



The Battle of Norwood's Cove:
Southwest Harbor's
Victory over the British
In the War of 1812

August 6, 1814
to
August 11, 1814

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Norwood's Cove in the Fog - 1901
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The Shore near the Site of the Battle
Photograph by Henry L. Rand, 1899 - Number 8034 - The Southwest Harbor Public Library Collection of Photographs

A Glorious Battle
in
The War of 1812
at
Southwest Harbor, Maine

The United States declared war on Britain in 1812 for several reasons, among them trade restrictions applied to the United States during the British war with France and in part, because of the Royal Navy's impressment of American merchant seamen. Resentment against the English and French had been growing for some time.

"England," said Jefferson, "seems to have become a den of pirates, and France a den of thieves."

The British blockade of Maine had damaged coastal trade. When the British frigate HMS Tenedos appeared off Duck Island in August of 1814 looking for water, war and treasure, the men and boys of Mount Desert knew exactly how they felt about it and what action to take. Peace negotiations had started that month, but the war continued. Tenedos, commissioned in 1812 under her only commander, Captain Hyde Parker III, had spent the war assisting in the blockade of the New England coast, sailing between Halifax, Nova Scotia and New York. These operations had been expensive. Seamen aboard the 1083-ton frigate were more than ready to engage the enemy.

The people of Mount Desert, citizens of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts in 1814, were not unlike their twenty-first century descendents. They were fiercely independent, possessed of a healthy skepticism, perfectly at home at sea and used to solving their own problems. They had worked hard to establish a life on the island. They were not about to let anyone, particularly the British, from whom they had parted a mere thirty-one years before, restrict their freedom or take what was theirs. These men had grown up hearing family stories about the British. They did not welcome the interruption of trade brought by war, but were not about to yield to pressure from across the sea.

The Battle of Norwood's Cove took place in Southwest Harbor

on August 9, 1814. The “battle,” in the minds of generations of Southwest Harborians, was a glorious American victory over the British. Their families would tell of it for the next two hundred years. The story has been written in Mt. Desert memoirs and histories from at least 1871 to the present day and the town is populated with descendents of the men and women who participated in the event.

British depredations during the War of 1812 were so much a part of island folklore that resident author Ruth Moore, who famously drew from local stories she heard as a child for the events in her novels, included one in her book, “Sarah Walked Over the Mountain” in 1979.

The tale told on the following pages is not a history, but a story of how one little 1814 skirmish in Maine appeared to those Mainers who participated in it and how the events were passed down from generation to generation to become part of the local historical narrative.

For many years the only available contemporary written account of the battle was the terse version found in Tenedos’ ship’s log, carefully copied in London in 1936 and brought home to Southwest Harbor by Arthur C. and Rebecca Carroll (Clark) Foote. Most residents now living on the island first read about the battle in the book written by Rebecca’s Aunt Nell (Carroll) Thornton in 1938.

In 2014 archivists at the Southwest Harbor Public Library found the “Journal of the Proceedings of His Majesty’s Ship Tenedos, Captain: Hyde Parker, Kept by William Begg, Commencing 8th day of April, 1812, Ending 29th day of March, 1815” in the Collection of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. William Begg, the young, newly appointed assistant surgeon on board Tenedos, was a lively observer of everything that involved the vessel and careful to transcribe it in his journal. Archivists, after years of reading successively more embellished accounts, were finally able to read what actually happened on August 9th in 1814.

Nell Thornton is a good place to start as she set the scene, was

related to and knew descendants of those who fought, and told a complete story.

Following her account, the various tales are presented here in order, as they were written, with spelling just as it appears in each version. Names, dates and reported casualties are often inaccurate, but the collected accounts give a fairly good idea of the battle as seen from the shore. The discrepancies, embellishments and mistakes in the stories, along with the often repeated bits, offer an example of how time and the personalities of those who write history help to establish history. William Begg's journal follows. It presents the engagement as it appeared to those on board Tenedos at the Battle of Norwood's Cove.





HMS Pomone, from a color lithograph by Thomas Goldsworth Dalton (1819-1891), after a painting by G.F. St. John. © National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, London, Reference number: S13/1138, image No. PY0764.

Apparently there are no paintings of Tenedos, but this image of HMS Pomone, also a 38 gun, 5th rate frigate of the Leda class, launched in 1805, would have looked almost exactly like her. Tenedos must have been a sight when she anchored at Mount Desert between Sutton and Bear Island in 1814.

The vessel in this painting was wrecked off The Needles, part of the Isle of Wight, in 1811. She should not be confused with the HMS Pomone that served on the American Station with Tenedos during the War of 1812. That vessel, Pomone ex Astrée, was a 44-gun Pallas-class frigate built for the French Navy, launched at Cherbourg in 1809. The Royal Navy captured her in 1810, commissioned her as HMS Pomone and rated her a 38-gun frigate. She and Tenedos took part in the capture of the three-masted heavy frigate, USS President in 1815 toward the end of the War of 1812.

The Battle of Norwood's Cove
as told by
Nellie Rebecca Carroll Thornton,
Mrs. Seth Sprague Thornton in 1938.

In "The Founding of New England" James Truslow Adams tells us that "In July 1814 Sir Thomas Hardy sailed from Halifax with a formidable force for land operations and took possession of a considerable extent of the Maine coast."

The coast and river towns suffered exceedingly from the depredations of this fleet. Bangor, which was a small village at the time, was treated with great severity by the intruders.

One day in August, 1814, Jonathan Rich and his son John were fishing in a small boat outside Duck Island. They saw a ship approaching and were hailed and told to come aboard. Mr. Rich did as he was told and the commander explained that the ship was Her Majesty's ship the Tenedos and wanted Rich to stand pilot. A good price was offered, but the loyal American declined to serve. They bought some of his fish and the boy John had time to examine the guns and count them.

The Tenedos made her way in by sounding and anchored in the channel between Sutton and Bear Islands.

At this time two small vessels were hauled up in the Mill Pond at Norwood's Cove; one, "Four Sisters" belonging to Capt. Benjamin Spurling of Cranberry Island and it is supposed that an enemy of Capt. Spurling reported this to the commander of the English ship who was out to seize and destroy all the American shipping possible. The vessels had been hauled up close to the shore and their masts and rigging concealed with branches of trees so they would hardly be noticed.

The commander sent a message to Capt. Spurling's house demanding \$350 or the vessel would be burned. Capt. Spurling asked for a little time in which to raise the money, which was granted; but, instead of doing so he sent his five sons, Robert, Thomas, William, Enoch and Samuel to raise the militia and at night he

informed the officers that the bond could not be met.

In the early morning, two barges were manned by the Tenedos, the larger containing sixty men and a twelve pound swivel. In this boat Capt. Spurling was obliged to go. The smaller boat contained forty men and a six pounder.

Peter and Timothy Smallidge were rafting some logs up the Sound to the mill. They were intercepted, the logs cut adrift and the men taken on board the Tenedos as prisoners of war. They were liberated some hours later before the ship sailed away.

Meanwhile the Spurling sons had rowed to Southwest Harbor and given the alarm. The men of the settlement gathered as one man to give all possible aid against injustice. There was a limited amount of ammunition to be had. Andrew Herrick, a strong and able man, set out in a small boat from the western shore of the island to row to Castine for a supply of ammunition and possible aid from the settlements along the shores.

A messenger was dispatched through the woods on horseback to Lieut. Col. John Black of Ellsworth, who commanded the militia. Other swift-footed runners carried the alarm to all the settlements on the southern and western shores and the response was immediate.

There was no time to lose and the twenty or thirty men of the settlement of Southwest Harbor gathered at the Back Shore of Clark's Point where they lay in ambush. To get to the vessels the enemy must pass through a narrow passage of water directly under the bluffs where the men were hiding behind the thick trees. Capt. Spurling who had been told that he should "stand and watch his ships burn", warned the soldiers not to go too near the shore, saying that he had five sons in those woods who could shoot a duck on the wing.

As the boat neared the shore toward the cove, Robert Spurling hailed from the woods, warning them not to come too near, but got an insulting answer. "I'd fire into you if my father wasn't there," cried he.

“Never mind me, Rob” shouted the old man, “Fire away, fire away, I tell you. Give these blasted Britishers hell.”

The men on shore hesitated no longer, especially as at this remark one of the soldiers pulled the old man backwards and he fell into the bottom of the boat.

The son fired first and his comrades in ambush followed his example. The smoke rose white above the trees on the shore as shot after shot was fired into the boat, by men who were expert marksmen, trained to shoot from a rocking boat on the waves and seldom miss.

