

**CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION
WALDOBORO'
1873.**

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THE
Centennial Celebration

OF THE

INCORPORATION OF MALDENBORO',

MAINE.

JULY 4, 1873.

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PRELIMINARY ARRANGEMENTS.

The act of incorporation of what is now the town of Waldoboro', was granted by the General Court of Massachusetts, on June 29th, 1773.

It was suggested by some of our wide awake and public spirited citizens that the one hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of the town should receive a proper observance. Accordingly a public meeting was held at Union Hall, and it was then and there decided to have a Centennial Celebration, and a committee was chosen to perfect all the necessary arrangements for accomplishing this purpose. As the 29th of June occurred on Sunday, it was decided to have the Ceremonies held on July 4th.

The following committees were nominated, to whose untiring labor are we indebted for the complete success that crowned their efforts.

UPON GENERAL MANAGEMENT :—Rev. A. J. McLeod, Henry A. Kennedy, Henry Farrington, E. R. Benner, S. L. Miller, L. P. Haskell, George Bliss.

UPON FINANCES :—Henry Farrington, S. W. Jackson, E. R. Benner, H. A. Kennedy.

UPON SUBSCRIPTIONS :—S. L. Miller, L. P. Haskell, George Bliss, E. R. Benner.

UPON CORRESPONDENCE, INVITATIONS, AND ADDRESS :—George Bliss, Rev. A. J. McLeod.

UPON MUSIC :—S. W. Jackson, Newell Winslow, Mrs. Mary D. Clark.

UPON DINNER:—Mrs. Benj. Roberts, Mrs. Geo. W. Caldwell, Mrs. Ann Chapman, Mrs. George W. Young, Mrs. Henry Farrington, Mrs. John Richards, Mrs. J. H. Stanwood, Mrs. B. C. Mayo, Mrs. Horace Flanders, Mrs. Milton McIntyre, Mrs. William Welt, Mrs. Ward Adams.

UPON PROCESSION:—John Richards, L. P. Haskell, E. R. Benner, Edwin O. Clark, Herman Kopperholdt, Jr., George W. Sproul, S. L. Miller, Almore Kennedy.

UPON DECORATIONS AND MOTTOES:—Mrs. Alden Jackson, Miss Celeste Clark.

UPON GROVE:—Henry A. Kennedy, Henry Farrington, E. R. Benner.

UPON FIREWORKS:—L. P. Haskell.

Col. A. W. Bradbury, of Portland, consented to deliver an Oration. Mrs. Ella A. Oakes, very kindly, furnished the Centennial Hymn.

Smouses' Grove, on Main street, near the residence of John A. Benner, was selected as the place for the Public Services. A large stand was erected, and spacious tables were built for the accommodation of all the invited guests. Through the liberality of the good people of Waldoboro', noted for their hospitality, the tables were bountifully laden with "good things" for the inner man.

In addition to a general request that all citizens and former residents should be present upon that day and take part in its festivities, the following invitation was sent to all citizens above the age of 70. and to all absentees whose names were furnished the Secretary, and from many thus invited, letters were received breathing good wishes for the success of the celebration, and the long continued welfare of the town:

(Form of Invitation.)

BROAD BAY PLANTATION, 1773 - - - - WALDOBORO', 1873.

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

COMPLIMENTARY.

WALDOBORO', June 26, 1873.

To

My Dear Sir :

The citizens of Waldoboro' will celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of the Town, July 4th, 1873. Your presence, as one of the aged and honored citizens of the town, is requested. Conveyance in the procession and entertainment at the Grove will be furnished by the Committee.

If you accept, please notify me, and report at the Baptist Vestry by 10 o'clock, morning of the 4th.

GEORGE BLISS,

Secretary of Committee.

The Waldoboro' Cornet Band, and Goshen Band were engaged for the occasion.

The Thomaston Fire Companies accepted an invitation to join in the procession and brought with them the Damariscotta Cornet Band. Perhaps it would not be amiss in this connection to express our high appreciation of the character of the respective Engine Companies from Thomaston, who, both by their excellent deportment as visitors at our Celebration, and as heroic firemen at the scene of conflagration on the Centennial Day, won universal respect and commendation.

The Committee on the Procession met with complete

success in all of their arrangements. The very full account in the succeeding pages show how well they merit the praise awarded them for their efficient services. Their arrangements were admirable and the Military experience of the Marshals enabled them to manœuvre and march their long lines promptly and without confusion.

At the request of the Committee the Superintendent of the Knox & Lincoln Railroad granted half fare tickets, thereby enabling thousands along the line of the road to enjoy the festivities of the day.

The Committee on Fire Works made every preparation for a brilliant display, and had it not been for the violent shower, their efforts would have been highly successful.

The different committees and citizens generally, labored zealously to make the occasion one long to be remembered, and to prepare a fitting reception for the invited guests, sparing no pains to make the Celebration worthy of themselves and a credit to the place.

Their labors were crowned with success, and Waldoboro' and her guests had every reason to be satisfied with her first Centennial Celebration.

As before stated, the anniversary occurred on Sunday, June 29, 1873. and the Rev. A. J. McLeod, Pastor of the 1st Congregational Church, deemed it highly appropriate to the occasion to preach a sermon commemorative of this event.

He decided to hold the services in the German Lutheran Church, a building erected one hundred years ago and now in good state of preservation. This Church was filled to repletion, and large numbers were outside unable to gain admittance. Rev. John Collins, Pastor of the Methodist Church, assisted in the exercises.

As the Sermon contains much that is interesting, by permission of Mr. McLeod I herewith publish it in full.

CENTENNIAL SERMON.

BY REV. A. J. MCLEOD,

Pastor of the 1st Congregational Church, Waldoboro'.

Zechariah, 1st chap., 5th verse: *Your fathers, where are they?*

When I received the May number of our valuable and most welcome visitor, "The Monthly News," I noticed there an article stating that this day, the 29th of June, was the Centennial of this town. And as is my custom I immediately looked at the Calendar, and ascertained the fact, that Commemoration Day would come on Sunday. I then thought it might not be amiss to preach a sermon or lecture on that occasion, believing that it would not be time unprofitably spent in calling to mind what little can be gathered of the past. As my residence among you has been short, and as there has but little been written of the history of this town, it cannot be expected that I will bring before you much, if anything, that is new. I am largely indebted to our Monthly News, Church Records, and one or two individuals, for what information I have obtained. The prophecy of Zechariah from which my text is taken, has reference to the re-building of the temple, and their returning to worship in the Mount as did their Fathers, and in consequence of his forcible representations, the building of the temple was resumed with re-kindled zeal, and in it, "In the fulness of time appeared the Desire of all Nations,"—and our prayer is, that from what may be said this afternoon, there may be a re-kindling of zeal in the cause of our Redeemer, and a returning to

the house of God. If not in this sanctuary, rendered sacred by the feet of those holy men of God, who, with untiring zeal, have marched with steady steps to their home above, to the other Sanctuaries in this village, where Sabbath after Sabbath, month after month, and year after year, the truths as they are in Jesus are proclaimed. I purpose accommodating the words of the text to the present occasion, and shall suppose them to have direct reference to this people, and to our fathers. If by so doing I can awaken in the hearts of the people, the same spirit our fathers exhibited, I shall consider my labor not in vain. It cannot be expected that much can be given of the history of one hundred years in one short sermon. The most that can be done is simply glance at the past.

