

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

Half an Hour with the Puritans.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

IN the year 1635, the ship *Angel Gabriel* sailed from Bristol, in England, with passengers to the coast of America. Among these were a Mr. Cogswell, a merchant of London, his wife and seven children—three sons and four daughters. When almost at the point of arrival, a storm drove the ship into **Pemaquid Bay**, where she was wrecked, and a great part of his possessions, consisting of furniture, and, most probably, of trading goods, were lost.

The passengers escaped to land; and the Cogswell family, tenderly reared as had been the London bred children, had no refuge but a tent on the wild shores of Maine, with bears and wolves on one side, and Indians on the other. Here the wife and children remained, until Mr. Cogswell went to Boston, to select a place for their future residence.

The ship had sailed in May; and in October, he had received a grant of three hundred acres of land at Chebacco—had hastily built a log house, and removed his family to their new abode, just as the glories of autumnal scenery, as seen in an American forest, greeted their eyes for the first time. The log house was a welcome shelter to Elizabeth Cogswell, who had been longing to gather her little flock once more beneath a roof tree. That noble, healthful, handsome English mother, fresh from the lap of luxury, moving in refined and cultivated society, was even thankful for the comforts of a log hut in the wilderness, if but he whom she so loved, were beside her, and their seven human blossoms gladdening their forest path.

John Cogswell had come to America to be a farmer; and when he looked round upon the wide possessions that lay before him, and thought of the three sons whom he had brought from the temptations of a city life—a life in London—to the pure and peaceful existence he trusted to see them following here, he would not have exchanged his position for that of King Charles himself.

And his wife and her little daughters, delighted to find freedom in the open air, were never tired of admiring their generous expanse of woodland and meadow land, their noble animals, their multitude of fowls and all the pleasant sights and sounds of their country life.

Strangely enough did their coarse and ordinary fare—hominny and bean porridge, or vegetables—contrast with the splendid silver tureens, the massive spoons and rich china; and not less observable, that between the rough floors and bare logs, and the superb curtains and carpets which they had brought from beyond the sea.

Not a sigh was ever breathed for their English home, however, with all its wealth and luxury. The forest life filled up the measure of their happiness; and if the incongruities of their surroundings claimed attention at all, it was only to enjoy a laugh at the remarks they would excite from their London acquaintances.

Looking back to the scanty records of those days, we are sometimes tempted to ask, if all the refinement, the show and glitter, the waste of life, the reckless hasting to be rich, and the countless gauds with which we invest existence in these days of hurry and excitement, are indeed worth the price we pay for them?

And now, in the lapse of a few years, John Cogswell's children have grown to be men and women, with frames hardened and more healthy by simple and active exercise, and plain, unviolated food.

A new house takes the place of the log hut, which is not however demolished, but kept as a reminder of former struggles in the wilderness; and from the yet unopened stores of rich goods and furniture, saved from the wreck at **Pemaquid Bay**, the plenishing of the new house is taken, and exhibited to the wondering eyes of the neighbors. Turkey carpets, rich curtains and silver plate, all have place there, and the palace of a duke could hardly excite more admiration than the simple frame building, with its clay chimneys, after the decorations are completed.

And hither comes young Godfrey Armitage, from Boston, to woo the pretty forest maiden whom he saw the last summer, while on a visit at his uncle's farm, in the neighboring village. He has written her father for permission to address her, and finding her not averse, he has expressed himself willing that his daughter should

receive him at a time specified. The day comes, and Mary, blushing like a rose, bashfully welcomes him, and they are betrothed.

In quaint, but earnest and heartfelt words, Mary wrote to her sister Hannah, of her engagement, warming up to enthusiasm in the description of her lover, and exulting with a woman's natural and pardonable vanity, in his love for her.

Women are the same in court, in village, and in forest, as far as coquetry goes; and a large spice of this quality had entered into the composition of Hannah Cogswell.

She had been absent at Salem for some months, learning some pretty feminine accomplishments, and improving, by opportunity, the aforesaid stock of coquetry. Somewhat too exultant she thought her sister's letters; and in the innocent but perilous ideas it suggested, one was uppermost; that of subduing Mary's lover, by her own charms; meaning only to enjoy herself at her sister's expense, without dreaming of the aching hearts that might follow her unthinking frolic.

Well might Mary look dismayed at the evident admiration of her lover, when Hannah came home, unexpectedly, at the period of his second visit, and opened the whole battery of her attractions upon him.

Hannah sung; and the scientific training she had received at Salem, and the many new and beautiful airs she had learned, joined to a voice always melodious, enabled her to leave far behind Mary's psalm singing. To the practised ear of Godfrey Armitage, Hannah's music was enchanting.

To the surprise of the family, the lover stayed a week longer than was his custom, and when he left them, it was with the opportunity of Hannah's company as far as Salem.

What passed on their journey, Hannah did not reveal; but the next letter of Armitage's was a formal resignation of Mary's hand, and, closely following was a letter to her father, asking permission of him to address her sister.

The answer to this last was characteristic of the sturdy old man. It comprised but one sentence, but that was enough to show the variable and inconstant lover with whom he was to deal. It bore simply these words:

"MARY ON NONE."

And as the coquettish Hannah had encountered a certain Charles Waldo in her travels, who claimed her love, she wrote a half saucy epistle to Mr. Armitage, acknowledging that she only encouraged him in a spirit of mirth, and had no idea of defrauding her sister of his changeless and undying affection! Glad indeed was the youth to return to the more truthful and sincere love of Mary, with whom he managed to make his peace in a way best known to himself, and, shortly after, the first wedding took place in Mr. Cogswell's family, followed in rapid succession by six others.

Won by the sweet and simple graces of Mary, Godfrey Armitage never looked back to his temporary desertion of her without shame and remorse; nor did the Chelmsford lady ever recover her full measure of saucy repartee and playful coquetry again, much doubtless, to the satisfaction of Goodman Waldo, and his subsequent peace of mind.

Time passes with the now lonely family at Chebacco. John, the eldest son, has removed to what was called the school farm, but William remains with the parents, now hale and hearty still, but growing past their active labor, and willing to resign their places to the younger and stronger. When the autumnal harvest is gathered in, and the pious hearts of the Puritans are offering up thanksgiving to the God of harvest, there is no board that shows a more numerous assemblage of children and grand-children, than that of the aged and venerable John and Elizabeth; none whose names are oftener perpetuated, for already there are seven grand children named for each; and if custom permitted more in the same family, there would be a repetition of the two names, so dearly loved and honored are those two.

One of these grand-children was taken prisoner by the Indians, at the time of Philip's war; but he too bore the name of his grand-father, and perhaps it was a charm that gave him an escape.

Yes—years *did* pass; and the Johns and Elizabeths have given place to others, worthy, we trust, of such an ancestry. From this simple, unpretending spot where they dwelt who gave a name and a dignity to its humble location, oth-

ers have originated who need not the light of ancestry to immortalize them. One whose talents are the boast of our age, whose highest distinction is in the legal profession, but whose pathway is not unknown in the fields of American literature, is glad and proud to own himself a child of Chebacco.

Long may it flourish! Long may its peaceful streets echo to the sound of the boat-builder's hammer; and long may the quaint old English names of Cogswell, and Burnham, and Story, and Andrews, and Choate, be perpetuated in descendants, who will bring honor upon the memory of those whose headstones are crumbling to dust, in the lapse of years.