The boats returned the fire hastily and at random and withdrew with their dead and wounded men.

Two Moore boys from Sutton Island, sons of William Moore, who had gone off to the ship to sell raspberries, said that seven dead and a number of wounded men were brought to the ship and hoisted aboard. On the American side the only wound was that Captain Samuel Hadlock of Little Cranberry had two fingers grazed by a bullet. Isaac Lurvey, for many years was able to point out the tree behind which he stood, a lad of eighteen. Several bullets were embedded in the tree. The Heath family of Seal Cove had in their possession a six pound cannon ball picked up just after the battle by William Heath, Ensign of the Independent company. Several other families in the locality had such relics, but they have been forgotten and lost.

Capt. Spurling was released soon after getting back to the ship and the Tenedos sailed out of the harbor.

Several interesting anecdotes were told of happenings during this skirmish. Jacob Lurvey, a veteran of the Revolution, was living on what is now the Worcester farm on the Somesville Road. He had been sick in bed for some time and when the alarm was given, his son Isaac took the one musket and rushed away with it to the scene of action. Toward morning the father got up and began to dress. His wife urged him to remain in bed saying, “You, a sick man can do nothing. What can you do without your musket? Isaac’s got that.” “I am going,” was the reply. “By this time some of our men

have been killed or wounded and there will be a musket for me” and away he went.

Old John Richardson, another Revolutionary Veteran, lived on Beech Hill. He was entirely deaf, but he heard the summons but did not understand where the men were to assemble and so came walking down the slope on the north side of the cove in the midst of the action in full view of the British in their barge.

His neighbors called to him to come around the other way so as not to expose himself, but he could not hear them and apparently had no fear for from behind a rock he calmly loaded and fired at the enemy who sent a charge from a gun to annihilate him, but when the dust and turf and stones cleared away, brave old John was loading and firing as if nothing had happened.

During the firing the British caught sight of a man coming up from the Point with a bag full of bullets over his shoulder. It was Capt. Nathan Clark. They fired at him but missed the mark. “Better grease your damn old muzzles and try again,” he shouted.

As the boats turned to go back to the ship the sharp eyes of the ambushed men noted that only five men were at the oars instead of twelve.

Mrs. Comfort Fernald watched the battle from her home on Fernald Point.

Mrs. Hannah Lurvey, wife of Jacob, heard the firing that morning as she was milking her cow.

The militia under Col. Black arrived just too late to be of any service, having marched the twenty miles from Ellsworth during the night.

So runs the story of the Battle of Norwood’s Cove as it has been handed down through the years from those who had a part in it. Now for the British side of the same story:

During the summer of 1936 Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Foote were traveling in Europe and while in London they went to the British War Office and in the Department of Public Records, copied the log of the Tenedos with the following record of her actions during the

month of July and part of August when she was cruising along the coast of Maine. The record was not easy to follow as Capt. Hyde Parker's handwriting was not of the plainest and his spelling was his own, but it was learned that the Tenedos left Monhegan Island on August 4, 1814, and sailed down the coast, sighting Long Island at midnight, August 5th. By the evening of the sixth she had made up apparently through the Western Way into the inner bay and anchored off North East Harbor. She then began to get water, sending all her boats ashore. The next day, the seventh and the following one, the eighth, the watering of the ship continued. Wood was brought on board. There is no record of any open show of hostility on the part of the inhabitants of the islands.

Following is the log exactly as written or as near as could be made out:

Aug. 8th. "Received on board 4 live Oxen weighing 1650 lbs. when alive and 304 lbs. of potatoes sent a boat for sand. Completed water to 96 Tons 5.30 in all boats."

Aug. 9th. "Fresh breezes and hasey with rain at 6 o'clock obs'd a schooner enter the Harbor fired a Shot at her and brought her too she proved to be from Eastport bound to Portland with passengers by pass from Sir S Hardy allowed her to procede."

Aug. 10th. "Moderate and hasey with small rain at 4 o'clock Ditto W (weather?) out Barge and cutter and sent them up the Harbor Manned and Arm'd 7 (o'clock) Boats returned John Peterson(s) and James Pickard(m) being severely wounded and Thos Hughes (s) slightly by a party of Militia. Noon Light Breezes and fine (etc) Employed setting up Foretopmast and Top Gallant rigging."

Aug. 11th. The ship weighed anchor and left the waters of Mt Desert apparently the way she had come.

The "s" after Peterson's name seems to mean sailor, while the "m" marine. There is no record that either Peterson or Pickard died of their wounds. After the names and details about the various members of the crew in the Muster Book for that period, July-August, 1814, there is nothing to show that anything had happened to

them. After James Pickard, Lieut., is the phrase "Discharged May 12, 1814 Invalided per scurvy." But this dates before the skirmish. Mr. Foote followed the log and the Muster Book for a month or more without finding any further record of these men, so it would seem that they did not die of their wounds received in the "Battle of Norwood's Cove."

Capt. Parker did not note in his log that the oxen and potatoes which he took on board were part of a ransom paid by a Cranberry Island man in exchange for a promise that his little fishing vessel with which he earned his living, would not be burned. The local story claimed that the two boys who were selling raspberries to the sailors on the Tenedos at the time the Barge and cutter returned from their conflict with the Militia, saw seven lifeless bodies hoisted from the boats to the ship. To their astonished and terrified eyes, three were easily magnified to seven. Otherwise, the story as handed down by the local residents agrees with the logbook of Capt. Hyde Parker.

"The weakest ink is stronger than the longest memory" says the Chinese proverb.

Man-of-War Brook on the western shore of Somes Sound is so called because warships of early days used to fill their water casks at that clear, cold stream.

The late Perry W. Richardson of McKinley village, Tremont, had the following ancient and suggestive writing found among the papers of his grandfather, the late Thomas Richardson, first settler in that locality and a man prominent in the affairs of the Island and one who served on many important committees.

Castine 10 Sept. 1814

The submission of the Inhabitants of Mount Desert having been accepted and protection promised them, they are not to be molested either in their persons or property, so long as they behave themselves peaceably and quietly and commit no acts of Hostility against the British Forces.

Edw. Griffith, Rear Admiral,
Commandg.

To the respective Captains and Commanders of His Maj.'s Ships and Vessels.

A true copy

Attest:

Davis Wasgatt

William Heath

Com. of Mount Desert

Several men of Mount Desert Island were captured during the 1812 war and confined in Dartmoor prison.

Andrew Herrick, father of Isaac, was at Southwest Harbor for some years and owned land at Cranberry Island. At the time of the "battle of Norwood's Cove", in August of 1814, Andrew Herrick rowed to Castine to obtain a supply of ammunition from the fort at that place. He returned to Northport a few years later.

Mount Desert Island has not been behind the rest of the State in raising men of courage, energy and high moral principles. It is of one of these, Mr. Stephen Richardson, that I wish to speak.

He was born at Beech Hill (which was also the birthplace of the late Bishop Clark of Cincinnati, Ohio), July 1791. His childhood was passed in this enchanting spot, surrounded by the mountains and with Echo Lake but a short distance from his father's house. Here, with his companions, he waded, bathed and swam or rowed upon the lake in summer and skated upon its icy surface in winter. And not the least attraction was the wonderful echo of sound which gives to this lovely sheet of water its name.

Mr. Richardson was an active participant in the Battle of Norwood's Cove. A brave handful of men had determined to defend the vessels which had been taken into the Mill Pond at Southwest Harbor for safety while a British war ship was cruising the coast and destroying all American shipping during the war of 1812. A skirmish occurred at what is now called The Back Shore at the entrance to the Mill Pond, and several of the British were killed or wounded.

As the Americans fired on the enemy from behind trees and rocks and were thus unseen by the foe, there were none killed, and the British withdrew.

Mr. Richardson was a frequent and ever welcome guest at my father's house and although the frost of many winters had whitened his head when I first heard him relate his experience at the battle of Norwood's Cove, the kindling eye and flushed countenance told plainly what the excitement of the hour must have been. "But we did not do right", he said in conclusion. "We fired upon them as soon as they came abreast of us. Had we allowed them to pass in a short distance before firing, they could not have got out so quickly and we should have killed as many again of them."

He paid no attention to our look of dismay as the thought crossed our mind that perhaps he had taken the life of a fellow being, but added with evident satisfaction, "But we killed considerable many of them, though."

The Capt. Nichols mentioned above came to Southwest Harbor with Benjamin Ward, Jr., after the war of 1812. Both young men were captured by the British and confined in Dartmoor prison in England where they suffered great hardship. When liberated Capt. Nichols accompanied his friend to his home in Southwest Harbor and married one of the daughters of the Ward family.

