

**THE HISTORY OF
DUNGEON
ROCK. COMPLETED
SEPT. 17TH, 1856**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649020157

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BY
E N E S E E.

SECOND EDITION.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY BELA MARSH,
14 SNOWFIELD ST.
1859.

PREFACE.

THE object of the present work is to give a reasonable, and, as far as circumstances will permit, a perfectly true account of the past, present, and future destinies of Dungeon Rock. We do not claim for our book that it is a miraculous production, but simply a natural record of facts, given in a natural way. We assert that the book was dictated by disembodied spirits. And what then? Does it necessarily follow that all spirits are engaged in like work? It may be argued that such thoughts as the history of an earthly place would call up are *low* for spirits. But there is no ground for such a statement, and we refute it in this way:— That there are spirits of every degree, from the lowest to the purest and highest. Of course, somewhere in the rank come in those who are principally, or even wholly, interested in the world. If by that interest they can give to men a truth in lieu of a falsehood, it is so much good done, be it for the lowest den of infamy, for Dungeon Rock, or for the Capitol of the United States, which does, or *ought to*, contain the noblest hearts and the firmest minds which America affords.

At any rate, we ask that our book may be read, and the place of which it speaks visited, before judgment is passed upon it as a foolish undertaking, or a senseless work. Spiritualism is a growing doctrine. It is weaving itself into the every-day walks of life. We have but one word to say for it, which is, *Investigate*. It is all we ask, — all we want.

EVERETT.

HISTORY OF DUNGEON ROCK.

DUNGEON ROCK is as yet only half known. More than "two hundred years ago," when first the foot of civilization pressed the unturned sod of New England's rock-bound soil, a man, past the prime of life, having lost his place in England, determined on seeking a new name in a new country. Accordingly, he embarked with his only earthly treasures, — his wife and the family coat of arms, — and, after a dangerous voyage, reached Plymouth Rock, only to encounter more dangers. And there, in that lonely home, away from all that makes life desirable to childhood, did the little William first see the light of day, and begin the battle of living without love. None but those who have experienced it can tell how deep and terrible is the sternness of a disappointed man.

Ben Wallace — for this was the adventurer's name — had acquired a morbid hate for everything bright and beautiful, and lived, like most of New England's early settlers, for the stern realities of life, expecting nothing but hardships, and, therefore, seeking nothing. No wonder, then, that the aristocratic blood of English ancestry,

coursing through the child's veins, rose against the injustice of being a dependent where he should have been a pride; and, even in his baby days, when the garden was his playground, the unrooted stumps his rocking-horses, and the strips of painted basket material, which he now and then received from the Indian children in the neighborhood, represented to his childish gaze the flags and banners of ancient heraldry, which his mother pointed out to him upon the coat of arms, — even then he defied his father's commands, and turned from his stern reproofs to whisper the childish longings of his own heart to the birds and the dancing stream. "I hate it," he said passionately, when he had arrived at the age of fourteen; "I hate the strong fence that keeps me from finding other people's homes! I hate to be confined to work that I detest, just for the sake of getting food from day to day. I will not do it. The world shall know that William Wallace was not born for no purpose. I will help some one, if it is savages and wild beasts."

Thus spoke the stripling in his lonely home. For six long years did he cherish that one bright thought. It was all the hope he had to stimulate him when labor was his only portion, and life was scarcely worth the danger of preserving it. At last he refused to bear it any longer; and, one pleasant night in the early spring, he dressed himself as near like a native as he could, gathered his own clothes into as small a compass as possible, sprang lightly over the garden fence, and carefully threaded his way through the almost pathless wood to the nearest Indian camp. From there it was an easy task to go further, and he soon began his plans for himself. These

were, to get as far from Plymouth as he dared, and still be somewhere in the region of civilization. It was before the foundery was started in Saugus, when only a few stalwart men were discussing the probability of extensive mines in that direction. But Wallace liked the sea-shore; so he built him a residence miles and miles away from any human habitation, determined to assist the first suffering creature that came within his reach. Custom soon came. Little clubs of men often repaired some worn-out canoe, left by the Indians upon the sand, and embarked in it upon the dashing billows to try their luck in procuring fish for food. Almost invariably there would some mishap befall them; and every night the bold young Wallace went to rest with a proud and happy smile curving his delicate lips, and a feeling of true unselfish generosity nestling in his heart. He was happy in his honest calling, and wished for no greater reward than what he received from the natives, and the rough but kind-hearted settlers.

For a short time he lived thus, and his whole soul was in his work. But a change came at last. One fearful stormy night, when the waves rolled far up on the dark sand, and the rain and the wind chanted their wild music, he heard a low moan, instantly followed by a loud cry of agony, and quick calls for help.

He was used to scenes of danger, and, merely supposing that another frail boat had consigned its precious charge to the watery god, and that more human beings were in need of help, he arose, unbarred the low door, and bade the strangers welcome.

Before they entered the house, its inmates — consisting

of a young Scotchman, his fair, pleasant-looking English wife, and their daughter, whose years had been spent in luxury until now, that ten summers had passed above her head, her beautiful home had gone, and she too was destined to a life of labor — were all astir, and the warm fire lighted in the heavy grate.

A tall, well-formed man first entered the room, with a thick frock of shag enveloping his person, confined at the waist by a broad belt, into which was thrust an unsheathed dirk-knife, and a short sword hung suspended by his side. His hat was dripping with water, and his broad shoulders and powerfully built frame made him look, in his unique costume, like a representation of Hercules; while his black hair and eyes, and burlesque manner and motions, gave him the appearance of what he really was, a pirate and a plunderer.

"Give us the most comfortable place in the house," he said, with a careless glance around. "If it had not been for this accursed storm, and the woman aboard, we should not have been obliged to come at all." And he strode out again into the darkness, followed by Jamie Burns, the Scotch emigrant, who was resting there until he could find a home for himself.

"Alice," said the mother, nervously, as she saw the child walk firmly to the open door, "do keep away all you can. If we are all to be murdered, we might as well be cautious about it, as to run into danger with our eyes wide open;" and, turning from the beating rain, she drew the rough oaken chair to the fire, and arranged a fleecy lamb's-wool blanket, which she had brought from home, about its comfortable cushions.