

spoken up to remind the neighbors of her step-mother's many kindnesses to one and all.

Then, too, Goody Cole came on the scene at this critical moment, tottered up to the bier, and wailed, "Oh, but she was my life." This appeared to bring the villagers to their senses, for they all knew well how long Goody Cole had been a pensioner on the bounty of Good-wife Stover.

At this point, Parson Eaton took charge. "Take up the bier," he cried with a gesture at once of dignity and command. "Bury her wherever these men will. The ground will be consecrated wherever her body lies."

But no man touched the bier. The faithful women who had carried the coffin to the Centre, carried it the rest of the way,—to the final resting-place in the consecrated ground of the old graveyard.

"We have buried a witch," growled Ezra Johnson as they left the sacred spot.

"We have made the grave of a saint," Priest Eaton answered in final rebuke.

JUDITH HOWARD

Judith Howard was an early settler at Sebascodegan Island. She lived alone and appeared to mind her own business. No one seemed to know where she had come from, and she had no relatives, at least no one anybody knew. For these reasons, it came to be whispered about that Judith was a witch.

Judith was clever in gathering herbs and roots for the making of medicines and medicinal salves that would cure almost anything. Of course, Judith **must** be a witch. How else would she come by this knowledge of almost miraculous cures, if not from the Prince of Evil?

Judith had been heard by many of her neighbors to give warning that when she died they must **not** bury her near old Lambo . . . that if they did, she would surely haunt them.

Old Lambo was an Indian who was buried in a field belonging to W. S. Purington, just south of Trufant's store at Cundy Harbor.

Came 1768. Judith Howard was taken ill and died. But neighbors failed to heed her warning and they buried her at the side of old Lambo.

The neighbors then went home—but not to sleep; for there were such strange noises and sights in their homes that they could not snatch even a wink of sleep. These disturbances kept up, night after night, until the people were completely worn out by the strange happenings.

A meeting was called to discuss the situation and decide what should be done. They finally decided to move Judith Howard's body to another resting place.

Neighbors took a yoke of oxen and a sled and went to Judith's grave. They disinterred her remains, and carried them more than two miles up the island, burying them on the west side of the main road. Thereafter, it is said, the neighbors slept in peace.

Fishing

HORSE MACKEREL . . . OR TUNA, IF YOU PREFER

Coastal fishing has come a long way in 75 or 80 years. Horse mackerel has outgrown its homely nomenclature and is now dignified by the name, **tuna**. The fish is not only very desirable as food—fresh, frozen, or canned; but the catching of tuna by rod and reel has, in recent years received the attention and enthusiasm of sports-fishermen the world over. The Orr's and Bailey Island Sportsmen's Club, and its predecessor, the Bailey Island Tuna Club, can attest to this fact.

The catching of horse mackerel, 1870 style, provides plenty of excitement. Horse mackerel were plentiful in the waters surrounding Harpswell and its islands, and often brazenly came up into the mouths of the coves. The reason for this was that the giant bluefins particularly relished succulent whiting for food . . . and whiting abounded in Harpswell waters.

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