

1947

## Cliff Cottage, Bangor, Maine: 1847-1947

Angela Godfrey Clifford

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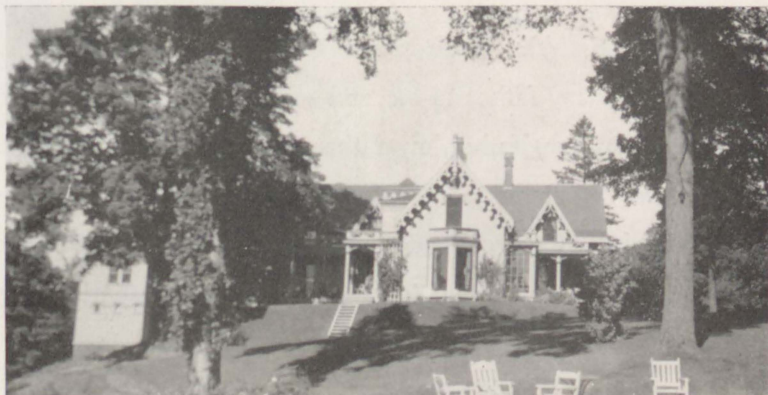
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# CLIFF COTTAGE

1847-1947



ANGELA GODFREY CLIFFORD

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## FOREWORD

It seems desirable for me to write down that most of my knowledge of the early life of Cliff Cottage has come directly from the letters of my grandfather Godfrey to his sons Frank and Fred whose full names were John Franklin Godfrey and George Frederick Godfrey. Some of my knowledge came directly from my father to me and some of it came to my brother as he had heard it from his parents. My grandfather, my father and my mother all wrote diaries which, together, give a real picture of their periods. Of course my own memories have been called on to a great extent but none of these sources could have produced a connected story if it had not been for the kindness of Mrs. Henry Elliott in helping me read old diaries as well as in copying and helping me reread and correct what I have gathered and tried to put into readable language. For all of her assistance I wish to express my gratitude.

A. G. CLIFFORD.

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# CLIFF COTTAGE

1847-1947



It was in the year 1847 that John Edwards Godfrey bought the land for a new home from Captain Thomas Nowell. I believe it to have been the summer of that year that he moved his family in, and that his family consisted of his wife Angela Stackpole and his two sons, Frank, who may or may not have reached his eighth birthday on June 23rd, and his son Fred who told me that he had not yet reached his seventh birthday on October 23rd.



Fred, my father, told me that his father built the house but admitted upon questioning, that there may have been some kind of shack that he started from. At first they lived in two rooms and a shed — a living room toward the south, a kitchen toward the north and a shed toward the west. The parlor must have been built next as that seems to have had the oldest and most used chimney. It was never considered safe to use in my childhood, and finally, in the 90's, was bricked up.

During the next few years what had been the kitchen was turned into a dining room and the shed was built over into a kitchen. A little later that kitchen was turned into a dining room and a larger and better kitchen built on the western side. In the corner between the south room, then called the library and the dining room was built a conservatory where the house plants



HOME OF JUDGE JOHN EDWARDS GODFREY

were kept. The windows were French windows, opening in the middle, and those at the ground had steps leading to the grass below. On the inside there were folding shutters but no shades or other curtains. The hallway and the parlor had parquetry floors laid in pattern and in the parlor there were gilt legged chairs. Over the black marble fireplace there was a large mirror with a rococo, gilded frame. On the mantle in front of this was a statuette of the three graces in white marble. There were double doors of walnut between the hall and the parlor as well as between the hall and the north room that now held the Judge's desk. Double doors also went from the parlor to the room where the Judge had his desk and some of his books, as well as from there into the dining room.

The bay windows of the parlor and the south library looked out upon the shrubs and flowers. Those of the library also looked down over the terraces which the Judge, with the help of his sons and much industry on their part, had labored to complete.

Judge J. E. Godfrey was admitted to the Bar in 1832 and to the Supreme Judicial Court of Maine in 1835. In 1856 he was elected the first Judge of Probate in Maine, which office he held for twenty-four consecutive years. In a memorial address to the Historical Society, A. W. Paine said of him "His house was all that one could relish as a place of genial companionship and pleasant resort, a home of comfort and of mental as well as physical enjoyment and social intercourse." This was the home of Judge John Edwards Godfrey as it appears in the photograph that he, himself, had had taken, as well as in a painting now in the public library done by Catherine Lombard about 1860.

Angela Stackpole, who became John E. Godfrey's first wife in May 1837, is the grandmother for whom I was named. Always it has been my interest to discover as much as possible of her personality. Mr. Mellen Peirce has told me that she was pretty, that she had blue eyes and pink cheeks, and that she had a pretty, soft flesh under her charming coloring. She took an interest in him as a boy after his mother died. He always felt welcome to come to her pretty library



and read whatever books he liked. His much older brother Waldo was a horseman and expected him to drive Mrs. Godfrey on her shopping trips in the mornings. She was nervous about horses and if he got bored he would throw the rein under the horse's tail and make him rear. Then Mrs. Godfrey hastily got out and he was left to pick up some pretty girl he saw on the sidewalk! Mrs. Carrie Woodward also told me that she was pretty and that she entertained a great deal, that you always expected to see her with something that was light blue about her costume or even in a whole blue dress. "Auntie Wye," who lived further down the street, told of a beautiful party to which her much older sister was invited with other young ladies. She came and peered through the fence at the pretty costumes and the gayety and wished that she also might grow up so that she might be invited to that lovely garden.

