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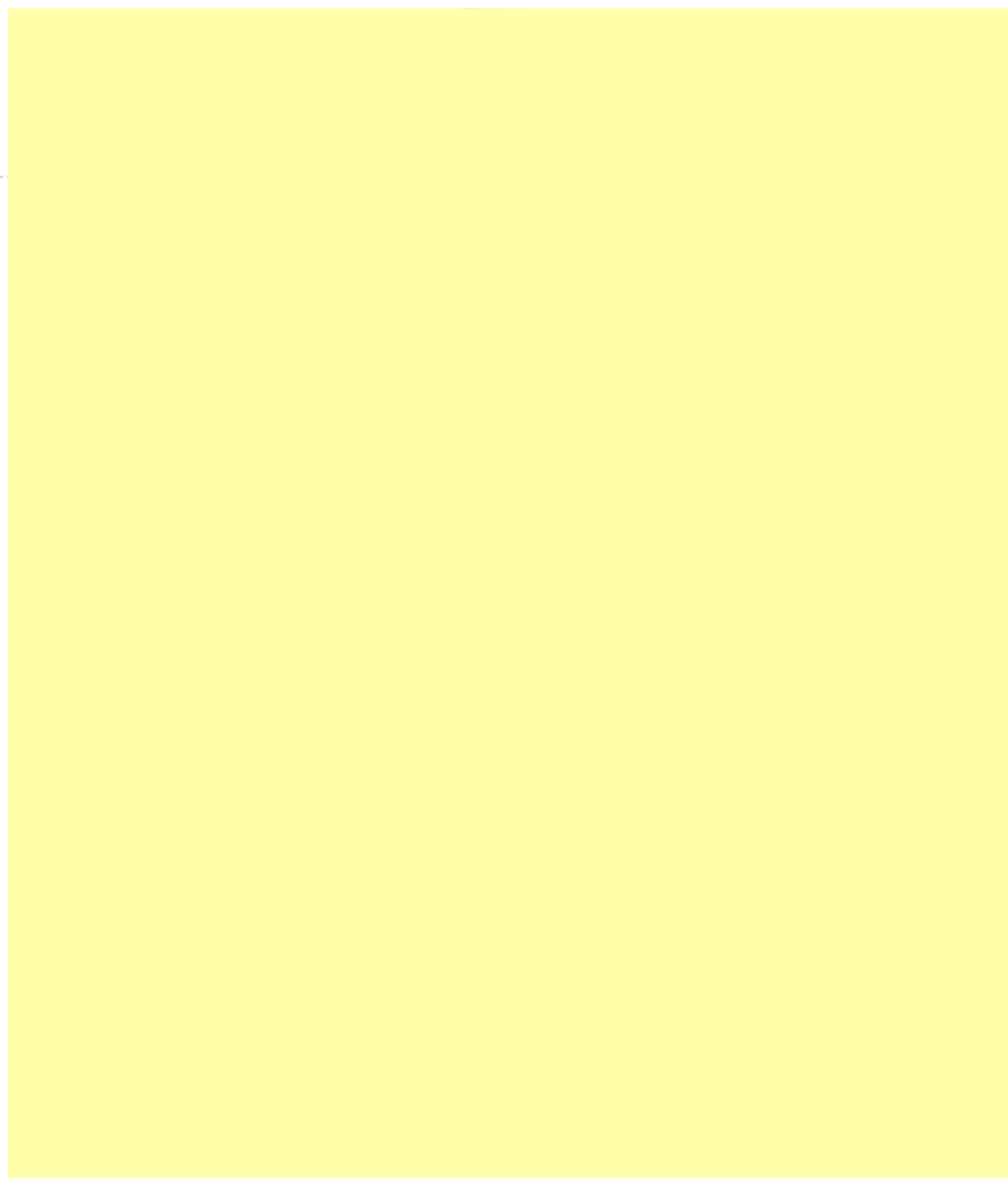
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## A SCARBOROUGH TORY.

