Agamenticus
The Silent Watcher

MARSHALL HOUSE

EDWARD S. MARSHALL
PROPRIETOR

York Harbor
Maine

THIS house is located at York Harbor, Maine, at its very mouth, on an elevated point of land commanding an ocean and inland scenery unsurpassed on the Atlantic seaboard. The "Short Sands," a firm, hard beach, lies immediately in front of the house, so sheltered by projecting points that the heavy sea swells never interfere with bathing or boating. The sea view is extensive; from the cupola an unlimited sea stretch can be observed from Kittery harbor on the south to Cape Porpoise on the northeast. Inland the scenery is delightful. A *telephone* and *telegraph office* located in the house. A *Livery Stable* in proximity. The *bathing* facilities are excellent.

Lawn Tennis Grounds
Barber Shop, Billiard and
Dance Hall are connected
with the house.

HOUSE AND GROUNDS
LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY

THE MARSHALL HOUSE COACHES
CONNECT WITH ALL
TRAINS AT YORK HARBOR STATION

"For thorough work in all kinds of Plumbing Mr. Paul cannot be excelled anywhere in southeastern Maine." Chas. Sawyer, Journalist.

Cottagers, hotel people and those contemplating building should inspect the *Superb Plumbing work* done by

W. E. Paul

of Portsmouth and York Beach, in the *new hotel* at York Long Beach, known as the

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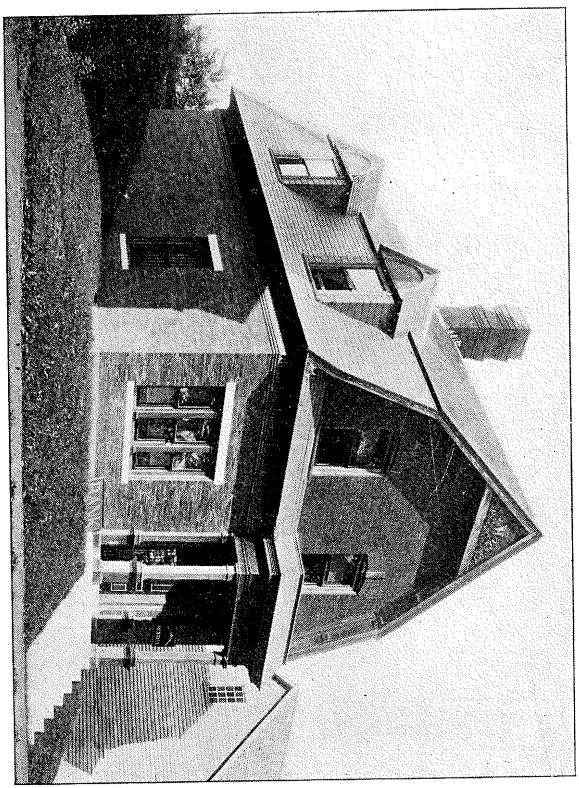
OCEAN AVENUE, YORK BEACH

ALSO, HARDWARE, PLUMBING AND KITCHEN FURNISHING GOODS ON RAILROAD AVE., YORK BEACH

MAIN OFFICE, MARKET ST., PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

The York County National Bank of York Village Maine



This bank was incorporated Feb. 1, 1893. It was founded by James T. Davidson, who has been its president since its organization. Notwithstanding the fact that during the past three years of prolonged business depression banks have not, generally speaking, made any money, this bank has at each annual meeting shown satisfactory earnings and increased surplus and deposits. Its business has been steadily gaining since the day of its organization. The bank has one of the most modern and best vaults in the State, and rents safety deposit boxes to its patrons.

C. E. Manock

THE SILENT WATCHER.

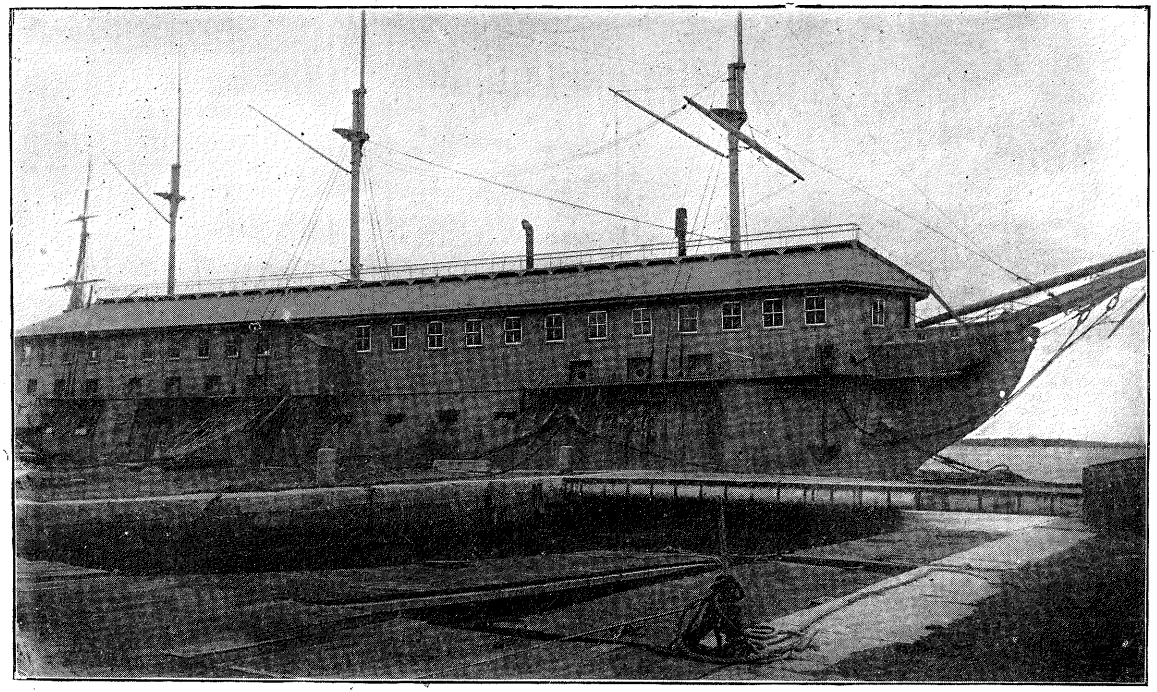


Photo. by DAVIS BROS.,
Portsmouth, N. H.

OLD IRONSIDES.
"A National pride, not a local relic."

THE

SILENT WATCHER

OR

YORK AS SEEN FROM AGAMENTICUS

By SYBIL WARBURTON

Giving a Glimpse into its Past History as the City of Gorgeana, with a Few Suggestive Pictures of the Town at the Present Time

BOSTON
1897

SPECIAL AGENTS FOR NEW HAMPSHIRE FOR **HOUSEHOLD** AND **CYCLONE RANGES**

The Portsmouth Furniture Co.

A Complete Line of House Furnishing Goods

COR. DEER AND VAUGHAN STREETS
Opp. B. & M. R.R. Depot

Portsmouth, N.H., July 26, 1897

CITIZENS OF YORK:

We greatly appreciate the generous patronage of the citizens of York and vicinity, and hope to be able, by strict attention to business and square dealings, to greatly increase our business in the future.

Your obedient servant,

NATHANIEL A. WALCOTT,

Proprietor.

CONTENTS.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY LOVING FATHER

WILLIAM HENRY FERNALD,

WHO WAS BORN IN THE ANCIENT TOWN OF YORK,

I dedicate this Book.

HE IT WAS WHO FIRST POINTED OUT ITS BEAUTIES,
TAUGHT ME TO LISTEN TO THE "VOICE OF NATURE"
IN THE SIGHING PINE AND THE MURMUR OF THE SEA,
AND BEHOLD THE HAND OF GOD IN ALL HIS WONDERFUL CREATIONS;
TOLD ME
OLD TALES AND LEGENDS OF ITS PAST THAT GILD ITS MEMORY
AS THE SETTING SUN GILDS THE PURPLE CLOUDS IN THE WESTERN SKY
ERE IT PASSES BEYOND THE LIMIT OF OUR EARTHLY VISION.

"THE SEA WAS LOVED BY ONE THAT I LOVED
AND SO IT IS LOVED BY ME."

SYBIL WARBURTON.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE SILENT WATCHER.

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

SIR FERDINAND DE GORGES (a favorite of Charles I) in company with John Mason received a grant of territory in America, lying between the Merrimac and St. Lawrence Rivers, of which he took for his share that part lying north of the Piscataqua River, and embracing what is now the State of Maine. He selected from this portion that part lying north of the York River (then called Organug) for the site of a city which he named Gorgeana, in honor of himself. This part comprised a territory of twenty-one square miles, having a seaboard of three miles, and extending in an oblong shape back into the country seven miles, with the river for its southern boundary.

At that time it was a small settlement designated on the map as Boston, and known as Agamenticus, probably receiving its name from the lonely mountain four miles distant from the sea. It was first settled in 1623, but not until 1639 was it incorporated into a city.

An elaborate map was drawn, with streets laid off in squares; and a city government chosen, corresponding with the government of cities in the mother country; and Gorges being an ardent churchman, the Episcopal faith was promulgated, and its church located in the supposed center of the future city.

All its officers were elected, and preparations made to build

a city that would rival those of Massachusetts, or, rather, rival those large towns already giving promise of a golden future. But, after frequent mishaps, with which that ambitious governor was continually meeting, this government went to pieces in this beautiful territory of "New Somersetshire," and in 1652 the claim was disposed of by his heirs to the Massachusetts Bay Company, and the name changed to York, in honor of the young Prince, a name to which it has since adhered. It has always held a prominent place, and has a phœnix-like habit of rising from its own ashes with renewed life each time.

Mt. Agamenticus is a beautiful little triple mountain of 620 feet, being composed of three hills, and is the last sigh of an expiring upheaval of Nature. It is a landmark for sailors, and was first discovered by Gosnold, in 1602, who is supposed to have landed at the Nubble, and to have named it Savage Rock.

Again, in 1605, the Isle of Shoals was seen by the French navigator, Pierre de Guast, Sieur de Monte, and as these islands are only twelve miles distant probably this mountain also crossed his vision. Later on, these islands were really discovered and named by the famous Capt. John Smith, who christened them Smith's Isles. They were never distinguished by that title, although a marble shaft to his memory has been placed on Star Island.

He came with two vessels, the Speedwell and the Discoverer, commanded by Capt. Thomas Hunt, and after dropping anchor in the Piscataqua, took a small boat, a ship's yawl, and, accompanied by eight men, proceeded to skirt the coast from the Penobscot Bay to Cape Cod. The first map of this part of the country was made by him, which, being submitted to Prince Charles, he christened the territory "New England." Portsmouth was designated as Hull, and Kittery and York as

Boston. Capt. John Smith was an intimate friend of Sir Ferdinand De Gorges.

This part of the country was then inhabited by a tribe of Indians called the "Medocs," and a counterpart tribe still exists in California, on the Pacific. On the mountain resided a lone priest, called St. Aspinquid, who died in 1686, much lamented by all the neighboring tribes, and a great concourse of Indians were present at his burial. Several large flat stones on the top of the mountain are said to be altar stones on which their sacrifices were made.

The history of this wonderful saint, who had for so many years dwelt on the lonely mountain, is surrounded by a mysterious haze, like to the haze that veils the mount on which he dwelt. In a book published in the early part of this century, I find it stated that "an Indian named St. Aspinquid died May 1, 1686, on Mount Agamenticus, Maine, where he had lived in solitude for many years." It is also stated that "he was born in 1588, and was over forty years old when converted to Christianity, and that from that time spent his life preaching the gospel to the Indians. That his funeral was attended by many sachems of warrior tribes, and celebrated by a grand hunt of the warriors in which were slain 99 bears, 36 moose, 82 wildcats, 38 porcupine, and a long list of other animals of various names."

The writer, who copies from "Farmer and Moore's Historical Collections," suggests that this venerable saint was no other than the renowned Passaconaway, or his son, Wonolanset, who had made Mount Agamenticus his retreat during or subsequent to King Philip's War, and that the former had obtained his new name from his friends, the English. He says: "It would certainly appear remarkable that such particulars should be related of the death of a man never before heard of, and that his age and reputation, his exertions to keep peace

with the English, also the date of his alleged conversion (which was the same as his first acquaintance with the whites in 1629), agree strikingly with that of Passaconaway." The writer also relates the story of Weetamo, Passaconaway's daughter, since celebrated in verse in 1848 by the beloved poet Whittier. He also quotes from an ancient tract called "The Light Appearing," in which Passaconaway gives some sound advice to the Apostle Eliot, concerning the long intermissions between his preachings, in which he asserts that that apostle should linger long enough among them to approve what he asserted, and wait long enough for those prayers he had offered to be answered.

