal of the First Universalist Society to their new church in Congress Square, in 1865, has now lost possession of the church by reason of debt, and worships in Reception Hall.

Adjoining this church, on the east, stands the North School-House, on the spot where, in the old grammar-school, Master Whitmore flogged the boys for many a year. It is a huge, four-storied structure, of brick, containing a congeries of primary and grammar-schools, comprising twenty-six teachers and twelve hundred scholars, all under one principal.

The school-house looks down upon the Eastern Cemetery, — the oldest graveyard in Portland. For two hundred years a portion of it was the only common burial-place in the territory now included in the limits of the city. Here the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep; here, probably, George Cleeves, our first settler, was buried; and here, in later times, the early families, whose names are still familiar among us, found a last resting-place.

Originally quite small, the cemetery has been enlarged until it contains about six acres, thickly crowded with graves. The original burying-place was in the southwest corner, where stood a tall pine tree, long a landmark for the weather-tossed mariners, and under whose protecting branches the dead clustered thickest. It is an elevated site, looking down upon the city and the sea. Here may still be seen the old-fashioned, heavy gravestones of slate, ornamented with winged heads or skulls, and funereal urns, over which droop weeping willows. They bear long inscriptions, — now half obliterated, — setting forth the virtues of the departed. The oldest stone we have been able to find is that of Mrs. Mary Green, who died May 23, 1717. In this corner are found the tomb of Parson Smith and his many wives and sons, — restored by the First Parish Church, in 1846; and the quaint old red-sandstone monument of Sheriff Tyng, of the revolutionary era. On the opposite side of the yard, towards Mountfort street, are the monuments erected to the memory of the naval heroes, — William Burroughs, of the U. S. Brig Enterprise, and Samuel Blythe, of His Majesty's Brig Boxer, — who fought and died together, off this coast, on the 5th of September, 1813, and were buried here, with imposing and impressive ceremonies, on the 8th of September. Beside them lies Lieutenant Kervin Waters, of the Enterprise, mortally wounded in the same action, of which Longfellow sings:

"I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide!
And the dead captains, as they lay
In their graves o'erlooking the tranquil bay,
Where they in battle died."

The navy is well represented here. Commodore Preble had his white marble monument; and here also is commemorated the death of the gallant Lieutenant Henry Wadsworth, (uncle of the poet Longfellow, and for whom he was named), who fell before Tripoli, in 1804. The Rev. Dr. Edward Payson also was buried here; and an ornamental shaft of white marble marks the resting-place of the Rev. Mr. Reese, of the Universalist Church. Most of the old monuments are box-like structures of brick or granite, or tables supported on four pillars. The grass grows rankly over the crowded graves; the elms and poplars, which have sprung up at their own sweet will, cast here and there a shade; and year by year the gravestones settle and grow more and more awry.

Passing out of the cemetery, and continuing our way along Congress street, we find ourselves at the foot of Munjoy's Hill, so called from George Munjoy, an early settler, who built his residence on the hill as early as 1661. A sightly elevation, rising to a height of one hundred and sixty-six feet above the sea, and terminating the peninsula on which the city is built, "The Hill," as it is popularly called, has been the scene of stirring events in our history. It was here, in 1690, that Lieutenant Thaddeus Clark, with thirteen men, was shot by Indians in ambush, while recon-

Observatory, and Congress Street M. E. Church.

noitering, — the hill being then covered with woods; here, in 1717, in a spacious tent, Lieutenant Governor Dummer made a treaty with the Indians, who came "with French colors and made a great show," — a treaty which ensured peace for many years; here, in 1775, Colonel Thompson, of Brunswick, encamped with his men in a thick grove of pines, and seized Captain Mowatt as he was walking on the hill, in revenge for which the Captain afterwards burned the town; here, in 1808, took place the third and last execution for murder which ever occurred in this city, Joseph Drew being hanged, in the presence of a large concourse of people, for fatally striking Deputy Sheriff Parker while in the discharge

of his duty; and here, too, on the slope we are now ascending, arose, after the great fire of 1866, the unique village of tents which gave temporary shelter to a large portion of the houseless population of the city. This area lying on our right, and immediately below the Observatory, — now covered with an unsightly huddle of cheap tenement-houses, — was once the playground of the city; the scene of "General Musters" and Fourth of July celebrations, where holiday soldiers paraded, and tents were pitched, and booths dispensed beer and gingerbread to hungry crowds, who found amusement in peep-shows and flying-horses, and where boys — now grown gray-headed men — listened with open mouths to the revolutionary songs of Johnny Avery.

It was a pleasant spot, high and green, looking down upon the city and the harbor, and commanding a wide and beautiful view. Cut down for the sake of its gravel, this part of the hill has been degraded in more senses than one.

At the Observatory we strike the old sod again. This red-shingled tower is eighty-two feet high, and was built in 1807, for the purpose of signalizing shipping approaching the harbor. In the three-quarters of a century which have elapsed since its erection, many an eye has been gladdened by the flag thrown out on one of its three flag-staffs, indicating the approach of some long-absent ship; and many a storm-tossed vessel has been saved from wreck by the succor sent out through timely intelligence from this watch-tower, where the sailor's good genius sits up aloft and sweeps the horizon with his glass. Here, for a small fee, the visitor may take a peep through the telescope which swings from the ceiling of the look-out, and observe the ships far out at sea. This is the best place in the city to obtain a good view of the surrounding scenery. Towards the northeast lies Casco Bay, dotted with many beautiful islands. Looking eastward, only four miles distant, the broad Atlantic sweeps with its never-ceasing swell; and a southwesterly view takes in the harbor with its shipping, and the city extending along its narrow peninsula. Northwesterly, Mount Washington may be distinctly seen, towering above the distant ranges of mountains.

Adjoining the Observatory stands the Congress street (Methodist Episcopal) Church, erected in 1868. It is a beautiful temple, both as to its exterior and interior. Its location is very sightly, being upon the highest part of Munjoy. The lofty and graceful spire is a conspicuous object as seen from the harbor and from the sea. Its summit is the highest object in the city.

Munjoy has other churches: the St. Lawrence Street (Congregational) Church, erected in 1857, of which the Rev. Mr. Wright is now the pastor; and two churches for colored people, — who have always had a proclivity for Munjoy's Hill, — the Abyssinian, (Congregational), and the Mountfort Street African (Methodist Episcopal) Church.

If now we turn to the left, through North street, — which runs northerly along the ridge of the hill, — we obtain a striking view, across the waters of Back Cove, of the city, with its many church-spires, extending to the bluff on Bramhall's Hill, where the Maine General Hospital stands out conspicuously. The city here, owing to the curve made by Munjoy's Hill, seems like a bent bow enclosing the waters of Back Cove, and we are looking across from one end to the other. From this point, too, we command the opposite shores of Deering, diversified with groves and villages. On North street stands the new "Shailer School," erected by the city in 1880.

Returning, and continuing along Congress street, we descend the eastern slope of the hill, through pasture-land, until we come to the Eastern Promenade,— a wide avenue encircling the hill, and commanding fine views of the bay. On the left we have the ship-building village of East Deering, with the Marine Hospital at Martin's Point, and Falmouth Foreside trending away in the distance. On the right, Fort Gorges rises solidly from its wave-washed ledge, with Peaks' Island beyond, and outside of that the broad blue ocean. In the foreground lies Mackay's Island, (now the property of the Messrs. Cushing, the proprietors of Cushing's Island,) and farther down the bay appear the Hog, or Diamond Islands, Chebeague, and the multitude of those which cluster thickest at its eastern end, and enclose it from the sea.

FROM MARKET SQUARE TO THE WESTERN PROMENADE.

Again making Market Square our point of departure, let us now turn westward, and leisurely stroll up Congress street. From this point to Congress Square — nearly half a mile — there is a gradual rise; the street is of good width, contains some fine business blocks, and is the scene of much of the retail traffic of the city, of a miscellaneous character. Being the main avenue down town, from the west end, it is often thronged, — particularly of a pleasant evening, — and presents an animated spectacle.

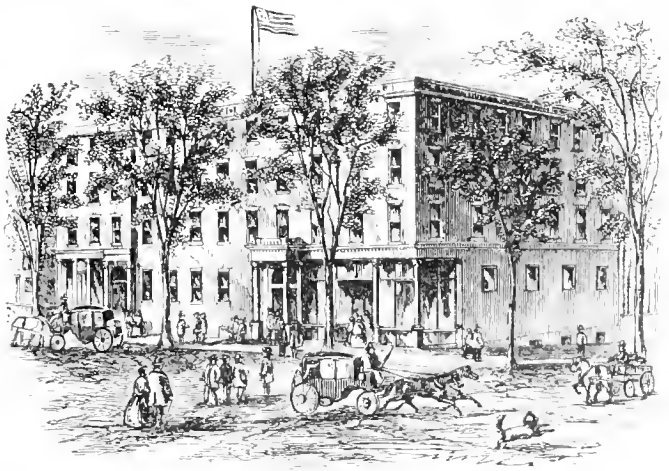
Taking the northwest side, we come to the Preble House, of which we have already spoken, and where we shall be apt to find, beneath the shade of its four magnificent elms, (relics of the departed glories of the Preble mansion), groups of visitors and loungers picking their teeth after dinner, and watching the passers-by.

Next to the Preble House we come to an old brick mansion, "somewhat back from the village street," beneath the shade of drooping elms, which lingers here in the busy scene of trade and travel, like some octogenarian who finds himself alone in the midst of a new and strange generation. It is the first brick house built in Portland. General Peleg Wadsworth (who in his day was a man of military renown; second in command in the expedition to the Penobscot, in 1779, and first Representative in Congress from this District), built this house in 1785, or rather

commenced it in that year, for though but a two-story house, it was two summers in the building. His son-in-law, Stephen Longfellow, who after-

Congress Street, looking west from Market Square.

wards occupied it, added a third story to it; the line of addition being still visible in the weather-worn bricks. It is a plain, old-fashioned mansion, a little mellowed by age, but still eminently respectable, and sturdily holding its own, though it *is* overshadowed by its overgrown neighbors.



Preble House.

It is known as the Longfellow House, and the impression generally prevails that the poet was born in it. That honor, however, belongs to an old wooden house on Fore

street, which we shall come upon in our next walk. The poet lived in this house in his youth, and it is still in possession of his family. No longer ago than last autumn, any one walking down Congress street, after breakfast, might have seen him seated at the window, reading the morning paper.

The Longfellow House.

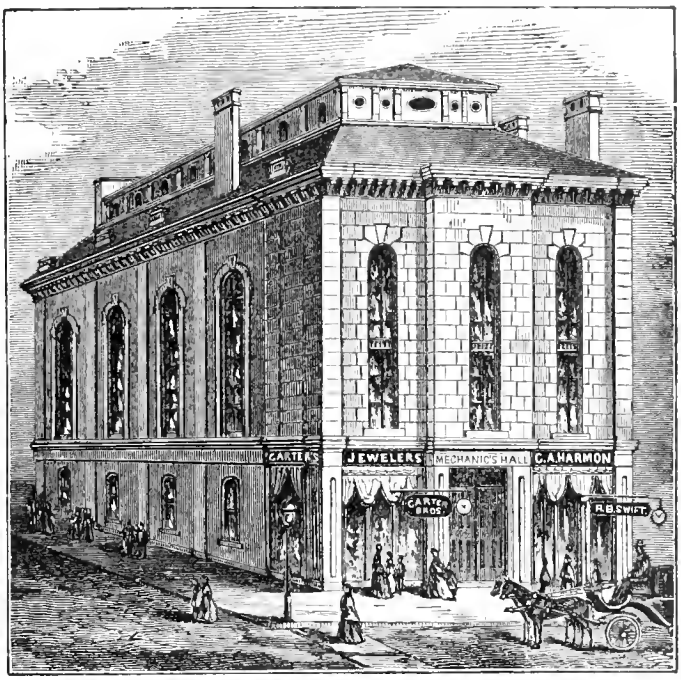
But let us move on. Passing Morton Block, and Brown street, we come to Brown's Block, where the Portland Army and Navy Union, formed in 1866, by resident soldiers and sailors who served in the late war for the Union, has its headquarters. It has a reading-room, and a valuable military library, and for many years entertained the town with a series of first-class lectures and concerts,— the profits going to assist the widows and orphans of deceased soldiers and sailors, and those disabled by the war.

The next building worthy of mention is Mechanics' Hall, a handsome structure, with granite front, standing at the junction of Congress and Casco streets. It was erected in 1857–9, at a cost of $10,000, by the Maine Charitable Mechanics' Association: an organization formed for charitable and educational purposes by our mechanics in 1815. The association, which includes three hundred and seven of the best mechanics in the city, now owns the building clear of debt; has a library of nearly five thousand volumes, free to members and their apprentices; maintains a free evening school for instruction in industrial drawing, and for several years past has given a course of free lectures, by resident citizens. Post Bosworth, No. 2, Grand Army of the Republic, has its headquarters in this building. The Young Men's Christian Association has removed from this building to Clapp's Block, corner Congress and Elm streets.

Glancing down Casco street, as we cross the head of it, we see a high wooden church standing on the cliff which falls into Cumberland street. This is the Casco Street (Free-Will Baptist) Church, the clock in the tower of which is one of the most useful time-pieces in Portland, being visible, on account of the peculiar position of the church, over a very large

section of the city. The church was built in 1827, by the Christian Connection, and passed into the possession of the Free-Will Baptists in 1843.

Continuing up Congress street, past the junction of Oak street, we come to the block in which were the rooms of the Portland Fraternity, now removed to Free street, where this useful institution maintains a free evening school and a reading-room.



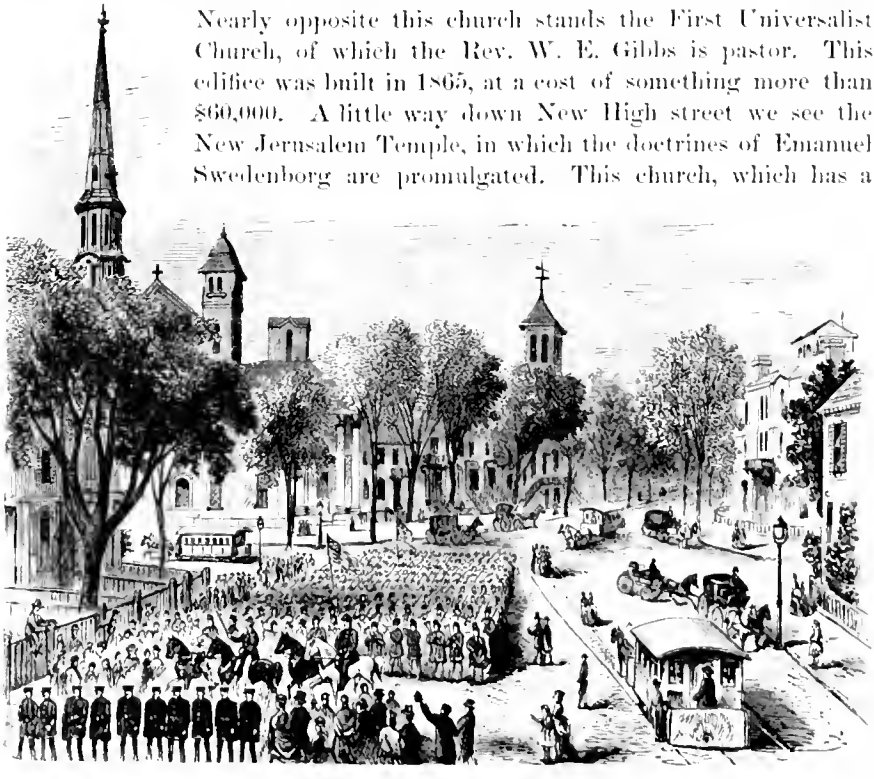
Mechanics' Hall.

Just across the way is Huckster's Row, an ancient seat of retail trade; and in the second story of the block, entrance on Free street, is Union Hall, our oldest hall, the scene of many a gay ball half a century ago; it was once occupied as a theatre, has often served as a church, and of late has been the headquarters of the Haydn Association.

On the corner of Green street, opposite the Row, stands the City Hotel,— recent enlargements and improvements of which have made it quite popular with travelers and visitors to our city.

We now approach Congress Square, formed by the widening of Congress street and the junction of Free street coming in on a parallel line on the left; the block between the two streets terminating in a "heater." High street enters on the south, and goes out on the north as New High street. This square has an elevated site: the two High streets falling off rapidly on either side. It is a sort of Zion's Hill, being surrounded with churches of various denominations. On Free street, near its junction with the square, stands the Free Street (Baptist) Church, built as a theatre in 1830; sold to the Second Baptist Society in 1835; remodeled into a church and dedicated in 1836. The graceful spire of this church has been taken down. On High street, near its entrance into the Square, rises the High

Street (Congregational) Church, built in 1831, and remodeled in the Gothic style in 1869; having now a lofty square tower, surmounted by a central pinnacle and a group of lesser ones, attracting the eye by its unique blending of strength and grace. The interior of this church is very elegant and graceful. The second pastor, the Rev. Dr. J. W. Chickering, served for nearly thirty years, and won the warm affection of his people. His successor, the Rev. William H. Fenn, was installed in 1866. Nearly opposite this church stands the First Universalist Church, of which the Rev. W. E. Gibbs is pastor. This edifice was built in 1865, at a cost of something more than $60,000. A little way down New High street we see the New Jerusalem Temple, in which the doctrines of Emanuel Swedenborg are promulgated. This church, which has a



Congress Square, from head of Free Street

somewhat peculiar style of architecture, was built in 1868. The Rev. William B. Hayden was for many years pastor of this society. The Rev. J. K. Smyth is the present pastor. Just beyond the square, on the continuation of Congress street, stands Plymouth Church, a brick structure, with a square tower. The old Third Parish Society, to which the Rev. Dr. William T. Dwight ministered for so many years, was merged with this church a few years since. The present pastor is the Rev. D. M. Seward, D. D.

Having now completed the circuit of the churches which surround the Square we might, if time allowed, linger long about some of the old mansions in and near it, particularly the Matthew Cobb house, which stands on

the corner of High street, a square, old-fashioned mansion, which carries us back some sixty or seventy years to the time when its owner and occupant was one of our leading merchants, with a numerous family about him, keeping his carriage and coachman, and entertaining his friends with a generous hospitality; or the McLellan mansion, next below the High Street Church, an edifice which still preserves the old-time architecture and rich internal finish, and is now the residence of Hon. L. D. M. Sweat. It was over the high fence surrounding the garden of this mansion that one of our native artists, when a boy, first caught sight of a statue, and thereafter was accustomed to run away on Sundays from his own church, that he might sit in the gallery of High Street Church, and, looking out of the

Congress and Park Streets.—Residence of Dr. Small.

window, feast his eyes on the art treasures of what seemed to him a veritable Paradise. He has since seen the master-pieces of the old world, but we doubt if any of them awakened in his mind such feelings of pleasure and admiration as did those figures in the garden of this home of taste and wealth.

Before we leave the Square let us drop down New High street, a little way, and glance at the elegant and costly private residences which line the new Deering street, running parallel with Congress street, on the slope below it. How little time it seems since all this region was an open pasture, — "Ross's pasture," we boys used to call it, when we went there to "play ball," or at sunset to sit on the ledges and watch the sun go down behind the hills, shedding a last lingering glory on the clouds, which the

tranquil waters of the Cove gave back with answering colors. Wealth and taste have here been lavished in the construction of some of these modern residences, and the street, though still new, and bordering on vacant spaces, is one of the handsomest in the city, representing the wealth and taste of to-day as State street does those of half a century ago.

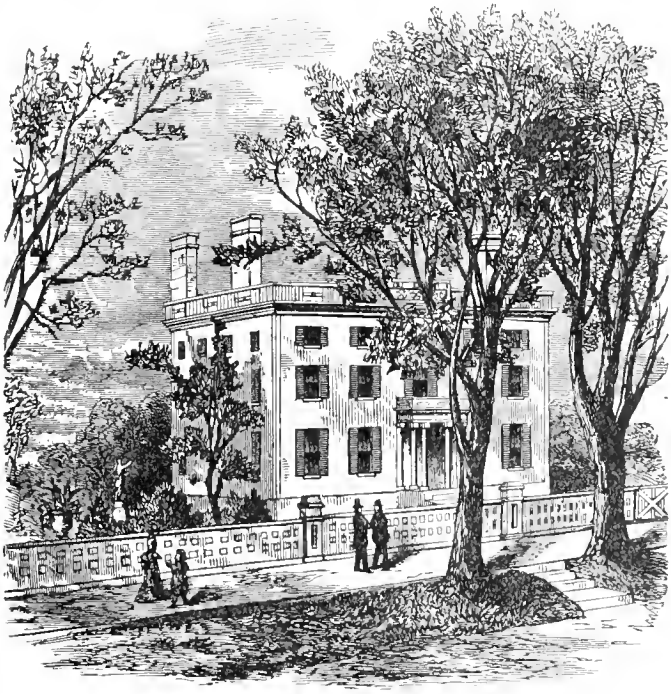
But it is time to move on. Continuing up Congress street we pass the house of Dr. Horatio N. Small, at the corner of Park street, glancing down which we catch a glimpse in the distance of the Park Street (Unitarian) Church, erected in 1828, by the Methodists, and sold in 1835 to the Second Unitarian Society, over which the Rev. Jason Whitman was first settled, and of which the Rev. Charles W. Buck was the last settled pastor.

State Street, from Congress.

Our attention is next attracted by St. Stephen's Church, a picturesque Gothic edifice, built of our native slate-rock, massive and handsome. It was erected in 1854, and the Rev. Asa Dalton has been rector of the church since 1863.

This brings us to the head of State street which comes in diagonally on the left, and continuing across Congress street, slopes down through the vacant land to Portland street. State street (the gift of one of our early merchants, Joseph H. Ingraham), is the handsomest avenue for private residences in the city. Of great width, it is lined on each side with two rows of lofty elms, whose overhanging branches embower it in foliage. Between the two rows of trees, outside each sidewalk, there runs a grassy plot, which gives the street a park-like appearance. The large and substantial mansions

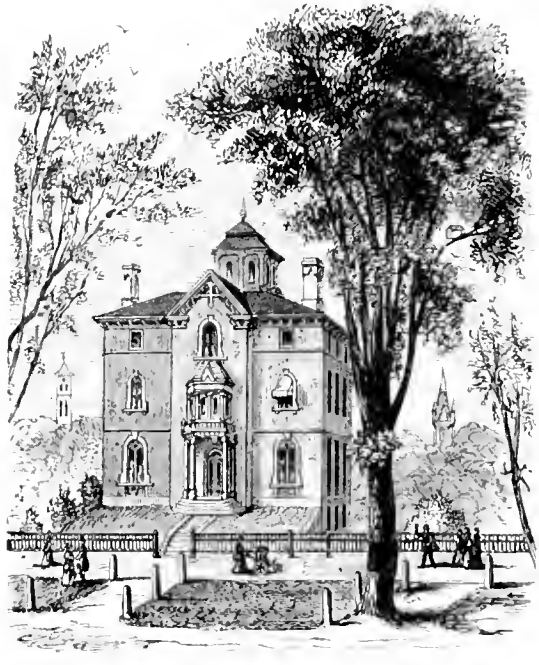
here are chiefly of the olden time; each with its spacious garden in the rear. This house with plain granite front, on the left, near the head of the street, was the residence of John Neal, the poet and novelist. That large, square mansion, a little farther down, across the way, was long the residence of the late Hon. William Pitt Fessenden, and in the garden in the rear he found health and recreation in pruning his fruit trees. The neighboring house was occupied by the late George F. Shepley. The mansions on this southwesterly side of the street, as we have said, are of the stately and spacious old-fashioned style, each standing in the midst of extensive grounds. As a contrast, take the elegant modern residence of C. A. Brown, Esq., on the opposite side of the street, which well represents the architectural taste of the day.



State Street.—Residence of the late Judge George F. Shepley.

State street has three houses of worship, of each of which we must say a word. The first, on the left, as we pass down, is the State Street Congregational Church, the society worshiping in which was an offshoot from High Street Church. The edifice was erected in 1852, mainly of brick, in the Gothic order, with a lofty and graceful spire of wood, which was taken down in 1871, from a feeling that it was insecure, leaving the wooden tower in a mutilated condition. The Rev. Edward Y. Hincks was the pastor during the years 1870 to 1881. A little farther down the street we come to St. Luke's Cathedral, built in 1867, of blue limestone, with trimmings of red and gray freestone, in the early Gothic style. This church is not yet completed, the present structure being the main edifice to which a transept is to be added at the north end. The interior is very richly finished. St. Luke's is the first edifice erected by Protestants in

New England for a Cathedral, or Bishop's Church, and its service is more ritualistic than that of an ordinary parish church. It is intended as a center for the Episcopal Church in the diocese, and is under the immediate charge of the Bishop, —an office now filled by Bishop Neely. Still farther down, on the opposite side of the street, stands the Roman Catholic Church of St. Dominic's, built in 1830. Connected with it, but fronting on Gray street, is the large Catholic School of St. Dominic's, erected in 1865. Its teachers are the Sisters of Notre Dame, and it will accommodate about four hundred scholars.



State Street.—Residence of C. A. Brown.

On the corner of Danforth and State streets rises a large, three-story brick mansion, occupied as the Female Orphan Asylum, where between thirty and forty girls are cared for, and put into other homes as they grow up. This institution was established in 1828, through the contributions of benevolent citizens; has always been well managed by a board of ladies, and now holds property to the value of at least $50,000.

On Pine street, near the junction of State and Congress, may be seen the Pine Street (Methodist) Church, a unique brick edifice, which shows what can be done in the way of adapting a piece of architecture to a limited lot of ground. It was built in 1875.

Near the head of Mellen street, where it enters Congress street, we pause to look off upon

> "the breezy dome of groves,
> The shadows of Deering's Woods,"

of which Longfellow sings again:

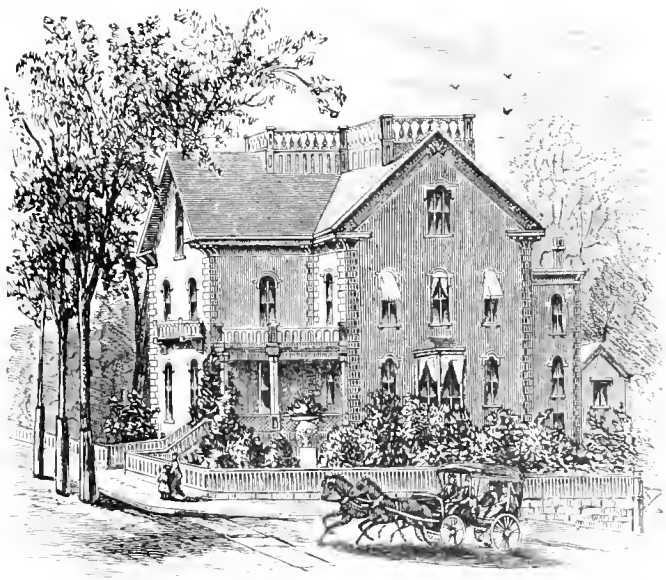
> "And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
> And with joy that is almost pain
> My heart goes back to wander there,
> And among the dreams of the days that were,
> I find my lost youth again."

