

Jamestown of Pemaquid:

A POEM.

BY

MRS. MARIA W. HACKELTON.

READ ON THE SITE OF FORT FREDERIC, ON THE
RECEPTION OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE
MAINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY BY THE
CITIZENS OF BRISTOL,

AUGUST 26, 1869.

PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE SOCIETY.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY HURD AND HOUGHTON.

Cambridge: Riverside Press.

1869.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by
THE MAINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of Maine.

RIVERSIDE, CAMBRIDGE:
PRINTED BY H. O. HOUGHTON AND COMPANY.

At a meeting of the Committee of the Maine Historical Society, appointed in February last, to examine and report upon the remains of military defenses, paved streets, and early habitations at "Ancient Pemaquid" (Bristol), held August 26, 1869, on the site of Fort Frederic, it was, on motion, —

Resolved, That the thanks of this Committee, acting for the Society, be tendered to Mrs. Maria W. Hackelton, for the beautiful and appropriate historical poem written by her, for the occasion of the gathering of the citizens of this and the neighboring towns to welcome and aid the Committee in their investigations, and read by her this day; and that a copy thereof be requested of the authoress for preservation in the archives of the Society, and for publication.

EDWARD BALLARD,
Secretary of the Maine Historical Society.

Rev. EDWARD BALLARD, D. D.,

Secretary of the Maine Historical Society:—

In compliance with the request of the Committee of the Maine Historical Society, given through yourself, I commit to your hands the poem read before the assemblage at the ruins of Fort Frederic, Pemaquid, August 26, 1869, for preservation in the archives of the Society, and for publication.

With full appreciation of the high honor conferred upon me by the gentlemen of the Maine Historical Society, I remain,

Respectfully yours,

MARIA W. HACKELTON.

BRISTOL, *September 2, 1869.*

PREFATORY NOTICE.

AT a special meeting of the Maine Historical Society, held at Augusta in February last, on the motion of Leonard Woods, LL. D., a Committee was appointed to examine and report upon the remains of the ancient fortification at Pemaquid in the town of Bristol, the paved street, and indications of the original settlement connected therewith. The following members were, on nomination, selected for this purpose, namely: Messrs. Bourne, R. K. Sewall, Poor, Bailey, Dike, Woods, Ballard, C. J. Gilman, Bradbury, and North. After consultation, the 25th and 26th days of August were chosen as the time for making the proposed investigation. In the mean while, a correspondence had been carried on with some of the citizens of Bristol; who, cherishing a deep interest in the designs of the Committee, and desirous of facilitating to the utmost their

work in the proposed examinations, secured the appointment of a committee of the town to give a welcome to the representatives of the Society, provide for their hospitable entertainment, and aid them in all suitable ways to accomplish the object of their inquiries. This local committee was composed of William Hackelton, Esq., Hon. David Chamberlain, Hon. Arnold Blaney, Chandler Bearce, Cyrus Fossett, Alexander Yates, James Nichols, Leander Morton, and Charles P. Tibbetts, Esquires.

On the afternoon of the first of the days appointed for the visit, the Committee examined the ancient mill-race, with its side-cuts, at the village of Pemaquid Falls. This excavation is remarkable, principally, for the fact that no tradition exists in relation to its origin. Conjecture reasonably enough ascribes its construction to some portion of the earliest settlers, for carrying saw and grist mills to supply the wants of the ancient town below.

On the next day, the 26th, the Committee assembled at the site of Fort Frederic, the last of the four defensive structures erected at different dates for the protection of the

frontier. Its foundations still remain, with the traces of the bastion at the northeast corner, and of the round tower at the opposite angle that was made to inclose a high pointed rock, for service against future besiegers, as it had before aided for attack. A cannon-ball and the fragment of a shell, doubtless thrown from the battery of Iberville on the rising ground across the bay, of which the outlines still remain, had been taken from the western bank of the defenses, and were presented for observation. By the diligence of some members of the local committee, a portion of the paved street had been laid bare by the removal of the superincumbent soil, to the depth of eight to eighteen inches, over which the ploughshare had often been driven in former years. The regular arrangement of the beach-stones, the depression for the water-course to the shore, the curb-stones, the adjoining foundation-stones still in place, articles of household furniture, and implements of the artisan, — all these and other concurring facts proved, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that a European community had dwelt on this spot, and had made this long street in imi-