"Traditions and Records of Southwest Harbor and Somesville, Mount Desert Island, Maine" by Mrs. Seth S. Thornton, 1938, p. 96-102.

The Andrew Herrick story appears on page 127.

The Capt. Nichols / Benjamin Ward Jr. story appears on pages 193-194.

The Stephen Richardson story appears on pages 334-335.



The Battle of Norwood's Cove
as told by
Benjamin Franklin DeCosta in 1871

A Fight at Norwood's Cove

To General De Peyster's journal I am indebted for the tradition in regard to a struggle at the above place in Somes' Sound, between the islanders and the British, during the Revolutionary war.

It appears, from the account, that the Captain of the British Frigate Tenedos undertook to cut out a couple of schooners at Norwood's Cove. At the time two companies of militia were stationed there, and when the British rowed in with their boats they opened fire, causing them to return to the Tenedos with considerable loss. It is said that the British buried their dead on Bear Island.

"Rambles in Mount Desert: With Sketches of Travel on the New England Coast, from Isles of Shoals to Grand Menan" by [Benjamin Franklin] DeCosta, A. D. F. Randolph and Company, New York and A. Williams & Co., Boston, 1871, p. 279.

"General De Peyster...visited Mount Desert in the years 1856-7" - p. 277
Benjamin DeCosta had consulted "The Dutch at the North pole and the Dutch in Maine." A paper read before the New York historical society by J. Watts (John Watts) De Peyster (1821-1907), 3d March, 1857.



The Battle of Norwood's Cove
as told by
Thomas Bunker Sr.
to his great nephew
Horace Gilley Bunker Circa 1862

In 1814 I was in command of a schooner owned in Boston. Capt. Benj. Spurling also had a vessel and as the embargo was on whereby all vessels were forbidden to venture outside, or to pass any Headlands for fear of being captured by the British cruisers that infested the coast at that time. Cpt. Spurling and I hauled our vessels well into Norwoods cove as far as we could at high tide. When we saw the British war ship Tenedos come in and anchor above Suttons Island we suspected she meant mischief. So we went over to our vessels to be there in case the British came in, to do what we could to save our property. While we were there a boat came in from the ship but as the officer in charge had no authority to treat with us he took Capt. Spurling and myself on board the ship to consult with the Captain.

It was arranged that Capt. Spurling would remain on board as hostage until I went on shore to raise money to ransom our vessels. I was put on shore and immediately proceeded to raise men instead of money. My father kept a small store at the Pool on Great Cranberry Island and quite a number of men used to congregate there to talk over the war etc. Word was sent in different directions, also a messenger to John A. Hotchkiss who commanded the militia at Eden but the messenger was stopped at Beach Hill by one of the selectmen as he feared if the English were interfered with they would destroy the settlement. There were about 17 or 18 men gathered in the woods that lined the south side of the entrance to Norwoods cove. The British getting impatient at my delay and anticipating trouble sent in a barge with an armed crew and a small swivel mounted on her bow.

Capt. Spurling was also sent in the barge. When the barge approached near enough she was hailed and told to keep off as the woods were full of armed men and if they came nearer they would be fired into but they did not heed the warning and still ap-

proached with the intention of entering the cove but after several shots had been exchanged the barge retreated out of musket range and fired several shots from the swivel gun but did no damage, then returned to the ship. During the fight Capt. Spurling was placed in an exposed position they thinking the people would not fire for fear of hitting him but the old man shouted “fire away Boys don’t mind me.”

After the fight was all over the militia company from Eden (who had gotten word someway) appeared on the North side of the Cove and paraded out on a clear spot in full view of the ship. The next day Capt. Spurling says he saw them put three dead men in a boat he could not say whether there were more or not, allowed to see all that they were doing. After burying the dead on the table land above Dog Mountain replenishing their water supply from a stream in that vicinity they put Capt. Spurling into a shore boat and the ship put to sea.

Horace Gilley Bunker (1842-1926) was the great nephew of Thomas Bunker Sr. (1790-1867).

Fragment preserved by historian William Otis Sawtelle, originally in his collection at the Islesford Historical Museum, now in the collection of the National Park Service, U.S. Department of Interior, Acadia National Park, as: William Otis Sawtelle Collection 1692-1941 (Bulk Dates 1890-1935). The history above appears on pages 141 and 143 of a ledger, probably hand written by Sawtelle as it is intertwined with other notes by him.



The Battle of Norwood's Cove
as told by
Ezra Herrick Dodge III in 1871

The Battle of Norwood's Cove

This action occurred on the 9th of August, 1814, commencing Tuesday morning at sunrise, and lasting thirty minutes.

The approach of a ship was seen by Johnathan Rich and his son John, who were fishing in a small boat outside of Duck Island a day or two before the engagement, and as she neared them one of the crew, probably the commander, hailed: - "Come along side." "Heave to, and I will," answered the boat. After getting alongside, the executive officer explained that it was the King's ship, Tenedos, bound in for water, and asked Mr. Rich to pilot, who like a loyal American, refused, although a great price was offered; they traded fish, though, and while the talk was going on, the youth John, who was afterwards in the battle, was making himself busy counting the guns on a side, and considering the meaning of the figures, "18 pounds," stamped on their muzzles.

The sloop-of-war Tenedos found her way in by sounding, and anchored in the channel between Sutton's and Bear Islands.

At the same [time] two coasting vessels were hauled up at the head of Norwood's Cove, one, "Four Sisters," belonging to Benjamin Spurling, of Cranberry Island; and it is supposed that an enemy of Mr. Spurling: reported this fact to the commander of the English ship: who considered it his prerogative if not his duty, to seize and bond the vessel; acting on this principle an officer was sent ashore to Mr. Spurling's, demanding \$350 on this vessel.

Mr. Spurling asked for a little time to raise the money, which was granted, but instead of doing so, he sent his five sons, Robert, Thomas, William, Enoch and Samuel to raise a militia, and at night informed the officer that the bond could not be met. Two barges were then got ready, the larger containing sixty men and mounting a twelve pound swivel; in this one Mr. Spurling was compelled to go. The smaller one contained forty men and a six-pounder. About

twenty-five men under the command of Capt. William Thom of Mt. Desert, lay in ambush on what is now called Clarke's Point. As the larger barge advanced into the cove, Robert Spurling hailed from the shore, warning the English to keep off, but tot an insulting answer. "I would fire into you if my father was not there," said Robert."

"Oh never mind me! fire away!" said the old man, as white scattering locks polished in the red rays of the coming sun.

The Americans opened fire in true Continental style, coolly and effectively, making the enemy realize the spirit of freedom which dwelt in the hearts of the fisherman and pioneer on the coast and in the forest, on the land and on the sea, at Mt. Desert as at Boston, ready and active. The English returned fire hastily and at random; after losing seven men killed and a dozen or more wounded, they very humbly withdrew, leaving the field to the militia.

Samuel Hadlock was wounded in the right forefinger as he fired from behind a tree, being the only American touched; the tree was afterwards cut down and seventeen "king's arm" balls taken out.

A few hours afterwards Benjamin Spurling was released, and the British ship-of-war weighed anchor and went on her way, but probably not rejoicing.

The military organization in 1814 was: Colonel Black of Ellsworth, General Commander

The Mt. Desert company of militia officered by William Thom, Capt., John Lear, 1st Lieut.

The Eden company, John O. Hotchkiss, Capt.

An independent company, with Daniel Pepper, Capt.; Samuel Hadlock, Lieut.; William Heath, Ensign.

The relics of the battle are very few; Mrs. Catherine Heath of Seal Cove, (Tremont) has a six-pound cannon ball which her husband, William Heath, Ensign of the Independent Company, picked up just after the battle; some other shot were preserved at the time, but the people considered the action quite insignificant, and they

were soon forgotten or wasted.

There are quite a number of persons living who were there - at Norwood's Cove - and they seem to remember, pretty well, what occurred, but their dates are so conflicting that it is necessary to go to the calendar of 1814, by which, the year began on Saturday, and August on Monday - the first Tuesday was the second day of the month, and the second Tuesday was the ninth; they all agree that it was on Tuesday, and somewhat past the first of the month. Now, if any of the veterans are confounded with this statement, (as probably many will read it), let them take the figures, as has been done in this case, and compare with the year.

