

My original name was Missoe meaning "Sassafras" in the language of the Timucuan Indians.

I lay in peace touched only by the wind, sky, and the murmuring sea until the 16th century when the Spanish missionaries invaded my solitude. They established a**** mission upon my shores and Father Baltosar Lopez changed my name to San Pedro.

After the Indian Massacre of the San Pedro Missionaries I lay in shame until the year of 1734, when General James Edward Oglethorpee came to drive the remaining Spanish from the sacred shores of Georgia. The sea murmured to me during that year of 1734 to tell of the visit of Cheif Tomochichi and his family to England. Among the Cheif's party was his adopted son Toonahowie. While in England, Toonahowie met another pringe, the Duke of Cumberland, the thirteen year old son* of King George of England.

As the sea doth relate--the two princes of royalty, the dark-eyed child of the wilderness and the fair-haired child of civilization played in perfect harmony. So impressed was the Duke of Cumberland that he gave Toonahowie a golden watch as a remembrance of the occasion. And so, in remembrance of this young white prince, Toonahowie asked that my name be changed from San Pedro to Cumberland Island.

Upon High Point, Oglethorpe built Fort St. Andrews for the control of the inland waterway, while to the south Fort William was built to control the St. Mary's Sound.

In 1742, the invincible Spanish Armada from Florida came to destory all traces of the alien English from the shores of Georgia. It was then that I opened my bosom to *** swallow the English's 10,000 pounds of Sterling Silver

to which I alone hold the key.

For Fifty years afterwards, I lay undisturbed except for the soft hand of spring until 1785, when General Nathaniel Greene bought me for his summer home. After his death, his wife Catherine built the model plantation of Dungeness upon my fertile soil. At last I was developing and under the loving hands of the Greenes I blossomed whith nearly all the furits of a tropical Paradise.

Once again I had to suffer the humiliation of a foreign invader for on Jan. 11, 1815, 1500 British Regulars landed upon my sacred shores. Under the command of the infamous Adrimal Cockburn they destoryed my Paradise of Dungeness. Without apologizing they sailed away into the past to become the last foreign invaders to set foot upon my hallowed soil.

Being young, Spring healed my scars and brought the return of beauty to my lands. And yet, there was a sadness in the air. I asked the sea and she told me of bringing "Light Horse" Harry Lee, the father of Robert E. Lee, to my shores to die. This can never be said I, but though I tried to cheer the dying man with my splendor, another great patriot passed to his reward on March 25, 1818. With the flags of the American Fleet flying at half mast, this gallant soldier was laid to rest and that night the heavens wept for the dead.

After the quiet years of plantation life, war again ravaged my shores in the year 1863 when Yankees having no respect for the historical value of Dungeness or me devastated my lands.

The Sea, the Sea, the beautiful murmuring Sea,
A lonely wanderer she will forever be.
And yet as she wanders under the everchanging skies,
Simple scenes of beauty lie before her eyes.
The Sea, the Sea, the beautiful murmuring sea,
Has wandered til she came to me.
To hear the stories of our sandy shore
So, Speak Ye Golden Isles, forevermore.

I am Cumberland, that enchanted isle lying just south of Jekyll and stretching for 18 miles to the mouth of the St. Mary's River.