tation of what they had left in the motherland. In the examination in this locality an essential service was rendered by the Hon. Elisha Clarke of Bath, a native of Bristol, whose familiarity with the place and earnestness in laborious search brought up from the ground several long concealed utensils of domestic use. The cemetery at the northeast end of this street, and near the edge of the peninsula, contains a few ancient memorials of the dead; the one bearing the date of 1695 being the oldest now remaining. The more ancient have decayed, or been removed from the plain now used as a grassfield, and have been lost. The low timbers of the wharf of remote days are still washed by the daily tides; and partially filled cellars in the triple lines of parallel streets show the places where the dwellings stood in the early times. The inhabitants are said to have numbered five hundred persons and more; and the number of houses remaining within the memory of a person now living, and reported by a tradition sustained by the numerous cellars, is sufficient to warrant the belief in this amount of the population.¹

¹ "Ancient Pemaquid" in *Me. Hist. Coll.*, vol. v. p. 234.

At eleven o'clock, the hour appointed for the formal reception of the Committee, the large concourse of people, who from an early hour had been assembling from the neighboring region, gathered around the platform which had been erected within the outlines of the Fort for the two committees and invited guests, and had been adorned with the American and English flags, and evergreens from the neighboring forest. The Hon. Arnold Blaney of Bristol was invited to preside. The Rev. Mr. Bean of the same place offered prayer. Prof. John Johnston, LL. D., of the University at Middletown, Conn., a native of Bristol, made the Address of Welcome, in the course of which he gave a succinct narrative of the early rise and varying fortunes of the settlement. A response was made by the Hon. E. E. Bourne of Kennebunk, President of the Society and Chairman of the Committee, in which he expressed the thanks of its members for their gratifying reception by the citizens of the town. He explained their purpose in visiting this place of numerous stirring historic associations, and urged the importance of knowing the history of Pem-

aquid, to whose waters the ships of the English nation came for business before Plymouth had a beginning.

A poem was then announced by the President, which had been prepared to add interest to this welcome, at the earnest solicitation of the local committee, by Mrs. Maria W. Hackelton, and was read by the authoress, thus adding a new charm to the already inspiring incidents of the day. The subject was "Jamestown of Pemaquid." At a subsequent stage of the proceedings, the Committee, acting in behalf of the Society, in connection with their vote of thanks for this offering, solicited a copy for publication, and for preservation in its archives. It accordingly is herewith presented.

Dr. Leonard Woods of Brunswick yielded to the call of the President, and spoke of the very great satisfaction experienced by the Committee at finding the remains of the ancient days more abundant and interesting than had been anticipated. The existence of the paved street could no longer be discredited. He then proceeded with statements to show the high probability

that the settlement at Pemaquid antedated the year 1620. Here were navigable waters and commercial advantages of surpassing excellence, well known in England by the reports of Waymouth in 1605, and other later navigators, who came over for the purpose of discovering fitting places for occupation; and all suited to attract attention to this very place. Besides, there were documents in existence which give confirmation to this probability. The great New England Charter of November, 1620, speaks of settlements *already* made by the English on this coast, "in places agreeable to themselves." What place could be more "agreeable" than this for enterprise, or give better promise of success? Then, too, the Patent granted to John Peirce in 1621, in the judgment of recent historians, is evidently not to be regarded as the Plymouth Charter, as had by some been supposed, but is to be referred to his purchase at Pemaquid, whither "he had *already* transported divers persons into New England," for a time sufficiently long before this date to make it the basis of his petition for this grant. And, thirdly, in the "Brief Relation" of 1622, there is an

account of thirty ships engaged in trade and the fishery here, "besides those that are gone for the transportation of the planters, or supply of such as are *already* planted." Moreover, can it be believed that there could have been such a fleet here for these purposes, and yet no settlement formed? ¹ These were not all the proofs, but they were enough to show that we ought to look for settlements here prior to 1620. It fared hard with the early occupants in Maine. They had to contend with the French, the Indians, pirates, sharpers, and Massachusetts' hostilities; and the wonder is that they were not exterminated.

