A Brief Sketch of Pemaquid

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A Sketch of Pemaquid.
Cuts of Important Tablets.
Copy of First Deed Ever Executed in America.
Cut of a Portion of the Buried Paved Street.
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A BRIEF SKETCH

OF

PEMAQUID

BY

H. O. McCamliss and J. H. Cartland

1917
The Importance of Pemaquid at that Period can be judged by the dotted outlines of a much larger Fort contemplated by the British, after the destruction of Fort Wm. Henry by the Americans, but which they did not care to build after being defeated in the eight years War of the Revolution.
Copy of a Tablet Standing on the Site of the Old Fort at Pemaquid

FORTS AT PEMAUQUID
All Four Were Built on the Same Site

THESE REMAINS MARK THE SITES OF THE FOLLOWING Forts

FORT PEMAUQUID
Erected by Aldsworth & Eldridge, patentees, 1631. Attacked and plundered by Dixie Bull, a pirate, in 1632.

FORT CHARLES
Erected (45 years later) by Gov. Sir Edmund Andros, 1677, with towers, bastions, etc. Captured and destroyed by the Penobscot Indians August 2, 1689. This Fort lasted 12 years.

FORT WILLIAM HENRY
Erected (13 years later) by Gov. Sir Wm. Phips, 1692, mounting 28 guns and costing £20,000. Invested Aug. 15, 1696, by a force of French and Indians, by land and water, captured and destroyed. This Fort lasted four years.

FORT FREDERICK
Erected (33 years later) by Gov. Sir David Dunbar, 1729, with towers, bastions, etc. Destroyed by the town of Bristol in 1775, to prevent its falling into possession of the English. This Fort lasted 46 years.

All of these forts were built and destroyed before the Revolutionary War, when America gained her liberty from England in 1775. This war lasted eight years.
This view shows the old Fort Rock and Museum, as it appeared soon after the walls of the Castle were discovered, in 1893. The stone in this building came out of the old Castle and have been used in restoring it recently.

The attention of the country is being turned toward the Southland, on whose shore, three hundred years ago, as the records tell us, began our history. This is as it should be. It is well, also, to have the fact pointed out that not alone at Jamestown, neither at New Amsterdam, nor at Plymouth, are to be found all the charm and romance, the difficulties, war and intrigue of very early discovery and settlement of our land.

As far away to the North as Jamestown, Virginia, lies South, in the country the French called Acadie, and we now call Maine, lay buried for many years, almost forgotten, the remains of a civilization almost exactly contemporary with that of the settlement of Virginia, and at times more flourishing. On this spot contended the Gaul and Briton for the ownership of the territory, and here was the barrier which served to preserve it to the latter nation.

This place, covered with interesting relics of the past, offering so much for the historian and romancer, lies about forty miles north-east of Portland, and almost opposite the island of Monhegan. The same Capt. John Smith, so prominent in the affairs of Jamestown, Virginia, came here also. He gave his name to the beautiful and spacious bay, at the head of which this place—Ancient Pemaquid—was situated, now known as John's Bay.
The first recorded landing of white people here took place August 8 and 10, 1607. These people were the colonists of the Popham expedition, who established and maintained for a short time a settlement on the Kennebec river. The Sunday before this landing, these people—there were two ship-loads of them—had landed on an island of Pemaquid and held divine service.

The exact date of settlement and building the first houses here cannot be known. From meagre references we learn enough to feel sure that very early, probably soon after the first landing, white men stayed here, possibly much of the time at first in ships. Weymouth speaks of landing at Monhegan and Georgies Islands, a part of Pemaquid, in 1605.

Capt. John Smith made his famous voyage to New England in 1614, and drew the first reliable map of the region. He called the book he wrote "A Description of New England." It is supposed to be the first book in which the name "New England" appears. In this work he speaks of "Monheggan" and of exploring the coast in a small boat, and remarks that "right against us in the main was a ship of Sir Francis Pophames that had there such acquaintance, having many years used only that porte." This was probably the Pemaquid trading settlement of which he spoke, as there was no other then on the main, and some white men beside Indians were no doubt residents there. It is known that the Indians had a village near.

The name Pemaquid, which is generally applied to the village or settlement, was then also the name of a large section of the territory lying about there. Prince Charles (afterward King Charles I), on suggestion of Capt. Smith, named Pemaquid John's Town, which name did not stick, however, as his name did to the bay.

The Indians in these early days are reported as being hospitable. Nahanada is one of the chiefs well spoken of by these early voyagers. He had been to England, and hence was well used to the
Englishmen. He was taken there by Capt. Weymouth in 1605. He is undoubtedly the chief to whom Smith refers when he pays this tribute to the Indians: “The main assistance, next God, was my acquaintance among the salvadges, especially with Dohannida, one of their greatest lords, who had lived long in England.”

For years previous to 1607, this coast had been a rendezvous for many explorers. Its natives had been taken to England and shown in London for money. Shakespeare alludes to this in the Tempest, Act II, Scene II. The carrying off by Weymouth of five Indians, caused Sir Ferdinando Gorges to exclaim that “this accident must be the means, under God, of putting on foot and giving life to all our plantations.”

A Tablet of Morgan McCaffrey
One of the old Welsh slate stones found in many old burial grounds of New England

INSCRIPTION
In Memory of Mr. Morgan McCaffrey
who died July 20th, 1768, age 35 years.

Behold my Dad is gone
And leaves me here to mourn
But hope in Christ I have
That he and I will save

Between 1607 and 1622, 109 ships entered and cleared from the harbors of Pemaquid and its dependencies, the islands of Monhegan and Damiscove, where they did more or less business in the discharge and receipt of cargoes and commerce with Europe. Spain watched the colonization by English here with jealous eyes.
In 1610 the Spanish ambassador reported to his government that the English had colonies on two large rivers. There could have been only two—Popham, on the Kennebec, and Pemaquid. In 1613 England, in defending her paramount title here, said to Spain, through her Secretary of State, that she maintained this title by actual possession of two colonies, "where of the latter is yet there remaining." We know that the Kennebec colony had disappeared in 1613, hence the one spoken of must have been Pemaquid.