The first Congregational Church was established in 1672. Its first pastor, Rev. Shuball Dummer, a graduate of Harvard, married Annie Rishworth, daughter of Edward Rishworth, a member of the former city government. He was an able man and continued many years in the ministry. He was killed in the Indian raid in 1692, when mounting his horse at his own door to go on his pastoral duties. In this terrible massacre the town was nearly wiped out, nearly half its inhabitants being killed or carried into captivity. Only a few houses were left standing, these being the garrisoned houses. For years after, the male attendants at church always took their guns with them, leaving them inside the door, that they might not be again taken by surprise.

In 1732, a second church was organized in the Scotland district, and Rev. Joseph Moody, son of "Father Moody" (who had succeeded Parson Dummer), installed as pastor. The first Methodist Church was erected in 1833, but services had been held in various places for three or four years previous. The second Methodist Church was built in Scotland the same year. The Freewill Baptists had a church built about 1810, and until within a few years have worshiped

there. Five years ago, a new and elegant church was erected at York Corner.

In 1822, a Methodist church was erected in Cape Neddick, but the following year they joined with the Baptist society, and both societies worship together under the same roof. No material change is visible in the exterior of the other churches, but it would be hard for an early worshiper to recognize the interior of the several buildings. The early Episcopal Church vanished with the brilliant dreams of the first "Lord Proprietor" but to meet the wants of the summer visitor, the beautiful St. George's Church has arisen near the site of the residence of the first Congregational pastor, Rev. Shuball Dummer. A Union Church has been erected at York Beach to meet the wants of the new settlement.

Schools were organized at an early date, but in 1711 they were made free to all at the expense of the town. There are fifteen districts, and a high school for advanced pupils.

The gaol was built in 1653, and is still standing. Time has dealt kindly with this venerable building, which still stands, a quaint old structure linking the present with the past. Nearly opposite, on the "common," stands the courthouse, built, in 1811, on the site of the old one, but since remodeled in 1873, and an addition made in 1894.

In 1676 when, for the sum of twelve hundred and fifty pounds, the heirs of Sir Ferdinand de Gorges sold the whole province of Maine to Massachusetts, the little town fell into a peaceful slumber beside the faithful sea. The War of the Revolution roused it from its apathy, and many soldiers went forth in the cause of the patriots. Shipping industries throve, and vessels were built and launched on the little river to trade and bear occasional passengers to the various ports on the coast. After a while this, too, declined, and again the town fell into the dreamy quiet of a country town.

In 1857 the town was visited by several wealthy gentlemen, with enough of leisure to appreciate the natural beauties of the place, and with the advent of the "summer boarder," the again discovered country was awakened. Houses on the river and near the sea were in demand as summer boarding-places, and with this new demand came the hotel and summer cottage.

In 1865 the son of Prof. Lord of Dartmouth College built and occupied a beautiful cottage at the "Long Sands," on the Bartlett House site, which has since been burned. In 1868 the Bowden House was built at Cape Neck by Mr. Moffitt Bowden. Then the "Marshall House," and "Sea Cottage," by Mr. Nathaniel G. Marshall and Mr. Charles Grant, respectively, in the winter of 1871, and after that hotels and cottages galore.

A brickyard was opened in 1868, by Mr. Norton, and located near the spot where the deputed governor of Sir Ferdinand lived in state. Mr. Norton resides in a beautiful modern house near the York Harbor railroad station. In 1887, a railroad was built from Portsmouth to York Beach. The courthouse was restored, old churches remodeled and new ones built. In 1896, water from Chase's Pond was brought into the town and a water-tower erected at the Harbor. Hon. E. S. Marshall has erected an electric light plant near by, and the "New City" promises a more golden future than the past.

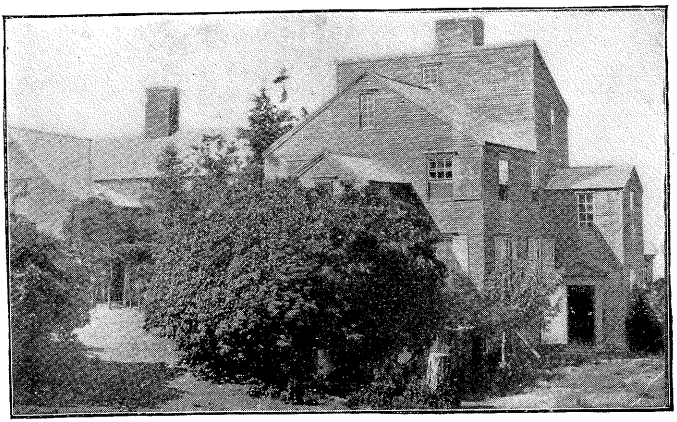
THE WINDS' VOICES.

FROM his icy home, 'neath the polar star,
Comes the wind with the blighting breath,
And nobody loves him, because 'tis said
He follows the angel Death.
But listen! if you would like to hear
What the north wind has to say.
"An artist am I of the grandest type
If I only can have my way.
I'll paint the sky with Aurora gleams
And bid the stars shine with a whiter glow,
And cover the 'poor old tired Earth'
With a coat of feathery snow.
I'll color the leaves with brilliant hues,
And deck the branches with jewels rare,
And picture upon each window-pane,
Castle and mountain, and forest fair.
The snowflakes love me and gaily dance
When I whistle a merry tune,
And many's the prank I love to play
'Neath the light of the silvery moon."

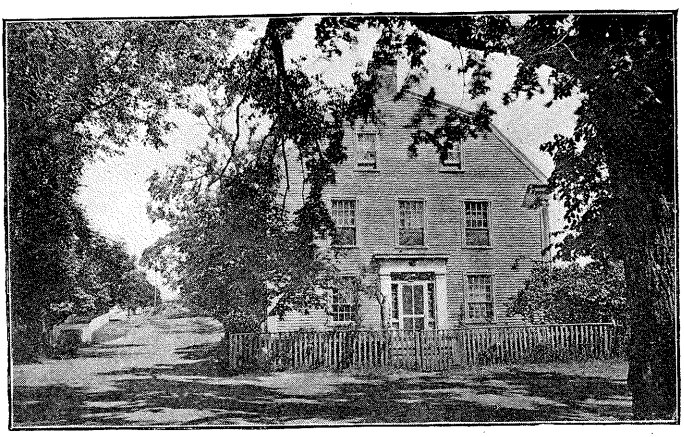
Out of the sunrise and over the wave
The east wind comes to me,
Bringing me tales of icebergs grand,
Palaces on the sea.
Of bending mast and billowing sail,
Of sea-birds' flight and of curling wave;
How it mingles its breath with the northern blast
And how madly they would rave.

Of the warm stream seeking the northern sea,
Bearing health on its briny breast,
Of the playful porpoise, and spouting whale,
And the caves where the seaweeds rest.
The fisher boat tossing upon the wave,
The yacht with its dipping sail,
Of hide-and-seek games, with tangled curls
Torn loose by whirring gale.
But the sea was loved by one that I loved,
And so it is loved by me,
And the east wind shall always be my love
For its messages from the sea.

From the sunny land of the orange grove,
The palm, and the tropic pine,
Comes the sweet south wind, its fragrant breath
Heavy with odor of jessamine,
Bringing us tales of the cotton fields,
And the rustle of waving cane,
Of the dusky toilers, whose plaintive lays
Awaken the chords of Joy and Pain.
It bears aloft the dandelion bloom
And follows the bumblebee
On his honeyed search in the thistle flower,
Or idly wanders from tree to tree,
Tilting the leaves, and whispering low
That summer is surely come,
Then goes to sleep in the edge of the wood
To dream of its sunny home.
But when the branches are shorn of their leaves,
And the chill of the autumn is come,
It sighs "farewell" to the lonely trees,
And hies to his southern home.



OLD GOV. WENTWORTH'S MANSION, NEWCASTLE, N. H.



OLD PEPPERELL MANSION, KITTERY PARK, ME.

Photos. by DAVIS BROS., Portsmouth, N. H.

Over the mountain and over the plain
Laughing in joyous glee,
Comes the strong west wind with its thrilling touch,
Bringing health and vigor to thee.
He weaves together the shadow and shine
In waving grass and grain,
And sprinkles the thirsty and tired fields
With clouds of the crystal rain.
He bears aloft the thunder cloud,
With its bosom of flashing light,
Then hides away in the tasseled corn,
And rustles the leaves all night.
He whitens the silver poplar's leaf,
And ripples the lake's fair breast,
He waves the flag and rustles the reeds
O'er the waterfowl's lowly nest.
Oh, the wild west wind is a joyous wind,
And its spirit is glad and free,
For a promise it brings on its healing wings
Of health and blessings to thee.

THE SILENT WATCHER.

OVER the vanished city, over the beautiful town, and over the wide blue ocean that stretches away beyond to where the heavens come down and seem to meet, if not to mingle with its changing tide, the fair blue mountain ever keeps its silent watch. Away up to its rocky summit the loving trees reach out their waving arms to welcome sun, and wind, and rain, to grace the dwelling of its ancient priest. Ever the purple haze hovers around the altar stones where once the burning incense of five thousand beasts was offered to the memory of loved St. Aspinquid. And the purple mystery of the hills steals in soft streams adown its wooded sides and mingles in the glowing atmosphere that hovers around the ancient town, filling its air with that strange wonder-light that ever dwelt in fair Kilmeny's bonny eyes after her visit to the fairy glen.

O lovely Agamenticus! thy name alone awakens visions of the light that shines beyond the one dark river whose waters lave the shore of the Celestial City. And ever through the gloaming of the changing years thy altars glow with Nature's burning embers; but no smoking incense rises from the glowing pile, for no sacrifice is offered there, but from the swaying censers of the trees late zephyrs bear their perfume far above, the while the note of praise is poured upon the listening air from Nature's choir of bird and wind, and the low intoning breath of the unchanging sea.

Thou hast been the dwelling-place of one "whose memory lives and will ever live among the children of the forest," and among the dwellers at thy feet his name will ever be revered. From out the dawn Thou, too, has seen strange

white-winged sails come forth, bearing beneath their snowy shrouds hearts light with hope and promise.

At thy feet the first fair city in this promised land blossomed and fell as falls thy changing leaves. Hast watched that city rise "in all its glory" from the primeval forest; heard the clash of arms, the din of labor and busy stir of traffic; watched the gay voyager touch its strand joyous with hope, and watched again the parting sail drop down the dim horizon's line, never again to reappear, bearing those voyagers back. Yet still above its vanished streets a halo of romance lingers, like faint odors of that purple flower dear to our English ancestresses, within those oaken treasuries stored with the snowy treasures of the loom.

Thy skies are bright with "trailing clouds of glory" that touch hill and vale, river and rivulet, and burn in ancient windows like the living fire that sleeps in dusky, cobwebbed bottles of long-stored wine, brought forth to gleam and sparkle and pour its wealth of mellow sunshine and memory of vintage time to grace a princely feast. The pomp of power and old-world splendor, self-banished from its native soil, the sturdy self-respecting of the middle class, and the wild profligacy of the well-known "black sheep" found in every flock, comes to us in our legacies of legend and of story.

Types of all these we see, gazing at us in our walks, with the same eyes that gaze at us from the walls of those sacred altars of family vanity, the parlors of our grandmothers.

Out of the love of those old days come stories coupled with the names of those who cast their lot in the fair city, named for its courtly founder. Thine ancient bridge still echoes to the tread of steed and roll of wheel and gives promise of enduring as long as the fame of its early architect. Still can be seen above the bridge that spans the stream about a mile beyond, the grass-grown cellar, where once the lordly dwelling

of the first proprietor gazed down into the lovely bay-like stream.

Still can we listen to the ancient bell that calls our wandering thoughts back to our Heavenly Father, as once it called the worthy fathers of the days by-gone; still can we read the quaint, stilted eulogies carved in the slate-blue slab above the sunken graves of men who, strong in right and versed well in law, restrained disorder and restored, out of the wild confusion consequent to the city's fall, a shapely county form.