Many another Portland boy finds his lost youth again as he recalls the days

when he went "acorning" in Deering's Woods. The view from this point is wide and beautiful. Congress street, as we have said, runs along the ridge of the peninsula, which, at this point, slopes rapidly down to the head of the creek running in from Back Cove. On the shore of this creek rise Deering's Woods, a tract of woodland which has now come into possession of the city, and is to be preserved as a public park. Congress street here looks off over "the breezy dome" of these woods, commanding a view of the villages in Deering, the diversified country beyond, and the snow-clad peaks of the White Mountains on the dim horizon.

Congress and Dow Streets.—Residence of General Neal Dow

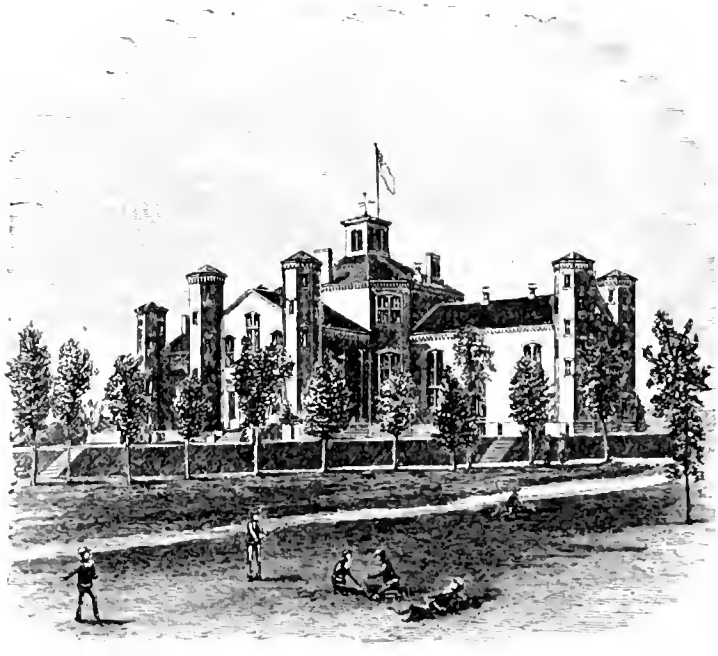
Moving on past the residence of General Neal Dow, at the corner of Congress and Dow streets, we come to Walker street, glancing up which we see, at the corner of Brackett street, the residence of



Brackett and Walker Streets.—Residence of Albion Little

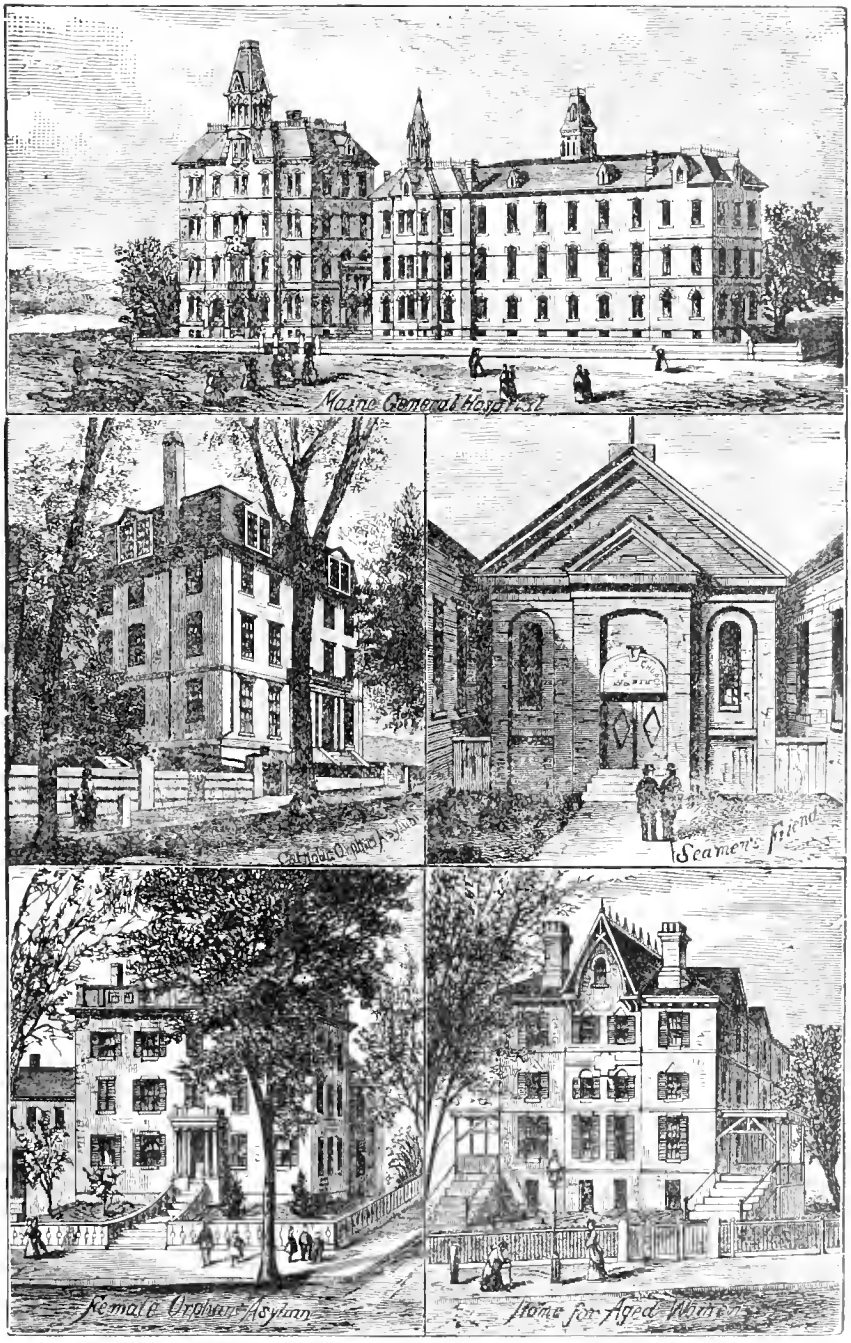
Albion Little, Esq., and soon after turn to the left into Bramhall street, at whose junction with Brackett street we come upon the Reservoir of the Portland Water Works, supplied by Lake Sebago, seventeen miles distant, and having an area of one hundred thousand square feet, with a capacity of about twelve millions of gallons.

Turning now again to the right we pass into Arsenal street, and find ourselves in front of the Maine General Hospital, standing on the brow of Bramhall's Hill, on the site of the old State Arsenal. This noble institution, incorporated by Act of Legislature in 1868, aided by State bounty and the contributions of private citizens, was dedicated in October, 1874. The

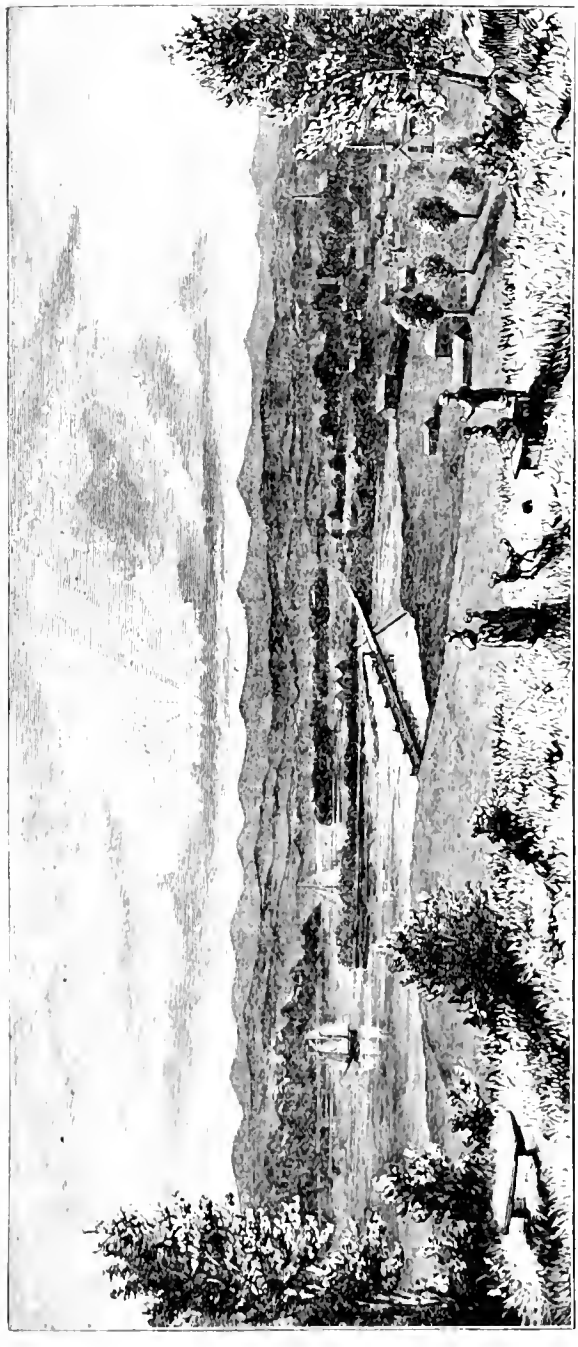


State Reform School.

plan of the hospital contemplates a cluster of buildings, embodying all the modern improvements of good ventilation, free admission of air and sunlight, with an adequate supply of heat and pure water. This plan requires time for its completion, and as yet only the central building and eastern pavilion are finished and brought into use. These are handsome structures of brick, in the Italian-gothic style, four stories high; the private apartments and wards being very neatly finished. The establishment of the institution is largely due to the efforts of our physicians and surgeons, who render important services without pecuniary compensation. Having as yet no fund to draw upon for charitable purposes, it is necessary to charge



Some of our Charities.



Sunset from the Western Promenade.

patients a fixed sum per week, which is put at the lowest possible figure. For patients of ordinary means the price is seven dollars per week in the wards proper, which includes board, medical attendance, and medicine; and about twice this sum for those occupying private rooms. On admission a deposit of five weeks' board is required in advance simply for security; and in case a patient does not remain in the hospital five weeks the balance is paid back. There are at present eight free beds established by private subscription, and it is hoped the number will be increased. Patients have been received from all parts of the State,—Portland furnishing only about twenty per cent. of the number. This is a State institution, now in its infancy, but destined to grow in usefulness with the munificence of the State, and of private benefactors. It stands upon a breezy, health-

ful site, and its windows look out upon a broad expanse of country, bounded by distant mountains, and comprising a lovely prospect.

A few steps now bring us out upon the Western Promenade, which runs along the brow of Bramhall's Hill, and commands a wide and varied landscape. In 1680 George Bramhall (from whom the hill takes its name) came here, and buying a tract of four hundred acres, hewed himself out a home in the primitive forest which then covered the hill, and pursued his

Bramhall's Hill.—Residence of the late Hon. John B. Brown.

trade as a tanner. The hill here falls off suddenly; the steep descent being partially clothed with odorous pines. At its foot the green lateral ridges tell the tale of some pre-historic landslide, when a great river flowed where now the railroad runs. It was down there, where we see the Deering Mansion, on the right, that Major Church whipped the Indians in September, 1689; in which fight George Bramhall was killed. We may be sure it was an hour of rejoicing when, about sunset, the troops marched back, with

flying colors, through the woods, to the little village then two miles away at the other end of the peninsula.

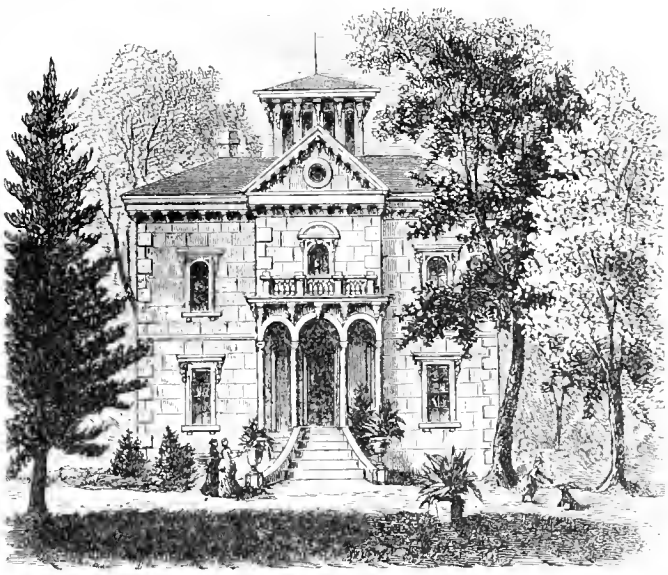
That large building which we see, a few miles distant, is the State Reform School, where a hundred and thirty or forty boys — the waifs and astrays of society — are put to useful pursuits under reformatory influences. The prison-like features of the institution have been eliminated, and the boys are now divided into three grades, and for good conduct are promoted through them, from the lowest to the highest.

Let us seat ourselves here and look into the sunset. The gleaming waters of Fore River on one hand, and of Back Cove on the other, almost encircle the elevation on whose brow we sit. The green slope of the hill

Spring and Neal Streets — Residence of Hon. Israel Washburn, Jr.

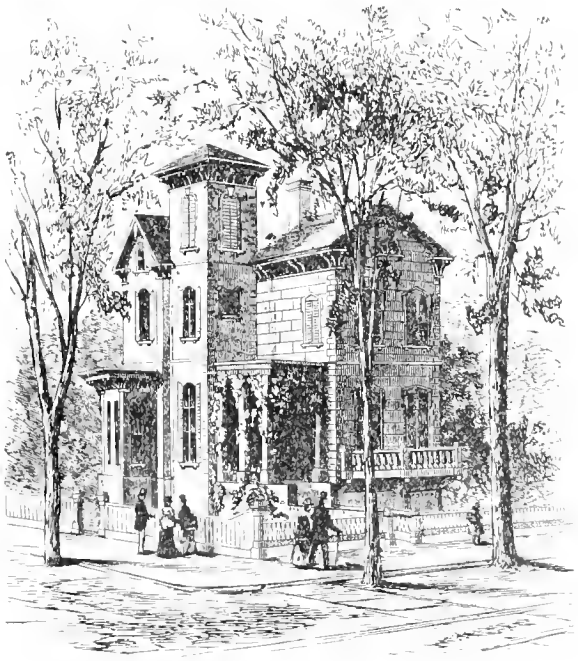
stretches away into a wide prospect of field and woodland, diversified by villages and farm-houses, and swelling in the distance into forest-clad hills. With Abner Lowell's sketch of the summits to be seen from this point in our hands, we may make out the Town Hall and Congregational Church in Gorham, Me., and behind them Ossipee Mountain, in New Hampshire, fifty-three miles away. Also, farther to the east, the church in Standish, Me., with the peak of old Chocorua rising far beyond it. Sweeping along the billowy line we see Mount Carrigain, sixty-three miles distant; nearer at hand the long line of Saddleback, in Sebago, Me.; and then the eye strikes the White Mountain range, and climbs from peak to peak, over Mounts Willard, Webster, Jackson, Pleasant, Franklin, and Munroe, to the white dome of Mount Washington, mingling with the clouds on the horizon.

The inner line of the Promenade is bordered with fine residences, most notable of which is that of the late John B. Brown, standing in the midst of ten acres of highly improved and cultivated land, with gardens adorned with rare plants and statuary, and overlooking a wide extent of beautiful scenery.



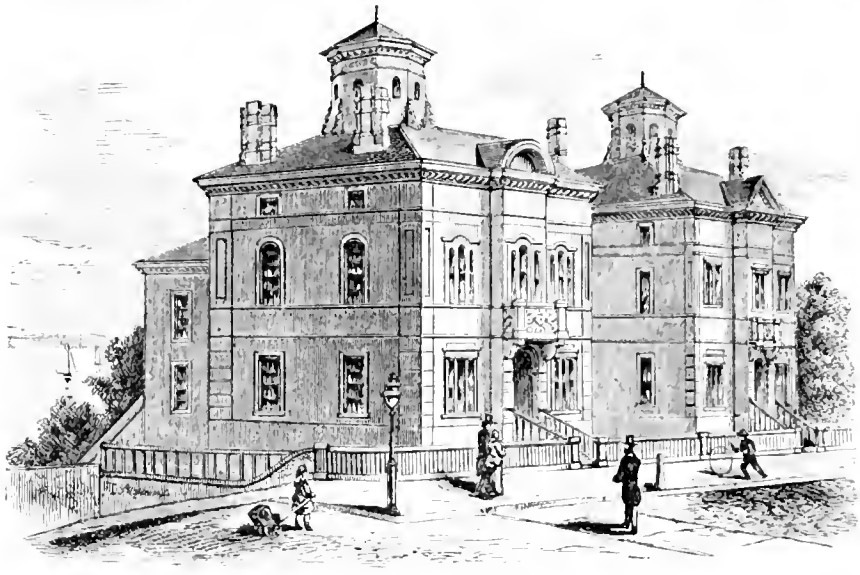
Danforth Street.—Residence of T. C. Hersey.

Moving on, and glancing down Spring street, we see the splendid modern mansion of the Hon. Israel Washburn, Jr. Passing down by the Western Cemetery we come upon the residence of Harry B. Brown, artist, whose studio, attached to his house, is an attractive point for all lovers of art. Here we strike Danforth street, and turning eastward pass the fine residence of T. C. Hersey, Esq., seated high in the midst of ornamental grounds, and commanding a wide view of the harbor, the cape, and the ocean beyond.



Spring and Emery Streets.—Residence of S. C. Andrews.

On the opposite side of the street, a little farther down, are the twin



Danforth Street.—Residences of Andrew and Samuel E. Spring.

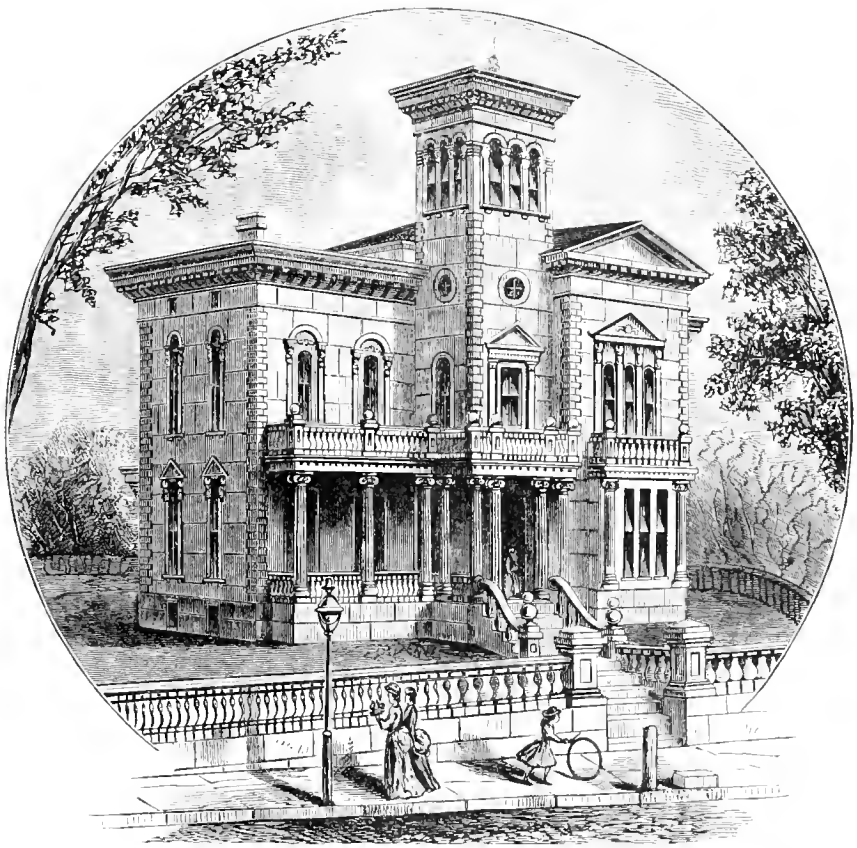
mansions of Messrs. Andrew and Samuel E. Spring. On Emery street, which enters here, we see the Home for Aged Women, a handsome brick edifice, where some twenty or more old ladies pass the evening of their days in quiet and comfort, paying only an entrance fee of one hundred dollars. The institution is under the charge of an association of ladies representing the various churches of the city.

Pine and Elm Streets.—Residence of Herman S. Mercer.

Among other

fine residences in this part of the city we may mention those of Sullivan C. Andrews, Esq., on the corner of Spring and Emery streets, and H. S. Melcher, Esq., on the corner of Pine and Lewis streets.

Continuing down Danforth street, to the corner of Park street, we come upon the elegant mansion of Ruggles S. Morse, Esq., built of free-



Danforth and Park Streets.—Residence of Ruggles S. Morse.

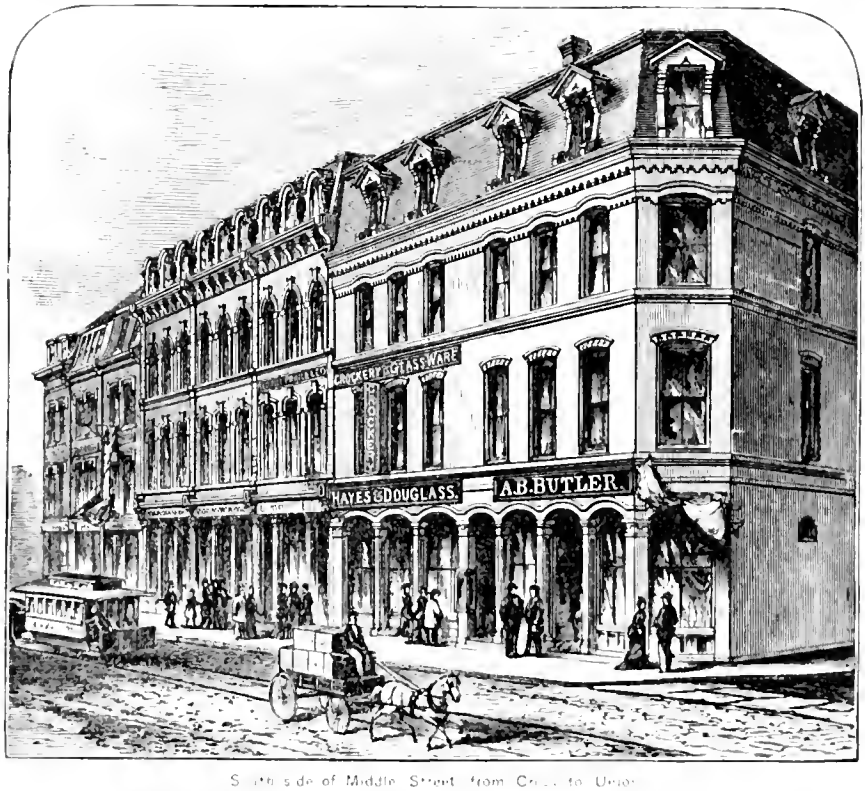
stone, in a highly ornamented style; a fine specimen of architectural taste, and the most costly private residence in the city.

A little farther down, on the corner of High street, we may contrast this modern residence with the old-time mansion of John Mussey, Esq., a building of spacious front, seated in the midst of its old-fashioned garden, and surrounded with magnificent elms, whose lofty summits and wide-sweeping branches are worth coming far to see.

Turning now up High street we are soon in Congress Square again, and so ends our second walk.

FROM MARKET SQUARE TO INDIA AND COMMERCIAL STREETS.

If the visitor again finds himself in Market Square, some bright morning, he cannot do better than turn eastward and saunter down Middle street. This is one of our oldest thoroughfares, having been accepted by the town as long ago as 1724, previous to which time a path had been opened through the woods. It was originally called "the Middle street," from its relative position between "the Fore" and "the Back" streets, which name it has ever since borne. Though originally occupied by the



South side of Middle Street, from Cross to Union.

dwelling-houses of the early settlers, the old-time mansions have long since given place to the demands of traffic, and Middle street is now one of our principal business avenues, chiefly devoted to the retail dry-goods trade.

Leaving Military Hall on the left, we pass down Middle street from the point where it enters the square to its junction with Free street. This portion of the street escaped the fire of 1866, and the stores here are plain brick structures, some of them of comparatively ancient date. That low

block of two stories, on the left, is a spared monument of the great fire, having been saved from destruction, while the stores on both sides of it were leveled to the ground. It was remodeled in 1873, the three original stories being reduced to two, but its low roof, in contrast with the loftier structures around it, still serves to remind us of the humbler style of building which prevailed fifty years ago.

Free street enters here, forming a "heater." The lower end of this street, where it joins Middle street, is devoted to business and contains some fine stores. In Free Street Block is the Portland School for the Deaf, supported in part by the city, for the instruction of deaf mutes, who are here taught to speak.

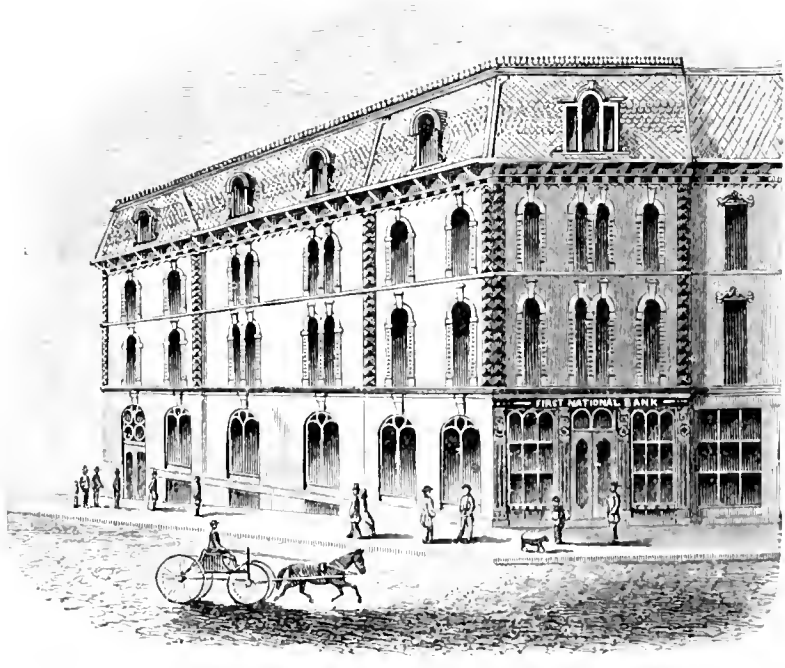
Falmouth Hotel.

