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AN ACCOUNT
OF THE
CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

AT


WINTHROP, ME., MAY 20, 1871,

EMBRACING THE

Historic Address and Poem in Full.

“Sweet clime of my kindred, blest land of my birth,
The fairest, the dearest, the brightest on earth;
Where'er I may roam — how'er blest I may be,
My spirit instinctively turns unto thee.”

AUGUSTA:
SPRAGUE, OWEN & NASH, PRINTERS.
1871.



WINTHROP CENTENNIAL.

Origin and Prior Arrangement.

On the fourteenth of March, 1871, by invitation of Rev. Edward P. Baker, there assembled at a private interview, a few citizens of Winthrop village, to consider the question of celebrating sometime during the current year, the one-hundredth anniversary of the town's incorporation or first organization.* At this meeting it was agreed that it was desirable to have such a celebration, that the twentieth of May following was the most suitable day for it, (that being the day, one hundred years ago, when the first town meeting assembled,) and that the first step to be taken in the matter was to secure some prominent gentleman from abroad to speak on the occasion. Subsequent correspondence procured a promise from Ex-Governor Chamberlain to be present on the day of the proposed celebration and address the assembled people; and thereupon, in obedience to a call issued by the Selectmen, there assembled a mass meeting in the Town Hall, April 6th, to formally consider and decide the question of a celebration, and to inaugurate whatever measures might be deemed desirable in the case. This mass meeting voted to celebrate the twentieth of May following, as the one-hundredth anniversary of the town's first organization, and elected a central Executive Committee to make out the plan of the celebration and carry the same into execution, empowering it to raise funds, appoint sub-committees and fill vacancies. The following persons were chosen on this Committee:

At Large—Rev. Edward P. Baker.

District No. 1—Cyrus S. Robbins, Mrs. C. S. Robbins.

* At the annual town meeting, held the day before, a vote had been passed to have such a celebration, and appropriating likewise \$150 towards defraying expenses, which vote was subsequently rescinded, on the ground that the town could not legally appropriate money for such a purpose.

District No. 2—Josiah Snell, C. N. Maxwell, Mrs. B. P. Briggs, Mrs. H. A. Stanley, (resigned.)

District No. 3—Edward P. Whiting, Mrs. Martin A. Foster, (resigned) Edwin S. Briggs, (resigned) Mrs. Edwin S. Briggs, (resigned.)

District No. 4—F. H. McIntire, A. P. Snow, Henry Woodward, L. P. Moody, Mrs. J. B. Fillebrowne, Mrs. E. P. Baker, Mrs. Cyrus Bishop, Mrs. J. M. Benjamin.

District No. 5—Joseph R. Nelson, Mrs. Joseph R. Nelson.

District No. 6—Nathan Kimball, Mrs. Nathan Kimball.

District No. 7—T. W. Stevens, Mrs. Samuel Crane.

District No. 8—John K. Lowell, (resigned) Mrs. B. W. Chandler.

District No. 9—John P. Putnam, Mrs. Albert Sturtevant.

District No. 10—Nelson Packard, Mrs. Nelson Packard.

Subsequently added, Mr. Abial Robinson, Mrs. Abial Robinson, Mr. Samuel Jackson, Mrs. Samuel Jackson, Mr. B. P. Briggs, (resigned) Mr. Albert Sturtevant, (resigned) Mr. J. E. Brainard, Mrs. J. P. Putnam, Mr. Bradock W. Chandler.

The Executive Committee held its first meeting April 8th, and organized by choosing Dr. A. P. Snow, Chairman,* and L. P. Moody, Secretary.

The plan for the celebration finally agreed upon was (concisely stated) as follows :

A Salute of one hundred guns, fifty at sunrise and fifty at sunset, accompanied by the ringing of all the bells in the village ; a procession, consisting of all the schools in town, in appropriate costume ; antiquarian and symbolic representations and the trades ; literary exercises at the speakers' stand ; music, both instrumental and vocal ; dinner under a tent, toasts and after-dinner speeches.

For the execution of this general plan the following sub-Committees were appointed :

* Resigned the office of Chairman, May 11th.

COMMITTEE ON INVITATIONS AND LITERARY EXERCISES. This Committee, among other things, issued the following circular :

THE WINTHROP CENTENNIAL.

The citizens of Winthrop, Kennebec County, Maine, are proposing to celebrate the one-hundredth anniversary of the town's first organization, on the twentieth of May next. Extensive arrangements are being made so to observe the day that it shall suitably mark the lapse of a century.

It is expected there will be, among other things, an address from ex-Gov. Chamberlain, a historic sketch of the town, a poem, music, a dinner, a procession of the schools, and antiquarian representations.

It is hoped that all natives of the town, all former residents, all particularly interested in the place, and especially all to whom this circular is sent, will make it convenient to be present and enjoy the day's festivities.

C. M. BAILEY,
EDWARD P. BAKER, } *Committee*
C. A. WING, } *for the town.*

Winthrop, April 20, 1871.

About five hundred copies of this circular were sent by mail to natives of the town, former residents and friends living in other places.

COMMITTEE ON BAND MUSIC,—which Committee was also made

COMMITTEE ON RAILWAY TRAINS ;

- “ “ VOCAL MUSIC ;
- “ “ SALUTE ;
- “ “ PROCESSION ;
- “ “ DINNER ;
- “ “ SPEAKERS' STAND AND TENT ;
- “ “ GUEST TABLE ;
- “ “ ANTIQUITIES ;
- “ “ ARCHES ;

Besides the sub-Committees above referred to, there were Committees appointed in the several districts, who had charge of special departments, such as costumes, banners and dinner table.

Much effort was put forth outside of committees. The citizens of the town contributed largely to defray the expenses of the celebration. The amount of money contributions was, in round numbers, \$800, to which should be added contribution of time, labor,

influence, and provisions for the table, which were far more in value than the contributions of money. There was interest felt in the enterprise outside of Winthrop. The newspapers cordially noticed the coming celebration, and the Maine Central Railroad Company made special arrangements to run extra trains, at reduced fare, on that day, to accommodate the people.

The officers of the day, elected by the Executive Committee, were :

President of the Day—HENRY WOODWARD, Esq.

Vice Presidents—J. P. PUTNAM, J. R. NELSON and J. B. FILLEBROWNE.

Chief Marshal—C. A. WING.

Ex-Governor J. L. CHAMBERLAIN had already been engaged to give an address.

Hon. S. P. BENSON of Brunswick, and J. W. MAY, Esq., of Auburn, both natives of Winthrop, had been likewise engaged to deliver the one a historic sketch, the other a poem.

The speakers' stand was erected in the space in front of the Town Hall, and the tent (capable of seating one thousand, and affording standing room for a much larger number) was pitched in the yard of the Congregational Church. Tickets of admission to the tent to the number of sixteen hundred were distributed to the people of the town, and about four hundred special tickets to invited guests.

The officers of the town appointed for the occasion a special police force, for the preservation of order.

Public interest in the celebration steadily deepened as the time drew near, and it was generally conceded for days previous that on the coming 20th, should the weather be favorable, Winthrop would witness a gathering of people in its streets such as it had never seen before, and would probably never again.*

* On the evening preceding, Chandler's Band of Portland, gave a concert of rare artistic music, in the Town Hall, which was well filled with a select and appreciative audience.

The Day

Was the finest of the spring,—a summer day in fact, as regards temperature and beauty. A gentle shower of the preceding night had laid the dust and enlivened the air. The weather-wise who had for weeks before been predicting that the day would be rainy, were this time shown to be false prophets.

The hour of sunrise was signaled by the firing of fifty guns on Town House hill, (a brass twelve pounder having previously been obtained from the polite and patriotic Commandant of the U. S. Arsenal at Augusta) and the ringing of all the bells in the village.

The hours of early morning witnessed the advent of the citizens of Winthrop and their families to the tent, bringing provisions for the tables, the gradual accumulation of people in the streets, and the hurrying to and fro of officers and committees in the discharge of their respective duties.

At nine o'clock, the procession commenced to form, under the supervision and direction of Chief Marshal C. A. Wing, aided by Marshals L. P. Moody, C. B. Fillebrowne, B. S. Kelly and A. C. Carr; it began to move about ten o'clock, and proceeded the following route :

Starting from the Railway Station, it moved south along Main street; thence east into street leading by Oil Cloth Factories to Royal street; thence north on said street to Main street; thence down Main street into Bowdoin street; thence along Bowdoin street into Causeway street; thence into the new street west of the railroad; thence to the Railway Station, again into Main street; thence along Main street into Elm street; thence up Elm street, round through Bowdoin into Main street again, and thence to the speakers' stand in front of the Town Hall.*

* On its final passage through Main street, its centre being opposite the hotel, the procession halted to receive into its ranks the officers of the day, the orator, poet and distinguished guests. Among the gentlemen present, were His Excellency, Gov. Perham; Ex-Gov. Chamberlain; Mayor Garcelon of Lewiston; Judge May; Hon. S. P. Benson; Brown Thurston, Esq., of Portland, son of "Father Thurston"; W. S. Noyes,

The procession was three-quarters of a mile in length, and moved in the order of the School Districts, as follows :

1. Winthrop Brass Band.
2. Twelve aged citizens of the town, riding in a carriage, bearing a banner inscribed—"18th Century."
3. Town officers, bearing a banner inscribed—"19th Century."
4. A banner inscribed with the names of the officers chosen at the first town meeting, borne by a lineal descendant of Timothy Foster, one of the first selectmen.

DISTRICT No. 1.

1. A banner, on which was inscribed—"District No. 1, the Earliest Settled."

2. A carriage with Robbin's nest, containing the four little children of Mr. C. S. Robbins, a descendant of the first settler, in a carriage with banner bearing these lines :

"The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft aglay,"
But Robbins sing and build their nest
For our *centennary*.

3. Carriage containing school children of the District, the girls wearing blue sashes, and the boys with a blue stripe on their pants and figure "1" in blue on their shoulders. The carriage had a banner with this inscription, "We are A,—No. 1." Across the carriage extended this motto, the only Latin motto in the procession, "*Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*"

4. A plain carriage, in which rode the elder people of the District.

5. A hay-rack on wheels, containing an old well-curb, sweep and bucket, a girl playing a melodeon, and people around singing the song of "The Old Oaken Bucket."

Esq., the publisher of the first newspaper issued in Winthrop ; A. S. Washburn, Esq., of Hallowell ; B. H. Cushman and A. B. Farwell, Esqs., of Augusta ; Col. F. M. Drew of Brunswick, and many other gentlemen of prominence. It was the intention of Hon. James G. Blaine to be present, but he was unexpectedly called to attend to business in the Middle States.

6. An old and noted fisherman of the town carrying a banner which had for tassels on each lower corner, a cluster of one-half dozen or so of very little fish, inscribed with the words, "Codfish Aristocracy." "A few fish in town better than any caught out."

DISTRICT No. 2.

Seventeen girls dressed in white, with blue overskirts, and white hats, trimmed with red; twenty-two boys, with blue sashes, a gilt star on the left shoulder, and fastened with a rosette of red, white and blue. They rode in a four-horse and two-horse wagon, arched with evergreen trees, and elaborately trimmed; both horses and wagons decorated with flags, carrying a banner with "Fidelity" inscribed thereon.

DISTRICT No. 3.

The girls of this district, riding, wore white dresses, blue sashes, and the figure "3" on the bosom. The boys, on foot, wore a figure "3" in their caps, a rosette of Red, White and Blue, on the left shoulder, and blue sashes. The banner was white, with gilt lettering, and trimmed with green. Its inscription was—"1771—1871." "We cherish the home of our Fathers."

DISTRICT No. 4, (Village District.)

1. District banner borne by a young man on foot. On this was inscribed—"Our Common Schools. The tree our fathers planted we will nourish and protect."

2. An Indian family in a wigwam. The wigwam was constructed of evergreen trees and boughs, also surrounded by trees. In the center was a couch made of boughs and covered with a wolfskin robe. The family consisted of two chiefs, two squaws and three papposes. The women were making baskets, and the children played with and fed the dogs, while the men stood looking on, with bows and arrows in their hands. All were dressed in true Indian style.

3. Eight young men, dressed as pioneers, with axes over their shoulders.

4. The Primary School, accompanied by its teachers, in a carriage trimmed with evergreen. The girls were dressed in white, with blue sashes around their waists, and white hats, trimmed with red. The boys wore white pants and shirts, blue sashes over the shoulder, and red Scotch caps. On their banner was inscribed—"We are a happy band."

5. A man going to mill, on foot, with the grist on his shoulder. He was dressed in ancient style, and, although the bag contained nothing heavier than bran, he plodded along as if ready to drop under the burden.

6. A barge carriage drawn by oxen, in which were represented the mothers and daughters of 1771. One was spinning on a large wheel, another reeling yarn, another combing flax, one carding wool, one at a quill wheel, another doubling yarn, two knitting and one mending. All were dressed in ancient costume.

7. Visiting in the last century. A gentleman and lady on horseback; the lady riding on a pillion, and both dressed in very ancient style; he carried a wooden bread trough before him, to represent the story in the "History of Winthrop," of Mr. Fairbanks and Mrs. Wood,—the gentleman being a lineal descendant of the hero of that story and carrying the identical bread trough.

8. A carriage with a canopy, supported by pillars, all profusely decorated with evergreen. In this were the "Seasons" and "Day" and "Night." "Spring" was dressed in white, with evergreen trimmings; "Summer" wore white, with pink trimmings, flowers crowned her head, and a large cornucopia filled with flowers, hung at her side; "Autumn" was dressed like a harvester, and carried a sickle, while at his feet were corn, wheat, and a basket of fruit; "Winter" was clothed in fur; "Day" was dressed in white, with blue drapery; while "Night" wore black covered with stars, a black veil studded with stars falling over her. On their banner was the inscription—

“Seedtime and harvest, cold and heat, day and night, shall not cease.”

9. A woman on horseback, going to mill, dressed in antique style.

10. The Portland Band.

11. “WINTHROP” represented by a young lady dressed in pure white, with a crown upon her forehead, bearing the word “Winthrop.” She was standing in an open carriage, and supported a banner, on which was inscribed—“Winthrop welcomes her friends on her 100th birthday.”

12. Intermediate School, in a large boat on wheels, drawn by oxen. The boys wore white pants, blue shirts and tarpaulin hats; the girls were dressed in white, with blue shawls and aprons, and hats trimmed with blue. They carried a banner with the inscription—“We look to Maine for our seamen.”

13. A carriage, with boys, carrying the Maine coat of arms.

14. “Going to church in 1771,” was represented by a gentleman and lady on horseback; the lady rode on a pillion, and both were dressed in the fashion of 1771. They were followed by a gentleman and lady dressed in the latest style and riding in a nice top-buggy, representing “Going to church in 1871.”

15. A country store, bearing the sign of “Nathaniel Bishop,” the first storekeeper in town. It contained a great variety of articles, dress-goods, hardware, confectionery, groceries, &c., &c. The merchant, dressed in very ancient costume, was busily engaged sweeping his store, in imitation of his worthy ancestor.