And later yet comes the story of the yearly harvest with its husking-bees, its apple-parings, quiltings and general muster, and above all the wild tales of the adventurous Captain Kidd and his hidden treasure, of the many learned discussions held beside some hearth-fires as to its whereabouts, coupled with stories of the sea, that wildly and more weirdly grew as lower flickered the yellow candle in its iron stick, and the blazing log crumbled and broke into a multitude of embers and turned to ashes on the cooling hearth. What wonder that the sage participants strengthened their overwrought nerves with an extra mug of cider, hot from its blue-banded, yellow pitcher, stationed in front of the glowing fire, for their long, lonely walk, alive only with those wild, fancied forms with which the air was peopled.

Across the river, on its southern side, the ocean sweeps in a wide crescent form beyond the clustering islands of the middle stream to meet the river at a higher point. A little stream pours its silvery flood into the basin just where the bend is widest. The banks are high, grassy and sloping on the northern side, but on the south a steep, gray cliff of mossy rock hangs over the tiny stream.

The road that winds with the river just here turns sharply to the right and clambers up the hill and on beyond in branches, but ever towards the sea. Here and there are scattered farm-

houses, half hidden by the trees, where many of these stories had their birth.

Two willows, planted by a grand-aunt when she was a little child, bend above a little spring, and a long time ago a narrow footpath led backward to an old, low-storied house where dwelt two sisters in "the long time since," one, Mrs. Weeks, the elder, a widow and a lady with the stately manners of the old school, the other, Hannah Payne, her unmarried sister, remarkable for her peculiar ways and dress, and love for outdoor labor. She it was that brought the water from the tiny spring, and beat the coffee in the old, brown mortar, with its browner pestle (and made the most delicious, fragrant coffee, too, 'tis said). She kindled the fire in the old-fashioned, wide fireplace with its iron dogs and swinging crane. She milked the cow and fed the hens, and made up the basket of eggs to be sent by some kind neighbor to the distant store and exchanged for snuff, sugar and coffee.

A quaint, old body, she, with curly gray hair, half-short, and quizzy, gray eyes shaded by bushy brows, her short, stout figure dressed in a short skirt of brown linsey woolsey, usually surmounted by an old cast-off coat of her father's; and her curly locks in winter concealed under an immense brown pumpkin hood.

Over the little stream about halfway up the slope she used to bend with tucked-up skirts to wash the wool that soon lay in snowy drifts beside her on the greensward. Jane, the sister, spun the wool and flax and knit the stockings and mittens the while she entertained her many callers; while Hannah, like the busy Martha, was always in and about the kitchen, always getting ready. Jane meanwhile discussed the topics of the day or some theological question raised by the Sunday sermon.

Their tastes were quite dissimilar, even in the matter of

snuff, Jane preferring one kind, Hannah another, while Jane always kept a vanilla bean in her snuff-box and Hannah had hers flavored with rose.

I remember one story, told me by my father, how one rainy night, quite late, after the sisters had retired, they were awakened by a voice beneath the window of the room in which they slept. They listened, when in slow and sermon-sounding tones a voice from out of the darkness called, "Surely Mis' Weeks, surely Mis' Weeks, *poor* old Nathan's dead, *poor* old Nathan's dead, died about high-water," leaving his voice in the air at the end of each assertion, and again repeating the same melancholy tale after an interval of silence. But, as Nathan was repeating his own death notice, to excite sympathy, his exclamations were disappointing, as Mis' Weeks knew his voice and attributed his remarks to an extra glass taken to keep him company on his lonely journey.

Hannah was very superstitious, but also had a great reverence for the Holy Word. She had a great bump of credulity, and firm faith in the hidden treasure of Captain Kidd. She and a worthy neighbor used to have long, learned talks as to the location, which was said to be in a certain field about a half-mile distant. A forked stick of wych hazel, said to have divining power, and certain exorcisms must be used to exclude the "prince of the power of darkness," from the treasure-seekers.

Hannah and her neighbor, at the instigation of a certain fun-loving nephew, decided to adventure an evening's search, and at nine o'clock, one dark night in November, the two co-workers set forth upon their errand. Aunt Hannah's form was quite enveloped in a long, brown, homespun cloak which hid the large family Bible and an ancient sword, sheathed in its time-worn scabbard, within its ample folds. Her neighbor trudged along beside her carrying the implements for digging, a lantern and the divining rod.

Arriving at the field, Aunt Hannah, after locating with the rod the supposed treasure, drew a large circle around the spot, exorcised the evil spirit with some potent scriptural text, and sat down upon a stone within the magic circle to read, by the light of the lantern, some holy words, while her neighbor proceeded to spade up the unwilling earth. Quite a deep hole had been dug with no results, when, issuing from the darkness, came a large, dark form with high top-boots and brigandish hat and cloak, and a large stone was hurled within the magic bound, accompanied by some dark imprecations on the trespassers. With a wild shriek Aunt Hannah cast the sword away and clasping her Bible firmly to her breast fled homeward as fast as her two short legs could carry her, followed by her ancient crony with the lantern and his spade.

When daylight returned, her courage came back sufficiently to enable her to get the sword and divining rod, but never again did they intrude on the domain of the famous Captain whose spirit she was sure they had provoked the preceding night. The fun-loving nephew could have given her some light on the dark subject, but he never did, and the famous treasure still remains undiscovered.

Poor Aunt Hannah! she and Jane have long since been numbered with the dead. The old house is gone, and all that remains to mark the site is a hollow filled with straggling weeds, and a partially obliterated path to the tiny willow-shaded spring.

Farther along, on the side of a hill, far back from the main road, stands an old house with its many-paned front windows, facing the south. In front is an old-fashioned flower garden, filled in summer with the usual complement of roses, white and red, cockscomb, princess feather, poppies and marigolds, rue and saffron, and a high row of hollyhocks ranged along the fence.

Photo. by Davis Bros.,
Portsmouth, N. H.

SHORT SANDS, YORK HARBOR, MAINE.

A narrow arbor over the green-paneled front door, with two small panes in the top, is completely covered with a grape-vine, as is the worn trellis that extends along the house. In summer the light, tinged to a lovely opal green, falls on the old worn flag doorstone; in autumn the rich purple clusters hang among the faded leaves, swollen with the rich wine of dew sweetened to nectar with the golden sunlight.

Within its doors I remember a sweet old face with clustering snowy curls at each side and crowned by a snowy muslin cap, seated in an old-fashioned cushioned rocker, beside an old-fashioned, high post, canopied bed. Time had taken her back into her childhood days and only those were remembered. She used always to insist that I was another little girl, that I fancy had long since grown to womanhood, and I used to wonder greatly why I never could convince her that I was not the little "Lillie" that she supposed I was. But she was happy as the child she fondly dreamed of and I loved to listen to the childish prattling tongue.

In the darkened parlor where I was sometimes shown was a rug that used to be the subject of much consideration on my part. It was composed of a drawn center of white around which were sewn rows and rows of braided rags with a nice attempt at shading. But in the white center was a black dog of the fox terrier breed, I imagine, from his shape, but whether from a misconception on the part of the artist or not I was never able to determine, because I never dared to ask; the nose was abbreviated instead of the tail, which curled gracefully over his back.

There is a pretty story of a baby girl, born in this dear old house, over which a dark-eyed boy bent, laughingly saying to the proud parent, "Save her for me and I'll marry her when she grows up." Whether they saved her for him or not I do not know, but he married her when she was grown,

and, as they say in the fairy tales, "they lived happy ever after."

Those were the days when, after the corn was gathered in on the barn floor, everyone came from far and near to the husking bee. Lanterns were hung on the rough posts and doors, and in the fragrance of the hay in the big mows above them the huskers stripped the yellow husks from off each golden ear. Part of the ears were left with a few husks drawn smoothly back which the older men braided together in a shining trace to be festooned from the beams of the attic or cornhouse chambers.

Merry stories were told, and red ears eagerly sought and laughing struggles over the time-honored forfeit. My father told me a story he heard a matron tell, of how they husked on the Cape and the way she got her husband. She said they used to pile the corn up on the beach, above the tide, and the girls sat on one side and the beaux on the other and husked right through. When they met, the beaux were entitled to a kiss, and the girl was his partner for the coming dance. It happened that her husband, a stranger in the town, was invited, and she happened to be his opposite. When they husked through, he just took her in his arms and claimed his kiss, and he told her afterwards he loved her the first minute he saw her.

After the corn was all husked, all repaired to the big kitchen, with its wide fireplace piled with blazing logs, and sat down to a supper of baked beans and brown bread, apple pie and cheese, doughnuts and gingerbread, with plenty of hot coffee and cider. After the feast, "Old Charley White" took his seat on a stool by the fire, took up his violin and played, as few can play, those quaint old tunes, such as Money Musk, The White Cockade, and Bonaparte's March over the Alps, while the dancers formed in sets and sped up

and down the room to the gay measures of the Virginia Reel and Patinella. Sometimes the dancing flagged, then Charley would commence to keep time with his feet the while he played a faster strain, his body swaying with the waving bow, calling out vigorously in the middle of the measures, "Why the devil don't you dance?"

Had he had a musical education perhaps he might have become a famous musician, for he could make his instrument wail out the plaintive notes of "Old Folks at Home" or "Home Sweet Home" so sweetly and so sadly that the hearts around him would thrill and throb with a vague sweet longing and regret. But he was only Charley White, and his fame extended only to a few towns, and like the flower of the famous "Elegy" was "born to blush unseen." Many, many years ago he died, but his memory still lives in the hearts of his hearers and his fame will perhaps go down to posterity in story as it has come to me.

The dance was generally prolonged into the small hours, and after that the beaux would escort the maidens to their several homes, sometimes two or three miles away, and my father said he often saw the sun rise on his homeward walk. One morning in particular, he being then quite a young boy and filled with all the curiosity belonging to one, he saw two hatless brethren standing on the beach opposite the point where the Marshall House now stands, one clinging to the other in a close embrace and vainly trying to dissuade him from undertaking to wade across to the home he saw on the distant shore. He went to the rescue and succeeded in changing their mind. The two had wandered a couple of miles through fields and swamps, lost their way and their hats, finally arriving at the shore when, seeing their home in the distance, one had decided to take the shortest route. They took the long way round and arrived later in the day. The cider had gone to their heads instead of their stomach.

In those days the little yellow schoolhouse was often filled with the large families of the many farmers at the occasional week-night meeting. One night the poorly paid pastor of one of the three churches took for his text, "Children, have ye any meat?" From the dearth of argument and the frequent repetition of the text, the young men of the congregation came to the conclusion that his large family was not well supplied with that article. Accordingly at the close of the service they hastened to the grocery store and purchased a large round of pork. After the minister's family had retired, they hung it securely to the doorknob so that the next morning when he opened the door in swung the briny gift. Whether he thought his sermon had appealed to the wrong sentiment they never knew, but the next Sabbath morning he made a grateful acknowledgment of the gift to the Lord in his opening prayer.

On the same side of the river and not far from its wooded banks stands a large yellow farmhouse with a small ell containing the summer kitchen. Tall graceful elms shade the wicket gate, and social, homely apple trees are scattered over the grassy field that stretches downward to the shore. Around the high curbed well the tall grass clusters, save where the footworn path has traced a dull brown line. The swinging pole above, with its iron hook, hangs in mid air, expectant as it has hung all through the bygone years. In the western windows of the farmhouse the setting sun crimsons and fades. Many and many a time have I in childish days pondered over those crimson lights, wondering who lit those glowing lamps only so soon to fade. Many a time have I, when privileged to go with the mistress of the house into the dusky chamber, peered behind the ancient looms, spinning and flax wheels and other homely treasures to find the hidden lamps, gazing through the blurred and wavy cobwebbed panes seeking the explanation of the wondrous light.

Downstairs the regular kitchen, approached through a long, dark passageway, pine-walled to the ceiling, stained to a lovely golden-brown tint by the hand of time only. On one side was an immense fireplace, with an uneven red brick hearth; opposite were windows so high up that the top rail of the chairs reached only to the narrow sill. High up on one side hung an old-fashioned musket of mammoth proportions, said by its owner to be "loaded and ready for instant use." He was a kind, credulous old man, who never went to his barn without first informing his aged mother or sister of his intention, after first going halfway on his errand. This same fault possessed him in everything, and being more anxious than his oxen, he would go a long way ahead, urging them to "come up" with his waving goad, when, turning around, he would suddenly discern them a long way behind, leisurely taking their time. He would then retrace his steps, and do the same thing over again. He was very choice of his rights, very much afraid of being overreached, which he sometimes did himself.

