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(ORIGINAL).

KOLSEY HALL.

Along the south-eastern shores of the State of Maine, there ascends long series of huge rocks. In some places they rise to a perpendicular height of over a hundred feet, while in others they are broken, rugged and confused, rendering the shore strangely picturesque. The continual action of wind and tide along the base of these immense promontories has formed caverns which, combined with the interstices made by the falling rocks, form a wild rendezvous for the rushing waves, and thereby keep up a continued thundering roar. Where the rocks have not fallen beneath these high cliffs the sea rises upon a level beach, which may be gained by following a circuitous pathway through the immense crevices of the fallen rocks.

Upon one of the boldest of these promontories stands an old quaint looking Hall, by whom built, or when, no one accurately knows. Legend has it that it was constructed by some white pioneers about two hundred years ago, and that it bears its name from an Indian Chief who was imprisoned by these explorers shortly after its completion. The structure is uncouth, but rather picturesque. It is of an oblong shape, two stories in height, with a tower rising in the centre; the windows and doors are rudely but firmly made, and were originally small, but since the date of the beginning of this sketch they have been remodelled

and very much improved. The apartments within are spacious, and bear traces of the crude style of architecture which was in vogue at the time when they were first constructed. Two or three large old-fashioned fire-places, surmounted by large mantel-pieces, adorn the walls of the apartments. For many years this sequestered Hall had had no occupant. The owner of the estate resided in Boston, but would sometimes repair to the old Hall to spend a few weeks in summer, but of late years he had ceased to give even this acknowledgment of his ownership of it. In June, 1852, however, a new tenant appeared to take possession of the estate. Mr. Vanners, a gentleman of Boston, purchased the property from the owner, Mr. Fenner, with the intention of making this lonely spot his place of residence. Varied were the surmises of the sturdy fishermen, who comprised the principal part of the population of the neighbourhood, when, one day in the latter part of June, several conveyances laden with trunks and sundry cases of merchandise arrived at Kolsey Hall, and with them a middle-aged, robust-looking man, accompanied by a young girl probably eleven years of age, beautiful and pleasant looking, and a male and female attendant. Duly arriving at the massive old gate it was flung open—the party entered, and proceeding to the door unlocked it and conveyed the goods within. Five years previous to this date, the neighbours recollected having seen this same gentleman, accompanied by