All now before us, down Middle street, is fresh and new. The fire of 1866 leveled everything here, and the new business structures which have arisen from the ruins far outshine the old in loftiness and architectural pretentions. Some are of brick covered with mastic; some of handsome pressed brick, with Albert-stone trimmings; others of Connecticut freestone, and some of granite, many having iron pillars, caps, sills, and ornamentations. The styles are various, and often ornate, the warerooms spacious and handsome. As far along here as the eye can sweep the street architecture is of a noble and attractive character, the blocks of warehouses being diversified with hotels and bank buildings.

The plainest block is Mussey's Row, high up on the wall of which a marble slab tells the story of the ravages of fire on this spot:

"Homestead of Benjamin Mussey, A. D. 1749. Mussey's Row begun by his son, John Mussey, in 1799, completed in 1801. Partially burnt, and rebuilt by him, in 1815. Partially burnt, and rebuilt in 1852 by his son, John Mussey. Wholly burnt, and rebuilt in 1856 by the same. Wholly burnt in the great fire of July 4th and 5th, 1866, and rebuilt by the same."

Here, at the corner of Union street, stands the Falmouth, our largest hotel, a magnificent structure, built by Hon. John B. Brown, after the fire of 1866. The front is of Albert-stone, the side walls of pressed brick, with



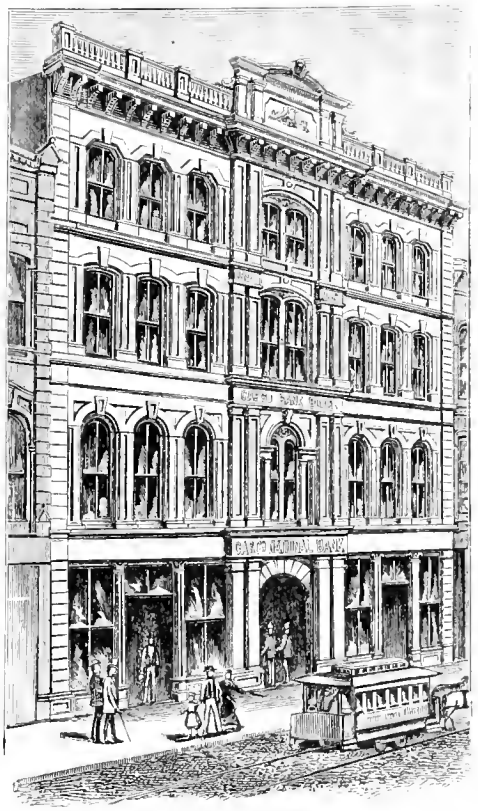
First National Bank.

Albert-stone trimmings. It has a frontage on Middle street of one hundred and fifty-three feet, by one hundred and seventy-four on Union street; is six stories on Middle and seven on Union street, and contains two hundred and forty rooms, and ten large stores. It is fully equipped with all the conveniences of a modern first-class hotel, including an elevator, and bathing-rooms on all the principal floors.

Adjoining the Falmouth, on the corner of Plum street, is the red sandstone building of the First National Bank. A little farther down, on the opposite side, is the fine granite front of the Casco Bank building, occu-

pying the site of the old "Sun Tavern," later known as the Casco House, whence, in days of yore, the stages were wont to depart for the country towns. This house, in the time of the Revolution, was the residence of Brigadier Jedediah Preble. His son, Commodore Edward Preble, afterwards lived and died in it. It is a singular coincidence that this house in which the Commodore lived, and the one which he built and which was long occupied by his widow, (the present Preble House), should both have been converted into hotels.

The Maine Savings Bank has its banking-rooms on the corner of Plum street, under the St. Julian, formerly a hotel, conducted on the European plan, and a little further along is the handsome Canal Bank building, of red freestone.

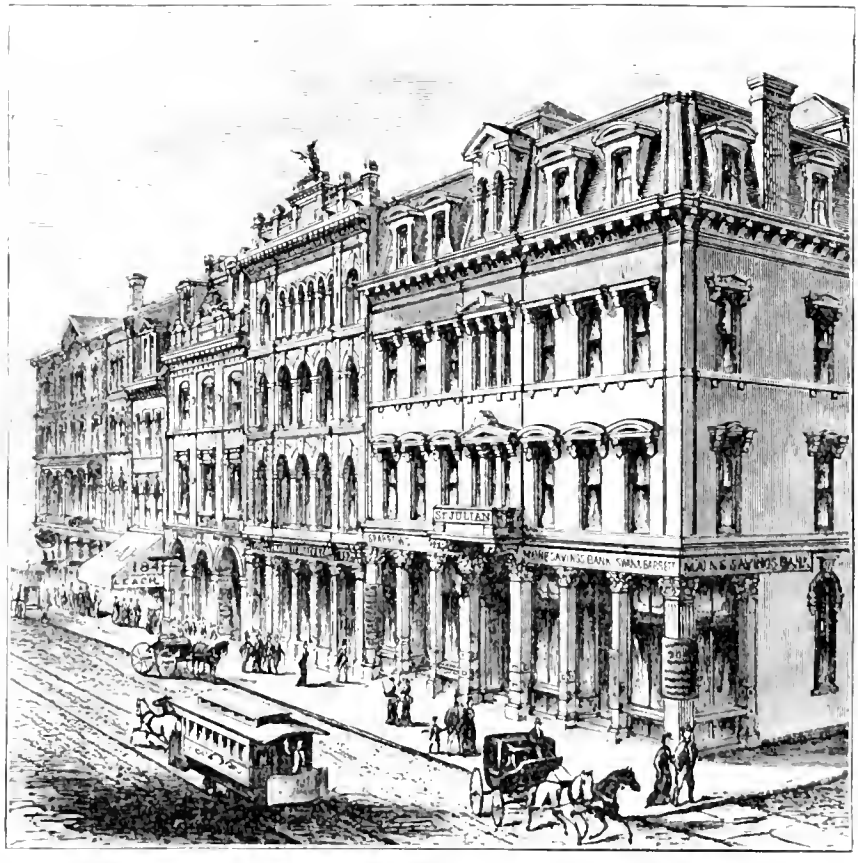


Casco Bank.

A few steps now bring us to Exchange street, anciently called Fish, opened in 1724. From Middle to Fore street it is five hundred feet long, and is lined with handsome business blocks from end to end, the last gap left by the fire of 1866 — which laid low every building upon it —having been filled by the erection of "Stanton Block" (named in honor of the famous War Secretary) in 1875, by Hon. W. W. Thomas. On this street, opposite the entrance of Milk street, our Board of Trade has its headquarters: an organization of our leading business men, which has done much to promote the prosperity of the city. Here also is the Merchants' Exchange, with its reading-room, whither our merchants resort for information, bargaining, and consultation. All who have an eye for fine architectural effects will admire the facade of the Merchants' Bank on this street.

That part of Exchange street which runs from Middle to Congress street was laid out in 1793, and originally called Court street. On the northeast corner of Middle and Exchange streets stands the Post-Office, an elegant building of Vermont marble, occupying a square by itself. Its

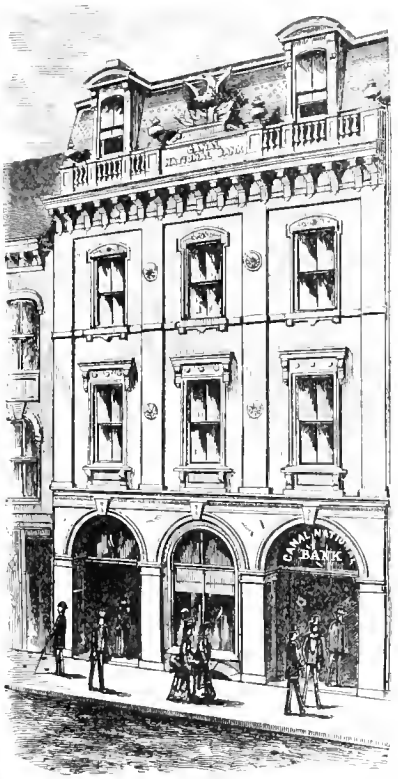
pure white walls are in strong contrast to the warmer-colored brick buildings about it, and it looks a little cold in its elegance and chasteness. Its cost was half a million dollars. The ground floor is occupied for the Post-Office, and the second story for United States court-rooms and offices. This is the third costly post-office building that has occupied this site, — the other two having been destroyed by fire. The first post-office in Falmouth, under authority of the Continental Congress, was established in 1775, by Benja-



South side of Middle Street, from Plum to Exchange.

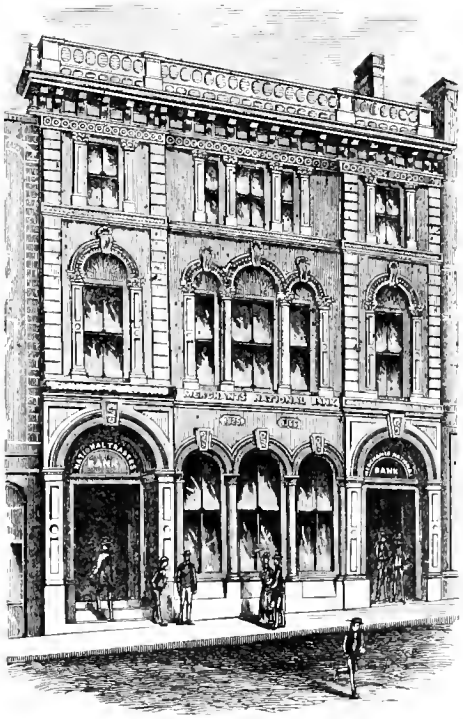
min Franklin, Postmaster General for the United Colonies. Deacon Samuel Freeman was the first postmaster, his commission bearing date October 5, 1775. We have had sixteen postmasters, the present incumbent being ex-Judge Charles W. Goddard. Judge Goddard has obtained from the records at Washington the following list of the postmasters of Portland since the organization of the American postal service under Postmaster General Franklin: "Deacon Samuel Freeman, appointed October 5, 1775;

Thomas M. Prentiss, July 1, 1804; Joshua Wingate, Jr., February 20, 1805; James Wingate, August 9, 1805; Robert Ilsley, June 1, 1815; Mark Harris, 1823; Dr. Nathaniel Low, December 3, 1823; Nathaniel Mitchell, April 9, 1829; Thomas Todd, December 8, 1834; Nathaniel Mitchell, September 11, 1839; Colonel Sylvanus R. Lyman, May 4, 1841; Nathan L. Woodbury, April 2, 1845; Joshua Dunn, May 5, 1849; Nathan L. Woodbury, April 1, 1853; Samuel Jordan, April 1, 1857; Maj. Andrew T. Dole, April 8, 1861; Judge Woodbury Davis, December 9, 1865; Charles W. Goddard, October 7, 1871."



Canal Bank

During the first year after its establishment only eighty-four letters were received at this post-office, — the mail running once a week. In 1880 this office paid the Government a profit of $108,380.71. Twenty-three clerks and ten carriers are employed in the office, and fourteen route agents distribute the mails on the various lines of railway radiating from this point. In 1804 the daily western mail was a new undertaking; now twenty-five mails arrive and depart daily.



Merchants Bank.

Glancing up Exchange street we see the fine block of the Portland Savings Bank, and not far above it

the Printers' Exchange, where are issued the Daily Argus (Democratic), the Daily Press (Republican), and several weekly newspapers, including Zion's Advocate (Baptist), and Christian Mirror. The Daily Advertiser is published at 197 Federal street; the Portland Transcript (literary and family weekly), 44 Exchange; the Sunday Times (Independent), 31 Market; Portland Globe, 119½ Exchange; Daily Morning News, corner Middle and Temple; City Item, 7 Exchange street.

Continuing down Middle street, below Exchange, we enter the region of wholesale dry-goods, clothing, hardware, crockery, and druggist warehouses, built since the fire of 1866, previous to which time trade had made but very few encroachments upon the old family estates in this direction. Here, on the left, was the old Plant Sawyer mansion, a fine residence seated in the midst of an extensive and well-kept garden. It was for some years the residence of the Hon. John M. Wood. Its site is now covered with business blocks. Just opposite stood the unfinished marble hotel commenced by Mr. Wood, but never completed. On this site Messrs. Stover Bros. & Co. are now (1881) building a handsome block of stores.

Exchange Street, from Middle to Fore Street.

Here we cross Pearl street, a wide avenue extending straight across the city from water to water. This street was laid out and widened after the great fire of 1866. Previous to that time the cross streets in this vicinity were very narrow, this being the most ancient and dense part of the town. There were many narrow lanes here in early times, some of which

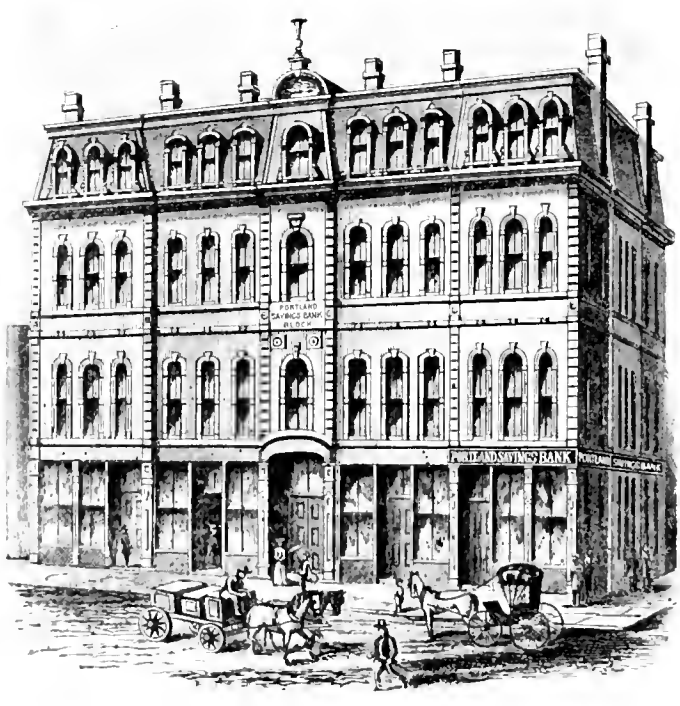
bore odd names. Newbury street, for instance, was known as Turkey lane, and that part of Hampshire street which runs from Middle to Fore street was called Club lane. Then there was Moose Alley, now Chatham street, which is said to have owed its name to the fact that a moose was killed there in early times. Many of the houses standing here before the fire of 1866 dated from the middle of the last century. The oldest house in the city — built by Enoch Moody, in 1740, — stood on the corner of Congress and Franklin streets. The oldest house now remaining in the city stands near the foot of Preble street. It is a one-story structure, built by Hugh McLellan, in 1755, on Congress, opposite Casco street. Mr. McLellan had the frame brought from Gorham, and built the house for his daughter, who married Joseph McLellan. It stood on that site for over one hundred years, and in 1866 was removed to its present position, where it is still used as a dwelling house. Owing to the fact that the city has been so many times swept by fire, we have no very ancient structures remaining. The old mansions in this part of the city, long the homes of families prominent in our history, have all been swept away. Our oldest church, the First Parish, has seen but fifty-six years. All where we are now walking is the growth of the past fifteen years, except a few ancient and dilapidated dwelling-houses at the corner of Middle and India streets, which still linger among the modern structures around them to remind us of the days that are gone.

Post Office.

At the corner of Deer street we come upon the spot where, up to 1866, stood the old Second Parish Church, with its wide brick pavement in front; a spot sacred to many from its association with the ministry of the sainted Payson, who preached here for twenty years. The clock in

the tower of this church was of great convenience to all doing business on Middle street, and after its destruction by the fire of 1866 many an eye was involuntarily cast in this direction to learn the time o' day. The site of the church is now covered by a block of cheap shops.

In this vicinity we come upon traces of the great fire. This portion of Middle street, previous to 1866, was occupied by dwelling-houses, which have been in part replaced by stores, while spaces still remain vacant waiting for the demands of business, it being evident that the trade of the city must extend in this direction.

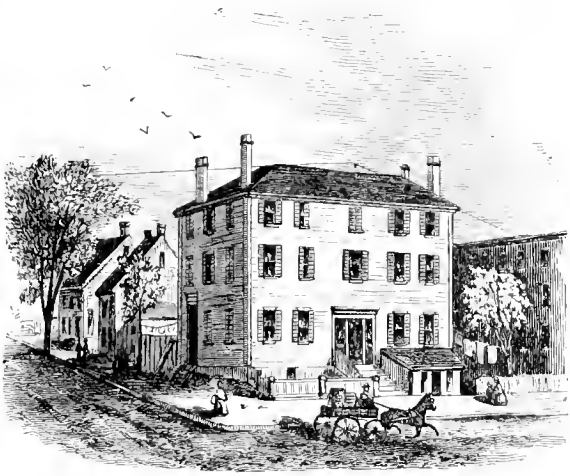


Portland Savings Bank

At the junction of Hampshire street we reach the point where in early times a stream flowed across Middle street into Clay Cove, and was spanned here by a bridge. The street has here been filled in and raised to nearly a uniform grade, but the ancient level may be seen by looking over the wall into the sunken grounds of the Thomas Browne estate, "where once the garden smiled." Clay Cove itself has also been filled up and built upon. It lay just below this point, and in early times was a marked feature in the topography of the town. Thirty or forty years ago ship-building was carried on extensively in the Cove, and many a vessel of large tonnage has been launched where now is solid land covered with buildings.

This brings us to India street, our most ancient thoroughfare, having probably been opened before 1680, at which time it was called Broad street. On the resettlement of the town, in 1724, it was laid out four rods wide under the name of High King street. It received its present name in 1837.

It was long — in connection with Back, now Congress, street — the principal route out of town. On the corner of Middle street a meeting-house was built in 1721, which was occupied until the erection of the First Parish church in 1740. A highly respectable old street was this previous to the fire of 1866. Its old family mansions, with their terraced gardens in the rear and their lofty elms in front, had an air of antiquity and staid respectability now lost to the street forever. It has never wholly recovered from the ravages of the fire, and the desolate sites of the Fessenden and other mansions remain to remind us of the times that were.



Fore and Hancock Streets — Birthplace of the Poet Longfellow

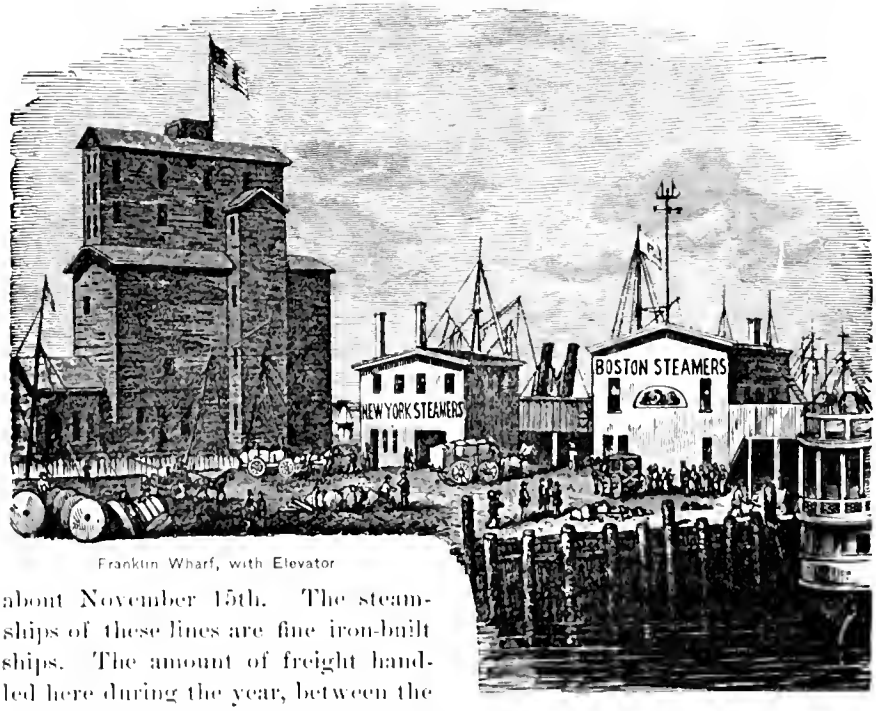
Passing down India street a short distance we come to Fore street, turning into which, on the left, a few minutes' walk brings us to the foot of Hancock street, on the corner of which stands an old-fashioned mansion, "the old square wooden house, upon the edge of the sea," in which Henry W. Longfellow was born, on the 27th day of February, 1807. Here his father, Stephen Longfellow, resided before removing into the house built by *his* father-in-law, General Wadsworth, on Congress street. In those days the sea flowed up to the edge of the road, opposite the house, which commanded a fine view of the harbor. Within the recollection of our middle-aged citizens the beach opposite the house was the scene of the rite of baptism, administered on the Sabbath, in the presence of a crowd of interested spectators. Now the beach is covered, and the sea pushed farther out, by the made-land of the Grand Trunk Railway, whose trains run where once the tide ebbed and flowed. The house is of three stories, and is still in good repair.

A short distance eastward of the poet's birthplace, near the foot of Mountfort street, is the site of the house of George Cleeves, our first settler, who was attracted here in 1632 by the brook which supplied him with fresh water. Only a few years since, previous to the introduction of the Sebago water, Bethuel Sweetsir was selling the water of this ancient spring to our citizens, in time of drouth.

Returning now to India street we pass, on the left, the freight-station and round-house of the Grand Trunk Railway, occupying the site of Fort

Loyal, whence, in 1690, our early settlers were carried captives, a weary way through the wilderness, to Montreal, with which city this very railroad now gives us daily connection.

We are now at the foot of India street, and find ourselves on the extensive premises of the Grand Trunk Railway, whose wharves and ocean sheds afford magnificent accommodations for its great freight business between Canada and Europe. Here are the wharves of the Dominion and Beaver lines of steamships, each of which furnishes a fortnightly means of communication between Portland and Liverpool for the half-year beginning



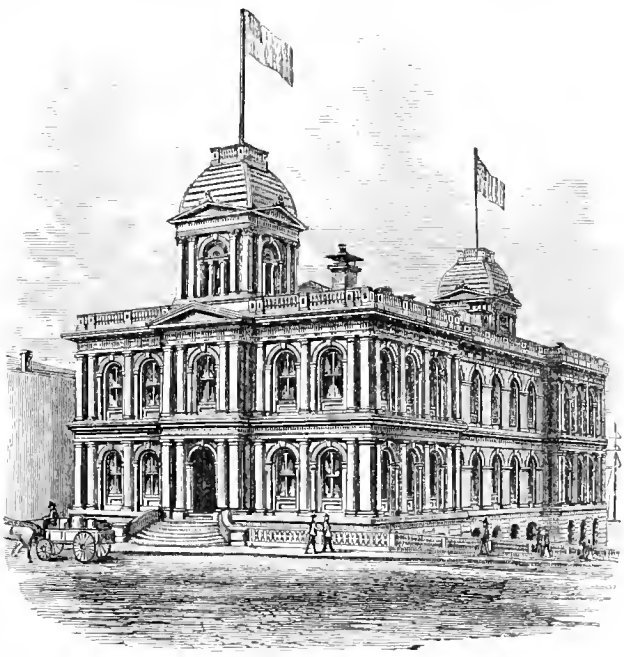
Franklin Wharf, with Elevator

about November 15th. The steamships of these lines are fine iron-built ships. The amount of freight handled here during the year, between the railroad and the steamers, is immense, and the scene presented during the winter season is a busy one, giving the spectator enlarged ideas of the commerce of our port.

Just here, too, begins our wholesale business avenue, Commercial street, one hundred feet wide and a mile long, running across the whole waterfront of the city, with a railroad track in the middle of it, connecting the Grand Trunk with the railroads running east and west, and with branches down the wharves for the accommodation of shipping. Here was anciently a short street, accepted in 1721, and known as Thames street. It is now absorbed in Commercial street, and no longer exists. Commercial street contains many fine blocks of wholesale warehouses, and by its near access

to all the wharves, and its railroad accommodations, — bringing the products of the Great West to the doors of our merchants, — affords rare facilities for the reception and shipment of goods. In the busy season it presents an animated scene.

Let us stroll along this business thoroughfare and note the principal objects of interest. Here, on the right, is a relic of other days, strangely out of keeping with the substantial warehouses among which it stands. It is the old family mansion built by the widow of Brigadier Preble, in 1786, on the site of her father's house which was burned in the destruction of the town by Mowatt, in 1775. This was then a beautiful retired situation, looking out upon the harbor, and the house was surrounded by a garden filled with fruit and ornamental trees. Forty years ago Lemuel Dyer lived in this house, and built ships in the rear of it. Opposite this house is Galt's wharf on which stands the new grain elevator built by the Grand Trunk Railway Company, in 1875, at a cost of $50,000. It has a length of 101 feet, a width of 53 feet, and a total height, including the three-story cupola, of 107 feet. It is fitted with dock elevators for loading and unloading vessels, and with large steam shovels for unloading cars. It has 42 bins for holding grain, each 46 feet deep, and the total capacity of the whole structure is 200,000 bushels.

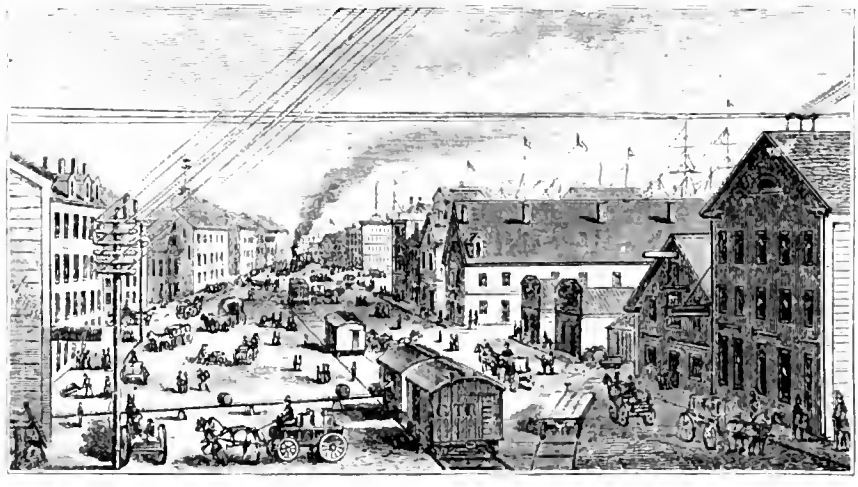


Custom House.