Insignificant as this may seem or be, the principle contended for was as great as the most brilliant achievement of the war, and the love of liberty swelled the hearts of these humble patriots as fervently as it pulsed the minds of the "great men." All day the minute men, enrolled or not, took their way by paths or boat, to the vicinity of Norwood's Cove and South West Harbor, either in company, squad, or alone, caring only to "defend themselves and their liberties," and prove themselves true to their first principle - American Independence. Young men who fought there, have lived to maintain their sentiments, and again renew their pledge to their country, by sending sons and grandsons to "do what they could" toward crushing the rebellion of the South, some of whom enriched with their bodies, and moistened with their blood the battle fields, and as the earth closed over their shattered frames, the old father caught back the changing spirit and held it out, a dying reproach to the faltering neighborhood.

"Mount Desert Island and the Cranberry Isles," by Ezra H. Dodge, published by N.K. Sawyer, Printer in Ellsworth, p. 29-31, 1871.



The Battle of Norwood's Cove

as told by
George Ward Nichols in 1872

This engaging reference to the Battle, written in 1872, comes from a story told to the author, George Ward Nichols of Cincinnati, Ohio, who was himself born in Tremont. He describes a boat excursion from Somesville down Somes Sound to Southwest Harbor. The party had arrived at Man O' War Brook at the base of Robinson Mountain (Acadia Mountain today) on the west side of the sound.

“This is a very famous place, Sir,” said one of the boatmen, who until now had divided his energies between tugging at his oar and gnawing at a pigtail of very black tobacco, which he carried, with his red handkerchief, in the crown of his hat. “In the Revolutionary war the British fleet used to come in here and get water and things. You know, Sir, there’s no soundings ever been found alongside that mountain, and a man-o-war can lie right alongside that cliff and get water enough out of the big spring to fill her hold if she’d like.”

“One would suppose this an exposed point in event of a war.”

“Well, Sir, that’s jes what it is, Sir. In the war of twelve” (1812) they came in here and sent boats’ crews up the sound; but I tell you the d---d Britisher got more nor he come fur. They tuk away cold lead with ‘em. Our people fought ‘em hard. The reason they come in here, Sir, is ‘cause this is the best harbor on the coast. A thousand vessels can ride at anchor safe from any gale.”

Harper’s New Monthly Magazine, No. CCLXVII, August, 1872,
Vol. XLV, Mount Desert by George Ward Nichols, p. 340.



The Battle of Norwood's Cove
as told by
Moses Foster Sweetser in 1888

Away back among the farmlands ripple and flash the bright waters of Norwood's Cove, opening away for a full half-mile from the Sound, with quiet farmhouses along its shore-roads. Among the old-time settlers at Norwood's Cove (before 1784) were Mrs. Ruth Norwood, Andrew Tarr, William Gilley, Tyler Reed, and George Herman. The name of Norwood has been extinct at the cove for a quarter of a century. Hither also came Jacob Lurvey, from Byfield, Massachusetts, in 1791, settling comfortably down in a log hut, on the present Fiske farm, not far from the site of the cottage occupied in summer by the Rev. C.F. Dole, of Jamaica Plain. Mr. Somers occupied the farm to the eastward (since Lawlor's); with William Gilley on the west; and Daniel Tarr on Fernald's Point...

It was on a bright August day of 1812 that the British ship-of-the-line Tenedos anchored between Sutton's Island and Bear Island, and sent in two well-armed boats'-crews; numbering 100 men, with two cannon, to cut out and destroy the American vessels that had been secreted in this retired bay. One of these was the Four Sisters, of Cranberry Isle; and the English commander offered her owner, Benjamin Spurling, to bond her for \$350. But the patriotic islander sent his five sturdy sons, Robert, Thomas, William, Enoch and Samuel to rouse the militia of Mount Desert, and Captain Thom quickly assembled 25 men of the Tremont company, on Norwood's Cove. The pilot, who had been impressed and compelled to guide the invaders into this fastness, warned them that there would be many a Yankee volunteer up in there, ready to receive them hotly; "An' my boys 'll be thar, tew, an' they are used ter shootin' coots off the rocks, at a hundred yards, and won't miss 'em once in a hundred times." But the blue-jackets, like true British tars, refused to be turned aside by this suggestion, and so up went the boats, with their gallant crews. When well into the cove, the old pilot knew that he was close upon the ambush of the patriots, and, standing up in the boat, he cried out: "Boys, I'm right here, because they made me. But don't mind me, let 'em

have it.” The answer came in a shower of rifle-balls, which swept the boats from stem to stern, and smote many of its occupants with grievous wounds, so that the invaders were glad to escape into the Sound again, with only a few men left at the oars, and so to take refuge in their great ship-of-war, where the surgeon and the chaplain had work for many a day. And amid all this carnage, the old captain remained unscathed. The militiamen had but one of their number wounded, while the King’s troops lost 7 men killed and 12 wounded. By nightfall enough volunteers had assembled around the cove to beat off a squadron; but all they had to do was to pick up the barges’ cannon-balls as mementos of the day, and to watch the unlucky Tenedos as she spread her sails and tacked out of this hornets’ nest...

Beyond (and between Dog and Robinson) [mountains] is the little Man-of-War Brook, where the British frigates, during the War of 1812, used to come for supplies of fresh water.

“Chisholm’s Mount-Desert Guide-Book” by Moses Foster Sweetser, published by Chisholm Brothers, 1888, p. 81 and 91.



The Battle of Norwood's Cove
as told by
Augustus Chase Savage in 1902

Captain Spurling had the company of several acquaintances while being detained [aboard Tenedos.] A.C. Savage wrote in 1902:

“My uncles Peter [Savage] and Timothy Smallidge got out a lot of logs and yarded them in [Harbor]brook just above where the bridge now is. The English ship Tenedos was lying at anchor near Bear Island. Uncle Peter and Uncle Timothy, with father [John Savage II] started towing the logs to Somesville but were taken on board the enemy's ship as prisoners-of-war and were kept there until after the battle at Norwood's Cove.”

Fragment from the Battle story in “Mount Desert - An Informal History Edited by Gunnar Hansen,” section, “Discovery and Early Settlement of Mt. Desert,” written by Richard M. Savage II, 1989, p. 21.



The Battle of Norwood's Cove

as told by
George Edward Street in 1903

During the War of 1812 there was much suffering and many deprivations among the inhabitants of the island. English cruisers infested the bays and harbors along the coast of Maine, and the settlers were obliged to pay tribute to them or have their property destroyed. It is recorded, for instance, that Captain Amariah Leland was building a small vessel in his yard, near Emery's Cove, when a barge from an English privateer landed, and he was obliged to pay \$500 or have his vessel burned. These privateers were so numerous that it was dangerous to attempt to carry wood or lumber to market by water, or to bring supplies of any kind from the westward; consequently the inhabitants had to subsist on game and fish, and what they could raise on their farms. William Mason and Thomas Paine, coming in from fishing in a sailboat one day in 1814, were fired at by the crew of an English barge and Mason was wounded. Paine landed at Bar Island and Mason was carried to the house there, where he died the next day. William Thompson, William Wasgatt, and Elisha Young were taken by the English and carried to Halifax, where Wasgatt and Young were kept for some time as prisoners of war, while Thompson was carried to England and confined in prison till the war closed.

The chief event of the war-time on the island itself was the skirmish at Norwood's Cove. One day in August, 1814, a British sloop of war, the *Tenedos*, sailed in the Eastern Way and anchored in the deep water between Bear Island and Sutton's. She had been seen outside of the Duck Islands by two fishermen, whom she tried to engage as pilots, but they would have nothing to do with her. The chief man on Great Cranberry was Captain Benjamin Spurling, founder of all families of that name. Two of his vessels were at that time laid up in Norwood's Cove, and lest they should attract notice from outside, their topmasts had been taken down and green treetops put in place, while the vessels themselves were run up at high tide into Harmon's brook.

When Captain Spurling saw the masts of the Tenedos looming up over Sutton's Island, he knew the intent of her coming. Taking a man, he rowed over to the ship and tried to dissuade those in command, offering them a yoke of slaughtered oxen if they would forego their purpose. The British officers replied very truculently that it was their commission to burn Yankee vessels, and he should go with them and see them burn. They wanted him for their own protection, thinking the people would not fire at them when they saw him. Spurling warned them not to enter the cove, saying that he had three sons over there who could shoot a duck on the wing. He was a man of fiery temperament, and his indignation knew no bounds.

Meanwhile two young men from Great Cranberry rowed over to Southwest Harbor and traveled all night up through the farms and hills to the other side of the mountains, sounding the alarm. All night long men were hurrying singly or in squads to the scene of action.