The graceless nephew of Aunt Hannah, home for a short time from the sea, returned from a gunning expedition with a wounded duck, his only game. After carefully smoothing the ruffled plumage he wired the neck, fastened a long string to one leg, with a leaden sinker, and put it carefully by, answering no questions of the inquiring family.

The next morning, repairing to Polly Fernald's pond, he flung the sinker out in the middle of the pond, and floated the bird out to the center. He then went to this credulous farmer and asked him to loan him his gun. On inquiring what he wanted it for, and being told that he (the nephew) had just seen a duck down in Polly's Pond, he informed the nephew that he guessed if there were any ducks down there he would shoot them himself. He then got down the aforesaid gun, and hastened to the pond, followed by the nephew at a respectful distance.

Creeping carefully along the shore, he sighted the bird peacefully bobbing up and down on the rippling water, aimed and fired. When the smoke cleared away there sat the duck peacefully bobbing as before. Taking aim this time still more carefully he fired again. When again the smoke cleared there sat the headless bird in the same position on the rippling tide. After waiting some time, and the bird not coming ashore, our obtuse farmer rolled up his trousers and waded in, only to find the bird anchored. You may guess how he raved, and when next he saw the graceless nephew he demanded of him indignantly "what he wanted him to go off and shoot an old dead duck for?" "I never," said he; "I only asked you to lend me your gun."

About a mile from the harbor stands the old "Sewall's Bridge," built in 1743 by Major Samuel Sewall, a prominent architect of that time. It is a wooden pier-bridge, the first in America, but the architect afterwards built one between Charlestown and Boston. Very picturesque is the old bridge, with its gray, wooden railing and old-fashioned draw, raised by chains attached to it and carried up in covered wooden towers, then down the other side and again attached to a covered wooden windlass. Around the piers the tide gurgles and eddies, twining them with grass, clustering seaweed, a hardy waving kelp, and then in the hurried rush of its outward flow tearing them wildly away to bear them back to the surging sea.

In the beautiful river the old bridge lives again in wonderful shadow. The waters gleam in silver light beneath the morning sky, or glow in gold and crimson in the light of the setting sun. On its southern bank are the homes of the descendants of the architect, and many a merry time have I had in the chambers of the old "Pell House," with the children, decorating ourselves with old silver shoe and knee-buckles

and old-time garments that once belonged to the founder of the family.

The grandfather of the present family clung tenaciously to the dress of his youth, wearing always the low buckled shoes buckled knee-breeches, wide-skirted coat, and wide white stock above his ruffled shirt. His snowy hair was always tied with black ribbon in the coquettish queue of cavalier times. He frowned on modern styles, and thought the windows of his son's new house too near the floor, as he said "anyone too lazy to get up and look out the window when they wanted to see anything had ought not to be encouraged."

Across the bridge, at the head of the wharf and just beyond a picturesque cliff, whose craggy sides descend abruptly to the river's edge, once stood the large, old-fashioned two-storied "Tucker House," with shallow, sloping roof. Two large elms shaded the cobblestone walk, and door with quaint, fan-lighted window above, but the side door with its iron knocker was most often used. Very homelike and sunny it seemed with the wide worn footpath to the steep flight of stone steps shaded only by clumps of bushy lilacs.

Inside, the large rooms and many staircases rambled in a desultory fashion, with here and there a step up or down into the different apartments without seeming purpose. The wide, many-paned windows with paneled wooden shutters let in broad floods of sunshine on the painted floors, and walls hung with paper in which gorgeous landscapes and gay garlands vied with Nature in their brilliant coloring.

The house was taken down many years ago, but before that it was several years without a tenant. I remember a pleasant, kindly matron who once lived there, and some strange callers that she had one wet, spring day. They were two old ladies who gained a livelihood by picking berries and herbs and selling them to the different families, taking their pay in flour, sugar,

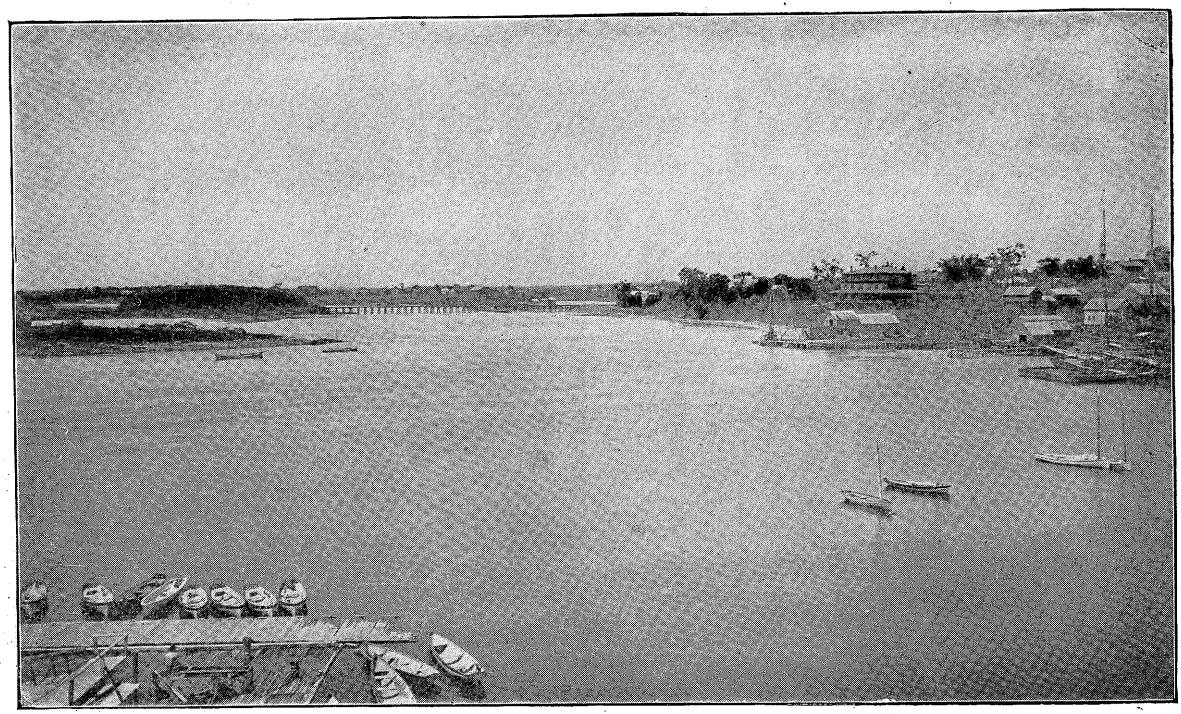


Photo. by DAVIS BROS.,
Portsmouth, N. H.

LOOKING UP YORK RIVER TOWARDS HARMON HOUSE.

tea or clothing. Polly, the elder, had a habit of sniffing, and never made a call without making a demand on her hostess' wardrobe or larder.

This day was sunny but very wet, and Polly needed rubbers. "Have you got an old pair of rubbers you could give me?" sniffed Polly. "I don't know that I have a pair that would suit you," said the lady of the house, "but I'll look and see." She looked, and finally brought two rubbers, whole but not mates, and offered them to Polly. Polly took them, sniffing disdainfully, then threw them on the floor, declaring that "If she couldn't give her anything better than them, she might keep them herself." Her hostess explained good-naturedly that she had no others except her own pair, but thought she (Polly) might be able to get a pair to fit her at the store opposite, which she accordingly did, scolding all the way over at the insult she had received. I fancy her hostess paid for Polly's rubbers, though. Poor old ladies! in their struggles to be independent they fancied that they were.

Just above here, in "McIntire's Field," the companies used to drill once a year. This was a gala day, everyone far and near assembling to see the drill. Booths were erected for the sale of eatables, and drinkables too. The extempore band played merrily as the different squads of soldiers marched sturdily in the field, each carrying his own musket, and wearing his own sword should his rank require it. As a general thing they wore white trousers, blue coats with brass buttons, and a high, glazed cap, the top inclining towards the front, on which a red plush ball was fastened.

There used to be an old demented man, living two or three miles from the training field, who had a great antipathy to "Redcoats." One "training day" some of the young fellows told him that the "Redcoats" had landed at Emerson's wharf and were going to take the town. It being "muster day," the

part of the field for the drill was marked off by little red flags stuck firmly in the ground. The poor old man was roused. Seizing an old scythe-blade and waving it wildly round his head, he started for the training field, shouting as he ran, "The Redcoats are coming." Springing over the low stone wall, he leveled each flag to the ground with a single stroke of his primitive sword, after which he slowly wended his way home, shaking his bushy head from side to side, and muttering to himself ominously that "He'd kill every one on 'em."

Just above the field, on the road leading to the village, once stood an old house with a large cellar kitchen on the side next the street where the hill falls off abruptly. Around this used to be a picketed fort with bastions, where the inhabitants used to take shelter in the time of Indian raids, and was one of the few left standing when the town was burned and pillaged in 1692. When it was taken down several years ago, the skeleton of a man, supposed to be an Indian from the construction of the skull, was found under the chimney arch. How he came there is a mystery, but possibly he was wounded and crept there for shelter, dying at last from weakness and starvation.

Adjoining the McIntire field stands an old, old house, built about one hundred and fifty years ago by Capt. Sam Lindsay, and used as a tavern. A wide two-storied dwelling, gray with age, with massive chimneys, and long "ell" continuing the southern side line of the house. The front is completely covered with a clustering woodbine, out of which the windows with their many panes cast wistful glances. On each side of the narrow front door, lovely rosebushes, covered in June with a wealth of fragrant snowy-white roses, fill the air with perfume.

The house has special interest for me, for here my grand-

father lived, and here my father was born. The house is somewhat smaller than then, for the room back of the parlor on the northern side has been taken away. My grandmother said when she lived there a swinging partition separated the two rooms, so that when the house was used as a tavern the two rooms could be thrown into one when an influx of visitors rendered it necessary. A wide yard at the side, with a stable at the back, and a long, narrow building at the southern side, made a sort of courtyard quite in the style of an old English tavern. In this building my grandfather, in provincial "parlance," "kept store," but that building was removed several years ago. With a little conjuring on the part of the visitor, the old house can be repeopled, and the "merry muster days" lived over again on the quaint old spot.

The next house on the same side is a large white mansion, of that size and pretension that one has only to look at it to know that it has a history. Although but two stories high, with flat, balconied roof, the lines are of such proportion as to give it credit for every foot of room, and perhaps a little more. The windows are wide and high, as is the door, and the chimneys large and tall. The house is set well back from the street, and is approached by a wide, white cobblestone walk. The front yard, enclosed by a white paling which separates it from the street and side yards, excluding all approach except from the street, leaves the front of the house in solemn state. Along the road in front, tall Lombardy poplars range in a stately row, imparting an air of exclusiveness to the place.

This house was built by Esquire Alexander McIntire, an officer in the government, about one hundred years since. He married Mollie Junkins, a daughter of one of the descendants of him who settled in the district known as Scotland, a Royalist and a banished man; for Cromwell, after his victory over them, had many of the most persistent and influential

men sent to America, wisely concluding that a few thousand miles between himself and them would render them less troublesome subjects. (Among them we find many names well known still in the old town, such as Donald or Donnell, Carlisle, Tucker, Lindsay, Junkins, Maxwell and Gordon.) In this house he and his wife lived in great state and splendor, spending freely, and in this way losing all, so their latter days were passed in obscurity. He died about fifty years ago; his wife some years later.

Opposite this house are two houses of less pretension, but built several years earlier; the first one by Solomon Brooks, a village magnate, very well connected; the other by Capt. Thomas (?) Savage, whose son was for a long time captain of the Boston police force.

The first house passed into the hands of a man who did much to advance the interests of the town, Hon. Nathaniel G. Marshall, a lawyer of much ability and remarkable foresight. He, with another townsman, built the first "summer hotels," with the exception of the "Bowdoin House," which was built a few years earlier, but owing to mismanagement did not prove successful. His hotel, named for himself, and built on a lovely point at the mouth of the river, is carried on by his son; while the other, the "Sea Cottage," built at the "Long Sands," about two miles distant, by Mr. Charles Grant, is still carried on by himself. Both houses were built in 1871. After coming into possession of the old "Brooks House," Mr. Marshall had it remodeled, leaving the outlines of its exterior the same, but changing the whole interior, taking out the one central chimney, which was of such proportions that the place it occupied was made into a good-sized room.