J. Wingate Thornton, a careful historian of New England, and author of the work called "Ancient Pemaquid," published in 1853, asserts that "while the Pilgrims were struggling for life at Plymouth, and Conant was founding Cape Ann, Pemaquid was probably the busiest place on the coast." This was between 1620 and 1635. He also says: "To Pemaquid we must look for the initiation of civilization into New England." It is on record that from the Pemaquid locality came the food that kept alive that remnant of the Pilgrim band at Plymouth, when starvation stared them in the face that winter and spring of 1622, when their provisions were all gone and no harvest could be had for months. This was furnished by the captains of the English ships there. Bradford in his Journal mentions this deliverance. He does not mention Pemaquid specially, but others state that Hudson, the captain who sent the supplies, was at Pemaquid. Should not honorable mention be made of a place which saved to the world a colony which has exerted such untold power for good? The intercourse thus established between this, the earliest surviving settlement and Plymouth, proved also very advantageous to the latter in opening the way for a profitable business for them in these localities, an account of which is on record.

These few bits of history are evidence of the gradual growth of Pemaquid, and the beginning of its recognition as the metropolis of these Eastern shores, a position it held for some years.

"Persevering when others grew weary and retired, Gorges had made a trading station at Pemaquid, the center of the wonderful spring and winter fishery, in that charmed quadrant included between Cape Newagen and Damarels Cove Islands on the west and Monhegan and St. Georges on the east. Thither annually the Virginian and English fishermen came in armed vessels, with crews of forty men to a vessel, forming, as their vessels yearly increased in numbers, a barrier against the westward progress of French settlements.

The stand taken from 1607 to 1620 and onward by these men of Gorges on the mainland and the fishermen on the adjacent islands, was the definite initial of the subsequent dominion of the English-speaking race in America. When they began there were no English settlers nearer than Virginia, but under the lee of these brave fishermen holding the front with fifty or sixty armed ships,
settlers did set down on the New England coast, and colonies grew up whose history we trace with filial pride."

In 1625 was given the first deed of land made and acknowledged in New England, perhaps in America, conveying a large tract to one John Brown of New Harbor, at Pemaquid. This deed was signed by Samoset (the same who welcomed the Pilgrims at Plymouth) and Unongoit, two Indian Sagamores. The affidavit of these two Indians to their deed given for this land is interesting. It reads as follows:—

**FIRST DEED EVER PROPERLY EXECUTED IN AMERICA**

To ALL PEOPLE WHOM IT MAY CONCERN. Know ye, that I, Capt. John Somerset and Unongoit, Indian sagamores, they being the proper heirs to all the lands on both sides of Muscongus river, have bargained and sold to John Brown of New Harbour this certain tract or parcell of land as followeth, that is to say, beginning at Pemaquid Falls and so running a direct course to the head of New Harbour, from thence to the south end of Muscongus Island, taking in the island, and so running five and twenty miles into the country north and by east, and thence eight miles northwest and by west, and then turning and running south and by west to Pemaquid where first begun. To all which lands above bounded, the said Capt. John Somerset and Unongoit, Indian sagamores, have granted and made over to the above said John Brown, New Harbour, in and for consideration of fifty skins, to us in hand paid, to our full satisfaction, for the above mentioned lands, and we the above said sagamores do bind ourselves and our heirs forever to defend the above said John Brown and his heirs in the quiet and peaceable possession of the above said lands. In witness whereunto, the said Capt. John Somerset and Unongoit have set our hands and seal this fifteenth day of July, in the year of our Lord God one thousand six hundred and twenty-five.

CAPT. JOHN SAMORSET,  (seal)  
UNONGOIT,   (Seal)

Signed and sealed in presence of us, MATTHEW NEWMAN,  
WM. Cox.

"July 24, 1626, Capt. John Samerset and Unongoit, Indian Sagamores, personally appeared and acknowledged this instrument to be their act and deed, at Pemaquid, before me,  
ABRAHAM SHURTE."

And the record of its registry is as follows:

"Charlestown, Dec. 26, 1720. Read, and at the request of James Stilson, and his sister, Margaret Hilton, formally Stilson, they being claimers and heirs of said lands, accordingly entered.  
Per SAMUEL PHIPPS."

One of the clerks of the Committee for Eastern Lands.
Abraham Shurte, the magistrate before whom this first American deed was attested, was a prominent man in the early days of Pemaquid. For almost fifty years he seems to have been a ruling spirit here, and his influence was for justice, peace, and good order in the settlement. This compact form of acknowledgment of a deed is still the form in common use. There was evidently no precedent for this form, or indeed for any acknowledgment whatever, as the first laws providing for authenticating deeds thus were passed in Massachusetts in 1640, and special commissioners appointed. Pemaquid, then the “Jamestown of the North,” furnishes the first deed and the first acknowledgment of it.

N. I. Bowditch, Esq., of Boston, Massachusetts, dedicates his book on Suffolk surnames as follows: “To the memory of Abraham Shurte, the father of American Conveyancing, whose name is associated alike with my daily toilet and my daily occupation.” Note that this deed was not recorded for almost a hundred years. This record was burned about 1850. The deed is probably not in existence, but attested copies are on file.

In October, 1848, the Boston Traveller published two interesting letters about Pemaquid, from Rev. J. H. Vinton, a clergyman of Bristol, Maine. Vinton states that this deed of Samoset was then extant. What a curiosity and how priceless that first deed would now be with its unique bow and arrow signature of Samoset. He lived to old age, at peace with the white men and liked by them. He told the Pilgrims at Plymouth that his home lay far to the north. “It lyeth hence a day’s sail with a great wind and five days by land,” as Bradford has recorded it. Thus Samoset figured in the two earliest settlements of New England.

There were at least three claimants to Pemaquid lands in the beginnings of the settlement. The first was one John Pierce, who held under a Patent from the Plymouth (Eng.) Council, granted June, 1621, a tract of land here. Then, as already stated, John Brown bought of Samoset, the illustrious chief of Plymouth Colony renown, and Unongoit, a tract of land twenty-five miles square. Think of the price paid and mentioned in the deed: It was fifty skins—probably beavers’ skins.

The Patent or right to the land which appears to have been the most important and most authoritative, however, is the one signed by the Earl of Warwick and Sir Ferdinando Gorges, given February 20, 1631, to Robert Aldworth and Gyles Elbridge, merchants of Bristol, England, by the authority of King Charles I. This long document, a notarial copy of which is now in the possession of the American Antiquarian Society of Worcester, Mass., commences as follows: “This indenture, made the nine and twentieth day of February Anno Dm 1631 and in the Seaventh yeere of the Reigne of our Soveraigne Lord Charles, by the grace of God King of Edgland, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the faith” etc.
Land and privileges were conferred on Aldworth and Elbridge as follows: twelve thousand acres of land for themselves; and, as their purpose stated in the patent was to bring people over to build a town, one hundred acres was allowed them for each person transported to the settlement during the next seven years, who should stay three years. They were to pay to the King one-fifth of all gold and silver ore found, and one-fifth to the Council. Two shillings rent should be gathered from every one hundred acres every September after the first seven years. They were to have the right to trade freely with the natives.