My father told me of the young ladies that she would invite there so that he and his brother Frank should learn how to become gallant. The beautiful girls were a part of the tradition of my childhood. Their pictures are still in old family albums. The great beauties were Rubina MacCruer, Lena Farrer and Blanche Howard. Then there were "the French Girls," who lived on the next farm above, and Julia Dwinal, Celia Bruce, Grace Ross and others. I think her great ambition for her boys was that they should be able to turn a compliment properly, conceal any gawkish vulgarity and make themselves attractive gentlemen. Both of the boys seem to have felt nagged and thought her irritable and fussy. Each of them took his turn as a sheep herder on the Argentinian Pampas. It is very possible that her irritability arose from an unrecognized and deep seated ailment.

Her maid Mary seems to have thought her an unusually good housekeeper. She was very smart because she could nearly finish knitting a pair of mittens in one evening. She exacted clean silver and a dainty table always to be arranged after each meal for other uses for the family. She expected her husband and her boys to enter by the back door and there change their boots for house slippers — a habit which my father always followed. Mary told me that she died of "a pain that she had." Her husband said somewhat more explicitly that she had been

having a pain about her heart that night when she went to bed. The next morning he had the doctor called. Then she died of apoplexy! Judge writes of her in his diary:

“Such a mother! Such a wife! So devoted, so sympathetic, so sincere, so loving, so generous. Never was one more so. I write in the little library she so well loved. . . . Although your mother was excitable, she had a most loving, affectionate disposition. She was generous to a fault. I have been repeatedly told she was the most popular of anyone here. She was the life of the Sanitary Society, keeping them all in good spirits and speaking well of everybody. She was devoted to me and to you, was continually anxious about us and watched over us. Although not regardful of her own health she was conscientiously on the lookout to preserve ours doing anything which might affect ours. She was not technically a religious woman. She was really so. She tried to control herself. She was generous, she was charitable, she was sympathetic with distress everywhere. I have no other than pleasant recollections of her. She was usually so cheerful and buoyant.”

Both of her sons were away from home when she died at the early age of fifty-two. Frank was out of town on business, having settled down to the study of law at the end of a very adventurous youth. Fred was on his wedding trip to South America. The Judge wrote minutely of her death and burial.

It was in 1871 with scarcely more than twenty years of expanding growth and genial family happiness and social life, that Cliff Cottage, the cherished homestead of Judge Godfrey, was turned over to the care of his son Fred. The pretty and bouyant Mistress, Angela, had died suddenly in 1868 with both of her grown sons away from home. Frank, after many varied and exciting experiences, both in the Civil War and otherwise, came back and with his father continued to make a part of the family of the newly married Fred and his bride. Then Frank married the charming Abbie Bartlett and moved into the house below. His father lived on at Cliff Cottage for nine years after his wife's death, continuing his many activities in his own



law practice and many other affairs of the town. It was at this period that he wrote the still very valuable "Annals of Bangor" for the "History of Penobscot County, Maine." No other history of that period is so exact or complete. Each year, also, he added to the building of his new adjacent home which he called Fern Ledge. It was after Fred's third child was born and after many years as widower that he brought his second wife, Laura Swartz, home to Fern Ledge.



Angela's friend and servant Mary Kelley still lived on at Cliff Cottage and helped Fred with the care of his growing family. In 1868 Fred had married a childhood friend of the neighborhood, Abbie Prentiss. Her father had made good in timberland ventures and wished to see his daughter well established in the already beautiful home of her husband.



Immediately on the purchase of the house from the Judge there began to be many changes. Additions were made to the western end of the house with again a new kitchen for Mary. Two rooms were thrown into one to make the present large dining room — with a sizable chamber for the new owners overhead. To this was attached one of the greatest luxuries of that early day — a bathroom. This happened several years before the city water came to the town and the "Holly" water was piped through these streets. It must have been made possible by a device of the ever enterprising Judge. His wife had a vasselike fountain that actually played water in the middle of the pretty garden in front of the library bay window. Miss Doak, our neighbor, told of having been invited along with the children of her school, to come and see it. They also were shown the workings of the hydraulic ram, which, placed in the spring down under the cliff near the river, pumped water to an attic tank and thence to the fountain. Later as

Fred's children grew up we all knew how the tank over Mary's room trickled water, constantly, day and night. That water in the early days must certainly have flushed the bathroom through a more recent tank by way of the hydraulic ram. In May of 1871, the diary of the Judge discloses that beside many other improvements, Fred had raised the frame of his new stable.

During his experience on the plains of South America Fred had learned to know and love horses. As it was fashionable in those days, he had a slick span, and he had his own smart little "Dandy" as well, who took him back and forth to his business in the mornings. Then he



drove in his open "buggy" with its rubber cushioned wheels. My mother had her top buggy in which she drove herself to town to do her errands. The horse she used was Fanny, who like

my mother, had her own ideas of how things should be done. I can see her now sidling down the hills while my mother drove with a loose rein lest Fanny's mouth should suffer. There was always a weight in the carriage so in case no hitching post showed up where my mother wished to stop, the strap on the weight could fasten the horse. If Fanny had to wait too long, she sometimes dragged the weight. Without it she often calmly walked home without her passenger. Then there was the "carry all" in which we children were loaded for afternoon rides. How I disliked that, much preferring to race about the place on my feet.



