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## Historical Souvenir of The Isles of Shoals

Lewis W. Brewster

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...The Isles of...

# Shoals

HISTORICAL SOUVENIR.



**With the best wishes of the Writer.**

**HISTORICAL SOUVENIR**  
**OF**  
**THE ISLES OF SHOALS**

Prepared for the N. H. Weekly Publishers Association, on the occasion  
of their visit to Star Island in 1905

**BY LEWIS W. BREWSTER**

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REVISED NINETEEN HUNDRED TEN

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PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

1910

**PRESS OF ARTHUR G. BREWSTER.**

## INTRODUCTORY.

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I have always held the Isles of Shoals in high esteem. At my Portsmouth home I knew them by repute from early childhood, and long before I could visit them they were the horizon of my ambitious desire to travel seaward. They were then as mysterious to me as is now the Heaven of my best anticipations. I knew of them only as I now know of London, Paris or Rome, and our desire to see these cities, of which so much is said and written, cannot exceed the fond satisfaction with which I contemplated my first trip down our harbor, and out, out, into what to me was something like fairy land.

You will not wonder, therefore, that I have, though with some reluctance, consented to undertake this labor of love; and if I can impart to you some of the pleasurable sensations with which I have been impressed, my task will be well repaid.

I can offer but little original fact or fancy, where the field has been so well filled by the very delightful descriptions of Celia Thaxter, and the exhaustive historical data of John S. Jenness. I cannot claim any extensive research, but have tried to find, in what has been told me, something that will interest you.



## Historical Sketch.

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**B**EFORE we together stroll about and among these delightful islands, let us, as well as we can with our limited knowledge, take the trolley car of thought, travel through the mysterious and unknown past—back, far back—among the ages, and approach, as near as possible, that grand terminal of human conception of which we can only say,—

“IN THE BEGINNING!”

But long ages before we can reach that terminal our car stops. The rest of the way is deeply hidden in impenetrable obscurity; and here ends the farthest research of Science, and the marvellous record of the rocks begins. At this point the history of the birth and development of the Isles of Shoals commences.

We cannot know with what birth-throes of Mother Earth the molten rocks were forced into the outer world, but we can imagine somewhat of the spectacle of the vast upheaval.

Let us stand upon the high cliffs of Star Island and look seaward over the



calm expanse of waters. Now would you like to be an eye-witness of a panoramic spectacle of the rising of these islands from the bed of the ocean?

Listen!—Low, muttering sounds, like the growling of a thousand sea monsters such as probably once inhabited these waters, come to our senses and shake our nerves with fearful forebodings. The rocks on which we stand seem to sympathize with our own sensations, and tremble as with human dread. Then there is quiet; then the fearful sounds come intermittently with increasing volume, the sea is in commotion and the waves rise higher and higher around us. An explosion comes, throwing up high columns of water and filling the air with suffocating smoke and vapor; another and another follow; the ocean bubbles and seethes like a monstrous caldron; the tremblings of land and water have become mighty earthquakes; a great tidal wave almost submerges us; the air becomes hot and depressing and filled with sulphurous odors; the clouds of steam and smoke hide the sun; thunder, lightning and tempest add to the picture an awful foreground. It is a veritable pandemonium. But be not afraid, for just now the powers of darkness cannot touch us, and we are immune from danger. The fierce combat of fire, earth and water goes on with relentless vigor, it may be for many days, until at length the great volcanic mass, that has been filling up the ocean bed, reaches the surface, still boiling and fuming, and there come into view, here and there, roughly rounded peaks of the molten rock, still rising and

rising, still tumultuous, outbursting and mighty under the death-throes of the fire that is being vanquished in the fearful contest. The cooling rocks crack and open, and into the seams flow other molten material, some harder, some softer, than the gneiss that makes the body of all the island ledges, forming the many interesting fissures of trap, quartz, iron stone, etc., that we see as we stroll over them. These interesting infants were not born with silver or golden spoons in their mouths. Garnets seem to be almost their only ornaments; some of which may still be found on White Island, but they are now scarce at the Shoals.

Finally the labors of Mother Earth are ended, and the infant isles rest calm and serene upon her broad bosom,—healthy and interesting children, but bare, rough and devoid of beauty. She takes them under her fostering care. It is a work of ages, but she never fails in her motherly attentions. She covers them with fertile soil, and at length proceeds to dress and adorn them with the beautiful work of her own hands, until they repay her toil with all the loveliness that now charms their visitors.

Of course this is but a fancy sketch. It may have been that the islands rose with one great, spasmodic upheaval, accompanied by the awful grandeur of such earthquakes and volcanic eruptions as have sometimes in our day swallowed whole islands, and as in Martinique the fearful disturbance of Mount Pele overwhelmed the surrounding country. If so, it was a great spectacular marvel of

Nature's handiwork, such as no man, had man then existed, could have looked upon and lived.

But it must have been with some such magnificent demonstrations that the Isles of Shoals were brought forth and set like gems on the bosom of the ocean; for geologists tell us they are of igneous origin.

This was long before the glacial period. We find here boulders that were dropped as the moving mass ground its way along from north-west to south-east; and we find, too, the foot-prints of the glaciers on Appledore Island, where they have left on the rocks a strongly marked impression of their track. The largest of the boulders is near the shore on Appledore and in plain sight from the boat passing between Appledore and Star islands.