And the Patent reads, “it shall be lawful for the said Robert Alworth and Giles Elbridge, their heirs and assignees, from time to time to establish such laws and ordinances as are for the better Government of the said persons soe transported, and the same by such officer or officers as they shall by most voices Elect, and choose to putt on execution.” They were also empowered to fortify and defend the place, and appoint an attorney or agent.

Abraham Shurte was appointed the agent of the patentees. His influence extended through the next thirty or more years and whatever law and order prevailed here was largely due to him. It is known that in 1662 he was eighty years old. He is spoken of in the “History of New England”, written by Governor John Winthrop of Massachusetts. There has been continual litigation over
Old Fort as it Appeared in 1893
the different claims to this territory based on this deed and the two Patents. It is no wonder, for the sections covered overlap each other, causing confusion in boundries.

As to the number of colonists brought here by Aldworth and Elbridge, no statistics are to be had. From remains of civilization found on the spot and stray items, it is known that a goodly village for those times existed here for more than a generation. Aldworth and Elbridge used a seal with a picture of a ship upon it and its name, “Angel Gabriel.” The ship of this name started from England with passengers for Pemaquid, and was wrecked in the harbor in the terrific storm recorded as happening August 15, 1635. Several Lives were lost in this wreck. Wm. T. Haines, elected Governor of Maine in 1913, is a descendant of Deacon Haines who was wrecked in that ship. Undoubtedly other ships, perhaps many, came here, as to Plymouth and Jamestown, laden with men and women hopeful of great things in the new land.

The will of Robert Aldworth was proved in Bristol, England, January 12, 1634. He is called “Merchant and Alderman of Bristol.” Giles Elbridge is mentioned as his kinsman and named as executor. He was also heir to much of the property. One clause of the will reads as follows: “I give and bequeath unto Abraham Shurte, my servant, if he live till my decease and return to Bristol, the sum of two hundred pounds.” Shurte was certainly in
Pemaquid years before the giving up of the Patent to Aldworth and Elbridge. Without doubt they traded there before that time.

Aldworth died in 1634; Giles Elbridge in 1643. "As early as 1650 Thomas Elbridge, second son of Giles Elbridge, had his residence at Pemaquid. He inherited (after his brother John) the property here. Here he made grants of land, held courts, tried causes, and punished offenses. On December 10, 1650, he mortgaged to Abraham Shurte the island of Monhegan by a deed in

which he describes himself 'Thomas Elbridge of Pemaquid a New England merchant.' On the first day of February, 1651 or 1652, he sold to Capt. Paul White, 'one-half of the Patent and Plantation of Pemaquid.' On the 3d of September, 1657, he sold the other half to Nicholas Davison of Charlestown, who had previously purchased the first half mentioned. These deeds are on record."

Thomas Elbridge lived in Pemaquid in 1672, as his name is on a petition asking that the town and territory be taken under the protection of Massachusetts. He is reported as exercising a good influence in the settlement.
In 1632 occurred the raid on the place by Dixie Bull, a pirate of the day. Pemaquid is unique in having had four forts built and destroyed around and upon its great rock before the union of states was formed. The one which Dixie Bull and his men attacked was a rather simple affair, as is supposed, a sort of blockhouse, known, it is said, as Pemaquid or Shurt’s fort.

Not much resistance was made to the attack at first, but the people finally gathered in sufficient force to drive the pirates in hot haste to their ship. Dixie Bull’s threats to the plantations on the Maine coast further to the west aroused them to send out all the forces they could against the pirates, which were four pinnaces and shallops and about forty men.

These, constituting New England’s first naval force, lay wind bound in Pemaquid harbor three weeks. The settlement had asked also for help from Governor Winthrop at Boston. But, judging from the very leisurely way he and the good men in Boston set about the matter, it seems that the eastern settlements, of which

Chevalier D’Iberville, the French Commander who Captured Pemaquid, 1696
Pemaquid was so important, did not have the special good will of the Bostonians of that day. Dixie Bull, the pirate, met his deserts in England later on.

Shurte's fort is supposed to have lasted until the time of King Philip's war, about 1675. Just when the place reached its greatest prosperity it is hard to say. Evidently it was not much like Plymouth, with its strict laws and religious air. It was not settled by the kind of people that settled Plymouth.

Those who came to Pemaquid were many of them adventurers, traders, and fishermen, and an estimated population of five hundred people. Thornton mentions this also in his book and says at this time, 1629, Pemaquid was a larger and more important settlement than Quebec, the capital of Canada. Increasing value and population required a stronger defense, so the fort (already spoken of) was built. This was four years before the "Castle" was built at Boston.

More than one historian has described Pemaquid as lawless and disorderly. During its earlier years it was certainly so. "Weakness of authority invited lawlessness and crime, as in crude societies of primitive settlements," says Thornton.

The arrival of Shurte improved the condition of affairs; and authority was more evident after the Great Patent. "The plantation had a gradual uninterrupted growth until 1676; with commodious harbor, fort, and court of justice, it was a place of great resort and much business."

In 1664 the town came under the government of New York, as the capital of a ducal province called Cornwall, extending from the St. Croix river to the Kennebec, although the French held much of the northern part of it. This came about through the gift of this territory by King Charles II of England, to his brother, the Duke of York. The New Yorkers did not seem to burden themselves much at first with this new and distant acquisition to their domain.

King Philip's war, carried into Maine by the Massachusetts Indians, interrupted the prosperity Pemaquid had enjoyed for forty years. The people had to flee to the islands, from whence they could see the smoke of their burning homes. After the indescribable terrors of this dreadful Indian war, Governor Andros of New York caused to be erected the second fort in 1677, called, in honor of the king, Fort Charles. The quaint language of that time describes this fort as follows: "a wooden Redout with two guns aloft and an outwork with two Bastions in each of wch two great guns, and one att ye gate; fifty souldier wth sufficient ammunition, stores of warr, and spare arms, victualled for about eight months, and Royll Highness sloope wth four guns to attend ye Coast and fishery." Then the town rebuilt around it bore the name of Jamestown, after its ruler, the Duke of York, later on King James II. Until 1689 Jamestown of Pemaquid held its po-
sition as “Capital of the East.” Then came the second assault of the Indians, this time incited and aided by the French, which resulted in the entire destruction of the town and fort. Whether while under the Patent, or as Jamestown, it attained its highest prosperity, is a matter of conjecture.

Sewall, in his “Ancient Dominions” says: “Pemaquid became the metropolis of the East, and was invested with an influence and importance as the Mart of eastern trade never before attained.”