The Hon. J. W. Bradbury of Augusta, Vice President of the Society, spoke of the significant fact, that three nations were in early days struggling for the possession of our territory—the English, the French, and the Portuguese. It was well that

¹ *Note by the Secretary.*—The events here referred to are the same as appear in Winslow's Relation, *Mass. Hist. Coll.*, vol. viii. p. 245, where he says the Plymouth people were in great want, and their "store of victuals was wholly spent." He went for aid to "Damarin's Cove, near Munhiggen," where their need was "freely" supplied. At "Munhiggen was a plantation of Sir F. Gorges." *Ib.* 2d ser. vol. ix. p. 85. The name Monhegan had a wider application than now, embracing Damarin's Cove, and Pemaquid.

neither of the last two succeeded, as history showed that they were not as good for colonization as the Anglo-Saxon race. He referred to the occupation at Sagadahoc, by Popham, as securing this region to the English race as against the French, and thus determining the whole future progress of the country. It is one of the great facts on which the destinies of this nation turn.

Addresses of great practical interest were also made by the Rev. President Harris and the Rev. Dr. Packard of Bowdoin College, Hon. J. A. Poor and E. H. Elwell, Esq., of Portland, A. G. Tenney, Esq., of Brunswick, and R. K. Sewall, Esq., of Wiscasset; the last of whom presented many interesting facts connected with the history of the place, and particularly the location of Iberville's battery on the heights across the harbor, which commanded a former fort at the time of its capture in 1696.

Before leaving the stage, on motion, a copy of Prof. Johnston's address was solicited by the Committee for the Society, to be published with its proceedings.

After the hospitable dinner provided by the local committee for their guests, the

Committee proceeded to visit the remains of a fortification on the western side of the harbor on a point of land selected with military accuracy to command the upper and lower passages of the bending river. The outlines of the works can be easily traced, with a bastion in one corner. A paved way is still to be seen leading downward towards the bank, but covered deep with turf and soil. At its lower end a cellar is found, floored with smooth and matched stones, with a double wall of faced stone. A fossiliferous stone of foreign origin, in hewn blocks, appears among the ruins. The remains of a settlement are shown in the well, the nearly filled cellars, the tan-pit and fragments of leather, bits of iron, and the slag of a blacksmith's forge. Many articles indicating the usages of the inhabitants have here come to light, as a gun-barrel, a flint-lock, pipes for smoking, wrought nails, fragments of glass and earthen ware, a spoon, an iron bullet, a brass kettle, an iron pick, and other objects of interest to the searcher for antiquities. It excited the surprise of the visitors, that no recorded or traditional evidence attests the existence of such a

fortification and surrounding dwellings. The ruins alone bear the evidence of the activities of the past.

The explorations were now finished, as far as the allotted time would allow. A subcommittee was appointed to continue the examinations in portions not yet thoroughly searched, and to report to the Secretary of the Society. With the dispersing crowd the Committee left the place where the events of more than two hundred and fifty years — events of frontier hardihood, busy toil, the successive terrors of war, and the enjoyments of peace and prosperity — had reappeared in lively review before them, and where imagination could easily reproduce the large population, the courts, the custom-house, the religious worship, the busy streets, the ships in the harbor, the battles, the desolations, the recoveries, and the slow declining passage to final ruin. Before the setting of the sun, the daily stillness came again around the solitary farm-house on Fort Hill, and the hundreds of the gathered company took their homeward way, with pleasant recollections of this day of historic research among the remains of Ancient Pemaquid.

The agency of the local committee was in every way acceptable and useful in aiding the design of the Society. It enabled its members to become acquainted with facts still existing amid the ruins of the olden days, as communicated by the testimony of living witnesses, or restated from deeply engraved traditions, to an extent far surpassing all their anticipations. Without this assistance, their knowledge would have been limited and imperfect. It contributed largely to the success of their undertaking, and to its attendant pleasures, while the large assemblage from all quarters around, coming by land and by water, the beauty and serenity of the day, the attractive scenery of the ocean, bay, harbor, hills, and forest, and the deep and unfaltering attention of all the multitude to the leading purpose of the visit, awakened a deep interest to know the yet untold history of the place, and of the other early settlements on our coast so long overlooked and forgotten.