We come next to Franklin wharf, where lie the Boston steamers, run by the Portland Steam Packet Company, formed in 1844, and very successfully managed by such men as Captain J. B. Coyle and the late Leonard Billings. At this wharf also lie the steamers of the Maine Steamship Company, which maintains a semi-weekly line to New York, under the management of Henry Fox, the general agent.

A short walk brings us to the Custom House, a handsome granite

structure, which fronts upon both Commercial and Fore streets. Completed in 1872, at a cost of $485,000, this is one of the most substantial, convenient, and elegant buildings in the whole country. The interior is richly finished, and affords ample accommodation for the transaction of the business of the customs. The first officer connected with the collection of duties at this port was Moses Pearson, who was appointed in 1730. The present U. S. Collector of the District is the Hon. Lot M. Morrill. A large business is transacted here, the average annual amount of duties collected for some years past not being far from $900,000. In addition to the regular imports and exports, the railroad connection with Canada brings a large transit business, so that while, in amount of duties upon consumption and warehouse entries, Portland is the seventh or eighth port in the United



Commercial Street, from foot of Cross Street, looking towards Grand Trunk Depot.

States, in amount of duties assessed upon all goods passing through the Custom House, it is the third or fourth.

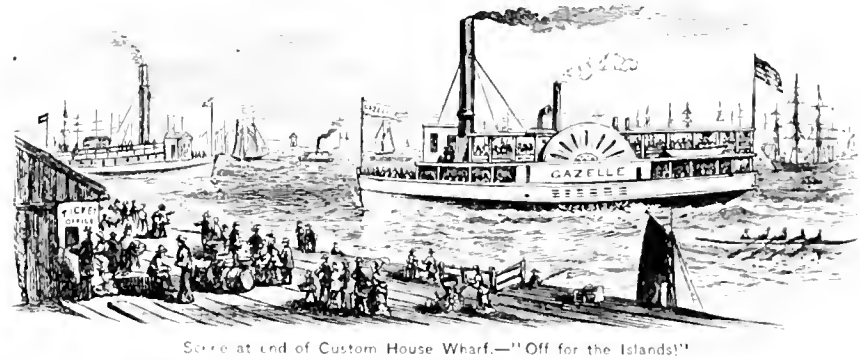
We are now in the center of the wholesale trade in West India goods, flour and grain, to which, among others, the Thomas Block of substantial warehouses gives ample accommodation. Here, too, are the coal-yards, and the fish-markets, where a large wholesale business in fresh fish is transacted. Looking eastward from the corner of Cross street, a busy scene is presented to the eye. Long lines of freight cars stand in the middle of the street, from which barrels of flour are rolled on skids into the doors of the warehouses; lumpers and longshoremen are discharging corn from other cars in baskets on their shoulders; heavy teams are transporting goods to the wharves, for shipment by packet or steamer to eastern ports; crowds of pleasure-seekers are crossing the street to reach the Island steamers, while groups of merchants, shipmasters, sailors, and day-laborers diversify the scene.

Passing on, we enter the region of the lumber trade, — an important interest, — with wharves covered with the products of mills in the interior, brought down by rail for shipment.

Here the street is reduced to a shelf of land by the high bank of York street, walled up, under which runs the trains of the Boston and Maine Railroad. Its station is on one side of the street, and that of the Eastern Railroad — which also accommodates the Maine Central and Portland and Ogdensburg trains — is on the other. These are at the head of Railroad wharf, where lie the steamers of the International Steamship Company, which, during the excursion season, make tri-weekly trips to Eastport and St. John, connecting with steamer running to the picturesque island of Grand Menan, now visited by an increasing number of tourists; also with the city of Fredericton, on the St. John; with Halifax, N. S.; Charlottetown, P. E. I., and all parts of the Maritime Provinces. The steamers running to Mt. Desert and Machias also land at the same wharf. These latter steamers, during the summer, make the following trips to the great sea-side resort, Mt. Desert, connecting with railroads running to and from Portland: the steamer City of Richmond will leave Railroad Wharf every Monday, Wednesday and Friday night, at 11 P. M., or on arrival of trains from the West; the steamer Lewiston every Tuesday and Friday.

THE ISLANDS.

From the earliest times the islands in our harbor have been much resorted to by our citizens for recreation during the heats of summer. Coolness and comfort are to be found on their rocky shores when the city is sweltering under a blazing sun. The amusements of bathing and fishing may be diversified by strolls through balsamic groves, or by watching the surges of the restless ocean as they break in foam at the base of old White

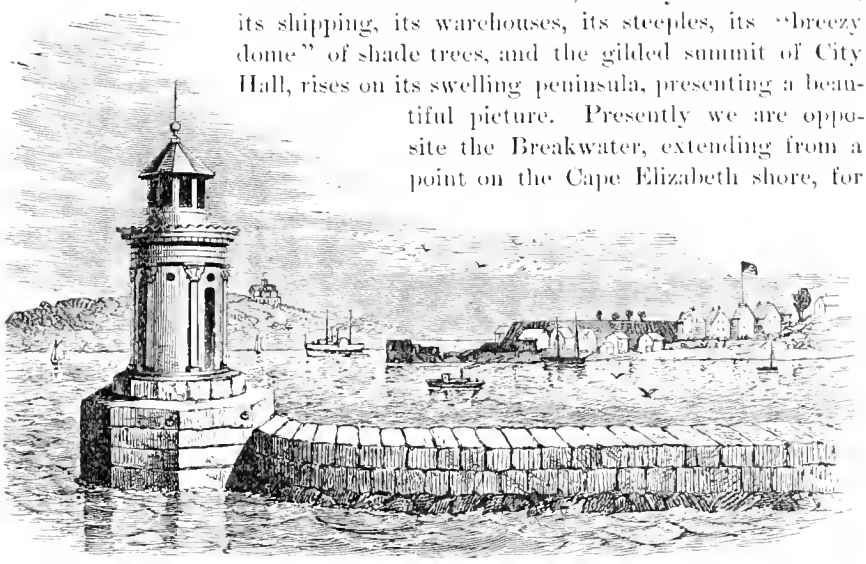


Scene at end of Custom House Wharf.—"Off for the Islands!"

Head. Years ago, before pleasure-steamers were introduced, it was the custom to make the trip in sail-boats. By mismanagement, or sudden squalls of wind, these were sometimes upset, and whole parties of women and children were drowned. One of the most lamentable of these disasters occurred in July, 1848, when the wife and three children of Mr. Smith, and four children of Mr. John Whyley, were drowned by the upsetting of the pleasure-boat Leo, near Hog Island Ledge, by a sudden flaw of wind. Since the introduction of steamboats very few accidents have occurred, many thousands each season enjoying the trip with entire safety.

If we chance to be on Commercial street some warm, summer afternoon, we shall see crowds of men, women, and children converging toward the end of Custom House wharf, where the Gazelle and the Express, steamers of the Casco Bay Steamboat Company, take their departure. Or, at an earlier hour, excursion parties, numbering hundreds, which have come by rail from some distant interior town, may be found in pursuit of the same object. The harbor at this time presents an animated and beautiful

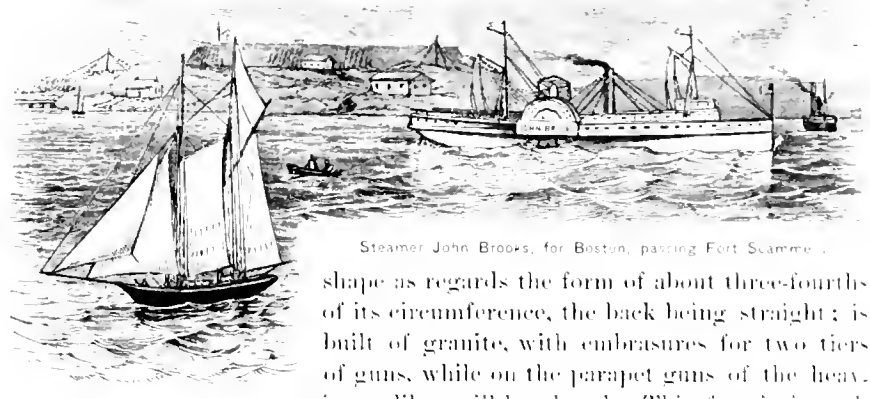
scene. The breeze ruffles the water just sufficiently to give commotion to its surface; the dancing waves gleam in the bright afternoon sunshine; the harbor is perhaps full of coasters, pleasure-yachts, and sail-boats, whose white sails, hoisted to dry after the rain, remind one of the wings of a flock of water-fowl just rising for flight; sea-gulls wheel through the air on the watch for bits of food floating on the water; row-boats are moving about from point to point; the ferry-boat is steaming over to the opposite shore of Cape Elizabeth; and crowds of merry pleasure-seekers are swarming on the decks of the Gazelle. As she moves off from the wharf and steams down the harbor, the city with its docks, its shipping, its warehouses, its steeples, its "breezy dome" of shade trees, and the gilded summit of City Hall, rises on its swelling peninsula, presenting a beautiful picture. Presently we are opposite the Breakwater, extending from a point on the Cape Elizabeth shore, for



Breakwater Light, with Cushing's Island and Fort Preble in the distance.

protection of the shipping in southwesterly gales, with a harbor-light on its outer end to protect them from itself! The Breakwater was commenced as long ago as 1836, but was finished only eight or ten years since. The light-house at its extremity is a very tasteful little structure of iron. Now we are off Fort Preble, named for our Commodore Edward Preble, and situated on Spring Point, Cape Elizabeth. The old brick fort has been demolished to give place to new breastworks not yet completed. Here the harbor garrison is stationed, and at close of day we may hear the sunset gun, and the drums beating the "tattoo." Nearly opposite, on House Island, is Fort Scammell, named for Colonel Alexander Scammell, a brave officer of the Revolutionary army. The original fort, commenced in 1808, with its old-fashioned block-house, has been dismantled to give place to a modern fortification, with bastions, bomb-proofs, and heavy guns. Fort Scammell occupies a very important position in the harbor,

commanding four of the channels leading into it. It consists in part of granite walls, and in part of earthworks. Farther within the harbor, on a low ledge off Little Hog Island, stands Fort Gorges, named for Sir Ferdinando Gorges, the first proprietor of this part of Maine. It is octagon-



Steamer John Brooks, for Boston, passing Fort Scammel.

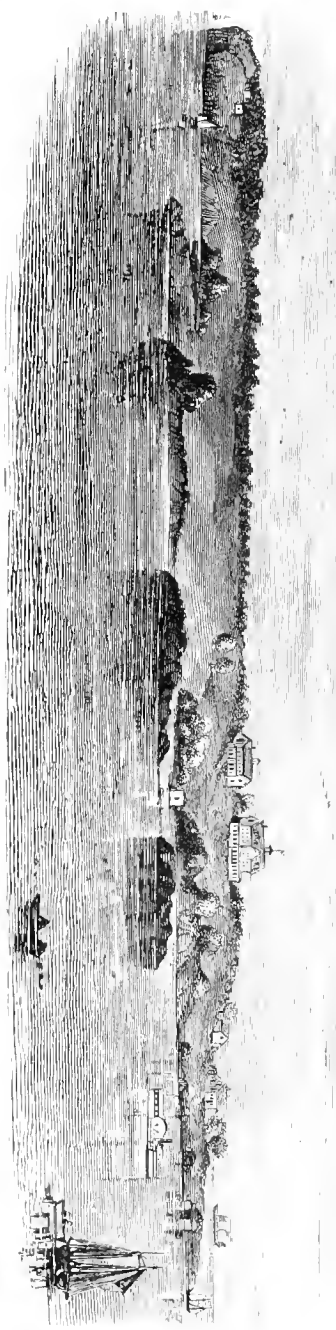
shape as regards the form of about three-fourths of its circumference, the back being straight; is built of granite, with embrasures for two tiers of guns, while on the parapet guns of the heaviest calibre will be placed. This fort is intended to defend the harbor and the channels leading into it. It presents quite an imposing appearance with its high granite walls, and green parapets, which are neatly sodded. Passing down the ship-channel a short distance we reach

CUSHING'S ISLAND

Cushing's Island lies at the mouth of Portland Harbor, its southern end forming one shore of the ship-channel which is the main entrance to the harbor. It has the most bold and prominent features of all the islands in the bay. Rising to a considerable altitude, its southeastern shore presents a rocky and precipitous front to the sea, terminating at the northeastern end in a castellated bluff of perpendicular rock nearly one hundred and fifty feet high. Along the high ridge of the island, for nearly its whole length, runs a dark forest growth, which gives it a bristly appearance, like "quills upon the fretful porcupine." From these woods, on the northerly or harbor side, the land descends rapidly to a little arable valley running through the island, and thence to the beaches and ledges that line the inner shore. Thus the island presents a stern rampart to the ocean, shutting it from view, while it smiles upon the smoother waters of the harbor.

The earliest English name by which this island, and the main-land in

Cape Elizabeth opposite to it, were known, was Portland, as was also the main channel between them, "Portland Sound." James Andrews was the first proprietor; he was living upon it in 1667, and it was known by his name. Later, it was known as Fort Island, probably from its having been a place of retreat from the Indians in 1676, when a fort was hastily thrown up there for protection. It afterwards came into possession of Joshua Bangs, whose name it bore for more than a hundred years. About thirty-one years since it was purchased, for ten thousand dollars, by Lemuel Cushing, Esq., of Chatham, Canada, who in 1853 built a large brick hotel on the island, which he named the Ottawa House. This house has long been a favorite resort of the best class of Canadians, who fill it to its utmost capacity during the summer months. On the death of Mr. Cushing, a few years since, the property came into possession of his sons, who now contemplate making large improvements on the island.



The original house will accommodate one hundred and fifty guests, and the contemplated additions will increase its capacity to two hundred and fifty. The summer climate of the island is very equable and healthy, the average range of the thermometer, in the rooms, being from 65 to 68 degrees throughout the season. The balsamic odors of the firs and spruces mingling with the fresh sea-breezes

have a bracing and tonic effect. Good beaches afford opportunities for sea-bathing, while both the shore and deep-sea fishing are excellent. Cunners are caught from the rocks, and off White Head cod and haddock abound.

The island has capabilities of becoming one of the best watering-places on the coast. As the whole island belongs to the proprietors, the guests have the entire freedom of it, without the fear of trespassing. Through the kindness of the Messrs. Cushing it is also open to picnic parties and campers-out, though the shooting of birds is properly forbidden. Among contemplated improvements are summer cottages, for fami-

One of the Beaches on Cushing's Island.

lies, and possibly a drive around the island, five miles in length, which would command magnificent sea views.

There is a good road from the wharf to the hotel, and a carriage for the accommodation of guests. A bowling-saloon and billiard-room assist in furnishing amusement.

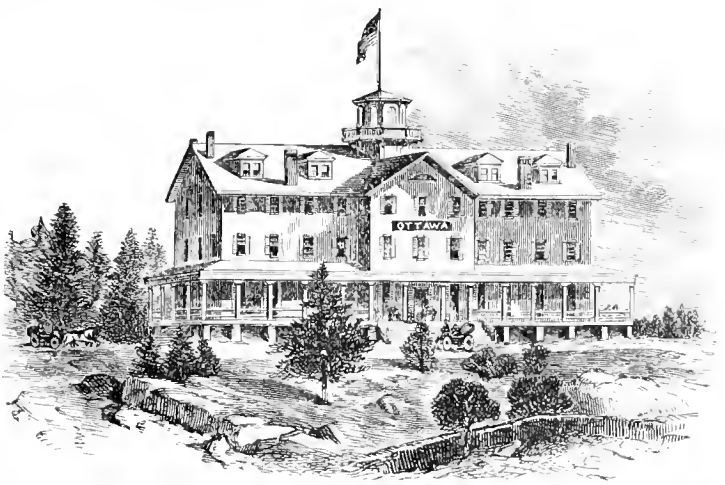
On landing from the steamer do not take the open road to the hotel, but rather follow the path which leads past the cottages to the willowy dell where stands the old farm-house. This hollow, into which you descend by steps cut in the green bank, is a surprise and a delight — the beauty-spot of the island, in strong contrast to the wildness of White

Head. That looks sternly out on the heaving sea; this nestles beneath old willows, through which you catch glimpses of the smoother waters of the main entrance to the harbor, and the opposite shore of Cape Elizabeth.

A bit of the Shore on Cushing's Island.

That is a bold headland, standing on which, in an easterly storm, the admirer of the sublime in nature may see the waves break high in air as they ceaselessly beat at the base of the cliff; this is a dimple in the shore, smiling on a summer sea, where, seated on the grass, with the green willows overhead, you may fancy yourself in a rural paradise.

This pleasant retreat slopes down to the beach, where are bathing-houses, and where the smooth, hard sand, and the seclusion of the spot, invite to a tumble in the sea.



Ottawa House, Cushing's Island

Climbing now to the higher part of the island we come to the hotel, standing on an elevated site commanding magnificent views. Pause on the piazza and look towards the city. The view of it is the finest in our harbor. On the right lies House Island, with its fort; on the left, the ship-channel, dotted with the

white sails of passing vessels, with the opposite shore of Cape Elizabeth, Fort Preble answering to Fort Scammell, and the projecting breakwater with its harbor-light. Across the harbor, in the distance, rises Munjoy, with the White Mountains far behind it, from which a chain of lower hills stretches away to the west. The whole extent of the city is revealed, from Munjoy to Bramhall, its spires rising above the foliage of the shade-trees at its western end.

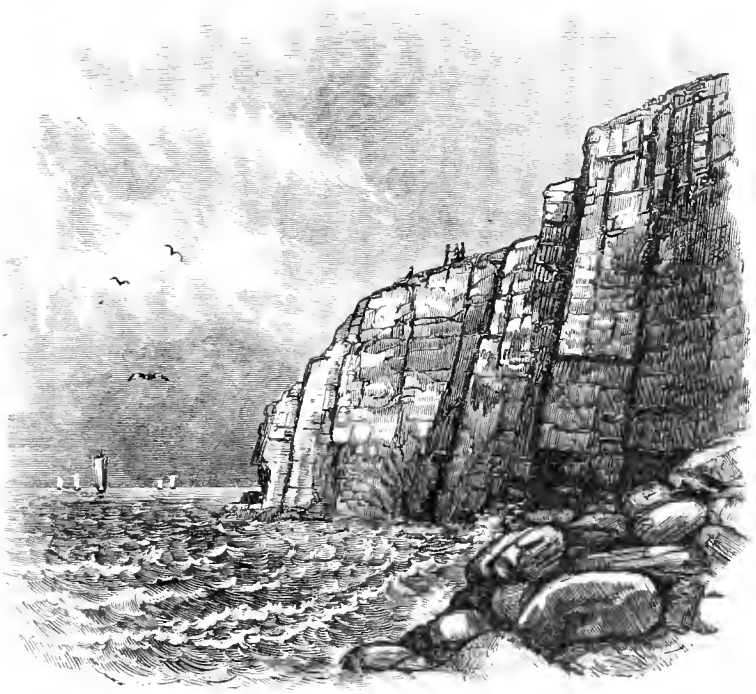
Now if you would have a still wider view, ascend to the cupola and look seaward. The broad ocean is before you, stretching far away to the horizon, where the white sails of the mackerel fleet mingle with the sky-line. Far below you lies Ram Island, with the surf beating on its ragged shores; eastward lie the outer islands of the bay, and Half-way Rock, with its solitary light-house; westward is Portland Light, and the Two-Lights on the Cape; seaward the waves are all a-shimmer with sunlight, and departing ships cleave swiftly through them.

One of the Walks on Cushing's Island

It remains only to visit White Head, the grand old headland that guards the eastern entrance to our harbor. It is a walk of a mile or more along the embowered path that runs through the evergreen woods. Here the close-set spruces shut out all sight of the sea, so near at hand, while yet the music of its breaking waves falls softly on the ear. One might think himself dreaming of the ocean in some far inland forest. Occasionally a break in the dense foliage gives a view of clustered stems, rising in "a dim, religious light," like the pillars of some vast cathedral. The soft carpet of the sod gives back no sound to your footfall, and the path is solitary, save the sentinel crow in some tall fir, who caws angrily at your intrusion. The walk ends on the open brow of the precipice, from which the woods recede, leaving it to battle with the ocean in its native strength. Here the view widens on all sides. Just below, on the right, lie the low green shores of Peaks' Island; in the foreground, on the left, are seen the frowning walls of the forts; the city lies in the distance bathed in sunshine, while in the remote northwest the White Mountains mingle their summits with the cumulous clouds. Looking east-

ward the surface of the bay is broken by many wooded islands, and far in the dim distance Seguin appears, a shadowy outline on the horizon. Southward rolls the ocean, with many a sail on its broad bosom, — some coming out of the misty distance, while others are disappearing beyond the line which bounds the view.

White Head presents to the sea a precipice of one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet in height. It is composed of a gray, granitic rock, split into leaves standing on their edges, fallen into broken fragments, scarred, seamed, jagged, and yet presenting smooth, precipitous walls,



White Head, Cushing's Island.

painted a warm orange-red by the hardy lichens, whose mission it is to clothe the barren rock with beauty.

The Head projects into the sea in three distinct masses, having between them two deep recesses, or miniature fiords, worn far into the cliff by the waves. Down one of these abysses you may scramble over the fallen rocks, and sit under the projecting cliff, with the foamy sea beating on the barnacled ledges at your feet. Into the other recess there is no descent. Its walls on all three sides fall precipitously into the water which forms its floor. It is a great ball-room, in which only the waves may dance, while we look on from the galleries above. The south wall

of this recess runs out into a point not more than three feet wide at the extremity, and lying flat here one may look straight down into the sea, a dizzy depth.

Standing on the top of the cliff, and looking down on the white-winged craft which are continually passing, as they leave or enter the harbor, rising and falling with graceful dip on the long roll of the sea, you feel yourself poised in mid-air, and akin to the sea-birds, which soar and sweep around you; the white sails come and go; the water surrounds you on all sides but one, and spreads in pale blue beauty up the lovely bay, or in deeper tints southward toward the horizon lines.

How different must be the scene when a winter night shuts down in storm and darkness, and the angry waves tumble into these rocky recesses, and leap in foam and spray high into the air. Then it is that White Head is white indeed, and a welcome sight to the storm-tossed mariner, whose staggering bark leaps at once from a turbulent sea into calm waters behind its sheltering shores—the natural breakwater of our harbor. A wharf has been built on the inner shore of White Head, where the island steamers touch.

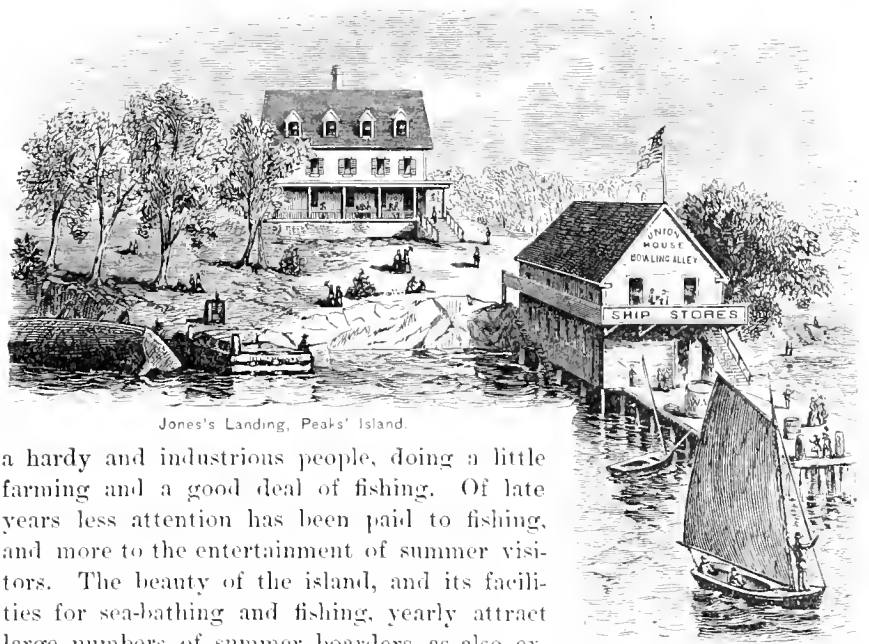
PEAKS' ISLAND.

Peaks' Island lies partly inside of Cushing's Island, from which it is separated by White Head Passage. Together with Cushing's Island it forms an effectual barrier against the waves of the ocean, which would otherwise beat in up to the wharves of the city. It is surrounded by four islands—Cushing's, House, Hog (or Diamond), and Long—and with them forms a beautiful and safe harbor for thousands of vessels annually seeking its protection. It is about one and a half miles long by a mile and a quarter wide, at the widest part, and contains seven hundred and twenty acres. Though not rising to so great an elevation as Cushing's Island, or presenting so bold a front to the sea, it has many attractive features, being in some respects the most beautiful island in our harbor. Its outer shore is rocky and wave-worn, presenting an inhospitable aspect to vessels seeking the harbor in a storm. Here the surf breaks heavily, and the spray, even in pleasant weather, frequently dashes in the air to the height of twenty feet.

From the seaward shore the land rises gradually to a central elevation of perhaps a hundred feet in the highest part, commanding magnificent views of the ocean, the harbor, and the mountains eighty miles away. From this elevation it descends to the inner shore, presenting a green and sunny slope to the smoother waters of the harbor. The island frowns upon the sea and smiles upon the city. There are few fairer pictures than that presented by its long strip of sandy beach, with the high green bank rising steeply above it, fringed in part by drooping foliage, behind which nestle snug cottages, while on the higher ground are seen the neat little

church, the school-house, and many large boarding-houses. The houses are dotted about in the most charming disregard of order and regularity, and foot-paths wind through the grass from one to another in a very pleasant way. For two centuries there was not a regular road, nor a horse, upon the island, but a few years since a street four hundred and sixty rods long was laid out by the city, and in 1875 the portion of it running from Evergreen Landing to the school-house was graded.

Though not the largest island belonging to the city, Peaks' Island has the largest number of inhabitants, the resident population numbering three hundred and seventy. They are largely descendants of our first settlers,



Jones's Landing, Peaks' Island.

a hardy and industrious people, doing a little farming and a good deal of fishing. Of late years less attention has been paid to fishing, and more to the entertainment of summer visitors. The beauty of the island, and its facilities for sea-bathing and fishing, yearly attract large numbers of summer boarders, as also excursion and picnic parties, and dwellers in tents by the seashore. There are now six large boarding-houses on the island, and many smaller ones. These make a special business of entertaining visitors, while nearly every house takes in a few boarders during the season. The average number of boarders on the island during the year, for some years past, has been twelve hundred and ninety. The number of persons camping-out each season is estimated at three to five hundred. There are now many summer residences on the island, and the number within a few years to come will doubtless rapidly increase. No place on the coast offers greater or more varied attractions for summer residences. There are seventy-five dwelling-houses occupied throughout the year, against sixteen thirty years ago. The island attracts a larger number of visitors than any other in our

harbor, and forms, with its swings, its bowling-saloons, its refreshment-rooms, its beaches, its woody retreats and rocky shores, a most attractive pleasure-resort.

