

**MARY CAMERON: A
ROMANCE OF
FISHERMAN'S ISLAND**

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Mary Cameron: a romance of Fisherman's Island by Edith A. Sawyer

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EDITH A. SAWYER

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FISHERMAN'S ISLAND**



FISHERMAN'S ISLAND.

MARY CAMERON

A Romance of Fisherman's Island

BY

EDITH A. SAWYER

With a Foreword by HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOTTORI

"Oh, is it not to widen man
Stretches the sea?"

— *Sidney Lanier*

BENJ. H. SANBORN & CO.

BOSTON, U. S. A.

1899

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BOSTON, MASS.

To the Members

OF THE SAMOSET ISLAND ASSOCIATION, AND TO ALL WHO HAVE
SHARED IN THE HOSPITALITY OF THE ANNUAL MEETINGS
ON FISHERMAN'S ISLAND, THIS STORY, FOUNDED
LARGELY UPON HISTORICAL FACT,
IS DEDICATED.

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A FOREWORD.

The coves and indents, the bays and river-mouths, along the coast of Maine, are a part of my earliest memories. All the lovely region seems to me still a sort of fairyland which, when a little child, was all my own. Through its bewildering waters I made repeated voyages, sitting on the deck of the packet-ship by day, tented by blue heaven, ringed about with blue sea; here, on dark nights, I was carried in sailors' arms down long wharves, rowed out upon the dim swell to the one light visible in an immense blackness, and handed up the gangway, trembling with awe at the unfamiliar greatness of the world; here, on bright lonesome mornings, I was rocked in the schooner *Girls* from reach to reach of the beautiful St. Croix; or on another day, when the swift *Huntress* could not make the Eastport wharf in the low tide and sudden tempest, we went ashore in boats to cross fields of wet seaweed, with the needles of the rain in our faces. I can still feel the cool salt breath there steal in from outer deeps, and see it draw a film across the stars. I can still hear the cry of the great winds, with storm upon their wings, sweeping in from reefs and ledges, singing their high death-song of wreck and drowning men. The rafts, the sun-soaked hulls and tarry ropes of the coasters, the light-houses, the islands — whose primeval pines stood like dark sentinels and whose sea-edges were fringed with tender green of dipping birch and willow — the elf-like sails flitting

here and there, the great ships taking sun and shadow and stealing away like grey ghosts, the gloom of cliff and steep, the rolling fogs pierced by a red flame of sunset, the vast tossing stretches of live sunshine and azure and foam, of rose and silver, of violet mists whose dim distances veiled a still farther and yet undiscovered country — all these remain in my recollection, clothed with an atmosphere, half dream, half reality, of vivid beauty, that makes the wild sea-region all to me that a land-locked Arcady or Tempe has been to the fancy of poets and singers from the early days to this.

Kind reader, may you find in the sweet, strong, fine story of *Mary Cameron*, set in the scenery of the coast of Maine, with its added wealth of humanity, of love and sorrow and joy, all of this gentle enchantment, too!

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Newburyport, Mass., June 1, 1899.