For the Committee,

EDWARD BALLARD,

Sec. Me. Hist. Soc.

BRUNSWICK, *September*, 1869.

HISTORIC SKETCH.

OUR ancient city of Jamestown was built upon a peninsula, bearing the name of Pemaquid, and lying on the southern coast of Maine, within the large extent of territory formerly called Mavooshen. This peninsula is now a part of the present town of Bristol, and extends from the mouth of the Pemaquid River a distance of three miles or more in a south-east direction, terminating in a rocky promontory known as Pemaquid Point. Its western shore is washed by the waters of Pemaquid Bay and Harbor. The river, a clear and beautiful stream, flows from the north, widening into a broad, circular basin before mingling its waters with the bay. At the mouth of the river, and on the western shore of the peninsula, stood once the prosperous settlement known as the "City of Jamestown,"¹

¹ Sewall's *Ancient Dominions*, pp. 175, 177.

and now believed to be among the first of the English settlements on the coast of New England.

Of this settlement in its earliest days, history gives us but little information. Certain facts, however, are known, which seem to establish the point that at Pemaquid or some neighboring location was made the first permanent settlement on this coast.

This region was visited by voyagers at the beginning of the seventeenth century: by Gosnold in 1602, by De Monts and Waymouth in 1605, by Popham in 1607-8, and by Smith in 1614. Monhegan, a large island visible from the main land, some twelve miles distant on the south-east, was a marine station of frequent resort, and probably was permanently inhabited before the year 1619.¹ The New England Charter of November 3, 1620, speaks of settlements already made by Sir Ferdinando Gorges and his associates under the previous charter of James I., granted April 10, 1606. The language used in the description is worthy of special notice; declaring that these persons "have divers Years past by God's Assis-

¹ Thornton's *Ancient Pemaquid*, p. 183.

tance, and their own Endeavours taken actual Possession of the Continent hereafter mentioned, in our Name and to our Use, as Sovereign Lord thereof, and have settled already some of our People in Places agreeable to their Desires in those Parts." As the harbor of Pemaquid was well known to the early navigators, who came out for the purpose of discovering suitable places for plantations, it is but a fair inference to suppose that its ease of access, safety, convenience and nearness to good fishing-grounds, led to the formation of a settlement on its adjoining peninsula, as one of those "Places agreeable to the Desires" of the new-comers previous to the date of the charter of 1620. The patent granted to John Peirce in 1621, which has hitherto been supposed to relate to the Plymouth settlement in Massachusetts, has been regarded by some late historians as referring to Peirce's purchase in the region of Pemaquid. It recites that "the said John Peirce and his Associates have already transported and undertaken to transporte at their cost and chardges themselves and divers persons into New England and there to build

a town and settle divers Inhabitants." His settlement was on the eastern shore of this territory.¹

In the "Brief Relation" of 1622, there are accounts of thirty ships fishing in these waters, and other ships bringing supplies to planters already settled here, from which provisions were furnished to the settlers at Plymouth. It seems incredible that so large a fleet of ships should be here, unless at this point a considerable settlement then existed. John Brown, the original proprietor of Bristol (embracing Pemaquid), obtained his title to the soil from the Indian chieftain, Samoset. This was the first deed ever given by an Indian to a white man. In 1630 there was a fort at this point, and a considerable trade was carried on with the Plymouth colonists. At the time when this territory was merged in Massachusetts as the "District of Maine," the citizens of this vicinity forwarded a petition to the Governor and Council of New York, urging the plea "that Pemaquid may still remain the metropolitan

¹ Willis's *History of Portland* considers that this patent is to be applied as here stated, and thinks that the lost Patent of Plymouth has not yet come to light. Thornton's *Ancient Pemaquid* appears to concur in this view.

of these parts, because it ever have been so before Boston was settled." ¹ Says Thornton, "while the Pilgrims were struggling for life at Plymouth, and Conant founding Massachusetts at Cape Ann, Pemaquid was probably the busiest place on the coast." ²