In the stable beside the stalls for horses which could be closed off for warmth from the rest of the ground floor was the great water hogshead with its pump, the nicely arranged harness room and a stairway leading to a small chamber for extra help. Then, again, with closing doors for warmth, opened out a large room for carriages. Under the stairway by the harness room



was another stairway leading to the basement where was a very comfortable cow stall in a small room with two windows to catch the afternoon sun, and also during the summer a place for a growing pig. We had our own milk and cream and during the spring and summer, butter, which Mary made. But the haymow was the place that we children loved best. There were hay shoots to the horse stall which we loved to slide down and, oh joy, with the proper courage when the cow was at pasture, a shoot of two stories to her stall in the cellar.

In spite of all this interesting space for the animals to live and the children to play, more room seemed to be needed, and along in the early eighties my father with the help of John "the hired man," built what we called the workshop. My brother Edward says that it cost him all of \$400.00. The upstairs was sheathed off as a playroom for rainy days and also equipped with a stove for cool weather. Here with the help of neighbors we gave plays, one end being curtained off as a stage. Once we gave a fair and raised enough money to buy shingles and get Mrs. Haley's roof shingled. There was a big white rocking horse that found its way out there from the house and a large slate black board. For this there was always plenty of chalk with which to draw, as well as the approved erasers.

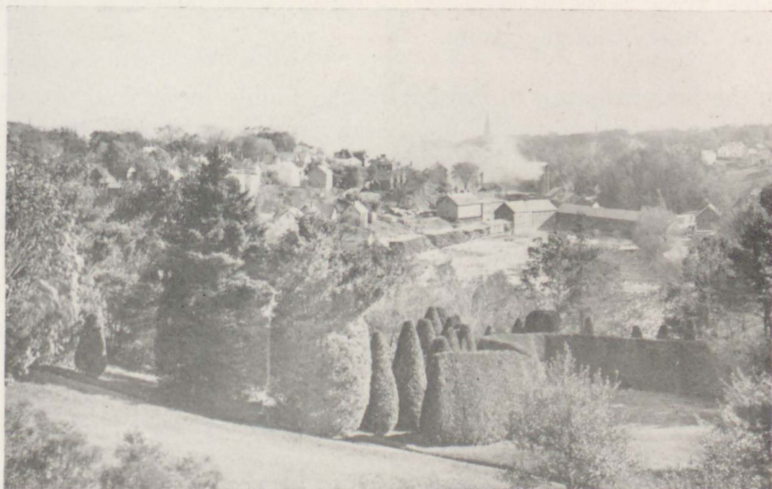
It was not so much for this that the shop was built, however, as for the long workbench on the ground floor and the tools for various forms of carpentry. There was a jig-saw with which my father made charmingly intricate objects and there was his photographic dark room. It was in this workshop that my brother Henry built his canoe which we two paddled on the stream. Here, also, he made and steamed skis with which he plunged through the soft snows over the three steep terraces in the rear of the house, but first of all he built — of course with much help from the "hired man" John — a four wheeled "jigger" for the donkey. It was indeed exciting when a donkey came into the family. About five o'clock on the morning of one hazy "fourth of July" and with a pre-arranged group of neighborhood children, we harnessed the donkey and armed with unnumberable firecrackers and other noise making instruments, we wandered slowly through the neighborhood waking up the inhabitants.

After the building of the workshop, additions to the house seemed to cease for a time. Through the long summers the four children and their friends roamed over the lawns and the grove, climbed the cliffs but they were bidden to keep away from the dangers of the stream. One year my father had built from a former hayfield the big lawn, and the long flower bed was built at the top of its lower terrace. John Jordan, who worked over the place for more than



thirty years, kept the lawns mowed and the grove in order. We had big picnics in what we called the parlor grove. Between two great pines here there was a rough board picnic table and rustic settees lined the borders of the place. Over the well whose rapid inflow of water had once supplied the hydraulic ram with power was built a rustic shelter with seats. The cedar walk now





grown to manageable size and frequently trimmed into shape by a crew of men was not only a joy to play in but a show place for strangers. There were fairies in the woods and up on the big lawn there was always waiting a game of croquet to be played. With high school days there came one of the earliest of tennis courts and the banks were alive with young people to watch the play. The orchard became productive, and as fall came on we gorged ourselves with apples. No childhood could have had a more wholesome environment.

In these high school days also it was the Workshop that now became the home of Henry's Kenduskeag Debating Society. There a group of interested boys met with some regularity to consider the serious problems of the world! Occasionally the same nights of these meetings were chosen for the girls' cooking club to meet in the House. Sometimes they were even allowed to

be audience. On one grand occasion the debating society were invited to a "banquet" cooked by the enthusiastic members of that gay group.