16. A carriage with a busy company engaged in domestic employments peculiar to ancient times. One man was cobbling, another stripping a broom. One woman was dipping candles in an old-fashioned iron pot; the candle rods were ancient, having belonged to one of our first settlers. Another woman was spinning on a flax wheel, and a neighbor was making a call upon them, wearing a scarlet cloak more than one hundred years old, and a huge bonnet and veil to correspond.

17. The first "Temperance Pledge" in Winthrop, drafted and signed in 1829, and containing four hundred and forty names, was nailed to a staff, and carried by a temperance veteran, on foot. The names were written in double columns, and the whole document was about six feet in length.

18. An ancient parson and lady, riding in an old-fashioned chaise. He wore a three-cornered hat, big wig, muslin bands and knee-breeches. She was dressed in a style to correspond.

19. An ancient doctor on horseback. He, too, wore a three-cornered hat, a big powdered wig, ruffles at his wrists, and knee-breeches. His saddle-bags were very conspicuous, thrown across the back of his horse.

20. Fishermen, carrying rods, lines and spears.

21. A hay-rack containing a husking party. They were employed in husking the corn and finding the red ears.

22. The Grammar School accompanied by the teacher. The boys walking, dressed as Robin Hood's archers, in white pants, green tunics, and straw hats trimmed with evergreen, each carrying a bow and arrow. They were preceded by their standard bearers. On their banner was inscribed :

" Bend the bow and wing the dart,
Let it reach each foeman's heart;
But the enemy must be,
All that's bad in you and me."

The girls of the school rode in a carriage drawn by oxen, and trimmed with evergreen. They were dressed in white, with green waists, pink sashes and hats trimmed with pink. They carried bouquets in their hands. On their banner was the motto—"Flowers are the alphabet of Angels."

23. An old-fashioned quilting party, in a carriage roofed and trimmed with evergreen. Eleven ladies were seated around a quilt, plying the needle busily, while their tongues kept time with their needles. All were dressed in ancient style, puffed hair, high combs, large caps, short waists and big sleeves. One of their number represented a Quakeress.

MANUFACTURES.

From L. Whitman's Agricultural Works, were six teams. The first was drawn by oxen, and carried farming implements of ancient style. Among them were an old-fashioned flax-break, a winnowing-mill of the old style, a wooden toothed harrow, a plow and a wheelbarrow fastened together with withes. Two men were breaking flax. This was followed by a horse team with farming implements having all the improvements of the age. The next two teams carried a threshing machine. Following these was a spring rake, and the last was a revolving rake.

L. P. Moody's tin shop. This contained tin ware of different kinds, while a young man was busy manufacturing articles. Their motto was—"Labor is honorable."

H. E. Morton furnished for the procession a shoe shop of the last century, the sign reading "Butes and Shues Maid and Fixed." One man was cutting leather, another stitching with the bristle and waxed end, using clamps of ancient date, while still another was sitting on a bench with a lapstone and strap, soleing a boot.

Blacksmith's shop of S. Davis. A huge forge and bellows were in operation, and men hard at work.

John McIlroy, Agent, of Winthrop Mills Company, put into the procession a team carrying the different kinds of cloth and blankets which they manufacture. In the centre was a tall pine tree, a large eagle perched in the top, and on the tips of the branches were fastened bunches of cotton and wool.

C. M. Bailey's Oil Cloth Works were represented. Specimens of the various patterns manufactured there were displayed, while workmen were busily engaged in stamping oil cloth.

DISTRICT No. 5.

1. The school children of this district appeared in the procession on foot, the girls wearing white dresses, blue Spanish waists, white sailor hats, trimmed with blue, and the boys wearing black

pants with a white stripe on the side, white waists, blue badges, and blue caps. The banner was white, trimmed with blue, and ornamented with silver stars, and bore the inscription—"District No. 5—Always Ready."

2. Domestic farm-work. A team carrying two ladies, the one churning, the other making cheese.

DISTRICT No. 6.

1. A log cabin six feet by four, mounted on a cart, constructed of rough sticks, the crevices filled up with moss, and the roof covered with hemlock bark. Visible just inside the door was a man pounding coffee in a old wooden mortar, and a woman knitting, both dressed in the old style.

2. The school children of this district were on foot in the procession, the girls wearing white skirts, red sacks, and sailor hats trimmed with red, and the boys white pants, dark jackets and red caps. The banner, which was white, trimmed with red, bore the inscription—"In God we trust."

DISTRICT No. 7.

The school children of this district, rode in a wagon, decorated with a tree in each corner, a flag of blue and white in the centre, and having a small banner inscribed with the word, "Friendship." The girls wore red overskirts trimmed with white, red regalia, and shade hats trimmed with red and white. The boys were dressed in regalia of red and white.

DISTRICT No. 8.

This district went in procession with District No. 5.

DISTRICT No. 9.

The children of this district were conveyed in a wagon drawn by four oxen, the vehicle profusely adorned with evergreens, bearing a flag and banner on which was the inscription, "St. Mary's—District No. 9."

DISTRICT No. 10.

This district went in procession with District No. 4.

The procession having arrived, about 11 o'clock, at the space in front of the Town Hall, and there massed, and the Chief Marshal having called the multitude to order, and introduced the President of the day, there followed the

Exercises at the Speakers' Stand,

which were a brief Introductory Address by the President of the Day, H. Woodward, Esq. Prayer by Rev. Edward P. Baker of the Congregational Church. The Centennial Hymn read by Rev. Mr. A. Bosserman of the Universalist Church, and sung by the united choirs of the town, led by Mr. Samuel Thurston of Portland. Reading of ancient documents by L. P. Moody, the Town Clerk. Singing the poem, "Marching Along," by a choir of children, led by Rev. A. Bryant of the Baptist Church, East Winthrop. Historic address by Hon. S. P. Benson of Brunswick. Poem by J. W. May, Esq., of Auburn, and an address by Ex-Governor J. L. Chamberlain; the exercises interspersed with excellent music from the Winthrop and Portland Bands. The parts were all well sustained, and were listened to with interest by a large concourse of people, who for three hours stood up beneath a scorching sun.

The multitude then having formed in procession, headed by the Portland Band, repaired from the Speakers' Stand to the tent, to partake of

The Dinner,

which was bountiful and elegant, having been spread upon five tables, each one hundred and fifty feet long, occupying the main tent, and one table, sixty feet long, occupying a wing tent. These tables were literally loaded with almost everything that could tempt the eye and palate. Tea and coffee, too, were furnished in abundance. The dinner was strictly picnic; each district of the town furnished its own provisions and had its own place in the tent. The center table was spread for the guests. The holders of tickets having been all fed, and large quantities of provisions remaining, a general invitation was given at the tent door for all

who might desire, to come in and partake, which invitation was extensively accepted, so that in the end the whole crowd was fed without money and without price.

All having been amply fed, a short season was devoted to

After-Dinner Sentiments and Responses.

The sentiments were given by Rev. E. P. Baker, and were responded to by Governor Perham, Rev. A. Bosserman, Arnold S. Richmond, and B. S. Kelly. Numerous other sentiments had been prepared, which were not read, on account of the early departure of the train, which took away many who had been engaged to respond. However, the few that were read and the responses to them, together with the music from the Winthrop Band which was interspersed, constituted a very pleasant episode to the day's exercises.

Votes of thanks were then extended to Hon. S. P. Benson, for his able and elaborate Historic Sketch; to J. W. May, Esq., for his lively and pertinent poem; to Ex-Governor Chamberlain for his brief but finished address; to Governor Perham for his presence on the occasion and his kindly and weighty words; and to the Winthrop Band which freely gave its services for the day; after which, the national air having been played, the President of the Day declared the assembly **ADJOURNED FOR ONE HUNDRED YEARS.**

There were on exhibition at the Town Hall, during the afternoon, Rare and Ancient Relics, to wit:

Genuine autographs of Gen. George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Edwin Randolph and Andrew Jackson, executed on parchment. Exhibited by S. C. Robbins.

Indian relics—stone hatchet and chisel, found near the shore of Cobbosseecontee pond. Exhibited by E. Mank.

Continental money, ancient coins, a concordance 212 years old. Exhibited by Henry Winslow.

Lady's shoe, with wooden heel, worn in 1777.

Fire shovel made and used in town in 1768. Exhibited by Ransom Bishop.

MSS. of D. Allen's and Stewart Foster's services in the Revolution. Exhibited by Mr. Wilbur.

Village map of Winthrop, made in 1810, and Indian tools, exhibited by M. B. Sears.

The Close.

At sunset all the bells in the village were rung and fifty guns fired, making, together with the fifty of the morning, one hundred in all, in honor of the one hundred years of the town's existence. And thus ended the 20th of May, 1871, the day to the town of Winthrop, the most marked and memorable of the century.

General Remarks.

It is now admitted by all that the Winthrop Centennial Celebration was a success. The proposition to have such a celebration, when it was first broached, encountered apathy in all directions, insomuch that the enterprise at the outset had to be pushed forward almost single handed. Gradually, however, as the matter came to be agitated, apathy gave place to interest, and interest to enthusiasm, until at length, the morning of the day opening so splendidly, a resistless tide of town patriotism swept nearly all the people from their homes to the scene of the day's festivities. There was scarce an absentee from the celebration, throughout the town, except a few who were detained at home by sickness or other causes beyond their control. There was a hearty coöperation in preparing for the celebration. The Committees were made up from both political parties, and all religious denominations. Persons of unlike views and tastes found it a pleasure to work together for a common object.

And among those who thus labored, the ladies of Winthrop, perhaps before all others, deserve special mention. But for their skillful planning and vigorous effort, the celebration could have been scarce else than a failure. They spread the dinner tables, concerning which, a distinguished guest who saw them remarked, "that he had never seen tables so sumptuously spread, on so large a scale." They, too, were chiefly the authors and arrangers of the procession, of which, and of the celebration, as a whole, a

widely circulating public journal remarked: "It was a marvel in its conception and execution."

Extended accounts of the celebration were published in the Lewiston and Kennebec Journals, and accounts less extended in the Boston Journal, the Portland Press, Argus, Christian Mirror, Maine Farmer, and other papers; nearly all the abovementioned papers having reporters on the ground.

It is estimated that between two and three thousand people dined in the tent, and that upwards of five thousand people were present at some portion of the exercises. And yet among all that multitude there was for the entire day, absolutely no disorder and no visible drunkenness. Now, that it is passed, the general feeling of the inhabitants is one of gladness that the town has witnessed so dignified and grand a celebration, and of confidence that the memory of it will be a lasting benefit to the place.

Addresses, Poem, &c., at the Speakers' Stand.

Introductory Address by the President of the Day, H. Woodward, Esq.

Fellow Citizens:—We turn aside from the ordinary labors and pursuits of life, that we may observe this day in such a manner as shall appropriately mark it as an *epoch* in the history of our good old town.

We would here on this day and this occasion, recall to mind the events of its early history—the labors and sacrifices—the heroic virtues,—and the intelligent foresight of its early settlers.

Our hills and valleys, and the very spot on which we now stand, were once covered with the dense, unbroken forest. There were here no schools, no churches, no village with its busy hum of industry. Into this wilderness came those noble men and women who bravely met and endured the privations, toils and hardships of a wilderness home, that they might make more comfortable homes for the children that should come after them, and plant here those institutions that, outliving their founders, are a blessing to us who gather here to-day.

One hundred years ago to-day, in yonder farm-house over the hill—then a tavern—was born the young town of Winthrop. And now she has called home her sons and daughters, and invited her friends, that she may celebrate her *one hundredth birthday*.

Brothers and sisters—sons and daughters of Winthrop—and honored guests—with heart and hand we bid you welcome to the festivities of this occasion. We have killed the fatted calf, and with you would rejoice and make merry; not, indeed, over the returning prodigal, but over the return of those sons and daughters, who, by virtuous lives and noble deeds, have honored the town that gave them birth. May we all be the better for this day's festivities;—our patriotism more ardent—our piety deeper—and our lives purer—for the emotions which the exercises of this day shall stir in our hearts. And long may the good old town of Winthrop—*old* did I say?—though she to-day celebrates her one hundredth

birthday, she has still the vigor and freshness of youth—and long may she live to bless the world by rearing her sons and her daughters to noble achievements in the great drama of life.

Prayer by the Rev. E. P. Baker.

We thank Thee that while "one generation passeth away and another cometh," Thou, O Lord, "art our dwelling place in all generations." Not in vain do we ask the question, "The Fathers, where are they?" for while their forms have vanished from our sight, their memories are still fragrant in our hearts. We thank Thee that while this land was yet a wilderness, the white man came to it, bringing with him civil and christian institutions; that a century ago this day was formed that municipal organization under the aegis of which good order and virtue have dwelt secure; and that now our people from near and from far, are gathered in formal convocation, to recall the past and honor the memories of one hundred years. Grant that this celebration may be conducted without disorder and in a manner befitting the dignity of the occasion. May the words of orator, historian and poet, be winged by Thy inspiration; and in the music of choirs and band, may we devoutly praise the God of all the earth. May this day be to us a Pisgah height whence we shall more intelligently view the solemn and mysterious future that lies before us; and from this brief halt in life's journey may we set out with a fresh enthusiasm to pursue our several careers of usefulness. And when at length we are gathered to our Fathers and our bodies repose beneath the sod, grant that our memories may be still precious to those that survive us, and that our souls, washed in the Redeemer's blood, may soar aloft to realms of glory, to join the great and good in all ages who have gone before us. And to the triune God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, be honor and praise, forever and forever. Amen!

CENTENNIAL HYMN.

[Selected for the occasion.]

Father! to Thee we raise
 Our hymn of grateful praise
 In long arrears!
 We sing Thy blessings sown,
 In all our pathway strewn,
 And every kindness shewn
 These Hundred Years.

Where once the Indian trod,
The House to worship God
 Its altar rears :
We at its shrine appear,
Whose fathers worshipped here,
In faith and holy fear,
 These Hundred Years.

Upon this native soil
Our fathers erst did toil,
 In hopes and fears :
We love their pleasant vales,
The hill-sides and the dales,
The legends and the tales,
 These Hundred Years.

We love our verdant hills,—
The gently-rippling rills
 Delight our ears :
We love the blood that runs
In veins of noble ones,—
The fathers and the sons,
 These Hundred Years.

How many a stricken heart
Has felt death's keenest dart
 With bitter tears !
In his cold arms have slept
The friend our hearts have kept,
The loved ones fondest wept,
 These Hundred Years.

O God! we know how brief
Our life of joy or grief
 To Thee appears.
Compared with Thy *Forever!*
How short the space we sever,
To be recovered never :—
 A Hundred Years.

Our Father! may Thine hand
Still bless the beauteous land
 Our love endears.
In falling, pray restore us;
In blessing, hover o'er us;
Make glad our path before us :—
 A Hundred Years.

Historic Address of Hon. S. P. Benson.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen :

One hundred years ago to-day, at 8 o'clock in the morning, a little band of pioneers, who had made their home in an almost unbroken wilderness, assembled at the house of Squier Bishop to hold their first town meeting in Winthrop.

We meet to-day in this prosperous, beautiful village, on this bright Spring morning, in the same town of our birth or adoption, to trace the history, and to recall the virtues, the toils, the sufferings and the triumphs of our ancestors.