Here, then, doubtless existed one of the first permanent English settlements in New England. For a period of more than fifty years the colony prospered, and population and trade increased. The Indians were friendly, and mingled freely and familiarly among the colonists. Often might their canoes be seen skimming the smooth surface of the bay, or crossing the Pemaquid, bringing stores of game, furs, and the rare and beautiful articles of their curious workmanship. Even at this day may be seen marks of the ancient Indian trail at the carrying-place from the eastern to the western shore of the peninsula, from New Harbor to the mouth of the Pemaquid River. This portage is well known to the Penobscot Indians, who, passing through this region, always follow the same trail. Samoset, the Monhegan chieftain, held large possessions

¹ *Maine Historical Collection*, vol. v. p. 137.

² *Ibid*, p. 194.

in Mavooshen, embracing the territory of Pemaquid. Here doubtless he first heard the English language, and learned to speak the words with which he greeted the Plymouth colonists, "Welcome, Englishmen."

A fort was erected in 1630 as a protection against possible dangers, but proved an insufficient defense against the marauding acts of the noted pirate, Dixie Bull. It seems not to have been needed against the Indians, whose friendliness continued until after the breaking out of hostilities in Massachusetts in the time of King Philip. Rumors of war reached Maine from abroad, and in 1676 parties of Indians from foreign tribes incited the natives here to fall upon the white men within their borders. A surprise attack was made upon the fort and settlement at Pemaquid, and the people, being unable to defend themselves successfully, were forced to flee. They put to sea in boats, pursued by the war-whoop of the savage, and watching from afar the smoke and flames rising above the ruins of their desolated homes.

The next year (1677) the fort was rebuilt by Governor Andros of New York, by au-

thority of James, Duke of York. The adjoining territory now constituted a ducal province, of which Pemaquid was the capital. The new fort was named "Fort Charles," and the settlement around it was called "Jamestown." For some years the inhabitants enjoyed a season of undisturbed peace, and it is probable that during this period the city attained its highest prosperity. It became "the metropolis of the east, and was invested with an influence and importance, as the mart of eastern trade, never before attained."¹ It was the centre of intercourse with the natives, and the only port of entry and clearance on this eastern coast. In appearance it probably bore a striking resemblance to some English seaport town; the houses, some of wood and some more substantial structures of stone, being built in the old English style. The streets were narrow, and paved with the cobble-stones of the beach. The principal street ran from the fort in a northeast direction. Two other streets ran the same course on either side of it, with cross streets at convenient intervals.

¹ Sewall's *Ancient Dominions of Maine*, p. 175.

Now passed the brightest hours in the history of "Ancient Jamestown," when she sat in pride upon her royal seat, "Queen City of the East." The voyager from Europe, sailing along this wild and rugged coast, found not a spot so fair. Sailing up the broad bay, past green vine-covered islands, into the quiet waters of the harbor, a scene of surpassing loveliness met his eye. The harbor, filled with shipping, lay calm and motionless as some enchanted sea. Before him rose the battlements of Fort Charles, over whose summit waved the folds of Britannia's flag, bearing the Cross of St. George. Along the shore the busy wharves were burdened with foreign merchandise, and the custom-house opened its doors near the water's edge. Farther back rose the dwelling of the commandant, a spacious mansion, with a paved court surrounding it on three sides, crowned by an observatory that overlooked the sea. Smaller dwellings lay clustered around; neat vine-embowered cottages, whose white walls shone in brilliant contrast with the dark green of the oak, the hemlock, and the pine. In the distant background rose the dense forest, its crowded

tree-tops swaying in the wind like the billows of a vast sea ; while overhead flapped the wild wings of sea-birds, and the gray, majestic eagle soared upward to the clouds. The land-breeze wafted the murmur of the village from the shore. He hears the bark of the house-dog, the shout of children at their play, the sound of the hammer on the anvil, and the voice of the distant ploughman calling to his team, from the sunny slope by the river-side. Thus the fair city by the sea welcomed the stranger from afar, inviting, with all pleasant sights and sounds, the wanderer to linger on these borders of Mavooshen.

