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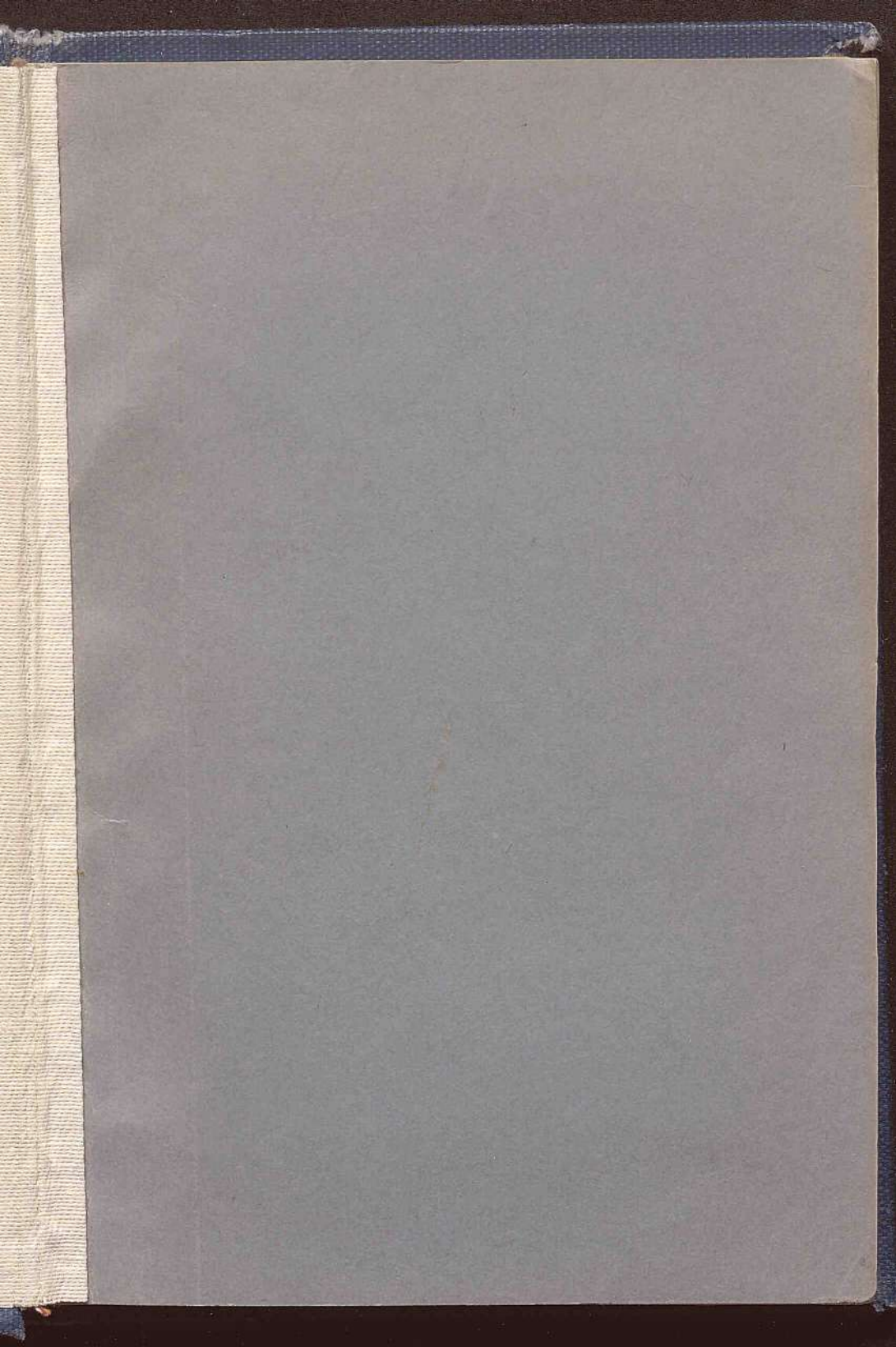
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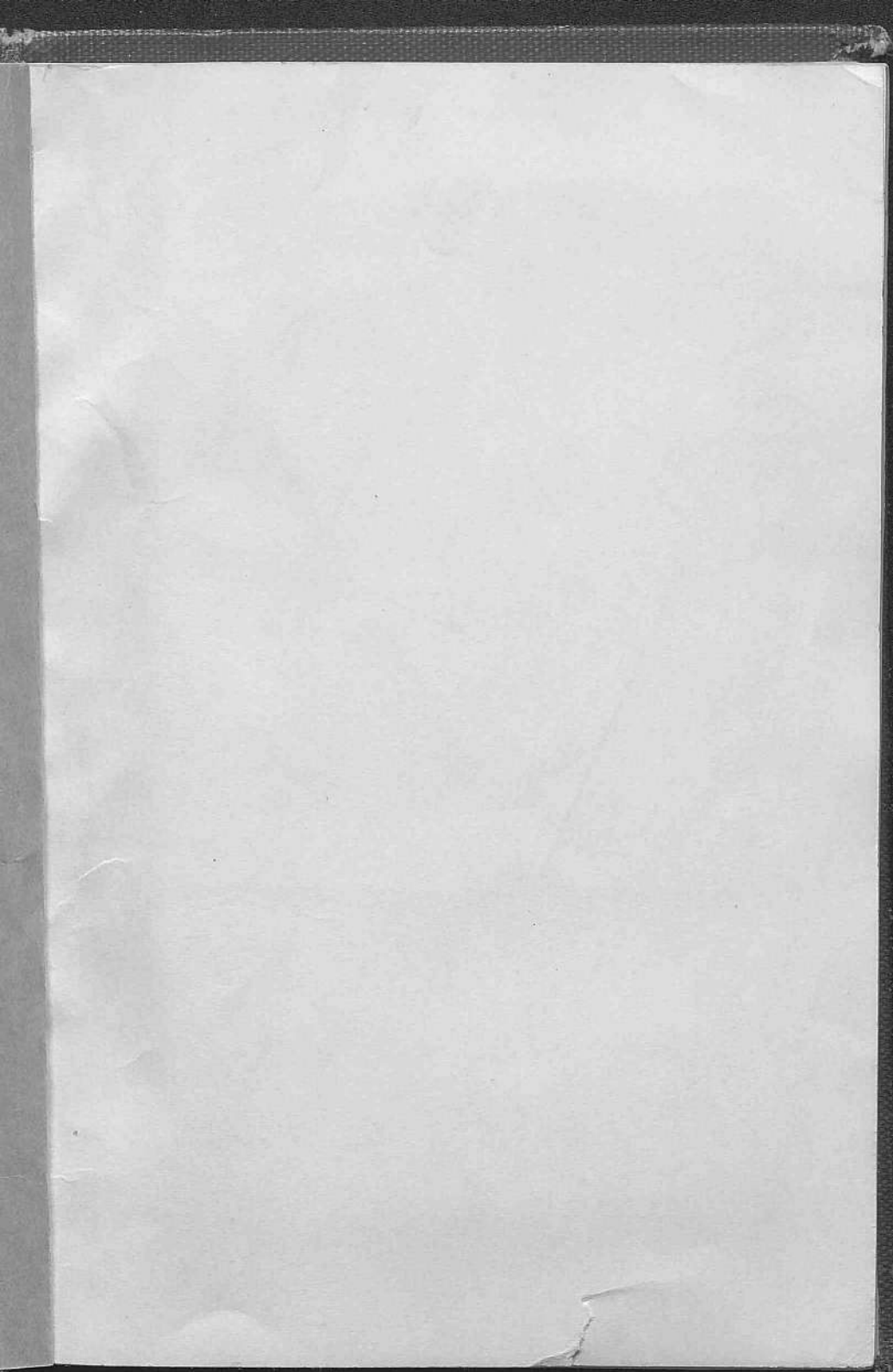
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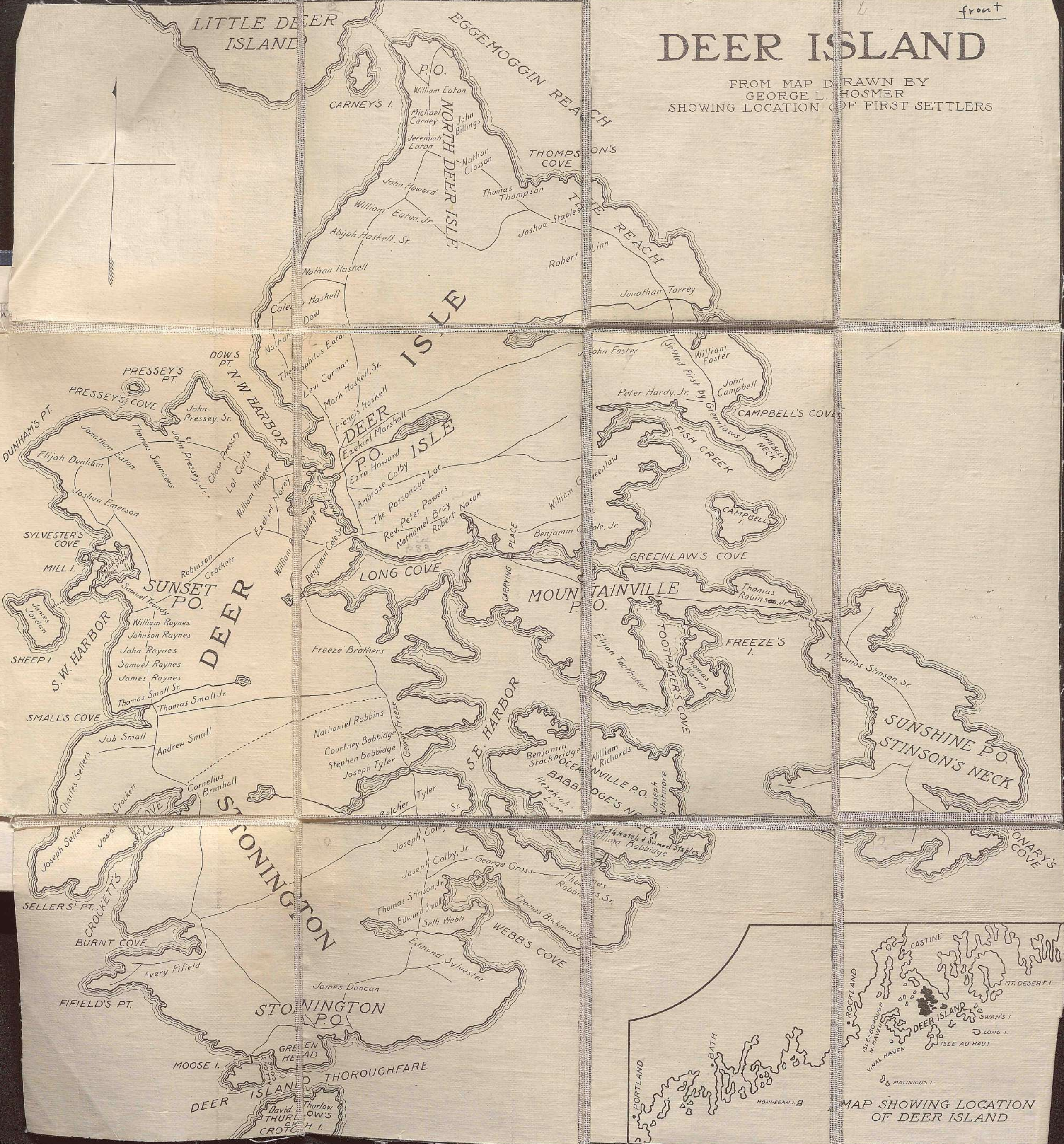