I greet you all, fathers and mothers, young men and maidens, aye, and the children too, with a warm and hearty welcome to the pleasures and festivities of this joyous day. For I am sure we are all of one heart and one mind in celebrating our first Centennial Anniversary.

Pond Town Plantation was the original name of the territory, comprising Winthrop, Readfield, and part of Wayne, and whoever will stand upon some elevated spot in this picturesque region, and survey these lovely sheets of water, eleven in number, might well apply this term. No, he should not say Pond Town, they are lakes, and he should say Lake Town Plantation. Mr. Boardman, in his Sketches of the County of Kennebec, says there are forty-nine ponds within its limits, nine of which are worthy to be called lakes, and I add, three of these are our own, in Winthrop or upon its margin. Why not lakes? They are larger than some of the lakes or lochs of Scotland, so celebrated in story and song. Cobbosseconte is twelve miles long and two wide, with many islands of surpassing beauty, while there are lakes in Massachusetts so small that you might drop one of them bodily into Cobbosseconte and it would hardly make a ripple upon its shores.

This beautiful chain of ponds and lakes in Winthrop and the adjacent towns, was the great water road of the Indians from the Kennebec to the Androscoggin river and the interior of the State. Cobbosseconte stream, which empties into the Kennebec at Gardiner, is the outlet of them, twenty in number.

In an article on the language of the Eastern Indians, by the late Mr. Willis,* whose labors in the Maine Historical Society are above

* See Collections of the Maine Historical Society, vol. 4, pp. 113, 114. I am also indebted to Dr. N. T. True for many more facts pertaining to the Indian language and habits, than I have used.

all price, I find two depositions taken in 1763 and 1765, in both of which one point is, that the Indians applied Cobbossecontecook to the mouth of the stream as it empties into the Kennebec, because *Kabassa* means *Sturgeon*, *conte*, *abundance of*, and *cook*, *place*; and that it took this name from the sturgeons jumping plentifully at the mouth of this stream. From this originated the corruption of that name, Gumscook or Quamscook and Cobscook, applied to our Cobbosseconte lake, not because sturgeons visited it, but as the first of the chain of ponds that empties into the Cobbossecontecook. The same depositions give to our south pond the Indian name of Annabescook, translated "Fish Water Place," or "Near the beautiful Water Place," which may have been originally applied to some Indian village near this lake, and then very naturally to the lake itself. So we call it Annabescook lake because it is Fish Water Place, and near this beautiful Water Place, our village. By the same authority the name of our north pond was Maroonscook or Maronocook, meaning the "Deer Place," and as it is said, one of these timid creatures within a few years was seen to come from the west as if chased, and running for dear life make rapidly for this pond, plunge into its waters and disappear forever. We will henceforth call it Maronocook lake.

The Indians evidently had their camping grounds and villages on the shores of these waters. On the south shore of Annabescook at East Monmouth, several skeletons have been disinterred, and numerous stone implements discovered. Dr. James Cochrane of Monmouth has a curious and valuable collection from this spot, and the foundations of their wigwams are said to be still visible at that place. "Sears," of the Lewiston Journal, our M. B., from whose correspondence I have derived many important historical facts, has found in his "Garden of Eden" on the shore of Maronocook the same kind of implements.

The great thoroughfare of the Indians was through the Winthrop to the Monmouth waters, and by a short carry to the Great Androscoggin Pond in Wayne—where the historian Williamson says "there is an island upon which there is a burying ground of the natives"—and so easily down Dead river into the Androscoggin; while by way of Maronocook lake they could pass along the chain of ponds through Readfield and Mt. Vernon to the Sandy river at Farmington Falls, called by them Amasagunticook.

Such are the natural channels of communication which the

Indians had, our own immediate neighborhood occupying a conspicuous place. Written history is almost entirely silent respecting those who dwelt in this vicinity. It is probable that the Norridgewocks and other Kennebec tribes, and the Amasagunticooks on the Androscoggin river met in common here, as their language was almost identical.

We can well imagine that lively scenes were enacted on these beautiful waters by the red men of the forest; but history and legend even, fail to give us the knowledge we desire. We leave them with the cheering thought that civilization and Christianity have taken the place of savage life, and that the change of scene which one hundred years have brought about in this town is but a tythe in the progressive history of the human race.

The whole white population of the Province of Maine in 1760 did not exceed 17,000. The war-whoop and the scalping knife in some portions, and the unsettled state of the land titles in others, had signally retarded its growth. But the cessation of hostilities at the close of that year between the New England Provincials and the French and Indians, which had overspread the land with blood and desolation for nearly ninety years, gave a new impulse to the settlement of the eastern portion of the Province. The boundaries of the Kennebec or Plymouth Purchase were also adjusted, with Clark and Lake and the Pejepscoot proprietors in 1758, the Wiscasset company in 1762, and the Pemaquid proprietors in 1763. A liberal policy was adopted by the company towards settlers, and Pond Town Plantation, embraced within their established limits, was laid out agreeably to their plan. No large tracts were sold to speculators; every other lot was marked Settler and Proprietor, with mill privileges and larger grants to those who would erect mills. Settlers were thus attracted from Massachusetts and New Hampshire, most of them young men, the sons of substantial farmers, who established themselves in this territory and gave it an agricultural superiority which it still retains.

The first settler was Timothy Foster. Thomas Scott, a hunter, had been here before for the purpose of getting furs, and had erected a hut on the margin of Cobbosseconte lake, on the farm now owned by Jacob B. Robbins, which Mr. Foster bought of him and paid thirty dollars, but failing to take a proper conveyance he was afterwards sued by Scott's creditors for the property and imprisoned for about six months—rather severe, in addition to the

other hardships of this sturdy old pioneer. He came from Attleboro', Mass., some time in 1764, brought his wife and ten children in 1765, and June 11, 1766 had granted to him his lot of land one mile long and one hundred poles wide, containing two hundred acres. The conditions of his grant were: "That the said Timothy Foster build an house not less than twenty feet square and seven feet stud—[none too large surely for the ten children he brought with him, and the subsequently born to him, for it was the fashion here in the early days to rejoice in such olive plants in the home]—to clear and bring to, fit for tillage, five acres of land within three years from the date hereof, and actually live upon the premises during said term, or in case of his death that his heirs, or some person under them, shall dwell on said premises during said term, and that he or they, or some person under him or them, shall live thereupon for seven years after the expiration of said three years; reserving to this propriety all mines and minerals whatsoever within the hereby granted premises, with liberty of digging and carrying off the same." Thus he was anchored for ten years at least at farming, for he had no right to the gold or silver, or other mineral ores, if as plenty as in California. On the same day grants of land of the same size and on the same conditions were made to Squier Bishop, of lot number 17 (on McKicknie's plan) and of lot 18 to Ebenezer Bly.

Mr. Bishop came with his wife and six children in 1766, from Rehoboth, Mass., settled upon his lot (the old Bishop farm) and was the first innholder in town, at whose house the town meetings were held for many years. The same year Stephen Pullen, Nathaniel Stanley and Benjamin Fairbanks, all young men, came from Massachusetts.

In 1767 John Chandler with his wife and eight children (four others were born to them here), and Amos Stevens, then eighteen years of age, hired by him, came from New Ipswich in New Hampshire. To encourage him to build mills, a conditional grant of land was made on the following terms, viz: "We, the subscribers, the Committee of the Kennebec Purchase from the late Colony of New Plymouth, do hereby agree that Mr. John Chandler shall have a grant of two lots of land, of two hundred acres each, near the mill stream in Pondtown, and also one other lot in some other place in said township, upon condition that he gives bonds to build a saw-mill in one year, and a grist-mill in three years, and make one

settlement on said four hundred acres, and another settlement on the two hundred acre lot, both on the conditions aforesaid." Signed Boston, June 11, 1767, by James Bowdoin, Benjamin Hallowell, Sylvester Gardiner, James Pitts, John Hancock; a fac simile of the last name shows the same bold hand with which he signed the Declaration of Independence. In the course of the year 1768 Mr. Chandler built a saw-mill and grist-mill on the site of the woollen mill now owned by the Winthrop Manufacturing Company, and on the 12th of April, 1769, his two lots of land, numbers 51 and 52, embracing a large part of the territory of our village, were conveyed to him.

Before the incorporation of the town, I find the evidence of about twenty-five deeds to as many settlers. I wish I had time to read one of them to you, but it occupies six and a half pages in the History of Winthrop written by the venerable and beloved Father Thurston, to which I am indebted for many of my facts. About two-thirds of these lots were in what is now Winthrop, and one-third in Readfield.

Mr. Boardman, in his History of the County, says the Readfield part of Pondtown was settled about 1760. That many other persons not in the list, to whom deeds were given, had settled both in the Winthrop and Readfield portions of the plantation there is no doubt, for we find names to whom no record evidence of a title to land is found.

Gideon Lambert from Martha's Vineyard, Ichabod How from Ipswich, and Jonathan Whiting from Wrentham, Mass., were all early settlers, influential men in the plantation, and among the first officers of the town. They probably came with their families in 1766, 1767 and 1768. Mr. Lambert, though a farmer mainly, first shod their oxen, even if Moses Chandler was the first regular blacksmith. He settled on the lot now occupied in part as the depot of the Maine Central Railroad. He had been a soldier in the British army, in the old French and Indian war; was under the command of Abercrombie when defeated at the battle of Ticonderoga in 1758, and served in the Revolutionary War after he came to Pondtown. Mr. Whiting, in the language of Col. Fairbanks, was "a worthy, good man," the first Justice of the Peace in town, the first Representative to the General Court, and a man of strong moral and religious principles. At one of the many times when the people were suffering almost a famine, he had a surplus of grain for his

family's use, and yet he put them on an allowance that he might be able to render more relief to others, and though he might have had almost any price for his grain, no consideration would induce him to exceed his established reasonable prices.

Ichabod How had been accustomed in "old Ipswich," to the luxury of apples and cider. After having determined to emigrate to Pondtown, as he ate a choice apple he carefully saved the seeds, and when he came brought them in his pocket and sowed them on his farm, now owned by John Stanley and Wyman Hanson. From this nursery sprang the famous Winthrop Greening, the How Apple, Nelson's Favorite, the Lambert Apple, and I know not how many other excellent varieties. His daughter, Melicent, the wife of David Foster, and the mother of my informant, Nathan Foster, not now but for more than fifty years our townsman, twice our Representative, a veteran nurseryman and fruit grower, (I am happy to see him here) partook in the general joy of that first cider made in town, pounded out in a sap-trough and squeezed out in a cheese press, and lived to see her husband make on his own farm one hundred barrels a year, and her town the first in the county, if not in the State, for the abundance and excellence of both apples and cider. This mother delighted in telling her children that she used to count every morning all the apples growing in Winthrop, to be sure that none had disappeared in the night.

The three brothers, Nathaniel, William and Thomas Whittier, came early from New Hampshire, and taught the Massachusetts men a lesson in clearing land and raising crops, which they had not learned on the old cultivated farms of their native State,—that corn, wheat, and other crops would grow better on burnt land than on old worn out ploughed lands, and that every day's labor in felling trees would yield at least a bushel of wheat.

The number of settlers could not have been large in 1768, as I learn through the late Col. Fairbanks, who came in 1767, but not one of the number to whom deeds of land had been given—he came as a tanner, not farmer—that it took the whole strength of the place, both of men and oxen, for a week to haul Chandler's mill stones from the Hook, now Hallowell. They were taken one at a time, in summer; the party encamped where night overtook them, and when they came to a bad gulley they filled it with trees and brush as best they could, and so passed on. Until that year there had been no road, bushed out even, to Kennebec river, and

the nearest grist-mill was at Cobbossee, now Gardiner. Oxen could not go for want of a road, and there was not a horse in town, so all the grists had to be carried upon the shoulders, I will not say of men, for Mrs. Foster, the wife of the first settler and the mother of Stephen, the first white child born, as a true helpmeet, once went to mill for her husband. She crossed the Cobbosseconte in a canoe, which was taken back. By some means she was detained so late that on her return to the shore of the lake it was too dark to find the *horn* used to call for the boat,—(of course she had not taken a *horn* of any other kind)—a cup of tea and social chat with some Cobbossee family had beguiled the time, and the penalty was a night alone in the woods.

The early settlers generally selected for their farms the hills and elevated swells of ground, probably because the growth of wood was better adapted to felling and burning off, and yielded more valuable first crops. The spotted-line paths from house to house gradually grew into town ways, so that the first roads were crooked and over the hills, and it has been very expensive to straighten and level them; and you will all say not very level yet, though well wrought. Old Major Wood has told me that it took the people fifty years to learn that a kettle bail was no longer lying down than standing up. This was his quaint way of showing that the highways should have been built around instead of over the hills.

At the incorporation of the town in 1771, with the boundaries, which I will not read, (Wint. Hist., p. 215), the name Winthrop was very naturally taken. The settlers from the old Bay State had learned to revere the character of John Winthrop, the first governor of Massachusetts, and of his son and grandson, each for years governor of Connecticut, and all learned scholars, able statesmen, Christian gentlemen. Thomas L. Winthrop, a descendant, was one of the proprietors of Kennebec Purchase, and subsequently lieutenant-governor of Massachusetts. And I may add, the name is still worthily borne by the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop of Boston. So we had a good name to start with. Let us see how our town has maintained it.

At the first town meeting, May 20, 1771, the following officers were chosen, viz: Ichabod How, Moderator; John Chandler, Timothy Foster, Ichabod How, Robert Waugh and Jonathan Whiting, Selectmen; Jonathan Whiting, Town Clerk; Stephen Pullen, Constable; Ichabod How, Gideon Lambert and Jonathan Whiting,

Assessors; Jonathan Whiting, Treasurer; Gideon Lambert and Josiah Hall, Wardens; Abraham Wyman and Gideon Lambert, Surveyors of Highways.

You see his fellow citizens remembered Mr. Whiting's kindness in dealing out his grain; and for years he retained their confidence, for he was almost or quite every year associated with one or more of these same men in the administration of town affairs.

Down to this period we have had no records at all to appeal to, and for many years after the town records are so worn and gone, the very first meeting lost, that but an imperfect history can be given. But we do find at a meeting held seven days later, £20 raised to support preaching and other necessary town charges, and a committee appointed to hire a minister; and at a subsequent meeting £50 were voted for the repair of highways, and provision was made for a burying-ground near Isaac N. Metcalf's; and the "town ordered John Needham, Gideon Lambert and Ephraim Lane *into the box* to serve as jurors." Thus early were they called upon by the Court to aid in the administration of justice. And an old deputy sheriff has told me that one of the judges, long upon the bench, not many years ago said in his hearing that among the best jurors were those from Winthrop. The reasons we may see as we progress.

At the regular March meeting in 1772, John Blunt was chosen moderator and selectman,—the other officers were nearly the same. The proceedings of this meeting do not all appear by the record. But the warrant shows six articles to be acted upon. 1. To elect town officers. 2. To confirm, *if they see cause*, the report of the selectmen on highways laid out. 3. To *pay* the town's just debts—no discretion here—no repudiation. 4. To revise the jury box. 5. To choose a committee to solicit Mr. Gardiner to open a place through or round his mill-dam to let the fish up for the benefit of the town; and 6th, To provide for the repair of highways.