Along the outer shores you find the rough and broken rocks that tell of the mighty power of the tempest; and seams and fissures that even now are changing. Some that were originally filled with trap rock and have been exposed to the action of the waves, have been washed out and are now open or partly filled with crumbling stone, and along the shore have become dykes of considerable size. Jack Frost is also in the fissure business. Mrs. Thaxter tells of a seam into which at first she could just put her hand, but which continually enlarged each winter until it became a very respectable opening.

Let us indulge in one more fancy before we leave this ancient history. You have seen behind the Appledore House the skeleton of a whale? Now just im-

agine that we are back some ten millions of years, and that the skeleton is that of an Ichthyosaurus or a Plesiosaurus, for those reptiles were about the size of this whale. There has been a battle royal between these two creatures. It may have been as favorite a resort for them as for us. Why not?—this has always been a good fishing spot. And here you have the bones of the Ichthyosaurus. How would you have enjoyed such company? What, indeed, may not have been the character of the Shoals visitors in those days? There might have met the Geosaurus, the Mosasaurus, the Megalosaurus, with those others we have mentioned—a reunion, in short, of the whole Saurus family--while the Pterodactyl hovered overhead, like a huge vulture, ready to swoop down upon whatever prey he could find among them.

Alas! those early days of Earth's childhood have passed away. No more do these charming monsters come to greet the summer visitor. Dame Nature took charge of the islands, and in due time the process of fertilizing and beautifying was accomplished. The glaciers dropped earth upon the rocks; the sun, the storms and the sea conspired to disintegrate them into dust; and, when there was enough soil, the winds, the waves and the birds brought seed; verdure presently clothed the stony land, and at length man came along to cultivate and enjoy it.

You will now pardon a skip of from ten to twenty millions of years in our history.

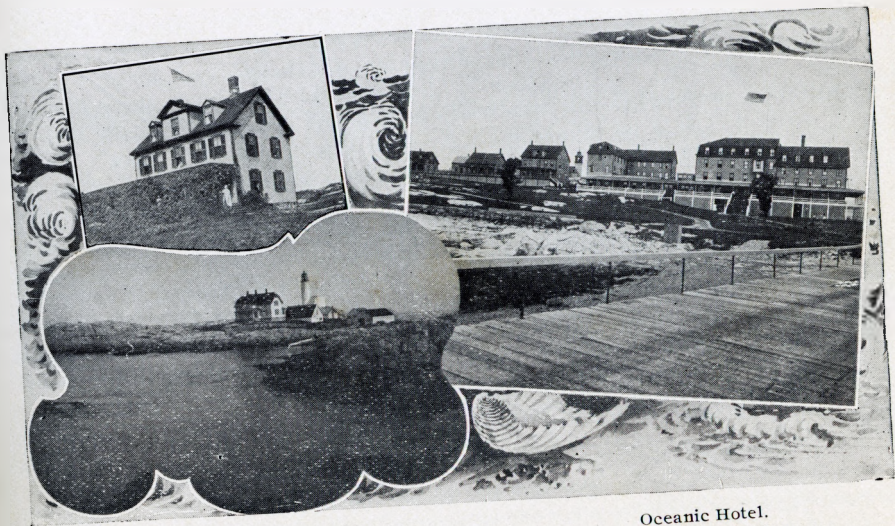
“The mills of the gods grind slow,  
But they grind exceeding fine.”

The grass, flowers, foliage, and even trees, had made this an attractive spot to the early visitors at our New-England coast. But, really, the abundance of fish was the chief attraction.

The islands are eight, and at high tide nine, in number. Away to the north-east lies the little, sterile, rocky, uninviting Duck Island, where only fishermen stay, to catch fish and prepare for market the supply that comes to their lines, trawls and nets. The island is surrounded by dangerous reefs, bearing the names of South-west Ledge, Shag Rocks, Eastern Rocks and Mingo Rock.

Next comes Appledore, formerly Hog, Island, its present name being taken from an ancient English hamlet in the parish of Northam on the coast of Barnstaple bay in North Devonshire. Dover, N. H., was originally called Northam. The first planters of New Hampshire and Maine chiefly emigrated from Devonshire and Cornwall. The name Hog Island came from the fancied resemblance of its elevated ridge to a hog's back. It contains 350 acres, and its greatest elevation above high-water mark is 85 feet. Hon. Thomas B. Loughton adopted the name of Appledore when he purchased the island. It had previously been applied to all the habitable parts of the Shoals.

Smutty-nose, or Haley's, Island, Cedar and Malaga, of 150 acres and 40 feet elevation, are so connected by sea-walls or breakwaters that they are virtually



Celia Thaxter Cottage.  
White Island Light.

Oceanic Hotel.

one. The "smutty-nose" is the black projection or nose on its south-east side. Cedar Island was probably where grew the "three or four shrubby old cedars" spoken of by Captain John Smith. Malaga speaks of Spain and the Spaniards who frequently came hither to trade.

Star Island, of 150 acres and 50 feet elevation, is so named from its shape. The old town of Gosport was on this island, but it has ceased to be a township.

Londoner Island took its name from the ship Londoner that was wrecked there. It was formerly leased to a Portsmouth fish merchant, but is now the residence of Mr. Oscar Loughton. A little westward of this island is Square Rock—but why so called, who knows? Its shape is rounding, or oval.