front

DEER ISLAND

FROM MAP DRAWN BY
GEORGE L. BOSMER
SHOWING LOCATION OF FIRST SETTLERS



MAP SHOWING LOCATION OF DEER ISLAND



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An Historical Sketch

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of the

TOWN OF DEER ISLE

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GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST
OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

by 37393

George L. Hosmer

Supplement

Compiled from notes by
Dr. Benjamin Lake Noyes

Typed by
The Genealogical Society
Salt Lake City, Utah
December, 1948

BENJAMIN L. NOYES
COLLECTION

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Deer Isle Feb. 18, 1890

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Matters of More Than Ordinary Interest
Collated for Our Readers

It Early Histroy--Progress of the
Town--Present Condition

The town of Deer Isle, an island situated in the Southern part of Hancock Co., is about twelve miles in length and three in breadth, and was discovered in the year 1608 by Martin Pring of Bristol, England, who sailed along the coast of Maine, and, entering Penobscot Bay, sailed between the island of North Haven and Vinalhaven on one side, and Deer Isle and Isle au Haut on the other.

The island on which the town is situated was probably named from the fact that a large number of deer were found upon it at the time of its discovery. It was formally known as Deer Island, but was afterward changed to its present name, Deer Isle. The Indians are supposed to have formerly inhabited the island, for traces of them were found at the time of the first settlement; such as large piles of clam shells, which must have

taken a great while to accumulate. The history of Deer Isle gives an account of two skeletons of Indians who were discovered under the roots of a large hardwood tree. It had grown to a large size, and was in a state of decay, when it was blown over by a storm. One was that of a person of ordinary size, the other one was at least eight feet in height, and between the ribs of the larger one was found the head of an arrow made of copper. They lay nearly side by side and had probably been engaged in mortal conflict, the larger one mortally wounded by the smaller, and the smaller probably fell by the hands of the larger. This conflict must have happened a long time before discovery, as they must have lain upon the ground, and the tree which grew over them must have been a long time in attaining its growth.

At the time of the first settlement the people found the island to be an unbroken wilderness, but as it was near the fishing grounds and was also well supplied with shell fish the people determined to subdue the wilderness and convert it into homes for

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their families. The first task of the settler was to clear a place in the forest and build for himself a log hut. The cabin could always be found upon the shore as their mode of travel was almost always by boats, also their occupation was generally upon the shore or water

The people who came to make their home in this desolate place were well aware of the many hardships and privations they would be forced to endure, but they were sturdy, determined, industrious people, whose highest ambition was comfort and happiness for themselves and families, and, like others of their time, to worship God as they pleased.

When the settler was not engaged in fishing he would spend his time upon his farm clearing his land, building stone walls and cultivating his ground. Soon farming was a good part of the settlers' occupation. Mills were built upon the streams and grain was raised to considerable extent. The people worked early and late; but they were well adapted to the work that would seem an impossibility to the young man of today.

A church was erected at Northwest Harbor in 1773 on the site of the present town house and Rev. Peter Powers accepted the call to become its first pastor, and he was compensated by a yearly salary of one hundred pounds of which eighty pounds were to be specie at the market price of the town, and twenty pounds in cash. A parsonage was erected near the church. It is now standing and is one of the oldest residences in town.

Matters of Record

Deer Isle was incorporated Jan. 30, 1789, just one century ago last January, on which occasion the town's people celebrated the event at Northwest Harbor. Many relics of former days were brought forth and exhibited in the vestry of the Masonic building. The rough home-made implements give us a faint idea of the few advantages enjoyed by our forefathers.

During the civil war the expense of the town was \$59,128, or about one-fifth of the assessors valuation of the property in town. 314 men were credited to the town of whom nineteen were killed.

Soon roads were built through the forest,
people began to see the advantages of the locality
and cleared farms for themselves and so was the
town settled.