The book, “Jamestown of Pemaquid”, published in 1869 as a result of the visit there of a committee of the Maine Historical Society, contains the following conjectural description of the place, written by Mrs. M. W. Hackleton of Bristol, Maine: “It was the centre of intercourse with the natives, and the only port of entry and clearance on this eastern coast. In appearance, it probably bore a striking resemblance to some English seaport town; the houses, some of wood and some more substantial structure of stone, being built in the old English style. The streets were narrow and paved with the cobblestones of the beach. The principal street ran from the fort in a northeast direction. Two other streets ran the same course on either side of it, with cross streets at convenient intervals. In front, the harbor, filled with shipping, commanded by the guns of Fort Charles, over which waved the flag with the cross of St. George. Along the shore, the busy wharves were burdened with foreign merchandise, and the custom house opened its doors near the water’s edge. Farther back rose the dwelling of the commandant, with a paved court surrounding it on three sides. Smaller dwellings lay clustered around. In the distant background rose the dense forest. One could hear the sounds of a village: the bark of the house dog, the shout of children at their play, the sound of the hammer on the anvil, and the voice of the distant ploughman calling to his team.”

“From year to year the prosperous hamlet grew,  
The valleys echoed with the sounds of toil,  
The axe and hammer rang the forest through,  
And rich grain ripened on the virgin soil;  
The fearless hunter tracked the bounding prey,  
The fisher drew his heavy nets with glee;  
Full freighted ships came sailing up the bay,  
With costly store from lands beyond the sea.”

Who can say that this is not a true picture of Pemaquid town in her palmiest days? Perhaps it was under Shurte, the magistrate, and in the days of the great patent. It may have been under the rule of the Duke of York’s agent.

When King Charles II died and James became King, for convenience Pemaquid was annexed to Massachusetts by a royal order. But they did not escape from the rule of Governor Andros,
whom they detested, for he too was transferred to Massachusetts.

Examination of a map of the coast shows that ancient Pemaquid, or Jamestown, lay on the small peninsula bounded on its three sides by Pemaquid river, mentioned by the early explorers as “the little river of Pemaquid”; by the outer harbor and an inlet called McCaffery’s Creek. This spot comprises about eighteen acres. All around it and on the other side of the river, as well as on the islands in the bay, are found evidences of a long time ago civilization. But here on this spot was the town whose pen picture has just been drawn.

Scattered over this site are to be found today many cellars, which have become filled with the debris of many years. Some have been filled up by the people. These cellars seem to be arranged in rows, as if along a street. The paving is found intact, also. Of this more will be said further along. There is no record concerning them. The walls of these cellars are well built. After all these many years they are perfectly intact, having resisted the severe frosts. Two or three of the cellars have stone floors, and one a floor of logs. It is true that the most of these have been obliterated in the process of farming, for this peninsula has been ploughed and planted many time since houses rose here. There are affidavits on record of very old men, to the effect that there were hundreds of these cellars discernable within their recollection. There is evidence to prove that some of these were here in the time of Fort Charles, for it is known that the Indians used them as a cover in attacking the fort. Perhaps these were cellars of houses destroyed in King Philip’s war.

It is remarkable that the streets along which these cellars range, are found to be paved. People of these modern times have trod on the same stones which were pressed by the feet of those who lived and acted their part in our history so long ago. The venerable Shurte respected, revered and obeyed; some of the pilgrims, maybe, for we know they came into this section to trade; Samoset, the renowned Indian chieftain; perhaps Sir Wm. Phips, the builder of the greatest fort England then possessed in America. All these notables and many more trod these streets, undoubtedly, and knew Pemaquid as we know our towns where our lives are passed today. But now

“Green is the sod where centuries ago
The pavements echoed with the thronging feet of busy crowds.”

A portion of one of the paved streets has been laid bare, and is now exhibited in a cottage built over it. This protection was necessary, strange as it may seem, for on one occasion several feet of paving were uncovered, and every stone was carried off by relic hunters in a very short time. A depth of twelve to fifteen inches of alluvial soil covers these pavings now. It has been argued that
the well known action of earth worms throwing up soil between stones, has been, through the many years, the cause of obliterating these pavings.

Two lines of these are found on the eastern, or fort side, one on the west bank of the river. The street near the fort, now uncovered and protected by the building, is about thirty-three feet wide from gutter to gutter, and has a strip at the side eleven and one-half feet wide evidently intended for a sidewalk. These stones were carefully and strongly laid, apparently part of them in some sort of cement. The testimony of several who have tried to pry them up bears out this statement. Covered up by the gradual accumulation of soil, all knowledge of them was lost. They were discovered by the appearance of the grain growing on the peninsula. It was noticed that in certain places it grew stunted and became yellow sooner than in others, in dry seasons. A plough driven deeper than usual by one of the farmers also revealed their existence. Tons of them have been dumped into the water, and many carried away as relics.

The extent of the paving is not known. The line of what was probably the principal street of the town runs from the shore by the entrance to the fort, up to the burying ground, and pavements running at right angles to this have been found.

The sound of the anvil is mentioned in the poem. Pemaquid was able to boast of several blacksmith shops. Small pieces of iron slag and blackened soil mark their localities. Articles of iron made by hand are constantly found here. Nails, knives, shears and many other things of good workmanship digged up, give rise to the supposition that these were not all imported, but the product of these shops.

The use of tobacco seems to have been one of the European customs brought to Pemaquid. There are places here where clay pipes, much like those now in common use, were evidently manufactured. A few have been found entire; some of white imported clay, some red, made of the blue clay of the region, which turns red on being burned. Perhaps these were used in Indian trading. The business of pipe making probably thrived, for sites of two pipe manufactories have been found.

A wharf used by these ancient people has been located. In the inner harbor, on the east side, was found, some years ago, the heavy log timbers of one of the piers of this wharf. One of these was thirty inches in diameter. This pier was made by piling the logs one above the other, forming a square structure, with the ends scarfed like a log cabin. Wharves built in this manner were called cobb work wharves as they were piled up as the farmers' children pile corn cobs to build play houses. These logs, being between the highest and lowest tides, have defied time and remain as witness to the commerce once carried on over them. A part of the ancient paving extends down to this pier, and a large cellar on this
street is supposed to be that of the custom house known to be here, as Pemaquid was the only port of entry for the coast as far as the Kennebec.

The shipbuilding interests of the town have left relics, also. Near the old wharf was the shipyard, as indicated by the chips and showels that have been plowed up. Showels are pieces laid on the ground on which to rest the ends of staging poles for a ship's frame. The Massachusetts records contain notices of ships built here. One, the "James and Thomas", a sloop of thirty-five tons, built in 1695, was owned in part, as the Boston registry declares, by a Quaker.