Back of the house and at the end of a beautiful orchard is a little family cemetery, where many of the Brooks family are buried. It lies on the top of a sunny hill overlooking the

town, and the white stones gleam in the distance like a miniature city in the East. The hill slopes downward to the mill-pond, then rises again, sloping upward toward the west for about a quarter of a mile, when we come to a beautiful old farmhouse, wide, square, and rambling, with mammoth ell and shed. This, the old "Lyman House," is much older, being built by the family of the successor of "Father Moody," who had occupied the pulpit of the only church from 1698 to 1747. Wide elm trees shade the door and hang over the straight picket fence. The house was bought by Major-Gen. Jeremiah McIntyre, who was born in the old "McIntyre Garrison House," in Scotland district, and here he lived with his wife Elizabeth in a style comporting with his rank. His son still lives on the same spot.

At the angle of the two roads, and opposite the Lyman House, stands another house, built by Capt. Thomas Clark, some of whose descendants are still living in another part of the town. It remained in his family for about a hundred years, when it passed by purchase into the hands of the Hon. N. G. Marshall, who remodeled it into the commodious farmhouse it now is. It has since been purchased by Mr. Albert Bragdon, now deceased, but whose heirs still live on the beautiful farm.

Below the house, on the slope of the hill, lie buried many of the Clark and Lyman family, their sunken graves marked by the mossy blue slate stones of a former century.

In the village are several houses of interest besides the beautiful churches, old fashioned only on the exterior, and a picturesque old "Gaol," built in 1653. The old gambrel-roofed building with its massive stone foundations, its grated cells and dismal dungeon, is never used now, but remains a confirming landmark of the English ancestry of the dear old town.

Opposite is the old "Wilcox Tavern," long since used as a family dwelling, a wide two-storied house with low sloping roof, standing in one corner of the oldest cemetery in the town. Around the door cluster a group of mountain ash with their clusters of scarlet berries, and over the front windows clambers the fragrant honeysuckle, a bright touch to the dismal surroundings. Here the post with its winding horn used to bring the sage brethren of the bar to their circuit meetings in the courthouse opposite on the elm shaded "common."

'Tis hard to recall such days in these nineteenth-century surroundings, but the narrow stairways and dim-lighted corridors have echoed to the tread of solemn legal judges or the less important step of the ordinary traveler. The old courthouse opposite, since remodeled inside and out by my father, used to be a miniature of the courthouses of Old England, with high box seats and snug little witness box, its bar for the gentlemen of the wig, and the long narrow seat by the wall where the jury sat during the weary trials.

Here we find what no respectable old-time town is quite complete without — a haunted house. At the eastern side of the courthouse stands a house, since remodeled into a modern dwelling, that used to be the abode of a ghost, laid for a hundred years, which expired some time in 1878. I never heard of any demonstration made at that time, but perhaps the disturbance occasioned in altering the house might have hastened its departure. My father has shown me the room in which the ghost was supposed to be confined in a small dark closet near the chimney.

Through the elm-shaded avenue to the long beach, we pass but a short distance before we come to two residences noteworthy, not for the romance attached to them of story, but the ostentation of the form, and delightful location of the structures. On a slope, commanding a fine view from its

upper windows, and in aristocratic retirement from the much-traveled street, stands the manorial dwelling built by Judge David Sewall, after the style of pretentious houses of the aristocracy of England. After passing through various hands it has at last passed by purchase into the hands of the same family.

Seen from the street it presents a beautiful picture with the green common sloping back from the street to the stone-faced boundary of the estate, surmounted by its capped fence of white, and gateway with wide stone steps ascending to the white cobbled walk between broad chestnut trees to the house. Another flight of steps leads upward to the broad paneled door, between double flat Doric columns supporting a portico cap. Over this is the wide fanlight with many sectional crossings. The house is two stories in height to the dental trimmed cornice, with a half story added behind the crowning balcony, through which the wide low windows peer curiously. Above these the white-plastered chimney stacks show their generous outlines against the sky. Its front is ornamented with tall flat pilasters in relief, extending to the roof molding and surmounted by the Doric cap and flat disk in the column above.

Inside, the rooms were decorated in the same imposing style in wood and stucco, with the wide fireplaces surrounded by pictured tiles, after the fashion of our Saxon ancestors, to whom we are much indebted for decorations. A beautiful dwelling, adding much to the beauty of the town.

Opposite stands another home of quite a different style of architecture and still possessed by the descendants of a family whose name and interests have been connected with the history of the town from its earliest foundation. Large, square, two-storied like the other, but with an extensive ell extending far back from the main house, it gives an appear-

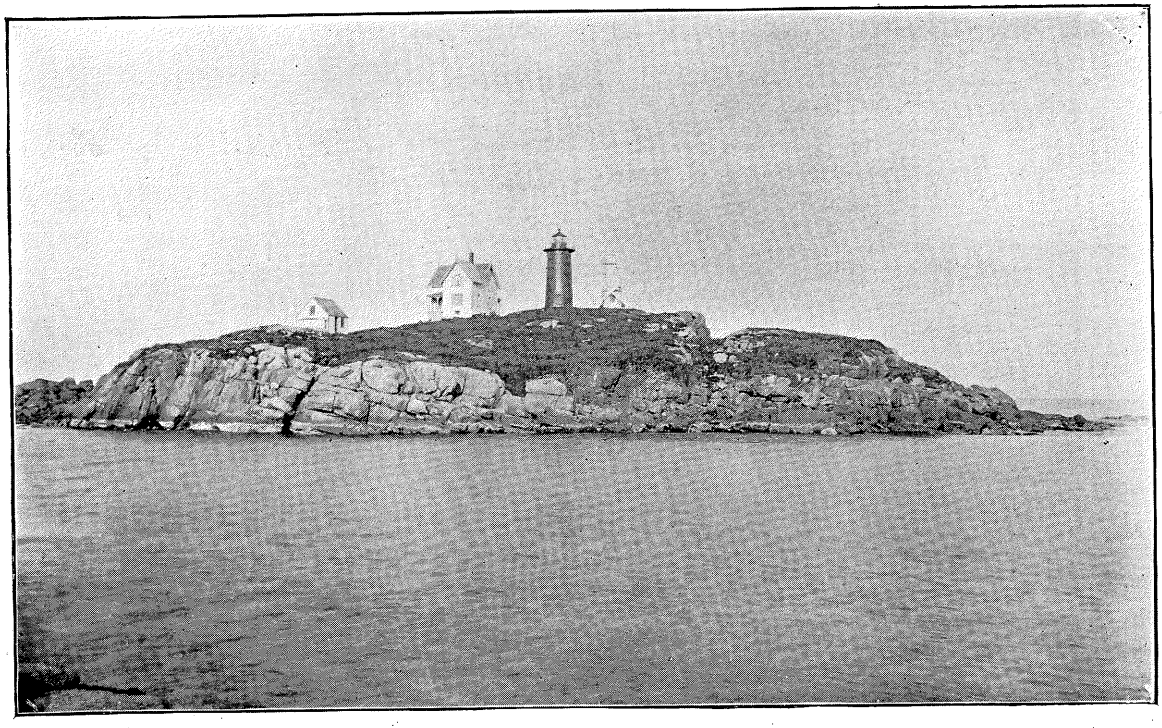


Photo. by DAVIS BROS.,
Portsmouth, N. H.

NUBBLE LIGHTHOUSE.

ance of amplitude fully justified by an excursion through its interior.

The sloping roof is surmounted by a square balcony between two high white plastered chimneys. Out of each slope, three dormer windows light the shallow dormitories, making it picturesque without and within. The front faces directly on the street with only a broad portico, floored by a flat, granite stone beneath the pedimental roof supported by two round white columns. In the top of the paneled door are a double row of panes to light the otherwise dark hall. Beautiful trees and shrubs adorn its grounds, accentuating the beauty of its outlines.

Below the old mill dam, and approached by a beautiful lane shaded by stately elms, of less pretensious form but possessing unusual interest, stands the old Sayward House. It was built nearly two hundred years ago by the ancestor of its present occupant. Here is treasured some of the tea used at the famous tea drinking at the capture of Louisburg, the French stronghold in the Canadas.

On its walls hang portraits of ancestral dames and squires who once dwelt 'neath its many-angled roof. In the corner of the large sitting room stands a beautiful, tall mahogany clock, with shining brass knobs surmounting the slender spires at each side of the time-recording dial. The dark mahogany furniture shines with age and polish, and the quaint brass handles to the dressers brighten their otherwise dark exterior.

One of the beautiful faces in the picture has its story of sorrow — a fair, slim girl with waving hair and dreamy, happy eyes, dressed in a light blue silk with soft lace flounces falling in drapery from the neck and shoulders, leaving their snowy roundness bare. Beloved, but loving one whose only fault was the poverty of his purse, and being forbidden to marry, she gave no heed to her many suitors, and through the many

years of her long life remained true to her early love. And still the beautiful eyes gaze dreamily down on the faded silken furniture, as they gazed in those happy days when "the world was young," and a beautiful future shone with the light of hope's brightest days. The flickering shadows from the elms fall softly on them through the half open shutters and with those shadows we will leave them.

High upon the top of the hill, overlooking the sea, is another old house, older, though less romantic in its associations. It was built by a Sayward, one of the oldest families, and proprietor of the gristmill near the former house. It was originally a two-story pitch-roof house with four large rooms, but has since been remodeled and some additions made. Around the rooms and through the center of some, the heavy beams of its oaken frame form a cornice, painted like the woodwork, and each room contains an immense fireplace with a red brick hearth. Through the window in the northeast room, an enormous bear was once seen gazing in at the brilliant fire, by a descendant of the original family. The house is about one hundred and eighty years old.

The same lady told me how they used to bring water from the spring lower down on the side of the hill. They would take a hogshead hoop, step in the center, then take the hoop and a pail in each hand. In this way they could carry it steadily without spilling. From its windows a magnificent view of the harbor and ocean can be seen and at night the distant light of Whales Back appears and disappears in its revolving course.

Nearly opposite, in a rude hut lighted by two small windows, lived Black Dinah Prince, a strange, unsociable negress who came from no one knew where. She was said to be a witch, but there is no record of her victims. In winter she used to stay with the Raynes family on the south side of the river, but ended her days in the almshouse, in 1840.

Farther away, on the edge of Cape Neddick wood, in another hut less rude and more habitable, dwelt Black Isaac and Chloe, his dusky wife. Isaac was an escaped slave from Virginia, his wife a slave in the Weare family, but of their numerous family all died in childhood. Isaac used to gain a living by playing the violin at trainings and dances in his younger days; in his old age by begging from house to house. Leaning on his knotty staff with his bag slung over his shoulder, he presented the picture of the veritable mendicant that he was. He died many years ago, and Chloe ended her life in the almshouse several years later.

Other mendicants there were, strange, but harmless. One, John Stanhope by name, went by the nickname of Johnny Candlestick, for what reason I never knew. Part of the time he lived in a hut down by the "Roaring Rock," but in summer he wandered around the country, sleeping in barns and cooking his own food at the different hearthstones where he was welcomed. He was extremely fond of gay colors and loved to decorate his clothes with gay pieces of calico which he continually begged on his summer excursions. He once came to my mother in a costume gorgeous in the extreme. One leg of his trousers was black and yellow, the other pink and blue. Around and above the knee was tied a wide black crape band, the bow behind and ends falling to his low shoes, which were covered with pieces of silk and calico in every hue. His coat was of cambric decorated like the shoes, and over his head he carried an umbrella in half a dozen colors in which bright green predominated. At one time he fancied he was going to be an angel and begged all the white rags he could, which he sewed all over his coat, as he said, "to make wings."

He was a native of Norway and it was said some one came in search of him, as an heir to a rich uncle in New York.

They were unsuccessful as he had in some way formed the opinion that New York was the place said to be the abode of evil spirits, and with this conviction he wisely determined not to go.

Another oddity was "Old Ferguson," a native of Canada. Gruff and disagreeable in manner, he was only tolerated because of his eccentricity, which nearly approached madness. At my grandmother's he always paid quite a long visit, as she, poor, unworldly woman, always had an excuse for his shortcomings, and listened patiently to his weary tales. Poor old tramps! long ago they passed away and in the prosaic now, no picturesque "traveler" takes their place.

Of the "garrison houses" only one remains, and that, too, partially consumed by a recent fire. This is the old Junkins's house built by the ancestors of the family who still reside in its neighborhood. Built of logs, firmly bound together by wooden pins, with its upper story extending out over the first, its row of portholes and high stockade, it presented a formidable aspect to the primitive warriors of the forest. It is situated on a commanding hill in the Scotland district, and not far away stood another, the McIntire house, built in the same manner. The two families were early emigrants from Scotland for which the district was named.