About the year 1845 the fishing business began to increase at South Deer Isle. A large fleet of vessels was purchased, wharves built, stores and warehouses erected as well as many private residences. For quite a number of years South Deer Isle was the business portion of the town but about the year 1860 the business began to fail and has rapidly declined. Since that time the shores and wharves have gone to decay and at present farming is the principal occupation of the residents.

At the present time we have eight churches all of which are in a flourishing condition. At Northwest Harbor a new Congregational Church has been erected and is one of the finest churches in this section of the country. The pulpit is supplied by Rev. C. N. Gleason.

Various Organizations

At North Deer Isle we also have a Congregational church but at present it has no regular preacher. Rev. R. L. Nanton of the M. E. church supplies the pulpit each alternate Sabbath. At South Deer Isle the people have recently erected a fine Methodist

church. Rev. Richard Nanton is the pastor. There is a Baptists church at Oceanville, also one at West Deer Isle. The pulpit of the latter is supplied by Rev. Wm H. Hall. At Sunset there is a fine chapel. There is a Congregational church at Green's Landing whose pulpit is supplied by Rev. T. J. Lewis. There is also a chapel of the Latter-Day Saints at the place. A deep religious interest usually prevails in town.

The town is strictly temperate and contains no rumshops. There are six Good Templar lodges in town, with an aggregate membership of over five hundred and are situated as follows: Harbor Light Lodge at Northwest Harbor, Winter Home Lodge at South Deer Isle, Coast Guard Lodge at Oceanville, Mountain Guard Lodge at Bray's Mountain and Steadfast Lodge at Green's Landing. An effort is being made to organize one at Sunset. These societies are doing an excellent work and their influence is felt in the community.

The town of Deer Isle contains the villages of Northwest Harbor, So. Deer Isle, Oceanville, W.

Deer Isle, Sunset and Green's Landing.

Northwest Harbor, a neat village in the central part of the town, contains many fine residences, stores and public buildings. Quite a large number of coasting vessels are sent from the place.

Sunset, a small village on the western side of the island, is beautifully situated on a gradual sloping hill commanding a fine view of Penobscot bay and its many islands. The place is rapidly attracting the attention of rusticators and dealers in real estate. The one thing necessary for the advancement of its interest is capital. Several hotels and boarding houses have recently been erected there.

The Capital

Green's Landing situated in the southern part of the town is the principal village at present. Only a few years ago the place was small and unimportant but since the granite industry has become a business, its growth has been rapid. At present the village contains and operates sixteen quarries, two sardine factories and many other places of employment. It

is one of the busiest fast-growing towns on the coast of Maine. The Deer Isle Gazette, a weekly paper, edited by P. S. Knowlton, is published there. It is a ----- sheet and worthy of the patronage of -----and vicinity.

The progress of the general business of Deer Isle within the past few years has been remarkable. The roads have been put in excellent condition, the residences repaired, the farms have been improved and a general look of thrift and prosperity prevails. The farms in the northern section of the town are fertile and under good cultivation, and the farmers find a ready market and good prices for their produce at Green's Landing. The climate is very healthy as thirty-seven persons have lived above the age of ninety years and there are fifteen now living above the age of eighty years.

Since Stonington Kicked Itself off from Deer Isle

The little island town which shipped more granite than any town of its size in the world.

Stonington took a nap.

Business men, teachers and politicians who have added to the fame of the town.

Crotch Island has a history of its own.

March 1290

The town of Stonington has reached it's maturity. It is twenty-three years old in this year of grace. It was born in the same year and nearly on the same day on which Major McKinley was inaugurated President of the United States, but the President didn't have anything to do with the birth of this little island town. The late Governor Llewellyn B. Powers was the man who had the honor of signing the bill which made Stonington a town. That was on the 18th day of February in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven. But there is more to it than that. The people of the Island took a very active hand in having themselves formed into a town.

There are folks who say that Stonington was

set off from Deer Isle, but that's an historical error. It isn't so. Stonington was never set off. It kicked itself off from the town of Deer Isle. It kicked for a long time before the separation came. It kicked against building roads and bridges, but that didn't cause the separation. It kicked against building school-houses and municipal buildings, but it still clung to the parent town. Finally it kicked against "taxation without representation," and then it declared its independence.

Thus its vigorous kicks at last were rewarded, and on the date above written the lower section of the Island called Deer Isle, situated near the mouth of the Penobscot River and about the middle of the bay of that name, came into existence as a full-fledged town. Please note, it was born full-fledged. It never fluttered. It flew from the very first start and it flew high. In fact it flew higher in the first ten years of its life than it ever has since. During these first years it shipped to Boston and to New York and across the ocean more granite than any other town in Maine and more than

any other town of its size in the world.

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During the first decade of its corporate life it did other things too. It built a schoolhouse worth \$20,000; it installed a water system, tho it had to tap a pond over a mile distant and excavate a good part of the way thru five feet of solid granite. This was no obstacle in the face of the new town for it is located, and built, on top of a great sheet of granite. Incidentally the company which took the contract became bankrupt, but that didn't affect the town. It went right ahead. It was still flying. The valuation leaped from \$173,000 (plus) to almost \$546,000. Folks came to the town from Italy and Greece and Turkey--all to work in the granite quarries, and the Island town was hive of industry.

Stonington Goes to Sleep

But somebody suggested that reinforced concrete could be made and used in the place of Main'e native granite. The suggestion was acted upon and succeeded, and the result was that Stonington went to sleep. Concrete was the opiate that put Stonington to sleep; nothing else.

But the town's coming back now. People whose

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hardy ancestors have gained a livelihood from Penobscot Bay and surrounding waters can't long be kept under. You can't sink 'em and you can't drown 'em. They're used to it. So now, after a lapse of a dozen years, Stonington is getting down to hard pan. It has one of the best sardine factories on the coast. It puts up a fine brand of sardines, all "made in France." During the Spring and fall it digs clams and sells them at another factory on one of the inlets on the West coast of the Island.

Granite is Coming Back

Then, too, the concrete, which does very well for dry docks and abutments and such things, doesn't fill the bill when the Government or anybody, wants a nice building erected. So the architects are looking to Stonington once more for material. There are two reasons for this, first Stonington granite has a wide reputation and is of excellent quality. Second, the transportation by water gives Stonington an advantage over any inland granite quarry.

Fred A. Torrey has been the manager of the Goss quarries since he left the banking business in Bar Harbor and came to Stonington. That was when

any other town of its size in the world.

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Fred was young; and he still is, but he has had years enough of experience in the granite business so that he knows the ins and outs of every part of it. He has been to New York lately, and from his observations on that extended trip he reports a very encouraging outlook for business the coming year. And Fred isn't visionary; neither does he see the world through blue glasses; he knows just what he's talking about, and everybody believes what he says.

Let Fred prophesy that there is going to be work at a certain time in the future and every stone-worker on the Island will begin to get his "kit" together.

That's what they call 'em--kits--at least the cutters do--but it's no kitten's job to handle them. It takes a brawny man to cut Stonington granite. That's why the people have always been so successful in all their municipal undertakings. They know what they want, and have the endurance which comes from following the hardest occupations. Fishing, Quarrying and farming---those have been their occupations since the Island was settled in the latter part of the eighteenth century.

Business Men, Teachers and Politicians

Probably the man who has held more town offices than any other single individual in Stonington, or anywhere else, is John E. Small, who lives two miles out on the East side of the Island. That statement may not be entirely accurate. We ought to say that he has been in some municipal office more years than any other individual, considering the youthful age of the town. He has been a member of the Board of Selectmen, at least thirteen years and a member of the School Committee, at least twelve. There's at least twenty-five years that Mr. Small has held some important office in his native town. It's evident that he must have doubled in some of that time because only twenty-three years have passed since the town was incorporated. There's another thing about it, whenever he's held a position of responsibility, he has been always on the job.

