

A
BRIEF ACCOUNT
OF THE
EARLY SETTLEMENTS
ALONG THE SHORES OF
SKILLING'S RIVER,

INCLUDING
WEST SULLIVAN, WEST GOULDSBOROUGH, TRENTON
POINT AND NORTH HANCOCK.

—ALSO,—

Reminiscences and Anecdotes of old times and old folks

BY
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AUTHOR'S NOTICE.

TO THE PUBLIC:—The reason why I have written this account of the early settlement of Hancock, is that I thought it might be interesting to some of the old people, and perhaps young people also; and that we, who are now living, in the quiet enjoyment of the blessings of comfortable homes, may look back and see from what humble beginnings we have reached to our present independence and respectable condition in life. I have omitted much that would be interesting, if written; and may have written things, which perhaps had better be forgotten: but I have aimed to be truthful and fair.

T. F.

EARLY SETTLERS.

The first permanent settlement, in the vicinity of Skilling's River, (so called from a river in Switzerland,) was made by Captain Agreen Crabtree, Philip and Shimuel Hodgkins.

Capt. Crabtree built his cabin on a point of land, known as "Crabtree's Point," near the present farm of Thomas Foss.

Philip Hodgkins located on a point of land next south of "Crabtree's Point, known by the name of "Fish Point," now owned and occupied by Capt. I. H. Foss.

"Pettengill's Point," the next in order, south of the above mentioned points, was settled by Shimuel Hodgkins.

The father of the latter, settled near by, on land now owned and occupied by Capt. Jeremiah Wooster. These four families were the first that came up Skilling's River, in the year 1764.

The object of these settlers did not seem to be to take up a location for the purpose of farming, but for the "Pumpkin Pine," which grew along the coast. These settlers came from the Western part of the District of Maine.

Crabtree came from Portland, and the Hodgkins' from the Kennebec Valley.

By the assistance of Col. Jones, of West Gouldsboro, they built a double saw mill, and a gristmill; their dam extended from Crabtree's Point to Hill's Island, and from this Island to Potter's Point, on the opposite side of a branch, or arm of Skillings' River.

This Island, which is situated between the two above mentioned projections, was so named from a Thomas Hill, who built a house and lived for a while at this place. Here was an excellent water power, being the same which runs from Taunton Bay across the post road which leads from Ellsworth to Sullivan : the crossing is familiarly known as the "Carrying Place."

Thomas Hill was a foundling. It is said that he was picked up by a Mr. Spring, a tanner, in the vicinity of Boston. He was named "Hill," from the circumstance of his being found on a steep hillside. Mr. Hill was a fine man. He lived on the island, before alluded to, and tended the mill.

In the winter season, he and his wife used to move into the woods, where he cut logs for the next summer's sawing. His eldest son, Dea. Marshal Hill, was born in a logging camp, opposite my creek-field, on the north side.

On the commencement of the Revolutionary war, the lumbering business became unremunerative, and Mr. Hill went to West Gouldsboro, and set up a tannery, also a public house. He held the office of Justice of the Peace,—was one of the twelve, who organized the Baptist Church in Sullivan, A. D., 1810. He was chosen Deacon ; and, at the time of his death, was one of the principal men in the town where he resided.

My father, William Foss, was a shoe and boot maker, and traded with Mr. Hill for his leather. My grandfather, Thomas Foss, and his wife, came from Saco, about the time of the Revolution. They built their cabin on Great Cranberry Isle, at a place known as "Bunker's Harbor." My father was born there in 1777. He used to relate many reminiscences of those times "which tried men's souls," particularly the following.

One day, some British officers landed from a war-ship, and made a desperate attack upon the hen-coop. Having taken all the "inhabitants thereof" prisoners, they were denied the

privilege of the cartel, but marched into the house, and there executed, without even the ghost of a trial, the officers themselves being the executioners. The poor biddies were decapitated over the bed-post; and, when the last of the lot, a rooster, was thus beheaded, my father "expected," as he has told me, that "his turn would come next!"

The history of the Foss family is something like this:—A young man came from England, some fifty, or one hundred years previous to the revolutionary war, and landed in Boston. He went to New Hampshire, took up a farm, married, and was blessed with ten sons; my grandfather was one of these ten. Three of the others settled in Maine.

After peace was declared, my grandfather moved to Salisbury's Cove, Eden; but not being contented, he went to East Sullivan, thence to that part of the same town, which is now Hancock. The farm where he lived and died, is now owned by Capt. I. H. Foss.

Capt. Agreen Crabtree lived on the place where he first settled, through the war. He was a staunch adherent of the "Mother Country." He built a fort on his farm, and in front of it, to defend himself against the rebels. He had guns mounted on this fort. The old walls may still be seen.

Dea. Geo. Crabtree, son of Agreen Crabtree, was born in 1771. Dea. C., was a prominent citizen of the town, and died at the advanced age of 91 years. He was deacon of the first Baptist church in Hancock, and was a good man. He was Dep. Collector of Customs, for a long time, receiving his first appointment from Meltiah Jordan, and a second one from Edwards Jarvis, Esq.