*By LeRoy L. Hight.*

**A**BOUT one, standing at sunset on the top of Blue Point Hill in the old town of Scarborough, Maine, there is spread a scene of more than common beauty. Southward lies the fair bay of the Saco, with its broad beached shores marked at one extreme by the picturesque old fishers' village of Biddeford Pool, and at the other by the green slopes and rugged cliffs of historic Cammock's Neck. Beyond the narrow isthmus that binds the Neck to the main lies Richmond's Island, of Trelawney fame; and beyond all,

the sea, dotted with glistening sails. To the southwest stretch the pines of Old Orchard, capped by the faint mist that rises beyond them from the valley of the Saco; in the southeast the bright ribbons of the Nonsuch and its tidal tributaries trace a shining network upon the broad green marshes; eastward the lights of Portland glimmer across the intervening valleys; and northward, following the gleaming thread of the river under the shadow of distant Scottow's Hill, just to the right of the sun's glow, we come upon the great elms of Dunstan, with their broad tops spread as in benediction over the quiet homes beneath them.

I do not think the men and women of old Dunstan are any more in harmony with the spirit of benediction of the elms than the inhabitants of any other peaceful country village; yet after all a benediction is more in keeping with their lives than anything requiring a less passive response. Here is one of those little pools of still water bordering the swift current of life, where the usual dulness is interrupted only by the occasional funeral of the Oldest Inhabitant, and where Gossip alone goes busily forward.

\* \* \* \*

But the quietude and peace of to-day have not always blessed the place. The sturdy pioneers, the fishers and planters of old, fought the hard fight with all the energy their rugged strength could give; and the hills that now lazily reëcho the firing upon plover and wild duck, in earlier days resounded with the blockhouse fusillade and the war cry of the savage. So there are stories of deeds done in these sunny fields that are horrible enough in their stern tragedy to charm a boy. And even nowadays, where the story passes, Hunniwell and Pyne are names with which to conjure. Nowhere, through all the range of history or literature, is there a melodrama more neatly turned than the adventure of that same Hunniwell, which ended with his homecoming, bearing before him, as the warriors of Dinas Vawhr bore the head of "Ednyfed, King of Dyfed," the scythe-hewn head of the savage who had crept upon him with his own stolen rifle as he mowed in his hayfield.

Nor are the struggles of the pioneers the only activity that the town has known. You would not think now, perhaps, that this drowsy air had ever thrilled with the hum of trade; but it was even so. For as we approach the village from our place of observation on Blue Point, we come across the marshes to the

"Landin';" and here years ago the adze and the hammer made their merry music, and now and then good ships were launched to sail away, down through the marshes, and into the great sea beyond. Here "E. & W. I. Goods" were doubtless landed, consigned to him of whom this rambling sketch is written; for here, at the Landing, beneath one of the noblest of the Dunstan elms, still stands a house—now a humble L of a low, ancient structure—which has beheld scenes in stirring contrast to the quiet life that drones about it now, and which was a part of the old home of Richard King.

\* \* \* \*

Richard King, with whom this slight sketch has to do, cannot be said to have borne a prominent part in our history; and yet he figures in the encyclopædias in no mean capacity, to wit, as the father of his sons, a position not only indispensable, but in this case honorable; for Rufus King, the distinguished statesman, paid him filial devotion, as did also William King, the first governor of Maine. Moreover, if it be true that what a man does or helps to do, that he is, then King may claim public recognition on his own account; for when Sir William Pepperell went upon his illustrious expedition for the capture of Louisburg, King, who had been a prosperous merchant in Wattertown, accompanied him as quartermaster. When he returned from this honorable and glorious venture, he settled at Dunstan, where the simple folk among whom he came found his business talent a welcome acquisition to their community. In a short time he became the owner of a wide extent of lands, which he turned into thriving farms, and he also procured for sale to his neighbors those supplies which but for his enterprise they would have had to obtain with great trouble from a distance. Thus he soon became one of the wealthiest men of the town. He seems, too, to

have been a kindly man, lenient toward his debtors and gentle in his relations with every one. He was of refined taste, and with a love for literature. His papers show a familiarity with books, which must have isolated him, in that particular, at least, from the majority of his townsmen. He even seems to have toyed with the ringlets of the Muse, for there remains a set of his verses written on the lamentable death of his parson's old mare.