This matter of fishways was followed up by committees and otherwise, for thirty-five years at least. At a meeting, January, 1806, the Representative to the General Court, Col. Fairbanks, who was nine years elected to that office, was instructed to "oppose having Cobbosseconte stream exempted from the fish law of the Commonwealth." But all their efforts were unavailing. Though salmon, shad, and alewives were plenty before this dam was built, no fish from the river came into these ponds after that.

In January, 1773, a meeting was held "to consider a pamphlet in which the rights and charter privileges are maintained, and instances wherein they think they are infringed" by the British government. It was "several times read, considered and deliberately weighed." They then answered four questions in the affirmative, responding to the statements of the pamphlet and the mode of redressing the grievances of the Colonists, and ordered an attested copy of their proceedings sent to the town clerk of Boston.

Provision was first made for schools in 1774; and in the warrant for 1775 was an article "to see if the town will hire schooling this year and how much," but the record is defective as to what action was taken; and besides, the War of the Revolution was upon them.

Immediately on hearing of the battle of Lexington (Apr. 19, 1775) Nathaniel Fairbanks, generally known as "the Colonel," four sons of Timothy Foster, Billy, Eliphalet, Thomas and John, Elijah Fairbanks and twelve more young men from Winthrop, whose names I have not learned, in the language of the Colonel, "repaired to Headquarters at Cambridge to defend our beloved country." No more money was voted for schools from this time till March, 1782. War had begun, and school was dismissed. Their energies were taxed to the utmost in the support of their families, in all their hardships and poverty, and the security of their rights against the encroachments of the British Crown. That they were intensely patriotic no one can doubt who will read the town records of that period. But that they felt, too, their dependence on God in this great crisis, is apparent by their efforts to maintain the institutions of the gospel. They had voted in 1774, to build a house for public worship on lot 57, (in the Metcalf neighborhood,) nearest the center of the town; raised £20 towards it, and £28 to support preaching and other necessary town charges. The preaching of the gospel, in the judgment of our forefathers, was a necessary town charge. In 1775 they instructed their committee "to hire Rev. Thurston Whiting to preach three months after his time was out, and one day in a month in the winter, and to effect the finishing of the house."

But they did not forget to maintain the war as well as the gospel. They voted £13, 6s. 8d. to purchase a town stock of powder and lead, and instructed Ichabod How, their Representative in the Provincial Congress, to be sure and bring home the *town's stock of ammunition*. They also voted to pay the Province rate of money

into the hands of Henry Gardiner, Esq., "as recommended by the Provincial Congress," and then proceeded to elect military officers "to discipline the inhabitants." And again in 1775 they chose a committee to provide preaching, and voted to raise £30 to pay *old arrearages* and support the preaching. And to teach a lesson in punctuality, they voted, "that all persons who do service for the town shall bring in their accounts in one year or they *will not be paid*, but will be deemed generously given to the town."

During the same year, at different meetings, committees of correspondence, of inspection, of safety, to procure provisions, ammunition and other necessary stores, and to consult with committees of other towns on the public good and general welfare, were chosen, with power to engage any sum of money they may think proper for the purpose.

At the annual meeting in March, 1776, the record is peculiar. They chose the usual town officers, a committee of correspondence, inspection and safety, voted not to raise any money for preaching nor for schools, nor to defray town charges; elected Billy Foster captain, William Whittier 1st lieutenant, Josiah Hall 2d lieutenant, and Benjamin Fairbanks ensign; but before they got through with the meeting, voted "to employ Mr. More to get Mr. Thayer to preach four sabbaths." With all the embarrassments of the war they could not forego public worship entirely.

In August I find recorded at length the Declaration of Independence, which was most heartily received and fully endorsed by the people. Before that, the town meetings had been warned in the name of His Majesty the King of Great Britain, afterwards the warrants were issued in the name of the government and people of Massachusetts Bay and of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

It would seem that His Majesty the king had at this time some friends, for I find on record January 29, 1777, a humble and yet honorable confession, signed by two prominent citizens, renouncing allegiance to "the King of Britain and all his laws as unjust," and asking the forgiveness of their townsmen and neighbors. That they were forgiven is to be inferred from the fact that one of them was elected a selectman two years later.

At a town meeting in April, 1777, Ichabod How was chosen a Delegate to a County Convention to be held in Wiscasset, and instructed to do all he can "to prevent sending a Remonstrance to the General Court against their taxing this State." And the

records are full of votes of supplies for men and the means of carrying on the war. At one time 74 pounds of powder, 250 pounds of lead, 250 flints; at another, 2856 pounds of beef, 12 shirts, 12 pairs of stockings and shoes, "agreeably to a Resolve of the General Court."

I regret that my limited time has not enabled me to ascertain the names and number of men who served in the war. In addition to those already stated, Joseph Hezelton was under Gen. Gates in all his battles until the surrender of Burgoyne. Daniel Allen was in Lee's army. Reuben Brainerd was also a soldier, and "Capt. Blunt was ordered to a perilous post of duty, which he bravely performed."

And thus it is believed that the men of Winthrop, then embracing Readfield, contributed according to their numbers and ability their full share of men, arms and ammunition in fighting out the Revolutionary War, and procuring an honorable peace. And at its close their ardent patriotism was expressed by voting "that the Refugees and declared Traitors to the United States of America ought to be forever excluded from returning among us." Nor had they been unmindful of affairs at home. Without stating specific votes, liberal provision had been made for the support of preaching. A church had been formed September 4, 1776, with twenty-six members, and after two unsuccessful attempts to settle a minister, the Rev. David Jewett of Candia, N. H., on the 17th of October, 1781, was invited to become their pastor, and accepted, was installed January 2, 1782, and became the first settled minister in town.

At the close of the Revolution many new settlers came, some fresh from the battle-fields, and others from Massachusetts and New Hampshire, from educated communities, men of intelligence, who felt the importance of schools for their children. The Stanleys, Aden, Rial and Solomon, the Fairbanks brothers, Benjamin, Elijah, Joseph and Nathaniel, with their thirty-eight children, Stevens with his eighteen, Robbins with his ten, the Woods, Samuel, Elijah and Enoch, Dr. John Hubbard, the Pages—Robert and Simon, the Beans and Craigs, and Jedediah Prescott with his thirteen children—these, with others already mentioned, became the managers of municipal affairs, and took a lively interest in education and the general welfare.

I must not pass over the death of Capt. Timothy Foster in the winter of 1785. It illustrates the hardships of the early settlers.

In cutting down a tree it fell upon him and fractured his skull, so that he became speechless. His son Stewart went on snow shoes to Portland for a surgeon, but could not get him to come. He did obtain an instrument for trepanning, with instructions for its use, so that after the broken skull was raised the captain roused up and spoke rationally, but so long a time had intervened and the inflammation was so great that death ensued, and thus ended the life of the first settler of Winthrop.

During the war the selectmen and committee of correspondence, in compliance with an existing Colonial law "to prevent monopoly and oppression," set the prices on labor, and more than forty articles besides, almost everything to eat, drink and wear, including New England Rum, at five pence a gallon. The catalogue is a curiosity, and may be found in the History of Winthrop, showing that living in those days was very cheap, *if one had money*.

After the war liberal sums for schools were raised, from £30 in 1783 to £320 in 1790, for teachers and school houses. Nor were the morals of the town neglected. In 1789 they began to put in force a law authorizing them to "warn out of town" persons who came into it without their consent. Two females, perhaps of doubtful character, were ordered by a warrant under the hands and seals of John Hubbard and Samuel Wood, Selectmen, to depart the limits thereof within fifteen days, and this was duly served by the constable of the town. A little later, John Clark, fiddler, "a transient person," was served with a similar process.

During the ten years from 1781 to 1791, the division of the town was in almost constant agitation. The work on the first meeting-house, that the people had tried so hard to erect in the center of territory, was suspended, and attempts were made to build two, one for the Readfield, the other for the Winthrop part, neither of which succeeded, and the first was sold to David Woodcock and taken down; a part of the timber is said to be in the cider mill of Columbus Fairbanks, now.

In March, 1791, the town was divided by an east and west line, five-ninths of the territory retained the old name, and four-ninths became the town of Readfield.

At the annual town meeting in March, 1792, the following officers were chosen, viz:

Samuel Wood, Moderator. Nathaniel Fairbanks, Clerk. Nathaniel Fairbanks, Samuel Wood, Philip Allen, Selectmen.

John Comings, Treasurer. Nathaniel Fairbanks, Philip Allen, John Wadsworth, Assessors. Squier Bishop, Constable.

The death of Rev. David Jewett occurred a little more than a year after his settlement, and from that time until 1800 there was no settled minister, and less preaching than during the Revolutionary War,—to be accounted for, perhaps, upon the same principle with the devotional spirit of the sailor in the storm, but forgotten when safe on shore. Impending danger makes men seek the aid of a Higher Power than any arm of flesh. But if our ancestors during this period neglected the heart, they did not fail to cultivate the intellect of their children.

In 1792, the town was divided into six school districts, committees of three were chosen for each, and liberal sums of money expended in the support of schools. In the Snell district, embracing many of the first settlers, in 1797-8, after expending their proportion of \$333 raised by taxation, many of the parents subscribed from \$2 to \$10 each, and prolonged their school the principal portion of the time for twenty-one months, making it free for all the scholars in the district, and that the banner district in town.

During this year, 1792, twelve heads of families and their children formed the Society of Friends, according to the usage of their denomination, and in 1798 erected a house of worship in the neighborhood now known as Baileyville. In 1794 a Methodist class was formed in the Fairbanks' neighborhood, under the care of Rev. Philip Wager. Nathaniel Bishop, son of the second settler, and himself the first trader, had been a local preacher of this denomination. Through his efforts the class had occasional preaching in the school-house there, and mainly by his indomitable perseverance, a very neat house of worship was erected on an eligible site in the village in 1825, a Methodist society of seventeen members having been incorporated in 1811.

In 1794 the town meeting-house, so-called, the first built in this town, was so far completed as to be fit for use in the summer season; and at a meeting in April, the town voted that the Baptist church, organized in 1792, in the easterly part of the town, "may have the improvement of the meeting-house two sabbaths out of five, and to begin the third sabbath from that date." They occupied it a portion of the time prior to 1800, and occasionally had preaching in the school-house at East Winthrop, until 1823, when

their meeting-house was erected. The house first built stood on almost the highest point of land in town,—a spot of surpassing beauty. The late Dr. Benjamin Vaughan of Hallowell, an early settler there, formerly a member of the British Parliament, but obliged to flee from England because of his sympathy for and interest in the American Colonies, was accustomed to take his distinguished visitors to Winthrop, especially to this spot. He would come by the charming view of Cobbossecontee lake at East Winthrop, over the old meeting-house hill, and returned by the Narrow's pond. And he often said this ride gave him the most interesting scenery in New England.

I have a very vivid recollection of this house in my boyhood. It was where I was taken to meeting by my parents regularly every sabbath, a distance of two miles, summer and winter, rain or shine. The house had only a single floor, no carpet of course, the underpinning in many places gone, and not a spark of fire for years. I do not remember how many before stoves were put in ; but I do recollect most distinctly sitting by my blessed mother and seeing her clothes sway back and forth by the winds. She had a foot stove for her comfort, but we children were without, and thus taught to buffet the hardships of life by our good father who shared them with us. The poor horses, too,—no sheds were provided for them. They were obliged to take the northwest wind upon that bleak hill, without shelter, except so far as the first comers could hitch them under the lee of the house. Luckily for the men, bad for the horses, no societies existed "to prevent cruelty to our dumb animals."

I mention these facts to show the habits of the second generation. What must have been hardships of the first?

A post office was first established, and Silas Lambert appointed postmaster, in 1800.

The opinions of the people at this time were so various on religious subjects, and so divided on denominational views that they could not act as a town in the settlement and support of a minister. A poll parish was therefore formed, consisting of ninety members, and incorporated by the name of the First Congregational Society of Winthrop. Rev. Jonathan Belden, a graduate of Yale College, commenced preaching in the winter; in May he was invited to settle, and on the 27th day of August, was ordained as their pastor, and continued until 1805, when his ministry closed on account

of the failure of his health. His pastorate seems to have been successful, as forty-five members were added to the church. The poll parish was dissolved in 1806 by an act of the Legislature, and the society again became a territorial parish; its affairs for many years were managed by the annual town meeting.

Rev. David Thurston came here in May, 1806, and preached a few sabbaths so acceptably that on the 10th of November the town concurred with the church in a call by them previously given to him, "to settle in the work of a gospel minister, and to give him \$400 a year so long as he shall continue, and \$400 as a settlement." In January, 1807, he accepted the call, was ordained the 18th of February, and continued in that relation more than forty-four years, until October 15, 1851, when it was dissolved at his request. My fellow citizens have recently placed a tablet to his memory, presented by the Hon. Seth May, in the rear of the pulpit of the church, where he had preached the gospel so ably, so faithfully and so long. That tablet bears an epitome of his character and labors; but as I read the inscription and have studied the history of this town, I felt that it should have borne one more tribute to his worth, as the ardent, efficient and constant friend of education. On the 6th day of April, less than two months after his ordination, he was elected one of a committee to "draw up a plan about the instruction of youth," and to report at the next town meeting; at which, held May 4th, there is entered upon the record a report which was accepted, signed Samuel Wood, David Thurston, Hushai Thomas and Dudley Todd, making a radical change as to the admission and classification of scholars. And during almost his entire ministry he was a member of the school committee, under whatever name the law called it, and for years when the law provided for no such office. To be sure men of all the professions, and thinking men of all classes coöperated with him, but to him we are indebted more than to any other man for the elevated character of our common schools and the high standard of education in town.

August 7, 1808, the first Sabbath School was established in town, mainly through his efforts; and I believe, also, the first in the Commonwealth, and that before the separation of Maine. My belief of this important fact rests upon the Celebration of the 50th Anniversary of Sabbath Schools in Beverly, which I attended in 1860. The occasion drew together an immense concourse of people to

do honor to Beverly as the first to establish a Sabbath School in New England in 1810, (two years later than ours here.)* A public dinner was given, and speeches were made by the most eminent men of the State, in which all honor was given to Beverly, and especially to the two young ladies who commenced the school as teachers, the late Mrs. Everett of Brunswick being one of them. For be it remembered always to their honor, that through all the intervening period, and now, ladies have been most numerous and earnest in Sabbath School instruction, and have thus as otherwise blessed the world. God bless them for it.

As Mr. Webster, † in a letter near the close of his life, expressed

* Since writing this Address, I have seen "The Sunday School Times" of September 15, 1860, published in Philadelphia, containing a full account of the Beverly Semi-Centennial Celebration, "reported expressly" for that paper. The Rev. A. B. Rich read a "historical sketch" of the first school established in Beverly, and fixed the date as of September 5, 1810, by quotations from the History of Beverly by Rev. Edwin M. Stone, and from Memoranda of Hon. Robert Rantoul, Senior. He then says, "two years after Mr. Rantoul made these memoranda the Rev. Asa Bullard prepared a History of the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society. In this work he says, "The first Sabbath School, so far as we are able to learn, in this State, and probably in New England, intended for moral and religious instruction, was established in Beverly in 1810." On page 124 of the History of Winthrop, written by Mr. Thurston, I find this statement, "The first Sabbath School in town, and probably in the State, was established by this church, Aug. 7, 1808. It has been continued in different forms and with various success until the present time." I submit, therefore, that whatever honor is due to the town first establishing a Sabbath School in New England, belongs to Winthrop.