The town of Sullivan was surveyed by order of the General Court of Massachusetts, in 1803, and the inhabitants had their lots of one hundred acres, by paying \$5,00 each.

Hancock was incorporated in 1827, being made out of parts of Sullivan and Trenton, and a portion of No. 8.

In the year 1765, Oliver Wooster and his family, consisting of his wife and a number of children, moved from Newburyport, and settled on a farm now owned by Isaiah and Leonard Wooster. Oliver had a family of nine children, one of whom is still (in 1870) living in Hancock, at the very advanced age of ninety-five. He is still a smart man; his wife also is living. She is two years younger, and, what is remarkable, was never in a wheel carriage in her life, and but two or three times in a sleigh! This old gentleman's name is Sommers Wooster.

Many years ago, a young Irish weaver, named Patrick Gookin, or, Googins, came from Ireland and settled in Saco. It is related of him, that having learned to weave a certain kind of cloth, he ran away from his master and indentured himself to another weaver, who manufactured a different sort of fabric.

In Ireland, at that time, weavers were allowed, by an arbitrary English law, to make but one kind of cloth. But Patrick resolved to learn the whole thing.

The first evening his new master gave him oat-meal porridge for his supper. Says the young apprentice, "My porridge is hot, master, how shall I cool it?"

"Blow into it, you young rascal!" replied his master. Pat thought that was no place for him; so he sought a new master. Having obtained a new situation he was invited to dinner. Oat-meal porridge was again the fare. Says Pat; "My porridge is hot, master; how shall I cool it?"

"Oh" answered his new master, "crumb in a plenty of good bread, and stir it well."

Young Googins thought this was the place for him, and here he remained, just long enough to suit his convenience; then, taking French, or rather, Irish leave, sought out a new master. In this manner, he learned to weave several kinds of cloth before he "came over."

In 1765, his three sons, Thomas, Rogers, and Joseph,

with James, and Thomas McFarland, also James Smith came to Skillings' River. This party were the first white men who swung their axes on "Killkeny Brow."

Nearly all of this little party of hardy pioneers, settled in the vicinity of Killkeny stream. They built a saw mill near the head of tide water.

The McFarland's took the West side, and the Googins brothers the East side. Roger Googins soon after removed to Trenton Point, then a deserted French and Indian settlement.

One Frazier, about this time, settled on the lot of land now owned and occupied by Capt. Ebenezer Clark. Frazier was a mulatto. his wife a squaw. A hill and adjacent meadow in North Hancock, still bear his name. He removed to Gouldsboro after the Revolutionary war, and took a claim on the "Bingham land." at Mosquito Harbor. He came to his death from over exertion, in attempting to set adrift, some of his neighbor's logs, one Sunday morning

Potter's and Hyde's Points, also Partridge's Cove, still retain the names of the original settlers.

Col. Jones of Gouldsboro, was another prominent man, during those times. He was quite wealthy. One of his three sons, Theodore, settled in Ellsworth, his farm was where the main part of the city now is.

The early settlers of Hancock had to undergo all the trials and hardships incident to a pioneer life. It required a vast amount of toil to clear off the primeval forests, which for untold centuries had been the haunt of wild beasts, and the no less wild red man. Like falling towers, the huge pumpkin pines, came "thundering headlong" to the ground, before the ax of those sturdy yeomen.

"All day long the steady strokes resound,
Then roaring, headlong crash in thunder, down."

John Googins informed me that he cut down a pine tree, from which he chopped four mill logs, each twenty feet in length, between the stump and the lower limbs; and such

trees were not uncommon along the shores of Skillings' River.

In 1766, Reuben, Moses, and Peter Abbott, with their father and mother came from Nova Scotia, where they removed from Berwick. They came up over the Falls, and took up, each, a lot of land. Apple trees, which they set out over 100 years ago, are still standing.

We will now go a little out of our track, and mention the names of a few of the first settlers of what is now Franklin.

Moses Butler, more familiarly known as Grandfather Butler, with his son Moses, and a Mr. Wentworth, came from Berwick, in the district of Maine, about the year 1764. Mr. Butler settled on a point of land, now called Butler's Point, which extends into the waters of Taunton Bay. This point was another deserted French and Indian settlement.

The party, of which Mr. Butler was one, being, one day, soon after their arrival, in pursuit of some stray cattle, accidentally came to this beautiful clearing, which they found set out with apple and other fruit trees.

He, with a few others, built a saw mill on the stream, where Saulsbery's (now Crabtree's) mill stands. Mr. Butler's son, Nathaniel, was the first white male child born between Bagaduce (now Castine) and Machias. I will not vouch for this statement; I had it from Mr. Butler himself. After becoming of age, he settled in what is now the town of Aurora. Here he lived, reared a family, and died at a good old age.

Mr. Butler (the old gentleman) lived on the Point, with his youngest son George, until 1817, when he died, aged 86 years.