How many came cannot be learned, probably about seventy, as the settlers at that date were few and scattered. Jacob Lurvey, a veteran soldier of the Revolution, lived in the old house recently burned in the field as one turns to the left on the Somesville road to climb Beech Hill. He had one musket, and that his son Isaac, eighteen years old, had marched away with in the night. Toward morning the father himself, who had long been sick in bed, grew restless and finally got up and began to dress. "What are you thinking of, Jacob?" cried his wife. "You, sick man, and going down to the fight!" And then, to head him off utterly, "What could you do without your musket? Isaac's got that." "Yes, I'm going. By this time some of our men have been wounded, and there'll be a musket for me." Old John Richardson, another soldier of the Revolution, lived up on Beech Hill. He was deaf as a post, yet heard the summons, but did not seem to hear where the rendezvous was to be, and so came down the slope on the north side of the cove, in full view of the British in their barge. His neighbors called to him not to expose himself but to come around where they were. He heard nothing and apparently feared nothing, for singly there behind a rock he loaded and aimed at the enemy, who finally thought

to annihilate him with a charge from a shotted gun, which threw up the earth in a mass of turf and stones and dust, in which brave old John disappeared, to reappear again after a while loading and firing as if nothing had happened.

The battle proved to be short in duration and at very short range. In the early dawn of Tuesday, August 9, a twelve-oared launch full of men, with a swivel-gun in the bows, left the warship and drew in toward Clark's Point. Another smaller barge followed. The combatants were near enough to converse, to chaff with and challenge each other before the skirmish began. The militia were in the dense thicket along the shore, but every now and then one of them would run out on the rocks, or warn the invaders that the woods were full of men and they would be routed. Especially when the form of the brave Captain Spurling was seen in the barge, an effort was made to save his life by urging the British to give up their undertaking. One of his sons, Robert, rushed out on the high rocks below the present Downs cottage. His plea was most earnest to have his father spared. The officer bade his oarsmen lay to their oars, and ordered the old captain to be crowded down in the bottom of the barge. There the soldiers walked over him, or on him, as best suited their mood, until he raised himself up, said he might as well die in one way as another, and cried back to his son and the men on the shore, "Never mind me, Rob, I am an old man; but give it to these dashed Britishers as hard as you can." Through an opening in the thicket the British caught sight of a man coming up from the Point with a bag over his shoulders laden with bullets. It was Captain Nathan Clark. They fired at him, but missed the mark. "Better grease your dashed old muzzles and try again," was his retort. The militia fired from behind some natural breastworks covered with a thicket above. This enabled them to rest their guns, pick their men, at the same time to be themselves unseen. The reply from the barge's pivot-gun, though meant to be most sweeping and devastating, went wild, high overhead, breaking branches, hitting rocks, but wounding no one. Even the British musket fire, aimed at men behind trees on the south side of the cove, filled the trees with bullets, but hit nobody. Isaac Lurvey for years afterward showed the tree he stood behind, riddled with seventeen bullets above his head.

It soon became evident to the British commander, who had not yet really entered the cove, that his men were simply targets for the marksmen who, were invisible if not invulnerable, and that he had wholly underrated their capacity for defense, so he ordered his barges to draw off, with their killed and wounded. It was noticed that five instead of twelve were at the oars as they rowed away. As to the losses of the British, the only data we have is the testimony of two boys, who, like boys of to-day, were apt to be around when not wanted, using their eyes. These boys, sons of William Moore, living near the present site of the Burnham cottage on Sutton's Island, had gone aboard the Tenedos to sell raspberries. They were on board when the defeated barge came back with its dead. They saw seven lifeless bodies raised by tackles and slowly let down into the hold of the ship. On the American side the only damage was that Captain Samuel Hadlock of Little Cranberry had two fingers grazed by a bullet.

Dr. Street wrote the story of this skirmish for the annual meeting of the Southwest Harbor Village Improvement Society in 1902, and it was printed in the Northeast Harbor and Seal Harbor Herald of September 19, 1902. He derived his information from the descendants of the men who participated, particularly from Rev. O. H. Fernald, - whose grandmother watched the fight from the window of the house on Fernald's Point, - Levi Lurvey, William Herrick, W.H.A. Heath, Jacob Mayo, and Mrs. J.A. Holden. The story of the Moore boys was told by them to Miss Mary Carroll, who told it to Dr. Street. Mr. E.[H]. Dodge, who had talked with survivors of the skirmish, recorded the story in his little history in 1871, and Chisholm's Guide Book had a version of the same tale. Colonel William E. Hadlock of Ialesford, whose great uncle was wounded, has written out still another version as he had the story from his family.

The Eden town records show that the Eden militia were called out in 1814 to go to Southwest Harbor to protect vessels from the British.

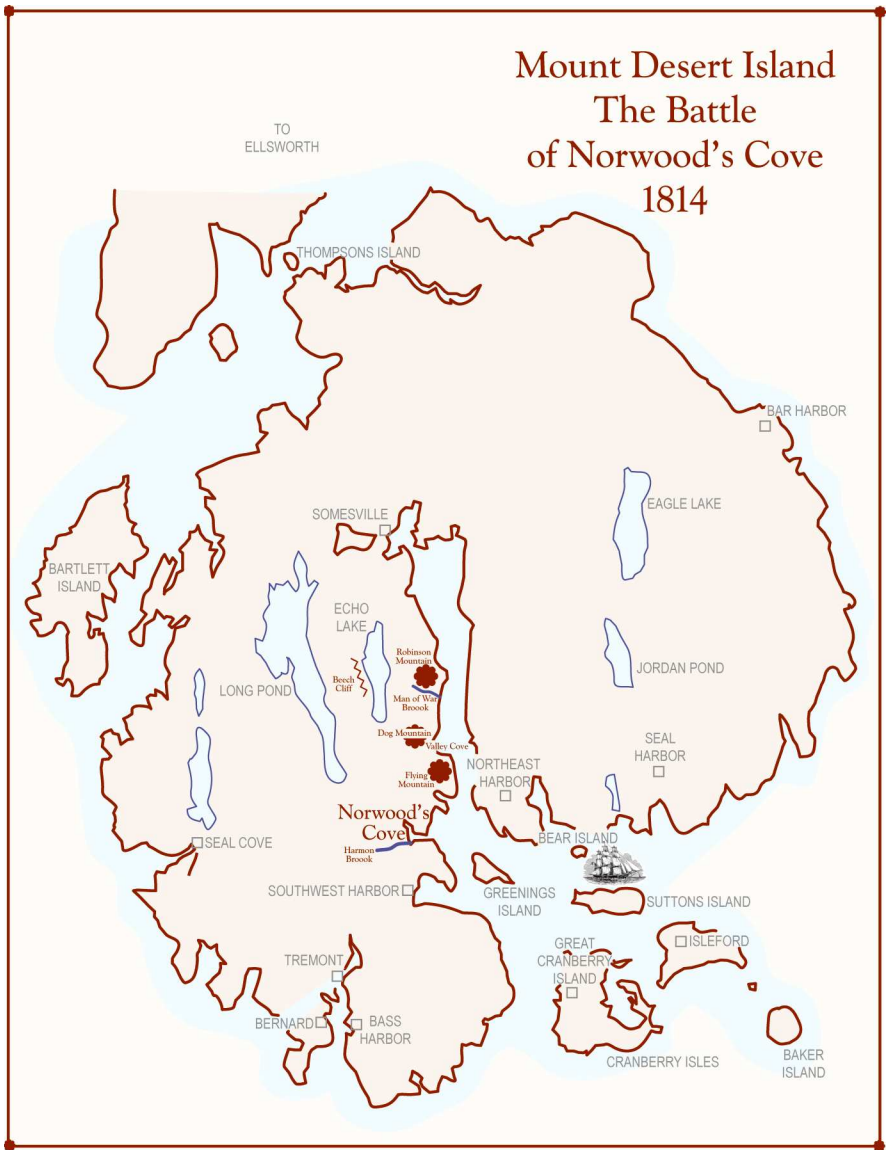
The year after Mr. Clark [Henry Higgins Clark - Deacon] was born the United States declared war with England, and when he was three and a half years old the skirmish called the battle of Norwood's Cove occurred, which he remembered to the end of his life. It was just before this skirmish that Joseph Moore, an immediate ancestor of the Moores now living in Manset, came to the house of Mrs. Clark saying that the British were likely to come on shore, and that they would kill and burn everything and everybody who opposed them, and urging her to flee for life. She placed her children in a boat and rowed across the harbor and

found refuge with Peter [Dolliver], in a house which was well hidden by woods. This affair, though of short duration, made an indelible impression, and Deacon Clark was always delighted to tell of it as his first and only battle.