During the reign of George II, King of England, Gen. Waldo, a native of England, who for some time had been doing business in Boston, Mass., returned to his native country, commissioned for the purpose of settling the difficulty which had arisen out of the patent granted John Beauchamp and Thomas Leverett. He succeeded in so doing. And as many in our day, so managed the affairs, as to make the cost cover the patent, and in due time obtained a title to the whole region known as Muscongus Patent, his object then was to increase the value of his land, and so held out sufficient inducement for forty German families to leave their native shore, brave the perils of the sea, in order that they might enter anew upon life with higher hopes and richer expectations. They were led to believe that they were leaving a land desolate, with but few attachments, for one beyond even the grasp of imagination. But what sad disappointments lay stretched out before them. In the place of a large and populous city—a dense wilderness; in place of fields waving with

corn, rocks of whose rough and hard crests, nothing they then possessed could penetrate; in place of civilization and culture, Savages seeking day by day for the poor innocent and defenceless White man, in order that he might fall upon them as birds of prey. When I think of the imposition practiced upon these noble and true patriots, the land promised them, though a wilderness, but which they never received, and other things I might name, and all that for personal aggrandizement, I cannot for one moment doubt the doctrine of total depravity.

But hardships greater, and trials more difficult to bear were yet in store for them. In 1746 this little band, after suffering the hardships of winter, and erecting homes for their wives and little ones, was attacked by the Indians, who, as wild beasts had been prowling around their dwellings, killing and carrying them nearly, if not all away. But Waldo had too much at stake to be discouraged by savages, and therefore, in 1748, obtained consent of some twenty or thirty more German families to settle upon these barren lands. And it is of these we are to speak, as they are our ancestors. From these sprung our honored and highly respected Conrad Heyer, who for so many years listened to the truths as they are in Jesus, from this sacred desk, who Sabbath after Sabbath, was found in his place in yonder gallery, singing praises to his Redeemer in his mother tongue, and laying by in store a good hope against the day of his death. I think I can almost see the old man, as he stood with his eyes heavenward, and with no thought in his mind save that which would meet with the approbation of his Master. And then, after living to an age to which no other native born has ever arrived, to pass gently down with a smile of resignation and joy upon his countenance, bidding farewell to all below, and entering

through the gate into the eternal City. And to-day, from his high seat above, he looks down upon us as assembled here, and rejoices anew in the blood of Christ, because through that blood he has been washed from all his sins, and made pure and fit for the heavenly Canaan, where there is no going out, but a continual meeting of those with whom he took sweet counsel, and associated here below.

In 1753, Gen. Waldo's son visited Germany, for the purpose of inducing others to come thither. The inducements held out by him, like those of his father, were of a sufficient nature to give impetus to some sixty families more to leave their homes, and cast their lot on this "rough and rock bound coast." Arriving as they did in the month of September, they soon found themselves face to face with one of our rough and hard winters. It is unnecessary for me to portray their sufferings, as you all have of late read the heart rending account in our journal. After passing as they did through the trials of persecution in their German home for the religion of Christ, and many, doubtless, of their fathers, fell for the cause of truth and right, (for it is to be remembered those who came to this country were followers of Luther and Zwingle,) they must encounter here the same opposers of truth. The French Catholics, the meanest of Creation, induced the Indians with whom they had things in common, and to whom they rightly belonged, to fall upon these defenseless colonists, and the tomahawk and scalping knife were long wet with the crimson blood of the slain.

In 1763 peace shed its quickening beams over these "cast down, but not destroyed" colonists. But again trouble was in store for them. Scarcely had they had

time to dream of their once happy days, when the sun went tranquilly down, when their right and title to the little spot of land Waldo had given them, was disputed. This avaricious man, as far as I am capable of learning, believed at this time that he was owner of half of Maine, and had a right to make a sheep-pasture of the other half. But there were other men in the world at this time, and they had a claim; therefore Waldo's right to this portion of New England was disputed, and by Massachusetts Legislature its true boundaries fixed. On account of this, many to whom Gen. Waldo had deeded land, had no legal claim, and therefore their right was gone. The spot of land they believed to be theirs and over which they had toiled, and with the sweat of their brow endeavored to earn their daily bread, now seemed to be taken from them.

In this troubled and perplexing state, these true hearted men purchased their lands anew. And now another must put in his claim, and so again they found themselves in trouble, and so I might go on and show you in many and various ways how the golden rule was violated in reference to these early settlers. At last they could bear it no longer, and so many of these colonists sold what right they had to the land and left for the south. Injured, oppressed, they could hold out no longer, and therefore "shook off" the dust of their feet as a testimony against them." Oppression never meets with the smile of heaven; accordingly, Gen. Waldo, like Nebuchadnezzar of old, when surveying his possessions, was struck with apoplexy and died immediately.

I have already said these colonists were true men, for during the revolutionary struggle they stood out boldly for liberty. Not a groan was borne along on the breeze from this colony during that struggle, but with heart and hand

united, with the roar of the cannon on either side, with sword gleaming in sunlight, ready to drink their blood, yet firmly they stood, resolved for freedom, and with their efforts combined with others it was accomplished. And these are the men who were persecuted on every hand.⁶ These are the men who had not where to lay their heads. These are the men whose wives and children were obliged to serve as slaves for the purpose of enriching the coffers of others.

As yet I have said nothing as to the religion of this people. Among them we find the followers of Luther and Zwingle, the two great German reformers. They did not come thither like our Pilgrim fathers, for the purpose of worshipping God, but rather for increasing their worldly goods. But no inducement held out could have an influence until provisions had been made for the preaching of the Gospel. But this, like all the other promises, was broken; but their trust in God through Christ could not be broken, and so they assembled Sabbath after Sabbath for the worship of Jehovah, choosing John Ulmer as their leader. Out of their scanty means they erected a house of worship, and in 1763 the house was dedicated. Methinks I can almost see these servants of God as they assembled at this house for the first time, to hear the truths as they are in Jesus. How earnestly they gaze at the preacher. How eagerly they catch the truth. How comforting the thought as it reaches the heart of these poor, heavy laden souls, "Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls." The return of spring, after the hardest and most dismal winter they spent on this rugged coast, was not half so

gratefully received as was the sound of the gospel in this new log-church. Although their Minister did not prove true, yet God often brings good out of evil. But I must pass on.

In 1773 the inhabitants of this plantation, then known as Broad Bay, had so increased by emigrants from Germany, and the descendants of the Pilgrims, that it was thought best to incorporate it into a town. Accordingly, June 29th, 1873, by an act of the Massachusetts legislature, their request was granted, and the town incorporated by the name of Waldoborough; and in the church held dear by the people, the first town meeting assembled.

It is in honor of the act of the incorporation of this town, that we have assembled here to-day, and for the purpose of reviewing the past century. I purpose dividing this century into decades, and shall simply call to your mind some of the more important events. The first decade is fraught with consequences of the most vital importance to this town, and to the whole republic.