There are several places along the shore where lie stones that have formed ballast of old ships wrecked here long ago. Sometimes the bottoms of these old ships are to be seen, and some pieces have been obtained as relics. It is a fact that this ballast is almost all of foreign stones, limestone, flint and coquina. Few foreign ships have come here since Pemaquid's golden days, over two hundred years ago. We may reasonably suppose that these stones and decaying timbers belonged also to the remote past.
"Silent are they, and yet we wish they could tell us more,  
Still is the voice, and the guiding hands,  
That shaped their course from foreign lands."

In the old burying ground, unmarked by any stone, undoubtedly were buried many of the citizens of ancient Jamestown of Pemaquid. Their lives, and the town whose remains lie all around us, belong to the same epoch. O for the romance of the novelist and the painter's skill, to produce on canvas and in story the men and women who wrought, enjoyed, and suffered here! But we can only conjecture as to filling out the record. Only one gravestone of that period has been preserved: that of Sergeant Hugh March of 1695, who, with three others, was killed on the river by the Indians. Graves have repeatedly been dug over unmarked graves. The opening of a new grave nearly always reveals the presence of human remains below.

Of course the most conspicuous and important memento of Pemaquid's past is the ruined fort. People in the region commonly speak of the place as the fort. These ruins were completely cov-
ered up by the soil and bushes for many years, although very old residents remembered seeing the ruined walls when they were children. About thirty-five years ago a movement was made by the Maine Historical Society to excavate and examine them. Something was then done in this direction. Much more has since been accomplished by the efforts of Mr. J. H. Cartland, who went there to live about 1888, and becoming interested, has devoted much time to unearthing the secrets of Pemaquid’s past. His “Ten Years at Pemaquid”, a second edition called “Twenty Years at Pemaquid”, was published in 1914, is the only book giving details of the findings here. To the author of this book credit is given for facts in this article.

An immense rock near the shore of the outer harbor has been the corner, or bastion, of two, at least, of the four forts. The ruins now visible are chiefly those of Fort William Henry. Fort Frederic was only a new name for Fort William Henry, when it was rebuilt in 1729. Fort Charles was destroyed in 1689. Sir William Phips, famous and rich by his find of Spanish gold in the West Indian sea, became governor of Massachusetts, gained victories over the French further North, which restored these lands to the English. He obtained permission of the English government, also men and money, to enable him to construct a mighty fortification at Pemaquid. Phips was a native of the section of which this town was the chief center, or capital. For particulars regarding this fort, which was great and strong for those days, we are indebted to Rev. Cotton Mather, the famous minister of Boston, Mass., who described it in his “Magnalia Christi Americana,” or “The Ecclesiastical History of New England.” Mather represents it as built to safeguard against further attacks of the French and Indians. Phips took a force of 450 men, under three captains, to build this fort, and it was finished in 1692. “They did in a few months,” says Mather, “dispatch a service for the King with a prudence and industry and thriftiness greater than any reward they ever had for it.” His description of the fort, written at about the time of its building, is as follows:

DESCRIPTION OF FORT WILLIAM HENRY

“The fort called the William Henry was built of stone, in a quadrangle figure, being about seven hundred feet in compass, without the outer walls, and an hundred and eight foot square within the inner ones; twenty-eight ports it had, and fourteen (if not eighteen) guns mounted, whereof eight were eighteen pounders. The wall on the south line, fronting to the sea, was twenty-two feet high, and more than six feet thick at the ports, which were eight feet from the ground. The greater flanker, or round tower at the western end of this line, was twenty-nine feet high. The wall on the north line was ten, on the east twelve, and on the west it was eighteen. It was computed that in the whole there
were laid above two thousand cartloads of stone. It stood about a score of rods from high water mark, and it had generally at least sixty men posted in it for its defence, which if they were men, might easily have maintained it against more than twice six hundred assailants."

Mather goes on to speak of the poor recompense for building this fort, in that, although it did dismay their enemies for a time and bring peace to the country, yet there were continual murmurings about the great expense of maintaining it; and he regards its beginning as unlucky, and writes this prophecy: "Fort William Henry, thou hast not long to live! Before the year ninety-six expire, thou shalt be demolished." This is rather remarkable in view of the facts. The French came quickly in their ships to view and possibly attack this very formidable barrier, but made no attempt on it then. It was a menace to them, however, and they continually plotted its destruction. At length, four years later, in 1696, they were ready for a trial of their strength against it. They claimed the territory to the Kennebec river, but the English disputed this claim. Thus there was always contention between them, and the Indians sided with the French. Pemaquid was the buffer between them.

Fort William Henry was designed, therefore, "to declare and to maintain the claim and the rights of the English to the eastern territory, and to restrain the Indians from encroachment on the western settlements." From French documents, copies of which are to be found in the Boston Public Library, the whole plan for the reduction of the fortress is revealed. Two ships were to attack it by sea, simultaneously with an investment by land. August 13, 1696, the expedition set out under Baron de Castine, the ships being 'L'envieux' and "La Profonde", commanded by Sieur D'Iberville, later of Louisiana renown. Two hundred Indians accompanied them. New Harbor, on the east side of Pemaquid, was made the base of the land attack, while the ships started around Pemaquid Point to attack by sea. Off the point they encountered two small English ships and a tender. One of these they captured, thus adding strength to their squadron.

Just before night of the 13th of August, they got into position before the fort and demanded its surrender. Pasco Chubb, the commander of the fort, had the thick walls around him, ninety-two men, bomb-proof magazine, and plenty of provisions. He boastfully said, "I shall not give up this fort, though the sea were covered with French vessels and the land with wild Indians." The battle commenced, but night soon stopped the fight. During the darkness the French set up a strong battery of cannon and mortars on the bank directly opposite the fort, and as soon as light came renewed the attack from all sides with great fury. The cannon balls must have flown thickly, for hundreds have been
plowed up in recent years. Barrels of them have been sold as junk.

But the French had their mortars trained on the fort and commenced to throw bomb shells into it. This was an unknown mode of warfare to those in the fort. When these shrieking, hissing, and terribly effective missiles came into it they caused the utmost consternation, mostly among the people of the town who had taken refuge there. So great was this as to unnerve the boastful Chubb, who was soon ready to accept the terms made by the letter Castine had contrived to send, in telling them that if they would surrender now they might go safely, but no quarter would be given if they made him take the fort by assault.

So this great fortification, "the strongest the British had in America", which cost nearly £20,000, was delivered up with hardly any resistance, and Mather’s prophecy was fulfilled. The French only demolished the top of it down to the portholes.