† Instead of giving in this address the extracts I made from Mr. Webster's letter, it seems to me better to preserve the whole in this note. The opinions of these two distinguished statesmen cannot fail to impress upon the public mind the value of the Bible and Sabbath Schools.

JEFFERSON AND WEBSTER—THE BIBLE AND SABBATH SCHOOLS.

MARSHFIELD, June 15, 1852.

PROF. PEASE—*Dear Sir* :—I have received your very able and interesting annual report of the condition of the New York Sabbath School Association, and read it with great pleasure and instruction. It is gratifying, very gratifying, to learn that in "a city where vice and immorality run riot with impunity," a few humble Christians have devoted their time and energies to the cause of religion, and I fervently pray that your labors may be crowned with success.

The Sabbath School is one of the great institutions of the day. It leads our youth in the path of truth and morality, and makes them good men and useful citizens. As a school of religious instruction it is of inestimable value; as a civil institution it is priceless, has done more to preserve our liberties than grave statesmen and armed soldiers. Let it then be fostered and preserved until the end of time!

I once defended a man charged with the awful crime of murder. At the conclusion of the trial I asked him what could induce him to stain his hands with the blood of a

the hope that it would be, the Sabbath School has been fostered and preserved from that first school in 1808 *here* till the present time; and it is in all our religious societies, five in number, including, in addition to those already mentioned, the Universalist society, which was formed in 1818, whose house of worship, neat and commodious, was erected in 1838. It is a most cherished institution in them all; has done and is doing a great work in maintaining the high moral and religious character of the people.

fellow-being. Turning his blood-shot eyes full upon me, he replied, in a voice of despair, "Mr. Webster, in my youth I spent the holy Sabbath in evil amusements, instead of frequenting the house of prayer and praise." Could we go back to the early years of all hardened criminals, I believe, yes, firmly believe, that their subsequent crimes might thus be traced back to the neglect of youthful religious instruction.

Many years ago, I spent a Sabbath with Thomas Jefferson, at his residence in Virginia. It was in the month of June, and the weather was delightful. While engaged in discussing the beauties of the Bible, the sound of a bell broke upon our ears, when, turning to the Sage of Monticello, I remarked, "How sweetly, how very sweetly sounds that Sabbath bell!" The distinguished statesman for a moment seemed lost in thought, and then replied: "Yes, my dear Webster, yes, it melts the heart, it calms our passions, and makes us boys again." Here I observed that man was an animal formed for religious worship, and that notwithstanding all the sophistry of Epicurus, Lucretius and Voltaire, the Scriptures stood upon a rock as firm, as unmovable as truth itself; that man in his purer, loftier breathings, turned the mental eyes toward immortality, and that the poet only echoed the general sentiment of our nature in saying that "the soul, secure in her existence, smiles at the drawn dagger, and defies its point."

Mr. Jefferson fully concurred in this opinion, and observed that the tendency of the American mind was in a different direction, and that Sunday Schools (he did not use our more correct term, Sabbath) presented the only legitimate means, under the constitution, of avoiding the rock on which the French Republic was wrecked. "Burke," said he, "never uttered a more important truth than when he exclaimed that a religious education was the cheap defence of nations," "Raikes," said Mr. Jefferson, "has done more for our country than the present generation will acknowledge; perhaps, when I am cold, he will obtain his reward; I hope so, earnestly hope so; I am considered by many, Mr. Webster, to have little religion, but now is not the time to correct errors of this sort. I have always said, and always will say, that the studious perusal of the sacred volume will make better citizens, better fathers, and better husbands. Of the distinguished Raikes, he was '*clarum et venerabile nomen.*'" I took the liberty of saying that I found more pleasure in Hebrew poetry than in the best productions of Greece and Rome; that the "harp upon the willows by Babylon" had charms for me beyond anything in the numbers of the blind man of Smyrna. I then turned to Jeremiah (there was a fine folio of the Scriptures before me of 1458,) and read aloud some of those sublime passages that used to delight me on my father's knee. But I fear, my dear friend, I shall tire you with my prolix account of what was a pleasant Sabbath spent in the company of one who has filled a very large space in our political and literary annals.

Thanking you for your report, and heartily concurring with you in the truth of your quotation that, "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people,"

I remain, with high regard, your friend,

D. WEBSTER.

In 1809 the "Winthrop Cotton and Woollen Manufactory" was incorporated. The stock was taken up principally by the people of the town; but at that early day want of experience, and especially capital, prevented its going into operation until 1814, and it was never successful in first hands. It was creditable to the men of that day, and in keeping with their character, to conceive and carry into effect an enterprize of so much magnitude. (Hanson in his History of Gardiner says, the Cotton Factory established there in 1811 was among the first in the country.)

In 1823 the factory went into the hands of Boston capitalists, was afterwards owned and managed by residents of Winthrop, and after various changes of ownership, nearly all the time in operation, it was purchased in 1866 by the present company, enlarged and improved, and profitably employed at this time in the manufacture of woollen blankets on an extensive scale, and of superior quality.

In 1812 the Federal party was in the ascendancy, and the war was not heartily supported. They had opposed the embargo as ruinous to commerce and destructive to the prosperity of New England, and had instructed their Representative to the General Court, Samuel Wood, Esq., "to use his utmost endeavors to have such Electors of President and Vice President chosen as shall embrace those ideas that the good people of the Commonwealth entertained under the Administration of Washington." And yet they were law-abiding citizens, and obeyed the summons to Wiscasset to defend the coast when threatened by the British fleet.

On the Sabbath-day, September 11, 1814, a messenger in full uniform, bearing the orders of Major Gen'l Sewall to call out the militia, rode up to the old meeting-house on the hill while the town authorities were listening to old Parson Scott of Minot. He had not observed the arrival of this stranger, who was seen by the Selectmen and the military officers, who immediately began to go out to learn the news. They were soon followed by others whose curiosity was excited, and at last the good old parson, who had just got to *nineteenthly* in his sermon, saw the commotion and said, "My dear hearers, I fear I am wearying your patience and will draw to a close," which he did at once, having then preached, as tradition says, two full hours. There were two companies of militia at that time, the one on the east side of the stream commanded by Capt. Asa Fairbanks, and that on the west side by Capt. Elijah Daven-

port, both of which were warned that afternoon to meet the next morning at 7 o'clock; and at an early hour they were on the march to Wiscasset. Capt. Davenport being sick at the time, his company was commanded by the Lieutenant, Capt. Samuel Benjamin, our respected townsman, recently deceased.

The close of the war, in 1814, was memorable not only for that relief but for the sorrows resulting from the fatal "Cold Fever," during which thirty-seven deaths occurred, half of them in a little more than two months—followed by the "Cold Season" of 1816, when frost occurred throughout the county in every month of the year—the corn crop a failure, the farmers discouraged, and the "Ohio Fever" prevailing. All these causes turned the attention of the thinking men of Winthrop, and there were many of them, to *combined* effort for the promotion of good morals, material prosperity, and the general welfare of the people.

In March, 1815, a society was organized, with Samuel Wood President, and David Thurston, Secretary, the expressed objects being "to discourage profaneness, idleness, gross breaches of the Sabbath, and intemperance."

In 1818 the Winthrop Agricultural Society was incorporated. It had existed some years before as a social organization. It was the first in the county, I think the first in Maine. The first meeting was held July 4th, when a Constitution was adopted stating the object to be "to improve the art of husbandry and elevate the calling of the husbandman."

I should be glad to trace the history of these two societies, under the direction of the most intelligent men in town. The first aiding the Tythingmen in the discharge of their duties—distributing tracts and pamphlets, and holding discussions on the evils of intemperance—establishing Sabbath Schools in seven school districts, and continuing in operation until 1832, when other societies had arisen, and a vote of the town had been passed instructing the selectmen and town agent to take proper measures to prevent the violation of the law, and "to post drunkards and tipplers." The other (Agricultural Society) was indefatigable in its labors. Tasks were assigned to its members, each was requested to "report his favorite source of profit and his net gain," and fines were imposed for absence from the meetings. Wheat was imported from Virginia and Spain to be sold at cost, but "not over a peck to each member." Special efforts were made "to improve that noble race

of animals, the horse," to procure the best breeds of stock and kinds of farming tools; and at length Cattle Shows and Fairs were held, with premiums on stock, crops, butter, cheese, and manufactured articles. In 1832 the name was changed to "Kennebec County Agricultural Society," a splendid Show and Fair held that year, and a number following in Winthrop, then in other towns, and finally located in 1856 in the northern part of old Pondtown plantation, in the good town of Readfield, where "it still lives" to dispense its benefits and blessings.

The first Agricultural paper in the State was started in Winthrop in January 7, 1833, under the name of the Kennebec Farmer, William Noyes publisher and Dr. Ezekiel Holmes editor. The name was soon changed to Maine Farmer, with the motto "Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man." It had eleven years of hard life in Winthrop, was then sold to Russell Eaton and removed to Augusta,—made him rich in a few years—and is now in the 39th year of its age, prosperous and useful in the Capital of the State. Of Dr. Holmes, the editor for thirty-two years, and a resident of Winthrop all the time, of Samuel and Elijah Wood, and others in this town who contributed to its columns, I need not speak. You are familiar with their writings, labors, and benefits to the cause of agriculture.

In addition to the common schools liberally supported, many private schools have been taught in the village and at East Winthrop,—Dr. John Boutelle, as early as 1812, for many terms, Samuel Johnson in 1817, and Mr. Thurston in his own study for years of his pastoral life. In 1825 Elder John Butler established a school for young ladies in the higher English branches, at East Winthrop. He was an excellent teacher; his school gained a high reputation and attracted scholars from the river towns and other distant places. To him we are indebted for many of our excellent wives and for a new impulse to the cause of female education.

In 1825 the Congregational Society, by appropriate services, bade farewell to the old meeting-house on the hill, and dedicated their present house of public worship in the village.

It would be most interesting to refer by name to more of the leading men in town, and state some of their peculiar traits of character,—that is impossible now—and I must be content briefly to allude to their *combined and associated* efforts to improve the morals, increase the intelligence and promote the temporal and spiritual welfare of the people.

In 1827 the Anderson Society was formed for "mutual instruction in the sciences, as connected with the mechanic arts and agriculture." In 1829 a Temperance Society, pledged "to abstain from distilled spirits," headed by Esq. Wood and Parson Thurston and followed by over four hundred names—a noble roll, over six feet long, borne in to-day's procession. In 1830, at the annual town meeting, resolutions were passed stating the amount of liquor sold, the evils of the traffic, and condemning the whole business. In 1832 Daniel Carr opened the first temperance tavern in the State, and a society pledged to total abstinence from all that intoxicates was formed about this time.

In 1833 our good women formed a "Moral Reform Society," which was soon followed by a "Maternal Society for mutual improvement." And Mr. Thurston preached in November, 1833, the first sermon in the United States, (I have his word for it)* showing the sinfulness of slaveholding, and the duty of immediate emancipation; and in 1834 a society was organized upon that principle, with one hundred and seven members.

In 1833, Capt. Samuel Clark being our representative, a leading man of sterling good sense, procured the passage of a law converting the parish fund, arising from the sale of a lot of land given by the Plymouth Company for the use of the ministry, into a school fund. It had been a source of controversy between the Congregational and other religious societies since 1816; and after a protracted lawsuit the *legal* title was decided to be in the First Parish. The *moral* right was still questioned. The parish therefore voted, in 1832, to surrender it to the town, the principal, by the terms of this law, to be kept intact, and the interest divided annually, per capita, among the school districts. And thus ended a contention which had injured the cause of religion, by adding a fund of \$2,837.34 to promote that of education.

In 1837, the surplus revenue in the Treasury of the United States was distributed among the several States, and by this State to the towns according to population. Many of the towns carried out the principle and divided it per capita. Winthrop more wisely put their share, \$4,006, into the treasury as other town funds, and used a large part of it in purchasing a farm for the support of the poor. Before that time they had quite too

* See History of Winthrop, pages 153 and 154.

often pursued the inhuman custom, so generally practiced, of putting their support at auction, to be sold to the lowest bidder. Since that time our poor have been kindly cared for on this farm, with all the comforts of a good home, while economy and humanity have been found to harmonize by the change.

The Aroostook War called for thirty men, who were furnished, and the Major of the regiment, now Gen. Samuel Wood, detailed for that service. All returned in safety at its bloodless conclusion.

In 1840, the town first took *legal* action in behalf of temperance. They instructed the board to *license* but one man to sell for medicinal and mechanical purposes only, and elected a committee to prosecute all violations of the law. The instructions were followed and resulted in great good to the community, though one member of the committee lost his bees and horses' tail for his fidelity to duty.

In 1841, the Washingtonian Society was formed, based upon the law of kindness and love, and was instrumental of much good, not only in our own but in neighboring towns. In 1846, the Sons of Temperance organized a Division; their operations embraced not only opposition to the liquor traffic, but care for their sick members, whom they relieved at a cost of \$214.

In 1847, the Androscoggin and Kennebec Railroad Company was incorporated, the citizens of Winthrop taking an active part in the enterprise, and contributing about \$30,000 to the stock.

In 1850, a Watchman's Club was formed. This organization was commenced the year before, and had for its particular object the enactment of a prohibitory law, and resulted in the passage of the celebrated Maine Law in 1851. Before that time and since, there have been in active operation debating societies, lyceums and social libraries for mental improvement; a great variety of female and juvenile temperance societies; and now there is an efficient society of Good Templars,—a large Masonic Lodge, and a Young Men's Christian Association—composed of men of all religious denominations of the highest character—with an attractive room free to all, and an inviting library, the value of whose labors for the salvation of souls will be known only in eternity.

In 1854, Towle Academy was erected from the generous gift of \$2,000 by will of Jenniss Towle, in connection with this Town Hall standing in our view, at a cost of \$7,500. Since then a

school has been in operation about three-quarters of the time, during the winter term, combining the advantages of a District High School and an Academy.

The fruits of all the means of education employed in this town have appeared in the great number of good teachers supplied not only for our town and State, but for very many other States of the Union; in twenty graduates of colleges, fifteen of Bowdoin, two of Union, and of Dartmouth, Nassau Hall and Waterville, one each; in fourteen ministers, fourteen lawyers and twelve physicians educated, who have done and are doing good service in the learned professions. There have been twenty physicians who have practiced in Winthrop. The first,* who settled here in 1792 and continued in practice fifty years, was Dr. Peleg Benson. Next to him, Dr. Issachar Snell, who came in 1806, remained twenty-two years and then removed to Augusta; both able and respected physicians, and one a distinguished surgeon. Many of the others having acquired, and those now here, possessing a reputation for skill which gives them an extensive business not only in their own but neighboring towns.

There have been eighteen lawyers—Alexander Belcher, forty-seven years in the profession, always respected for his integrity and sound legal judgment. Francis E. Webb, so highly esteemed, that at his decease he was the Representative of the Town and County Attorney elect; a Judge of the Supreme Court of the State for seven years; another at this time a Judge of the Police Court of Washington, and others who have been honored with important offices in town, county and nation.