Then slowly, the bottom began to fall out of the family happiness. As children we were brought up to speak of our parents as Mamma and Papa, always with the accent on the last syllable. Mamma was always in delicate health. After her second child Angela was born she must spend a year away from home, first with the renowned Doctor Weir Mitchel in Philadelphia, who originated his famous rest cure in practising on her as his patient. Then in Europe where she was sent with the injunction from the physician that for the future she must always have a personal maid and never think again of so much as buttoning her own shoes. In those days shoes such as hers were certainly something to button! She responded by taking the ignorant Irish girl Nora across the ocean with her. In the Simplon Pass they had an accident. Nora, thrown from the top of the coach, was scratched and bruised, but Mamma, jumping from the inside landed on her head and was unconscious for twenty hours and invalided for two weeks with concussion of the brain. She seems to have recovered with no permanent injury, and had another son Georgie the following year. In two years more the fourth child, Edward, was born and after that there was little rest or health for her. Her eyes gave out and she spent a winter in Boston under a famous oculist. During such periods some friend ran the family for her and Mary Kelley did the cooking. And then there was Anne MacKinnon who lived in the family for nine years and to whom we owed a great deal for her common sense as well as her great love and care for the always delicate Georgie.

Papa, who did most of the running of the household, had the management of the family timberlands and occasionally went into other ventures. His Moosehead Lake Telegraph business was to his credit, I believe, but when he decided to go into the book business with friends in Boston it was a blow to the comfort of the family that he left behind. For eight years he struggled on in Tichnor & Company, wishing he might be safely out of it. Finally through lucky

chance and the offices of a kind friend he managed to sell out without losing much, if any, of his wife's fortune.

The discomforts of this period with the necessity of being so much away from home told



sadly upon his health and then the greatest blow fell. Henry, his oldest son and just coming into his twentieth year, died of a virulent form of typhoid fever while he was a student at Bow-



doin College. It was just about twelve months after that that Georgie died of appendicitis. Such troubles had always been considered "inflammation of the bowels" and were not well understood, especially in outlying places. Such gloom descended on the family then that I insisted on getting away to Radcliffe College, entirely unprepared for college work and pretty desolate myself. It was in the early winter of 1894 that I came home an exhausted wreck. It was in June of 1895 that I married Milton Clifford and went away from Cliff Cottage.

Now that Fred and Abbie were to be left much to themselves and their youngest child, Edward, was busy with his outside interests of school and college, Abbie consoled herself by spending many hours with her Mother who lived nearby in the great house called Elmbank but Fred turned for comfort to his beloved Cliff Cottage. The grounds had matured since his father's day. The trees had increased in size and with his careful attention the cedar walk had become





WALNUT DINING ROOM



renowned for its well trimmed and rounded beauty. He had built the great new lawn with its long and well filled flower bed and the many gravel walks were all kept tidily in order. In all of this he was greatly assisted by John Jordan. John, who worked so many years on the place, came originally from the Azores and was badly wounded in our Civil War. He married Nora and lived nearby in a house that Fred had arranged for him. All of the children as well as the animals of the family had learned to love and depend upon him and got everything that was good from that relationship. It was during this period that the grove became most like a park and all of the details of the place were tended with the greatest care. But caring for his grounds was not enough to keep Fred occupied. There were still many things left to do that he thought necessary to make it a really comfortable place to live in. Although there was undoubted charm in the French windows that his mother had so much preferred, he felt that he had suffered years enough from the cold they let in. Large panes of glass had now become available and were extensively used. So he changed the small paned door-like windows throughout the house to those of an upper and lower sash. He put an elegant oak vestibule to keep the cold from the ancient walnut front door, at the same time enlarging the front piazza. Throughout the house there had been a great deal of black walnut used for both doors and sashes. In other places paint was used to carry out the idea of walnut. Even although the inside folding shutters were painted cream color, the effect on the whole was pretty dark. In the two rooms which he most occupied, the dining room and the library, Fred determined to cheer things up with a light oak finish. This involved making a solid wall where had been the double doors leading into the parlor from the library, and closing one of the doors of the two that led from the library into the hallway. It also involved doing away with all of the inside shutters and replacing them with shades and with draperies of velvet and of lace. There were new mantles of oak in the dining room and the library but in the parlor, which was allowed to stay black with its simulated walnut trim, the simple old black marble mantle was exchanged for a much carved one of black walnut.

When the Judge had gone to his new home at Fern Ledge, he had taken everything with him that rightfully belonged to him. Somewhat to Abbie's distress besides his silver this included the parlor furniture, the gold framed mirror and the statuette of the three graces. For some years thereafter the principal furniture of that room was a small billiard table and its cues. It also made an excellent playroom for the children and their blocks.

With the refurnishing of this later period it acquired lace curtains and red silk plush furnishings with decorations of bright colored appliqued embroidery.

Concessions were also made then in a yellowish carpet over the now dilapidated parquet flooring. It was at this time, also, I believe that small gold radiators were put about for the luxury of steam heat. But with so much change there could not fail to be additions made to some still available places. The library was enlarged to the north to make space for Papa's beautiful new oak desk, and the dish closet off the dining room was enlarged into a butler's pantry. A



whole new set of Haviland was bought to fill the new and spacious shelves as well as some medallion china.