If you look yonder where the light-house stands, you will readily see why it is called White Island. When the sun shines upon it it is almost brilliant in its stately glory. Here Hon. Thomas B. Loughton took his family in 1839, and here Oscar, Cedric and Celia spent their early years. The children were all born in Portsmouth. Some of Celia's letters speak the enthusiasm with which she contemplated and enjoyed everything in Nature to which their "simple life" at White Island constrained her childhood.

The ninth is Seavey's Island. But White and Seavey's are one at low water. High tide fills the dividing line and makes two separate Islands.

The Isles of Shoals take their name from the reefs or shoals that lurk about them. Or they might bear the designation, Shoals of Isles, as we speak of

shoals of fish. The French maps call them "*Iles des Battures*," or isles of reefs. You can take your choice. Portsmouth is ten, Newburyport nineteen. Thatcher's Island twenty-one miles away, and the shores of Rye and Hampton are due west of Appledore seven miles. The Gardiner cable once connected the islands with the main land. It is proposed to repair and again use it. but the wireless telegraph has now a station on Appledore. In summer a steamer makes tri-daily trips to Portsmouth.

The islands are partly in New Hampshire and partly in Maine. The dividing line is between Star and Appledore and through Cedar islands. Star, White and Londoner are in New Hampshire, while Appledore, Malaga, Smutty-nose and Duck are a part of Kittery, Maine, as the proprietors of Appledore find to their sorrow when they receive a heavy tax bill from the Collector of that town. White and Seavey's islands, where the light-house stands, belong to the United States government.

The division of the islands was made in 1635—Sir Fernando Gorges and John Mason previously holding the islands in common. They held in common all the territory between the Merrimac and the Sagadahock, by the name of the Province of Maine. In 1629 Mason obtained, by Gorges' consent, a separate patent of the lands between the Merrimac and the Piscataqua, and, ten days after, they took out jointly a patent for a tract of territory situated far to the west—to Lake Champlain—which they christened Laconia. Under this Laconia grant,



which embraced no part of New Hampshire, the colonization of that Province at the mouth of Piscataqua river was actively pushed forward. Gorges and Mason, in 1631, took into partnership several wealthy London merchants, and procured for themselves a further grant of a considerable tract of land on both sides of Piscataqua river, and carried forward zealously an extensive traffic in peltries, lumber and fish. In this last grant the entire group of the Shoals was conveyed to the Laconia Company. But the enterprise of that Company proved unprofitable and was at last abandoned, and in 1633 a division of the Company's estate on the northerly side of the river was made among the individual adventurers; but the Shoals and the estate on the south side of the river were retained as common property, until another and final distribution of the assets in 1635, at which time, neither Mason nor Gorges wishing to surrender their entire interest in the islands, the group was divided between them precisely upon the line that is maintained at the present day. Gorges took the northerly half and carried it with him into his subsequent Province of Maine, while Mason annexed the southerly part to New Hampshire.

The written history of the Isles of Shoals begins in 1605. We are told that there is little doubt they were sighted by Gosnold in 1602, and by Martin Pring in 1603, but the first real mention comes from French voyagers to whom Henry of Navarre had granted a patent for the entire territory from the 40th to the 46th degree of north latitude, embracing the whole of New England; and in 1604

de Monts, accompanied by Samuel Champlain de Brouage, sailed from France with a considerable company of emigrants. They landed in Passamaquoddy bay, and the next summer, piloted by a young Indian named Panounias, and his bride, sought a more comfortable climate and sailed south along the coast. In the course of this trip Champlain describes a locality that corresponds with ours, and speaks of three or four islands of some altitude, about two leagues from the main land. This was the first written description of the Shoals. But it is not improbable that during the previous century these Islands were visited by English and Dutch fishermen, and there is very good reason for surmising that they found here a suitable place from whence to supply their home markets.

The French, however, were not smitten with the charms of New England and turned their attention to the St. Lawrence and Canada.

In 1610, Sir Samuel Argal, in a pinnace named the "Discovery," was on his way from Jamestown to the Bermudas, to obtain provisions for the distressed colonists of Virginia, accompanied by Sir George Somers in another pinnace, the "Patience," when a terrible and vehement storm separated them. Somers reached his destination, but Argal took refuge among the islands on the coast of Maine, and there spent the summer cruising and fishing, and must frequently have made a harbor at the Shoals; returning to Virginia at the close of the season in safety and heavily freighted with fish. This incident may have had an important bearing upon the future history of New England; for in 1613 Argal

Appledore  
Cottages.



returned to our coast as a pilot and convoy to a fleet of ten or eleven fishing vessels, which set out from Virginia, according to their yearly custom, for our waters. On arrival at Pemaquid, he learned that the French were again making encroachments upon English territory by the recent settlement of the Jesuits at St. Sauveur on Mt. Desert. He at once fell upon the settlement and destroyed it, killing one of the priests and sending the settlers as prisoners, some to France and the remainder to Jamestown. The same summer he returned and visited upon unfortunate Acadia the desolation of that peaceful plain, and gave to Long-fellow the touching story of "Evangeline."