The number of ministers who have been located in town I cannot give. There have been seven in the Congregational Society, of three I have already spoken. The others have been so recently with us that I need not state the estimation in which they have been held, especially the present incumbent, "whose praise is in all the churches." In the Methodist Society the Bishop has sent us their best men—Joseph Lovell, George Webber, Charles W. Morse, Charles Munger, Stephen Allen, are examples. In the Baptist, John Butler, Daniel E. Burbank, H. E. Pierce; and in the Universalist, Giles Bailey, George Bates, and others, able preach-

* Col. Fairbanks in a letter to Thomas J. Lee, Esq., dated March 10, 1830, makes this statement: While the History of Winthrop gives the name of Michael Walcott, as the "first regular practitioner in the place, at a very early period," and Dr. Moses Wing, "was sometime a physician in town."

ers and beloved pastors; you will all agree with me that but few towns, especially in the country, have been favored with men of so much ability in all the professions.

There are many other facts that the truth of history requires me to state:—That the old Messenger Horse* was brought to Winthrop in 1816 by Alvin Hayward, from whose stock and that of the Winthrop Morrill *our people* and the farmers of Maine have received immense sums of money; That Dr. Holmes in 1855 brought into Winthrop two thorough-bred Jerseys, from which, and two by Wm. S. Grant, Boardman says “have come most of the Jersey stock now in the ‘county.’” You, my neighbors, know what golden butter you have made from these cows, and at what prices you have sold them and their calves; That Liberty Stanley, early in this century invented a machine for shearing cloth that has been in use substantially ever since; That Ezra Whitman was the inventor of the Parlor Clock, reduced from the old-fashioned Kitchen Clock, and that he was the pioneer in conceiving the idea of the Wheel Horse-Rake, the Turbine Water-Wheel, and the Mowing and Reaping Machines; though before he carried these inventions into working perfection other men entered into his labors and reaped the reward; That his son Luther Whitman invented the Self-feeding Drill and Boring Lathe, now used in most of the machine shops, and many improvements in agricultural implements; and that H. A. and J. A. Pitts, twin brothers, invented the Grain Thresher and Winnower, that took the first premium at the Paris Exhibition in 1855—thus thrashing most thoroughly France, England and Belgium, and making known the practical and useful character of our inventions throughout Europe.

The character of a people for intelligence may be inferred from their habits of reading and writing. Judged by this rule I think our community will compare well with others. Besides the books found in every household, in the Sabbath School, Christian Association, and social libraries, to which they have access, I learn through the post offices that 801 newspapers and periodicals were

* For a more particular description of Old Winthrop Messenger and his stock, I refer to Mr. Boardman's “County of Kennebec,” pp. 104, 105. Sanford Howard in 1852 said, “Maine has, until within a few years, furnished nearly all the trotting stock of any note in the country;” most of which can be traced to the blood of this old Winthrop horse. I have no reference of course to “Gen. Knox,” and other horses that have become celebrated since that time.

taken last year, nearly two to every family, at a cost of about \$2,000; and that 49,625 letters were received, and more than that number sent out.

I get the following items from Mr. Snell, who took the census of Winthrop for 1870:

Product of manufacturers for the year ending June 1, 1870—	
Cotton and woollen goods.....	\$325,000
Floor oil cloths.....	570,000
Agricultural implements.....	80,000
Boots and shoes.....	60,000
Tanning and currying.....	10,000
Carriages.....	8,000
Building and miscellaneous.....	50,000
	\$1,103,000

Product of 226 farms of five acres and upwards.....\$181,300

Number of houses in town 452, of which 220 are in the Village District. Number of families 498. Population 2,229. Total value of real and personal estate about \$2,000,000, being about an equal amount of each.

Bank of Winthrop, capital \$100,000; 1 woollen mill; 1 cotton mill; 1 grist mill; 2 saw mills; 2 tanneries; 1 manufactory of agricultural implements; 4 carriage makers; 1 oil cloth manufactory, another recently burned and now rebuilding; 1 clothing manufactory; 4 blacksmith's shops; 20 stores; 1 hotel—the "Winthrop House."

Amount of taxes, 1871—

State.....	\$5,619.95
County.....	1,657.22
Town, viz: Schools.....	2,167.76
Highways.....	2,500.00
Poor and other town charges.....	1,600.00
For indebtedness of town.....	3,000.00
	Total.....\$16,544.93

Rate of taxation, 17 mills.

I close with a brief allusion to our record in the War of the Rebellion.

At the first call of the President thirty-eight enlisted, and one hundred and thirty-five afterwards. All went to the front and did

good service in the cause of their country. One noble young man fell dead on the bloody field of Gettysburg. Another died of starvation at Andersonville. Another brave boy was mortally wounded in the battle of the Wilderness, eleven days after his whole term of three years had expired. "Tell mother," said he to a comrade, with his dying breath, "I am glad I came, I have tried to do my duty, and I die in peace." Thirty-nine others fell in battle, died of wounds or disease, or in rebel prisons.

Thank God that any of our brave soldiers came back to bring these precious messages and again to live with us happy and useful lives. They will not soon forget at what price victory was bought, nor will these vacant homes, where aching hearts testify of their losses, fail to be grateful for the liberty so dearly purchased. As we this day commemorate the progress and the blessings of the century past, let us gird ourselves afresh for the opening labors and duties of the century to come; and consecrating ourselves and our good old town to the service of our country and our God, let us transmit to our descendants unimpaired the civil liberty, the honest integrity, and the holy faith which we have inherited from our fathers.

The Poem by J. W. May, Esq.

One hundred years ago! Shall I presume
To wander backward through a century's gloom,
With lyre unstrung, unskilled to gain renown,
And sing the birthday of this good old town;
Shall I essay, with laboring verse, to tell
Historic tales of what our sires befell
In those old days, when Pond Town was a wild
Where men like hermits lived, nor woman smiled;—
Those old colonial days when George the Third,
Ruled all the land with his puissant sword,
And sought to force oppression's galling yoke
On subjects loyal till their souls awoke
With sense of wrongs too grievous to be borne,
And spurned the sceptered monarch on his throne?

Is such a theme the theme for me to choose,
And will the Muses my dull heart infuse
With life and fire, so I may strike some chord
That shall a fitting harmony afford;

So I may wake some echo of a strain,
Though brief and faint, perchance not all in vain;
Nor feel o'erwhelmed lest my unfinished task
Should need indulgence more than I can ask?
Kind friends, forgive, and stray with me along,
Nor turn at this, the prelude of the song.

One hundred years ago, this very day,
The first town-meeting (so the records say,)
Was held at an Inn-holder's house, which means
Not what some college boys, with roguish spleens,
Might half surmise, a place where all within
Are held by one without who holds them in;
But simply that the meeting was convened
At an old tavern stand wherein was weaned
The infant town, then christened, named anew,
And clothed with corporate powers with much ado.
On that great day,—*anno urbis condite*,
No doubt the landlord did his bounden duty,
And furnished freely all the needful aid,
To see that corner stone most fitly laid.
Perhaps a bumper crowned the festive board,
Perhaps with merriment the table roared;
(For in those times the keeper of an inn
Most always kept a little "*smile*" within.)
No doubt the yeoman did good service too,
And put the thing magnificently through;
Chose selectmen and constable and clerk,
And all officials, setting them at work
With busy hands, to make the new made town
A little jewel in King George's crown,
For in his Majesty's ungracious name,
The warrant issued, and the people came.

Thus organized and fairly under way,
Our little ship of State set sail that day
With much of pride and more of future hope,
To brave the storms and with the billows cope.
One plucky man, who from New Ipswich came,
Some years before,—John Chandler was his name,—
Held by conditional grant, as it would seem,
Hundreds of acres, near the old mill stream;
And made his title good by building mills.
This led to opening roads amongst the hills,

Giving the outside settlers chance to come
 And cart their loads of meal and lumber home.
 And there were other names worthy of note,
 Conspicuous, mighty, in those times remote,
 Emblazoned on the records, sending down
 Leaven enough to leaven half the town;
 Foster, Fairbanks, Stevens, Pullen, How,
 Whiting, Brainard, Stanley, and Bishop too;
 Cognomens which in poetry work in
 Most musical, as pretty as a pin,—
 I cannot mention all—suffice to say
 They were illustrious in that ancient day,
 And for the town did much,—did more, say some,
 Than Romulus and Remus did for Rome.

Other town meetings followed at the Inn;
 In which the freeholders did now begin
 To act on matters, some of grave import,
 Discussed and passed as in the general court.
 Graveyards were purchased, and highways improved;
 Bridges were built, and obstacles removed,
 Until the river towns beyond the streams
 Could now be reached by teamsters with their teams.
 Groceries were started, and West India goods
 Toiled slowly in through miles of dreary woods,—
 The heavy wagon creaking 'neath its load,
 The jaded oxen careless of the goad,
 The weary teamster stopping now and then,
 To quench his thirst, then shout "*gee up*" again.
 Improvements still advanced, the woods gave way
 To waving grain-fields and the reaper's sway;
 And the broad acres newly cleared and burned,
 Abundant harvests for the toil returned.

They voted money, pounds and shillings, pence,
 In those old days to pay the town's expense;
 They levied taxes on the estates and polls,
 Which were collected like the miller's tolls;
 They ordered men into the box by three's,
 To serve as jurors in the Common Pleas;
 They favored learning and established schools,
 Warned out of town all stragglers, idlers, fools,
 Expurgating the trash like tares from wheat,—
 Reserving only so much as was meet

For this good town, whose honored name should be
 A synonym for good society.
 Religion, too, found early footing here ;
 Preaching was hired eight Sabbaths in a year,
 And twenty pounds were raised to pay the bills
 Ere yet a meeting-house stood on its sills.
 And they were careful, too, what men they hired
 To preach the gospel from the word inspired,
 And sometimes voted that they only would
 Hire those whose moral character was good.

The history of the town hath once been writ ;
 Much there that's told of course we here omit,—
 Yet one or two good things therein set forth
 A moment's rhyme we think are richly worth,—
 For instance this, illustrative of manners
 When men wore homespun, women used bandannas.

A Mr. F. once pillioned his old horse
 And started off, ('twas then a thing of course,)
 And asked a visit from a Mrs. Wood.
 Quoth she : "*I'd go 'n a moment if I could,
 But I'm a kneading bread which I must bake.*"
 "*If that is all,*" quoth Mr. F. "*I'll make
 The pathway clear. Just take your kneading trough
 And jump upon my nag and we'll be off.*"
 No sooner said than done. Both on the beast
 With trough and bread, a funny jag at least,
 Went trotting back to house of Mr. F.,
 Where they arrived but little out of breath.
 He built a fire, she baked her batch of bread,
 Spent the whole day, at night went home to bed
 Same style,—riding as gaily on the pillion
 As modern girls would dance a brisk cotillion.

A certain fiddler, most presumptuous grown,
 Once pitched his tent without permit in town.
 The good folks rallied, but ne'er raised a rout ;
 In a most legal way they warned him out.
 The constable whose christian name was Squier
 And surname Bishop, loosed, 'tis said, his ire,
 And in a rage e'en warned him off God's earth.
 Whereat the fiddler trembled at his wrath,
 And asking where to go, was answered plain :
 "*Why, go, you stupid fool, go out to Wayne.*"

One most consummate nuisance in those days
 Was Dr. Gardiner's dam, with no fishways,
 Down at the mouth of Cobb'see Conte stream,—
 A source of trouble which got up great steam ;
 For the old settlers, they were fond of fish,
 And half subsisted on that excellent dish ;
 But Dr. Gardiner's dam built tight and high,
 Embargoed all the fish from passing by,
 Spoiling the up-stream fishermen's delights,
 Infringing, too, the fishes' vested rights,
 Wronging both men and fish,—a two-fold grief
 Which called for some prompt action for relief.
 What should be done ? Ah, Dr. G., take heed,
 You'll catch it now for your unfriendly deed !
 They called a new town meeting and let off
 At first a protest, like a gentle cough
 Before a sneeze, choosing a board of three
 To coax a fishway out of Doctor G.
 Coaxing was vain : The Doctor, he said No :
 No fish around or through his dam should go.
 Whereat the settlers fired a louder gun,
 Remonstrating and threatening, both in one.
 Here was a *casus belli*, cause of war
 More palpable than Green and Trojan saw.
 They did not fight to right this double wrong
 But fired full many a protest loud and strong,
 And boldly voted,—voting every year
 A fresh committee to present more clear
 Their grievances against that stubborn dam,
 Which locked the stream where once good fishes swam.
 Alack a day ! Not ten long voting years
 With double shotted protests, barbed like spears,
 Availed them aught. That dam, it would not down ;
 So finally,—they let the thing alone.

But hark ! There is a tumult in the land,
 And a more serious conflict now at hand,—
 A conflict not of merely local strife,
 But one in which a people strike for life.
 England, harsh mother, from her sea-girt isle,
 Bloated with wealth of many lands the spoil,
 Drunken with power—proud mistress of the sea,
 Lays heavy tribute by her stern decree
 On all the provinces throughout the land ;

Their voice in council, hushed by her command,
 Their sacred chartered rights all cloven down,
 Their ministers spurned even from the throne,
 The people helpless, crying for redress,
 The monarch laughing at their vain distress.
 Ah, there were murmurings, gathering wide and far,
 And stern resolves unmoved by threats of war.
 A voice from old Virginia, loyal then,
 Electrified the hearts of living men
 With words of fire, till flew on every breath
 The clarion war cry: "Liberty or Death!"

And where was Winthrop on that trying day?
 Did she not arm in earnest for the fray?
 Ay, this old township heard the trumpet call,
 And sent her sons to conquer or to fall.
 Those were the times that tried men's souls. Alas!
 Should her young sons the dread ordeal pass,
 And come again to these their hill-side homes,
 To spend their days and find their burial tombs?
 Heaven only knew what was in store for them:—
 Who speeds the right will sure the wrong condemn.
 Prompt at their country's call a score when forth
 To the provincial army of the North
 Then mustering at old Cambridge, marshaling
 To meet the red-coat minions of the King.
 The blood, that flowed from many a mortal wound
 At Lexington, lay fresh upon the ground,
 And the raw infantry were on the drill
 For their grand charge at glorious Bunker Hill.
 But this is history,—and I need not tell
 A tale which every school-boy knows full well:
 Only the part this patriotic town
 Took in the contest should be written down,
 And honorable mention made of those
 Who joined the ranks against the country's foes.
 But few returned to these new homes to dwell:
 Some died of hardship,—some in battle fell,
 And some who privateered came back from sea
 To share the blessings of a country free.

We must not loiter longer on the way
 To tell what happened in the olden day.
 Let us advance our pinions to the breeze,

And, like a good ship o'er the laughing seas,
Fly onward through the lapse of rolling years.
A wayward pilot in the Muse, who steers
Sometimes a devious course, too prone to dash
The craft on breakers with a fearful crash,
Making appalling shipwreck:—let us try
And pass the dangerous breakers safely by,
Bringing our good ship to the offing now
Of later days,—a port which *we do know*.
Lo, here we come with all our canvass free!
The gleaming beacons on the strand we see,
The old familiar shores, the rocks, the hills,
The emerald fields, sweet lakes and streams and rills,—
A thousand scenes in memory treasured well,
Crowd into view with many a tale to tell.