About this time J. Bragdon and Mr. Hardison built a saw mill and gristmill on Taunton stream; and a Mr. Hooper and a Mr. Springer built a saw mill and settled at the head of the bay, at a place called Hog Bay.

The name, Hog Bay, it is said, was given to the settlement by Mr. Joseph Bragdon, who had settled on a point of land

in Sullivan. Arriving, one day at Mr. Hooper's house, tired and hungry, he failed to get any thing to eat, in consequence, he named Mr. H. *a hog*, and his settlement *Hog Bay*. This is not a very probable story, as Mr. Hooper was a very liberal man. A more likely version is this:—soon after the arrival of Mr. Butler and the Taunton settlers, some hogs, belonging to one of the parties, strayed away, and were found at this place.

The mill last mentioned, had several owners besides the two already spoken of—Mr. Abraham Donnel, a noted moose hunter, Mr. E. Dyer, and some others.

Stephen Clark located in No. 8. and Benjamin Clark on No. 9. These men came before the Revolutionary war, for the purpose of trapping beaver, and hunting in general.

We now return from this digression, to our starting point in Hancock.

The Abbott brothers, had each, 100 acres of land surveyed to them by J. Peters, Esq., of Bluehill.

These lots, and many others in Sullivan, were surveyed, as we have before stated, by order of the General Court of Massachusetts, in the year 1803. At the close of the Revolution, our Government recognized and allowed some of the old English and French grants, or claims on condition that 100 acres of land be surveyed to each actual settler who located on the claim before the expiration of a certain date. In some cases, there were other conditions; one of which was, the making of new roads.

Thus, the road leading from Franklin to Cherryfield, was made by Mr. Black of Ellsworth, agent for the Bingham grant. The occupants of those lots had to pay \$5.00 for the survey and plan.

Skillings' Neck, from the Carrying Place, is about five miles in length; and it is from one to two miles wide. The original lots were nearly all taken up before the Revolution; for this reason, it has been extremely difficult to arrive at the exact date of all the settlements; but, after a laborious investi-

gation, extending over a series of years, I can, I think, lay before my readers a very correct statement.

Beginning at the Carrying Place, I will name the lots around the Neck in the order of their location, or nearly so.

1st :—100 acres surveyed to Reuben Abbott; west line, at the Carrying Place.

2nd :—His Father, 100 acres.

3d :—Moses Abbott, 100 acres

4th :—Peter Abbott, 100 acres.

The post road from Ellsworth to Sullivan crosses these four lots.

5th :—Richard Clark.—Mr. Clark deserted from an English Man of War in Long Island Sound, swam ashore, joined the rebel army under Washington, and fought for liberty until the end of the war.

6th :—Henry Grant, 100 acres.

7th :—John Gadecomb, 100 acres. He came from Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, as book keeper for Col. Jones, of West Gouldsboro.'

8th :—Thomas Moon, 100 acres. He and his wife came from England. He took sides with the rebels. He was a man of some education; was a member of the Church of England, also a free-mason.

He taught Navigation to nearly all the ship-masters who then sailed from Sullivan and vicinity. He imparted the science to Capt. Thomas Gordon, who taught it to me. He was facetiously styled. "King Moon."

9th :—Joseph Moon, 100 acres. He was the oldest son of Thomas Moon, and he lived on his farm until he attained the advanced age of ninety years, when he died.

10th :—Thomas Bennet, 100 acres. He came from Ireland; married a daughter of "King Moon." His son, Thomas Bennet lives on the old homestead.

11th :—This lot of land was set off to Bowdoin College. It is now occupied by Daniel Grant.

12th :—Christopher Moon, 100 acres.

13th :—Morgan Jones, 100 acres. This is now occupied by Nahum Jellison. The father of the latter, married Jones's daughter.

14th :—Charles Coats 100 acres. He was an Englishman by birth, and married a daughter of Rogers Googins, of Trenton Point, and reared a family of three sons and seven daughters. Charles and Thomas, the two sons now living, occupy this lot. The daughters married the following gentlemen ; viz : Charles Otterson, Nathaniel Butler, Stillman Butler, Truphant Butler, William McFarland, Means McFarland, John Milliken.

Those who married the four last named, are still living in North Hancock.

The 14th lot takes us to the end of Crabtree's Neck, so called.

15th :—George Crabtree, 100 acres. This lot is situated at the extreme south point of the Neck, and is now owned and occupied by Ephraim Crabtree, son of George Crabtree, and grandson of Capt. Agreen Crabtree.

16th .—Capt. Agreen Crabtree, 100 acres.

17th :—Capt. William Crabtree, 100 acres. After the war, Capt Agreen Crabtree, finding his mill in a ruined condition, and being dissatisfied with his location at Crabtree's Point, sold his claim to Stephen Clark, and removed to the end of Skillings's Neck, now called Crabtree's Neck.

The two Hodgkins' also disposed of their claims, and removed to the West side of the river, opposite to the end of the Neck.

18th :—Joseph Lancaster, 100 acres. He came from Portugal ; married an American girl, and reared a family of five sons and five daughters.