The Revolutionary war, that great struggle for liberty. I need but remind you of Lexington, April 19, 1775, when the mist which for a long time had been hanging over this country was lifted, and the great struggle was in full view. Probably the youngest present is acquainted with it. The cause of right and liberty was then at issue, and God from his high seat above looked down and smiled with complacency, and the victory was ours. And where were the oppressed inhabitants of this town? They could not be found in the companies reserved, neither could they be seen in the supernumerary rank; but as men filled with the spirit of right, fired with love for their adopted country, they were to be seen *foremost* in the rank. And at the sound of the bugle, and the beat of the drum, forward

they marched with firm and steady step, until the goal they reached; and the banners they flung to the breeze, and the shout of victory which went up on the air has coursed its way to the remotest parts of our world, and nations have already arisen, and nations will yet be born to bless our Independence Day.

During this decade nothing of interest appears in the church; a death-like sleep seems to pervade it, and Zion had occasion to "hang her harps on the willows and mourn because so few come to her solemn feasts," and all through the so-called minister. The next decade enters comparatively with a calm. Ship-building seemed to be advancing, and a prosperous village was rearing itself on both sides of the river; nature seemed to wear her loveliest dress, and all appeared joyous and happy. But the little Zion was not yet out of the wilderness. And here I ought to say what needs to be said somewhere,—that this people had erected another house of worship, on the opposite side of the river—whether they had abandoned their first church or not I do not know.

The date of the erection of this building is not known, but probably not far from the Incorporation of the town. There seems also to have been a change of pastors. Mr. Croner ministered to them four years, but his life was of such a nature that the Redeemer's cause could gather no life from him, and therefore remained in the same lethargic state. But the third decade presents new life for this persecuted and oft deceived people. Providence often tries us. Christ tested the sincerity of the Syrophenician woman, and then granted her request; so he tested this people, and then gave them the desire of their hearts. But before speaking of the Rev. F. A. R. B. Ritz, I wish to call your attention to the house in which we are assem-

bled to-day. Somewhere during the close of the last and the beginning of this decade, the church deemed it best to have a more central place of worship. Accordingly they took down the building erected on the East side of the river, and removed it to the spot where we to-day have assembled; so while this building has not been here one hundred years, yet its timbers and nails have been consecrated to God more than a century, and could we meet in a more suitable place on this day? As I look upon these walls to-day, I am carried back to the days when our fathers suffered persecution. I think also of the processions that have passed in and out of these portals: the young, the old, the gay, the beautiful, the care worn, the earth weary. All our public buildings combined would not begin to hold them. This altar, how many have come at the three great epochs of life, the babe for baptism, the youth for the bridal, the white haired man or woman for the last sad rites upon earth. How many a saint in glory took their first step heavenward within these consecrated walls. Unseen worshipers come flitting in and out of her doors, a silent, ghostly number. On earth, in bodily presence, they are seen no more. And how soon will the same be said of us all. Only in the second temple of the New Jerusalem, shall congregations never break up. This old Church stands here to-day a monument of her former greatness. As one gazes on these straight back pews, on the jail-like pulpit in which I find myself, with its sounding board suggesting the sword of Damocles suspended by a single hair, and looking as if it might at any moment topple over on the preacher's head; I say all these things carry us back to the days of our fathers, and my prayer is that as long as nails will fasten wood together, although the living truth may not statedly be heard within these

walls, yet may she remain, and may those in whose care she is intrusted ever feel it not only a duty, but a privilege to bestow upon her the care necessary for her preservation.

I now come to the settlement of F. A. R. B. Ritz, who upon the recommendation of the Pennsylvania Synod, was called to the pastorate of this Church in 1795. He was a man who had not only a liberal education, but had it sanctified by the Spirit of the Redeemer. Unlike his predecessors, he had the love of souls at heart. He determined to know nothing save "Jesus Christ and him crucified." The little flock, though long deceived, soon saw that God had sent them a man after his own heart, and the song of joy and gladness was now beginning to be sung. Zion had not longer to mourn, and her harps were soon taken down from the willows. The mourning was no longer heard because so few came to her solemn feasts, but Sabbath after Sabbath the courts of the Lord were filled, and sinners were heard enquiring their way. Joy was heard among the angels because sinners were turning to God. The new Pastor's heart was encouraged, for he saw that the people were hungering and thirsting after the word of life. The next ten years presents some hardships again for their Zion. The first eight are years of growth and prosperity. The people are encouraged, the town prosperous, and as far as the mind of man is capable of determining, nothing but prosperity for the future, seemed to await them. But in 1811 their beloved Pastor was taken from them by death. This bereavement and disappointment was sudden. They expected that he was to be with them to the end, as is generally the case, but God works for his own glory, and they must submit to disappointment.

But while he is taken from them, his good life and acts live on. And as we look at his life and works we can but say :

“ Servant of God, well done !
 Rest from thy loved employ ;
 The battle fought, the victory won,
 Enter thy Master’s joy.”

But God had not ordained to leave this flock without a shepherd long, for the next year he sent them Rev. J. W. Starman, with whom many of you were acquainted. In this decade, also, the Congregational Church was formed, 1807, Aug. 6, and John R. Cutting was ordained and installed pastor, Aug. 19th. He remained its pastor five years. During those years there seems to be little or no growth in her, owing, doubtless, to the same cause which crippled the growth of the early German Church. When Mr. Cutting was ordained and installed, I am credibly informed that the services were on a platform erected for the occasion, on the ground now occupied by Mr. Augustus Welts’ house. The reason for so doing, I presume, was on account of not having house room enough to accommodate those who had assembled to witness the ceremonies.

The next ten years opened with Mr. Starman as Pastor of the Lutheran Church, and the Congregational pulpit vacant. Mr. Starman, though a man I believe after God’s own heart, yet had a small congregation, and that, owing to his not being able then to preach in the then spoken language. It was quite natural for the lambs to seek a shepherd, who, when he called them by name, they could understand and follow, and which, as has been said by one, and that wisely, too, was the cause of the death of this church. In 1816, Mr. D. M. Mitchell was called to and

accepted the pastorate of the Congregational Church, and in this house was he set apart for the work of the Ministry. I think of my predecessor to-day. I think of the noble and good work he accomplished here. I think of those who, through his instrumentality, were led to consecrate themselves to the cause of the Redeemer, and are now left for me to encourage and strengthen on their heavenly way. I think of the crown he now wears, and of the jewels he is continually adding to that crown as one after another of the inhabitants of this town pass off this stage of action, and enter the eternal world: and when asked, who first led them to think of this world with all its glories and blessings, they point to the man who so faithfully served God here below, and who so long remained the pastor of the church of which I am his unworthy successor.