But there were evil days in store for him; and his first great misfortune arose, if we may believe his grandson and his champion, William Southgate,\* from the ingratitude of men. I have said he was lenient towards his debtors; and upon his grandson's authority it is stated that in the long list of delinquents on his books were many whose honesty was frail and who, casting about to find some convenient way of releasing themselves from debt, hit upon an expedient that may have afforded suggestion and precedent for the illustrious participants in the Boston Tea Party. Disguised as Indians, on the night of March 19, 1766, they raided his store and home, collected his accounts, many of his books and papers, and made a bonfire. This early search and seizure were also rewarded, as seems fitting in the light of later history, by the acquisition of a large supply of the good merchant's liquors, which speedily afforded the doughty braves whatever ferocity their war paint could not supply. To a recent day there was shown in the inner door of the old house the mark made by the axe of the drunken leader as he struck at what he supposed was Richard himself. But, like many another hero, he had aimed at his own shadow; for Richard lay snug, with the better part of valor, beneath the bed of an old and sick slave.

Despite alarming threats of trouble to come, King with his friends dis-

\* History of Scarborough. William Southgate.

covered the perpetrators of the outrage, and some paid money for their frolic, while some went to jail. A letter from one of the latter class, written to King from the jail at Falmouth, is something of a curiosity, and I quote it:

Falmouth May the 17, 1773.

Sur I take this oppertunity to Right to you to Let you know that I ame in good helth hopeing this may find you and your family in good hellth Sur to Bee Confined to a pallice would soon Beccome a gale But to Bee Confined heere with in thies Barrs of iorn has a livly Resamblance of hell to me though threw the goodness of god Wee are prisners of hoope and they are Beeyond the Reach of hoope and allso wee have water enuff and they acording to Divars in the gospel they have noon. sur I ame heere Deprived of the Compney of an agreeable wife and the Dutyfull care of my poore childran which Strikes the very Strings of my hearte with greaf which blessed privlage you now enjoy—But I desire to Leave them in the hands of the god hoo changis the times and can Dispers the Dearthiest clouds Sur I can truly assure you that I feele mor thankfulness of heart for my small accomodations of Life in the gole than Ever I Did when I Lived at my one home in planty let it be posable for you to Blieve me I finde no mellis nor invy arising againste you or yours But I Soulde have Bin angry at the poore ignorant high-barnion that Betrayed mee into your hands for a ginne wars it not that I thinke him as much Beneath my angor as hee is indesarving of my Love—But whether I am hilde heere Rightously or un-Rtously time will manifeste Mr Makintire of yorke came to see (me) by the Disire of mrs King as hee Solemly Declared wars to agravate and abuis me threw the grats But when hee came to see my pitifull condishun his heart failed him whereupon hee tolde mee hee woulde treat me But had no money I tolde him I had some and would treat him soo I gave him a dinor and two Boulls of tody and we partid in pees—time Has Bin when our Efections was something singlar with Respect to Kindness But now they seeme to Bee Some What remarkeable with Respec to Coldness Soo I conclude youre friend and humble Sarvt.

SILAS BURBANK.

This episode seems to have been the first public expression of dislike. Southgate takes pains to assure us that no evidence of accusation of Toryism had at this time been shown

or made against King; but with a fine indifference to possible inference he goes on to say that he asked the General Court to reimburse him as one of those who suffered because of using the infamous stamps during this, the very time of the stamp riots. There is another thing, which might afford some content to any one who traced his lineage through one of those "poore children" to Silas Burbank and his "agreeable wife," and that is that it was discovered that the participants in this event were not all of the class who would be anxious to destroy accounts of trade; in fact, several of the most respected and respectable church members, notably one Deacon Andrews, of the Second Church, had a hand in the affair.