19th :—Capt. Cook, 100 acres. He was lost at sea.

20th :—Mr. Young 100 acres. He died when his son

William was about twelve years old. Of a large family of children, but two now survive.

21st :—Samuel Ball, 100 acres. He was drowned in Frenchman's Bay, by the upsetting of his boat. His son, Capt Meltiah Ball, still lives on the lot.

22nd :—Mr Peck, 100 acres. He was from Boston ; built a store on Peck's Point, The Narrows at the entrance of Skilling's River, are called "Peck's Narrows."

23d :—Oliver Wooster, 100 acres. This lot is now owned and occupied by Rev. R. T. Watson.

24th :—David Wooster, son of Oliver, 100 acres. This lot is owned and occupied by J. B. Wooster and Capt. B. Crabtree.

25th :—This lot was settled in 1765, by Oliver Wooster, who, with his wife and family, came from Massachusetts.

The present occupants are Capts Isaiah and Leonard Wooster, Richmond Wooster and Capt. Henry Grant.

26th :—Wm. Wooster, son of Oliver, 100 acres. Wm. Wooster also had the Hodgkins claim surveyed to him ; thus taking up two of these 100 acre lots. These lots are now occupied by O. W. Young, Capt J. Wooster, and others.

27th :—Edward Pettengill, 100 acres. He came from Kennebec, when a young man, and bought the claim of Shimuel Hodgkins. Thomas Foss bought Philip Hodgkins claim for 100 dollars.

28th :—Thomas Foss, my grandfather, 100 acres,

29th :—Stephen Clark 100 acres. This is the place now owned and occupied by Thomas Foss.

30th :—This lot was run out to the heirs of Stephen Merchant. It is now owned and occupied by Capt. Calvin Berry and Joseph Crabtree. This brings us back to our starting point, at the Carrying Place.

The farm at the east end of Killkeny bridge, as we have elsewhere stated, was taken up by Thomas Googins : but, after the war, becoming dissatisfied with his claim, he took up the

farm now occupied by Isaiah Googins. This lot was, like the others surveyed to him by J. Peters Esq., in the year 1803.

Mr. Googins died in 1808, his widow several years after. They had a family of three sons and three daughters, one of whom was my mother.

The next lot on the north west, was surveyed to John Springer, who, with his father came from Kennebec. He married a daughter of Rogers Googins, and had a family of seven sons and five daughters. Two of the former, Rogers and Lewis, who reside on the homestead, and two of the latter are all that are now living.

Mr. Springer was one of the twelve persons who met at his house, in 1810, and organized the First Baptist church in Sullivan. My mother was one of those twelve members.

Thomas Hill was chosen 1st deacon and Jacob Springer, who settled on the east side of Taunton Bay, was chosen for the other.

Sommers Wooster and wife, now living, were of this number. The remaining six were Eliphalet Pettengill and wife, Peter Butler Sr., and wife, Moses Butler and Mary his daughter. Some others however, were baptized previous to this time, by a blind preacher named Ring.

Rev. Daniel McMaster was soon after ordained for the ministry. The ordination took place in Capt. Paul Simpson's barn, on the east side of Taunton Bay. A great revival followed under the preaching of Mr. M., and the Rev. Mr. Cushman.

The 1st and 2d Baptist churches in Hancock, and the Baptist church in Franklin were offshoots of this Sullivan church.

We have already noticed the settlement of the south west side of the river by the Hodgkins brothers.

These men reared large families, and the male members of

these families in turn, left a numerous progeny, until that side of the river is known by the name of the "Hodgkin's side."

We have also mentioned the advent of the Googins family, and the location of Rogers Googins on Trenton Point. This gentleman left two sons, and several daughters, who married and reared large families. The old gentleman lived with his sons until he died at the age of ninety-one years.

The two sons had large families, nearly all girls, a large proportion of whom married in the vicinity of the Jordan's River settlement.

Benjamin or "Uncle Ben," as he was called, used to remark, that he undertook to supply the young men of the Jordan's river settlement with wives, but in this, as in everything else, his brother Rogers was bound to meddle, and go halves with him !

A small colony of French, who fled before the storm of the French Revolution, made a transient settlement on Trenton Point ; a few however, took up permanent residences.

There were some who were wealthy and took large tracts of land. Among these latter, were Lamoine, who took the land west of Killkenny stream and Skillings river, also Laroach and Murry, who owned tracts of land. There was the wife of a French nobleman, who was guillotined by order of Robespierre. She afterwards left Trenton and went to Demerara and married the Governor of that place.

In her company came Mr. Delaittre and Mr. Desisles. The latter married another daughter of Rogers Googins ; had two sons, Francis and William, both of whom now reside on the Point, also several daughters. He went back to France and never returned.

It is not my purpose, in these few pages to enter into a detailed account of the first settlement of Trenton. Such an undertaking would swell my little book far beyond its intended limits. There is interesting matter connected with the pioneer settlements on Skillings' river, sufficient to fill a large volume,

but I will leave the task of writing such a book to other hands, and will only add a few pages of *Reminiscences and Anecdotes of old Times and Old Folks*.