The next decade opens with comparatively little that I can here note. The gospel as preached by the two servants of Christ—Mr. Starman and Mr. Mitchell—is being owned of God in the conversion of souls. The Congregational Church, more especially, is continually receiving to her membership, we trust of such as shall be saved! Mr. Starman at this time accomplished a great work. In June, 1829, he was enabled to write to the two branches of the German Church. And here you may perhaps ask for the difference of belief in these churches. I will tell you in as few words as possible. Those who separated from the Romish Church in the 16th century, are divided by the German historians into two general classes. The Lutheran and the Reformed. And here let me correct a prevalent mistake, and that is, that the reformation commenced with Luther. It commenced with Zwingli, a pastor of Switzerland, who was confined to the little canto of

Zurich, and who also was slain in the war of 1530, which the Roman Catholics had waged against the reformers.

Luther immediately appeared on the stage and gave it new impetus, and through his indomitable will it was spread throughout Germany, the only difference between the two reformers being this: Luther believed that Christ's body and blood was really present in the eucharist, while Zwingle believed that it simply symbolized Christ's broken body and shed blood, and on account of this difference there arose the two churches—the Lutheran and the Reformed. Much pains was taken to harmonize them, but all to no purpose. However, I do not believe that they, like our Churches at the present day, exclude from the Kingdom of Heaven all those who do not subscribe to their articles of faith.

But what the early reformers failed to do in Germany, our departed brother accomplished here, with those who had left the Old World, and pitched their tent in this portion of the New; for as I have already said, in 1829 the barrier existing between these two Churches was removed, and together with body, soul and spirit united, they sat down and partook of these sacred emblems which so forcibly bring to our minds the dying love of Jesus. And who can doubt, that as they arose with heart and hand united, these were the very sentiments they expressed in thought if not in word:

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love, so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

We come now to the seventh decade. During this, Mr. Mitchell's health failing him, and after losing a part of

his family, it was thought best by him to tender his resignation and seek another field of labor.

With this man of God, many of you were acquainted and the impressions left upon your hearts by him, speak, louder and more forcibly than any thing I can here say. The saddened hearts that left the house of God on the announcement of that resignation, were fresh in the heart of the beloved pastor during life. The love existing in the church and parish was mutual, and it was with a struggle that he left his beloved charge; and so it is often the case with Ministers at the present day. Many things may point to another field of labor, yet the attachments formed make it hard. When we are called to part, it gives us inward pain. But it is our duty to labor where we can accomplish the most for Christ. I do not believe it to be a minister's duty to labor in a community until he shall have crippled his powers, and then go down in decrepitude to an early grave. He is to remember the field is the world, and it is his duty to use every lawful means in order that he may labor in this field many years. Mr. Mitchell's health was of such a nature that he felt the work here could be more successfully carried on by another, and so left the field. During this decade the Rev. John Dodge was called and settled as the Pastor of the Congregational Church. The Baptist Church was also organized, and now for the first time in the history of this town, were there three distinct denominations—Lutheran, Congregationalist and Baptist. But I must pass on lest I tire you. The next ten years we find fraught with trials, harder to be borne, than for some time had existed in this beautiful town. In 1846, a fire broke out, destroying a part of the then prosperous town. At this time, ship-building was extensively carried on, and this place had

become the grand centre, this side the Kennebec; so much so, that the whole district had taken the name of Waldoboro' District. It was the grand centre of all the neighboring towns, and one of the first, if not *the* first depot for wood and bark, at that time; and in the business part of this then prosperous town, the population of which, was 4199, the devouring element was discovered carrying destruction with it, and robbing men of their hard earned property. Of course, this could not but carry sorrow to many hearts, and rob them of that determined self-will, which these men possessed. But it was only for a season. They soon determined to rebuild the waste places, and no longer to mourn over their blighted prospects. Accordingly in the space of a few years, the village appeared, not as before, but far better, for in place of buildings hardly suitable for business, appeared the large and commodious stores, suited for any and every kind of business.

The old church had found it necessary to disband. Their numbers had become so small, that it was impossible for them to hold out sufficient inducement for the New York synod to feel justified in aiding them as a church, and so the Rev. Dr. ——, who had been sent by the synod to which this church belonged, deemed it best for them to unite with the Congregational Church, and so some of them did; others went elsewhere, and the church was scattered. Rev. Mr. Starman's health failed him, and so it was impossible for him to discharge the duties devolving upon a Pastor in a place like this. But I would not have you think that this church is dead to-day, though as an organization she has ceased to be for twenty-three years. This old church is destined to live as long as time shall last. It is the good we do that lives after us, and my

friends, eternity itself can only reveal the good that has been done here. The streams which have sprung from this fountain will flow on and on, until they have fertilized the wastes of generations yet unborn.

The next decade is before us, and Mr. Dodge, on account of ill health, is obliged to resign his pastorate. This pastorate, as that of Mr. Mitchell, has been owned of God, in the conversion of many souls. In 1854, Rev. H. M. Stone was called and accepted the pastorate of said Congregational Church. It was this year that the great fire occurred here, carrying nothing but desolation to all around. You remember the circumstances connected therewith. Children seeking in vain for bread; fathers and mothers rushing here and there, that they might free themselves from the fire fiend, and seek shelter for themselves and their loved ones. I am credibly informed that in less than one hour, the whole business part of the village was one sheet of fire, and nothing could be done to stay its progress. I need not speak of blighted prospects—I need not speak of what you were then called to endure, for the scene, and the circumstance connected with it, are as fresh in the memory of many of you, to-day, as when it occurred; I therefore leave it with you to reflect upon. During this year, the aged and much beloved German Pastor laid aside this mortal, that he might put on the immortal. His labor was finished here below, and with a holy joy, he entered into that rest prepared for him since the foundation of the world. His remains were laid by the side of his predecessor—Ritz, in the cemetery in which we to-day have assembled, and the citizens of this place have suitably shown their respect, by erecting, in memory of these sainted servants of God, a monument, as a testimony of their respect, and of the high esteem in

which they were held. God, also, during this year, poured out his spirit upon the people of this place, and many were enabled to consecrate themselves to him, and to his people, by his will.

During the next few years, the people were prospered, and soon repaired the waste places. The Methodist Church formed. The population of the town was now larger than at any time previous or since, being about 4600; ship building as before was in full blast, and all appeared prosperous. Bricks were largely substituted for wood, and soon the town presented its present appearance. Of the last decade, I have little to say; things I am informed, are not now as they formerly were. Business, however, is now looking up, and we trust the town soon may present her usual go-a-headitiveness.

And now, in summing up what I have gone over, I cannot but ask the question which I have used as a text, "Your fathers, where are they"? and the spirit which they manifested, *where is it?* To the house of God they assembled, Sabbath after Sabbath, and with one accord, in one place they prayed for heavenly aid. To God they looked with cheerfulness and trust, believing that He, and He alone, would grant them the power they needed, in their exigency, and by that power, which he granted them, they were enabled to overcome their mightiest foes. But with the majority of the citizens of this town, to-day, how is it? Can you see one of those sights which heaven used to smile upon, fathers and mothers, riding miles, in order that they might attend Divine worship? How is it? I ask. Permit me to answer. Within the sound of the preacher's voice, living, as it were, under the very shadow of the house of God, where Sabbath after Sabbath, the truths as they are in Jesus, are proclaimed; there are many who

turn a deaf ear, and are not found within her portals, from one year's end to another. Your fathers, where are they? They are gone to their eternal reward. They died, many of them triumphant, declaring that this was the way, and inviting you to walk in it. The preaching of the Gospel had its desired effect, and many of them were turned from darkness, to light. Their preacher's heart was continually encouraged, by seeing them consecrate themselves to Christ. O, would to God, that *my* congregation was made up to-day, with hearts similar to those which our fathers possessed. Then would I feel that my preaching did not fall by the way side, nor into stony ground, nor among thorns, but into good ground, and the yield would be an hundred fold. Listen, my friends, for one moment, to the truth, which is able to make you wise unto salvation. Christ, by his spirit, is speaking to you this day, in this old house where your fathers worshiped. He is laying before you every motive in his power, consistent with his free spirit, to draw you to him, and you are refusing. O, how long shall this continue? I beseech you to break aloof from the chains by which Satan has so long bound you, and receive the ingrafted word which alone is able to make you wise unto salvation.