“Mount Desert: A History” by George E. Street, Edited by Samuel A. Eliot, Houghton, Mifflin and Company, 1905, p. 123-218.

The Nathan Clark story appears on pages 295-296.





There are many early maps of Mount Desert Island, but none c.1814 that clearly show the environs of the Battle. Later maps are interesting and useful for other purposes, but show distractions of their period that have nothing to do with the situation as it existed in 1814. This map, drawn by Charlotte R. Morrill for the Southwest Harbor Public Library, shows Tenedos at anchor and the locale of the various stories of the battle.

The Battle Of Norwood's Cove
as told by
Maud E. (Mason) Trask in 1916

The "Tenedos," British ship of war,
one calm midsummer's day,
With the Union Jack at her mast head,
Sailed through the Western Way.

The coming of that ship had caused
A wave of wild alarm,
For well the sturdy fishers knew
Her coming meant great harm.

For they had heard of vessels burned,
And towns and hamlets razed
Along the whole New England coast,
And they were sore amazed.

When Capt. Spurling saw the ship
At anchor in the bay
He took a boat, and bravely pulled
To where the vessel lay.

I come, he said, that I may learn
Your mission near our isle,
And if for plunder you are here,
I pray you, pause a while.

A yoke of my stout oxen
You shall have this very day,
And then I trust, you'll be content
To quickly sail away.

"We're sent to burn your Yankee ships,"
The captain made return,
And you shall go along with us
And watch your vessels burn.

But news had traveled far and wide
And ere the break of day,
The men from all the countryside
Had gathered for the fray.

Two young men from Cranberry Isle,
Upon the eve before,
Had seen the ship and knew her for
An English man-of-war.

They rowed to Southwest Harbor
And traveled the whole night long,
Calling the men from village and town,
And every distant farm.

Old John Richardson on Beech Hill,
Although deaf as a post,
Heard the summons, and came in haste,
To join the gathering host.

Not knowing just the meeting place,
He came charging down the slope
On the north side, just across the cove,
And then his rifle spoke.

In full view of the British ship,
Which turned on him it's ire,
But brave old John only disappeared,
To appear again, and fire.

In the early dawn of that August morn,
A barge drew near the land,
And behind the rocks and trees there crouched
A most determined band.

But when they saw, among the crew
Their good friend, Capt. Ben,
They for a while delayed to shoot
Until he called to them.

Don't mind me, Rob, I'm an old man;
This to his son on shore,
Give it to them as hard as you can;
Then the bullets around him tore.

Up from the Point, with a bag of powder,
Came Capt. Nathan Clark.
The British turned on him their fire
But only to miss the mark.

The shots flew wide, and Nathan chuckled,
As he leaped midst the sheltering trees,
Grease your dashed old muzzles, and try again,
And shoot as much as you please.

The British aimed their muskets,
And trained their pivot gun.
They hit a lot of rocks and trees,
But Yankees, never a one.

The tree where Isaac Lurvey stood,
And just above his head,
Was pierced by seventeen bullet holes,
A shocking waste of lead.

In after years he showed the place
To many a wandering youth,
And told the tale of that leaden hail,
Nor did they doubt it's truth.

But every shot from the Yankee Boys,
Unerring reached it's mark.
And the barges pulled away from land,
To take shelter in their barque.

And out of twelve good oarsmen,
Who proudly pulled away,
Only five returned uninjured
To where the vessel lay.

Two sons there of Wm. Moore
Upon that ship of war;
They boarded her to sell some fruit,
And this is what they saw.

Seven lifeless bodies drawn on deck;
A sad and woeful sight.
In after years they told the tale
On many a winter's night.

My song is sung; my tale is told,
And you who read this rime,
Should do full honors to these men,
Who, in that good old time,
As brave Horatius kept the bridge,
In the brave days of old,
Made ducks and drakes of Johnny Bull
A[t] the battle of Norwood's Cove.

Printed in a local paper circa 1916.
Reproduced from memory in 1984
by Maud E. (Mason) Trask's fourth cousin,
Raymond Perry Mace (1905-1987).

"Horatius kept the bridge" - Publius Horatius Cocles. an officer in the army of the Roman Republic who defended the Pons Sublicius from the invading army of Lars Porsena, the king of Clusium in the late 6th century BC, during the war between Rome and Clusium. Thomas Babington Macaulay, (1800-1859), 1st Baron Macaulay, retold the story in "Horatius," part of his poem, "Lays of Ancient Rome," 1892. Generations of nineteenth and twentieth century schoolchildren chanted the verse:

"Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods?"

The Battle of Norwood's Cove
as told by
Virginia Somes-Sanderson in 1982

The War of 1812 had considerable effects on the settlers of Mount Desert...It became increasingly dangerous to carry lumber or wood to market by water or to bring in supplies...One day, William Mason, who lived in Somesville, and Thomas Paine Jr., returning from a fishing trip off the Porcupine Islands at Bar Harbor, were hailed by an English barge and ordered to stop. Thinking, no doubt, that they might get their "catch" safely ashore, they rowed on. A soldier on the barge fired and William Mason was wounded. Allowed to take his friend to a house near the shore, Thomas Paine then went through the woods on foot after Dr. Kendall Kittredge who lived at Somesville. The two men returned, but Mason was so badly wounded that he died the next day...Williamson does not even mention what is known to Mount Desert residents as the "Battle of Norwood's Cove," though it was more of a skirmish than a battle. But though some details vary in accounts handed down from person to person, the story itself is factual.

"The Living Past: Being the Story of Somesville, Mount Desert, Maine and Its Relationships with Other Areas of the Island" by Virginia Somes-Sanderson, 1982, p. 102-3.

"Williamson" is William D. Williamson who wrote "The History of the State of Maine from Its First Discovery A.D. 1602 to the Separation A.S. 1820 Inclusive" in 1832.



JOURNAL
OF THE
PROCEEDINGS OF
His Majesty's Ship
TENEDOS,
Capt: *Hyde Parker.*
Kept by
WILLIAM BEGG.
Commencing 8th day of April, 1812.
Ending 29th day of March, 1815.

Journal of the Proceedings of His Majesty's Ship Tenedos,
Captain: Hyde Parker. Kept by William Begg.
Commencing 8th day of April, 1812.
Ending 29th day of March, 1815 - page 5,
Collection of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

Journal of the Proceedings
of His Majesty's Ship Tenedos, Captⁿ Hyde Parker
Kept by William Begg
Commencing 8th day of April, 1812
Ending 29th day of March, 1815

Wednesday the 8th of April 1812 being come, a period which I had fixed on as a fortnight before leaving College, after taking a tender farewell of my mother, my brother in law Mr. George Telfer, and my friend Mr. David Clark, there we started and I embarked, full of hope, tinged with sorrow, on board the Eliza Leith Smack, T. Marshall, Master, bound for London. As long as I could distinguish one individual from another, I perceived my Father at the very extremity of the pier anxiously looking after the vessel...

...The next morning having got a suit of uniforms made by a Taylor in the Strand, having appointed an Agent by Power of Attorney, I prepared to leave the Metropolis, and therefore embarked same day on board a large boat at Billingsgate, and arrived at Gravesend same evening; from there I took a passage in the tide: coach to Rochester, & was set down at the Chest Arms Inn in Chatham, where I was so fortunate as to fall in with two of my Shipmates, the Surgeon & Purser, who informed me the Ship was just put in commission, that she was not out of dock yet. – Slept there, went with them on board the Tenedos next day – was at that time no judge, but thought her a fine frigate; returned to the Chest Arms with the Surgeon, (Mr. Mitchell) where we resided until Sunday, May 3d, when we went on board the Haavrouen, a hulk destined for the reception of the Officers & Ship's Company of the Tenedos...

Friday 5th [1814] – Light airs and fine; steering for Mount Desart. Beautiful moonlight, at 11 P.M. going right before the wind, with lower, topmast, topgallant, and royal studding sails.