Had the French, under de Monts, taken possession of the Shoals and become enamoured with the surrounding country; or had Argal been less lenient of the encroachments of France, who can know but that what is now New England would have become peopled with French emigrants, dominated by the Jesuits and given over to the habits and customs of France? Thus may these islands have played no small part in the making of New England history.

And now, in 1614, we come to the acknowledged discoveror and first proprietor of these charming islands, and the original owner of the not rare name of—John Smith.

Our Capt. John Smith had an eventful life. No other John Smith, however worthy he may have been of the name, ever had experiences at all approaching those of his great prototype. He left home when a boy with only ten shillings

in his pocket;—fought in the wars of the Low Countries;—was wrecked on Holy Isle, near Berwick;—was thrown like a Jonah into the Mediterranean by some superstitious sailors and picked up by ships from Brittany;—was in a bloody but victorious fight with a Venetian argosy;—took service under the German Emperor in a Turkish war, where his three famous duels procured for him from the German Emperor a coat of arms bearing on its shield three Turks' heads;—was captured and enslaved by the Tartars, but escaped, and through many perils returned on foot to Europe;—went into the wars in Africa;—with his single ship captured two Spanish men-of-war;—came to America and experienced the Pocahontas episode;—and doubtless did many dauntless deeds that are unrecorded.

He came hither in command of two London ships, upon a fishing and trading voyage, and arrived in April, 1614, at Monhegan Island. While the crews fished, the Captain and eight men, in a small pinnace, ranged the whole New-England coast as far as Cape Cod, trading with the natives for peltries; returned to the vessels at Monhegan, and sailed for home July 14th.

What time during these three months he spent at the Shoals was all that the heroic Captain ever saw of them. Two years afterwards he undertook another voyage hitherward, but was captured by French pirates, and was *compelled*, as he says, to assist them in many of their buccaneering enterprises; but at last, in the midst of a terrible tempest, he deserted them in an open boat in the Bay of Biscay and made his escape all alone to Rochelle, while the pirate ship was totally

wrecked and nearly all her crew perished. He then returned to England and wrote the strange story of his life and exploits. He gave to these islands the name they ought always to have retained—"Smith's Isles." Of them he says:

"Among the remarkablest isles and mountains for landmarks are Smith's Isles, a heape together, none neare them, against Accominticus."

—choosing them, of all his vast discoveries in the world, to perpetuate his name. Alas! for the ingratitude of man:—"Columbia" has become "America," and "Smith's Isles" the "Isles of Shoals." The only portion of them that retains his name is "Smith's Cove," on the south-west corner of Appledore Island.—Babb's Cove is next the Appledore landing; Smith's Cove is next beyond. But on the most prominent point of Appledore is sacredly preserved a cairn, which, tradition says, was constructed by John Smith. Who can dispute it? And on Star Island the dilapidated monument, suitably inscribed, including the three Turks' heads, was in April, 1864, (the 250th anniversary of Smith's first visit,) erected by Rev. Daniel Austin, of Portsmouth, who also presented the church bell. It is hoped that the Soc. of Colonial Wars of N. H. will, ere the tri-centennial of 1914, replace the monument. The inscriptions on the monument were:—

#### ON THE FIRST SIDE:

JOHN SMITH was born at Willoughby, Lincolnshire, England, in 1579, and died in London, in 1631, aged 52. He was "Governor of Virginia," and subsequently "Admiral of New England." The Isles, properly called "Smith's Isles," were discovered by him in April, 1614, while with 8 others, in an open boat, he was exploring the coast from Penobscot to Cape Cod.

## ON THE SECOND SIDE :

CAPT. JOHN SMITH was one of "Nature's noblemen." In his generosity towards the public, he almost forgot himself; those who knew him best loved him most and say of him:—In all his proceeding he made virtue his first guide, and experience his second; despising baseness, sloth, pride and indignity, more than any dangers; he would never allow more for himself than for his soldiers, and to no dangers would he expose them which he would not share himself. He would never see any in want of what he had, or could get for them; he would rather want than borrow, or starve than not pay; he loved action more than words, and hated covetousness and falsehood more than death. His adventures were for their lives, and his loss was their death.

## ON THE THIRD SIDE :

IN REWARD OF HIS VALOR, the Prince of Transylvania presented to CAPT. JOHN SMITH his picture, set in gold, gave him 300 ducats, and granted him a coat of arms, bearing three Turks' heads in a shield, with the motto:—" *Vincere est Vivere.*"

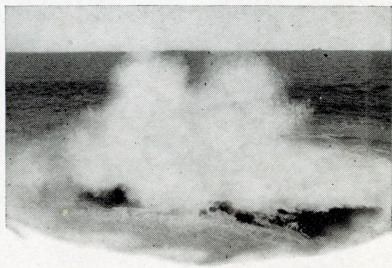
In 1627 he says:—"I have spent 5 years and more than 500 pounds in the service of Virginia and New Hampshire, but in neither have I one foot of land nor the very house I built with my own hands, and am compelled to see those countries shared before me among those who know them only by my description."

Consideration of the interesting facts of his life has led to the erection of this monument.

\_\_\_\_\_, Erector,  
George Beebe, Supervisor,  
Allen Treat, Constructor.