Our fathers, where are they? Where are those who mingled with such intense interest in the scenes of June 29, 1773? All—all in eternity! not one present to-day, to tell us of the joys and sorrows of that occasion. Not one present to encourage us in our pilgrimage through life. Not one present to mark the spot where they commenced the heavenly course; and one hundred years from to-day, where shall *we* be, who now compose this far different assembly? All, all—every one—in eternity. As spirits redeemed by the blood of Christ, regenerated by

the Holy Ghost, may we all be around the throne of God and the Lamb. And this is the end for which we labor. This is the end for which we preach the Gospel. Knowing as we do, that on earth we are probationers, and that this is the only time given for repentance, therefore we present the gospel and the love of it to you, beseeching you, in Christ's stead, "be ye reconciled to God". Awake, then, thou sleeper, and arise from the dead, and Christ will give you life.

For the Financial success of this Celebration, we are indebted to the liberality of the following well known public spirited citizens :

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JULY 4, 1873.

The ushering in of our Centennial Anniversary was signalled by the ringing of bells—booming of cannon—and yelling of a thousand youthful male voices, which

unmistakably shew that they were alive, and to be partakers in the scenes of the day. Soon after, the streets, avenues, and walks began to fill with people, anxious to enjoy the long expected holiday.

Crowds of visitors came into town by railroad, stages, carriages, yachts and other available conveyances, to join in the festivities of the day; the movements of those seeking favorable points for viewing the procession of the different companies, schools and societies; the reception of companies from adjoining towns, the music by the different bands; the elegantly decorated buildings, and the flags conspicuously waving everywhere, in the bright and dazzling sunlight, all together gave the place an unwonted air of rejoicing.

The intense interest felt in the occasion of so large an assemblage, assisted by the excellent management of the police, prevented any approach toward disturbance, and all were refreshingly jolly, and even natured while waiting for the beginning of the official exercises. This was not long deferred. With commendable promptness, the Marshals of the day caused order to come out of the seeming chaos, and marching their divisions as previously arranged, organized and caused to be in locomotion, a procession over a mile in length, described in the report of the "Monthly News" as follows:

THE PROCESSION.

The procession was formed at Farrington's Corner, with the right resting on Main street, in the following order:—

Chief Marshal—John Richards.

Aids,

Henry Farrington, Daniel W. Demuth, C. D. Jones, T. F. Turner.

Waldoboro' Cornet Band.

Company of soldiers in Continental uniform, numbering forty muskets, acting as escort.

Orator of the Day in carriage.

Municipal Authorities.

Aged Citizens in carriages.

A large boat drawn by four horses. This boat contained thirty-eight young ladies, dressed in white and crowned with wreaths, representing the Goddess of Liberty and the States of the Union. The boat was beautifully decorated. From the mast depended festoons of evergreen, and on the sides were inscribed, "Peace with all nations," and "God bless our homes." On the stern, "Waldoboro', 1773."

Damariscotta Cornet Band.

State of Maine Engine Co., of Thomaston.

Eureka Engine Co., of Thomaston.

Juvenile Engine Co., of Thomaston.

Triumph Engine Co., of Waldoboro'.

Boat, drawn by two horses, containing thirteen boys, representing the Navy. This boat bore the motto, "Don't give up the ship!"

Goshen Drum Corps.

Woodbury Lodge, Good Templars.

Medomak Lodge Good Templars.

Broad Bay Lodge Good Templars.

N. Medomak Lodge Good Templars.

Company of Mechanics, carrying the implements of their trade.

Trade Representations.

Wagon of J. Clark & Son—a pyramid of ship models, surmounted by a miniature full rigged ship.

Wagon representing the business of the Waldoboro' Suspender Company.

Wagon of H. M. Folsom & Co., loaded with boxes of Blake's Bitters.

A Sprague Mowing Machine, drawn by a span of black horses, representing the business of Richards & Storer.

Sabbath Schools.

Citizens and public generally.

While the procession was moving, a national salute was being fired at Prock's Ledge. Some idea of the extent of the procession may be formed from the fact, that when the head had turned into Jefferson Street, the rear had not left Farrington's Corner. As the column moved down Main Street, which was lined with spectators, the waving flags and banners, the antique dress of the Continentals, the bright uniforms of the firemen, and gayly decorated carriages, presented a most pleasing spectacle. Just as the procession moved from Farrington's Corner, fire was discovered in the house of Newell Winslow, Esq., and, as it was located upon the route of the march, the head of the column was halted at the residence of John Sides, and the fire companies sent to the rescue. They arrived too late to save the building but did much toward subduing the flames, and preventing the destruction of Benjamin Genthner's residence and other adjacent buildings. At 1:30 P. M., the firemen had become exhausted, and the well dressed spectators could not be induced to relieve them for fear of soiling their "Sunday clothes." Ac-

cordingly the Continentals were ordered to the "front," and at a "double quick" went to the relief of the men at the brakes. At 2 P. M., the fire was completely under subjection, and the procession was reformed and marched without any further interruption to the grove; where the invited guests, to the number of three hundred, partook of a sumptuous collation, after which several hundred spectators were treated in the same manner.

EXERCISES AT THE GROVE.

The assembly was called to order by Rev. A. J. McLeod, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, and Rev. John Collins invoked the blessing of the Almighty upon the occasion.

The Chairman, then, in an appropriate manner, introduced Henry Farrington, Esq., as President. George Bliss was appointed Secretary, and the following aged citizens, Vice-Presidents: Frederic Castner (Waldoboro's oldest citizen), Jacob Shuman, Charles Hoffses, Jacob Burkett, John Hahn, Alfred Hovey, John Palmer, Henry Weaver, Joseph Groton, John Bulfinch, Wm. White, Chas. Sweetland, John A. Haupt, Christopher Newbert and Cornelius Heyer.

The exercises proceeded as follows:

Music by Waldoboro' Cornet Band.

Reading the Act of Incorporation from the first record book of the Town.

The Centennial Hymn, written for the occasion, was sung to the air of *Old Hundred*, with accompaniment by the Bands. It was as follows:

CENTENNIAL HYMN.

BY MRS. E. A. OAKES.

Father of Love! a hundred years
 Are as a day before thy sight;
 To us how vast the time appears,
 How great the change attends their flight.