Dear native town! May I not bring to thee
A passing tribute, slight howe'er it be,—
Some little word, a token fondly laid
Upon the altar where our childhood played;
And where a musing fancy loved to roam,
Enraptured with the beautiful at home!
May I not pause one moment to renew
The dear delights which laughing boyhood knew,—
Here where the hills hold in their sweet embrace
So many a lakelet, touched with native grace;
Here where the woods in spring-time were so green,
And all the landscape seemed a fairy scene;
Here where we wandered, truants from the school,
And penance paid for many a broken rule,—
Loving the freedom of the woodlands more
Than all the tasks the teacher had in store;
And willing martyrs to the rod, if we
Could thus atone for this our truant glee!
Was it the weakness of a boyish heart
To deem no other scenes could e'er impart
Such wealth of happiness as seemed to come
In those long tramps through woods and fields at home;
To dote on every nook and pathway where
The wild flowers bloomed and fragrance filled the air;
To love each hill-top on whose magic height
Our roving footsteps climbed with new delight,—
Till our young hearts leaped up with blissful bound
At all the pictured loveliness around;

To sigh for these dear scenes when forced away,
And homesick, pine thro' many a weary day,
Returning often, bag and baggage home,
When no one gave the kind permit to come?
Ay, call it weakness of a boyish heart;
It was a yearning which would ne'er depart,
With boyhood's years,—a fondness which would cling
In later life, tho' time and change might bring
Their winter chill, and years of absence quell
The youthful ardor of its powerful spell;
A steadfast bond asserting its control,
A true attachment anchored in the soul.

Come hither, Muse! nor longer stop to dream;
The hour is flitting—gather up your theme
And bear it onward to a fitting close;
Let not your verse relapse to stolid prose.

These modern times are different from the old;
Improvements come with innovations bold;
And skill and craft and industry have wrought
Strange revolutions which the sires ne'er thought.
The manufacturer and the artisan,
The farmer, trader, the professional man,
Have long ignored the old-time ways and arts;
And marvelous changes now in various parts
Have taken place till the fair town has grown
A populous—indeed a wealthy town.
The village here, once called the Chandler Mills,
Lapped in the valley, flanked by ancient hills
On either hand, hath spread its borders wide,
And feels to-day almost a city's pride.
The mill-stream winding from the lake above
Is tasked full many a powerful wheel to move;
And the steam engine brings its force to bear,
Screaming its shrill note on the startled air.
What would the settlers of the old time say
Could they stand here, on this centennial day,
And see the progress of an hundred years,
And hear the shouts, the pæans and the cheers?
What would the veterans say! How would they gaze
Around in strange bewilderment, and raise
Their trembling hands and voices in surprise,
Till tears of joy should moisten their dim eyes!

Who are the men who've helped build up the town,
And laid of late their early burdens down;
Whose generous hearts were with large love imbued,
Whose labors live, a legacy of good;
Whose memory green is fondly cherished here,
Whose ashes sleep within the churchyard near!
They claim some mention at our hands to-day:
We have a debt of gratitude to pay
Which this good town with all its wealth and pride
Can poorly pay and ne'er can lay aside.
The white-haired father,* who 'neath yonder roof
Preached words of life, enforced with many a proof,—
Who by example and by precept taught
And for long years in every good work wrought,
Did well his part for the dear town he loved
And closed a life of labors well approved.
Another, too, yet in a different sphere,
With kindly impulse, left his blessing here;
O'er whose low grave the monumental stone
Was reared by grateful townsmen, as to one,
A benefactor genial, kind and good;
A man of culture, generously imbued
With native gifts of intellect and heart,—
A keen, quick mind, most liberal to impart
Its stores of knowledge, brilliant, too, with wit,
Whose ready shafts would like an arrow hit;
A master of the pen, who if to-day
He walked with us would give his genius play,
And bring to these festivities a cheer
Whose note should ring in every listening ear.
We'll let him rest 'neath his memorial stone,—
Here where his life was spent and labor done,
And cherish long, whatever fortune comes,
The honored name of genial Dr. Holmes.

'Tis time to stop. In sooth, how short is time!
Yet time is long when drags a tedious rhyme.
Much must be left unsaid, full much unsung;
Some random sheets shall here aside be flung,
And we will curb the headstrong, wayward Muse,—
That flighty bird, that warbles so profuse.

* Rev. David Thurston.

But this protracted stanza should not cease
 And die away in these sweet times of peace
 Without one earnest word—one loud halloo—
 For Winthrop boys, who, with "the boys in blue,"
 Struck the grim monster of secession down,
 And gave their laurels to the good old town.
 The days are fresh before us, with the glare
 Of gleaming bayonets, and the wild blare
 Of war's dread trumpet calling loud—"TO ARMS!
 Defend the country, save her flag from harms!"
 The fire enkindled, ah, how soon it burned!
 The spirit of the ancient days returned,
 And Winthrop boys, as promptly as of yore,
 Were on the war-path, sword in hand, once more.
 No idle boasting, valiant in parade,
 But cowering timid where the bullets played,
 Marred their fair records. On the field of strife
 Full many bled and some surrendered life.
 They speak to us on this centennial day,
 With words more eloquent than tongue can say,
 And lay an offering on the alter here
 Which this old town may well be proud to bear.

Farewell, the Muse! This is indeed the last;
 But look! what vision from the misty past
 Is this that moves across our pathway now,
 With moderate pace all cumbersome and slow;
 What lumbering wagon of the days of old,
 What old black horse whose years are all untold,
 Whose head and tail and fetlocks all hang low,
 Whose tattered harness, built an age ago,
 Was made the strain of Time's hard wear to stand;—
 What gray old man who drives with palsied hand
 And looks about with quite indifferent gaze
 On all the folly of these modern days;
 Whose pride is with the past, who stops his team
 In yonder street and seems to sit and dream,
 And wonder what this motley crowd are at,
 Gazing at him, his team, his coat and hat,
 As if the like were never seen before,
 And were not stylish in the days of yore!—
 We know him now, tho' we were but a babe

When he was old—this same old "*Uncle Jabe.*"*—
Welcome, old man, we'll grasp you by the hand!
You are the sole survivor in the land
Of those old veterans who did speed the plough
In this good town near eighty years ago.
Thrice welcome now, for you have lived to see
This gala-day, with your great country free,
And your old township prospering all the while
Beneath the bow of Heaven's approving smile:
A boon vouchsafed by Providence to few,—
Therefore a welcome hand we reach to you!

Farewell the Muse, coy mistress of all song!
Farewell at last; the end approached full long
At length is reached. Enchantress, fare thee well!
Hushed be the echo of thy minstrel spell.
'Tis gone—Our harp is on the willow bough:
The blue-eyed maid retiring, leaves us now,
And goes serenely through the welkin blue,
Waving to us, as we to all, Adieu.

* Mr. Jabez Bacon, upwards of ninety years of age, and the oldest inhabitant now living in Winthrop.

Address of Ex-Governor Chamberlain.

Fellow citizens and friends: I cannot mistake the spirit of this greeting. Embarrassed as I ought to be by this extraordinary demonstration and the consciousness of little desert, I must confess with gratitude that it relieves and reassures me. I had promised your committee that I would join with you to-day in doing honor to the memory of the good men and women who laid the foundations of this town, and those also who have brought it to this high excellence and fame. But I emphatically assured the gentlemen that I had not time to give the least preparation for the things which ought to be said on such a day as this. He who speaks for a century should weigh well his words. He should seek to compress into them something of the wisdom, and set forth in them some of the lessons, with which the lapse of years so eventful must be fraught.

It was trying enough, therefore, to feel that whatever I might be prompted to say on this occasion must be uttered without reflection, and be lacking both in substance and shape, such as were due to the day and to the honored assembly. You may imagine my consternation when, on arriving here, I found myself announced in the Order of Exercises for what might seem to be a formal oration. I am glad however to see, in the fact of your remaining here, that you no longer dread any such thing; and this greeting I take as a compliment to my kindness and common sense, which will not compel you to stand here to listen to many words be they well or ill prepared. Nor do the admirable addresses which have preceded, leave you any more to desire, or me anything to say—although much to think about.

Yet, I trust the time will never come when I have no heart to respond to influences like these; when my thoughts are not quickened by such recitals; or when words of congratulation and thanksgiving do not rise to my lips at the recollection of such noble deeds as have been wrought here, and of the blessings with which a

benign Providence has followed honest endeavor. May the time never come, indeed, when, standing before so goodly and gracious an assembly thrilled with one great thought, quickened by the same sacred memories, animated by one great common interest, and inspired by the communion of high and helpful brotherhood, my spirit shall not catch something of the scope and significance of the occasion—thinking nothing which concerns human interests alien to itself—and touched with a power beyond its own, join in the vast accord.

I congratulate you, therefore, citizens of Winthrop, upon all these evidences and exhibitions of prosperity with which you mark the progress of a century, and illustrate this celebration. I greet you, men and women and children, as yourselves tokens that the glory has not departed from this Israel. Nay, I see upon your very faces that the faith and virtue of those who have gone before form the matter and mould of your characters to-day—that the toils and trials, the sufferings and victories of a hundred years bear bloom in this garland of strength and beauty which surrounds me. Yes, the century flower blossoms to-day!

One thing I have thought of here is that these fruits are not borne without labor. Not without toil—both earnest and patient—do we achieve results like these. Where there is no struggle there is no victory. Indeed, I have sometimes been so bold as to think that beyond the value of the things we have won, and perchance beyond the glory of the victory, there is positive gain in the struggle itself. It is good to grapple with adversity—to make a way for ourselves through opposing circumstances—to fill out, and fashion, and harden, and polish our characters, by resistance—not only defensive, but offensive—against besetting forces. By the attrition of conflict is the discipline of strength. Look at the people in climes where no toil is needful, where nature pours plenty and luxury at their very feet, without struggle or sacrifice of theirs. Have such people any real advantage in these things?

Does their character or condition to-day show it? Does the whole history of the past tend to show that mere ease is advantage, or plenty, power? No! the people that are idle and at ease, are low, feeble, and deformed; sunk from the type of manhood, a prey to the stronger, slaves to the stranger, slaves even to themselves. But what now are the leading nations of the earth? They are those that have wrought and wrestled—that have tried and been tried. They are the people that have battled with adversity—that have laid their hands on savage nature and subdued the wrath of the elements. They are the people that have learned the lesson of power—that force must be directed by skill—that skill involves discipline—that discipline implies self-denial; and that self-denial involves temperance, intelligence and the culture of all good. In this husbanding and training of strength which toughens the sinews of the body, is wrought also the fibre of the spirit; and hence comes that manliness which is virtue—that strength which is power—that obedience to law which is the mastery of the free. These I say are the people who are leaders of men to-day, because they have mastered the brutal everywhere, both around them and within them. This is the secret of that all-conquering Roman might, which mastered the world in its day, and the spirit of which gives laws in lands its armies never trod, and in a civilization beyond its dream. This, I take it, is why the nations of the North have almost always overborne those of the South. This is what gives our race its prestige and position. It is preëminently this which has given to New England its character. It is this also which gives our State a marked and honored standing among her sisters. With a climate that is called rigorous, and a soil that is called sterile, she has wrought out an industrial, social and intellectual prosperity, inferior to none. Remote from the great centres of art, and enterprise, and politics, she has reared men and women for every sphere of life whom the world could ill have spared. Is not the lesson nobly taught to-day, that bravery to do and to endure is more than half the victory.

But we are here especially to celebrate the organized application of individual force, in that unit of civilization—the *town*. While listening to this history my thoughts have run back over the career of towns—the part they have played through the ages—mightier than that of kings and conquerors. How ancient and solemn, and august their dignities! How eventful their histories! How greatly have they contributed to our ideas of society and government, of liberty and law. Strongly contrasted too is our institution of the town from others elsewhere and gone before. There were the walled towns of the Orient, as a physical defence against enemies. There were the towns of Greece and Italy once potent rulers in the earth; but forgetful of the true sources of their power, a prey to Saracen and Hun, and Northman, forced to yield themselves subjects to petty princes who cared for them only to get service from them, till the people rose from very agony, and established those famous Municipal Republics, which have left us the striking lesson that there can be no freedom without tolerance. There were the towns of the Netherlands and Germany, which passed through a struggle of centuries to gain those rights which give them fame and dignity, and power among all nations of the earth. Then the elaborate system founded by King Alfred in England, in which I half suspect that wise man sought mainly to secure the equal contribution of citizens to the public expense—to take care that no man should escape his taxes! Contrasted with all these, though having something in common with them all, is the idea of our New England town. In contemplating your history to-day, I see nobler motives at work, and higher objects involved. Here was indeed something like a Mutual Insurance Company. The hurt of one was felt by all. All conspired to help each. Each man was strong with the power of all the rest. It was more than this. It was not merely preservation but multiplication of good that was sought. Your founders forthwith set up instruments for the common benefit. They established in-

dustries and schools, and churches; and environed them with sanctions and laws, and customs and ceremonies, that may seem to us burdensome or even ludicrous; but which in those times were absolutely necessary to the welfare not only of the private individual, and of domestic and social life, but also of public liberty and public government. Hence it has been said that the ancient rights and dignities of towns lie at the foundation of our liberties. Impressed from early years with this view, I have been blamed by some, as evincing in my discussion of public questions, too much tenderness for the rights of municipalities. And I am glad when so striking a history as that we have in our minds and hearts to-day leads us back to the germs of our social order, and shows us the simple system by which liberty was made to honor law, and obedience was enjoined only that the free human will might be protected in its endeavor to work out its best.

Your historian has told us that this is the place where many good works have begun—that noble men and women have stood up here, single-handed, and lifted the banner of some high cause—the Sabbath school, temperance, the abolition of slavery;—and without measuring the distance of their humble well-doing from the goal where perfect victory is heralded, holding on their way unswerving, constant and content. These beautiful and bold beginnings are a grand feature in the history and the fame of Winthrop. Is there not also here a lesson of good for us all? Humble beginnings, gratitude for small successes, while we steadily grow in courage and strength for greater achievements—is not this the true way to win? It is only by the small earnings, only by the little balances of advantage, day by day and hour by hour, that we truly grow or gain. There is no alchemy now to transmute dross into gold. No mighty miracle converts the base to the high. No fiery chariot waits to roll us upward with sudden and swift glory. We must walk this road. We must watch and fight. Often we shall be at a standstill—sometimes actually set back;

still, the *balance*, if we are brave and patient, is on the upward side! It is what cometh not with observation—the small and silent winnings—it is this that tells and triumphs. It is thus that good lives and works, and cannot be lost or die.

The great poet saw not to the bottom of things when he said :

“The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.”