The story of the "Capital of the East" may be said to end here. Other places were surpassing it in importance and size. It may be said to have accomplished its work. "For several generations," said Rev. Mr. Vinton, "it had been the bulwark of English colonization in this part of the world."

For many years it lay desolate, notwithstanding the effort, by the English Board of Trade and Governor Dudley of Massachusetts, to rebuild. In 1729, Dunbar, under royal patronage, did rebuild the fort, which was then named Fort Frederic, after the Prince of Wales. It was garrisoned and did a good work as a refuge to the scattered colonists during the Indian outbreaks from 1730 to the Revolution. Then the walls were torn down by the Americans when the revolution began in 1775 so that the British might not use the fort. Time passed swiftly on and oblitered Pemaquid from the minds of all except a few industrious "fossils", as our earnest historians are sometimes dubbed.

Interest is now awakening in the Jamestown of Maine, once "the metropolitan of these parts before Boston was settled", as the people once called it in a petition in 1682. It is impossible to deny that on this small peninsula in the beautiful bay are "early footprints of the nation."

"Pemaquid, the focus of our strategy, the theatre of war, and the seat of our frontier trade, with its perished village and decayed forts, attracts our attention but defies consecutive narrative.

Buried from sight and known to but few unappreciative persons for many years, these mute evidences detailed here deserve more of our attention and study, for this place helped to make Maine a star in our flag.

It is pleasant to tell that the old Castle has recently been restored upon its original foundations, which were found buried eight feet deep, and were strong and substantial enough to sup-
port the structure rebuilt. In the Castle is ample room for the preservation of the many relics, now, and in future collected, and for a collection as complete as possible, of the literature bearing on Pemaquid’s history.

May the plans be carried out that the “Capital of the East”, the “Jamestown of the North”, may not again be buried and forgotten, but be the place of greatest interest to the ever-increasing company of summer residents and visitors who sojourn along these entrancing shores and around these noble bays and rivers.
Ancient Pavings of Pemaquid

By J. H. CARTLAND

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Sidewalk of Ancient Pavings

Ancient Pavings
Ancient Pavings of Pemaquid

Mystery of — Extent of — Fine Workmanship — Protection of the pavings — Why so little can be exhibited — Cobble and flatstone paving — Depth beneath the soil — How has it become buried — Evidence of Mr. James Partridge and his brother — First discovery by ploughing — Evidence of Capt. L. D. McLain, J. B. Fitch and others — Digging up one of the paved streets — First indicated by stunted vegetation during drought — Report of Maine Historical Society of August 25th and 26th, 1869.

Green is the sod, where centuries ago,
   The pavement echoed with the thronging feet
Of busy crowds that hurried to and fro,
   And met and parted in the city street;
Here, where they lived, all holy thoughts revive,
   Of patient striving and of faith held fast;
Here, where they died, their buried records live;
   Silent they speak from out the shadowy past.

M. W. Hackelton

The greatest mystery of all the relics found at old Pemaquid within the last century are her wonderful and extensive pavings, beyond the reach of any recorded history yet brought to light, as to their origin, and yet showing where the people have left them as originally laid, the best specimens of that kind of work done with natural stone as I have ever seen. The extent and workmanship which I have been able to examine a portion of, in three different localities, two on the east and one on the west side of the river, indicate the settlement of a people well advanced in civilization.

Having heard much about the paved streets before I commenced investigations here I have taken much pains to obtain correct information concerning the history as far back as possible and with the time and means at my disposal to examine all that has been exposed during the last decade.

As soon as my health would permit after coming here, I began excavations and work on a cottage to cover a small portion of the pavings and preserve the relics found in the vicinity. Mr. Partridge kindly showed me a convenient spot and gave me the free
use of it. "But" said he, speaking from his past experience, "it will be no use for you to uncover it unless you can protect it with a building for the relic hunters will carry away every stone you uncover unless you protect them."

I did not have the funds to pay for a very elaborate building; but after some delay put up a structure 12 x 15 feet, and one story, using the paving for the floor and on shelves placed relics and curiosities that were gathered here, forming a sort of museum and named it the "Paving Cottage". I could only exhibit a small piece some 10 x 12 feet square, as the platform on which people stood to view it with rail in front to keep them from going on to it, covered a part from view.

This was not satisfactory to me or all of my visitors, rather a small exhibit where so much had been claimed and some would naturally say, "Well they might have laid that some time in the night to have it on exhibition." But I knew that there was more of it joining what I had on exhibition, for by having a narrow trench dug at right angles from the fine cobble-stones toward the fort foundations I found paving extending that way thirty-three feet with a good water course and curbstone on the outer edges. This was of flat stones filled in with some cobbles from the shore to make it all compact.

I finally got permission of the heirs of Mr. Partridge, he having died in 1888, to uncover more of the paving and I then had the building moved to the northern edge of it and enclosed it with a fence and having a raised platform over it. This gives visitors a good opportunity to view and examine both kinds of stone work. So we now have on exhibition what appears to be a short section of a street about ten feet above high water mark, leading down a fine easy sloping field toward a small beach, an inbent line of the harbor shore, a pretty place to bathe and where the children love to play and build forts of the fine white sand, in summer.

The larger stones form what we term the main street, which is thirty-three feet in width including the gutters, or water courses. The finer work of cobble-stones evidently taken from the beach near by is eleven and one-half feet wide. The longer cobbles were selected and placed across the sidewalk on lines two feet and one-half apart, then the space filled in with smaller ones. One row is laid diagonally as if to form the corner of a square yard, and it might have been thus fancifully done because it was the front yard paving of some former mansion; no prettier place could have been found along the shore, and it was in close proximity to the fort. The other part we found to be laid in sections, when we got it swept off, for no one can see the fine workmanship until the seams are cleared of soil and all swept off, because the uneven stones could not be laid level like flat ones. Unobserving people would pass over that exposed by the plough because the plough can go no lower than the tops of the highest stones, leaving all others entirely covered with soil.
All this work was done systematically for I found by measurements that the larger paving sloped from the center either way to the gutters which are nicely laid with selected stone for the curbing and finer cobbles for the center all compactly placed, and served to drain both parts of the pavings, which were found to be twelve inches beneath the soil at the center, and fifteen at the edges. That is not a great depth compared with volcanic burials of ancient streets or localities that have the wash of running water; but for this locality it seems deep, being on a nearly level field and in other places on the very highest part of the peninsula on which the former settlement stood.

At first I thought it might have been caused by decayed vegetable matter which had, year by year for centuries, accumulated there but I gave up that theory when I found it was covered with rich soil well mixed with coarse and fine gravel. It is now thought to be the work of angle or earth worms and that theory has some foundation from the fact that every spring and fall they throw up the soil between the cobbles so that we have frequently to sweep it off and take it away to prevent the stones from being completely hidden from view.