In the spring of 1623, the islands being held by Mason and Gorges, as before mentioned, they were visited by Capt. Christopher Levett, who sailed from England in a vessel bound for the Isles of Shoals, which he thus describes:—

"The first place I set my feet upon in New England was the Isles of Shoals, being islands in the sea about two leagues from the main. Upon these islands I neither could see one good timber tree, nor so much





ground as to make a garden. The place is found to be a good fishing place for six ships, but more cannot well be there, for want of convenient stage room, as this year's experience hath proved. The harbor is but indifferently good. Upon these islands are no savages at all."

The practical Captain evidently had no eye for the picturesque. He had a grant for six thousand acres of land to be located at his own pleasure upon the vacant territory of New England. He proceeded upon his voyage and finally located his plantation at Portland. But his brief description illustrates the importance of the Shoals at that time. From the fact that each of the six fishing vessels that were at the islands when he was there carried at least fifty men, and that the shores were inconveniently crowded with fishing stages, it is evident that, even before the settlement of the main-land, these islands were already the scene of a busier activity than any other spot in New England north of Plymouth.

These fishing stages were floating platforms projecting from the margin of the islands into the waters of the harbor; the rocks at the shore end were roofed over by an open shed, used for splitting and salting the fish, which were afterwards dried upon the flakes in the rear. There was almost every kind of fish, from whale to eel. The cod were larger and finer than those of Newfoundland, and brought triple the price. The famous Isles of Shoals dun fish were cured by a process which the climate of the islands particularly favored, requiring much skill and care, and is now almost a lost art. It was a process of alternate drying and sweating without salt.

For some fifteen years after the partition of the islands between Gorges and Mason they remained free and independent and made important advances in population, business and wealth. Numbers of dwelling houses were erected and the title to these bare rocks became valuable. The population rose up to about six hundred souls. They had a meeting-house on Hog Island, a court-house on Smutty-nose, and a seminary of such repute that even gentlemen from some of the towns on the sea-coast sent their sons hither for literary instruction. The meeting-house was of brick; some of the dwelling-houses comfortable and of good size, the furniture as ample as then known in New England. An ordinary, or tavern, was kept on Smutty-nose, a bowling alley on Hog Island, and ale houses abounded; even flocks and herds were not unknown. Philip Babb, in 1671, kept five head of cattle and seven sheep, and William Seeley four sheep and several "shoates." The soil of the islands was much deeper in those days than at the present time. About the beginning of the last century a great deal of turf is said to have been consumed as fuel by the destitute islanders.

For the first fifty years the population was chiefly on Hog, Smutty-nose, Malaga and Cedar Islands, although Star Island was not wholly vacant. The earliest settlements were on Hog Island, on account of a good spring of water, which is still there.

You can easily trace the remains of the old village on the southerly slope of Appledore, where the garden and cellar walls mark the ruins of many houses.

On one of the foremost, overlooking westwardly the ocean and the distant shores of the main-land, you will find a tablet recently placed, to mark the birth-place, in 1696, of the famous Sir William Pepperrell of Louisburg and colonial renown. Other prominent families lived near-by.

If you are disposed to indulge in romance, just take Oliver Goldsmith's poem, "The Deserted Village," out among these ruins, to some cosy spot where the abounding poison hemlock will not trouble you; and there seat yourself and read and ponder. You will find in Appledore's Deserted Village a rare and striking illustration of what you are reading; and it will require but a slight stretch of imagination to fill the scene with pictures of the life that prevailed there two centuries or more ago.

"Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,  
Thy sports are fled and all thy charms withdrawn;  
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,  
And desolation saddens all thy green."

The canvas is before you; you can fill in the picture with your own coloring.

Before leaving Appledore we will take a walk, or perhaps a ride, around the island, over the two-mile road constructed by the Laighton Brothers. It is quite picturesque, with the ocean always in sight and the roadway lined with shrubs and flowers. The wild briar roses are an attractive feature of Appledore. On the northerly prominence is a resting place where you can sit in the pavilion and

watch the ever-moving, ever-changing waves, breaking over the rough, rocky shore. Then you pass, at a little distance, Smith's Cairn, the old Spring, the Deserted Village, and the sightly Pavilion that overlooks the surrounding ocean, with a fine water and island view on all sides, including the entire shore from Cape Ann far up along the Maine coast, and sometimes even Mt. Washington, a hundred miles away. It was a happy but expensive thought when the Loughton Brothers conceived the idea of this Marginal Road.

In meditative mood we will cross the water to other spots that tell the story of former days. Where is the Gosport that was once peopled with the "toilers of the sea," and which as lately as 1872 sent its Representative to the New Hampshire Legislature? You have strolled about among landmarks that still indicate something of its former importance. In the winter of 1904 fire destroyed the old Parsonage, a few steps from the piazza of the hotel. It had long been kept standing, although greatly dilapidated, as a relic of the olden time. Some of the old houses are in good condition, and some of them are used as hotel cottages adjoining the Oceanic hotel. The larger part of them are indicated only by the stones that formed their foundations. But if you wish to know where are the people who once inhabited them, the sad story of the brevity of human life is told in the rude cemetery over which, perhaps unconsciously, you have been treading with careless steps, little thinking that all those promiscuous rough stones had been placed there to indicate the burial spots of departed friends.



Interior of Mrs. Thaxter's Cottage.

Two of these graves, however, have been cared for by stranger hands, and the prominent tablets at the resting places of Revs. John Brock and John Tucke are the principal marks to indicate the surrounding "God's acre."