By this time Mary Kelley was getting too old to work any more and, semi-invalided, as now were both my parents, it seemed best for her to go home to her brother's house. Then came the task of getting a butler to put in the new pantry! A colored man and his wife were imported from Boston and really worked pretty well for a while. Papa liked to have a man to wait upon him and Fletcher stayed through his last illness and death in 1897. Fred Godfrey died as his mother had done in his early fifties. Like her also he "died of a pain that he had" as Mary would have said but his pain was called in his day "angina," as hers had been called apoplexy. Mary came to his funeral, somewhat tottering, and said to me "I have now lost my best friend." She had functioned in the same household for more than forty years.

My husband and I came shortly and brought servants to run the family of Cliff Cottage. Our baby Phyllis had died about a month before her grandfather. Delicate from the first and premature she never had the proper care, nor did her mother have the proper advice. It was impossible to get the scientific literature which might easily be understood by the lay mind for infant care at that time, and we thought we could not afford a nurse of the right quality. I have always felt that we did well to keep her alive for eleven months. In May our daughter Beatrice was born at Cliff Cottage.

Life had been too heavy for my mother. She crashed nervously but with proper nursing and summer coming on, and with the wise advice of her physician that when she had gained enough strength she should plan again to make a trip abroad, she recovered. She had never been to Palestine and wished to see Jerusalem. So having bought a home for us nearby, she summoned her two dear friends, Miss Hattie Bartlett and Miss Lizzie Hanks, and my husband saw them started on an ocean liner for their Mediterranean trip. After a visit to Palestine she spent the winter in Nice with Miss Hanks.





When she finally landed in New York, much to everybody's joy she met her husband's cousin, Miss Martha Stackpole, and persuaded her to come to live with her at Cliff Cottage. After a year or two of facing the Maine winters and a lucky escape from death from pneumonia by Cousin Martha, they were advised to try a winter in California. Again Milton saw them through to their destination and got them settled in a comfortable Inn where they continued to go for many winters. They returned each spring for summer on the green lawns of Cliff Cottage. It was an heroic trip each way but it prolonged the lives of both of them.

How they did enjoy getting home to the lush green New England springs after many miles of sandy desert and how Mamma did enjoy her own sitting room again. It was the same room that Angela Stackpole had loved so much as a library. What had been Angela's conserva-

tory had been made for Abbie into an addition to the room. In one end behind the walnut arch of this addition a bookcase was built in, which had glass doors to protect Abbie's own treasured books. Upon a white marble fireplace mantle were her own treasured French clock and bronze urns. There were pictures about the room that she, herself, had brought from Europe. She had saved this room from any change since her early days there, carved walnut brackets and book rack, marble topped table and all. With its comfortable over-stuffed chairs in red plush and its large figured red carpet it was, as ever, distinctly her room. She lived here for the six warmest months of the year.

She took and left things on the place as she found them. There was little to be done to Cliff Cottage, because it had been so well established in the preceding years. It could all be enjoyed as it was. After visiting with her children she and Cousin Martha possibly had some new servant but always had the help of Nora. Now widowed and alone in her own little house,

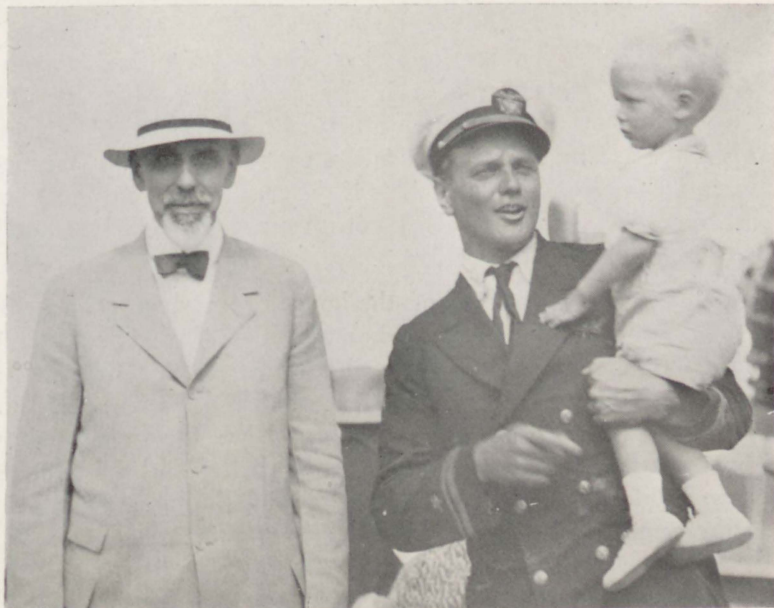


Nora was still very much one of the family. When she could help she was always on hand to come back to assist with the summer work at Cliff Cottage. There were visits from Hattie Bartlett and Lizzie Hanks, and the four old ladies, watching from small comfortable rockers in the dining room as the sun was setting, dubbed themselves "The Sunset Club."



Anxious as we were about their travels, we were advised by a wise old friend to "let them go, they would so much rather die in their tracks than be restrained." And that is what they did. Cousin Martha died in Boston on a return from an ambitious trip to Charleston, South Carolina, and Mamma with a picked up companion got herself to California, where an old friend of mine went to stay with her. Then she was strongly tempted to go from Redlands to San Diego to see her first great-grandchild and never recovered from the effort. Invalid as she had been, she lived to be 81 years old.