Just how prominent a part King played in the troubled politics of the time we cannot tell; but it is certain that he played some part and that early accusations of Toryism were made against him. Dr. Alden, an avowed Tory, removed from Saco and took the house next that of Mr. King; and between these two undoubtedly a strong friendship existed. Before the Doctor moved to Saco, he was visited by a company of soldiers from Gorham, who stood him on a hogshead and persuaded him, by means of the weapons they carried, to express repentance for his loyalty to Parliament and to return to his tormentors abject thanks for his life. One day, after his removal to Scarborough, the Doctor happened to be in Saco and there heard of a proposed expedition of his Gorham acquaintances against his friend King. Putting spurs to his horse, he galloped to Dunstan with the utmost speed, to prepare King for his ordeal. Unfortunately he was too late; for he ran into the Gorham warriors as they were quenching their thirst at Milliken's Tavern in Dunstan, at the corner of the landing road. Meeting their old friend, the Doctor, was a welcome pleasure to these jovial patriots, and they checked his mad gallop and whiled away the time

between drinks by perching him again on a hogshead and exacting a second recantation, to make sure he had not forgotten his lesson. This sport exhausted, they continued their march against King. Their captain conferred with the unhappy man, and finally compelled him to mount a table and read a statement of his political views. In the course of his statement he cast a doubt upon the possibility of a successful resistance of the colonists. This idea, as may be supposed, met with scant favor, and nothing would do but that the dignified gentleman should get down on his knees before the noisy mob and erase the offensive words. Of course his humiliation was overwhelming; and it was the sense of it, as Southgate says, that hastened his breaking down and his death in 1775.

The particular explanation of this visitation of avengers, as given by Mr. Southgate, was that, for one thing, King had opposed certain measures promoted by the town of Gorham; and for another thing, that he was falsely accused of having sent a cargo of lumber to Boston for the king's barracks. Southgate says the fault lay with a captain of King's vessel, a certain Mulberry Milliken, who traded with the regulars on his own responsibility. Unfortunately for Southgate, however, who was at best only one grandson, two grandsons of Captain Milliken, both respectable gentlemen of Biddeford, stoutly maintained during their life that their grandfather had explained to them, with minute circumstance, the trade which not he, but King himself, had made with the regular officers.

That, however, upon which Southgate most relied to establish his grandsire's loyalty seems to be a letter of recommendation from King to his townsmen urging certain preparatory measures to be taken to relieve the great distress in their approaching struggle with Great Britain. He declared his countrymen to be, to use his words, "on the verge of a Civil

War, Bloodshed and Famine," and he declares the situation to be particularly distressing, asking that measures be taken "towards our relief in such a day of calamity as appears to be gathering over us." The general tone of the letter suggests quite as much an attempt to render his townsmen nervous as a serious effort to assist them. Further, the unwary historian, vain of his grandsire's antique lore, puts on another page of his chronicles an extract which, however it may be regarded now, must then have been proof positive of Tory principles. I transcribe it as an indication of King's politics and as an example of his composition:

"When foreign Nations pinched in War called on the Roman Senate for aid, 'tis true she seldom failed to send them what she called and they received as such; but it is as true that she thereby seldom failed to make the Conquerors as well as the Conquered her own Subjects or Tributaries in the End. Mankind are the same still, and our only Safety is in remaining firm to that Stock of which we are a Branch; and as a Prudent Man that guards against a Pestilential Air, when a plague is in the City, so should we guard against those false Patriots of the present day, who advise us to resist, break off and prevent that grand circulation whereby we are become a great Plant, contributing to the Strength and Glory of the Stock, whose branches cover in every Quarter of the Earth and with our own united force able to repel at least, if not totally conquer, any unity or power that can be formed against us on Earth or Sea. When Ancient Rome was in her Glory, each private Senator looked down with contempt upon the greatest crowned Head amongst the Nations that surrounded her; yet Rome in her Glory was but a small Republick when compared with the Strength and Extent of Dominion possessed by the British Empire. Can we then, who are the happy subjects, inhabiting a country nowise inferior to the Land of Promise, under a mild and free government, can we merely out of Frowardness because we are rebuked for spurning at the demand, and refusing to pay the three-pence duty of Tea, which is not a Necessary but a Luxury of life, can we think of calling in foreign aid, and exchanging our fair Possessions for Servitude, our liberties for an Inquisition and content ourselves to drag out the remainder of our Days in wooden Shoes? Great God pre-

vent our madness! Why then this calling to arms? Remember the folly and Rashness of the Tribe of Benjamin; read the history in your own Houses, and let there not be a British province wanting to Britain in America."