Saturday, Augt: 6th. Moderate and fine; at 4 P.M. came to anchor off Cranberry Island, Mount Desart, in ten fathoms water. Moored ship; got the boats out and sent the jolly: with Lt. [unknown] Edwards, and Mr. Lovett, Pilot, to look out for a watering

place; at 8 P.M. boat returned with information that there was a very good brook at the distance of half a mile from the ship. Mount Desart in lat. 44°." 14' N. long. 68°." 23' W. and is of the bleak barren spots, which I have ever seen, the most completely so. For upwards of three miles it is a naked rock rising to a considerable height, without on verdant spot – the other parts of the Island (for is 8 miles in length) are partly covered with pine, birch, and ash, with here and there a house and a small piece of cultivated ground; the number of inhabitants of Mount Desart and the Islands around amount to about 500; they subsist mostly by fishing, rearing only a small quantity of corn which produces but a scanty supply for themselves, a few cattle, and some poultry. Stock here very cheap, a fat sheep three dollars; a calf 4; geese ½ a dollar each; green pease a dollar a bushel; and a bushel of potatoes ½ a dollar. We may account for the cheapness of these articles by the little intercourse which the inhabitants have with the main land – many of whom have not been off their native rock for many years; some of them never at all. Indeed it is evident here that the Son follows in the footsteps of the father, being contented with him to pick his scanty crop, live in the same narrow space, and die like him poor and unknown. This place is in the State of Massachusetts, the nearest part of the mainland is Penobscot, and it is bounded by the Bay of Fundy.

Sunday, August 7th. – Light breezes and cloudy. At daylight commenced watering the Ship, in which, and setting up the rigging we were employed until dark. Several boats came alongside with fish, vegetables, &c. which they sold at reasonable prices. During the day observed several Seal on various parts of the rocks.

Monday, 8th – Cloudy weather with rain. At noon completed watering the Ship. Received on board two bullocks. Boats as yesterday continue to sell us fruit, fish &c.

At 3 P.M. Barge and Cutter manned and armed were sent to Norwich creek on purpose to bring off, ransom or destroy two schooners there; they found them accordingly, one quite new, the other laden with lumber. Fetched the masters of them on board to treat for their ransom.

Tuesday, 9th. – Fresh breezes and cloudy, at 7 A.M. boarded a small schooner from Eastport bound to Portland, having pass from Sir Thos. Hardy. In the afternoon breeze increasing, ranged the sheet cable, and bent it.

Wednesday, 10th. – Moderate breezes and hazy; at 4 A.M. sent the Barge and Cutter manned and armed to Norwich creek to destroy the schooners before mention, the owners being unable or unwilling to ransom them. At 6h. 30' the boats returned without being able to accomplish their purpose owing to the incessant fire of musketry kept up by upwards of a hundred men from behind the rocks and bushes; from the situation in which our boats were placed, in a narrow creek, with the enemy pointing their muskets into them from the tops of the rocks it is certainly strange that they did not either kill or wound the whole of our people. Our getting off so cheaply must be attributed to kind providence and unsoldierlike conduct of the Yankees who would not expose their precious carcasses long enough from the cover of the rocks to enable them to take a deliberate aim. We had three men wounded, one of them, John Paterson, severely. He received two portions of a musket ball immediately below the mastoid process of the left temporal bone, which wounding the Sterno: cleido mastoideus muscle, passed under the Ligamentum nucloe to the right side of the neck, where a portion of the ball passing out left a wound of about an inch in length; close to the surface of the counter opening. The remaining part of the ball was felt, upon which Mr. Mitchell cut down upon it, and with a bullet scoop extracted it. He had lost a good deal of blood in the boat, and was comatose when brought on board the ship. The other persons wounded were Thos. Hughes, slightly, in the arm, and Wm Pickard, M who had a portion of the occipito fronalis (about an inch in length over the left eye) carried away by a musket ball; he likewise received a contusion in the groin from a bullet which first of all struck the butt end of his musket; another man received a slight wound of the patella, and many others through their hats, &c. but happily nothing serious. In the afternoon sent the barge on shore for sand. At 6 P.M. hoisted in all the boats, and made ready for sea. Fine throughout the night.

Thursday, 11th of August. – A light breeze from the westward. At 8h 30' A.M. weigh'd anchor, and made sail out of Mount Desart Harbour; wind light but fair; at 10 AM while below felt a tremulous motion from the ship striking on the shoal; she struck again and brought up for a few seconds when she cleared it with a noise somewhat like the cable when an anchor is let go. Wind variable during the day, steering W ½ S...



The War of 1812 ended on December 24, 1814 when the United States and the United Kingdom signed the Treaty of Ghent, but hostilities continued through January of 1815.

Assistant surgeon William Begg arrived home in England on Tuesday, the 17th day of October, 1815. He wrote,

”Thus I have at last arrived in England after an absence of three years and 49 days. At day light I was charmed with the beautiful prospect all round, particularly of the luxuriant Isle of Wight...”

At the very end of his journal William Begg wrote,

“Where’ere we roam
Our own best country ever is
at Home”

Goldsmith

The verse with which William Begg ends his journal is from Oliver Goldsmith. The line, from his poem, "The Traveller," written in 1764, reads,

"Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country ever is, at home."

Goldsmith wrote, in the dedication to "The Traveller":

"I have attempted to show, that there may be equal happiness in states, that are differently governed from our own; that every state has a particular principle of happiness, and that this principle in each may be carried to a mischievous excess."

Note William Begg's confusion over the name of Norwood's Cove, now known as Norwood Cove. In the beginning. part of the town of Southwest Harbor was called Norwood's Cove.

"For many years Southwest Harbor meant what is now called Manset; where is now the village was South Norwood's Cove and the upper part of the village was styled North Norwood's Cove. Where the name Norwood became connected with the Cove cannot now be ascertained." - Thornton, page 49.

To William Begg, familiar with the geography of England, it must have seemed logical that the name was "Norwich Cove."

Transcriptions from (double) pages 6, 7, 51, 52, 53 and 79,
Journal of the Proceedings of His Majesty's Ship Tenedos,
Captain: Hyde Parker. Kept by William Begg.
Commencing 8th day of April, 1812.
Ending 29th day of March, 1815
Collection of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.





Vice Admiral Hyde Parker, 1784-1854
Collection of the National Maritime Museum
Royal Museums Greenwich

Dramatis Personae

- Begg William Begg (1782-) – Assistant surgeon on Tenedos. The muster lists for Tenedos have not been digitized, making research difficult. It is probable that William Begg was born on October 27, 1782 to John Begg and Ann Gunn in Bower, Caithness, Scotland. William married Catherine Bain (1782-) on February 18, 1811 in Olig, Caithness.
- William joined the Royal Navy on April 22, 1812 (#1052), was appointed Assistant Surgeon on Tenedos in 1812 and served on the North American Station for the War of 1812. He was appointed Surgeon on the 18-gun Royal Navy Cormorant-class sloop, Cherub, in 1816. Cherub arrived back in Portsmouth, England, in October 1818 and was sold away in 1820.
- Archivists have found no other firm record of William Begg, but this, from 1819, “William Begg, surgeon, Nicolson Street, Edinburgh, married Catherine, eldest daughter of Alexander Baillie.” It seems logical that he might have married then. He does not mention his wife in his account of waving to his family and friends as he began his adventure by sailing out of the Firth of Forth in 1812. It is possible that the first wedding date and bride’s surname are in error. His life remains a mystery pending further investigation.
- Black Lt. Col. John Black (1781-1856)
- Bunker Horace Gilley Bunker (1842-1926)
- Bunker Capt. Thomas Bunker Sr. (1790-1867)
- Carroll Miss Mary Ann Carroll (1835-1926)
- Clark Deacon Henry Higgins Clark (1811-1897)
- Clark Capt. Nathan Clark (1780-1848)
- DeCosta Benjamin Franklin DeCosta (1831-1904)

De Peyster	J. Watts (John Watts) De Peyster (1821-1907)
Dolliver	Peter Dolliver Jr. (1755-1828)
Dodge	Ezra Dodge III (1848-1882)
Dole	Charles Fletcher Dole (1845-1927)
Fernald	Comfort (Gott) Tarr Fernald, Mrs. Tobias Fernald (1771-1848)
Fernald	Rev. Oliver Haley Fernald (1835-1903)
Foote	Arthur C. Foote (1911-1999)
Foote	Rebecca Carroll (Clark) Foote, Mrs. Arthur C. Foote (1912-1993)
Gilley	William Gilley (1746-1839)
Goldsmith	Oliver Goldsmith (c.1728-1774)
Hadlock	Capt. Samuel Hadlock (1770-1854)
Hadlock	Col. William Edwin Hadlock (1834-1911)
Hardy	Sir Thomas Masterman Hardy, 1st Baronet (1769-1839) – it was to Sir Hardy that Nelson famously said, “Kiss me, Hardy” as he lay dying at the Battle of Trafalgar.
Heath	Catherine McKenzie Heath, Mrs. William Heath Jr. (1799-1875)
Heath	Lt. William Heath Jr. (1793-1864)
Heath	William Webster Allen Heath (1834-1912)
Harmon	George Harmon (1766-1855)
Herrick	Andrew Herrick Jr. (1772-1840)
Herrick	Isaac Herrick (1795-1852)
Herrick	William Horace Herrick Jr. (1827-1909) - not his father, Andrew Herrick Sr. (1742-1812), a resident of Cranberry Island. known to be a lifelong Tory.
Holden	Julia A. (Clark) Holden, Mrs. Cummings Milliken Holden (1843-1916)
Hotchkiss	Capt. John Owen Hotchkiss (1791-1844)