After that, Cliff Cottage went into the hands of my brother Edward. Like all of us he loved the place. His three children roamed over it and took their friends there to play. His



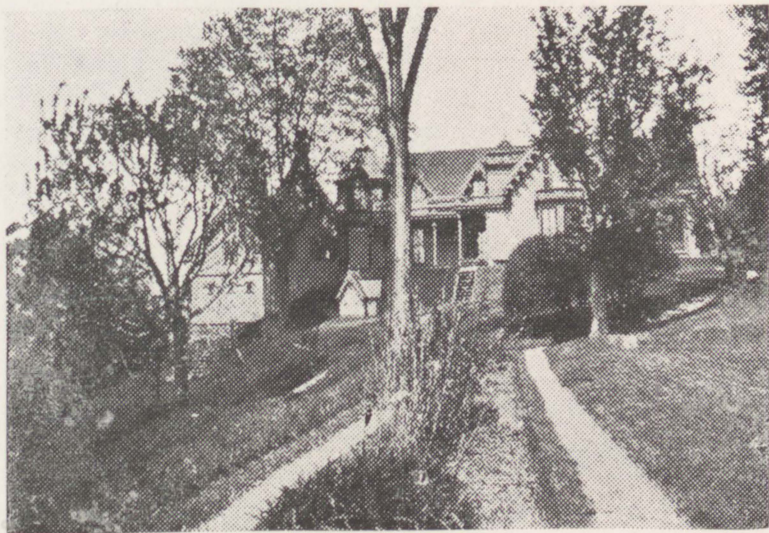
EDWARD RAWSON GODFREY AND HIS TWO NAMESAKES

daughter, devotedly, took every book down from the library shelves, clearing it from mold, as well as dust, and the boys climbed through the skylights and over the roofs. His wife having been given the little house next door thought it much easier to take care of her family there, and Cliff Cottage was put on the market. Although the lawns had been kept in order, the house had had no paint for many years and it did not sell easily.

In 1928, having been widowed for three years, I could no longer resist the temptation to buy Cliff Cottage. I made arrangements with his real estate man while my brother was in New York.

When my mother had died my husband was in delicate health and was only too glad that Edward Godfrey wished to have Cliff Cottage as his responsibility. Our own home was the one that we both loved best and we had spent nearly all of the thirty years of a very happily married life there. When he left me the following year I also wished always to continue in the home that had all of the memories of a happy and growing family. The place, Cliff Cottage, however, seemed to me far too much a part of the family to be turned over to strangers. When, after four years of its care, it became a certainty that my brother would never persuade his family to go there and it looked as if the most promising buyer was a veterinary who wished it for his dogs and other animals, I got up my courage to buy it. Hoping to make it pay for itself I paid my brother his price for it.

My first throb of joy at the possession of the house came when my daughter Eleanor and her family decided to leave California and come home to live. Now, thought I, there will be all the room in the world for them and they will be happy here. One time, in wandering back of the house, I could see through the window my first grandchild leaping gaily across the dining room and it all seemed like a beautiful dream come true. But they could only stay for a short period because Eleanor's husband, Hayward Peirce, could better find the opening he needed in another state. The two children, however, Mary Taylor and Bobby, were able to make many very happy visits as the years went on.



HOUSE OF YESTERDAY



My first idea was to make of it a truck garden. With this in view I consulted my neighbor, Mr. Cunningham, who had helped each year with the haying at Cliff Cottage. He advised me of the necessity of getting a practical man who had had experience in gardening. Then he proceeded to produce exactly the man I needed. I had been hoping for someone with young children who would grow up with benefits from the place. Mr. J. Edward Blake not only had his young family but he had the versatile type of mind that just such a place needs. Most of the available space — barring the lawns — was planted to vegetables. As they came to maturity that summer he made an amusing adventure of building up a trade for them among the neighbors. He and sometimes one of his sons would tour the region with my car and see what he could sell. He was to take a small percentage of the profits. It was hard work for him but it was also amusing and interesting to have a little something in the bank. Each of us paid and put into the till for what we took for our respective families.

After a year or two we planned to build him a home on the place. It was his suggestion that the barn chamber would make a good apartment. With my mother's death we no longer kept a horse, and the other farm animals had, long ago, been discarded. There was no longer use for hay or straw. It was something of a surprise to all of us, however, that with Blake's careful planning we made five such good rooms out of it with a large hallway and bath as well. A one pipe furnace warms it for the winter. This also gives out warmth that is an advantage to the space that can hold three automobiles.

While Blake was busy with his garden the main house gave me much to do. It still held my mother's accumulations of many years and in one room alone there were twenty three drawers for me to inspect and clear out. It had been years since the house was painted. The scraping and repainting of that was almost a summer's job. There was also a great deal to be done in the way of tightening up the windows and the doors. Left alone as it had been for so many winters leaks had shown up in many places and wall paper was rolling from the walls. When it

began to assume an appearance of respectability I longed to have the world see that the old place had come to life. So Beatrice and I gave an afternoon reception to everyone we could think of who would be likely to have an interest in seeing it. It was a great joy to me to see people of the immediate neighborhood wandering all over the place and through every room of the house. I learned then that most people do like houses just because they are houses and have been homes. As nobody was living there as yet, no privacy was being invaded.