During the American Revolution, there were two parties in all the thirteen Colonies, the Whig or Rebel, who were for freedom and independence, and the Tory party, or adherents of the King. These parties hated each other to the death. Whenever they met, it was war to the knife.

We, at this age, look back upon these tories with a feeling of abhorance and detestation, but what was their crime in obeying their lawful King, as they regarded him, compared with that of giving aid and comfort by word or act, to the infatuated leaders of the Great Southern Rebellion, who were striving to destroy the best Government in the world, and to found upon its ruins, a Government, the corner stone of which was to be Human Bondage? Soon after the coast of Maine, from Eastport to Bagaduce, fell into the hands of the English, a party of tories, commanded by an English Officer, left the latter place on a foraging expedition. Learning, by some means, that the Abbots in Sullivan, kept a large stock of cattle, they took one Joseph Milliken for pilot, and made a raid upon the poor dumb brutes! Peter and Moses being absent, they took the cattle without much opposition, and made off, taking the other brother Reuben along with them to help in driving.

My mother, then a young girl, living at her father's, on the east side of Killkeny stream, saw the men coming, and, with the other children instantly retreated to the hay loft and drew the ladder up after them. Here, from what they regarded a secure position, they reconnoitered the enemy through a slide. My grandmother, however, was not thus intimidated. She gave Milliken, not only a "piece of her mind," but her whole mind, which made the coward sneak off like a whipped puppy. Said she, 'You scoundrel! we have given you many a good

meal, and many a time befriended you ; and now you come to drive off our cattle !’

The consternation of Peter and Moses, on returning home, to find their cattle gone and their brother Reuben a prisoner, can be imagined. Seizing his fowling piece, and calling for Peter to ‘come on,’ Moses dashed his old hat to the ground, exclaiming, ‘I’ll have a better hat than that before I come back !’

There were no roads through the dense forests, in those days ; spotted trees being the usual guide from place to place ; but these adventurous men found no difficulty in following the broad trail made by the cattle. They came within hearing of the enemy a little West of Killkeny stream, when Moses, in a stentorian voice vociferated ;

‘‘There the rascals are ! Advance Rear Guard ! By the right flank ! Quick men ! Cross the stream ! Flank them ! Surround them ! Don’t let a single devil of them escape ! Shoot them ! Scalp them ! Death to the tories ! Come on boys Hurra !’ And the captive Reuben exclaimed, that the whole of Skillings’ Neck was on their track !

The officer jumped upon a fallen tree, in order to gain a better view, but he came near paying dear for his temerity ; for, the now infuriated Abbott saw him, leveled his piece, and blazed away ! The Englishman fell—not wounded, but so thoroughly frightened, that he took to his heels and ran away bareheaded, like mad, his men following !

So, the Abbotts recovered their cattle, and Moses, regarding the hat, as ‘contraband of war,’ confiscated it to his own use.

Since the “Salem Witchcraft” nothing of a local nature has created such a furor of excitement, in this vicinity, as the, so called, ‘Blaisdell Spirit’ affair, which occurred in Sullivan, A. D. 1800. The limits of my book forbid anything more than a cursory mention ; but the curious are referred to a book containing the full account, published about that time, by the Rev. Mr. Cummins, a learned minister of the gospel.

Dr. Cotton Mather believed that the Evil One was at work in Salem, and vindicated the burning of the witches ; so Mr. Cummins, with all his great learning, was a firm believer in the 'spirit,' and wrote his book to convince unbelievers. A reprint of this book has recently been made by the spiritualists of Portland Me.

The whole thing 'in a nutshell,' was something like this :— A young man loses his wife by death ; being rather good looking, a certain spinster resolves to 'catch him alive' for a husband. Her love not being reciprocated, she visits the celebrated Moll Pitcher, in Boston, returns, and, with the aid of some confederates, commences operations. And now comes in the wonderful part. The affair assumed a phase which astonished and terrified even the original projectors of the scheme.

Making due allowance for the ignorance, superstition, and easy credulity of a large class of the population in those days, many things, it must be admitted, then transpired, which cannot be explained, if they are independent of demoniac agency. With one anecdote, of the hundreds which might be told, we will drop this subject.

Mr. John Uran was a man always ready for a joke. One day, while at work getting hay on the west side of Sullivan Falls, he was told that the 'spirit' was to appear that night at Mr. Blaisdell's, on the opposite side. Hurrying through his work he recrossed before night, went home, told his wife, (an unbeliever) where he was going and requested an early supper. But, 'no' said she, 'not a mouthful of supper shall you have, in this house, if you are going up there !' So off John went, tired and hungry as he was.

Arrived at Mr. B's he found a crowded house ; for the excitement through the community was then at a fever pitch. Elbowing his way through the crowd, he got near as he could to Mr. B. and heard him say 'she knocks ; speak to her.' This was addressed to his daughter, the spinster, to whom we have before alluded.