Not so, I deem it. To do evil—to create wrong, and leave that legacy behind, is indeed a fearful thing, and should warn us to be wise. But that evil shall endure while good shall perish—believe it never! Not thus has the Good Father ordered our lot. Not for this has He ordained the toil, the struggle, the temptation, the trial, the weariness and wounding, and all the chances of this mortal conflict. “He will not leave us in the dust.” No, believe me, every least triumph over evil, every resistance to wrong, every cherished purpose of good, every humble and unseen aspiration, belongs to that which cannot die, and will have part in the resurrection. No, the same God who from invisible atoms opens these blossoms and spreads this radiance, will make up also of your atoms of good a glory yet to be revealed. Behold yonder noble tree. How from the first it struggled with every adversity that seemed to human observation more than a match for it! Benumbed with cold, and stiffened with ice, dead and buried sometimes—still, atom by atom it forced its way, made meat of its enemies, grew by its buffetings and pushed on in the bright company that strive upward to the sun. Yet you might have sat down by it, and watched it day and night, and instant by instant, and no motion of growth could you catch with mortal gaze. But all the while the broad bright leaf was swelling on, and the stout heart waxing stronger, and all the life currents filling fuller; so that while all your watchers should stoutly deny that there was any motion to their eye, lo! there spreads the glorious form, mighty and complete, fashioned unto the eternal archetype. So we might

watch each other, or ourselves perchance, and see no growth or gain, and yet if the heart be sound and the spirit turned towards the light, the time will come when we may spread in blessing high and far, though no man know the humble ways by which we grew. Be this a comfort to you, who in silent and modest ways are patient in well doing. No matter how lowly, how unnoticed, how unpraised and uncared for your doings; you shall build up a character and work a work blessed among men, and not despised of God.

I heard amidst your manifold salutations of the morning, the music of bells. There struck the key-note of all. Yes, amidst the booming cannon, waking thoughts of anger, defiance, and strife, rung high above all the clear tones of the *school bell*. Was it not so, Mr. President? Yes, and these are the foundations. Work and worship! Fight when need is, but always pray! Defence and offence, but above all to know the right! Make strong the arm, but keep bright the mind! Give us the plow, the axe, the anvil and the loom; but above all the school and the church. Let skill turn strength into power, and truth make valor virtue.

TOASTS AND RESPONSES AT THE TENT.

Our good Mother Maine—Who on her daughter's 100th birthday is bidden a welcome in the person of His Excellency, Governor Perham.

The Governor responded as follows :

He said he came to mingle with the men and women of Winthrop on their 100th anniversary, and had given himself up entirely to the enjoyment of the occasion. He was not sure that the sentiment is quite correct. He believed that Winthrop was half a century older than Maine, and that the State itself ought to boast of being the daughter of the good old mother. Winthrop is one of the members of the State confederation, and when she rejoices the whole State rejoices ; and as the telegraphic wires tell of the great success of this gathering, every town in the State rejoices.

It has been supposed by many that Maine is a rock-bound, hard State to live in. But when they consider the physical and intellectual strength that is born here, they are forced to acknowledge that at least it is a good State in which to raise men and women. There are no farmers in all the broad land that are happier than the farmers of Maine. Others have a more fertile soil, without the other advantages which we possess. When we look at our vast water power, sufficient to carry the present machinery of the entire country—when we look at our sea coast, nearly 3,000 miles in extent—our system of railroads, which when completed will extend from the eastern limits to the Pacific shore, making Maine the great highway of the nations—we see the great destiny before us, if we but improve the opportunity. We must introduce industries here that will keep our young men and women at home ; and not let the impression go out that it is our sole duty to raise men and women for other parts of the country. It is, however, grati-

ying to know, that wherever you find Maine men abroad you generally find men of marked character and influence—men of courage and perserverance, who are called to fill responsible places. He referred to the progress that had been made in general reforms, and complimented the citizens on the success of the celebration.

At the close of his remarks three cheers were given for the Governor.

Other sentiments were offered by the toast-master, as follows :

The Winthrop Band—As modest and well-behaved as comports with the show of so much brass.

Responded to by music by the Winthrop Band.

Our Twin Sister—Whose maiden name was Winthrop until she married a Mr. Readfield and set up for herself.

The Constitution of the United States—Being now in harmony with the Declaration of Independence, is a platform on which all can stand, and from which our country may rise to the height of national prosperity.

Responded to by Rev. A. Bosserman.

The Ladies of Winthrop—Our better half in name ; our better two-thirds in reality.

Responded to by the Band.

Dr. Ezekiel Holmes—A pioneer of scientific agriculture in Maine, a citizen of Winthrop, but belonging to the State at large.

Responded to by Mr. Arnold S. Richmond of Monmouth, formerly of Winthrop.

The first Town Meeting which assembled 100 years ago to-day—The day we celebrate.

Responded to by B. S. Kelley, in the following poem :

'Twas just One Hundred years ago,
 If History tells the truth,
 There was assembled at Squier Bishop's house
 The aged, middle aged and youth.

The call for this assembling there
Came from Justice Howard, greeting,
That in the name of this Commonwealth
They were to meet there in town meeting.

Prompt at the hour they all were there,
And not one a moment later,
The meeting was to order called,
And *Howe* chosen Moderator.

A Clerk was to be chosen next,
And without any fighting
They manfully went to the ballot-box
And put in *Jonathan Whiting*.

For Selectmen they next did vote,
And without a political handler,
And with not a single scattering vote
Elected one *John Chandler*.

So having now elected one,
And met with no disaster,
They for a second cast their votes,
And put in *Timothy Foster*.

So far, so good, all things went well;
There was a third one now
To be elected to the board,
And this was *Ichabod Howe*.

A fourth man now was to be found,
But soon his face they saw—
Wheeled into line, marched to the box
And chose one *Robert Waugh*.

They now had four good honest men,
And did not believe in slighting,
So for the fifth one and the last
Elected *Jonathan Whiting*.

A Constable they now must have,
To keep the boys and girls from foolin',
So up to the ballot-box they marched
And put in *Stephen Pullen*.

Then three Assessors they must have,
And must be chosen now,
And with a unanimous vote
Elected *Ichabod Howe*.

Having their first, they went to work
With steps quick and alert,
And for the second one put in
Their old friend *Gideon Lambert*.

Honor to whom honor due,
Was a watchword of their liking,
So the honor of the third upon the board
They gave to *Jonathan Whiting*.

Two Wardens then they wished to choose,
That would be up to time, and pert,
And so no better could they do
Than put in *Gideon Lambert*.

They canvassed for the other one
Among the crowd, though small,
And finally they thought it best
To elect *Josiah Hall*.

Then Highways there were not so good
As those we have to ride on,
And so to fix and mend their ways
They chose one *Abraham Wyman*.

Another one was needed then
To help to boss the work,
And this they thought in right belonged
To *Mr. Gideon Lambert*.

And this concludes the officers
That were elected there,
And everything was done up right,
And "done upon the square."

No wire pulling there was done,
The offices filled before,
But when they met to do their work
They looked the company o'er.

They then selected their best men
To fill their various stations,
And "availability" was not known
To the people of that generation.

They only asked, "Is he the man
That is best qualified,
And if elected to the place
Will give the people pride?"

But now-a-days they never ask
A question such as this,
But "Is he the most 'available' man,"
Is on everybody's lips.

It makes no odds if he can't write,
Or read, or cypher, or spell,
He will answer the wire-puller's purpose the better,
And suit his party as well.

The result of this we have often seen
In mistakes in our legislation,
They legislate for rings and self,
Instead of for the nation.

So let us return to the good old customs
Of the days of our Fathers of yore,
Leave off this "availability" question,
And make qualifications the score.

From 1871 to 1971:

May we perform well our parts in the several careers appointed us in the century that lies before us;—may our several death-beds, as we sooner or later reach them, witness the triumph of the Christian hope;—and to our children or children's children, as they shall be gathered in like convocation to celebrate the Bi-Centennial of their town, may our memories be fragrant, our names honored, and our characters models for imitation.



CENTENNIAL
CELEBRATION

AT

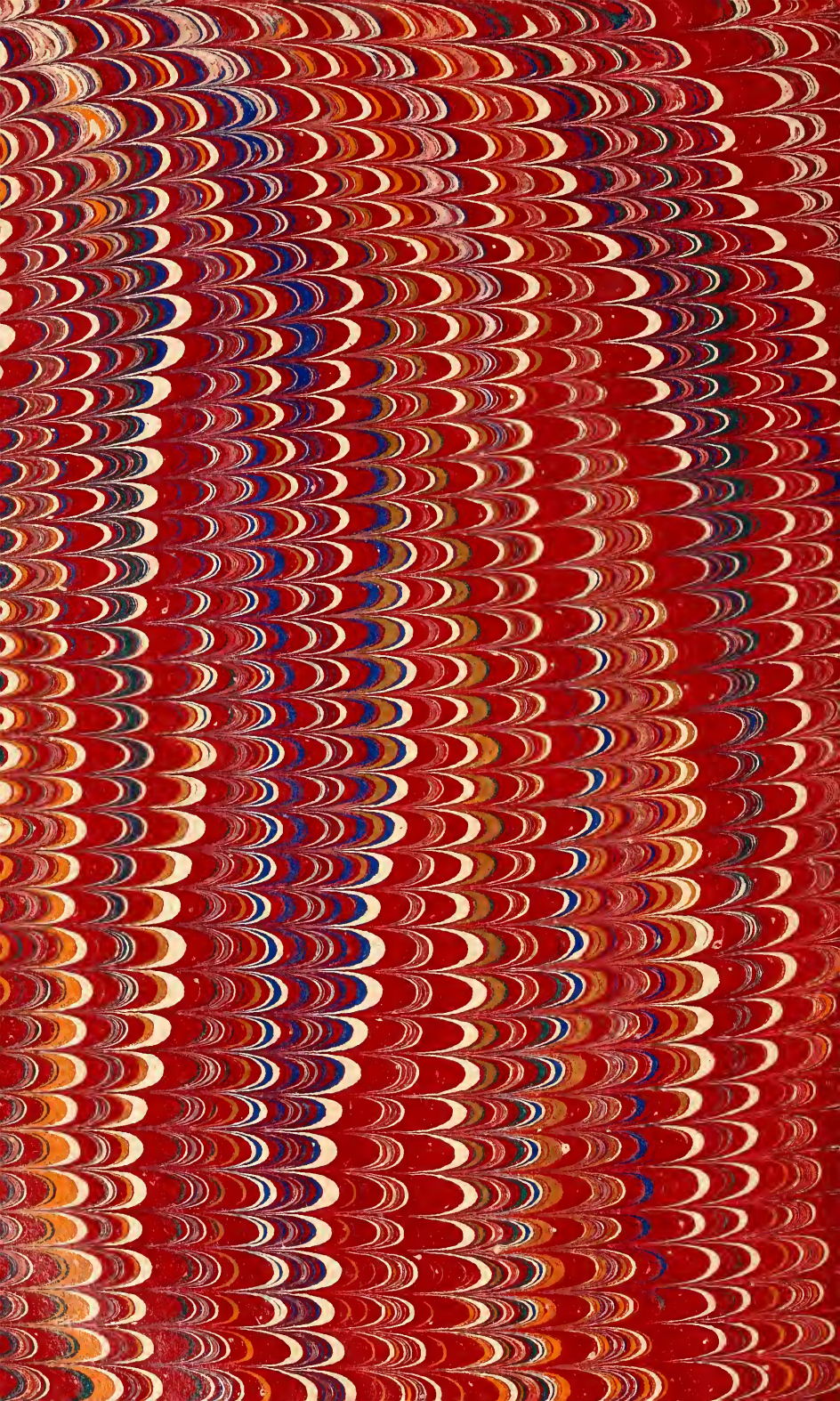
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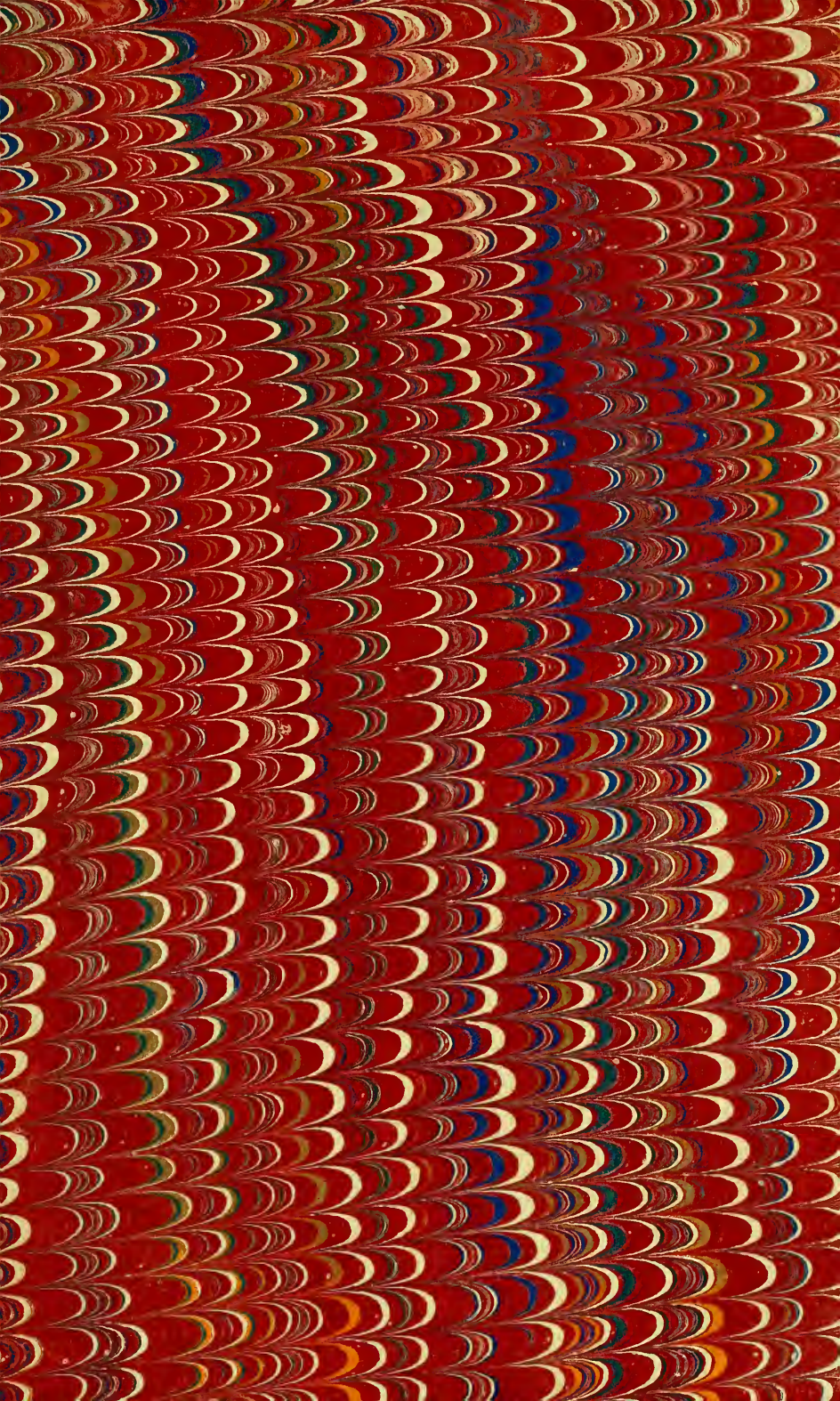
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