All went well with Jamestown until 1689, when the Penobscot Indians, coming in strong force, captured and destroyed it. The fort was rebuilt in 1692 by Sir William Phips, the son of a citizen of Pemaquid, and afterward Governor of Massachusetts, and was called Fort William Henry. It was constructed of stone, and was at that time considered the strongest defense of the kind on this continent. Four years after, it was attacked by French and Indians, under command of Iberville. In approaching the

coast, he encountered two English vessels with a tender on their way to the Bay of Fundy, to intercept French storeships. A battle ensued in which he came off victorious, capturing the English ship Newport. The other vessels escaped. Iberville then made sail for Pemaquid. He was joined by Castine, with a flotilla of canoes manned by two hundred Indian warriors. They succeeded in capturing the fort. The town was plundered, and the fort dismantled. Thus it remained until 1729, when it was again rebuilt by Governor Dunbar, and named Fort Frederic. This fort stood until the War of the Revolution, when it was finally pulled down by the inhabitants, who feared it might be occupied by the English.

Since then a heap of ruins has marked the spot where once the heavy guns were pointed against the invader, and where the gates of refuge were thrown open to the settlers fleeing from a savage foe. The storms of war are past. The thunder of the guns and the wild cry of the savage are heard no more. A single farm-house stands alone upon the site of the once populous

city. The slow years passing over it have wrought their silent work, leaving only ruins to tell the story of the past.

At the northern extremity of what was once the main street, lying a little to the east, is an inclosed cemetery. There, among grave-stones of a more modern date, still stand some ancient tablets, whereon one may read the quaint characters and inscriptions of the olden time. Outside the inclosure the graves are more numerous than within ; but the time-worn stones have crumbled to decay, or been removed by some former proprietors of the soil. Within the ruined inclosure of the fort sleep many of the brave who fell in battle. Over the pavements the soil has gathered to the depth of many inches. There the grass grows tall in summer, waving silently over the foot-prints of the departed. Along the line of the streets may still be counted the half-obliterated cellars of former dwellings ; now and then some curious relic is dug out from the mouldering remains within. The outlines of the fort may still be plainly traced. At its western angle stands a high rock formerly inclosed within the round tower, over which

the large gun of the fort was mounted. The ruins are now overgrown with briars, vines, and wild rose-bushes, and present a picturesque appearance to the visitor.

The scene from the highlands on the opposite bank of the river is one of striking beauty. The river flowing between sloping banks of green, the quiet harbor, and the broad bay widening to the distant sea, the site of Jamestown, the lone farm-house standing on its summit, the high rock of the ancient tower with the clambering vines at its base, the gleaming stones that mark the field of graves, and the distant islands with white sails gliding between, all unite to form a rare picture in the soft light of a summer day.

A wild sublimity of change sweeps over it with winter and storm. Then huge waves lash the trembling rocks, and break in thunder on the shore, raging in midnight revel around the ruins of the silent city.

M. W. H.

JAMESTOWN OF PEMAQUID.



I.

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

II.

The restless sea resounds along the shore,
The light land-breeze flows outward with
a sigh,
And each to each seems chanting ever-
more
A mournful memory of the days gone by ;

All underneath these tufted mounds of
grass

Lies many a relic, many a storied stone,
And pale ghosts rise as lingering footsteps
pass

The ruined fort with tangled vines o'er-
grown.

III.

Green is the sod where, centuries ago,
The pavements echoed with the throng-
ing feet

Of busy crowds that hurried to and fro,
And met and parted in the city street ;
Here, where they lived, all holy thoughts
revive,

Of patient striving and of faith held fast ;
Here, where they died, their buried records
live ;

Silent they speak from out the shadowy
past.

IV.

The white-winged ships slow sailing toward
the west

To lands unknown, from Old World
shores afar,

In search of fairer climes and homes more
 blest,
 Seen but in dreams, like some bright dis-
 tant star,
Cast anchor here ; sad eyes, with watching
 dim,
 Beheld these shores in native wildness
 clad,
And thanks arose in many a joyful hymn :
 The land was goodly, and their hearts
 were glad.

v.