John listened and thought he could imitate the raps, so slipping out unobserved, he fixed a shingle into his bosom, and by rapping upon this with his knuckles, he found to his delight, that he could produce a good imitation of the hollow knocking sound, which proceeded from the cellar.

Creeping through an outside window, he curled himself down in the darkness, and rapped upon his shingle.

“She knocks,” said Mr. B. “speak to her.” But the “medium” was not deceived. “Father,” said she, “that is not the spirit, some one must be in the cellar.”

So, lights were procured, the cellar searched, the “unbelieving infidel” fished out, and all went “merry as a marriage bell ;” but John soon found means to return to his former position, and again attempted to deceive them, when the medium declared that the spirit had left, and would not return until the intruder should be expelled. A Mrs. Gordon begged John to go up to her house, where he would find a plenty of good things to eat, and a nice bed. This was too good an offer to be declined ; so he left, but the spirit of the departed lady did not appear again that night.

I spoke of the superstition and ignorance of a portion of the community in those olden times.

Many families believed in witches and fairies ; and several old women were said to be witches. One old lady, who lived not far from my residence, used to show a little white stone, which she said was dropped into her pail, while she was milking her cow, by one of the fairies . This old lady used to be much annoyed by the mischevious pranks of a fairy, who had his residence in a large beer jug, which stood in the pantry.

The old lady resolved to exorcise this spirit by the boiling process, so heating the brick oven, she placed the jug, corked tight, with about a pint of water in it, on the hot bricks, and sat down before it to watch the exit of her fairy.

Soon the expansive force of the steam blew out the cork with a loud report, hitting her fair between the eyes. It set

her turning summersaults over the floor in a very original manner.

Said the old lady, 'I'm glad to get rid of the fairy ; but the little cuss needn't be so spiteful.'

One man who lived not far from the Carrying Place, was one day conversing with Mr. Rogers Springer upon religious matters, and asked him if he had ever seen Mr. Okes' large bible. Receiving a negative answer, "it is" said he, "the queerest book you ever saw. There is a picture in the front part, where they are *pitchpoling the Apostles* out of Heaven."

"Oh, no," replied Mr. S. "it is the overthrow of the apostate angels."

"Well," said the other, who, by the way, could not read, "I thought they told me it was the apostles."

The same man was one day invited to a dinner by a gentleman in Ellsworth, with whom he had some business. The lady of the house observed that he threw his coffee grounds and potato peelings upon the floor, as he was in the habit of doing at home, and very politely reminded him that he need not be to that trouble. "No trouble at all marm ; no trouble at all !" answered the obliging visitor, throwing an extra potato peeling over his shoulder.

We have adverted to the hardships endured by the pioneer settlers ; yet they reared healthy and hardy families ; a great contrast with the present generation. Of the members composing the ten families we have named, five are still living. They are, Summers Wooster, son of Oliver, aged 95 years ; William McFarland, son of Thomas McFarland, aged 81 ; Thomas Hill, of West Gouldsboro, aged 90 ; Capt. Barnard Hill, aged nearly 80, and Rufus Hill, a few years younger. The last three are sons of Dea. Hill, who had eight sons and three daughters.

The embargo placed upon American commerce, at the beginning of the last war with England, caused much suffering

through this community. It seemed as if nature, as well as man, had conspired to destroy this settlement with starvation ; for during these times, there were a number of cold, unproductive seasons ; and the crops were cut off. One year, it was so cold in June, that vast numbers of little birds perished. Many persons lived on clams and fish ; in some instances potatoes were dug up, in the Spring after being planted. Mr. John Springer having a lame boy, the physician ordered a poultice, made of wheat flour to be applied. Mr. S. not having any flour, went through what is now North Hancock, and the whole of East Trenton, including Trenton Point, calling at every house in search of some ; but there was none to be found, except at one house, where about a pint had been reserved, by the young ladies for starching purposes.

When the coast, from Castine to Eastport, fell into the hands of the British, the inhabitants were parolled as prisoners of war. Some took the oath of allegiance to the king, and were permitted to trade. It was, however "Good Lord and good devil" with them ; for when they found an opportunity to smuggle British goods, or assist in capturing a British cruiser, they did not fail to improve it.

Mr. John Googins, of what is now North Hancock, and Mr. Abner Lee, of the same place, drove an ox team to Boston and back, with provisions and dry goods.

There was no road at that time, from Bangor to Ellsworth ; so they went and came by way of Bucksport and Bluehill. At the latter place, their goods were taken from them by the crew of a British cruiser. A Captain Hill, however, who had a permit to trade, followed and overhauled the cruiser near Bar Harbor. He claimed the goods, which were at once given up.

Now, a word or two concerning those two men, Deacon Googins and Mr. Lee. The Deacon was a man much respected in the community, but a little eccentric in some things,

Mr. Lee, very much so. The Deacon was somewhat noted as a millwright: he used to say, that any body could build a mill, if he had "*impudence*" enough; and if any of his men failed to make a fair tenon on the end of a stick of timber, the Deacon would lay on his square and say; "It *teeters*, it does," He never failed to remind his brethren not to be "*nigilent*" of duty, and sinners of the "*sitivation*" they were in. On one occasion, a nephew, then a young student of medicine, was explaining to the old gentleman the theory of vision, and the mechanism of the human eye.