This corresponds with experiments made by Prof. Darwin some years ago with a piece of board which he laid flat on the soil in his garden; the worms soon covered it from view with soil which they brought to the surface. Few people can realize the amount of work these little earth worms do unless they study their habits.

**MR. PARTRIDGE’S EVIDENCE**

As we walked up the field from the shore where the cottage now stands Mr. Partridge said, "I have traced the paving up through this field by ploughing and digging to the road; and from there on to where the gates of the forts were located in front of the old house, then out to the burying-ground. I have tried several times to plough them out in that field but found them so large that the only way to get rid of them was to dig them up and haul them away. Some years ago a gentleman from Bangor, Maine, came here and stopped several weeks making surveys and a plan of the pavings found here. He was an invalid and I used to have to help him out of bed in the morning." I could not get any information about this person on the results of his work as Mr. Partridge had forgotten his name.

J. Reed Partridge, a brother of the above named James, now residing at Bremen, went over this field with me and pointed out the locality of the main street as he saw it when he helped his brother to plough up the field many years ago.

**CAPT. LORENZO D. McLAIN’S EVIDENCE**

He is a boat builder and has resided at the Beach many years. One day, about three years ago he surprised me by bounding in
through the doorway of the Paving Cottage and with a pleasant salutation said, as he made a solid landing on the platform with both feet at once, "There! this is the first time I have ever been inside of this building since you put it up."

After examining the relics and pavings he gave me the following information: "When I was a small boy, about 1855 I think it was, I helped your uncle Jim plough this field. He had got a new No. 8 plough and was going to plough his land deeper than he had been doing. He had Capt. Alfred Bradley (still living) and Willard Jones with two yoke of oxen, and my job was to hold down the plough beam and keep it clear.

"Every time we came 'round on this side of the field the plough would come up some ways in spite of all we could do and it appeared to slide along on something like a ledge, but we could not think a ledge would be so even.

"At last he got out of patience and turning to me said 'Jemes rice', that was his swear expression; 'boy, go up to the barn and get a hoe and the crowbar and we will see what there is here.' Then we found this paving and where we first cleared it off it seemed to be laid in cement and we had to dig a long time with the crowbar before we could get out the first stone."

When we uncovered the larger stone paving I found it had the appearance of having been disturbed on the part now covered by the platform. I inquired of Capt. McLain about that. "O!" said he, "that is the work of the relic hunters. When uncle Jim first found this he opened quite a piece and left it uncovered. One day I came along here and found that the relic hunters had dug out the smaller stones and taken them away; then uncle Jim had to cover it up to save it."

By examining the soil where the stone had been taken out I found brick, charcoal and other indications that the paving had been laid over ruins of some former structure as I have before found relics beneath stone-work that showed plainly that the last structure was erected over the ruins of some previous one. This goes to prove the history of the place stating that it has been repeatedly built up and destroyed.

Mrs. Everett Lewis told me of indications of cellars, a fireplace, etc., found alongside this paving many years ago.

David Chamberlain, Esq., of this town, an aged gentleman now residing at Round Pond, Maine, pointed out a spot near the road and on a line with the paving now uncovered, where he uncovered a portion of the cobbles in 1869, to exhibit to the Members of the Maine Historical Society. Said he, "I uncovered a piece there in the morning thirty feet long and before night every stone was taken away."

Capt. Joseph B. Fitch of Chicago who used to trade here, visited the place a few years ago and kindly went with me over the old paved streets leading out to the burying-ground and pointed out
the spots where, when a boy, he used to pick raspberries from bushes that grew up beside the curbstones of the street which were afterward hauled away to the river bank.

Mr. Nathan Goold of Portland informed me that he visited Pemaquid about twenty-five years ago and Capt. Patrick Tukey showed him pavings on that street and also between the cellars. Said he, "I think those people must have been paving cranks to have paved their streets and between their houses too."

In the testimony given by Mr. Henry Varley in the account of the celebration given here in 1871, there were three points left unsatisfactory to me, in his statement that, "I was engaged with other men more than one week in digging up the pavement of one street."

That account failed to locate the street, give the number of men employed or tell what they did with the paving stone. One day Capt. Patrick Tukey of Long Cove came here to look over the ruins with me and when standing upon the old Rock and gazing over the field he remarked, "I used to work on this place many years ago for Capt. Nichols."

I inquired "Did you ever see any one digging up any of the paved streets here?"

"Oh! yes I remember that Mr. Varley dug up one that ran from the shore to the burying-ground."

"How many men did he have employed with him?"

"Well, I can't just remember but three or four I should say."

"What did they do with the stone, Captain?"

"Well they had a cart and oxen and after they dug them up with their pickaxes and crowbars they put them in the cart and hauled them to the shore and dumped them over the bank."

I was pleased to obtain this statement because it gave more definite information and confirmed my idea that it must have been a street with a steep grade where the soil had not gathered over it sufficiently deep to admit of cultivation without reaching it.

I have heard it said that the first indications of paving seen by recent settlers was on a field of grain where during a drought, that above the paving suffered most, and being stunted plainly marked its outline. By that means we have been able to plainly trace all the buried walls of the fort, and the cellars can be traced with much more accuracy when the grass is short in spring or soon after being mowed over.

Mr. John Blaisdell, who now resides near here on the old Col. Brackett estate, once showed me where Mr. Partridge ploughed over a cross street leading down from the main street toward the river, perhaps two-thirds of the distance from the old barn to the burying-ground. "I was driving the cattle" said he, "and the plough struck the edge of a flat stone and turned it out from among the rest, and uncle Jim made me stop the cattle and he went back and put the stone in its place again."
About three years ago I had an opportunity to examine a portion of the main street pavings which were exposed well out toward the old cemetery when the field was ploughed. It was in quite good condition and paved with quite large cobbles.

Beside the many places where I have examined it, I have been shown another place where it was found on the bank of a small sandy cove, near the present village, and close to the residence of Capt. George R. McLain and Llewellyn McLain. The paving found up the river will come under an account of a trip to the Pemaquid Falls, three miles up this noted winding river.