Mr. Willis, our historian, tells us that there is reason to believe that the first attempt to establish a plantation within the limits of ancient Falmouth was on Peaks' Island. Christopher Levett records that in 1623 he built and fortified a habitation on an island, which, from his description of the location, is supposed to have been this one. He left ten men in charge of his house and went back to England to bring over his wife and children, but it does not appear that he ever came back. The island formed a part of the grant to George Cleeves, and he, in 1637, deeded it to his son-in-law, Michael Mitton, from whom have descended the Bracketts and Trotts of our day, who still hold possessions there. They are a people tenacious of the soil, and the island has been the fruitful mother of law-suits in modern times, — one party claiming possession through Mitton, and the other through Phillips, to whom Mitton's widow transferred it. It is believed to be held now under both titles, by a sort of compromise, — the Brackett branch of the Mitton family occupying part of it, and the grantees under Phillips the remainder. The island has borne the successive names of Pond, Michael, Munjoy, Palmer, and Peaks. The first name was probably derived from the pond on the island; Michael comes from Michael Mitton, the first occupant; Munjoy and Palmer from succeeding owners; and of Peaks, strange to say, nothing is known.

The steamer lands at two points on the island: one at the western end, called Scott's Landing; the other at the eastern extremity, known as Evergreen Landing. Stepping on shore at Scott's Landing, on a summer afternoon, we find ourselves at once in the midst of an animated scene of recreation. Here are the bowling-alleys, the swings, and the old apple-trees, beneath which the elders sit while the children play around them on the grass. Near the head of the wharf stands the Union House, kept by W. T. Jones for a quarter of a century or more. It is the longest established boarding house on the island, and for many years has been a favorite resort of visitors from Canada, who return season after season and fill the house to overflowing. It is well managed, and is famous for its fish-chowders. A good beach here affords fine facilities for bathing in perfect safety. Mr. Jones died in 1880, but the house is still kept open and its reputation maintained by members of his family.

Passing along the shore a short distance we reach the western end of the island. Let us make this the starting-point for a stroll around it. Here, near the shore, is the island cemetery, a neat enclosure, with its white marble headstones and monuments. The spot was formerly neglected, and overgrown with brambles, exploring among which, some years ago, we found the grave of a poor printer, who visited the island for his

health over fifty years ago, and died here. On his gravestone was inscribed, at his own request, Pope's well-known line: "whatever is, is right." A gentleman with us remembered coming down from the Argus office — in which he was then an apprentice — to attend the funeral.

We enter next the grove where Mr. James W. Brackett has established his Greenwood Saloon. This is one of the most beautiful spots on the island. The high bank is fringed here with trees, shutting in a bowery enclosure, — half orchard, half grove, — which forms a sylvan retreat from the crowd of pleasure-seekers at the Landing. In the cottage at hand — which he contemplates enlarging — Mr. Brackett accommodates summer boarders. Here begins the new street which has been laid out along the northern shore of the island, but this portion of it has not yet been graded.

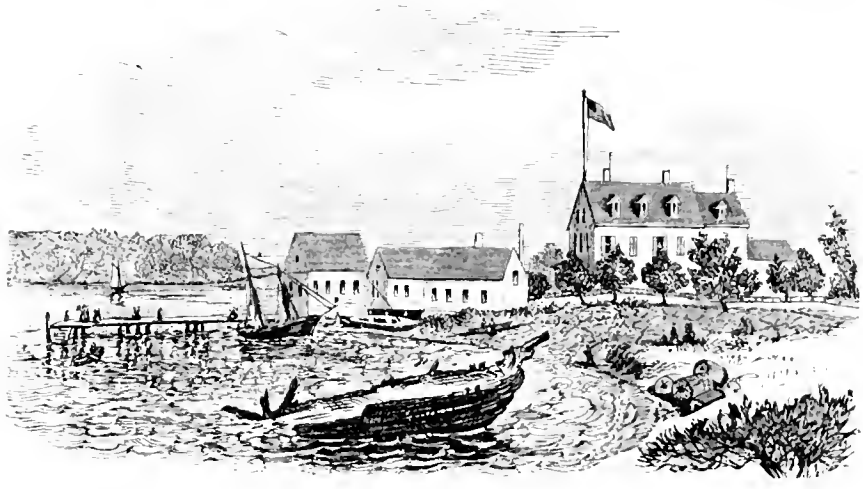
"Greenwood," Peaks' Island.

Following its course we pass the bowling-alleys, the Peaks' Island House, and the rear of the Union House, until we come to the Bay View House, kept by J. T. Sterling. This house stands high on the bank above the shore, and commands a fine view of the harbor and the city. In this neighborhood are many neat cottages, most of which accommodate summer boarders. The walk here, along the top of the high bank, commands fine views.

We pass now, on the high land, on the right, near the central portion of the island, the Methodist church, and the handsome brick schoolhouse built by the city, where a graded school is maintained.

We come next to Trefethen's boarding-house, pleasantly situated in the midst of cultivated grounds. On the higher ground beyond is the Oceanic House; it is the largest house on the island, and has a retired

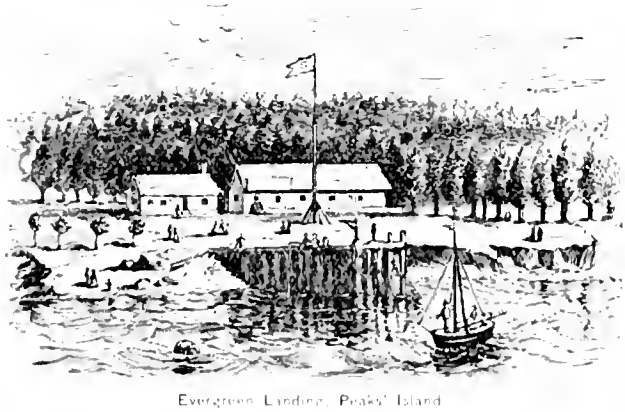
location, with a commanding outlook. We pass now into the thick growth of evergreens which covers the northeastern portion of the island, affording



Trefethen's Landing, Peaks' Island.

many pleasant walks and sunny glades where one may enjoy all the charms of solitude. Following the newly-graded road, we come upon the camping-ground, where we find quite a village of tents, many of which are very comfortably furnished.

At Evergreen Landing, which we have now reached, there are a refreshment-saloon and a bowling-alley, and many visit this point for the wildness of its scenery and the seclusion from the crowd which its rocks and groves afford. The eastern end of the island, in its rough and broken features, presents a strong contrast to the western end. Though it has not the elevation of White Head, it has a bold, rocky shore, opposite which, and near at hand, lies Pumpkin Knob, a handful of rocks covered with an evergreen growth. The dead spruces here on the top of the cliff are clad with moss, and look like greybeards of the forest. Here the shore forms a sort of amphitheatre, on the high rocky



Evergreen Landing, Peaks' Island.

walls of which are rude seats where we may sit, and look out upon the islands of the lower bay, while listening to the music of the waves lapping the shore far below. Standing upon the barnacled rocks of the shore here, it is grand to look up the storm-beaten walls of the cliff to the spruces which overhang them, gray and weather-worn.

Circling around the cliff, through the fragrant bayberry bushes, where the sea-pigeon flutters in the branches overhead, we come upon the outer shore of the island, where the broad ocean opens to view, and the breakers beat upon the rocks. Here the solitude is broken only by the cry of some lone sea-bird, or the dash of the waves upon the shore. We pass a succession of rocky coves, and sea-walls — ramparts of rounded stones thrown up by the waves. There is drift-wood on the shore, fragments of some wreck, perhaps, borne by the waves from distant coasts. More than one vessel has been wrecked on this rocky shore. In the great gale of the 8th of September, 1869, the schooner Helen Eliza, of Gloucester, Massachusetts, parted her cables and was driven on to the ledge off the deep pond, in the darkness and the storm. The crew took to the waves; but of the twelve men aboard, only one, Charles Jordan, of Rockport, Mass., succeeded in reaching the shore, —all the rest were drowned. The schooner was ground to pieces on the rocks, and strewed in kindling-wood along the shore. Ten bodies were recovered; that of the Captain, Edward Millett, of Rockport, Mass., drifted out of the undertow and was borne through White Head Passage around to the harbor side of the island, where it was found in a cove.

The Outer Shore of Peaks' Island.

We are now opposite White Head, the high promontory which forms the eastern end of Cushing's Island. Here are two neat dwelling-houses, pleasantly situated in the midst of gardens and green fields. A beach, sheltered by Cushing's Island, affords good sea-bathing.

Having completed the circuit of the island, let us now strike across it, pausing on the summit of the high ground, known as Battle Ridge, to gaze upon the glorious scene which meets our vision. Looking eastward the broad Atlantic stretches out before us until it seems to meet the sky, its blue waters dotted with white sails, while the long line of smoke, which seems to rise out of the sea, indicates the passing steamer.

Southward the bare, bold cliff of old White Head appears in sharp relief against the heavy background of dark green forest trees, beyond which the roof and cupola of the Ottawa House are visible. Glancing westward the entire harbor lies at our feet, filled with vessels, large and small, some just coming in, others standing out to sea, while three or four passing steamers help to give life and variety to the scene. The forts and the light-houses, the numerous forest-crowned islands, the newly-mown fields reaching down to the water's edge, all claim their share of attention; while in the distance rises the beautiful forest city, still meriting its old and well-known title, though many of its noble trees were laid low in the great conflagration. Its two hills, one at either extremity, its shipping at the wharves, its numerous church-spires, and the gilded top of the lantern surmounting the cupola of the City Building glistening in the rays of the descending sun, make up a picture of surpassing beauty. Beyond all, away in the north, rises the great dome of Mount Washington, — whose mighty form is never so sharply defined as at sunset, in midsummer, — its dark purple outlines presenting a strong contrast against the crimson sky. When the sun has finally gone down in a sea of fire behind the mountains, and we reluctantly begin to walk down the hill, our eyes are still fixed on that distant, cloud-like summit, fascinated by its strange, weird grandeur, as the shades of evening gather around it.

LONG ISLAND.

Long Island lies northeast of Peaks' Island, and is separated from it by Hussey's Sound. It continues the line of natural breakwaters which enclose and protect Portland Harbor. In 1706 it was owned by the ubiquitous John Smith, and on an old map of Casco Bay, published in London, it is called Smith's Island. As its present name indicates it has much greater length than breadth, presenting a long line of shore to the inner bay, while its outer coast is more broken and irregular in form. The government charts make it the largest island belonging to Portland, giving it an area of nine hundred and twelve acres. According to the census of 1880 it has two hundred and fifty-two inhabitants, of whom one hundred and forty are males, and one hundred and twelve females. The men are engaged in fishing and farming, alternating with the seasons, a custom very common with the inhabitants along the New England sea-coast. As the island has no marked features it has been but little visited until within a few years. A wharf has been thrown out near the western end, where the steamer touches, and a bowling-saloon and dining-room afford recreation and refreshment to visitors. A small hotel accommodates a number of summer boarders.

LITTLE CHEBEAGUE.

Little Chebeague lies inside of Long Island, opposite its northeastern point. It is connected with Great Chebeague by a sand-bar, dry at low water. It comprises but one hundred acres, but has some attractive features which make it a place of considerable resort. These are a charming grove on its highest point, with a thicket of undergrowth near at hand; a spring of mineral water, a beach nearly a mile in length, and magnificent views of the bay, and the city in the distance.

On leaving the wharf, at the landing, observe the bank composed wholly of comminuted clam-shells, giving evidence that this was one of the feasting-places of the Indians. A ramble along the beach looking toward the mainland, and extending out to the bar connecting the island with Great Chebeague, will be rewarded by the discovery of many curious forms of marine life, not the least interesting of which are masses of the egg-cells of the buccinum undatum, resembling an agglomeration of the hulls of corn, for which they have been mistaken.

There is a hotel on the island, near the grove, called the Little Chebeague House, which will accommodate about fifty boarders. The facilities for fishing and sea-bathing are good, and to those seeking health, the island offers pure air and a quiet retreat from the bustle of larger watering-places. There are several summer cottages on the island, one of which is occupied by Hon. Nathan Cleaves and Hon. H. B. Cleaves.

HARPSWELL.

About fourteen miles down the bay lies the long peninsula of Harpswell. The town comprises several islands in addition, and is said to have more sea-coast than any State on the Atlantic coast, except the State of Maine. A small steamer makes two trips daily to this point in the pleasure season, and semi-weekly trips during the rest of the year, starting from Custom House wharf, and the passage, occupying about two hours, affords a wide variety of beautiful land and water views.

Passing down the harbor we see, on the left, the ship-building village of East Deering, and the Marine Hospital rising above the groves of Martin's Point. Leaving Fort Gorges on the right, we enter the passage between Peaks' Island and the Hog or Diamond Islands. On the western end of Little Diamond there are stages for drying fish, and a few summer residences. Near the middle of the island we pass the light-house station established by the United States government for the storage of coal and buoys, and as the station of the steamer Iris, which supplies fifty-two light-houses, nearly all on the coast of Maine. The government has purchased and fenced in four acres of land here, and erected a neat cottage as a residence for the superintendent. The grounds have great

variety of surface, including some beautiful nooks, and command a fine view of the harbor and islands. It is the intention to clear up the undergrowth, carefully preserving the trees, and ornament the grounds with flowers and climbing vines. The eastern end of the island has a wharf, and is frequently resorted to by excursion parties; the city government also occasionally takes its guests here and treats them to a clam-bake. The island has a diversified surface and a forest growth, and is a favorite resort of parties camping out.

Coasting along the rocky wall of Great Diamond Island, crowned with a heavy growth of firs, spruces, and oaks, we come in sight of the beautiful Diamond Cove which deeply indents its eastern end. This spot was much resorted to by picnic parties in the days of sail-boat excursions, but is now seldom visited. It may be easily reached by row-boat from Evergreen Landing.

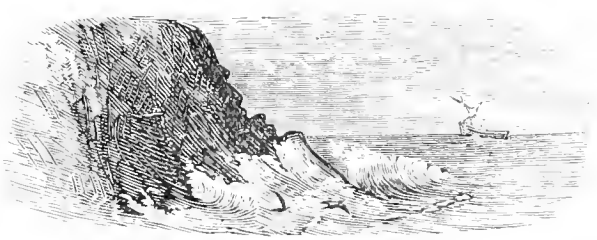
Crossing Hussey's Sound we touch at Long Island, then steam across to Little Chebeague, and taking a turn around the projecting point of Great Chebeague, stop at the landing on that island. Great Chebeague belongs to the town of Cumberland. It is a large island of two thousand acres, and has a considerable population, with churches and schools. A hotel has been been built here for summer visitors. The view at this point on a fine summer morning, when the sea is smooth and the sun is shining, is very lovely. The islands here cluster thick, completely shutting in the little harbor so that it resembles an inland lake. Outside of us lies Hope Island, and outside of that, Crotch Island, and beyond that again, Jewell's Island, — all beautiful islands, crowned with forest growth. As we steam on we pass between Little Bangs' and Stave Island, and cross Broad Sound, in the mouth of which lies Eagle Island, high and densely wooded. We have been told that this island is the property of two widows, who receive from government an annuity of sixty dollars to keep the wood standing as a landmark for the vessels entering the sound. The navigation here, owing to reefs and winding channels, is intricate and dangerous, for which reason government has also erected a monument on Mark Island.

Following the winding passages we enter Potts's Harbor, and land on Harpswell Neck. This long peninsula here narrows to a point, with deep water on either side. Just across the arm of the bay, to the eastward, lies Bailey's Island, one of the most beautiful in the bay, but seldom visited. In line with it northward comes Orr's Island, the scene of Mrs. Stowe's novel, "The Pearl of Orr's Island." These islands, indeed, are rich in literary associations. Ragged Island, which lies broad off in the bay, midway between Bailey's Island and Small Point Harbor, is supposed to be the "Elm Island" of Rev. Elijah Kellogg's stories. Whittier has preserved a legend of these isles, and tells in his vigorous verse the

story of "The Dead Ship of Harpswell," a spectre ship, which comes driving in as an omen of death, but never reaches land:

"In vain o'er Harpswell's Neck the star
Of evening guides her in;
In vain for her the lamps are lit
Within thy tower, Seguin!
In vain the harbor-boat shall hail,
In vain the pilot call;
No hand shall reef her spectral sail,
Or let her anchor fall."

There are two hotels on the Neck, the Merriconeag House and the Harpswell House, at which board may be obtained at reasonable rates. Saloons and bowling-alleys offer refreshment and amusement to excursion parties. The "Auburn Colony" has a row of summer cottages here. Ample facilities are offered for boating, and the summer heat is always tempered by fresh sea-breezes.



DRIVES IN THE VICINITY.

Those who prefer driving to boating may turn from the islands and enjoy pleasant excursions through the neighboring towns of Cape Elizabeth, Scarboro', Deering, and Falmouth. There are many fine drives in Cape Elizabeth, commanding views of the city and of the ocean. One may skirt along the shore, by the sounding sea, where the waves break in spray upon the rocks, or may turn inland and drive through embowered roads, among green fields and orchards. In Deering he may visit Evergreen Cemetery, or the beautiful scenery on the shores of the Presumpscot. Along Falmouth Foreside are charming views of the bay, enclosed by its wooded islands.

Let us drive first through Cape Elizabeth and Scarboro'

TO PROUT'S NECK.

This old-time pleasure-resort is something over fourteen miles distant from the city by way of the Ocean Road, round the Cape. This was the old road to Boston in the early days when the settlers crept along the seashore, crossing the mouths of the rivers by ferries. Parson Smith, on his trips to the metropolis of New England, crossed Portland Harbor by ferry and rode on horseback along this shore road to Saco and Portsmouth, where he lodged over night, reaching Boston the third day. There are shorter routes to the Neck than this, but no other commands so many fine views of the ocean.

Crossing Portland Bridge we have a fine view of the harbor, with the long line of wharves, the shipping, and the islands down the bay. At the Cape Elizabeth end of the bridge are the premises of the Portland Dry Dock Company, comprising an area of twenty-five acres, facing the harbor. The company was incorporated in February, 1868, and the docks were formally opened in September, 1869. There are two docks, the larger one having the greatest draught of water pertaining to any dock in the United States. It is 425 feet long, 100 feet wide, with a depth of water on the gate-sill of 23 feet, at ordinary high tide. The dock would probably take in any vessel now afloat, excepting the Great Eastern. Powerful pumps, capable of emptying the basin in about two hours, are worked by steam, in a building by its side. The gate fitting the entrance to the dock is constructed in the form of a vessel, with bow

and stern shaped alike. It contains about two hundred tons of ballast, besides compartments which may be filled with water. When the dock is to be opened, water is let in through the openings in the gate till the basin is filled; the water is pumped out of the compartments mentioned above, till the gate floats out of the grooves in which its ends and bottom are fixed; the gate is then towed out of the way, and vessels enter. The next operation is to tow the gate back into position over the grooves, into which it fits, water-tight. When properly placed water is let into it and it sinks at once, and the dock is closed. Then the pumps begin to throw out the water from within the basin, in immense streams that astonish those who witness it for the first time. The vessels sink upon cradles placed for them, and are steadied, as the water leaves them, by various mechanical appliances. These docks are built on the plan of the Simpson patent, and cost about $250,000.

At the end of the bridge, on the right, is a point of land where in the summer may often be seen a number of tents or shanties, occupied by Penobscot Indians. For many years they have annually visited this spot, and made it the headquarters of their trade in baskets. Formerly the place was quite isolated, but of late years the dwellings of the white man have crowded nearer to the shore, until now but a narrow space is left these descendents of the original proprietors of the soil. Whether they have any traditional right to an occupancy here we are unable to say; but the spot is one of those pleasant points of land on the seashore to which the Indians were accustomed to resort in the days of their supremacy. A band of these Indians now encamps each season on Peaks' Island, where they make sale of their basket-work to visitors. There has been among them so large an intermixture with the French Canadians that many of them are now quite bleached out, and have little of the Indian about them except the clinging to a wandering and vagabond life.

We are now in the village of Knightville. Here, on the Cape Elizabeth shore, some thirty or more years ago, George Knight, a shipbuilder, built him a house and set up a ship-yard. At that time the land lay vacant; but a thriving village, with its shops, its neat brick schoolhouse, and its church, has gradually grown up around the original mansion of Mr. Knight, and now numbers several hundred inhabitants. Ship building continues to be its principal industry.

Taking the left-hand road at the school-house, as we leave the village, we soon find ourselves climbing meeting-house hill, the summit of which commands a fine view of the city rising on the opposite shore. Here is the North (Congregational) meeting-house, with graveyard adjoining.

Still bearing to the left we strike into the road which skirts the shore bordering on the entrance to the harbor, and come in view of the islands in the bay. If we turn aside down a cross road, a short way, we shall

come upon a fishermen's village, quite by itself on the seashore, with its boats and nets, and fish-houses on the beach. Cushing's Island lies just opposite, and there is a fine view here of passing shipping, and of the outer islands.

Returning to the main road and driving on about a mile, with the sea constantly in view, we pass, on the left, the summer cottage of Phillip H. Brown, Esq. Situated in the midst of well-kept grounds, on the edge of the cliff, it commands a fine view of the ocean and of the vessels passing in or out of the harbor.

Glen Cove.—Summer Residence of Philip H. Brown.

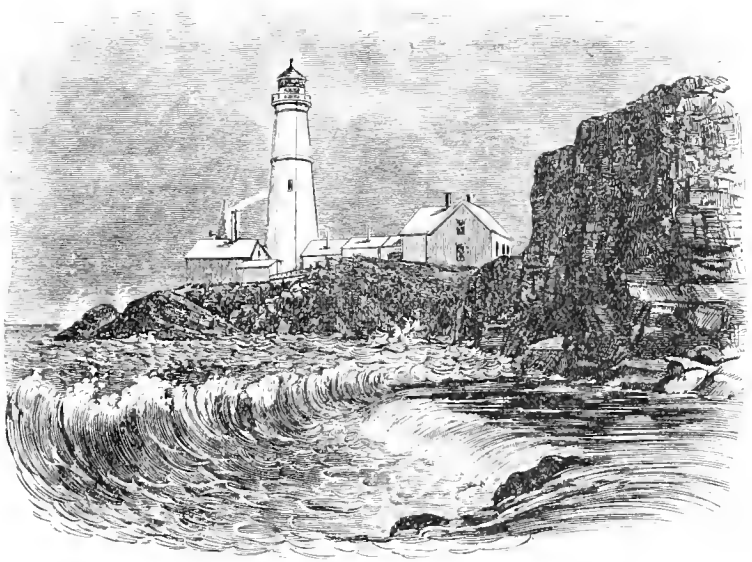
Not far beyond we pass the entrance to Cape Cottage, a seaside hotel, built by John Neal, and for many years occupied as a place of summer resort. Adjoining it is the mansion of the late Colonel John Goddard, built of the native gray rock, and perched, like an old-time castle, on the top of the cliff, looking seaward.

The road here winds pleasantly through a little green dell, and presently comes out on the roadway leading to the new battery on Portland Head. This point is at the entrance to the ship-channel, along the shore of which we have been driving, and looks broad off to the ocean. The battery, not yet completed, consists of a series of earthworks which will cover by its guns all the approaches to the main channel leading into the harbor, and will prevent by its fire an enemy's fleet from taking up, unopposed, a position behind Cushing's Island, from which to bombard Portland or shell the shipping in the harbor.

Close at hand, on the angle of the shore made by the ship-channel with the mainland, stands Portland Light. This was the first light-house erected on this coast. It was completed and first lighted January 10th, 1791. It is a fixed light, one hundred and one feet above the sea level, and visible in clear weather seventeen miles. Here is also a fog-trumpet, which in thick weather utters its loud warning notes to vessels approaching the land. There is a deep chasm in the cliff, just beyond the light-house, caused by the wearing away of a seam of trap-rock, into which the sea flows, leaving it dry at low tide.

In a storm the waves break here magnificently, throwing their spray at times as high as the light-house. This is a grand exhibition which Portlanders enjoy gratis, though not without peril. After a heavy gale parties frequently drive out to the Light to see the waves dash upon the shore. A few years since two hackmen, who had driven parties here, ventured too far out upon the rocks, when a great wave leaped up and swept them off, and their mangled remains were only recovered, wedged in among the rocks, some days later.

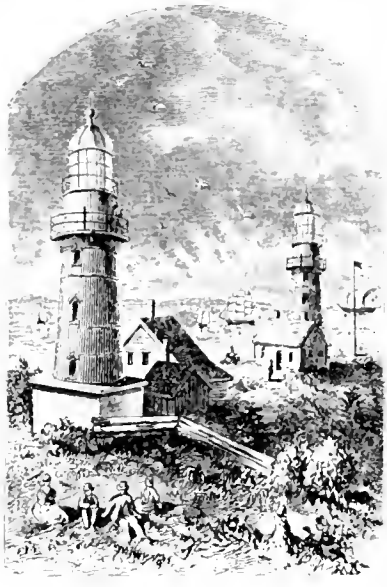
The shore here, which trends away to the southwest, is bold and rocky, deeply worn by the beating waves which roll in from the Atlantic. In a storm the roar of the angry sea is heard long before its white



Portland Light.