In all the various local contests that must of necessity arise during such a period of service, nobody has ever accused Mr. Small of deviating in the slightest degree from the path of rectitude

and honor. And he has still another characteristic-- we have spoken of him, thoughtlessly, (or rather thoughtfully) as Mr. Small. That's not correct. He is known everywhere as "John Edd." It's the familiar name, by which his friends--and his enemies, if he ever had any--salute him. He's a school-teacher by profession and a farmer by avocation. He is retired from the teaching profession and is one of the two retired teachers in the town to be favored with a teachers' State pension.

The other is Matilda Knowles. She's a neighbor to John Edd. Both for many years were co-patriots in teaching school in every nook and corner of the Island. She, too, is known by her first name, and it's difficult to guess how many people there are in Maine and neighboring States who can look back, and and recall with pride the days when, as they say, "Matilda was my teacher."

In business life there have been others. Of these Charles Webb can, doubtless, look back over the longest span of years and could, if he felt so inclined, tell the most interesting story--and what

a story--we have caught fragments of it here and there in our very delightful intercourse with Charles Webb. He knew the fishing business at a time when a large fleet of mackerel fishermen were owned at Oceanville and South Deer Isle. He was the junior member of the firm made up of Seth and C. H. S. Webb, and their business was located, first at South Deer Isle; later at Oceanville, and for many years they "fitted out" fishing vessels, many of which were owned by the firm or by the individual members.

Those were great days at--we almost said Stonington, but in truth, it was before Stonington began the kicking process which finally separated her from Deer Isle. She was then Deer Isle. We could tell a whole story about those days--especially if we could induce Charles to talk about himself and his achievements, but he isn't that kind of a man. He's a keen business man, but too modest to attribute his unusual success to any special qualities of his own.

We made a mistake in a short sketch such as this is, in dipping into the old-time history of

the town, for it's impossible to mention at length the many families who have had a great deal to do with the early history of the town. Charles F. Eaton carries on a general store and buys clams in winter. He has shipped thousands of barrels of clams across the ocean in a single year, and his mercantile business has been handed down to him by men of the same name, who have carried it on for generations.

Crotch Island

Crotch Island, on the starboard side as you go into the Harbor, deserves, and requires, a long paragraph. It has two names. Thurlow's Island is the other one. The first name was given it by nature when formed the Island, cutting it almost in two, making it crotched in shape--thus Crotch Island. The island acquired the second name from the men who first lived on it. One of them was David Thurlow, and he lived in a big--house painted red (at least a part of the time it was red)-- and raised a large family, and built vessels, and George Hosmer's history says that he spent fifty-six years of his live of Crotch Island.

We say he built vessels. A novelist would call them "ships," but they we're acually just vessels,

and he did other things. He had a mill pond.

How'd he get it? Why, he just dammed the Crotch-- at its mouth of course. It widens as it runs up into the island, and naturally, the tide ebbs and flows once in, approximately every twelve hours. All he needed was a dam, and he built it.

Since that time granite quarries have been developed on Crotch Island, and a great granite industry has been built up. But we mustn't digress. It's David Thurlow and his vessels and his dam and his big red house that we have in mind.

The Mill Dam Lot

And it's the "Mill Dam Lot" that interests us. It was sold on the eighth day of October, 1796, for "One Yoke of Oxen" Edward Small gave to Thomas Colby a quit-claim deed of the famous "Mill Dam Lot." Five years later Thomas and Joseph Colby acquired from David Coffin a deed of two thirds of the entire island. David Coffin got it from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. David held on to one-third of it and sold the other two-thirds to Thomas and Joseph Colby. So it was then owned by David and Thomas

and Joseph, and that was in 1801, David Coffin paid to Massachusetts \$220.55 for the whole island.

Then he sold two-thirds of it for \$12. We have no doubt there was a yoke of oxen or a new milch cow, or a barrel of New England rum thrown in to even up the trade, but the record doesn't show.

Crotch Island sold for \$220.55. Why, there are some spots on Crotch Island not larger than the palm of your hand that would cost that amount now, and be a bargain at that. It was only a short time after that that the Thurlows began to own Crotch Island, Paul bought one third of it on May the 9th, 1801. David took a deed in November, 1803, and David is the man, according to Mr. Hosmer's record, who lived there 56 or 57 years and built the vessels and had the Mill Pond and never once dreamed that under his feet was the site of a granite quarry which in years to come would furnish granite for the Riverside Drive in New York and would go into some of the finest public buildings in the country.

According to the deeds the island was surveyed by one Rufus Putnam in the year 1785 and

from that survey it is said to contain $101\frac{1}{4}$ acres.

That "Mill Dam Lot" was evidently considered a prize for in 1838 it was sold including the mill for \$379.25, and even then reserving the widow's right of dower. David Colby bought it at that time from Joseph's estate. But in 1899 it was sold by the Colby heirs to Job G. Goss for the meagre sum of twenty-five dollars. Evidently the "milling" business went down as quarrying came up. This famous "Mill Dam Lot" contained only one-half acre according to the deeds.

Coming Down to Date

Well, that's ancienty history. We didn't mean to say so much about it. We wanted to talk about present-day folks.

But that "Island" history, when you mix in a little imagination, reads like a novel. Saw mills and ship-yards, and later a lobster pound, and modern granite quarries. John L. Goss has probably done more to develop the granite business than any other man in the town, or out of it. In fact he is out of it. He lives in Boston, but he still owns, and

carries on the Goss Granite Business. That isn't the corporate name but that's what it really is. He took the business when 'twas low. We can't say just when, but he built it up and then up, and then up some more, then others came in.

The J. C. Rogers Company, is still doing business on the Easterly shore of Deer Island, with everything up-to-date, a very efficient superintendent, Frank MaGuire. Their plant is at what is called, locally, though we don't know just why, "The Settlement." The Ryan & Parker Company was located on Crotch Island adjoining the Goss Quarry, and it was during the first decade of Stonington's ^{existence} / as a town that the world looked to these quarries for its supply of granite.

We mustn't overlook the Engeman Quarry--known as the Benvenue Granite Company. But William A. Engeman was the chap that furnished the money for its development so it's proper to call it the Engeman Quarry. He started it in 1905 and built an enormous plant--bigger than--well, bigger than--evidently bigger than there were funds enough in

New York to pay for. Its life was short.

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The J. C. Rogers quarry, by the way, recently shipped a good-sized stone. It is what is called the "Cap Stone" for the Astor Memorial Building at Saratoga, N. Y. The stone was 14 feet, 6 inches square and just 18 inches thick. It went to New York City, and from that point was shipped by a car built especially for the purpose.

That makes us think of the big granite fountain bowl quarried and cut by John L. Goss for Mr. Carnegie a few years back. It was a whopper, and the Journal told the story of it at the time it was shipped.

Crotch Island is only one of many. There are other islands and capes and points. Nature has indented the coast very evenly indeed. There's Green Head. You leave in on the port side in entering the harbor from the West. It's not especially green. At least there are dozens of other hills and valleys just as green as this one. Then there's Clam City, you pass it on the same

side going out toward the East. It's not a big city, and it's not over-run with clams, but still it's Clam City, and has no other name, so far as we know. There's "Tea Hill", though we never could guess whether it is "Tea" Hill or "T" Hill; and there seems to be no good reason for either. There's Devil's Island, but nary a devil; and there's "Two-bush". That's all right, for there might have been a couple of bushes there once upon a time.

Folks rather than Hills

So much for the hills and islands, but, truly, the folks that live on them interest us most, not only because they are honest and law-abiding, but more because they are always and ever doing something. There's Dr. B. Lake Noyes. He came to the town a little before the town kicked itself away from Deer Isle, but too late to help in the kicking process. He not only followed the Scriptural injunction and "built his house on a rock", he did more. He selected a hillside made up entirely of rocks and boulders and he built out of these boulders one of the finest residences on the island

and one that completely over-looks the Western Bay.