A hundred years! the watchful stars
 Kept vigil *then* o'er forest wild;
 Saw here the first rude homestead reared,
 And smiled upon the infant child.

A century gone! the swelling tide
 Of busy life its heartstrings thrills;
Now thriving town and happy homes
 Are cradled by the shelt'ring hills.

A hundred years! we reap the fruit,
 With grateful hearts we meet to-day;
 'Neath grand old trees, whose whisp'ring leaves
 Tell of our fathers passed away.

Saviour of men! be Thou our guide,
 Through changing scenes of life to come;
 And by thine all-sustaining power,
 Help us to crown what they begun.

The President then announced the Orator of the day, Col. A. W. Bradbury, of Portland, who delivered the following :

ORATION.

BY COL. A. W. BRADBURY.

MY FRIENDS AND FELLOW COUNTRYMEN :

Each recurring natal day brings to every person of reflecting mind, a season of meditation. This is commonly the time of retrospection, of introspection and of earnest looking into the future. The man who means to do his whole duty in the vast, mysterious system of which he is a part, (how large or how small he cannot know) will review the year which has gone and which has become for him a history of the past, scanning the course over which he has passed, carefully and critically—seeking out his errors to correct them—noting his shortcomings to make them up—and recognizing any good and worthy thing he may have done, to take from it fresh hope and new courage for the years to come.

He will look into himself, and if he does his duty, will subject himself to the most rigid scrutiny. How has he failed? How has he succeeded? These (in their broadest field of inquiry) are the questions for him. I say in their broadest field of inquiry, for, to the man who means to do his whole duty, these questions go beyond mere business, political or social success, or failure. He will consider the motives by which he has been actuated, as well as the means and appliances which he has used, and even from prudential, if not from higher considerations, will he weigh well the cause from which he traces every result.

And then, in the full light of the experience of the past,

after unreserved communion with his own heart and soul, humbly, prayerfully, watchfully, he will gird him up and take his staff for the laborious journey of another year.

I am not speaking of men who look upon the earth as a pleasure ground, upon life as a carnival and upon eternity not at all; but of earnest, thoughtful men, who sincerely and fairly try to comprehend their part in the great mystery of life, and then to act it conscientiously. It might be said that I am confining myself to a comparatively small portion of our people at large in thus addressing myself; but that would show a shallow and 'superficial acquaintance with the hearts and minds of men. It is not your open and loud-mouthed reformer, nor is it of necessity your neighbor who wears the mien of sanctity and does conspicuous alms, nor is it always the *really good* who make up all the "earnest, thoughtful men, who sincerely and fairly try to comprehend their part in the great mystery of life and then to act it conscientiously." It is the people—the mass of the people who do so try; and when they fail, it only leaves to us another mystery which we may hope to know when all things are more clear to our imperfect vision.

If this proposition be not true, then we are all wrong; and the people have no right to govern. If we are to appeal to the individual alone, the masses must be subjected to his individual will; or if we are to look only to the few as thinking, conscientious men, then the aristocracy should direct affairs and the unreasoning, unthinking populace should obey, and it would be for their welfare to obey. We are seeking the best form of government, and it is for our interest to consider whether we are, *en masse*, capable of learning the lessons of the past and applying them to the uses of the future; or whether we must rely upon

the learning and understanding of some one man or some limited and small number of men, to learn for us the lesson and to make for us the application.

It is undoubtedly true that the masses of the people are ordinarily somewhat inert. They incline to look to their leaders rather than to judge for themselves. If the leader has a power which he has inherited, and is one of a long-time race of rulers, custom and "the divinity that doth so hedge a king" leaves the people happy in being well ruled, and more grieved than angered at a not too weighty burden of oppression. I think, indeed, that after the right to reign is established, the people like to feel and to acknowledge a slight sense of subordination, although they may not like to confess it. It is natural enough. It is absurd to say that all men are created equal—unless it mean that they all have souls alike worth saving, and perhaps we should scarcely be willing to agree to that. We all acknowledge our superiors, and look up to and admire them. We reverence their piety, their charity and the purity of their lives; we are bound in a magic chain by their towering efforts of intellect and the subtle power of their eloquence. Even to their physical superiority, when exercised in the cause of what we think the right, we clamor our applause.

The orator is borne from the theatre of his great forensic effort upon the shoulders of the people; the church doors of the popular divine are besieged by the eager throng who cannot gain admittance; the conqueror returning from the devastated field must loose his horses; and his triumphal chariot is drawn by the shouting multitude. Who is not happy at the friendly nod and extended hand of the great man! Who so independent as to despise a recognition from one of the Princes of the earth!

And do we cheapen ourselves in this? Far from it. It would be weak in us not to recognize and look up to power; it would be churlish in us not to feel gratitude at the kindness of those whom the force of circumstance has placed above us. I may have occasion to discuss this question farther, if a reasonable task upon your attention will allow, for I am no *leveller*; and while I believe I am a true Democrat (I use the term in no partisan sense) I am far from having any faith in what has been known as "pure democracy." I respect authority; and without such respect—genuine, honest and loyal—I believe there can be no stability in a government springing directly from the people. And if the government be not directly from the people, there must be justice upon the one part, and obedience—which justice almost always insures—upon the other, to keep firm the foundation of the governmental system.

Our respect for authority does not degrade us. Hero worship does not diminish our self respect. We obey the law; and look with jealousy upon any infringement of it; for we know it protects us, and anything which strikes it down or belittles it, goes to imperil our lives and property and to impair our rights: and with no less satisfaction do we contemplate the men and the memories of the men, who had been foremost in giving us the rights and privileges which we are so happy in possessing.

But, to return to our proposition: it is, after all, the mass of the people upon whom we rely, and in whose fidelity we have the most abiding faith. Rulers may err; Governors may be despotic; Monarchs may forget in their pleasures the wants of their subjects; Ministers may use their power to rob—for a time—the people of their rights; but we turn—we, Americans—not instinctively, nor con-

scientifically, as the term is commonly used, but by education in the hard school of which our ancestors were first the pupils and then the masters—to the sovereign people, the source of power, and to them do we appeal for justice.

The people of America may be sometimes dull to hear; but, depend upon it, a grievous wrong inflicted upon any class, or portion of our citizens, will burst and throb upon the palpitating air until it strikes the ear and heart of every freeman in the land; and then we know that the wrong must be righted. Our people have never yet failed: and, please God and our stout hearts, they never shall!

If, now, we have established our faith in the people, let us leave the minor and insignificant birthday of the individual; and, taking him along with us, only as the type of the thoughtful and earnest community of which he is a part, proceed to discuss the grave and important questions which arise upon such an occasion as this.

The limited time allotted me for preparation has not permitted me to go so fully and accurately into the history of Waldoborough as I should be glad to do. But, somewhat more than most communities, you have lived within yourselves; your legends, traditions and history, are well known and well loved by you; and nowhere in New England do I know the spirit of earnest historical inquiry and research so stimulated and aroused as among the people dwelling upon this part of our coast.