I will close this chapter by a quotation from the report of the Maine Historical Society of August 25 and 26, 1869, by the Secretary, Mr. Edward Ballard:

"By the diligence of some members of the local committee, a portion of the paved street has been laid bare by the removal of the superincumbent soil, to the depth of eight to eighteen inches, over which the ploughshare had often been driven in former years. The regular arrangement of the beach-stones, the depression for the water course to the shore, the curbstones, the adjoining foundation-stones of the cellars still in place, articles of household furniture and implements of the artisan, all these and other concurring facts proved, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that a European community had dwelt on this spot, and had made this long street in imitation of what they had left in the mother land."
Jamestown of Pemaquid

BY

Mrs. MARIA W. HACKELTON

I.
The summer fields in quiet beauty sleep,
The shining river widens to the bay,
And glimmering sails float idly on the deep,
Where rocks the fisher through the dreamy day;
The white clouds sweep across the changeful sky,
The eagle soars majestic from the weir,
Wild odors of the woods go drifting by,
With song of birds and laughing echoes clear.

II.
The restless sea resounds along the shore,
The light land-breeze floats outward with a sigh,
And each to each seems chanting evermore
A mournful memory of the days gone by;
All underneath these tufted mounds of grass
Lies many a relic, many a storied stone,
And pale ghosts rise as lingering footsteps pass
The ruined fort with tangled vines o'ergrown.

III.
Green is the sod where, centuries ago,
The pavements echoed with the thronging feet
Of busy crowds that hurried to and fro,
And met and parted in the city street;
Here, where they lived, all holy thoughts revive,
Of patient striving and of faith held fast;
Here, where they died, their buried records live;
Silent they speak from out the shadowy past.

IV.
The white-winged ships slow sailing toward the west
To lands unknown, from Old World shores afar,
In search of fairer climes and homes more blest,
Seen but in dreams, like some bright distant star,
Cast anchor here; sad eyes, with watching dim,
Beheld these shores in native wildness clad,
And thanks arose in many a joyful hymn:
The land was goodly, and their hearts were glad.
Thus smoothly passed their lives of calm content,
Their days of peace, their nights of safe repose,
Ere foreign foes, on murderous errand bent,
Began the lingering torture of their woes;
The hunter found a welcome frank and free,
Where painted braves in smoky wigwam hid,
And oft beneath the settler’s household tree
Sat Samoset, the “Lord of Pemaquid.”

The light canoe, swift gliding o’er the tide,
Bore curious treasures from the wilds along,
And through the echoing forest wandering wide,
The Indian maiden sang her plaintive song;
The star-eyed daisies bloomed in valleys fine,
The scarlet lilies flamed among the trees,
And spicy breath of hemlock and of pine
Came wafted sweet on every passing breeze.

Happy the lives that drew to peaceful close
Before the dawning of a darker day;
No cry of horror broke their deep repose,
No midnight tocsin called them to the fray,
When wild the war-whoop clove the quivering air,
With crash of cannon and the trumpet’s clang,
When wails of women and the voice of prayer
With moans of death through fair Mavooshen rang.

The frantic mother wept and prayed in vain,
While savage hands the smiling infant slew,
And burning ruin smoked along the plain,
So wild, so sharp, the fiendish warfare grew;
And o’er the sea the darkening horror swept,
Where flame-wreathed vessels battled all in vain,
And o’er the land pale Fear and Famine crept,
Dark Desolation’s slow and silent train.

Then sad and lingering was the sure decay,
That dragged the dying city to its doom,
Till this fair valley where we walk today,
From hill to river, blossomed o’er a tomb;
The happy homes so bright, so full of song,
Lie mouldering here beneath the crumbling clay;
The happy hearts, with faith and courage strong,
Sleep on beside them, cold and still as they.
How calm they lie! how sweet they sleep!
A silent age of dreamless rest;
While viewless hosts forever keep
Their loving guard around the blest.
The sun and cloud above them pass,
The moonbeam silvers o'er their graves,
The wind creeps sighing through the grass,
And rocks resound with dash of waves.
And still, as in those distant years,
The wild rose blossoms o'er the plain;
The robin still the summer cheers,
Sweeps on the river, falls the rain.
The rolling years like dreams go by,
And life glides swiftly to its goal.
And swifter than the eagles fly
Comes on the triumph of the soul,—
When faith and love like stars shall shine
Immortal o'er decay and gloom,
And human hope, like flowers divine,
In gardens of our God shall bloom.

XV.
Smile on, fair river, flowing to the sea,
And chant, O sea, your anthem evermore;
Seasons shall roll, and human life shall be
Golden with hope as life hath been before;
The sacred records of the dead remain,
And faithful history calls them from the past;
Their feet shall tread with ours the distant plain,
Whose shining space outspreads sublime and vast.

XVI.
The tumult of the nations rises still,
The shout of war, the grateful hymn of peace;
The torch of science gleams from hill to hill,
While glowing stores in realms of art increase;
And some more prosperous city yet may rise
O'er ancient Jamestown with its field of graves,
And passing ships may hail with glad surprise
Its white towers gleaming o'er the glittering waves.
NOTES

Verse I. "The eagle soars," etc.—The white-headed eagle and the fishing eagle are common to this region, and on almost any pleasant day may be seen soaring above the waters of the river and harbor of Pemaquid.

Verse IX. "The grand church service," etc.—The following extract was taken from the "Pemaquid Papers," pp. 79, 80; "And for the promoting of piety it is requisite that a person be appointed by the Commissioners to read prayers and the holy Scriptures."—Me. Hist. Coll. vol. v. A paper in manuscript is still preserved showing that this was carried out. *Ibid.* vol. vi. p. 191. It would appear therefore, that "the rites and services of the Church of England were the established religious feature of the population of Jamestown at Pemaquid."—Sewall's *Ancient Dominions of Maine*, p. 184.

Verse X. "Pemaquid."—This aboriginal name has been transmitted in several different forms, of which the present has been the most enduring. It denotes the character of the stream as it "bends" around the headlands in its tidal flow to the ocean; and, as the word means, it may be fitly called "The Winding River."

Verse XI. "The star-eyed daisies bloomed," etc.—It is said the daisy is not a native of this soil, but was brought from England in the earliest days of the settlement, and planted in gardens. From these they spread so rapidly that soon the fields and meadows were white with them. They are now the most common flower in the Maine fields, and are known by the familiar name of "white weed." The scarlet lily is a native of these woods, and during the month of August the forests and fields are brilliant with its showy blossoms.

Verse XII. "Mavooshen."—Of the several modes of writing this word, found in ancient narratives, this form, though not the most accurate, is the best adapted to poetic measure. The name "Ma-woo-then" originally denoted a locality, but was extended by Europeans to embrace the chief part of the coast of Maine.

Verse XIV. "From hill to river, blossoms o'er a tomb."—The ground once occupied by the city of Jamestown might at most be said to constitute a vast graveyard. The proprietors of the soil, within the last half century, have found graves in almost every part of its territory.