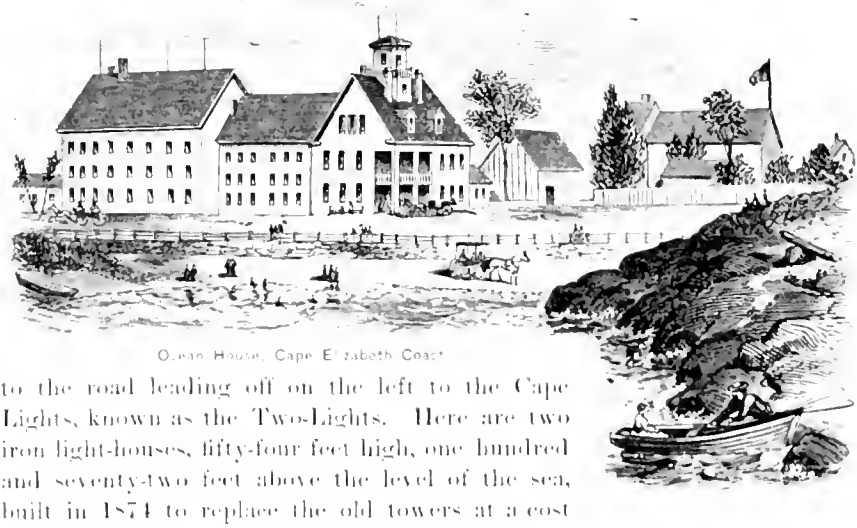
caps come in sight; the wind shrieks and bellows as though it were the mingled voices of ten thousand infuriated demons bent on tearing the ocean from its bed by its long white hair, flying in the gale; the long line of rocky shore is white with creamy foam and flying spray; the billows run high on the broad bosom of the ocean, and break over every half-submerged reef and ledge; far out on the Green Islands they are madly tumbling on the rocks; Ram Island Ledge is a line of leaping, foam-white water; Trundy's Reef, where the Bohemian met her fate, shows white above the surf, like the hungry teeth of some sea-monster; while beyond, the waves dashing on Broad Cove Ledge leap high in air, great volumes of sea-foam, looking in the distance like angry spirits of the ocean striving to escape from its depths. Along the shore it is churn,

churn, churn among the rocks; leap, leap, leap against the cliffs, as if so many foaming monsters were rushing from the sea upon the land, while the swirl and swash of the breakers in the chasms of the rocky wall end in spouting horns that throw their spray far over the shore.



Two-Lights, from the Mainland.

A short distance beyond the light-house, on the outer shore, stands the picturesque cottage of S. B. Beckett, Esq., built of the native rock, with a lofty, massive tower, commanding a wide view seaward. Here, on a calm summer afternoon, the scene is in strong contrast to that we have just described. The ocean gently laps the rough ledges at the base of the cliff; its bosom is dotted with the sails of passing vessels, with here and there the smoke of a steamer on the horizon, while at nightfall the great lanterns of the light-houses gleam out in the distance. Just beyond this point we pass Pond Cove, where the sea breaks almost into the road, and a ride of a few miles brings us



Ocean House, Cape Elizabeth Coast.

to the road leading off on the left to the Cape Lights, known as the Two-Lights. Here are two iron light-houses, fifty-four feet high, one hundred and seventy-two feet above the level of the sea, built in 1874 to replace the old towers at a cost of $30,000. Five hundred sail of vessels have been counted at one time in view from the summits of these lights. Near at hand is the cove where

the steamship Bohemian, of the Allan Line of Liverpool steamers, came ashore some years since, and her cargo was strewn upon the beach, causing a novel scene of wreckage, the inhabitants turning out by hundreds to share in the spoil. This is a favorite point for picnic parties, who feast on cunners caught from the shore.

A short drive brings us to the Ocean House. This hotel, kept for many years by J. P. Chamberlin, is admirably situated for all the purposes of life by the seaside. The shore here is so fanned by the ocean breezes that the atmosphere is cool in the hottest summer day. There is an excellent beach at hand, with facilities for bathing, while the sea view

Bird Shooting on the Spurwink.

is unsurpassed. The house will accommodate from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and fifty boarders, and is always full in the season. It has long been a favorite resort of gentlemen from Canada, who come here with their families to enjoy the benefits of sea-bathing, in which they have great faith. The house is also largely patronized by Americans, and is well kept. The present proprietor is Mr. T. Wolcott.

Driving on a few miles we cross the Spurwink River, winding through its marshes, and turn down a road, on the left, to the Spurwink House, a sort of sportsmen's lodge, where gunners resort in the season to shoot coots, plovers, and other sea-fowl. Good fishing is also to be had here. The house is situated on the bank of the river, in a pleasant spot.

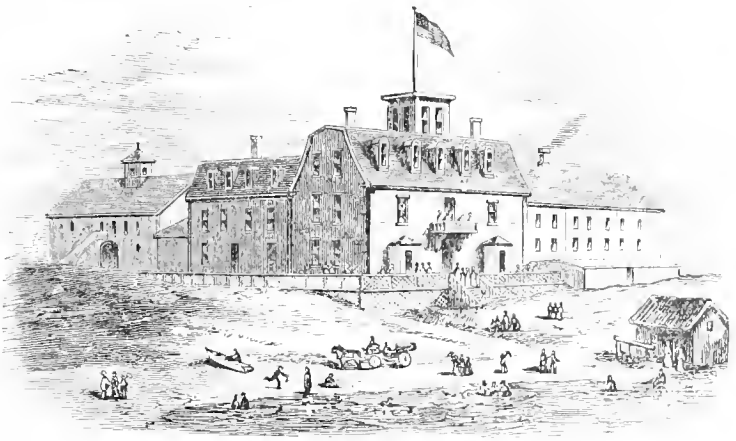
A short distance from this point we drive down a farm-road, through a farm-yard, to Higgins's Beach, at the mouth of the Spurwink. It was near this spot that our first settlers, George Cleeves and Richard Tucker, first established themselves in 1630, but were driven off by John Winter, the agent of the patentees, and subsequently settled on the Neck, now Portland. Here is a fine beach, with the surf rolling in magnificently. The spot is secluded and beautiful, and affords a fine site for summer cottages.

The next points of interest are the Scarboro' Beaches, where are situated the Atlantic House and the Kirkwood House. The one entrance

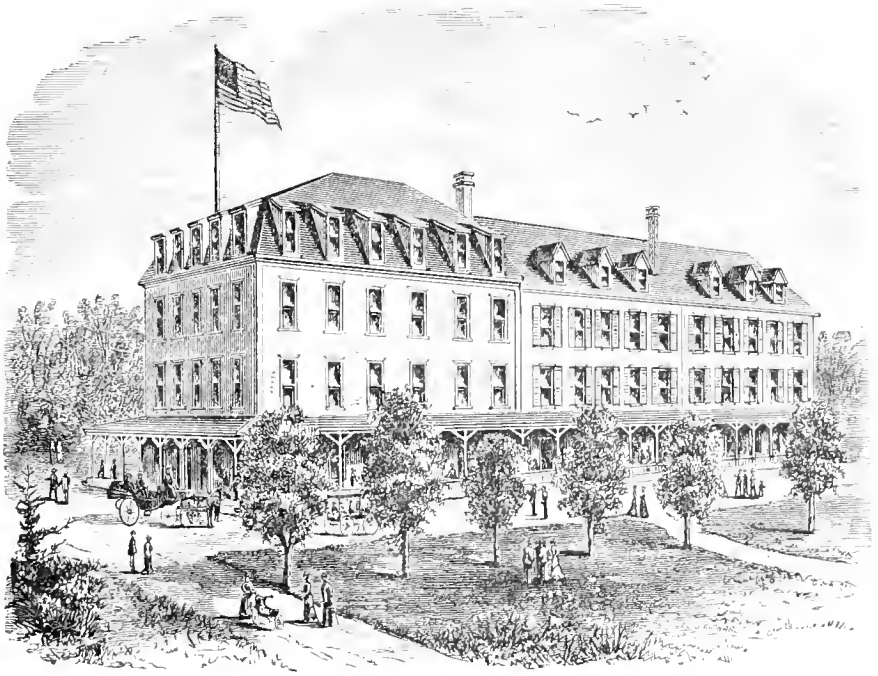
Midwinter Scene.—A Sleighride to Scarboro' Beach.

which leads to both these houses is through a fine evergreen grove, largely composed of grand old pines. Turning to the left, where the road divides, we soon reach the Kirkwood House, kept as a summer resort by Mr. Otis Kaler. This house will accommodate about one hundred guests. The rooms in the main house are unusually spacious; and the cupola commands wide views of the sea, also of Richmond's Island, Old Orchard, and the White Mountains. It has a detached building, in which are many of the sleeping rooms, with a large hall for amusements. Surf-bathing may be enjoyed on the beach in front of the house. The house has always been kept by experienced landlords, and is a favorite with many regular visitors to the seaside. It has in past years, when kept open in the winter, been a resort of sleighing-parties from Portland.

The right-hand road carries the visitor to the Atlantic House, a favorite hotel, long kept by Mr. S. B. Gunnison. It will accommodate from seventy-five to one hundred boarders, and is always full in the season. It has a splendid beach, with fine facilities for sea-bathing, and having also a pine grove of twenty acres, with beautiful walks, it combines the attractions of the sea-



Kirkwood House, Scarboro' Beach.



Atlantic House, Scarboro' Beach.

shore and the country. The Atlantic House is 20 rods from the beach. The remains of an old fort are found here, dating from the times of Indian war-

fare. Many visitors return here season after season, and are much attached to the house and its popular landlord.

One mile farther brings us to that ancient summer-resort known as Prout's Neck. We are now on historic ground, this having been the point earliest settled in the town of Scarboro'. As early as 1633 Thomas Cammock, the first proprietor, had a house here, the cellar of which is still pointed out, as is also the site of the garrison where, in 1703, eight men drove off a besieging force of five hundred French and Indians.

The Neck forms a peninsula, with the ocean on one side and a broad estuary on the other, on the opposite shore of which lies Old Orchard Beach, with its many hotels, in full view. For many years this Neck

Prout's Neck

has been a favorite resort of picnic parties from Portland, Saco, Scarboro', Gorham, and other towns. It was long the property of the late Thomas Libby, whose family accommodated transient visitors by cooking the fish caught by them off the rocks. There are now several boarding-houses here for the accommodation of summer visitors, which are always well patronized in the season. A number of summer cottages have also been built on the Neck.

There is a fine sea-beach on the Neck; also a bold, rocky shore, commanding wide ocean views. The shore is much resorted to by gunners, for the shooting of sea-fowl, which are often seen floating in large flocks on the surface of the sea. Scarboro' is famous for its marshes. The Indian name was Owascoag, or "place of much grass," to which these extensive marshes fairly entitle it.

ALONG FALMOUTH FORESIDE.

One of the most attractive drives in the vicinity of the city is through Falmouth, along the shore of the bay. Passing through Washington street, with Munjoy's Hill on one hand and Back Cove on the other, (of which latter, and the opposite shore of Deering, it gives a commanding view), and crossing Tukey's Bridge, which spans the entrance to the cove, we enter the village of East Deering. Ship-building is the principal industry here, and a prosperous village, with a neat hall, has sprung up within a few years past.

Turning to the right soon after crossing the bridge we drive through the principal street of the village, lined with neat dwelling-houses, and presently come in sight of the United States Marine Hospital, situated on Martin's Point, at the mouth of the Presumpscot, —here a wide estuary, opening to the sea. The hospital is a finely proportioned edifice, built of brick, and stands on an elevated site, overlooking the city, the bay with its islands, and the open sea in the di-tance. It is a healthful and attractive spot, and the extensive grounds afford ample space for out-of-door recreation.

United States Marine Hospital

Crossing Martin's Point Bridge, which spans the Presumpscot and commands a beautiful view of the bay, we climb the hill and enter the road which skirts the "Foreside" of Falmouth. The spot we have now reached is one of the three points on which the earliest settlements were made within the territory of ancient Falmouth. While Winter was pursuing his commercial speculations on the Spurwink, and Cleeves and Tucker were laying the foundations of a settlement on the Neck, Arthur Mackworth was making for himself a home on this point. With the island

opposite, it afterwards bore his name; now corrupted, as applied to the island, into Mackay. Mackworth was in possession here as early as 1632. He had a grant of five hundred acres from Sir Ferdinando Gorges, and was one of the most respectable of the early settlers, serving as a magistrate for many years.

The road here runs for miles along the shore, which has many picturesque features. The seaward view is in wide contrast to that from the Ocean Road on the Cape. There the broad Atlantic rolls in and breaks upon the shore; here the calm waters of Casco Bay, sheltered by the long line of outlying islands, smile in the sunshine, apparently as se-

A Farm Scene in East Deering.

cure from the ocean's turbulence as an inland lake. Off the Point lies Mackay's Island; just beyond are the Two Brothers; and still farther out, Clapboard Island, now unhappily denuded of its forest growth, lying low on the surface of the water, like a dismasted wreck.

Turning down a road on the right we enter a projection of the coast, making out into the bay, on the shore of which Charles W. Goddard, Esq., Postmaster of Portland, has an elegant summer residence. Just across a little cove, on a narrow point of land, is Thornhurst Farm, the summer residence of General John M. Brown. This is a stock-farm, with spacious barns and out-buildings, the General being engaged in the breed-

ing of fine stock. A few years ago he found this point of land a rocky pasture, but has now made it a beautiful spot. Its natural attractions are very great, being an elevated neck of land between two pretty coves, the shore fringed with trees, and looking out upon the calm waters of the bay. On a reef a short distance from the shore the seals have their breeding-ground, being undisturbed in this quiet spot.

This projection of the shore, on which are situated these two summer residences, is a point of historic interest. There is little now in its solitude and seclusion to remind one that it has been the site of a considerable settlement; the scene of peaceful conferences with the Indians;

View on the Presumpscot.

of their savage attack, and the stout defence of the white man. Yet this is New Casco, a settlement of much importance in the history of ancient Falmouth. After the peace of 1698 a fort was erected here in 1700, as a trading-post to accommodate the Indians, in pursuance of the late treaty. The settlement on the Neck, where Portland now stands, then known as Casco, had been destroyed in 1690, and was now desolate. The settlement here was call New Casco, to distinguish it from the Neck, where Fort Loyal had stood, which was then called Old Casco. In 1703 Governor Dudley held a conference with the Indians at the Fort here, to which came, well armed and gaily painted, the chiefs of the Norridgewock, Penobscot, Penacook, Ameriscoggin, and Pequakett tribes; those

of the Ameriscoggin tribe were accompanied by about two hundred and fifty warriors in sixty-five canoes. The Indians professed the most peaceful intentions, and celebrated the occasion with singing, dancing, and loud acclamations of joy; yet within two months "the whole eastern country was in a conflagration, no house standing or garrison unattacked."

The fort here at New Casco became the central point of defense for all the settlements upon Casco Bay, and the center of the scattered population of Falmouth. In 1703 the fort was attacked by five hundred French and Indians, and was on the point of being captured, when it was relieved by the arrival of a province armed vessel, which shattered the enemy's navy of two hundred canoes, and compelled the Indians to make a hasty retreat. The fort was occupied through the war, which continued until 1713. It was demolished by order of the Government of Massachusetts in 1716.

Returning to the main road, a short distance beyond New Casco we pass the head of Mill Creek, where a mill was established for a hundred and forty years. Pause here and admire the beauty of the spot, where the cliff, clothed with evergreens, overhangs the still water of the pool.

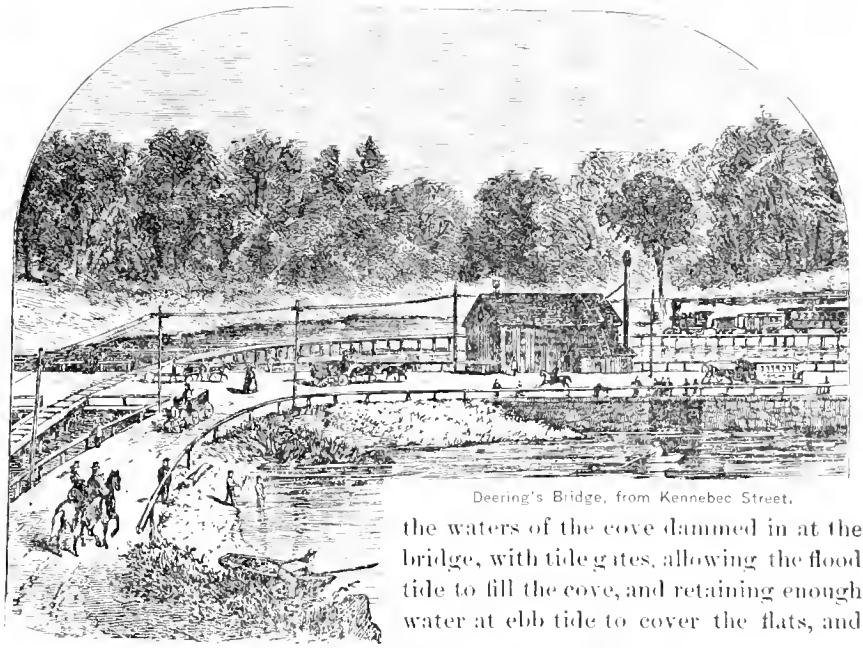
Driving on, past old farm-houses, with their big, square chimneys, always keeping the bay and the islands in sight, we come to a rocky hill, from the summit of which may be obtained a magnificent view of the bay, looking off towards Cousins Island and Broad Sound. It seems more like a Scotch lake than a part of the wide ocean. Inland the eye sweeps over a wide extent of cultivated country, presenting a beautiful landscape.

One may drive for miles farther along this shore, under the shade of old elms, and past many beautiful spots well suited for summer residences.

TO EVERGREEN CEMETERY AND PRIDE'S BRIDGE.

Turning now from the seashore, let us drive inland, amid more rural scenes. We may take the horse-cars in Market Square for a trip to Evergreen Cemetery, or drive out over the Deering road. Passing down Green street we come to Deering's Bridge, which spans the creek running up from Back Cove, now partially filled in, forming a driveway to the new Park, formerly known as Deering's Oaks. On the right is the cove, with Munjoy forming the opposite shore. Kennebec street comes in here at the Portland end of the bridge, running along on the made-land on the shore of the cove.

Improvements have already been made in the new Park, which has come into the possession of the city through the generosity of the Deering heirs, and ultimately it will become a very attractive spot, as it has long been a favorite resort of Portland boys. It is covered with grand old oaks, affording charming walks. The shore of Back Cove, extending from this point around to Tukey's Bridge, is capable of great improvements. Were



Deering's Bridge, from Kennebec Street.

the waters of the cove dammed in at the bridge, with tide gates, allowing the flood tide to fill the cove, and retaining enough water at ebb tide to cover the flats, and

The Deering Mansion

a boulevard constructed around the shore of the cove, the land on the inner

side laid out in building lots, and the outer side kept open to afford a view of the cove, and the city beyond, the whole shore would ultimately be lined with fine residences. The cove now has a considerable commerce, several hundred vessels entering it during the year, through the drawer in Tukey's bridge. Were the water retained by a dam, the cove would become the scene of aquatic sports. It is evident at a glance that its shores offer great opportunities for magnificent improvements, while the neighboring heights, commanding fine views, afford sites for elegant and imposing residences. Time, and a denser population, will produce great changes here, converting the solitary shore and unfragrant flats into a scene of beauty.

Residence of Joshua S. Palmer.

After crossing the bridge we observe the road on the left which runs past the mansion of the late James Deering, Esq. Situated in a retired nook, in the midst of green fields and orchards, and surrounded with graceful elms, this old-time mansion has an air of quiet and repose, of mellowed old age and peaceful beauty, that charms every beholder. The old oaks that linger in these broad fields have witnessed the events of two hundred years, and could tell of the great fight in which Major Church whipped the Indians, and saved the little village from slaughter. The land is now improved as a hay-farm, with many barns scattered over its fields. In the month of June, when the grass is green and dotted with golden dandelions, and the elms are in the freshness of their foliage, these fields present a charming picture of rural beauty

Just beyond the Deering Mansion, in a secluded corner of the city, which here meets the Deering line, are several fine residences, of which we select for illustration the picturesque cottage of J. S. Palmer, Esq.

Continuing on the main road we pass through the little village at the "Point," where is situated the extensive establishment of the Portland Stone Ware Company, for the manufacture of drain-pipe, vases, and stoneware. The company have a wharf on the shore of the cove, and ship their goods directly from the manufactory.

Driving on through the Deering lands, lying unimproved on either hand, and dotted with old oaks and walnuts, which every autumn attract the assaults of schoolboys, eager to gather the crops of nuts and acorns, we come to the residence of William E. Gould, Esq., situated behind its grove of oaks and maples, on the shore of the cove. This is an elegant and costly mansion, with improved grounds, retired from the road.

Adjoining this estate is that of J. S. Ricker, Esq., with garden and orchard extending to the shore of the cove. The mansion is finely situated in the midst of ornamented grounds.

Residence of Joseph S. Ricker.

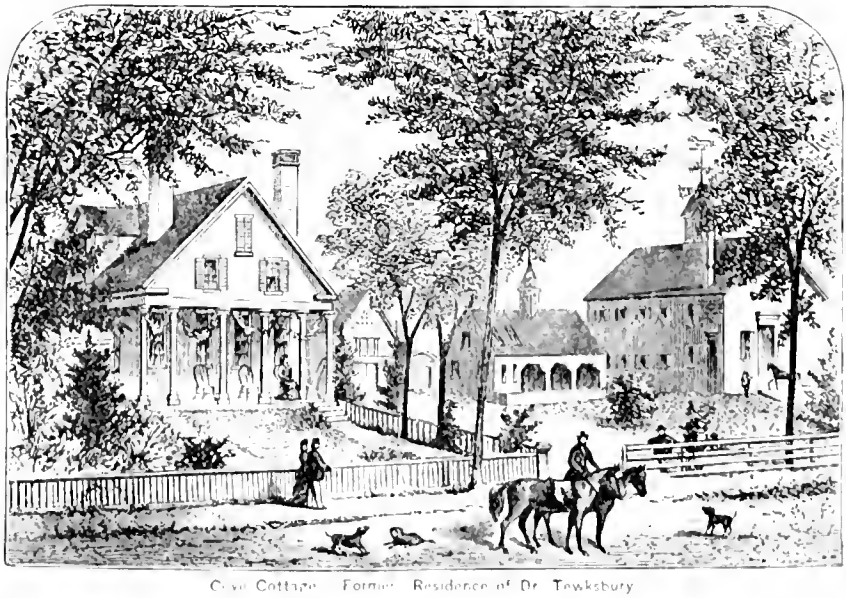
Next we come to the residence of Captain J. B. Coyle, the Nestor of steamboat navigation in our waters. This mansion, situated in the midst of extensive grounds, well deserves to be styled palatial. The brick house, under the elms, on the opposite side of the road, is the residence of H. Q. Wheeler, Esq. On the summit of the commanding elevation beyond is the home of John M. Adams, Esq., editor of the Eastern Argus. Next to the estate of Captain Coyle are the extensive grounds of Warren Sparrow, Esq., on which he has a neat cottage residence.

As we enter the village of Woodford's Corner we pass the residence of the late Samuel Jordan, Esq., long resident here, and formerly Postmaster of Portland.

The village is entirely surrounded by railroad tracks, the Maine Central running on one side, and the Portland and Rochester on the other, and both crossing the main street, while the track of the horse-cars run

Residence of Captain J. B. Coyle.

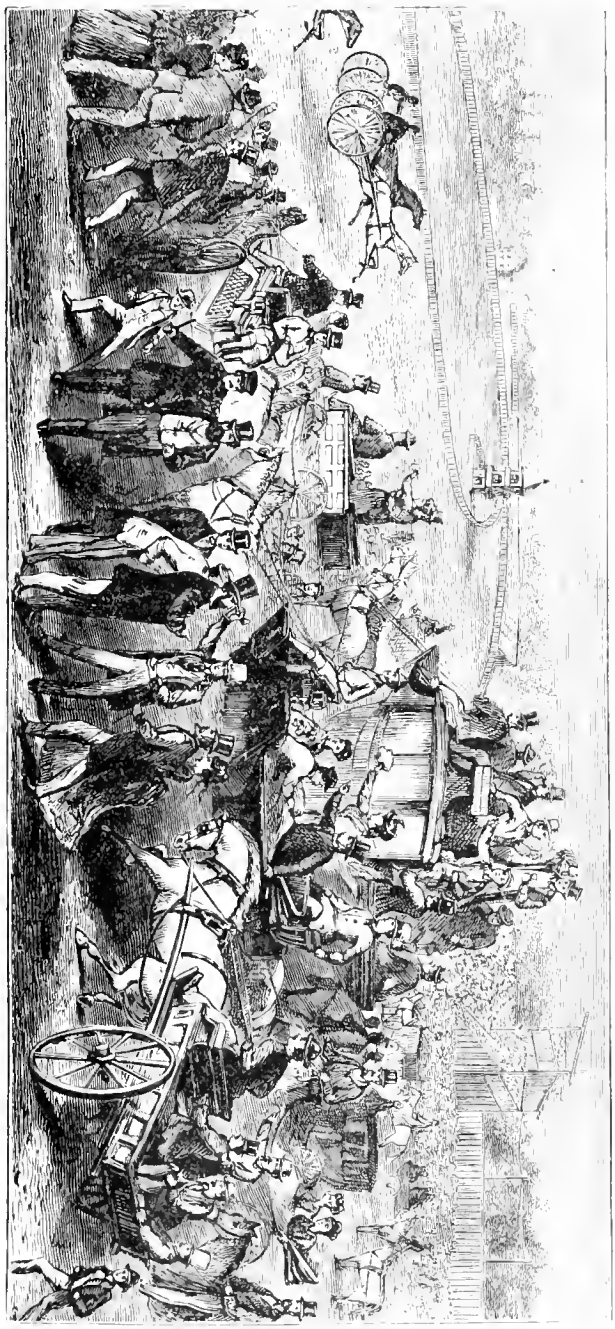
through it. The "Corner" itself, being cut up in this way, and built without much regard to regularity, does not present a very attractive appearance, but there are many very pleasant locations on the streets leading off from it on either hand. On Spring street, which runs up the higher land, on the left, is a very handsome Congregational church with a bell in the tower presented by the Misses Deering, for whose family the new town was named when it



Coyle Cottage. Former Residence of Dr. Tewksbury.

was set off from Westbrook a few years since. On Ocean street, which

turns off around the cove on the right, is a well-proportioned and substantial brick school-house, of two stories, in which are maintained graded schools. Woodford's Corner is the most rapidly growing suburb of Portland. Since the fire of '66 many new streets have been laid out up the high land, on the one hand, and down the slope towards the cove, on the other, and have been extensively built upon. The population has largely increased, and the ready access to the city furnished by the horse-railroad, and the pleasant 'lay of the land,' commanding fine views of the city and the bay, must continue to attract here a desirable class of residents.



Presumpscot Park.

Following Ocean street, along a road lined with elms, and where, through the sweeping away of roadside fences, the cultivated fields border close upon the sidewalk, we come

to the residence of the late Dr. S. H. Tewksbury. The view from this point, — of the city, rising on the peninsula across the cove, with its church-spires and the dome of City Hall, — is one of great beauty. This road has many attractions as a quiet drive amid rural scenes, with the city always in full view. One may drive on, past Graves's Hill, from the top of which a more extended prospect presents itself to the eye, and return to Portland over Tukey's Bridge.

Continuing on our way through Woodford's Corner, we pass the station of the Maine Central Railroad, where passengers may leave the train and enter the city by the horse-cars, thus saving the long distance down town from the station in the city. Many also prefer to take the trains going eastward here, coming out on the horse-cars from the city.