Thus have the Shoals been depopulated by Death, but the living who went away sought the attractions of life on shore, and some of the prosperous men of our day are among their descendants.

In the earlier period of the history of the Shoals a law was for some reason passed, forbidding women from inhabiting these islands. This law became obsolete but continued in existence until 1650, when, at the General Court held in Gorgeana, "It was ordered that, as the fishermen of the Isles of Shoals *will* entertain womanhood, they are at liberty to set down there, provided they shall not sell neither wine, beare nor liquor."

The principal offences of the women seem to have been through that unruly member, the tongue. There is a record of several Isles of Shoals ladies who received nine or ten lashes at the whipping post; and the General Court in 1649 enacted a law, that "Any woman that shall abuse her husband, or neighborhood, or any other, by opprobrious language, being lawfully convicted, for her first offence shall be put in the stocks for two hours; for her second offence shall be doucked; and if incorrigable, for to be whipped." The Court ordered a cucking stool erected in every town in the Province; but none was erected at the Shoals.

Mrs. Thaxter narrates, that "Very ancient tradition says that the method

of courtship at the Shoals was after this fashion :—If a youth fell in love with a maid, he lay in wait till she passed by, and then pelted her with stones; so that, if a fair Shoaler found herself in the center of a volley of missiles, she might be sure that an ardent admirer was expressing himself with decision surely, if not with tact. If she turned and exhibited any curiosity as to the point of the compass whence the bombardment proceeded, her doubts were dispelled by another shower, but if she went on her way in maiden meditation, then was her swain in despair, and life, as is usual in such cases, became a burden.”

How naturally, in speaking of the Shoals, do our thoughts revert to Mrs. Thaxter. Even the name of Loughton might possibly in a few generations pass from recollection, but that of Celia Thaxter is immortalized in her writings and preserved in perpetual bloom in the realm of poesy and literature. She peacefully sleeps near her cherished island home, the breath of flowers being wafted over a well-cared-for burial plot a few steps inward from the Appledore House; where four marble head-stones, set in granite and surrounded by sweet-briar roses and bay bushes—all products of her beloved islands—rise above the green turf, marked—“Father,” “Mother,” “Cedric” and “Celia.” It is a Mecca for many who admired her eminent ability or had enjoyed her personal acquaintance.

Gosport became a town by act of the New Hampshire Provincial Assembly in 1715, and its condition continued prosperous. As late as 1767 the number of its inhabitants was 284, including four slaves; but on the outbreak of the Revo-

lution, as it was found that these islands afforded sustenance and recruits to the enemy, early in the war the inhabitants were ordered away. A greater part of them dispersed into the towns along the coast, and most of them never returned. About twenty families removed to Old York, where their descendants now live. In 1775 only forty-four persons remained. Some of the stragglers came back, but the ancient prosperity of the islands has never since been revived. In 1790 Gosport's population was 93; in 1800 it was 112. In 1819 it was reduced to 86, and in 1824 to 69,—since which time it has continued to dwindle, until there are now but few beyond those who are employed at the hotels.

Where the pavilion stands, on the western side of Star Island, can be seen traces of an old fort. It mounted nine guns, which were carried to Newburyport when the islanders were dispersed.

The little Church is one of the first objects that attract our notice as we go from the hotel. The present edifice was built under the supervision of Dudley A. Tyng, Collector of the port of Newburyport, and completed and dedicated by Rev. Jedediah Morse, November 24, 1800. The interior wood-work was partially destroyed by fire January 2, 1826, but was restored by the bounty of religiously disposed people and dedicated anew in 1830. In 1859 the steeple was adorned with a vane. The entry on the Town Records says:—

“At considerable expense the inhabitants of these isles have put up a *beautiful* vane on our chapel. May their own hearts yield to the breathings of the Holy Spirit as that vane does to the wind.”



The meeting-house was, according to the original design, used as a school-house on week-days, and it has always proved of great service as a landmark. When not required as a chapel or school-room it has sometimes been turned to good account by the islanders, it is said, in the drying and storing of codfish.

The story is told of a much honored Rector of St. John's Episcopal church in Portsmouth, whose fifty years pastorate drew him closely to the hearts of his parishioners, that one Sabbath, in the kindly spirit of a true Christian, he conducted a service in the little church at Gosport. The next morning as, with a happy consciousness of duty well done, he was stepping aboard his return boat, he saw one of the islanders hastening over the hill and earnestly beckoning him to stop. The good Doctor naturally expected a bouquet—or something, and he modestly awaited the result. The messenger wasted no time, but handing the Doctor a slip of paper, remarked that he had probably forgotten to pay for the use of the church. The genial Rector paid the bill with a grim satisfaction.

Before the erection of this church one had been built about 1685, 28 by 48 ft. with a belfry and a bell. It appears that in 1790 this old church was wantonly set on fire by a gang of fishermen, who held high revel by its light until it was consumed to ashes.

Near the south-east point of Star Island, where high cliffs meet the storm billows, you will find "Miss Underhill's Chair." September 11, 1848, occurred a very severe storm. Miss Nancy J. Underhill, a teacher connected with the



The Church at Star Island.