He did that; then he got busy with other things. He not only treated people who were sick, but he made a study of their ancestors and their ancestors' ancestors, and there's scarcely a family among the 4000 inhabitants of the island who are not very completely recorded in the Doctor's Book of Life.

An Attempt to Divorce Stonington
from Hancock Co.

After building up his practice and building his house on the rocks, and raising some fine children of his own, he undertook a larger contract. He decided that Stonington ought never to be in Hancock County; that it ought to be in Knox, by which it was connected by boat, and from which it was only separated by the waters of Penobscot Bay, and not very many of them. Other people had thought of the same thing; and had talked it, but the doctor not only talks and thinks; he puts his words into action, and for two or more sessions of the Maine Legislature, the Committee on Towns had something to do besides smoke their cigars and

draw their salaries. They listened. They had to. We rather doubt that they wanted to, but that didn't matter.

The Doctor and others who were interested had some very sound reasons why Stonington should be divorced from Hancock County. Of course they didn't prevail. Hancock wasn't going to hand over its most enterprising town to Knox. On the other hand the republicans of Knox County were not holding out a very warm welcome to the democratic town of Stonington. It was a bad combination of circumstances. It was up-hill both ways, but one thing is certain, it came near enough to success so that some valuable concessions were made to the town of Stonington--but that's an old story. 'It's all over.

There's another fellow that's made a success in Stonington. This is Percy T. Clarke. He came from--well, we don't just remember, but he landed in Stonington and stuck--that is Stonington stuck to him. He's a lawyer. He graduated from Maine School of Law, not long ago. We just said that Stonington stuck to him, but in order to make him

stick to Stonington, the town endowed him.

We mean by that that the town furnished to Mr. Clarke a wife--one of the best--and from a family whose ancestors are counted among the earliest and the most properous settlers of the island.

(By the way, Dr. Noyes used about the same tactics. He built up his practice; built up his house; then took a wife and built up his family. No, we have that wrong; he got his wife first, and did the other jobs afterward.)

Mr. Clarke is tax-collector as well as lawyer. He has collected Stonington's taxes for a few years back, and is the first man in the history of the town to collect every dollar and close up the business before the annual meeting of the following year. But this is only knitting work for him. His law practice embraces the entire island, and his trips to the court at Ellsworth are frequently interrupted by clients along the 40-mile road.

Next year the people are going to send him to Augusta to the legislature.

We must not overlook Burnt Cove. We were first introduced to the place during a "Northeast" snow-storm in February in the year when Nelson Dingley Jr. first became Governor of Maine. Burnt Cove has a church whose lofty steeple overlooks western Penobscot Bay. Every mariner approaching the island from the West watches for the steeple of the Burnt Cove church. It's a land mark, and there's a whole multitude of people who have made the world just a little better in their day and generation by reason of the lessons they have learned in that Burnt Cove church. The church is on one hill, and Lizzie Webb Fifield, just across a little valley, lives on another. And the Sunday School which has been carried on in that church for several generations, and which held fifty sessions in 1919, is indebted to her for a lifetime of devotion and service.

Its also indebted to J. A. Gott, who was born in the neighborhood, but who now carries on business in the village.

There's another thing we might say about Joe.

He is theoretically and practically honest. Notice there two kinds, Joe has both. He is known far and wide as "Honest Joe." I think Joe likes a good horse better than anything else in the world, except his worthy wife. He trades horses, too, and he does what few men can do. He trades without cheating himself or the other fellow. He doesn't do the other fellow, and the other fellow can't do him. He's Superintendent of that Burnt Cove Sunday School and has been for many years. He's just as good at that as he is at trading horses.

Another Joe

If there is any man in Stonington who can honestly be called a good fellow in every way, shape and manner, that man is "Joe" Harmon. Joe came to Stonington from one of the towns on Mt. Desert Island back in the early days. If Southwest Harbor had known what was in Joe, the town would never have permitted him to leave. He's chuck full of business. Itt don't make any difference whether it's a loss or gain, Joe always comes up with a smiling face. He knows how to get votes and has been in

the Legislature more or less times.

If we were going to pick a fellow who is always good-natured, I think the lot would fall on the present Deputy Sheriff. Reuben Cousins holds the job that has been handed down by the "Big Men" of days gone by. Reuben may not be as stout as some of them, but stands high in the estimation of well of anybody that ever went to him for a good turn. The best of it is he seems to enjoy it. He's boat agent, too.

If we are not greatly in error, Reuben drifted down from the mainland one summer to take some pictures--he was a photographer then. The island looked good to him, and he stayed. Oceanville furnished Reuben a wife, a good one, too. It was Maude Hatch and they settled in Stonington Village.

100 Years Ago Today
(Dec. 13, 1928)

32

William Foster, an officer of the Revolution died at Deer Isle, aged 77 years.

Samuel Sedgley, aged 56 years, formerly of Kittery, drowned at Eastport.

Mrs. Martha, wife of Luther Hayden, died at Thomaston, aged 54 years.

The King of the Netherlands has been selected by the government of Great Britain and this Country to whom will be submitted the question of the boundary on the side of New Brunswick.

100 Years Ago Today
(Dec. 10, 1927)

Rev. Thomas Tracy installed pastor of the Second Parish meeting house at Saco.

Capt. Francis Davis and Mary Jane Milleram married at Cushing by Rev. Dr. John H. Ingraham of Thomaston.

Nathaniel Hatch of Bangor and Elizabeth, daughter of the late Capt. Andrew Scott married here by Rev. Dr. Nichols.

The Vermont Legislature pass a law directing appointment of five road commissioners for each county to have charge of laying out and repairing roadways, instead of the courts.

100 Years Ago Today
(Apr. 14, 1927)

John May of Poland and Eunice Varriell married here.

Thomas Small who died at Deer Isle, aged 89 years was the last of the first settlers of the town. (in pencil, d. 1827)

50 Years Ago Today
(Apr. 17, 1927)

Explosion of a kerosene lamp cause of fire destroying buildings at Evabder Brown near Augusta.

Charles Gross and Thomas S. Dunning doing business at Cape Elizabeth as Gross & Dunning dissolve partnership.

Doctors Tewksbury and Bray of this City remove tumor weighing three pounds from U. W. Briggs of Gorham, N. H.

Arthur L. Bowen, a veterinarian of the War.

of 1812, dies at Bowdoinham. He was born at Starks in 1793 and entered the United States service in Augusta.

25 Years Ago Today
(Apr. 14, 1927)

William T. Treworgy of Bucksport indicted for murder of Mrs. Sarah Ware of that town, Sept. 17, 1898.

Rev. T. DeWitt Telmage, noted Presbyterian divine, dies at Washington.

Officers of Portland Civic Club: Mrs. F. E. Boothby, president; Mrs. Edward M. Rand and Mrs. W. S. Denny, vice presidents; Mrs. E. A. DeGarmo recording secretary; Mrs. H. T. Hooper, corresponding secretary; Mrs. George F. French, treasurer, and Mrs. J. E. Palmer, auditor.

Savoir Faire Club of this City elects: Mrs. B. C. Gibson, president; Mrs. A. A. Randall, vice president; Mrs. Newton Stanley, secretary; Mrs. James Hall, treasurer; Mrs. George Robinson, parliamentary leader, and Mrs. John F. Horne delegate.

Agreen Crabtree of Sullivan and Phoebe Higgins of Eden marry at Eden.

John Dorman, a soldier of the Revolutionary War, dies at Kennebunk aged 82 years.

Mrs. Abigail Ingraham, grandmother of Reuel and Daniel Williams, dies at Augusta.