First dwellers on New England's rock-
 bound soil,
 Amid these wilds their humble homes
 they made ;
Children of luxury, hardy sons of toil,
 Together suffered and together prayed ;
Here rose, among the hills and forests grand,
 The growing tumult of a striving race ;
The sounds, still wandering through the
 echoing land,
 Like spirits haunt their ancient dwelling-
 place.

VI.

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

VII.

The hum of schools, the shout when tasks
were done,
The din of shops, the court-room's mur-
mur, rose
In mingling uproar, till the sunset gun
Flashed from the frowning fort at day-
light's close.
From happy homes the earnest tones of
prayer
Went floating upward through the twi-
light dim,

And by the hearthstone smiling in her chair
The saint-like mother sang her cradle
hymn.

VIII.

Young hearts beat light amid the gathered
throng,
Where rosy hours flew by on silver feet,
And lingering notes of laughter and of
song
With softened echoes filled the lighted
street ;
The young moon, smiling through her va-
pory veil,
Looked tenderly the twining branches
through,
Where maidens listened to the oft-told tale,
Old as the world, and yet forever new.

IX.

The holy benediction here was shed
On loving hearts, the husband and the
wife,
And faith's triumphant requiem blessed the
dead :
" I am the Resurrection and the Life ;"
Sweet Sabbath sounds of worship charmed
the ear,

The grand Church service of the olden
time ;
And savage crowds in silent awe drew near
When "Gloria in Excelsis" rose sublime.

X.

Thus smoothly passed their lives of calm
content,
Their days of peace, their nights of safe
repose,
Ere foreign foes, on murderous errand bent,
Began the lingering torture of their woes ;
The hunter found a welcome frank and free,
Where painted braves in smoky wigwam
hid,
And oft beneath the settler's household tree
Sat Samoset, the "Lord of Pemaquid."

XI.

The light canoe, swift glancing o'er the tide,
Bore curious treasures from the wilds
along,
And through the echoing forest wandering
wide,
The Indian maiden sang her plaintive
song ;

The star-eyed daisies bloomed in valleys
fine,

The scarlet lilies flamed among the trees,
And spicy breath of hemlock and of pine
Came wafted sweet on every passing
breeze.

XII.

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

XIII.

The frantic mother wept and prayed in vain,
While savage hands the smiling infant
slew,
And burning ruin smoked along the plain,
So wild, so sharp, the fiendish warfare
grew ;

And o'er the sea the darkening horror swept,
Where flame-wreathed vessels battled all
in vain,
And o'er the land pale Fear with Famine
crept,
Dark Desolation's slow and silent train.

XIV.

Then sad and lingering was the sure decay,
That dragged the dying city to its doom,
Till this fair valley where we walk to-day,
From hill to river, blossoms o'er a tomb ;
The happy homes so bright, so full of song,
Lie mouldering here beneath the crumbling clay ;
The happy hearts, with faith and courage strong,
Sleep on beside them, cold and still as they.

How calm they lie ! how sweet their sleep !
A silent age of dreamless rest ;
While viewless hosts forever keep
Their loving guard around the blest.

The sun and cloud above them pass,
The moonbeam silvers o'er their graves,

The wind creeps sighing through the grass,
And rocks resound with dash of waves.

And still, as in those distant years,
The wild rose blossoms o'er the plain ;
The robin still the summer cheers,
Sweeps on the river, falls the rain.

The rolling years like dreams go by,
And life glides swiftly to its goal,
And swifter than the eagles fly
Comes on the triumph of the soul, —

When faith and love like stars shall shine
Immortal o'er decay and gloom,
And human hope, like flowers divine,
In gardens of our God shall bloom.

xv.

Smile on, fair river, flowing to the sea,
And chant, O sea, your anthem evermore ;
Seasons shall roll, and human life shall be
Golden with hope as life hath been be-
fore ;
The sacred records of the dead remain,
And faithful history calls them from the
past ;

Their feet shall tread with ours the distant
plain,
Whose shining space outspreads sublime
and vast.

XVI.

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

NOTES.

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

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

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

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

The scarlet lily is a native of these woods. During the month of August the forests and fields are brilliant with its showy blossoms.

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

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