Hughes	Thomas Hughes, Royal Navy, ordinary seaman – possibly (1784-1845) A commander and a mate both named Thomas Hughes, served on an 174 ton brigantine privateer, “Cossak” out of Liverpool charged with raiding United States ships in the War of 1812.
Jefferson	Thomas Jefferson (1743–1826), third President of the United States (1801–1809).
Lear	Lt. John Lear (1777-)
Leland	Amariah Leland (1774-1822) Emerys Cove – Just west of Salisbury Cove on the north shore of Mount Desert Island. Amariah Leland was building a boat there in the story. By 1887 the cove to the west of Emery’s Cove was called Leland’s Cove.
Lurvey	Hannah (Boynton) Lurvey, Mrs. Jacob Lurvey (1757-1839)
Lurvey	Isaac Lurvey (1795-1876)
Lurvey	Jacob Lurvey (1761-1853)
Lurvey	Levi Lurvey (1832-1902)
Mason	William Mason (1772-1814) William died on September 12, 1814 after being wounded in the Battle of Norwood’s Cove. His great-great grand daughter, Maud E. (Mason) Trask (1870-1937), wrote the Battle of Norwood’s Cove poem.
Mayo	Jacob Schoppy Mayo (1818-1912)
Mitchell	George Mitchell – Surgeon, HMS Tenedos
Moore	Joseph Moore (1803-1863)
Moore	William Moore (1801-1874)
Nichols	Capt. John Nichols of Boston, married to Esther Ward (1794-)
Nichols	George Ward Nichols (1831-1885)
Norwood	Ruth Riggs (Andrews) Norwood, Mrs. Joshua Norwood IV (1745-1837)
Paine	Thomas Paine (1793-1878)

Parker

Hyde Parker III (1784-1854) – Captain, HMS Tenedos, Son of Sir Hyde Parker Jr. (1739–1807), who was himself the second son of Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, 5th, Baronet (1714–1783).

Hyde Parker III's son, Hyde Parker IV (1825-1854) died while in command of frigate Firebrand. leading his men to storm a Russian fortification at the mouth of the Danube in 1854.

Hyde Parker III's father, Sir Hyde Parker Jr., is remembered as the commander at the Battle of Copenhagen on April 2, 1801 who ordered then Vice-Admiral Horatio Nelson to disengage. Nelson raised the telescope to his eye patch, ignored the command with the remark, "I really do not see the signal," and pursued the battle to victory.

Hyde Parker III entered the Royal Navy in 1796, served well and took command of Tenedos on her maiden voyage in April 1812. He went on to command several other vessels and was made Commissioner of the Admiralty (1st naval lord) on February 27, 1852.

Hyde Parker III was born in 1784 to Sir Hyde Parker Jr. (1739–1807) and Ann (Boteler) Parker at Aldford, Hampshire, England. He married Caroline Eden (c.1801-1854), daughter of Sir Frederick Mor ton Eden, on July 16, 1821 at St. George, Hanover Square, London.

Hyde Parker III entered the Navy on February 5, 1796, trained at the Royal Naval Academy at Portsmouth, was made Lieutenant in 1804, Commander in 1806, and Captain in 1807. He took command of the frigate Tenedos for her maiden voyage April 1812 and drilled her crew to a high level of efficiency, on the North American station. He served with distinction throughout the War of 1812.

After the Battle of Norwood's Cove, in September

1814 he commanded the naval forces at the reduction of Machias, the last American-held town between Penobscot and Passamaquoddy Bay. On January 15, 1815 he took the surrender of the USS President.

Hyde Parker became a rear admiral in 1841 and on August 4, 1842 he was made Admiral Superintendent of Portsmouth (England) Dockyard on flagship Victory. He made vice-admiral in 1852 and was made Commissioner of the Admiralty (1st naval lord) on February 27, 1852. As First Naval Lord, he ensured that all new warships being procured were propelled by steam and he increased the size of the active fleet.

While in this service Hyde Parker died at his home in Ham, Surrey, on May 26, 1854, a month and a half before his son, Hyde Parker IV died commanding Firebrand on July 8, 1854.

Paterson	John Paterson – unknown seaman aboard HMS Tenedos
Pepper	Daniel Bartlett Pepper (1785-1828)
Pickard	Lieutenant James Pickard (1781-1849) entered the Royal Navy at 15.
Reed	Tyler Reed (1775-)
Rich	John D. Rich (1800-1875)
Rich	Jonathan Rich (1772-1854)
Richardson	John Gott Richardson (1761-1828)
Richardson	Perry Warrington Richardson (1840-1918)
Richardson	Stephen B. Richardson (1791-1877)
Richardson	Thomas Richardson (1764-1855)
Savage	Augustus Chase Savage (1832-1911)
Savage	John Savage II (1801-1868)
Savage	Peter Savage (1794-1830) – confused in several narrations with Smallidge
Sawtelle	William Otis Sawtelle (1874-1939)

Smallidge	Timothy Smallidge (1785-1866)
Somers	Elsie Slowly Somers, Mrs. Thos. Somers (1767-1839)
Somers	Thomas Somers (-1840)
Sanderson	Virginia Somes Sanderson (1903-1990)
Spurling	Capt. Benjamin Spurling (1752-1836)
Spurling	Enoch Spurling (1789-1838)
Spurling	Robert Spruling (1782-1844)
Spurling	Samuel Spurling (1795-1937)
Spurling	Thomas Spurling (1786-1831)
Spurling	William Spurling (1791-1838)
Street	George Edward Street (1835-1903)
Sweetser	Moses Foster Sweetser (1848-1897)
Tarr	Andrew Tarr (1732-)
Tarr	Daniel Tarr (1777-1806)
Tenedos	HMS TenedosClass – Leda Class – 1 of 30 - Fifth Rate Frigate(30 or more guns, but less than 50) Hull - wood Masts - 3 Designed by – John Henslow (1730-1815) on the lines of French frigate, Hebe, captured by the Royal Navy in 1782. Ordered - 1809 Build date – 1810-1812 Launched – the River Medway, April 11, 1812 Cost – £36,129 exactly Built by – Robert Sippings Built at – Chatham Dockyard, Chatham, Kent, England Built for – Royal Navy Named for – Island of Tenedos, a Turkish Island in the Aegean Sea, captured in 1807 by the British and Russians during the Russo-Turkish Wars

Burthen - 1,082 38/94 Tons BM
 Length – Gundeck – 150'
 Length – Keel - 125' 1 1/8"
 Beam – 40' 4"
 Depth in hold - 12' 9 1/2"
 Draught Forward – 10' 11 1/2"
 Draught Aft – 14' 10"
 Armament – Upper Deck - 28 British 18-Pounders
 Armament – Quarterdeck - 8 British 9-Pounders
 6 British 32-Pound Carronades
 Armament – Forecastle - 2 British 32-Pound Car
 ronades
 2 British 9-Pounders
 Sailed for North America – August 28, 1812
 Battle of Norwood's Cove – August 10, 1814
 Crew – 284
 Captain – Hyde Parker III (1784–1854)
 Sugeon – George Mitchell
 Assistant Surgeon – William Begg
 Disposition - Broken up March 20, 1875 at
 Bermuda

Thom	William Wear Thom (1777-1879)
Thompson	William Thompson
Thornton	Nellie “Nell” Rebecca (Carroll) Thornton (1871-1958), Mrs. Seth Sprague Thornton Jr.
Trask	Maud E. (Mason) Trask (1870-1937), Mrs. Charles A. TraskMaud's great-great grandfather, William Mason (1772-1814), died from wounds at the Battle of Norwood's Cove.
Ward	Benjamin Ward Jr. (1792-1866)
Wasgatt	Davis Wasgatt (1751-1843)

Wasgatt	William Wasgatt (1796-1879)
Williamson	William Durkee Williamson (1779-1846)
Young	Elisha Young (1790-1833)



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