

PEMAQUID AND MONHEGAN.

ADDRESS OF HON. CHARLES LEVI WOODBURY

OF BOSTON

BEFORE THE HYDE PARK HISTORICAL SOCIETY,

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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THIS HISTORICAL SOCIETY: I remember when I first saw Pemaquid. I was cruising eastward in the yacht of the Hon. Benjamin Dean of Boston, and, owing to the fog, we ran in by Pemaquid Point until we reached the outer harbor. Here we caught mackerel and waited for the fog to lift. On the shore an abandoned porgy factory, perfumed as unlike a bank of violets as possible, occupied one chop of the harbor; on the other stood a large, square house, more pretentious than a farm-house, and in front could be traced some slight ridges and a few bunches of bushes.

We sailed the next morning, bound east, and on our starboard hand, as we neared the point, a lofty island some four leagues away attracted our attention,—it was Monhegan. When we returned from our explorations of the islands of the Penobscot and Mount Desert, we sighted the island, the morning sun playing on its top, bathed it in light; amid a peaceful ocean it rose like an island of the blessed; anon the lighthouse and then as with flowing sail we neared it, houses and then windows could be made out. The wind was fair, but on my suggestion that this was the hallowed ground, the germ of New England, we hauled up a little closer to the wind and dashed up to the head of the harbor, tacked and stood off on our course, westward, ho! We had seen the cradle of New England.

My theme to-night is specially the history of the Forts of Pemaquid.