Entrance to Evergreen Cemetery

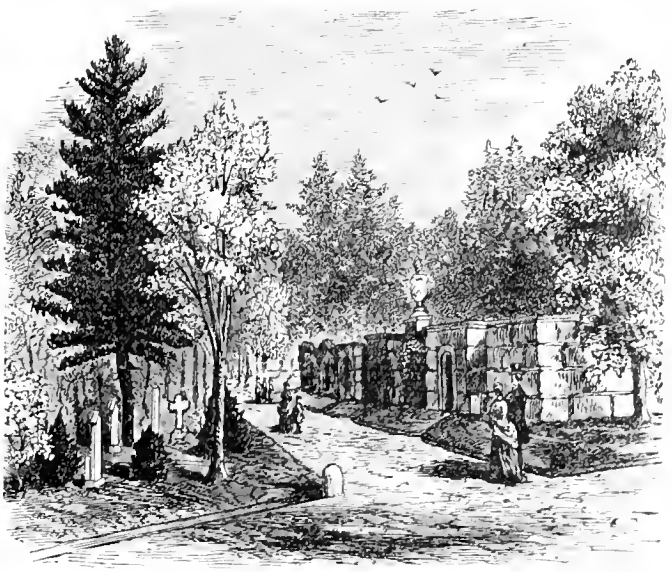
Following the track of the horse-railroad we turn into Pleasant street, near the Maine Central station. This is a handsome avenue, half a mile in length, lined with gardens and a number of fine residences. At its head, a little to the left, is the Presumpscot Trotting Park. Here is an excellent half-mile track, with extensive grounds, enclosed by a high fence. All the appointments of the Park, as a race-track, are first-class. There are covered seats for spectators, with a restaurant at hand, and extensive accommodations for horses. Trotting matches take place here in the season, drawing large crowds of spectators from the city. The Maine State Agricultural Fair was also held here for a term of three years from 1875, and there are within the grounds every accommodation for watering and sheltering stock, and also a large two-story building for the display of agri-

cultural implements. At the head of Pleasant street stands the handsome building of the Deering High School.

Pursuing our way to Evergreen Cemetery, we turn to the right, at the head of Pleasant street, and drive along the road over Stevens' Plains. It extends for a mile or more over a level, sandy surface, lined in part by umbrageous elms and maples, beneath which nestle the old-time mansions, mingled with more pretentious residences. Among the more noticable dwellings here are the twin houses of Messrs. Grenville M. and Frank G. Stevens, and the residence of Rufus Dunham, Esq.

On the right is a tract of woodland, nearly half a mile square, in the center of which the late F. O. J. Smith had his "Forest Home." The mansion lies secluded from the road, in this shady English-park-like estate, now the property of James P. Baxter, Esq.

These plains were formerly the scene of "General Musters," where the 'old militia' disported themselves in gorgeous uniforms, and engaged in sham fights involving a great waste of gunpowder, though no loss of blood. This brings us to the entrance of Evergreen Cemetery, situated about two and a half miles from the city. As long ago as 1851 it was felt that the city had outgrown the two narrow graveyards within its limits, and the modern taste for ornament, beauty, and refinement in the last resting-place of the dead demanded a larger and more secluded cemetery. Accordingly in 1852, largely through the instrumentality of our fellow citizen, S. B. Beckett, Esq., who selected this beautiful spot, a tract of fifty-five acres, covered with a various growth, but chiefly evergreen, and of sufficient diversity of surface, was purchased by the city and laid out under the appropriate name of Evergreen Cemetery. By subsequent purchases of surrounding territory it now comprises a little more than two hundred and



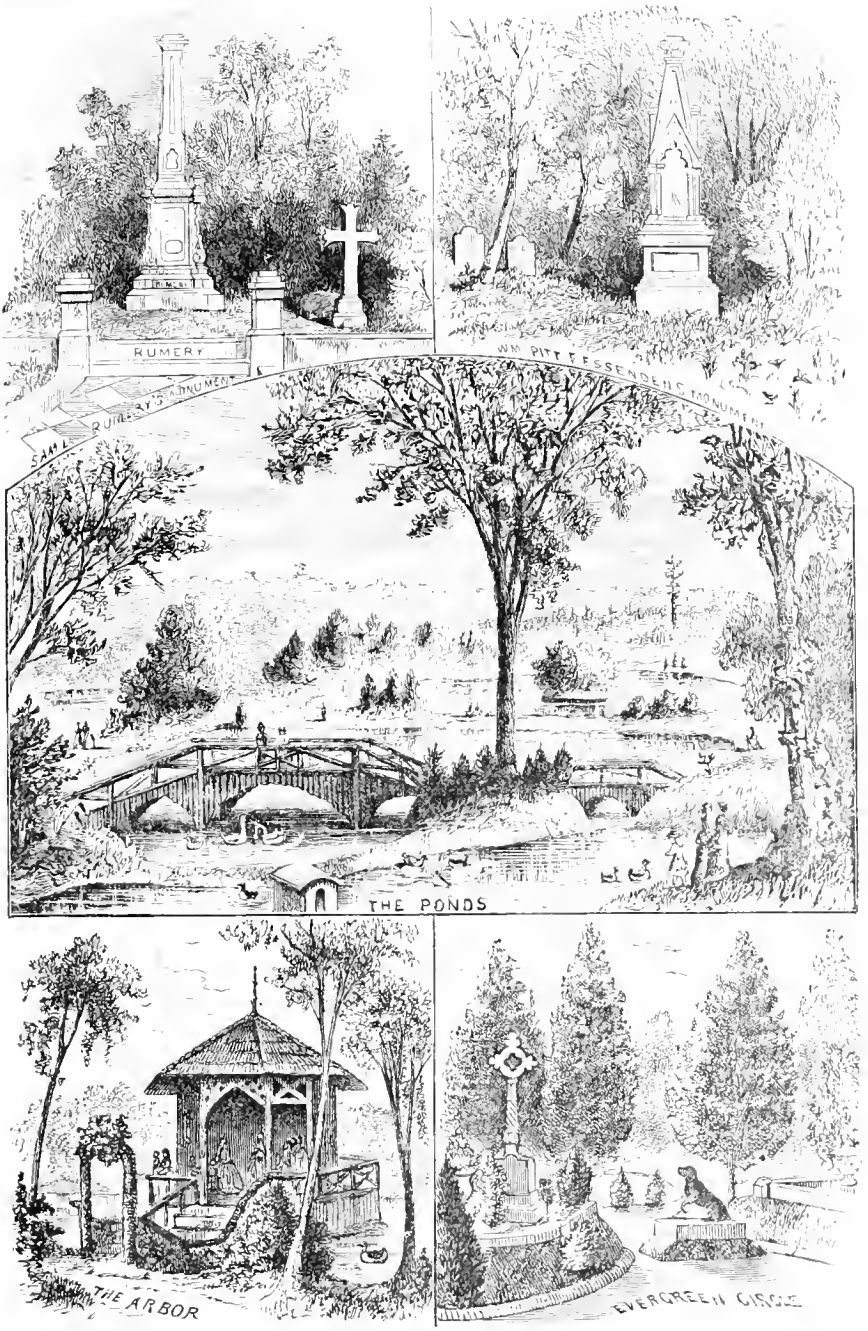
The Tombs, Evergreen Cemetery

eight acres. A considerable portion of the more recent purchases is still unimproved. Lots of about fifteen by fifteen feet in the older portion of the ground are sold to citizens at twenty dollars each, while similar lots in the new ground are held at fifty dollars. The cemetery is in charge

A View In Evergreen Cemetery

of a commission of three trustees, with a resident superintendent. The latter office has for some time been filled by Mr. Patrick Duffey, to whose good taste many of the improvements are due. Since 1869 the income and expenditures have been nearly $10,000 per year, upon an average.

The entrance is through an avenue bordered with shade trees and arbor vitæ hedges. On the right, as you enter the grounds, is the large receiving-tomb, a turf-covered mound, with granite front. In the same direction, farther on, is the little Westbrook Cemetery, — the boundary marked only by vine-covered iron arches. Just beyond this enclosure, near the boundary-line of the cemetery, is the most costly and elegant monument in the grounds, that of the late Samuel Rumery; it is of Italian marble, and is designed with great artistic taste and executed with much skill. Not far from this point, in a westerly direction, is the monument of the historian of Portland, the late Hon. William Willis; and still



Views in Evergreen Cemetery.

farther on in the same general direction, down the slope, lies our late lamented Senator, the Hon. William Pitt Fessenden. The rapid descent of the land, at a point a little beyond this, affords opportunity for a line of tombs with massive granite fronts, the tops of which, on a level with the upper walks, are grass-covered plots.

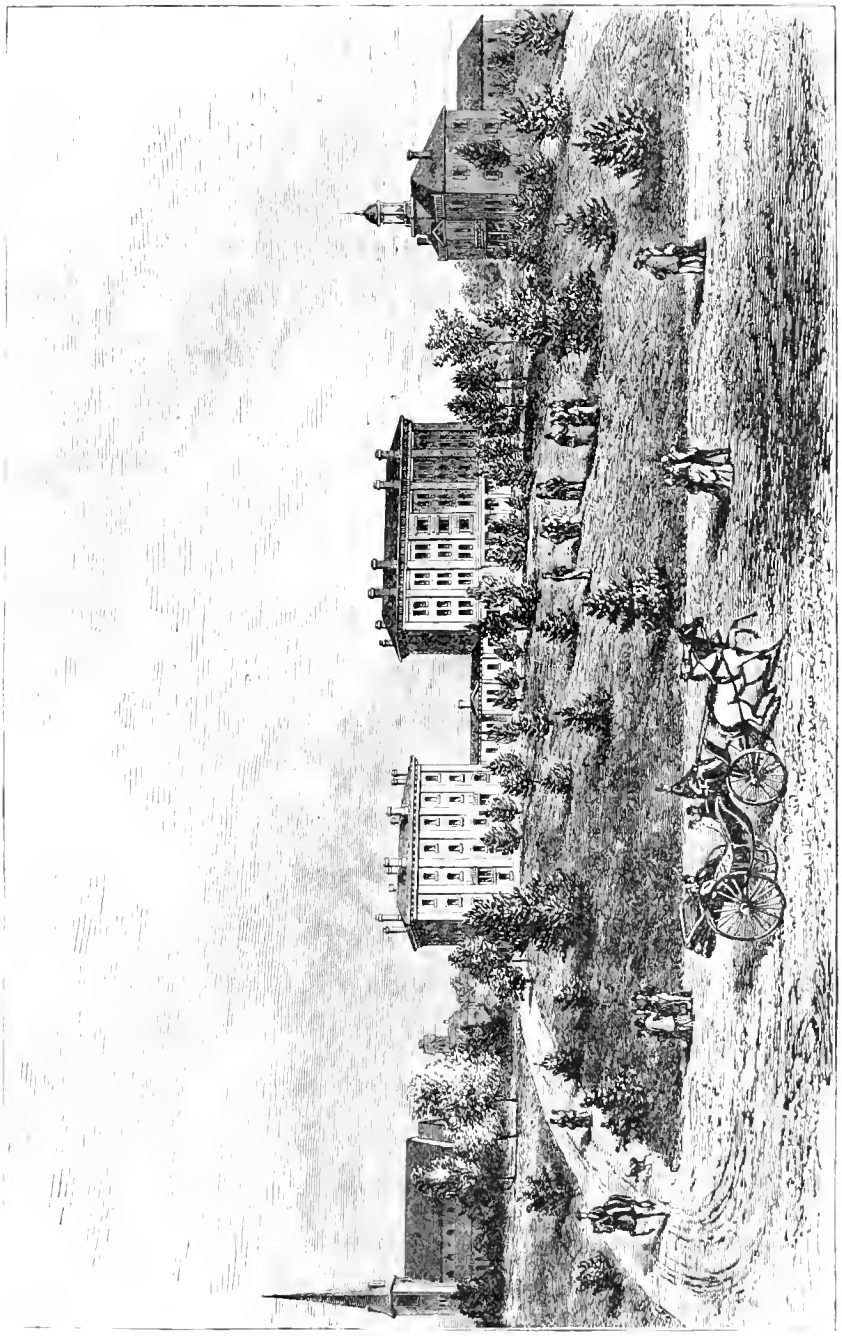
Below the tombs, some distance down the slope, are the ponds, bordered with seats, spanned with rustic bridges, the shore adorned with rustic arches and arbors. On the surface of the ponds float swans and ducks, the feeding of which is a delight to children.

On the left of the entrance is Evergreen Circle, a ring of lots neatly laid out, with a circular enclosure in the center. The prevailing style of enclosure is simply a granite base, with turf-covered mound. There are many elegant monuments in the grounds, and corner-lots are devoted to flowers and shrubbery. Some of the walks wander beneath dark shadows of evergreens into secluded spots, where the thoughtful mind may muse on the transitory nature of earthly life; and others lie out in the broad sunshine, where may be seen the distant mountains pointing like faith to the skies. One may wander long through these by-paths, attracted by the decorations and the flowers which affection has lavished on the dead, as well as by the shrubbery, and the noble old trees lifting their heads high up into the blue air, and affording homes to the song-birds which build among their branches — a life soaring above death.

The beauty of these grounds, where the harmonies of art are blended with the wildness of nature, sheds the radiance of a heavenly light upon the gloom of death. Thousands come here — particularly on Sundays — for a quiet walk among the blended beauties of nature and art, where all the associations are conducive to meditative thought.

In addition to Evergreen Cemetery Portland has four other burying-grounds. Of Eastern Cemetery, the oldest of all, we have already given some account. Western Cemetery, lying on the slope of Bramhall's Hill, within the limits of the city, comprises about fifteen acres, and was laid out in 1829. One of the most conspicuous monuments here is that to Chief Justice Prentiss Mellen, erected in 1850 by the Bar of the State. In 1858 sixty acres were purchased in Cape Elizabeth, near Vaughan's Bridge, about a mile and a half from the center of the city, and laid out as "Forest City Cemetery." It affords cheaper accommodations for the dead than Evergreen Cemetery. "Mount Calvary Cemetery," comprising six acres, in a secluded spot in Cape Elizabeth, about two miles from the center of the city, is the last resting-place of the Catholics. It has a neat chapel, and was consecrated by Bishop Bacon to the burial of persons belonging to his communion.

The village of Stevens' Plains, with its broad, level streets, and sidewalks shaded with umbrageous maples and elms, has a quiet and rural



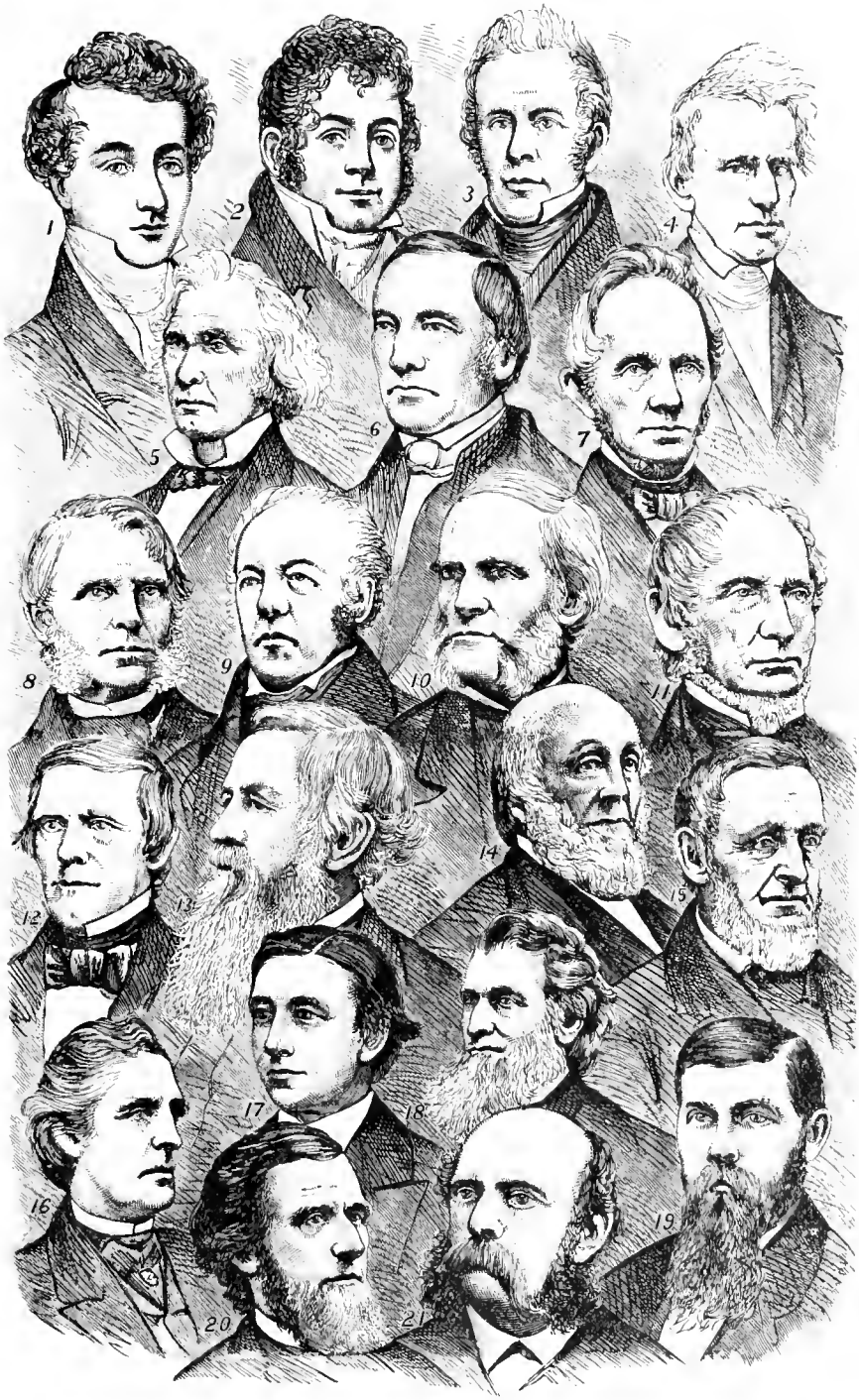
Westbrook Seminary

beauty. Its chief ornament is the Universalist Church, a very tasteful structure, built in 1867, at a cost of about $14,000. The front elevation is in the Gothic style, with a tower at the corner surmounted by a spire rising to a height of one hundred and ten feet. The auditorium is forty-five by seventy-five feet, containing eighty pews, in chestnut, trimmed with black walnut. The ceiling is open, and handsomely frescoed in blue and gold. The windows are of stained glass, admitting "a dim religious light," and a gallery over the entrance affords accommodation for the choir. The general effect is exceedingly neat and tasteful.

The church stands at the entrance to the grounds of Westbrook Semi-

Charles Ramsay's Nurseries.

nary. This institution, incorporated in 1831, was the first seminary of learning established in New England under the patronage of the Universalist denomination. The seminary building was erected in 1834, at a cost of $7,000. The first term commenced June 9, 1831, with Rev. Samuel Brimblecom, Principal, and Rev. Alvin Dinsmore, Assistant. The institution has since been under the charge of a number of able teachers, and includes among its graduates many who are doing good service in the various walks of life. The present Principal is Rev. J. P. Weston. To meet the need of boarding-houses Goddard Hall was built in 1859, and Hersey Hall in 1869. These are large brick edifices, connected by a din-

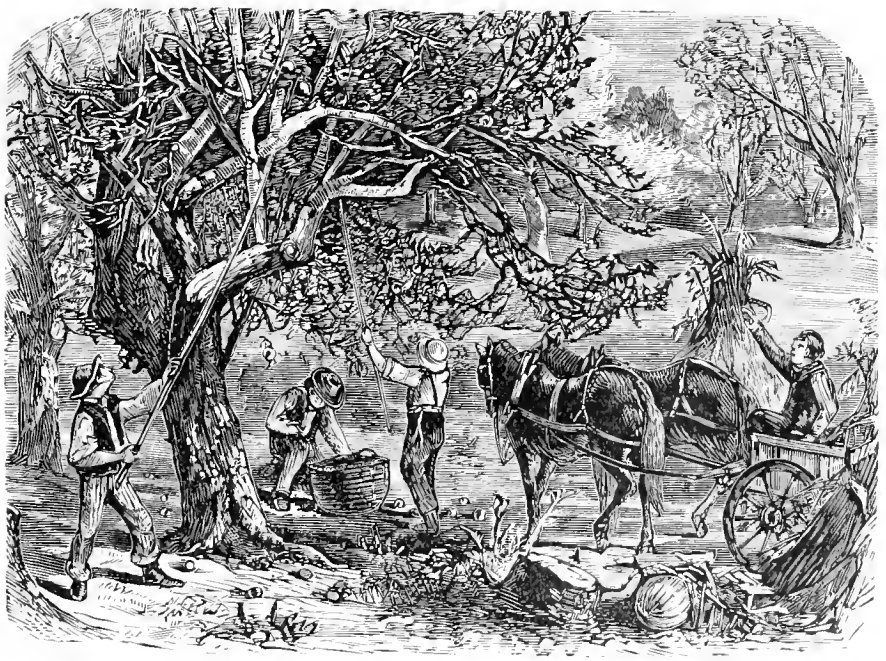


MAYORS OF PORTLAND.

1. A. L. EMERSON.
2. JONATHAN DOW.
   JOHN ANDERSON.
4. LEVI CUTLER.
5. J. C. CHEEVER.
6. E. GREELY.
7. J. B. CAHOON.
8. NEAL DOW.
9. ALDEN K. PARKIS.
10. JAS. L. MCCOLL.
11. WILLIAM WILLIS.
12. JEREMIAH HEWETT.
13. JOSEPH HOWARD.
14. W. W. THOMAS.
15. JACOB MCLELLAN.
16. A. E. STEVENS.
17. WM. L. PUTNAM.
18. B. KINGSBURY, JR.
19. GEO. F. WESTCOTT.
20. R. M. RICHARDSON.
21. LEANDER TESSENDEN.

ing-hall, and take their names from beneficiaries of the institution, who contributed largely toward the funds for their erection. The institution has extensive grounds, handsomely laid out, and all the surroundings are conducive to studious habits and good moral deportment on the part of the pupils. It provides two courses in the Collegiate Department, and confers the degree of Laureate of Arts upon all young ladies who successfully pass examination in a classical course, and Laureate of Science in the scientific course. In the Academic Department diplomas are granted in two courses, English and College Preparatory.

On the lower road are the Nurseries of Mr. Charles Ramsay, where



A Farm Scene near Pride's Bridge.

may be seen an extensive collection of flowering plants, well worthy of a visit.

Passing on through the village, and turning to the left at Morrill's Corner, past the fine residence, with cultivated grounds, of Charles E. Morrill, Esq., a drive of a mile or two brings us to Pride's Bridge, on the Presumpscot. The river is here spanned by a neat iron bridge, from the middle of which may be obtained a view of the Presumpscot, which, for quiet beauty, is rarely surpassed. The placid stream glides smoothly between green banks bordered by graceful elms, which are reflected in its mirror-like surface.

Crossing the bridge, and turning into the low road on the left, one may enjoy a very pleasant drive along a secluded road which borders the river. At a point on the road near Cumberland Mills there was, a few years ago, an extensive land-sink, — several acres of high land subsiding into the clayey foundation which was forced out into the bed of the river, changing its course. This sink is a natural phenomenon well worthy the inspection of the curious as well as the geologist.

At Cumberland Mills is a prosperous village, built up by the paper-mill which improves the water-power there.

The return to the city may be made by the Saccarappa road, thus completing a wide circuit.

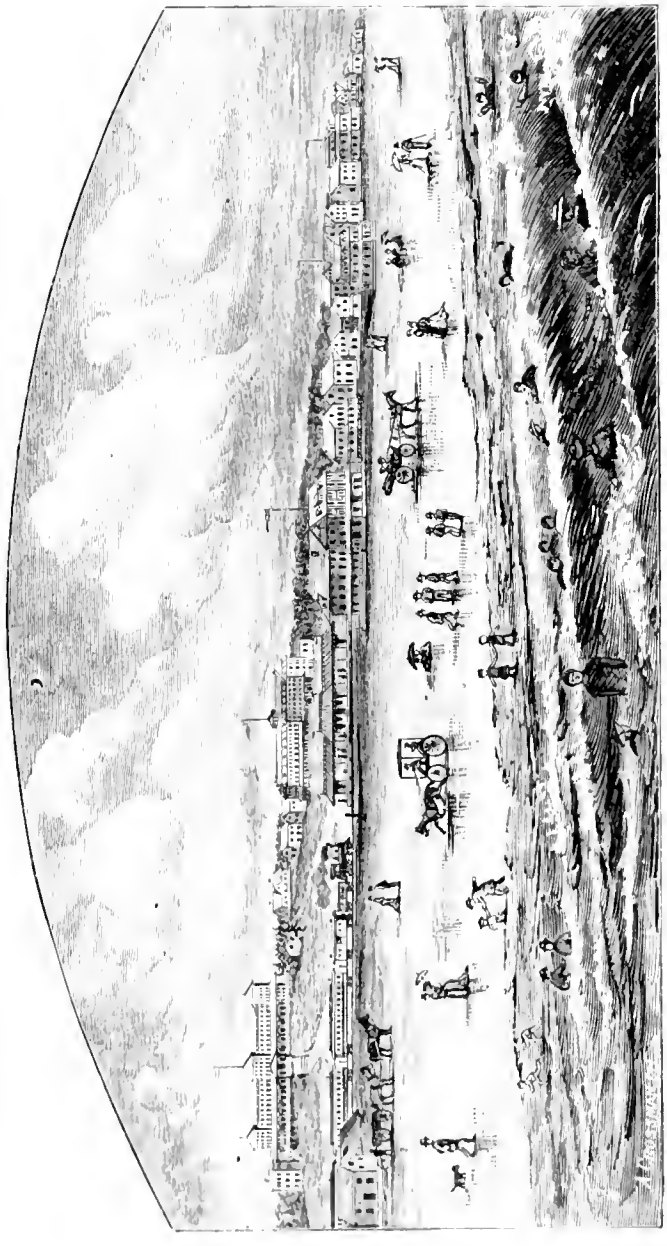
RAILROAD EXCURSIONS.

By the extension of its railroad system Portland has become a convenient point from which to make short excursions to summer resorts, both on the seashore and at the mountains. Summer visitors may make trips of a day to Old Orchard, Lake Sebago, Lake Winnepesaukee, or the Crawford Notch of the White Mountains. The scenery along these various routes is attractive and varied enough to suit every taste. Let us turn first, as nearest at hand,

TO OLD ORCHARD BEACH, BY THE BOSTON AND MAINE.