To make the matter clear, said he; "You do not really see the thing itself:—only the reflected shadow."

"Then," retorted the Deacon, "when I look at you, I don't see a *man*, I don't: only the *shadow* of a man!"

Of Mr. Lee, a large volume of his pithy sayings, stories, and jokes could be recorded. He was exceedingly bitter against the medical profession, and never failed to crack a joke upon a doctor, when the opportunity presented itself.

One day, rushing into a doctor's office in Ellsworth, he exclaimed; "Be quick, doctor!—a bad case in Hancock!"

Jumping up, and seizing his saddle-bags, the doctor hastily inquired what the matter was.

"Why, ahem," answered the old joker, "My old rooster—nice bird, but he's got into a habit of walking up sideways to the hens, sticking out his leg, and drooping his wing!—his case must be attended to by some of you doctors immediately!" The doctor collapsed.

If he happened to hear any person relate, what he believed to be an exaggerated statement of facts, he was always ready with a rejoinder by way of reproof.

After listening patiently to a marvelous account of a gunning exploit, by a certain John Smith, of New York, who was a great braggadocio, Mr. Lee related one of his own gunning adventures; in substance, as follows:

"In Connecticut, where I spent my younger days, the wild

turkey was very valuable. One day, as I was about to fire at one of these birds, which sat perched in the top of a tall tree, I cast my eye to the ground, and, near the roots of the tree, saw a large fox.

I was in a quandary : if I fired at the turkey, I should lose the fox ; and if I shot the fox, the turkey would be sure to fly. But recollecting that I had two balls in my gun, I blazed away at the turkey, and at the same moment depressed the muzzle of my piece, so that the second ball killed the fox !”

“That’s a lie, Mr. Lee !” exclaimed the astonished Smith.

“Same kind of truth we’ve been listening to all the evening,” was the reply.

The men and boys of this bygone generation were much addicted to practical joking. If a tithe of these jokes were collected and published, they would make an interesting book.

Two men, who lived in the vicinity of Killkeny, were out in Frenchman’s Bay, fishing. No. 1, thinking that No. 2, dressed rather too finely for an amateur fisherman, resolved to give him a hint of the fact by making him the victim of a practical joke. Having taken in a good sized halibut, he pretended that the floundering captive would jump overboard into its own native element. In great apparent excitement, he called upon No. 2, for help. “Quick, quick ! He’ll be overboard !” No. 2, without stopping to think of his linen, or his nice vest, threw his arms around the struggling fish and held it down by main strength ! Happening to glance towards No. 1, and seeing him almost convulsed with laughter, he directed his second glance towards his own sadly soiled garments, a wiser if not a better man.

These same men were, soon after, hauling logs, with oxen and chain. No. 1, by accident, drew the chain through some filth. Not wishing to soil his own hands, he resolved that No. 2, should ; as he was responsible for the filth. So placing a handspike under the end of a large log, with a lifting hold,

he called for No. 2, to put the chain around. "Make haste, quick; it is terrible heavy!" No. 2, caught up the chain and secured it to the log. But glancing at No. 1, he began to smell the—rat. "There!" said he, "I might have known that you were up to some of your deviltry!"

Jude West had a small store in Franklin, near the spot where now stands the cooper shop, owned until recently, by Mr. George Brown. Mr. West was one day standing near this store, conversing with the gentlemen whom we have designated as No. 1. The latter had just noticed that there was but very little in the store except a large quantity of Brown Ware, which was piled high on the shelves.

"Now" thought No. 1, "I will have some fun!" The tide was out; and there were a great number of sea-birds, called cranes, walking about in the shoal water. "Did you ever notice" said he to Mr. W. "what a singular noise cranes will make when frightened?" "I don't know that I ever did," was the reply.

"Well, get a long pole and strike as hard a blow as you can on the side of the store, and you will hear such a noise as you never heard before."

West acted according to directions; and he did hear *such a noise as he never heard before*; for the brown ware came rattling and crashing to the floor!

Old Mr. J. another resident of Killkeny settlement, was a great fiddler, or, as his wife expressed it, was "*pecky* good on the *viol-eend*." Dea. G. having obtained, by some means, a bass-viol, J. went to see it.

He, at first, tried to play, with the viol under his arm, as he did his fiddle.

He did not like it however, and his wife set it down as a humbug. 'Why,' said she, 'it is nothing but a pecky great violeend. Mr. J. was indispensable in all the balls and parties of those days where dancing was a part of the social entertainment.'

A great ball came off at Trenton Point ; Mr. J. played on the violin.

A young man, named G. was present. Mr. G. was a joker, and resolved to put one upon the fiddler. Watching his opportunity, he slipped the dishcloth into one of the old man's coat-pockets. 'What are you looking for?' said he to the girl. 'For the dishcloth,' was the reply. 'Why, old J. has got it'—'No.—I—havn't,' replied J. in his inimitable, drawling tone.—

'I know you have,' answered G. for I have heard, that when you go to a ball, you always steal the dishcloth.'