During the second summer it was rented to two sisters and their families. Mr. Charles Woodward was the good friend who arranged that for me and it was to my great satisfaction that they enjoyed it so much. As the furnace was still unusable they were unable to spend the winter. After that had been put again into order Mr. Fred D. Jordan moved in and seemed to enjoy it thoroughly for three years.

In the meantime family history was being made for me. Beatrice had been married. After living in Paris for a time she and her husband decided to come home to Bangor. Now indeed I felt justified for having bought the house. I very much hoped that after having lived here a while they would decide to buy and settle down to live near me. Carpets were ripped up and cleaned, rooms were redecorated and much was done for the comfort of the returning family.

Beatrice's husband brought back with him a great accumulation of French antiques which fortunately stayed in storage for some months and then it appeared that it never would be appropriate in a Victorian house. In the spring of 1935 it was decided that they really did not want Cliff Cottage. As an opportunity to rent my own house to good advantage appeared it was suggested that the time had come when I should take it over as a residence. While they were gone on their house hunting trip it was my duty to get myself moved out of one house and into the other.

My first effort was to get a new bathroom established next to the room that had been mine from childhood. We found that a door could be put between the two rooms. The parlor lost its

black walnut paint and its carved walnut mantle piece as well. The old chimney, now only another part of the wall, was papered with a light paper as the rest of the room. The draperies were straight and of yellow silk and the furniture, as well as the rug on the hardwood floor, was all on a soft ecru. Most modern of all were the white Venetian blinds. With one or two good paintings and Beatrice's piano it can be a very gay place. Other improvements also were made throughout the house in the way of hardwood floors and rugs, improvements which the nearly twenty years of my occupancy have made essential.





On the place also we made various changes. The many gravel paths and roadways were sodded in to make a part of the lawn. Throughout the years several maple trees had had their tops trimmed in order to retain the view of the Brewer hills. Although the trees retained their round shape, the branches knotted and gnarled, gave a strange winter appearance. The trees became old and began falling to pieces, so that it became necessary to have them cut down. With the elimination of the walks, this gave a more expansive lawn which could be more easily mowed with the new power-lawn-mower. A new orchard was planted which gradually replaced



the old and worm-eaten apple trees, and pipes were run to a new bird bath on one of the terraces.

Although the Stoddards came home for the summer it was not long after that they found their own home to furnish beautifully with the antiques from France.

It was in December of 1936 that my son and I sailed for Paris, where he was to be married to Lydia Host.

It was a gay summer here after my son's wedding. His wife's sister, Anne, who came home to me, helped me engineer gay parties on the place and elsewhere. We had a beautiful day for the big reception to the bride and groom.

After the next Christmas there was a successful and skillfully managed visit to the grandmother of the four-weeks-old Vera and her parents.

Since then the winters here have been relieved by visits from my cousins Alice and Elsie.



One long winter I had not only Elsie but my good friend and sister-in-law Alice Clifford. It was her last winter and was a very memorable one. Then for a year and a half, Cliff Cottage

was rented, lock, stock and barrel to Mr. Clyde B. Morgan and his family. Mr. Blake remained the caretaker and gave me an opportunity for rest and regeneration in distant places.



Mr. Blake is now a happy grandfather and owns a home of his own, which is next to that of his son. With his help and his care of the gardens and the lawns in summer and the house in winter, it is all in good condition in spite of the second World War. The Work Shop which had threatened to disintegrate is now safely back on its feet. His former apartment has been re-decorated and rented to a most desirable family and the back of the house holds a veteran's family, without whom the present family could hardly run smoothly.



With the coming of the second World War my son had been sent early to the Pacific. Dur-



ing this period his wife and two little girls, Vera and Angela, could spend much time at Cliff Cottage both during the summers and in the winters. It was toward the end of the war in August of 1945 that Lieutenant Colonel Milton Henry Clifford came home to the quiet of Cliff Cottage. When alone here with his wife, they heard from the radio of the final surrender of Japan. With joy unbounded he rushed to the Javanese dinner gong for consolation. Then he moved the whole big gong to the terrace and, with the help of his Uncle Edward from next door, peal upon peal from the musical bronze was sounded throughout the valley of the Kenduskeag.



LT. COL. MILTON HENRY CLIFFORD

## MARY KELLEY

As there never was a picture of the faithful Mary who lived here in the house for forty years and more, I am adding the following that I once wrote about her in a college essay, during the early nineties.

The doors that opened from the dining room into the back hall divided the house into two worlds, and the one behind the door on the side that was painted yellow was where Mary Kelley lived. Her dominion extended from her chamber under the eaves to the milk closet and the piles of kindling and the potato barrels in the cellar, but she was more often to be found in the spacious airy kitchen. The stooping figure moving around half blindly in the vicinity of the sink or crossing from table to table at opposite sides of the room was followed by a train of pets; the white terrier pricked up his ears and wagged his tail if she stopped, but the fat pug sat down to rest; the cats hopped up in a chair to watch her or mewed around the legs of the table. Once in a while she would open the oven door and pulling out the pan of meat that made their nostrils tingle, she would baste the gravy over the top. The hand that held the spoon was puffed and swollen at the joints and the fingers were bent to the side. She had drawn the white hair down over her ears into a knot behind; her forehead was broad and wrinkled but smoother between the brows; her eyes were small and watery; her teeth were all gone except the few that kept her under lip from falling in, but she was not repulsive. As she croached down upon the zinc peering into the oven, her full skirts spread about her, every line of her sloping shoulders and the patience of her face showed humility and sweetness.