Capt. Micajah Lunt and Sarah B. Swett, married at Newbury.

CARNEY The Carney genealogy shows that Mark Carnet (changed to Carney, as it was pronounced), came to Pownalboro, Me., about 1762 from France, with the family of his wife, Susanna Goux, also called Goud, whose birth has been found in Etobon, France, Sept. 1745. They were married in Maine and always served faithfully their adopted land.

Daniel, the oldest son of Mark and Susanna, born 1765, died 1852, a hunter in the wilderness of note, was also a partner with a Yankee named Isaac Tower, of Boston, in 1795 in trade of West Indies goods with a place of business on Orange street, now Washington street, which was still standing in 1904. His wife, Sarah Bell, was a woman with a Channel Island ancestry and of the Episcopal church. Mark and Susanna, exiled from the home church, cheerfully worshipped with their Episcopal neighbors.

Daniel, fifth child of William, was born in Boston in 1801 and died in 1887. He was also engaged in his father's West Indies trade, and his brother Benjamin, who returned to Maine (holding the office

of postmaster at Sheepscoot Bridge in 1820) was succeeded by William in 1823. He came to Portland in 1830, becoming a member of the St. Stephen's Episcopal church. He visited France in a hundred-day trip in a sailing vessel. His wife Lucia Benson was his cousin, daughter of his youngest great-aunt Abigail Carney, baptised in Trinity church, Boston, in 1780.

Mark Carney served as a privateer on a vessel captured by the British and died a prisoner of war at Halifax or at Dartmoor, in 1782, heartbroken because of his homesick longing for his family. The family monument of one line at Richmond, Maine, has this record upon it:

Susanna, a war widow, had a shop on Marshall's lane and a boarding house for French Sojourners in Boston till death in 1799. She also had a homestead in Dresden, Maine.

The Old Whitmore Bible

Lamoine Beach, Maine
Nov. 12, 1925

To the Editor of the Ellsworth American:

In my travels about, looking up Hancock county history, I run across many things that might be of interest to others. That is why I am writing this article.

I have in my possession an old family bible, well-thumbed from constant reading at some time or other, and, in that book I find that Joseph Whitmore, born in Harpswell, July 19, 1755, and his wife, Abigail, born in Harpswell, Sept. 14, 1765, moved to Deer Isle in the early part of the 1780s, and settled. To them were born the following children:

John, born Sept. 14, 1781, on his mother's 16th birthday.

Joseph, born July 19, 1783.

William, born July 19, 1785.

Mary, born October 28, 1787.

Samuel, born February 27, 1790.

Rebecca, born March 15, 1792.

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Daniel, born April 29, 1795.

James, born December 10, 1796

Lemuel, born April 18, 1799.

Seth, born, October 15, 1800

Abigail, born November 27, 1802

Salley and Susannah, born November 12, 1806,
twins.

Surely a large family. These children were all born in Deer Isle. Later they moved to Bayside, and some of their descendants must be living to-day in this vicinity.

Joseph died in 1841 and Abigail died in 1848, happy, it is supposed, in the belief that she had fulfilled the commands of the Good Book which she so often read.

J. Sherman Douglas.

The Allen Family

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Brief Sketch of this Widely-Scattered
Family in Maine

(March 2, 1911)

The Allens of Maine are supposed to have come from a Charles Allen, who came from England in 1635. Capt. Obadiah Allen, with his brothers, Robert and Samuel, settled in Machias on Columbia Falls.

Obadiah soon after removed to plantation No. 4, now Robbinston, about 1795, where he built a log hut, married and reared a large family, as follows: John, Daniel, Fannie, Lydia, Phebe, Hannah, Ruth, Abigail and William. Abigail married Loring F. Wheeten, of Eastport. Ruth married Charles James, of Eastport.

Rev. William Allen was one of the early Baptist ministers of Maine. He married Sarah Bickford, of Salem, Mass., Oct. 1809. He died at Jefferson, Me., April 11, 1863, aged sixty-seven years.

Obadiah Allen died at Robbinston in 1863, at

the age of ninety-nine years. His father, Obadiah Allen, served on the body-guard of Gen. Washington. Capt. Allen married Ruth Andrews, of Machias, daughter of Ephraim and Anna Brown Andrews, who moved to Machias from Scarborough about 1765. Her brothers and sisters were Israel, Thankful, Nathan, Miriam, Timothy, Sarah, Jeremy, John, Lydia and Hannah.

Robert and Samuel Allen, brothers of Obadiah, married and settled at Columbia Falls, and had large families. The sisters married in that vicinity, one Daniel Buzzell, one Gideon Allen, one Justice Smith, and one William Merritt.

Rev. Lorenzo B. Allen, son of William, was born in 1812 and died 1873. He married, in 1842 Nancy Pope Prince, of Thomaston, and had one son, William P., who was born in Thomaston, and four daughters. Rev. William Allen went West and was president of Burlington university. His son, William P., was a senator in Minnesota and president of a big lumber firm in Cloquit, Minn.

E. J. Alexander; Mrs. Alexander

A peculiarly sad event in this city last Thursday was the death of an old and highly-esteemed citizen, Robert J. Alexander, followed in less than twenty-four hours by that of his wife, Anna C. Both were victims of the grip followed by pneumonia.

Mr. Alexander was in his eightieth year; he was born near Londonderry, north of Ireland. When he was about twelve years old, his parents, with their seventeen children, came to America. Of the children, three sisters survive--Mary, Isabel, and Sarah, all residents of this city.

Mr. Alexander was married three times; his first wife was Mary Mitchell, of Dedham; they had one son, Frank E., who died a few years ago in Massachusetts, leaving a widow and four children. His second wife was Eleanor J. Hutchins (born Tapley), of Penobscot, a widow. To these were born four boys--Herbert and Arthur, who are dead; William A. and Charles E., both of this city. His third

wife was Anna C. McCollum, of Ellsworth, a widow; there were no children by this marriage.

This venerable couple were people of high character, striking examples of true Christian living. Both were devout members of the Methodist church, Mr. Alexander was one of the oldest members of Lygonia lodge, F. and A. M.

The double funeral was held Sunday afternoon at the Methodist church, Rev. O. G. Barnard, pastor, officiating, assisted by Rev. H. B. Haskell, district superintendent. The church was filled with friends who came to pay their last tribute of respect. Beautiful flowers surrounded the caskets. The pall-bearers were B. T. Sowle, David Friend, H. W. Dunn and W. A. Bonsey. The remains were placed in the receiving tomb at Woodbine cemetery, and in the spring will be buried in the family lot.

In the Old Brooksville Cemetery

To the Editor of the American:

Washington D. C. November 3, 1911

If you visit a graveyard in the country, you will most likely go alone, as there are few who will care to accompany you, yet there are interesting places there, as I found while reading the headstones in an old cemetery in Brooksville last summer.

One grave in particular attracted my attention, for I knew the old man over fifty years ago. I was only eight years old when he died, but I distinctly recollect him, as he lived but a short distance from our place at Buck Harbor in Brooksville.

The marble slab, which had blown down and broken in pieces, showed deep cut letters and I read his name.

Jeptha Benson died March 2, 1858,
aged 95 years and 6 months.

That was all, yet I knew that he had a history, the record of which could be found in the war

department at Washington, the library or bureau of pensions. After returning to Washington, I looked up his military record in the Revolutionary war, which will no doubt be interesting to some readers of The American.

His first enlistment was in March 1778, when he served nine months under Capt. Joshua Eddy and Col. Bradford, Massachusetts volunteers. His second enlistment was in June 1779, served nine months under Capt. Nathan Merrill and Maj. Littlefield. His third enlistment was in March 1780, when he served ten months under Capt. Isaac Parsons and Col. Burton.