Within its walls the heirs have all been born, down to the present generation, since it was built in 1640. This was the home of Mollie Junkins of whom I have written before and who married Alexander McIntire, Esq. My uncle by marriage, who belonged to the generation who were last born in this house, now lives in Rochester, N. H., and the old house is partly burned and wholly deserted, but he always speaks of the old house with affection and regret that it is fast passing away.

Above here, at the side of the road, is a wooden trough,

into which a wooden spout pours a liquid stream of the purest cold water from a little boiling spring far back on the hilltop, borne thither in its quaint wooden aqueduct. Over the little spring a widespreading tree spreads its shading branches, cooling the water ere it leaves its silver basin. Here the tired traveler, whether man or beast, can refresh himself with beautiful water from trough or cup and no wreathed goblet of the ancient Greek can vie with the rusty tin cup.

On Cider Hill, where the apples grow profusely, stands an old apple tree brought in a tub from England by an early emigrant, more than two hundred years ago. When I was a little girl my father brought some of its apples home to us. I remember him well as he stood there smiling and taking the apples, one by one, from his pocket, while he told us the story of the apple tree and answered our wondering questions. After that he took us to ride and showed us the tree with its half decayed trunk, and I wondered then if it knew that it had come so far and did not belong to the soil as did the other trees. And then we rode on and stopped at the wayside spring for a drink out of the little tin cup, and then still on through a beautiful long shady woods that crowned the highest hill. A lovely shady woods, and as we emerged from its shadows and stopped at Cheney's Hill there lay the beautiful panorama of river-falls and town below and beyond into the golden west. Then on the homeward ride the long, tender shadows and the blue, watching mountain, the deepening shade, the shining lamps in the purple sky and lights below on land and sea.

All these of which I write are vanished, as vanished that City of a Dream, but on the heights above the sea over which its founder came, a Thalian city has arisen, and the beautiful sunlight that gilds the altar stones upon the lonely mountain smiles on the "City of the Sea" as well. Perchance it

watches still for the fair ship that dropped below the far horizon bound, and sees in every coming sail the long delayed adventuring bark. Watch still, O lovely mountain! over the fair roofs of the city, over the many spires that point to the blue heaven to which thy summit towers. Over the glorious trees and shining river. Over the emerald fields, over the harvest hills, watch.

THE SPIRIT OF THE STORM.

WILD is the sky,
The wind is high,
Black are the rocks by the cold, gray sea;
But little care I for wind or sky,
For storm-tossed cloud or tide swelling high,
For I dwell on a cliff by the sea.

The wild waves beat
On the rocks at my feet,
And the wind blows wild and free;
And the billow's low tone is now a wild moan,
And the howl of the wind that lashes the foam
Is the sweetest music to me.

Fast falls the rain,
Rattles the pane,
Wildly the storm rages over the sea;
And along the gray sands from many far lands
Or plucked from sea gardens by mermaidens' hands
Shells and sea flowers are waiting for me.

Wildly the blast
Comes scurrying past
  Cresting the waves on the turbulent sea;
Tossing the spray far over the bay,
Driving the ships 'neath the blinding spray
  Outward or homeward they watch well to the lee.

Gray are the hills,
Gray are the rills
  That rush down their slopes to the sea;
And I know that the pine trees are tossing their hair,
Like the wail of the ocean, their cry in the air,
  Blending their voice with the soul of the sea.

Fast fades the light,
Fast falls the night,
  There's a lull in this storm by the sea;
Slow drops the rain, still is the pane,
Bom, bom, thunders the billows as again and again
  They break on the cliff under me.

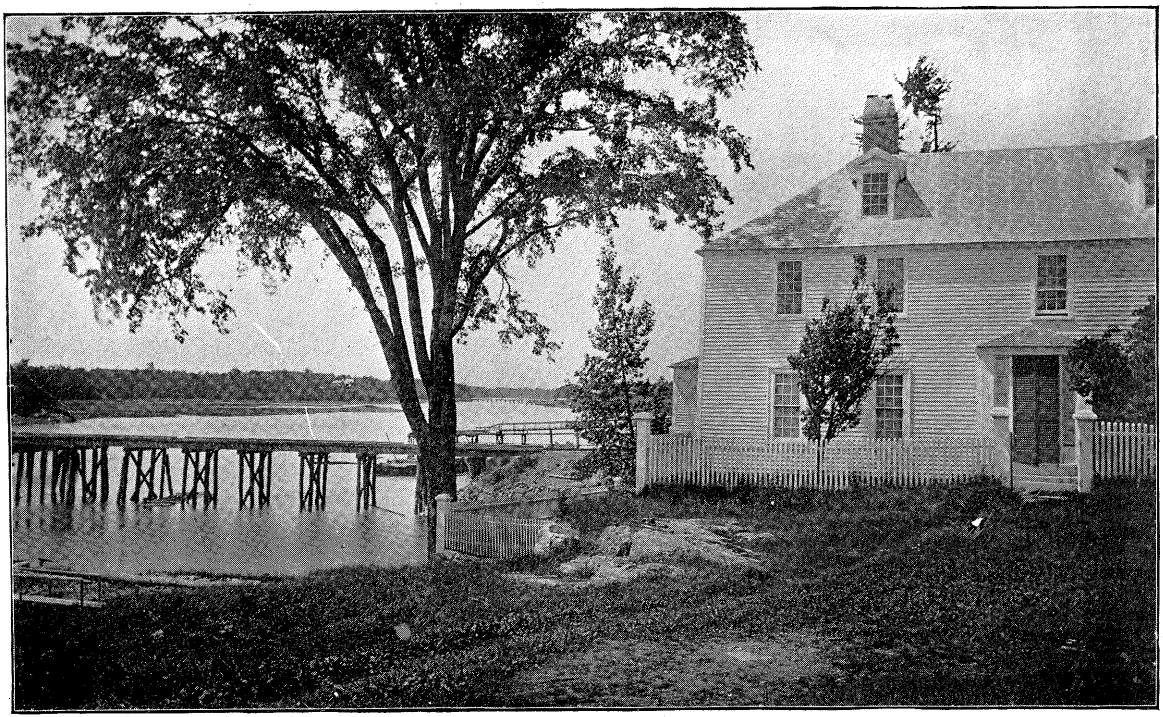


Photo. by DAVIS BROS.,
Portsmouth, N. H.

OLD BARRELL MANSION, YORK HARBOR.
Sewell Bridge in the distance.

THE SANDS OF GORGEANA.

NATURE, always bountiful with her treasures on our New England coast, has been truly lavish with her sands at Gorgeana, the city of a dream. Too truly beautiful for a city's site, Providence interposed her kindly hand, and sunk that beautiful city in the sea of imagination, from whence it sometimes arises for some favored dreamer, who at eventide hears its sweet bells pealing as he sits dreaming on the shore. Hardly do we cross the boundary line of Kittery's historic town ere we come to a pebbly beach edged with a narrow strip of sand, where the waves come gaily in like snowy chargers, and toss their shining manes ere they prance sportively up and down the little curving beach. Just inside this beach and sheltered by the rising land, is a silvery sheet of water, where seabirds sail in little fleets within the sight and sound of that great sea near which they love to linger. At its northern limit rises a massive cliff, one of those sturdy coast-guards stationed all along the shore, repelling with its mighty strength the inroads of the encroaching sea.

Just around this southern point the sea comes grandly in; but here a tempting inlet reveals itself and stretches forth a shining hand to greet its royal guest, and the sea comes in, and their waters mingle gladly and send a thrilling message far back among the blue hills where the river has its source.

Just here, at its mouth, and just beyond a rock-bound point, upon whose summit long ago a sturdy fortress guarded the land from an invader we now gladly welcome, we find the loveliest little amphitheater nature ever furnished. On either side great cliffs rise high above the sea, and from these lofty seats all may watch the ever-changing dramas here enacted.

Ah! the gay scenes here that we may look upon. Always the same beautiful background, varied only by the changing sky through the grand symphony of light and shade, ever accompanied by the grand orchestral music of the sea, whose pealing organ-tones throb and pulse and enter into our being. Here we may watch the waves come softly in, whispering and murmuring in a glad, soft undertone, stealing around the great gray rocks, and making mimic pools in the many little hollows. Retouching the bits of shell, starfish, and curly wrinkles with such a wonderful light, that we dream for a moment we have found some beautiful shell from the far isles of the Indian Sea. Or it swells grand and proud and stately, rolling in with terrific force, and hurling its proud waves disdainfully upon its former love, and seeming in its anger as if it would destroy what it once fondly cherished. And when again its far-receding waters leaves bare the wet gray sand we find it strewn with shell and brown seaweed, torn from those beautiful gardens that surround Neptune's royal palace.

We walk along eastern cliffs for a short distance until we come to a rare grove of oaks, away out on its extreme point, through which we pass, seeking again the sea. Here we find another sand beach, tossed like a pearly sea shell on the shore. The trees steal down to its margin and reach out their long shadows, vainly striving to caress it. Here the sunlight lingers, and the moon, rising from the silvery waste, stretches a long path of shining light up to and across the margin, to be lost in the shadows of the grove. It is a lovely, dainty shell, and as we bend a listening ear we hear the murmur and the heartbeat of the heaving ocean. Here the Pythian organ sends forth its throbbing music, rising in glad acclaim, or sinking in a soft, prayerful murmur.

Regretfully we leave the lovely shell and seek again the highway that skirts the "Margin of the Sea." Straight out on

the horizon line rises the slim, white column of Boon Island Light. Peaceful and calm it seems from here, and we have no conception of the cruel rocks that serve for its foundation. We see no breaking waves against its snowy masonry, and no sound comes to us of their breaking. And we cannot but compare it with some brave lives that daily withstood the breaking waves of sorrow, thrilling with them to their heart-depths, yet ever pointing upward, and giving to the watching world no sign.

Musing upon this as we journey on, we forget what we are seeking, and, behold! when we again lift our eyes we have reached another and a grander beach than all. Stretching northward for a full mile is a line of hard blue sand, with no break, unless we except a few black rocks that break the line halfway across and form a picturesque resting place. Here we enter this grand hall or saloon of the ocean. Hard and firm as though it were paved with lapis lazuli, it yet yields to the lightest step enough to make a walk across one of pleasure rather than of toil. Here we may walk or drive or dance, and yet leave upon the shaded floor no disfiguring trace. Here the waves come in with stately grace and make their courtesy before their gracious queen, kissing her hand ere they retire to give place to another. We pace along the shining floor, watching the glorious pageant until we reach its northern bound, a long brown stretch of land on which a light-house warns the mariner of those stony cliffs on which it rests. Looking back we see again the beautiful line of sand, and just across the ridge of stones that rise above its shaded floor a long, narrow lake can be seen, shining with that beautiful queen of the water flowers, the fragrant water-lily.

Our heart is full, and no more could be wished or enjoyed; but as again we turn our faces north, we see beyond a row of silvery willows, the sea again breaking in graceful waves

upon another sandy beach; not blue, or cool, or stately this time, but a pinkish yellow, that with its fringe of green will make one think of a shining opal with its changing light; named first for that prosaic animal sacred to the Hindu faith, but since rechristened for the dear old town to which it belongs. A wonderful light lingers in the cliffs that face the rising sun, and seem to have imbibed its light and warmth and color from its oft-repeated risings.

O, wonderful Gorgeana! the "Vineta of the West!" The waves love thee and kiss thee. Thy pine trees know and repeat the story of thy rise and fall. They whisper it to the waves, that bear it round the world and back again, repeating it over and over again, lest they forget. And as I lie upon the shining sand the waves whisper to me that I shall see and know thee, and hear thy sweet bells pealing the curfew of the dying day.

THE RUNAWAY BROOK.

EARTH is wakening from its sleep,
Listen! and hear the brook's gay song,
Troubadour songs, on its way to the deep
As under the ice it flows along.

The bending ice, 'neath the lightest tread,
Sends little wavelets back to the land,
Bathing the grasses that fringe its bed,
A miniature sea on a miniature strand.

It sings of the drifts on the mountain side,
That were wed to the sunbeams, and borne away
On snowy coursers, with golden wings,
One beautiful springlike day.