Shoals mission work, went early that evening, with friends, to the place where she was accustomed to sit, "to enjoy [as she said] the sublime works of God, as seen in the ever-rolling ocean." She ventured too far down the declivity of the rocks, against the warning and remonstrances of her friends, when a wave struck her, and in a moment she was dashed out of their sight. Her body went ashore at Cape Neddick, in York, about fifteen miles distant, just one week later. She was about 30 years of age and belonged at Derry, N. H. Her brother, William P., arrived in Portsmouth on jury duty just as the messenger from York brought news of the finding of his sister's body.

"Betty Moody's Cave" is near the north-east point of Star Island. You would not notice it unless it were pointed out to you. A wide dyke extends from the cave to the shore, and the entrance to the cave is beneath one of the large rocks that are piled up there. The incident occurred during King Philip's war, about 1676, when the Indians made an incursion on the Shoals. Betty Moody fled from them and hid herself in this cave, taking her three children with her. She was unable to hush the cries of two of them, and fearing the Indians would hear them, the poor woman was obliged to sacrifice their lives to save her other child and herself.

Not far from Betty Moody's Cave is "Jumping Rock," a sheer precipice of more than fifty feet, overhanging the ocean. The story is, that a man jumped from it into the sea in preference to being taken by his Indian pursuers.

Living at Gosport during the Revolutionary war was a woman named Pulsey, who died there in 1795, aged 90 years. In her lifetime she kept two cows. The hay on which they fed in winter she used to cut in summer among the rocks, with a knife, with her own hands; and her cows, it is said, were always in good condition. They were taken from her, but paid for, by the British, in 1775, and killed, to the no small grief of the good old woman.

Again we cross the water, to visit Smutty-nose. The Mid-Ocean House, that stands near the landing, is now disused and gives evidence of present neglect and of former better days. It was a comfortable and well patronized little hotel till about 1902. It was built by Samuel Haley, 2d, whose father, Samuel Haley, enjoyed and well deserved the title, "King of the Isles." He died in 1811, aged 84. During his life he was at the head of all the enterprises of the islands. He built at his own expense the substantial breakwater that connects Smutty-nose and Malaga islands. While building it he turned up a flat stone under which were four bars of silver, which materially aided him in his work. He also built the stone dock at which we are landing, that has often brought safety to fishermen and seamen in stress of weather. He erected salt works that furnished excellent salt for the curing of fish, built a rope-walk 270 feet long, set up windmills to grind his own corn and wheat, to which even the dwellers on the main-land sent their grists, and planted a little orchard in which his cherry trees were made a success. A grave-stone marks the place of his burial on Haley's (Smutty-nose)

Island. He was a great and good man in the position in which he was placed, and the island should forever bear his name.

The Mid-Ocean House was built from timbers of the wrecked Spanish ship Sagunto, which stranded on Smutty-nose island January 14, 1813, when all hands were lost. The bodies of fourteen of her unfortunate crew were found on shore the next morning. They reached land chilled and exhausted, and tried to get to the house where Mr. Haley always kept a light burning in his attic window, but in their weakness they were unable to approach the house or obtain help, and perished where their bodies were found the next morning. The Haley house is still in good condition, and the attic window where he kept his light is there yet. The graves of the Spaniards, marked by head- and foot-stones, will be found on the island. Their sad story is touchingly told by Mrs. Thaxter.

We walk across the breakwater, and on Malaga Island find the spot where Ambros Gibbons resided. Gibbons and Pepperrell were among the early settlers at the Shoals, and Gibbons' name appears in the history of the main-land. His lovely young daughter, Rebecca, was probably the first child brought into the Province of New Hampshire. "Becky" was a great favorite on the islands. She married Henry Sherburne. After a while they went to Portsmouth, where some of their descendants may be still living.

In June, 1904, the United States government reached the completion of the new breakwater between Smutty-nose and Cedar islands. The cost of construc-

tion was \$30,000. The old breakwater was built in 1821, had been badly washed away and was inefficient. The new one is upon the old base, forty feet broader and fifteen feet higher, and affords ample protection to Star Island harbor.

We will not linger here over the horrible tragedy of the Wagner murders in March, 1873. It is painful to look upon the deserted house on Smutty-nose, now going to ruins, in which, of three Norwegian women whose husbands had gone to Portsmouth to sell their fish, two were killed while the third escaped, bruised and bleeding, in her night dress, and suffered intensely where she spent the cold night hidden among the rocks. Louis Wagner, a Prussian, who had spent the previous season with the families and been kindly cared for, was in Portsmouth and learned that the women were alone that night, and thinking that one of them had a little money that had been paid her for work at the Appledore House, he rowed out in a small boat, did the awful deed and rowed back the same night. We will turn to pleasanter matters.

You have heard the bell that peals frequently from the tower at the Appledore House. It has a story to tell. Its inscription reads:—

“ Augustus Tete’s Plantation. Given in aid of the Southern Rebellion.  
Taken at New Orleans by Gen. B. F. Butler, 1862.”

It was sent to Boston to be sold, and Hon. Christopher E. Rymes, a cousin of the Loughton Brothers, purchased and sent it to the Appledore. It was evidently a contribution from Augustus Tete towards the casting of a confederate cannon.



The N. H. Visiting Editors, at Star Island.