He was born in 1762 at Middleborough, Mass. When he applied for a pension in August, 1832, which was allowed, he resided on Marshall's island Hancock county, Maine. His widow was allowed a pension in 1859 while a resident of Swan's Island. In his application he referred to his second enlistment as being in a battle.

He stated that he enlisted in June, 1797, at

New Gloucester, landed at Castine the same year, ⁴⁶
was at the siege of Bagaduce in August of that year
in the battle fought at that place. The major's
name was Littlefield, who was killed at the siege
of Bagaduce aforesaid. He was discharged in
November of that year, having served six months.

I procured the address of his nephew, who lives
at Tacoma, Wash., and advised him that the govern-
ment would furnish, upon application, a new head-
stone for his grandfather, and I have no doubt but
he will apply for one and have the old revolutionary
soldier's record engraved thereon.

Some of the heroes of the Civil war are still
with us, and we do well to respect and honor them,
but sometimes the men who fought right by our own
doors and whose cause was as sacred as the constitu-
tion itself are almost forgotton.

As I sit on the veranda of my summer cottage
at Brooklin and look far out to sea to Marshall's
island--that little island with its lone house
thereon, and, for all I know to the contrary, the

same house where that old Revolutionary hero lived in 1832--it will ever have an additional attraction to -----.

N. V. Tibbetts.

Daniel Gilbert Bryant

Island Falls, Sept. 16, 1940--Daniel Gilbert Bryant, 86, died Thursday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Williams, where he had made his home for two years.

Mr. Bryant was born in Machias in 1854. For a number of years he followed the sea, making trips to the West Indies. In later years he did woods work. He has lived in this vicinity 30 years. Mr. Bryant never married, and his only near relative is a brother living in Minnesota.

Funeral services were in the Baptist church in Crystal, Saturday afternoon, the Rev. Mr. Smith officiating.

Present from out of town were Mr. and Mrs. Russell Woodard, Dyer Brook; Mrs. Al Brown, Mrs.

Clarence Goodall, Oakfield; Elmer Mooers, Gardiner;
Mrs. and Mrs. Donald Pantier, Mrs. Ella Simpson,
Waterville.

Interment was in Crystal.

Capt. Courtney Gilbert
(Jan. 2, 1917)

Capt. Courtney Gilbert of East Boothbay, was found dead in his room in a lodging house at Portland, Thursday. A gas-heater in the room was leaking and the captain was suffering from heart trouble. A pulmotor failed to rally him. He was in command of a lobster smack, Dorothy G. He was a native of Isle au Haut and had been a sea-faring man 25 years.

DOUGLASS C. H. H. desires to know something of the antecedents of Robert Douglass, Sr., ancestor of the Portland Douglass family.

In a document which accompanies the "Family Tree," spoken of, it is stated that Robert Douglass, Sr., came to Halifax in 1750 from the north of England. He was a skillful horticulturist and shortly after his arrival in Halifax was employed as principal gardener by the governor. It is also stated in the same document that Elinor Fales of Dedham sailed from Boston for Halifax and landed in that city on the same day on which Robert Douglass landed from England.

The family have always considered this document perfectly correct.

Interesting Notes From An Old ⁵⁰ FEB 10 1949
Maine Register
(1837) 37393

GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

Hollis E. Higgins of Ellsworth has come into possession of an old Maine Register of 1837. Compared with the present Maine Register, a 6 x 9 book of over 1,000 pages it is an infant. The book is $3\frac{1}{2}$ x 6 inches, and less than 200 pages. It was published by Glazier, Masters & Smith, of Hallowell. Here are a few interesting notes taken at random from the book.

Leonard Jarvis of Ellsworth was a Congressman from Maine; Hannibal Hamlin of Bangor was Speaker of the Maine House of Representatives; John R. Redman and Tristram Redman were state senators from Hancock county, and Moses Higgins was representative from Ellsworth and Trenton.

There were only three lawyers in Ellsworth-- Joshua W. Hathaway, Joseph A. Wood and Thomas Robinson.

~~Postma~~ Masters in the county were: Amherst, John B. Foster; Aurora, David Silsby; Blue Hill, Jonah Holt; Brooksville, John R. Redman; Bucksport, Sewell

Lake; Casine, Hezekiah Williams, Deer Isle, Pearl Spofford; East Trenton, Robert Berry; Eden, Leonard J. Thomas; Ellsworth, Joseph A. Wood; Gouldsboro, Ephraim W. Tuft; Hancock, Martin Stratton; Mariaville, Jeremiah Jordan; Mt. Desert, Joshua Sawyer; North Bucksport, Winslow Hicks, Jr.; North Penobscot, Harry Lowell; North Castine, James Hooper; North Ellsworth, James McCown; Orland, Rufus Trussell; Penobscot, Wilson Carpenter; Prospect Harbor, Asa Cole; Sedgwick, Jacob Dodge; Sedgwick Bay, Ebenezer Pinkham; South Deer Isle, Richard Warren; South Surry, Robert Hopkins; Southwest Harbor, Henry S. Jones; Sullivan, George Himman; Surry, Edward S. Jarvis; West Trenton, Alfred Hopkins.

The old book published itself some items of "by-gone days." Here are two of them, from old specimens of judicial procedure:

1666--"We present Julian Cloyse, wife of John Cloyse, for a tale-bearer from house to house, setting differences between neighbors. Julian Cloyse, upon the Court's examination, is found guilty of

ye offence, and is bound to her good behaviour unto the next Court of Pleas at Casco in a bond of five pounds."

1651--"We the grand jury present Goody Mendum for saying to Tho. Gullison and John Davis, 'yee Divells.' Fined 2s. 6d. for swearing."

Jonathan Eaton of Sedgwick and Mary Whitmore of Deer Isle were married March 1807, by Rev. J. Brown.

From Calvin Ames, April 6/27

John, Son of Thomas Ames, about 50 yrs. ago.

John about 10 or 12.

Christina, age about 8 croup

Statira, age about 8 croup

These three taken up and moved into orchard at N.

East side of road.

Lewis Robbins, civil war veteran, son of
Hezekiah--no stone. About four of his children
2 d. childbirth and a boy and girl d. age about 14.

Alonzo Hutchinson and Cynthia Harvey had whole
family of 3 d. of dyptheria and buried there.

Wulliam Harvey had several that d. on Russ
Island and put into this lot but afterwards deterred
and burried on Russ Island or McGlathery.

There is a burial yard on south side of Russ
Island and a stone there--also a burial lot on north
side of Russ Island. Also a burial plot on Devil
Island.

Bill Cole had a burial plot in Orrin Barters

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field and father bought lot from Cole, so he had
to move them, and when I was about 12 yrs. old father
moved them to Coles lot in Oceanville. The Orrin
Barter place was Cole's.

Joseph, brother to Jim War, age about 65--
When he d. he had Alfred and Edgar Ware. Alfred
drowned at Crocketts Cove.