It sings of the cowslip, prison-bound,
From the ice-king's thralldom soon to be free,
Stealing a glance from their crystal walls
At the golden lances of liberty.

It babbles of willows, that fringe its edge,
Listening all day long to the song it sings.
With the first warm breath of springtide air
Forth from their brown homes the catkin springs.

They climb far out on the slim green stems,
Robed in soft coats of silvery gray,
To have a romp with the wild March winds,
And watch for a glimpse of the bluebird gay.

It laughs as it sings of the dimpled hands
And the rosy faces that in it will look,
And the gay little falls those hands will make
Of the playful waters of the noisy brook.

Of the miniature fleets those hands will launch,
And the fleets of clouds that it will bear,
And of skimming swallows, and jolly frogs
That will revel in music and soft spring air.

Of the violets hid in the mossy bank,
Modestly shading each purple face,
From the wooing sunrays' ardent glance,
Bearing themselves with a dainty grace.

Of snowy lilies that will spread their leaves
And rise and fall on the rippling tide;
Of the waving flag, and cat-tail brown,
And the purple iris on the bank beside.

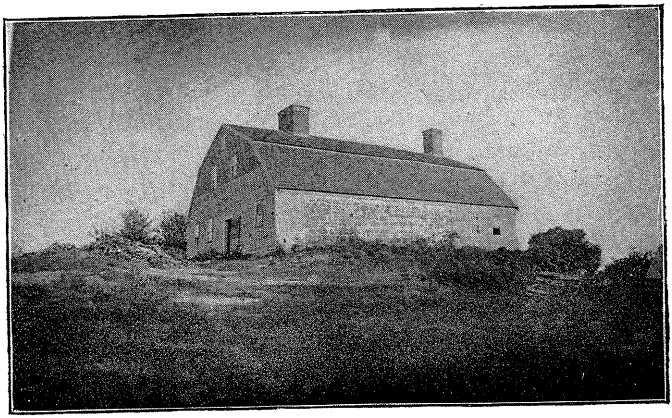
Ah! many's the song of the runaway brook
On its way to the dark blue sea,
And I wish I could tell you the half I know
Of the songs it has sung to me.

WHAT THE RIVER TOLD TO THE WATCHING CAPE.

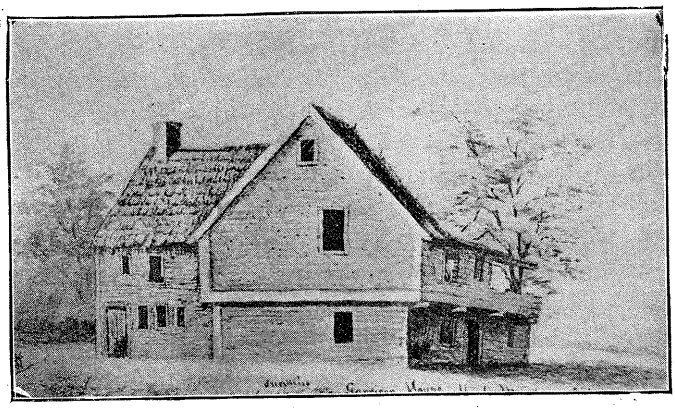
STRETCHING away and beyond the opal-tinted beach and behind its sun-steeped barriers, Cape Neddick lays its leonine form beside the rolling, surging sea. Over its wind-swept meadows the whispering breeze bears the burden of the pine trees' song, a lulling, soothing whisper in the ear that lies close to the beating heart of the wide, blue waters. Along the yellow cliffs gay summer homes, with their fanciful appellations, look down into waters that are never still enough to reflect their varied outlines. Only shadows stretch out over the brown turf, but break with the sea-line of snowy foam, to mingle with their snowy forms.

A curving, pebbly beach, hemmed by huge cliffs, nestles close to the sleeping giant, and, above, the brown fields stretch away to where the beautiful pleasure resort, with its aboriginal name, marks the limit of the new civilization. But beyond, the fields are Nature's own, and in the golden haze the dreamy sea-sounds rise and fall. Here the wild sea gull waves her gray pinions over the narrow neck of land as she sweeps back to the wimpling river. Over the waters the golden pathway of the rising sun comes trailing at the day god's chariot wheels. Across its bosom comes the cry of the sea fowl that gather round the stormy cliffs of the Nubble, and distant sails stray along the line of the horizon.

At its northern side, the beautiful little river, born in the heart of the "watching mountain," widens and stretches its silvery arms to welcome its "Beloved." But here a long, sandy bar reaches across, as if to warn the little stream that it would be lost when merged into that giant breast. And so the little



OLD JAIL AT YORK VILLAGE.



JUNKINS GARRISON HOUSE, 250 YEARS OLD.

Photos. by DAVIS BROS., Portsmouth, N. H.

river tarries behind the silver bar, and whispers tales unto the still brown form of its fair journey from the distant mount. Of springs that swelled the slender stream from out their bubbling depths; of waving, shadowy ferns and hardy brake, and pictured forms of stalwart pines whose fallen needles covered the bed of the rippling stream; of meadows sloping downward to its edge, their greensward broken oftentimes by gnarled old apple-trees, whose fragrant blossoms were wafted with the summer breeze to toss like tiny seashells upon the eddying waters; of its sudden dash over a rocky chasm into a wider stream, with the old brown mill upon its bank, in which the busy saw with relentless precision sundered those monarchs of the forest trees that fell beneath its busy blade; of still more hurried dashes beyond, over wide, flat rocks, creased and seamed with strata, where eddies curled and tossed dainty wreaths of foam and spray over each projecting stone.

Then on and on beneath a fringe of trees and through the pretty bridge with sleeping shadows in each crevice, and then one wild, wild dash into the briny flood that sweeps over the sandy bar to keep its daily tryst. Such tales as the river tells and the sleeping form listens, and dreams, and watches. The coasting vessels, with the flooding tide, slip over the bar and lean against the dark, mysterious wharves.

Beautiful farms lie all along the winding road that follows the sea from Boston down to Casco Bay, with here and there a tavern, where in former days the Post tarried to refresh the man and change the tired beasts. Here once stood one of them, a straight, plain hostelry, with no outward suggestion of the hospitality one finds within.

Along its streets we find homes of sea-captains whose names were borne by those who sailed from English shores with the ambitious lord proprietor, Sir Ferdinand de Gorges. In their parlors are wide branches of dainty coral and beautiful shells

with rainbow colors beneath the pearly covering, torn from the wave-washed gardens of the Southern seas. The fragrant honeysuckle clambers over their doorways, and the dooryards are filled with bushy rose-trees and clumps of lilac-bushes. We pass through the quiet streets and out in the open country until we reach the wonderful cliffs whose head is fringed with snowy foam. Piled in Titanic tiers the sunburnt rocks rise in an upright wall above the heaving sea that sweeps in long rolling waves upon its rocky pedestal. Over the uneven floor of rock they break in angry, curling waves, and dash their white spray far abroad, receding with a baffled sullen rush, rolling the loose stones over and over, and drawing deep breaths as they prepare for another furious onslaught.

Tales of wreck and storm are told by the dwellers on the cliff, but that of the bark with the plaintive Spanish name will always be remembered. The grass and bushes creep timidly down to the guarding rail, and here and there a stunted shrub thrusts itself through and waves a welcome to the glorious sea. But the sad fate of the daring child in his boyish frolic, who trusted to the stunted tree growing out of its rocky summit and met a cruel death on the rocks below, will keep the boldest admirer a trusty distance from the edge of the stony palisade.

Looking downward we see, beyond the wide, shallow waters of a short river, broken by sandbars that stretch their shining bands of gray above a sapphire flood, Wells, with its white colony of summer homes, and near by is the quaint village of Ogunquit. Here gloomy Harmon and savage Bonython bivouacked, and sturdy Moulton, with his vengeful band, swept through a primeval forest, to avenge his father's blood.

Among the residents we still find names borne by Cromwell's rebellious subjects, but no longer can we find the Indian. The woods are no longer his home, and, as we ride homeward

over the rocky hills and through the long stretch of pines between Cape Neddick and the village of York, we can but contrast the days of "then" and the days of "now." The terrors of the forest have departed, for no lurking Indian lies concealed in those dark shadows. No wild warwhoop breaks the stillness. Naught but the "speak" of the night-hawk, the chirp of the cricket, or the mournful tinkle of a cow-bell from some hidden pasture. The cruel raids and stories of captives and captivity belong to the past, and that past is well-nigh forgotten.

We pass the site of Black Isaac's tiny house in the edge of the wood, and almost fancy we see the little one-roomed hut in the clearing, with the little brood of pickaninnies playing about the door. We fancy Chloe's smiling face beneath her wonderful plaided turban beaming on them from the door. We see Black Isaac toiling up the pine-bedded pathway with his beloved fiddle under his arm and the worn old striped sack thrown across his shoulder. The picture vanishes as we draw near, and retires into the deepening shadows. Farther along the road, on the side nearest the sea, with broad meadows sloping away beyond, we come to the homes of the Moody family.

For generations they have held and still hold these acres. This name recalls the early days of York, when "Father Moody" was its spiritual adviser. His many eccentricities, his dependence upon Providence for the things needful, his courtliness, and, withal, his bounteous charities, which never "began at home," have been the subject of many a page. The sad story of his son, who was known as "Handkerchief Moody," and was a minister in the Scotland district, is a well-known tale. The shadows deepen as we pass this place, perhaps in sympathy with our thoughts, and here and there we see a light shining from the window of some pleasant home.

Boon Island sends forth its Hesperian light across the waters; the "Nubble Light" responds, and White Island adds its star to the triple alliance. We pass under the elms and go past the churches and still toward the sea. Then from the windows all along the shore a blaze of light, like to the palace of Aladdin, shines forth to welcome the "pilgrim of the past and present," and we are home.

SCHOOL DAYS.

THERE'S a little white schoolhouse far away
By a roadside, dusty and brown,
That stands deserted for half the year,
Like a nest when the birds have flown.
And its windows gaze with sorrowful eyes,
And the rain beats hard on the pane,
And down through the chimney the north wind calls,
For the children to come again.

But only the sailing clouds reflect
In the blurred, uneven pane;
And only sighs answer the wind's wild call,
For they never will come again.
Other bright forms and noisy shouts
Will answer the wind's wild quest,
For time has gathered those children fair,
And borne them away on his breast.

Ah! many a time have I gazed abroad
Through window and open door,
When the afternoon sun threw long slant rays
Across the footworn floor,

At the vista set in the narrow frame
Of field, and hill, and sky,
And the tall, slim elm that seemed to catch
The white clouds sailing by.

The gray stone wall that hedged the road,
And traveled over the hill;
The fringe of willows that edged the pond,
I think that I see them still.
And hear the click of the mowing-machine,
Cutting its fragrant swath,
From the blue edge of the summer sky,
An ever-widening path.

Down to the edge of the shaded path,
Where (like an army with flashing spears)
The sweet flag waves its long slim leaf
Through the oft-returning years,
I see the flash of the lily red
As it falls 'neath the shining blade,
And a whiff of fragrance comes to me
When the strawberry stalk is laid.

I hear the bobolink's merry song,
As he tilts on a timothy spray,
And see the flash of his yellow breast,
As he speedily wings his way
Down into the winrow's fragrant depths,
To feast on the berry red,
And his half-sung song wanders dreamily
Through my heart and weary head.

I remember the quaint wood colored house
We passed on our homeward way,
With its shuttered windows and worn doorstone,
That we always crossed each day,
To beg a drink from the wooden pail,
From the maiden tall and kind,
That always filled the pail afresh
From the well in the yard behind.

Along the dresser, in quaint array,
The willow plates were ranged;
The garden that 'neath the window grew,
In years was never changed;
But always lupins blue and straight,
And rosemary, and rue,
And a sweet, old-fashioned, flaunting rose,
That down in the corner grew.

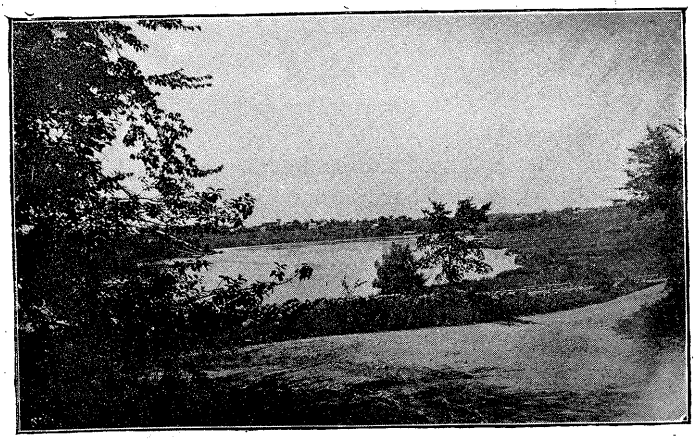
The cherry tree with its crimson fruit,
The currant bush's rosy curls,
The cinnamon rose across the road,
The delight of the boys and girls.
And farther along, on the sloping hill,
Where the sunlight loves to rest,
The place of graves with the snowy stones
Above the earth's green breast.