It was more than forty years ago when Mary left her husband who maltreated her in Ireland and taking advantage of an exodus of her relatives, came with them and her baby to America. About a year after she landed she left her child with her sister and took a position at Cliff Cottage. The house was smaller then, but among the trees high upon the bank of the Kenduskeag, it commanded a view of the valley and hills that pleased the Judge's artistic eye. Mary



cleaned the silver for her dainty, fussy mistress who in the servant's words was "So very nice, so very nice" and she waited on the parties of young people prepared for the two boys. She knew them all by name and character and was not unhappy with them. After the boys' mother died, one of them brought home a wife. The Judge lived with them for a while until the charm of his cultivation brought him also a young wife. Mary missed him but she could look down through the limbs of the maple tree by the kitchen window at his new house he had built below his old home. It was but a few years later that she looked down to the front door of her old master's home, and herself forgotten and unasked to be a mourner, saw the black carriages going away to leave the young widow desolate.

She was intrusted with much of the housekeeping of the new menage but another maid took her place as waitress at any parties.

At this time her own troubles were heaped upon her. Her daughter had grown to be a beautiful girl but she was lost in the large city where she had sought for work. The pious old mother was weighed down with shame but in vain she followed and tried to bring her back. When news came of the girl's death her mother mourned her as condemned to eternal punishment. She brooded over her misfortune and one day, when the house was filled with company, she told her mistress quietly that she should go to her brother's in the morning. For months she was insane. Then she got well and came back.

For the young family that was now growing up the kitchen came to be unconsciously the brightest spot in the house. If at meal time a child was sent away, mortified and wrathful, he would crawl up the front stairs through the corridor, and, taking off his shoes, would creep down the wooden stairs into the kitchen. There stamping in his stockened feet, he poured forth his bitterness upon a silent and judicious listener. A stranger would have been amused to see the way the rest of the family would drift unconsciously out to Mary to tell their side of the story. The children needed to wash their hands under the faucet and venting their feelings

would disappear before their elders. The mistress warmed herself at the stove and when she heard the dining room door open, gave some trifling direction and left a clear field for her husband: If it were in the evening he would sit down on the settle in his dressing gown and slippers, take the lazy cat in his lap and puff at his pipe until the second girl had left. When the room was full of smoke, and Mary having taken out her bread board and sprinkled it with flour, was rolling her dough backwards and forwards, he would make some careless remark of what had happened. Her respectful "Yis sir" or "Well now, I don't know" and the quietness and simplicity of her movements soon soothed his unhappiness.

When the second generation of children were grown up, Mary began to fear that her age would make her inefficient. As she washed and dried the dishes she felt more than saw what she was doing. To carry the filled tea kettle to the stove she must use both hands and then be weighted down, and as she brought the coal hod up the cellar stairs, she rested it at every other step. She never was still for a moment. "Why don't you sit down and rest?" her mistress would ask. "I'd be always thinking Miss Angela," she would answer. "I don't like to think." The second girl would come to the breakfast table with her eyes wide open and tell the family that they ought to send her to bed. "She was so sick that she couldn't talk and she was afraid of her life she would tumble down on the floor." Yet she had arisen at five o'clock, built the fire and got the breakfast that the family might not be put to any inconvenience.

One night when there was a party in the house caterers were hired to take her place and so she went to her little dark room all alone. She did not see any of the beautiful dresses and the family forgot to bring her into the front of the house and show her the adornments. She could hear the scrape of the violins and the babble of voices when the doors were opened and she went to bed and groaned. A horrible attack had come upon her to make her suffer intensely, her tongue thickened up in her mouth making it hard for her to call, but she would not attempt to do so or move from her little iron bedstead. They were too busy down stairs to be disturbed and

if they came they would only see that she was so feeble she ought to be sent away. So she lay and suffered all through the night. She had hoped that she might die right there.

For years she had suffered with the family and for the family but there was still one sacrifice left for her to make. Her master and mistress had been away travelling and seeing something of the way other people lived. They came back discontented with their cook. They wished to have company and was it their duty to keep a servant who could not do the work? Had they not paid her every debt of gratitude with her wages and had they not suffered her infirmities as long as could be expected? No one would wish them to turn their house into an "alimoniary" institution and they engaged a new cook. She had suffered with the family and for the family. She loved them all. She loved the utensils with which she had worked and the kitchen and cellar in which she moved about automatically. Age and custom had made them a part of her life but when they told her to go she only said "Yis sir" and plodded upstairs to her room. She dressed up in her black gown and veil and met the coachman in the kitchen. She went out with him to the wagon unseen by the family. As the little black figure disappeared from the gate sitting beside stout Christopher, her master saw from his broad glass window that she could not bear to turn around. Her clothes were sent after her.