It is a trivial thing, to extract from the pages of a departed historian matter to confute his own statements. Furthermore, whether, when he wrote of his grandfather in his little history, Southgate wrote true things or false, is of little moment to us. Whether Richard King was a Tory or not was a matter of interest to King, to his meddling neighbors and—creditably, be it said—to his dutiful grandson. But for us to measure the value to ourselves of such a question is but to convince ourselves that a man who died a hundred years ago is a very dead man, and that there are few things less worth the doing than to restore his memory for the purpose of proving him anything other than what he should have been; and yet for one who would be temerarious, it would be a fine exploit, in these days of Sons and Daughters of the Revolution, to stand manfully by Richard King's memory and say, as he himself would say if speech were vouchsafed him, that he was a Tory and he had no reason to be ashamed of it.

So, if the deed be not too bold, let me say that a loyal American may without shame confess sympathy for those unhappy men whom loyalty to their king deprived of the name of patriot. I am proud of America and her history, and I glory as every American should in the stern and manly valor of the man who fought for the liberty we enjoy; yet I feel that for one who stood as Richard King stood, in the turmoil of a rebellion, possessed of a cautious and reasoning spirit, as becomes a wise man, beset on one hand by realization of oppression and on the other by an inbred reverence for his king,—the head and symbol of established law,—for such a man, honest judgment and sincerity of purpose should count for some-

thing. To-day it seems an easy thing, as we look back over the triumphal course of those daring colonies, to say this man was a fool or that man was wise; but the noble vista which we enjoy was unopened when King planned his course. The weakness of the colonies in revolt was apparent in their number; their strength, the invincible courage within them, action had not yet disclosed. And so at this division of the road, the Tory, moved by prudence and loyalty,—worthy motives,—chose one way; while the hero, whose memory we cherish with a warmer love, driven by a passion for liberty, which his success afterwards gave him the right to call divine, chose the other. And why may we not say that each was true to the best within him, and that each had a right to face posterity without apology and unashamed?

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Whenever I think of the story and tradition clustering thick about these old fields, meadows and shores, a sweet memory comes to me of the old days, flooded with the old time sunshine when, playmates all, we sat on the beach and buried our brown feet in the warm sand, and hearkened to the shrill cry of the white gulls circling over the seas; and we looked across the beautiful bay to the old Neck, which our childish speech and thought peopled again with the tawny braves and stern pioneers of the early years; and we fought over again, manfully and well, those grim wars,—we children, sitting there in the sunshine. We saw the canoes tossing on

the sparkling water; and our blood leaped to the sound of the rifle in the blockhouse.

Now it happens, curiously, that one of those pioneers,—and a gentleman withal,—who was a reality in the far off years, and who really took a manly part in the old scenes which we children imagined anew, printed a book of the sights he saw and the thoughts he thought, and upon its titled page this distich:

“Heart take thine ease,  
Men hard to please  
Thou haply might'st offend;  
Though one speak ill  
Of thee, some will  
Say better; ther's an end.”

It is a rude verse; yet somehow it brings with it a freshness, like the winds over the sand bars and the cliffs at the Neck, and there is a glint of sunshine in it. And if, as well might be, it fell under the eyes of Richard King in those last, storm-ridden days of his honorable life, it may be it brought to him, too, something of pleasure. For to a man who would preserve the honor which his parents, whom he loved, gave him and who would leave it unsullied to his children who love him, if he has stood steadfast by his manhood and done all the best he knew, there can surely be some pleasure, when the storm of popular anger beats about him, in having a good man at his back saying such words as these:

“Though one speak ill  
Of thee, some will  
Say better: ther's an end.”