Widow Webb then broke up housekeeping and returned to her son, Samuel, at Webb's Cove. It is presumed that, with her, she brought her husband's remains from "Little Isle Holt" for interment in a private Webb burial lot on the Webb's Cove premises, which lot is now covered with a grove of quite large white birches, and is located a few yards south of the Thurlow ice house, mentioned on page 75, on the old road leading directly to Tea Hill but now abandoned from general use. Yet, if this is so, it seems strange that when Seth's widow died in 1815 that she was not buried by his side, as it is supposed she died on these same premises under the care of her son, Samuel. But, instead, her body lied in the only marked grave of the oldest public cemetery about Deer Isle and vicinity. In the latter years of the 18th century bodies were brought here from all parts of the island excepting in those cases where families were so remotely situated that lack of roads rendered the place inaccessible. In such instances nearly each family, with its kinship, had its own private burial plot near the place of

abode which fact accounts for so many of these little burial spots so strangely scattered over nearly every nook, crook and islet in and about the territory of Deer Island--some being marked by a small cluster of inscribed stones and others only known by being pointed out to us by some aged sire whose father or grandfather had seen bodies deposited thereat. Years ago this old public cemetery was enclosed and known as the "Old burying ground," It consists of a large mound directly situated upon the narrow isthmus joining the northern with the southern half of Deer Island, which splitting in two is almost caused by the attempted union of Long Cove with the Haskell Mill Pond and North West Harbor. This narrow strip of land was, many years ago, used as an "Indian Carrying-place," across which, canoes and other articles were conveyed back and forth from the waters of one side to the waters of the other. The crossing was made over the narrowest portion, which consists of a depression exactly opposite the pond and between the mound of the "Old burying ground" and the hill on which is located the more

recent "Old Cemetery," as I have so frequently termed it in this work. Right upon this depression, and next to the border of the "Old burying ground," (between the two cemeteries), once stood a small house, whose resident and owner was the present Mrs. Elizabeth (Cole) Davis-Marshall-Welch-Goss, who now makes her home with her daughter, Mrs. Georgianna (Marshall) Hendricks-Stinson of "Clam City," Stonington. She claims this to have been "the most peaceable neighborhood she ever lived in,"--the passerby can readily see just why it could not possibly be otherwise. She built the house about 1859, on the hill, close to the old town house site and, on account of neighborhood troubles, was given permission by first selectman Hosmer, the historian, to move it down the hill, across the road, and place it on a town lot located as above described. After residing at this spot for about 4 years she removed to Rockland and sold the house to her brother, Samuel Cole, close by, who tore it down. Between the house and the crest of the mound were many graves, but an exact knowledge of all who were buried

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there will never be had as no records are to be found bearing thereon, and the oldest residents, now living, were born after the disuse of the yard. There are said to be Babbidges and a sister of Jonathan Webb Esq., buried there. The remains of Rev. Abijah Wines and of Rev. Peter Powers were taken up and transferred to the newer "Old cemetery." Some other bodies are claimed to have been moved across and the few old stones have either been shifted, buried or demolished. Only a comparatively few of the late generation have any idea of the existence of the "Old burying ground" and even but a few of the oldest inhabitants have ever seen the solitary stone, with its foot marker--H. W.-- as a lone companion, which designates the resting-place of Widow Hannah Webb. It is the only proof extant, of any grave here now, and consists of a weather-beaten slab of light and dark streaked marble, standing on the southeastern slope, and bearing this inscription

In memory of Hannah Webb, widow of Seth Webb, who died April 15th, in the 73d year of her age.

Bible of Francis who lived above the Dr. Wasgatt house on Deer Isle village, in possession of Henrietta Thompson, gr. dau. Mr. Will Marshall at the Marshall Dist. Road to B----- Mt. Inside of front cover in red, green & brown ink is pasted a sheet of old Eng. print entangled in floral display these words:

"Francis Marshall - His Book Deer Isle, Dec. 17, 1861

Francis Marshall, b. Oct. 18, 1823.

Henrietta Thompson, b. Nov. 13, 1837, & md. March

17, 1853. He d. Sept. 21, 1876."

(Henrietta, (m. 2nd.) John Staple of Swan Island

"Hannah Marshall, d. Oct. 15, 1876"

Birth Column has

Susie Etta Barbour, b. Apr. 8, 1882.

Agnes May " Dec. 5, 1883

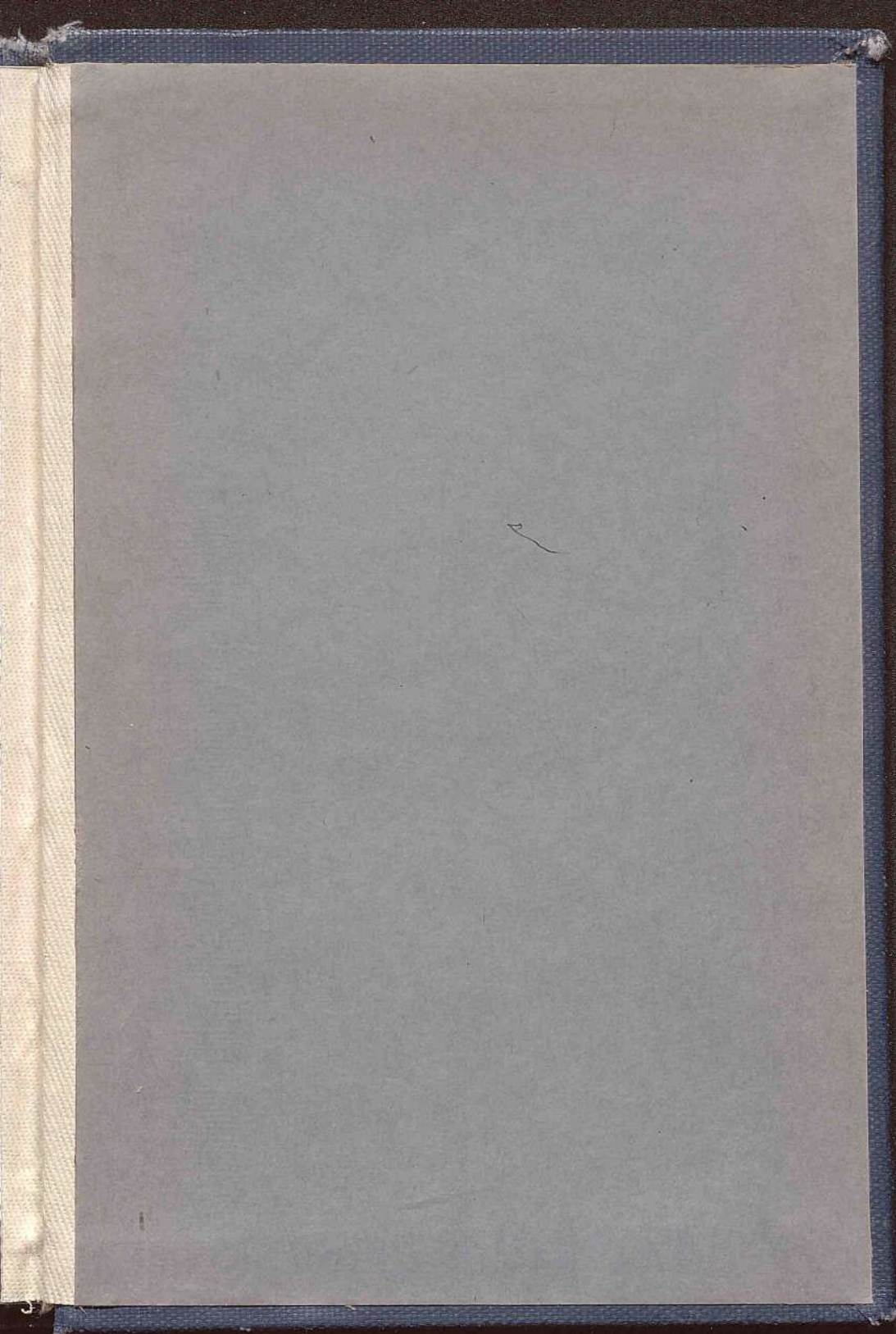
Merton Edward " Oct. 9, 1885, d. Oct. 14, 1888

Charles Morris " b. Sep. 11, 1886, d. June 7 /93

Emery John b. Apr. 8, 1888.

Albert Richardson Sept. 24, 1890

Edwin F. Marshall b. Nov. 7/57 d. June 29/58.
Dovey Mace " b. Nov. 3/60 d. Aug. 18/93.
Sarah Josephine, b. Feb. 1/62 d. Mar. 9/95.
Abigail Frances, b. Sep. 16/63, m. Edwin Smith
of Swans Island who moved to Portland.





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