This famous beach, one of the finest on the coast, has become, by the opening of the Boston and Maine extension, one of the most frequented of our watering-places. The distance by rail from the city is eleven and three-fourths miles. It is a semi-aqueous region through which the road runs, crossing marsh and river and creek. Half a mile distant from Blue Point station, which is about nine miles out, lies Pine Point, where a number of our citizens have built summer cottages, and a boarding-house accommodates summer visitors. The road skirts the seashore, and the station at Old Orchard is close upon the beach, with the surf rolling in almost at one's feet. The beach is ten miles long from Black Point to the Saco River. It is evenly inclined, and perfectly safe, there being no deceptive holes or rocks. Even at high tide there is ample room for carriages abreast, and at low tide it is one of the widest and grandest driving and promenade avenues to be found anywhere. It lies in a deep indentation of the shore, forming nearly a semi-circle. On the right, Fletcher's Neck makes one arm, extending far out into the sea, at the mouth of the Saco, dotted with the white buildings of "The Pool" at its extremity. On the left, the other arm of the semi-circle is formed by Prout's Neck, sweeping out into the sea, with Stratton Island off against it. Between these two encircling points sweeps the grand beach, smooth as a floor, hard almost as a pavement, with the waves breaking along its whole extent in never-ceasing foam and roar.

Old Orchard is abundantly supplied with hotels. The Old Orchard House was destroyed by fire in 1875, has been rebuilt by its proprietor, Mr. E. C. Staples, on a finer site and a larger plan. The new house stands on a high knoll, a little south of the old site. It has a sea-frontage of three hundred feet, with an ell one hundred feet deep, and is four and five stories high, finished throughout with modern improvements. The Ocean House is also a large and well-kept hotel, capable of accommoda-



Old Orchard Beach.

ting four or five hundred guests, and is furnished with a music-hall and other attractions for the amusement of summer boarders. On the beach, below the railroad track, is a crowd of smaller hotels and boarding-houses, from the doors of some of which one can almost step into the sea when the tide is up.

It has long been a custom with the people living in the vicinity to visit the beach on the 26th of June, for the purpose of bathing in the sea, which is supposed to possess special healing qualities on that particular day. The country people come down to the shore in wagons and buggies and carryalls, — fathers, mothers, boys, girls, and babies, young folks, old folks, lovers, and young married couples, — all intent on enjoying the healing influence of the water. On these occasions the grove and the beach presents a lively spectacle.

About half a mile beyond Old Orchard, with a separate station, lie the grounds of the Methodist Camp-Meeting Association. These are situated in the midst of an evergreen grove, where a natural hollow forms a noble amphitheater. Here seats are placed beneath the trees, with a grand stand for the preachers, which commands the whole ground. Around this amphitheater a "camp-meeting city" has grown up, laid out in avenues lined with neat little cottages. There is abundance of fresh water, and every facility to render the place, as is contemplated, the most extensive and popular camp-meeting ground in the country. The National Camp-Meeting and the National Temperance Camp-Meeting are held here in the month of August; and also, at a later season, the Methodist District Camp-Meeting.

A charter has been obtained for a company, under the name of the Old Orchard Beach Railroad Company, with authority to construct a railway from Saco Ferry to Blue Point, in Scarboro', with a capital of $50,000. The purpose is to run a line of horse or steam cars along the whole length of the beach, thus making all points easily accessible, and offering to visitors a shore trip on the very edge of the breaking billows.

The Orchard Beach Railroad, a narrow gauge road, with open cars, runs from the Boston and Maine station, along the beach, to the Saco river, a distance of several miles, commanding fine views of the ocean and of the surf breaking on the beach. At Saco river the trains connect with steamer Samuel E. Spring, which conveys passengers across the river to Biddeford Pool, where are two first-class summer hotels, the Yates and the Highland Houses. This trip forms a delightful excursion. It is in agitation to build a pier at Old Orchard Beach, which, if constructed, will form a convenient landing-place for steamers, and a breezy promenade for visitors. The Free Baptists have purchased grounds for a park, and will make it their summer resort. Many elegant summer cottages have been built on the beach. The Old Orchard Junction Railroad connects the beach with all trains on the Eastern Railroad, putting passengers on that railroad in closest connection

ALONG THE SEASHORE, BY THE EASTERN RAILROAD.

The Eastern Railroad, or perhaps we should rather say the Portland, Saco and Portsmouth Railroad, which is leased by the Eastern, runs through the shore towns of Maine to Portsmouth, N. H., and gives access to York Harbor, the grand beaches of Hampton and Rye, and the famous Isles of Shoals, the latter of which can be reached from Portland in an afternoon ride to Portsmouth, and an hour's sail by steamer from that city. The Eastern also connects with the Old Orchard Junction Railroad, giving ready access to the favorite seaside resort, Old Orchard Beach.

TO LAKE SEBAGO AND THE CRAWFORD NOTCH BY THE PORTLAND AND OGDENSBURG.

Turning now from the seashore the visitor may enjoy a trip to the lakes and mountains. A ride of four hours on the Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad will carry him to the famous Notch of the White Mountains, through some of the most sublime scenery in the country. This railroad is peculiarly a Portland enterprise, designed to open a new and shorter route to the great west. It extends from Portland, by way of Sebago Lake and the valley of the Saco River, through the Notch of the White Mountains, thence via St. Johnsbury, Vermont, through the Lamoille and Missisquoi Valleys to the foot of Lake Champlain. It was a bold project to push a railway through the narrow gateway of the White Mountains, but under the energetic management of General Samuel J. Anderson, President of the company, and the engineering skill of John F. Anderson, Esq., Chief Engineer, it has been successfully accomplished, and the enterprise has opened up one of the most attractive pleasure-routes in the country. Indeed we know of no other railroad, of similar length, which commands such romantic and beautiful views. The White Mountains, with all their stupendous scenery, are brought within a day's excursion of Portland, so that parties leaving in the morning can visit the Notch and arrive home at an early hour in the evening.

From Portland to Sebago Lake, a distance of about seventeen miles, the road runs through the fine farming towns of Deering, Westbrook, Windham, Gorham, and Standish, and there is no other railroad running out of the city which in the same distance passes through so much beautiful scenery. Orchards, green fields, and patches of forest diversify the landscape, which stretches away with undulating surface, everywhere showing signs of fertility and cultivation. The falls on the Presumpscot add an interesting feature to the scene; and in Windham a glimpse is caught of the old brown farm-house in which Governor John A. Andrew was born.

Sebago Lake is a fine sheet of water, fourteen miles in length by

eight in width. The road skirts the shore, and at the station a steamer is in readiness to take passengers across the lake and through the tortuous windings of Songo River, — a charming sail, — into the lock, and up the Bay of Naples into Long Pond, where the steamer lands at the thriving village of Bridgton, whence a ride of eight miles takes one to the summit of Pleasant Mountain, a sightly elevation commanding wide views of the mountains and the sea. The hotel on the top of the mountain has excellent accommodations and is well kept. In the pleasure season one may go as far as Bridgton or Harrison, take dinner at one of the hotels and return to Portland the same day. This is one of the most charming short pleasure-routes in New England.

Continuing on the rail from Sebago Lake we soon strike across to Saco River, and ride up the valley to Hiram, where the Great Falls of the Saco, seen from the cars, present a grand spectacle; thence through Fryeburg, a beautiful village, famous for the battle with the Indians on the shores of Lovewell's Pond, and which attracts many summer visitors; on again, to North Conway, with its lovely intervales and magnificent views of the White Mountains; through Upper Bartlett, a beautiful basin amid the hills; and so into the Notch, where the valley narrows to a gorge, and the road climbs the mountain side far above the river, now dwindled to a brook.

The nine miles from Bemis Station to the Crawford House in the Notch present a panorama of mountain scenery of unequalled grandeur. The valley of the Saco here narrows into a rounded trough, one side of which is formed by the long wall of Mount Willey, and the other by the corresponding wall of Mount Webster. Far up on the side of Mount Willey a shelf has been cut, and along this the road climbs at a grade of one hundred and sixteen feet to the mile. One is astonished to see how easily the ascent is overcome. But two buttresses block the way — Frankenstein Cliff and Mount Willard. They seem to stand out defiantly, forbidding farther approach, but the train glides around them, through deep rock cuts, and entering the gateway of the Notch, reaches the level table-land where the waters divide.

The ride along this narrow shelf is a novel experience in railway travel. Far above rises the steep, bare wall of Mount Willey, ever threatening to send down earth and rocks to block the way. Crossing the track of the grand slide of fearful memory, which overwhelmed the Willey family, you think of what might happen again. Here and there the steep mountain wall is gashed by the beds of tumbling brooks, which seem for a passing moment to open a glimpse into the heart of the mountain.

Looking out on the other side of the cars they seem to overhang the deep, wooded valley, far down beneath the foliage of which the Saco speeds on its course, and the old stage-road climbs upward to the gate-

way of the Notch. You catch glimpses of the Willey House and of the huts of the railway laborers far below. But the grand feature of this outward view is the stupendous wall of Mount Webster rising just across the narrow valley, and hemming it in with its apparently inaccessible heights. This long bare wall, so seamed and gashed, so dark and frowning, so huge in its bulk, so massive and immovable, is the tremendous feature of the scene. Its long sky-line points to nothing, and makes one wonder what lies beyond. It seems to cut you off from an upper and inaccessible world.

The view of Frankenstein Cliff, especially in the autumn, when the mountain slopes are clothed in all the brilliant hues of the ripened foliage, is not less grand, and has more of beauty than the stern wall of Mount Webster. This is only to be seen to advantage as you go down the valley, from the rear platform of the train. As the cars cross the iron bridge, which spans a fearful gorge, the cliff looms up above the observer with awful front. The eye falls first upon the forest growth about its base, which in the autumn glows with color like a bank of roses. Above this beautiful mass of color, and in strong contrast to it, rises the sheer precipice, a perpendicular wall of dark rock, furrowed and grim, with a crown of illuminated trees upon its head. But as the train moves on, and the cliff recedes, you see another wall, above and beyond the first, also fringed along its summit with brilliant hues. Thus the cliff grows in magnitude and grandeur as you recede from it, until at last a turn in the road shuts it from your view. But here comes in another grand feature of this mountain scenery. The summit of Mount Washington is now seen, covered with snow, a great white dome rising clear against the blue sky. Cries of wonder and delight greet its appearance, and this grand spectacle is alternately hidden and revealed, until the train reaches Glen Station, where you bid adieu to its grandeur and settle down quietly for the homeward ride.

The distance from Portland to the Crawford House is eighty-seven miles. From the Notch one may go on to Fabyan's, four miles, from which point there is a grand view of Mount Washington.

TO LAKE WINNEPESAUKEE, BY THE PORTLAND AND ROCHESTER.

This road is another favorite enterprise of the business men of Portland. It opens a new and direct route to New York, by way of Rochester, N. H., thence to Nashua, N. H., where it connects with the line to Worcester, Mass., and thence to New York,—thus saving many miles of travel between Portland and the great metropolis. It affords many pleasant points for excursions along the route, which passes through the villages of Morrill's Corner, Saccarappa, and Gorham; crosses the Saco River,

and runs through Waterboro' to the pleasant village of Alfred, near which the Shakers have an establishment; thence to Rochester, N. H., where it connects with the Dover and Winnepesaukee Railroad, running to Alton Bay. In summer the trains are so arranged on several days of each week that passengers may leave Portland in the morning, reach Alton Bay, pass by steamer over the whole length of Winnepesaukee, and return so as to get back to Portland on the evening of the same day.

Lake Winnepesaukee is one of the most beautiful sheets of water in this country. It is studded with islands, and commands fine views of distant mountains. From Alton Bay the steamers run both to Wolfboro' and to Centre Harbor. The former is a considerable village, beautifully situated on the shore of the lake. From this point one may take the train on the Conway branch of the Eastern Railroad and go through some of the finest mountain scenery to North Conway, and so return to Portland by the Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad — a two days' trip, stopping over night at Wolfboro'. Or one may go by steamer to Centre Harbor, where a lovely view of the lake and surrounding country is obtained from the summit of Red Hill.

TO MOUNT WASHINGTON, BY THE GRAND TRUNK.

The Grand Trunk Railway, which connects Portland with the principal cities and towns of Canada, and with the vast grain-growing regions of the west, opened a new route to the White Mountains, affording access to glens and gorges which up to the time of the opening of the road in 1853 had been but little visited. It runs through a number of pleasant villages, including North Yarmouth, New Gloucester, Mechanic Falls, South Paris, and Bryant's Pond, to Bethel, a place of great natural beauty, seated amid the hills, which attracts great numbers of summer boarders; thence through fine scenery, along the Androscoggin, to Gorham, N. H. Here stages take passengers seven miles up the glen to the Glen House, kept by the Messrs. Milliken, of this city, which stands in the heart of the White Mountains, at the foot of Mount Washington. The mountain is ascended in carriages over a well-constructed road. From the summit one may descend by the railroad, on the other side, to Fabyan's; or, returning to the Glen House, may pass through the wild Pinkham Notch, amid the most stupendous mountain scenery, to Glen Station, on the Portland and Ogdensburg, and thence to Portland.

TO THE INTERIOR OF THE STATE, BY THE MAINE CENTRAL.

This combination of railroads commands all parts of Maine, the Portland and Kennebec line running through Brunswick (the seat of Bowdoin College) to Augusta, the capital of the State, and the upper towns on the Kennebec as far as Skowhegan; the Penobscot line extending through Lewiston, one of the leading manufacturing cities of Maine, and Waterville to Bangor, where connection is made with the Bangor and Piscataquis Railroad, which gives approach to the woods of Northern Maine, and with the European and North American Railroad, which, with connections, extends as far east as Halifax, N. S. By this railroad system and its connections, the whole interior of the State of Maine is opened up to the tourist, and access given to famous resorts on the seashore and among the lakes of our Northern forests. Maine is rich in grand scenery, in hunting and fishing resorts, as well as in breezy sea-side retreats, which are yearly attracting an increasing number of visitors. By the Maine Central, access may be had to all of them, as also to the mining regions of Eastern Maine. By way of Bath, you may reach the beautiful Boothbay Harbor, with its outlying resorts, Squirrel, Mouse and Capitol Islands, distant Monhegan and ancient Pemaquid. By way of the Knox and Lincoln from Bath to Rockland, connection is made with steamers running to the great sea-side resort, Mt Desert. This popular watering-place, which combines the attractions of mountains and the sea-shore, may also be reached by a line of steamers from Bangor, affording a delightful sail down the Penobscot, or by stage line direct from Bangor, or still again by the Bangor and Bucksport Railroad to Bucksport, thence by stage. By the "back route" from Portland, you may reach Lake Maranocook, fifty-seven miles from Portland. This beautiful sheet of water has been developed by the Maine Central into a delightful resort for excursion parties and aquatic sports. Five steamers ply on the lake this season, with a countless number of row and sail-boats. From Bangor, one may proceed by rail and stage to Moosehead Lake, the great fishing resort of Maine, or by way of the European and North American Railroad, and connecting lines, to the great forest land of Aroostook; or still again, if one desires to see the very end of "Down-East," he may proceed to the Maritime Provinces, and visit St. John, Halifax, and Prince Edward Island. At the beautiful village of Farmington, he may take the Sandy River Railroad for Phillips, and thence by stage to the far-famed Rangeley Lakes, a wonderful water-system in the heart of our Northern forests.

To all these, and other attractive points, summer access is made easy by round-trip excursion tickets, sold from June 1st to September 30th, and good for a return passage until November 1st.

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THE

United States Hotel,

One of the leading and best Hotels in the city, situated on

FEDERAL, ELM AND CONGRESS STREETS.

Best Location in the City.

Rooms Elegant! Table Nice!

Prices Low!

All traveling men should stop at this Hotel while in Portland.

WILL. H. McDONALD, Proprietor.

PORTLAND

OBSERVATORY

No Tourist or Stranger should leave the city without visiting the Observatory on Munjoy Hill.

From the Cupola can be seen the entire City; the OCEAN, to the Horizon; CASCO BAY, with its beautiful islands; the WHITE, CONWAY, SANDWICH, GREEN and OSSIPEE MOUNTAINS, with the Intervening country.

The views here are said to be unsurpassed for beauty and variety by any in the world.

A powerful Telescope is mounted in the Cupola for the use of visitors.

Congress Street cars pass every eight minutes.

See Page 53.

W. H. SCOTT,

Galvanized Iron Gutter and Cornice Manufacturer.

☞ **All kinds of Sheet Iron and Tin Work made to order.**

—ALSO,—

Copper Gutter, Steamboat, Locomotive and Stationary Boiler Stacks. Corrugated Iron Roofs put on in the best manner. All kinds of Plain Conductors always on hand. Tin Roofs repaired and painted.

Persons troubled with ice and snow gathering on the eaves of buildings, can have them lined up water tight, at short notice and at reasonable prices by applying to me.

TIN ROOFING A SPECIALTY.

Agent for Austin's Patent Expanding Conductor. A full assortment constantly on hand. ☞ Orders may be given by telephone.

29, 31 & 33 Union Street,

PORTLAND, ME.

THOMAS C. COOPER,

Slate and Metal Roofer.

Leaky Roofs made tight. Tin Roofing a Specialty. Tin Roofs Repaired and Painted.

Agent for the Original Elastic Cambridge Cement. All work warranted.

46 Cross Street,

PORTLAND, ME.

Crockery and Glass Ware.

A good selection and the lowest prices in plain and printed

Crockery, Etc.,

Wholesale and Retail.

R. S. RAND,

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CONGRESS STREET,

Near Green.

Store open every evening.

Old Orchard Steamboat Co.

To BIDDEFORD POOL, Me.

From the Terminus of the Orchard Beach R. R. to Biddeford Pool, in the

New Side-Wheel Steamer

"SAMUEL E. SPRING!"

CONNECTIONS

With all Trains from Boston and Portland.

A Delightful Trip for Excursion Parties!

Ride on the Beach Road from Old Orchard in OPEN CARS, and a Sail down the Saco River.

See Portland papers and Time-Tables of the Boston and Maine and Orchard Beach R. R.

For Rates, etc., apply to

JOHN S. MORRIS, Pres't,
Old Orchard Steamboat Co.,
22 Exchange Street, Portland, Me.

Season of 1881. The People's Favorite!

TOURIST STEAMBOAT LINE!

The Staunch-going Steamers

MINNEHAHA and TOURIST,

Will make trips from

Portland to Peaks, Trefethens, and Diamond Island Landings, every Half-hour during the Season.

Tourists wishing a day of enjoyment should take the **Tourist Line** for the Islands.

For Time-Tables see Portland papers.

C. H. KNOWLTON, Manager.

H. H. NEVENS & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Spices, Cream Tartar, Etc.

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

TEAS, COFFEES AND FANCY GROCERIES.

CIGARS A SPECIALTY.

Eagle Mills, 184 & 186 Fore Street,

H. H. NEVENS,
P. H. WHITEHOUSE. } PORTLAND, ME.

Portland, Little Chebeague & Harpswell

STEAMBOAT CO.

The Most Delightful Trip in

PORTLAND HARBOR.

A Sail Among the Islands for Fifteen Miles, One Way.

This Company will make from **6 to 8 trips per day** during the season of 1881, in the Fast Steamers

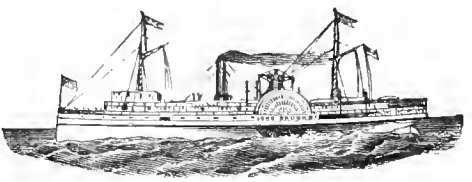
Henrietta and Sea Flower.

See Portland papers and Time-Tables.

JOHN S. MORRIS, Pres't,
22 EXCHANGE STREET,
PORTLAND.

—FROM—

Portland to New York



Don't Fail to go by the

Maine Steamship Co.'s Semi-Weekly Line,

From Franklin Wharf, Portland, And Pier 38, East River, New York.

Leaving Portland and New York every Monday and Thursday.

During the Summer months the steamers will stop at **Vineyard Haven** on the passage to and from New York.

FARE, Including State-Room, $5.00.

Meals Extra.

Passengers visiting New York will find this a pleasant trip, avoiding the necessary transfer of baggage from one conveyance to another.

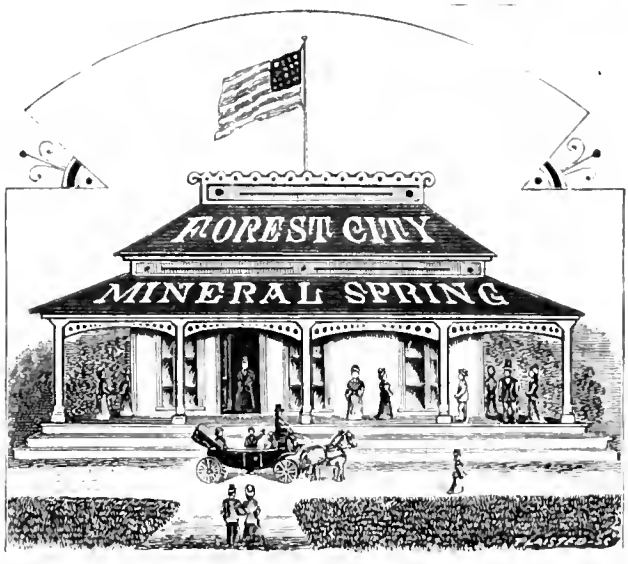
HENRY FOX, Gen'l Agent, Portland.

J. F. AMES, Agent, Pier 38, East River, New York.

Tickets and State-Rooms can be obtained at 22 Exchange Street, Portland. NOTE.—From Dec. 1st to May 1st, no passengers will be taken by this line.

Forest City Mineral Spring,

PORTLAND, ME.



The discovery of the wonderful medicinal qualities of the waters of this Spring was purely accidental. In **1880** the wife of the proprietor, Mrs. N. B. NOBLE, afflicted with dyspepsia, drank from the bubbling spring for several days with the most beneficial effects. After years of suffering she is now entirely free from that dreaded complaint, thanks to this valuable mineral water. Many others in the neighborhood have since tried the water, and in every case a cure has been effected.

PROF. F. L. BARTLETT, STATE ASSAYER, made a careful analysis of water from this spring, and in his report speaks as follows:

"This water contains all the valuable constituents of the famous Saratoga Springs, without any of the objectionable ones, such as the large excess of salt, etc."

This water is recommended as a sure cure for dyspepsia and its attendant disorders. It invigorates the system, carries off the humors of the blood, giving a healthy tone to the digestive organs, causes the secretions to perform their functions regularly, frees the kidneys from all inflammation, and infuses new life into the dull and despondent. It is a great appetizer, and its strengthening influence is felt in all parts of the system.

This water will be delivered in any part of the city and at the depots, at the following prices:

Barrels of 40 Gallons, - $7.00.
Half-Barrels of 20 Gallons, 4.00.

An allowance of $1.50 for Barrels, and $1.25 for Half-Barrels will be made when returned in good order.

Each Barrel has for a trade-mark a cut of the Spring House, with the words, "FOREST CITY MINERAL SPRING, C. N. Noble, Agent," printed thereon.

All orders promptly attended to.

C. N. NOBLE, Agent.

The SCARBORO' MINERAL SPRING WATER.

THE waters of this Spring have been known to contain powerful medical properties for more than eighty years past, by a number of the oldest inhabitants, now passed away. Persons fifty years ago, and more, would come on foot from Portland once, and some of them twice, a year, to drink from this Spring, and all said that it gave them new life. Jonathan Morgan, Esq., was one: I remember him well; he used to say that it seemed that he could not live a whole year without one or more visits to the Spring, and who at those visits always predicted a great blessing to mankind. **THE CHALYBEATE SPRINGS** are admirably adapted to those whose blood is pale, and whose constitutions are more or less broken by long continued Chronic Diseases. Their effect is often more satisfactory after a course of alterative waters, and they should generally be so used. The time of year at which a Mineral Spring should be visited is also a matter worthy of consideration, and should be determined for each Spring. It is generally supposed that the summer months increase the action of the mineral water by reducing the resistance of the system to their influence. The best season for most of the Springs is from May to September; for some, from June to August. Those who perspire very freely will generally find the Spring and Autumn months to suit them best, especially if they take a course of baths, which is very urgently recommended. Some require two courses a year, one in May, another in August. **THIS SPRING WATER is recommended for the alleviation and cure of** Bright's Disease, Kidney Complaint, Retention of the Urine, Gravel, Disease of the Urinary Organs, Gout, Dropsy, Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Heartburn, Loss of Appetite, Incipient Indigestion, General Debility, Dyspepsia, Bad Breath, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Sterility, Loss of Vital Energy, Female Weakness, Constipation, Biliousness, Rheumatism, etc., etc.

ANALYSIS.

A. M. SYLVESTER, BOSTON, Oct. 6, 1876.

Dear Sir—I have made a chemical analysis of the Spring Water received from you, with the following results:

One United States gallon (231 cubic inches) contains—Sulphate of Potash, .840 grains; Sulphate of Lime, .818 grains; Chloride of Sodium, 1.056 grains; Bi-Carbonate of Soda, 1.271 grains; Bi-Carbonate of Lime, 1.651 grains; Bi-Carbonate of Magnesia, .933 grains; Carbonate of Iron, 1.530 grains; Alumina, traces; Silicic Acid in Solution, .984 grains. Total, 9.092 grains.

It is remarkably free from organic matter, as there is no perceptible quantity present. The gases present are principally carbonic acid, with a little sulphureted hydrogen. This is, therefore, an *Alkaline Chalybeate Water* of unusual purity, and one that retains the iron in clear solution under ordinary exposure. Temperature, 45 Fah.

Respectfully, S. DANA HAYES, *State Assayer and Chemist, Mass.*

LIST OF PRICES.

WATER.

Per Bbl. at Spring	$3.50
Per Half Bbl. at Spring	2.00
Per Gallon at Spring, for five gals	.15
Per Gallon at Spring, five or less than five gals	.20

Agents will add cost of transportation, trucking, etc.

PRICE OF BARRELS AND HALF BARRELS.

Barrels	$2.00
Half Barrels	1.50

Jugs and demijohns extra.

This spring is for sale by

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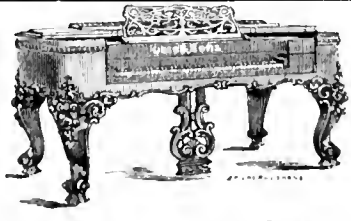

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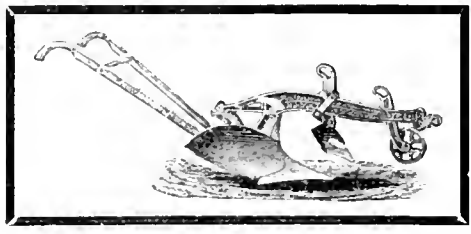

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