And yonder, beside the winding road,
Gleam the beech tree's silver rind,
And the poplar turns its silver leaf,
Responsive to the wind.

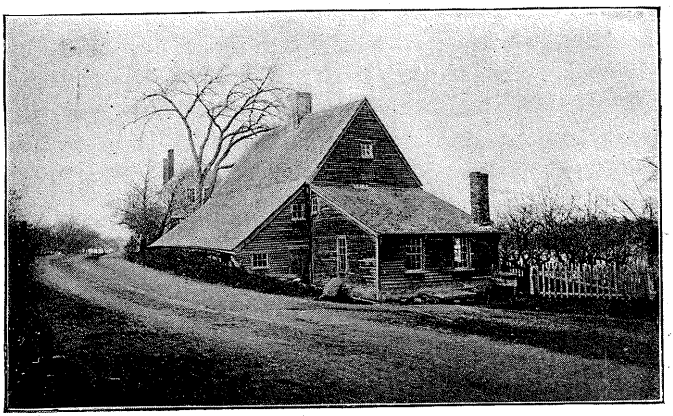
And, clinging close to the waving birch,
The wild grape climbs on high,
And from its topmost branches flings
A banner to the sky.

The branching road, with its five-barred gate,
That leads to a distant farm,
The bushy willows that fringed the road
And shaded a wayside tarn.
The long steep hill with its rocky crown,
From which our eyes could roam
To the ocean girdle, with emerald clasp,
And its edge of pearly foam.

I'm far away from the schoolhouse now,
And many long years have flown,
Since my feet have traveled the dusty road
From school to my childhood's home.
But the bird-song on the hilltop,
And the pictures by memory traced,
Nor time, nor place, can ever change,
Nor ever will be effaced.



A Glimpse of the Mill Pond.



Old Jackson House, Portsmouth, N. H.

Photos. by Davis Bros., Portsmouth, N. H.

YORK RIVER.

THERE may be lovelier rivers in this world than ours, but among the many I have seen none seem to possess the many attractions that this one does of which I speak. It is not a still, languid stream nor a rushing river fed by mountain streams, but a wide-mouthed deep current, reaching inland from the Atlantic for almost ten miles. Halfway across its mouth, a lovely point of land that would be an island were it not for a silvery arm of sand reaching out from, and connecting it with the mainland; welcoming the incoming tide that breaks in silvery foam upon the shining beach, or hurls its mighty strength against the rocks that girdle the seaward side of the point. It interposes itself, like a mediator, between the ocean and the river, making a shelter for the many vessels that seek a harbor when "the stormy winds do blow." Twice each day the ocean seeks its children of the hills. The rising tide swells round the rocky point and girdles the green islands that dot the harbor, with its liquid flood, flowing softly and steadily under the wharves, floating the boats that rest on the sand, then onward to the dam, mingling its rushing waters with the streams that trickle from the pond until both floods mingle in one glowing stream.

The prisoned vessels that half recline against the wharves feel the incoming tide lapping and gurgling around their keels and rise buoyantly from the sand to reflect themselves in its bosom. Onward it streams past wooded edge and smiling meadow, between the dusky piers that support the wooden bridge, like modern Christophers bearing the burden of the little world that passes daily, to and fro, across its rippling flood. It eddies and gurgles around them, ambitiously rising

to bathe their barnacled sides, waving and curling the brown and green grasses caught in their journey up the stream. Still onward, past a little shelving beach, flanked on each side by a beetling cliff surmounted by whispering pines and seeming in its loveliness like some haven in a fairy isle.

The pines have shed their brown leaves for a carpet and sweet ferns come down from the pastures beyond, to their shadow, mingling their sweetness with the fragrance of their lofty neighbors. Here and there a wild strawberry stalk with its royal leaf and late crimson berry make a green spot on the dull brown carpet. Still on and on the river swells, past other fields, and through other bridges, widening almost to a bay at one point, whose heavy wooded shores half girdle it and reflects itself in its smooth waters. It reflects the meadows patched here and there with waving corn, and seeks the many little coves that indent its shores, where sparkling, threadlike, silver streams come down from the sloping hills, to mingle their waters with the river, and be borne away to the dark blue ocean that gleams as far as the eye can see for miles and miles beyond.

There's one little cove in especial, near which I love to linger and watch the rising tide and listen to the varied sounds that float across its waters. It's a dreamy spot although so near the busy world. The trees that edge its shores extend down on one side to a rocky point on which a single tall white birch, like a stray sunbeam amid the monotony of green, mirrors itself in the rising tide below. An ancient bars made of the shorn trunks of small trees guards an overgrown road leading to the shore, and an ancient boat long since past duty tells its story of how in days long past it had been made to bear its load of bags of golden corn to the gristmill, a mile or more up the stream. Time has destroyed the use of the old boat, but its ravages are concealed by trailing vines and

long green grasses, through which its dull brown sides show, a bit of color on which the eye rests lovingly, and pictures form in the mind without a struggle on the part of the artist.

At the farthest part of the cove a big gray rock rises straight from the shore, its sides are flecked here and there with patches of fern and brake, while clumps of thimbleberry bushes thrust out their sturdy branches with leaves of almost tropical size, against which the small crimson berry blushes insignificantly. At the foot of the rock and just beyond the reach of the tide, with long grass waving all around its sides a little spring of fresh water shines in the sun or darkens in the shade. A footpath winds down the steep bank and on to the little spring that bubbles up in its barrel prison. Just beyond and in the shadow of the steep bank, I find a seat among the scattered stones and leaning back I look across the water and idly watch and listen. The tide comes rippling in with just a little swish and lap, higher and higher, until the cove is quite full. The water reflects the banks and trees beside them, with a bit of heaven between, so that one can almost fancy a newly discovered land and sky lie just within their reach.

Across the river the banks slope gradually a little way, then rise abruptly, making a picturesque hilly eminence, that slopes away on the other side to the ocean two miles away. Its top is covered with gay cottages and sober homes, mingling the grave and gay in architecture just as it is mingled in our lives. The cottage represents the many that seek rest and refreshment for the brief summer season, amid the variety of beauties nature here has lavished; the latter, those whose fathers made their homes here when the country was young, and whose homes have descended through many generations to those content to dwell amidst those beauties. From the main street that winds around the top of the hills, a pretty lane shaded by a row of graceful American elms leads downward nearly to the

water's edge. Just at its end an old white colonial house stands, whose wide white chimneys speak of other days when logs blazed in the fireplace that would make a half a dozen of those of modern days. There is a hush about the place that one can feel, even at this distance, for it is no longer a home, but has passed into the hands of strangers, and for long intervals of time its halls are vacant. The granite steps that lead down to the pier are almost concealed by grasses, but the river reflects the house again, and its reflected picture has a livelier look than its substantial prototype.

But listen! Ko-ruk, ko-ruk, comes the sound of an oar, and round a little wooded island a fisherman's boat comes in sight. I knew it was one, before I saw it, by the measured dip of the oar. The wide, sunburned straw hat, with its beehive crown, is pressed firmly on the back of the fisherman's head, partly shading the bronzed features of its owner, and wide gray suspenders cross his broad, round back, covered with its shirt of dark blue. He rows steadily on and is soon out of sight, but by this time another sound attracts my attention. There is a light dip and a sound of falling drops, and as I look in the direction of the point where stands the pretty white birch, a light canoe comes in sight. Poised lightly on the bow is a sunburned young man, gracefully guiding the canoe with light dips of his paddle, and giving just a little more than half his attention to the pretty, girlish face that casts admiring glances at him from the stern. They talk in a low, musical undertone, and what they say I do not hear, but I feel that they are lovers, and weave for them a little romance as I turn my head for a last glance at the boat and the crimson shawl that hangs over the stern like a banner.

Up the broad stream and right in the center of the current comes gay boatloads of — well, not lovers, this time, surely. They don't row slowly enough, and don't keep near the shore.

Their gay, ringing voices, full of mirth and happiness, tell of abundant vitality and a firm determination to have a good time. On they go, vieing with each other as to who shall lead, and soon are out of sight.

I muse awhile, watching the other boats that pass up and down with their more prosaic burdens of sand and seaweed, until I am finally roused by the lusty shouts of sailors getting ready to take advantage of the outgoing tide to be away on their coastwise trip. And I feel a restless longing to be away upon the sea, whose murmurs reach me here. The rattling and creaking of the cordage, as the white sails are borne aloft, have music in their own monotony, but living ever like the sound of the breaking waves on the distant shore I hear the clanking of the chains as they heave the anchor, and soon the " white-winged messenger of man " comes in sight, bearing steadily down the stream. I watch them as they round the island and pass from sight, reappearing again farther down the stream, and, when no longer in sight, follow them with my inward eye along their trackless path until the lengthening shadows bid me no longer dream. I clamber up the bank and follow the little footpath winding around the slope, and under old-fashioned apple-trees, guiltless alike of graft or pruning-knife, through the bars and along the grassgrown road to my summer resting place. But the spell of the sea is upon me, and voices from the past and future mingle confusedly in my mind. The voices of those around me have a dreamy, far-off sound, and I seek my chamber and fall asleep, with the breath of the ocean rising and falling with my pulse and mingling with my dreams.

CALLING THE COWS.

UP the long hill slopes the shadows are creeping,
Low hangs the sun in the bright western sky,
Soft through the distance comes the sound of flocks bleating,
And from the dark woodlands the whippoorwills cry.
In the grass at my feet the crickets are chirping;
Caw, caw, calls the homeward-bound crow;
And away on the hilltop the farmboy is calling,
Co Cherry, co Rose, co Moll, co Bett, co co, co co, co coo.

The western windows of the old yellow farmhouse,
In the sunset-light gleam golden and red,
Across the road the elm trees throw long shadows,
The night winds stir the branches overhead.
It lifts the leaves and rocks the hangbird's cradle,
Swaying it gently to and fro;
Fainter and farther the voice of the farmboy,
Co Cherry, co Rose, co Moll, co Bett, co co, co co, co coo.

Down in the meadow brook, shaded by rushes,
The frogs are piping their evening lay;
Lightly the swallows skim o'er the meadows,
Homeward the sparrow is winging its way.
Over the tired earth the dew is fast falling,
Longer and longer the shadows grow,
Still in the distance the farmboy is calling,
Co Cherry, co Rose, co Moll, co Bett, co co, co co, co coo.

The distant hills, like a misty, purple curtain,
Fold o'er the portal of the setting sun ;
Over the hilltop the cows are now coming,
Hurrying, loitering, one by one.
Down by the pasture bars someone is waiting,
Swinging the milkpails to and fro,
Whistling a bar from some quaint old measure, —
Ah ! that was many long years ago.
Still through my memory the quaint call is stealing,
Stealing like footfalls, heard long ago ;
Like the chime of a bell that has long ceased its pealing,
Co Cherry, co Rose, co Moll, co Bett, co co, co co, co coo.

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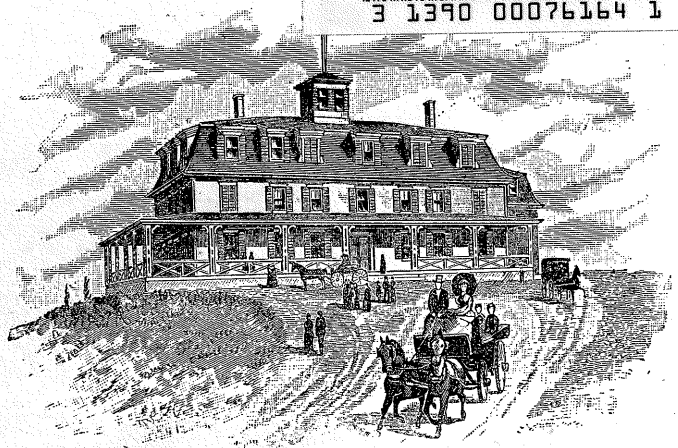

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