Indeed, the faithful and intelligent examination now being made into old and recondite evidences of the rise and growth of the settlements hereabout—together with the physical discoveries which have been made and which are not yet finished, but still progressing, are of so striking and convincing a character as to lead us to believe, that history may have been mystified—to put it mildly—and

that the full development of the inquiries, now on foot, may result in the yielding to us of some early honors with which, heretofore, we have never been accredited.

Pride of ancestry is no mean pride, even in our democratic days. It as well becomes the simple citizen of the Republic as the titled lord to trace back and be proud of the stock from which he springs. And if he do not find his ancient progenitor with a coronet upon his haughty brow, or the bespangled sycophant about a dissolute court, how much prouder may he well be, to find him a brave, true, resolute, God-fearing man, who, with his own clear head and sinewy hands wrought out, in a harsh and inhospitable wilderness, independence for himself, for his children and for all the successors of his race.

From such sturdy stock are you descended, and it cannot fail to be to you a source of satisfaction, as it is a mark of honor, that, in this generation with its fondness for extravagance and display, its greed of princely wealth, its ostentation and its tendency to the centralization of power, you have preserved in large measure the simplicity of your lives and the purity of your love for the government of the Fathers of our Country.

The first settlement of the western portion of our New England coast appears to have been made as early as 1607, under the direction of the Plymouth Company of England, conspicuous among the leaders in which were Lord John Popham, Chief Justice of England, and Sir Fernando Gorges, well known among the earliest and most efficient patrons of schemes of discovery and colonization. Monhegan was well known to navigators and there the expedition touched on its way to found the Sagadahoc Colony. But this colony did not endure. Disheartened by the rigors of the climate and the privations to which they

were subjected, they made their way the following year to their homes in England.

In 1814, Capt. John Smith visited this same region upon a trading voyage, but no colony was formed until Monhegan was *permanently* peopled in 1822.

Williamson says :

“We call those settlements *permanent*, which are continued from year to year, without interruption, and although we find not, in the annals of the times, precisely in what year or by what persons, habitations for families, or homesteads, were first formed upon Arrow-sick Island, or upon the main land at Sagadahock, at Sheepscoot, at Damariscotta, at Pemaquid and St. George’s river, yet we are under the necessity of concluding that it must have been as early as the present year. The harbours, headlands and rivers had rendered this section uncommonly attractive to Europeans; the remains of chimnies and vestiges of dwelling-places were strongly marked with antiquity, and it is said that there are, only seven years after this, ‘eighty-four families besides fishermen dwelling upon the shores of this region.’”

And the Duke de Rochefoucault Liancourt in his “Travels” says :

“Some attempt to settle a colony in the vicinity of New Castle were made by the Dutch in 1625, and even at the early period of 1607, but without effect.”

Whatever the present preserved annals of those times may show, there is little or no doubt, as has been intimated, that the explorations and discoveries at Pemaquid and other points upon the coast point chiefly to a greater antiquity than the older historians were aware of; and we may rest confident that the able and unceasing efforts of the Maine Historical Society will unearth much ancient

and valuable material for history, which has not yet come to the general attention of the people of the State. It is not, however, my purpose, nor within my province, to discuss these questions.

Waldoborough, it is generally supposed, was inhabited by a German colony in 1740, but they appear to have been driven away or destroyed in the Spanish and Indian wars which followed, and it was not until 1748, after the treaty of Aix-la-Chappelle that the settlement was established upon a firm and enduring foundation. The success of this colony as a *German* colony is undoubtedly due to a great extent to the energy, perseverance and persuasiveness of General Waldo, owner of the great Waldo (or as it was then known, Muscongus) Patent, and of his son, Samuel, who enthusiastically aided his father in all his projects of colonization. Accordingly, in furtherance of their plans for peopling and making productive the lands covered by the Patent—some thirty miles square, bounded on the East by the Penobscot and on the West by the Medomak—Samuel Waldo visited Germany in 1852-3, and by dint of glowing proclamations issued in their own language, large offers of grants of land and plentiful promises of assistance upon their arrival, induced some fifteen hundred souls to remove from Germany and take up their abode at Broad Bay, now the present town of Waldoboro.

It would be rare enough to find a landed proprietor keeping all his promises to his tenants; and the settlers upon the Waldo grant found no exception to the general rule. Their sufferings and disappointments would have appalled less hardy and determined spirits. Left upon an unknown shore, the vast ocean rolling between them and the homes they had left behind them, the pathless forests filled with savage foes girding them in; without horses,

clothing, food ; with difficult communication with neighboring settlements ; speaking, too, a language strange to other colonists upon the coast, what wonder if they, like the Sagadahoc colony, had become disheartened and returned to the home of their nativity ! But they appear to have had no thought of that. They were not driven away from their native land. They went of their own accord, and they went to stay. It was no holiday excursion which took them from out the confines of a high and refined civilization and set them down within these rude, uncultivated borders. With the deliberation and reflection peculiar to their race, they had made up their minds and laid out their course. They were of too stern stuff to sicken at the first signs of suffering and danger. The magnitude of the difficulties they encountered only gave them the more stubborn courage to resist and defeat them ; and though sore and wearied with the contest, they persevered unto victory and gave you the town whose centennial we celebrate to-day. You may well be proud of the stock from which you spring ; and you may well be prouder still if you have kept alive within yourselves the virtues of your ancestors, and held firm to the noble example they set for you. It is easy to do well when all the signs are propitious ; but it is sublime in the midst of impending ruin, with the darkness of destruction thickening about and brooding down, to stand with the face firm set against all dangers, trusting only in the Lord God above and in the strength which he has given. So stood each one of your ancestors.

" Non vultus instantis tyranni
 Mente quatit solida. * * * * *
 * * * * *
 Si fractus illabatur orbis,
 Impavidum ferient ruinae."

In 1755, the French and Indian war broke out and for five years kept the young colony in constant dread.

The horrors of the Indian wars are too well known to need description. Strong men trembled not for themselves, but for their wives and the innocent babes upon their bosoms. The settler left his cabin with the rising sun, fearing to find it ashes when he returned at night. The fond wife watched him as he strode away with axe and rifle—a prayer in her heart that some lurking savage might not snatch from her her protector—the father of her children. The shrill war whoop quavered through the frightened midnight air and the lurid glare of burning buildings gave light to scenes of butchery and torture. These were indeed the “times that tried men’s souls.” Shall the principles for which these heroes fought be ever forgotten by their ungrateful descendants?

From 1760 until 1773, the settlers fought their way with varied fortune, not only against the obstacles presented by the character of the country, but against the injustice and cupidity of those who were bound by every tie of honor and good faith to protect them in their property and give them when possible a helping hand. In this year (1773) a large number of families—some historians have it as high as three hundred—having been obliged once to repurchase their lands, and finding that they still held them by an insecure tenure; confounded, disappointed and outraged at the criminal carelessness or deliberate fraud of those who had drawn them from their houses with specious promises, withdrew from Broad Bay and set sail for North Carolina, where they joined a colony of their own countrymen, and there most of them permanently remained.

Much as their departure was regretted by their friends who stayed behind, and urgent as were the entreaties to prevail upon them to stay, the remaining settlers were not disheartened, for in that same year Waldoborough was in-

corporated. In that same month of June, 1773, the town of Belfast was also incorporated, the land upon which it stands being a part of the Waldo Patent, and having been purchased by a company in 1765 at the price of 20 cents an acre.