We left the history of the Shoals at a period following their greatest prosperity. They stood thus some twenty years, and then came the process of deterioration, and they gradually lapsed into a condition somewhat worse than "innocuous desuetude." Void of government, religion and morality, and comparatively few in numbers, they appear generally to have been a motley, shifting community of fishermen, seal hunters, smugglers and picaroons, who made these islands their rendezvous and their home. The settlement of the islands had been largely removed to Star island in the province of New Hampshire, and that government, as well as the province of Maine, was apparently inattentive to a township so far removed from its control. It became a fit field for missionary labor, which had been well filled during the prosperous days of the islands, and which was again entered when the new meeting house was built in 1800.

Of course there are stories of hidden treasures and walking ghosts at these islands. Samuel Haley's finding four silver bars is probably true; and there is a tradition that a three-legged black pot, full of gold and silver pieces, was dug up on Star island many years ago. The apparition of a spade, seeming to invite the beholder to dig, had disappeared when shortly afterward he returned to learn what it meant. A similar spade and wizard story is told, which has an addendum that the man seized a golden flatiron just sinking into the ground, but with all his strength he could not retain it, and it slipped out of his sight. A vessel was wrecked on the south-east part of Appledore island, and left to tell her story only



a quantity of broad silver pieces scattered about the rocks. And there are also several traditions of ghostly visits:—one, of the pirate Babb “making night hideous” by walking on the beach at Appledore cove; and another, of a young woman often seen watching the sea and moaning, “He *will* come!” But to the more practical eye of intelligence the spooks seem to fail of putting in an appearance.

In 1839, Hon. Thomas B. Loughton came from Portsmouth to the Shoals as Keeper of White Island light. Disgruntled with politics, he left the main-land and never again but once set foot on its shores: then, much against his will, he was obliged to serve as a juror, but hastened back to his semi-hermit life. He was a very positive man, with a remarkable will. He obtained possession of Hog Island, gave it the name of Appledore, and built for himself a dwelling house, which became a part of the Appledore when he built that house in 1848. He was kind and hospitable to his friends, but woe to the person who aroused his ill-will! As far as possible he removed from the island every objectionable feature, would have no one visit it who was at all obnoxious, and soon gathered at the attractive hotel a genial company of summer visitors, whose children and grand-children inherited the parental love for the Isles of Shoals, and some of whom, of still other generations, even now make their annual pilgrimage to this abode of comfort and rest.

His sons, Oscar and Cedric, who succeeded him, after a while obtained pos-

session of nearly all the surrounding islands, and were familiarly known as "The Sea Kings." They obtained Star Island in 1878, Hon. Christopher E. Rymes joining in the purchase, as Loughton Brothers & Co., whose holdings included all of the islands, excepting White and Seavey's and a disputed title to Cedar. This continued until, in 1906, all their island property was sold. After that there were several changes of ownership. In 1910, Appledore House and eight acres surrounding it were purchased by the Appledore Hotel Corporation, a Massachusetts company, of which Clifford S. Cook of Waltham is president, and Henry W. Morse secretary and treasurer, having also the management of the hotel and cottages. The balance of Appledore island remained in the hands of a Manchester (N. H.) company, their design being to lay it out into cottage lots. Star island and the Oceanic hotel were purchased by the Southern Maine Steamship Company, with George B. Davis of Boston as manager. Londoner island was several years ago purchased by Oscar Loughton, who has a house there, but who makes his home on Appledore, where he has just built a cottage.

These lovely Isles, after all their varied changes, are now beautiful indeed, full of interest, and furnish the most inviting island resort to found on the coast of New England.

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On the boat at 6 o'clock one summer morning, the beauty of the sea and islands under the bright, early sun, suggested the following lines :—

## THE ISLES OF SHOALS.

## AN ODE TO APPLEDORE.

THE morning sun ; the sparkling sea :  
 The gentle breezes floating o'er  
 The Isles that bear yon favored spot—  
 Fair Appledore.

How eagerly our senses quaff  
 The cup of joy, brimful and pure,  
 That early day gives those who sail  
 From Appledore.

Far off, the lifting mists disclose  
 The inland scenes along the shore,  
 Where in the summer heat we long  
 For Appledore.

Star Island, like a happy bride,  
 Coyly hides behind the shore  
 Where stretches out the shielding arm  
 Of Appledore.

White Island light, all glinting now  
 With sunbeams, to the fore  
 Stands, like a sentinel on guard  
 O'er Appledore.

O that our lot might always be,  
 Forever and forever more,  
 Such joy as comes this glorious morn  
 From Appledore !

Even the sun seems happier,  
 When, on its mighty course to soar  
 It leaves its ocean bath, to greet  
 Bright Appledore.

Happy the breeze, whose tired wings  
 Are travel-worn and chafed and sore—  
 To rest awhile among the ferns  
 Of Appledore,—

And then, with pinions scented sweet  
 With fragrance from the island moor,  
 To start anew and bear the breath  
 Of Appledore !

Sweet flowers bloom where loving hands  
 Once planted them in wondrous store :  
 They breathe a benediction now,  
 On Appledore.

Say not that Death has borne away  
 The child of poesy and lore !  
 No, no !—while Ocean holds the form  
 Of Appledore—

Its life shall ever be *her* life,  
 And every summer will restore  
 Memories of Celia Thaxter's days  
 At Appledore.