'No.—I—d-o-n't' answered J., in the most ludicrous tone imaginable.

'You shall be searched,' was replied. 'and if the missing dishcloth is found upon your person, you shall treat the company to a quart of rum.'

Mr. J. fumbled through his pockets ; and, at last, fished up the missing article. 'Why, here's the devilish thing now,' said he, with a look and a tone that 'brought down the house' in paroxysms of laughter.

Seizing a jug, he started off without saying another word. Arrived at the store,—'Squire D.' said he, 'I want a quart of your best rum to treat the company ; for I've stole the devilish dishcloth !'

Col. S. who lived in what is now Sullivan, was a prominent citizen of the town. He was engaged in the mercantile business, and, like all other traders of that day, he derived a great part of his profits from the sale of rum. He owned a small, fast sailing schooner, and, with one man for cook and hand, he smuggled large quantities of liquor from the Provinces of Great Britain.

On one occasion, he had taken on board over fifty punch-
eons of W. I. Rum, and a quantity of dried fish.

Early one morning, as they lay at anchor off Petit Menan, they discovered the R. Cutter close upon them.

"We are gone for it now" exclaimed Col. S. to his man ;

‘but you go below and hurry up as good a breakfast as you can ; and I will try to throw the captain of the Cutter off his scent.’

The officer, who was well acquainted with S. came on board. ‘Well, Colonel, what have you got?’ said he.

‘Rum,’ says Col. S. ‘and a few fish.’

‘I don’t believe it,’ said the captain, as he saw the sly twinkle of the Colonel’s eye.

‘I swear I have,’ said the Colonel. Come below and try some.’

Nothing loth, the captain went below, and was treated to a good breakfast, with plenty of good liquor. After an hours’ pleasant conversation on general subjects, he arose to go.

‘Come’ said Col. S. go into the hold and see my rum. I’ve got fifty casks.’

‘Not I,’ said the captain. You’ve cracked jokes enough at me. Catch me again !’

So off he went ; and the Colonel saved his rum, landed it in the night, and put it under the church building for safe keeping.

Thus, the old saw,

“Spirit above and spirit below ;
But the spirit above is the Spirit of Love ;
And the spirit below is the spirit of woe :
The Spirit above is the spirit divine ;
But the spirit below is the spirit of wine.”

was literally fulfilled.

But the Collector of Customs, by some means, learned that the liquor was landed, and at once went to seize it. After a fruitless search through the store and cellars, the officer demanded the keys of the dwelling house.

‘Well’ said S. when the keys were returned, ‘did you find the liquor?’

‘No,’ answered the officer.

‘I told you there was no rum in the house’ replied S. ‘I should sooner think of looking *under that old meeting house* for liquor, than in my dwelling house !’

Rum, in those days, was drank by all classes, from the minister of the gospel, before entering the pulpit, to the beggar on the street. Rum ruled.

Every thing, religious, political, or mechanical, seemed to move by rum power. Not a building could be raised without rum. The last timber, or ridgepole, could never be made to fit until the bottle was produced.

But the great Temperance Reform, between the years 1825 and 1835, effected a glorious change in this respect. It was like emerging from the blackness of darkness to the light of noonday.

Mr. David T. Springer was the first to set the ball a rolling in Hancock, by drawing up a paper and getting signers for a temperance meeting. The newspaper, then published in Ellsworth, spoke somewhat distrustfully of the move, but added; 'Mr. Springer, we think, means well.'

I have now reached the intended limit of my little book; and may seeming egotism be pardoned, if I say a few words concerning myself. When a boy, I was perhaps, a little wild. I remember, that once, my grandmother (the same who talked to the tory Milliken) was coloring some cloth; and I upset the dye-tub. The old lady seized the broom and gave chase. She could outrun me; but I got upon some very slippery ice. Here I had her at advantage; for as soon as she crossed one way, I recrossed the other. This maneuvering was kept up for a long time, until at last my grandfather appeared upon the scene and decided the battle in my favor. My father was a man of strength and agility; yet he died at the age of 44 years, with an epidemic disease. As instances of his quickness of motion and power of endurance, I will just note the following: Rising before day, he made a pair of men's shoes; then went to the woods and manufactured three bunches of shaved shingles, carried them home on his shoulder, and nailed them on to the building the same day! At another time, he chopped

five cords and two feet of birch and maple wood in one day !

I am the oldest of nine sons. My father had ten children, only four of whom are now living. I had one brother killed in the Bull Run fight ; and the war took away the son, that I hoped would be the support of my declining years

I am now 'three score years and ten' and shall soon be laid away. If, through the frailties and infirmities of human nature, I have lived in vain, I have at least, wished to do right. When I am gone let my virtues , if any I possess , be remembered , and my follies and foibles be buried with me.

Hancock , Feb. 24th 1870

Thomas Foss.