From the day of incorporation down to the present time, the history of the town has been accurately preserved upon an unbroken record, and there is much to which it would be both pleasant and profitable to refer. It has been said that a man should have a good knowledge of *all* history, an intimate knowledge of the history of his own country and a perfect knowledge of the history of his own time. This may not be within the grasp of every one; but no man can be so situated that he may not, if he will, obtain a perfect knowledge of the history of his own town; and in tracing the history of our ancient dominions, there will be found tinge of romance enough to tempt the most careless reader, if once he ventures to approach the historic muse.

Tyrannous exaction upon the part of the mother country had begun, at the time of the incorporation of this town, to fan the flame of indignation, which soon broke out in open fury and resulted in the Independence of the colonies. England could not comprehend the sturdy spirit of resistance to aggression which entered so largely into the character of our ancestors. It sent a large portion of them from British soil to the New Continent. Their entire lives in their new homes had been devoted to resistance to aggression, and the struggle to overcome stubborn resistance against themselves. They had resisted the inclemency of a rigorous climate, and the subtle malignity of a savage foe. They had made the forests to bow down before them, and had tamed the cataract to do their bid-

ding. Prosperity had rewarded their efforts, but luxury and sloth had not yet crept upon them to weaken their hands or to corrupt their hearts. They were even stronger and better in every sense than when they were trying the experiment of colonization, for they saw the work of their hands and had confidence added to renewed courage.

This was the people of all others upon the face of the earth to fight for and gain its independence. Serfs, slaves, a people long held in bondage, used to bend the knee and feel the galling yoke upon the lowly neck will do great deeds sometimes, and struggle with terrific strength to burst their bonds; but it is spasmodic, undirected, lacking judgment; a furious torrent of madness and despair. It may rend a State, depose a despot, overturn a dynasty; but then it is exhausted, and knows not how to use its power. We see this in South America, in Mexico, in both the Indies, in Spain. Their revolutions are fruitless. They shed blood and accomplish nothing.

Our men of the American Revolution, had always walked upright before God and man, upon a free soil which had bloomed and blossomed by their own toil; under a free sky which their own ringing axes had cleared the right to look up to from their cabins and their corn fields.

No despot had ever ground them down with heavy tithes and starving rents. No little bell had ever tinkled "Bastille" to them. No Lord or Governor had ever had the hardihood to follow his hounds over their planted fields, or offer rank and wealth for the dishonor of a wife or child. They were not fighting to recover their lost liberty, nor to regain a freedom which they had given up. They were fighting to preserve a liberty and to retain a freedom with which they had never parted; which they

had never undervalued, and which were as dear to them as life itself.

They were rather a grim and grizzly, and certainly a decidedly stiff-backed race—these ancestors of ours. Sometimes their portraits repel me, and I turn for the relief of softer lines, of brighter colors, of grace and elegance and beauty. One wants to see, occasionally, a saucy feather, in a jaunty hat, sweeping a roguish face, to pass a jest and be merry, for we have not long to live. But I would as soon think of kicking a foot ball, of a Sunday, up the broad isle of a kirk, as of laughing in the presence of those square-mouthed, close-cropped, stern-eyed Puritans who look down upon us from the canvas; and, though conscious of no very evil deed to warrant condign punishment, I always feel a rubbing at the ankles and a twitching at the ears as I look at them. It was a fault of their character that they were harsh, relentless, proscriptive and tyrannical. The freedom they would have for themselves, they would not grant to others. They would bear but little, while they exacted much. Some of their petty acts of discipline seem childish to us: as that a good young lad and comely lass for walking quietly beneath the trees a Sunday afternoon, should be publicly reprimanded before the congregation the next week; or that a sailor just from sea should be fined for kissing his wife of a Sunday.

In truth—to be fair about it—for all ordinary uses, I prefer some other than the Puritan of Plymouth Rock, if I am selecting a companion, or choosing out a bosom friend.

You are, most of you, and all your founders were of different stock; and while the German settlers stood shoulder to shoulder with the Puritans of the North and the cavaliers of the South, and were always in the front rank

for every good work, they partook rather of the freedom and good temper of the latter than of the austerity and gloominess of the former.

It is possible to be just without being brutal ; to be pious without cant ; to be fair and strict without austerity, and to be patriotic without being regicides. There are many who think Cromwell, with his pocket parliament and mock court, as guilty of the murder of Charles the First, as was John Wilkes Booth of the murder of Abraham Lincoln.

The descendants of the Puritans, however, deserve unstinted praise for the valor, wisdom and patriotism which they displayed in our struggle for independence. They were somewhat softened from the sternness of the first who landed on the famous rock, for they had been their own masters, in the full enjoyment of civil and religious liberty a century and a half before the troubles with the mother country began. They had lost, in good part, the bloodthirstiness of the Cromwellian epoch, and the better traits of their character have been fully called out and developed in their new homes.

The Germans do not appear to have been ever deeply imbued with the spirit of discovery, or the restlessness of emigration and colonization. They came hither long after the discovery of the country, and upon the supposition that a certain preparation had been made for them ; and now, though the influx from Germany to this country is large, the people come at the behest of their friends already settled, and rarely establish themselves far from the borders of civilization.

Germany has sought conquest, and oftentimes in her history, with marvelous brilliancy and success, but I am not aware that she has ever made systematic effort to im-

plant a German speaking race beyond her European boundaries. Her Emperors, a thousand years ago, had in their grasp all the authority ever exercised by the Cæsars, and in more modern times, her arms have carried terror into the remotest corners of the then known world. Her last achievements are fresh in all your minds. Uhlans galloping through the streets laid out by Baron Haussman, and the proud French capital laid under contribution by United Germany, present the most remarkable and inefaceable picture of the age. In the composition and management of their armies, the Germans show the same intelligent patience and faithful care—even to the minutest detail—which have made them renowned in the pursuits of peace as well as glorious in the records of war. Her Universities are the acknowledged seats of learning in Europe. She has given systems of philosophy to the whole world. Under her fostering care, polite literature, poetry, music, the arts and sciences, have attained the highest degree of perfection. Her schools are taken as models, far and wide. The products of her looms and the work of her artizans are sought for every where, and every thing she does is done thoroughly and well.

The German has wonderful facility and adaptability. He learns more of our language in three months than we can learn of his in a year, and ours is the more difficult, by far. I have myself observed individual Germans with admiration, and no little envy. One of many I call to mind—an humble drawer of beer in a neighboring city. He spoke most of the languages of continental Europe; no musical instrument was too difficult for him; he was an accomplished fencer and his game of chess was unequalled in this State; he painted portraits in oils, and within a year I have seen, upon his brief visit here from Europe, whither

he had returned, two life size pencil drawings of character scenes from Faust, the work of his hand and of wonderful beauty and artistic merit. I think it is from the readiness with which the German turns his hand to anything, that he rather shuns the rude life of the Frontier and hugs the centres of industry where he finds more scope for the exercise of his ready ingenuity.

But enough of the stock from which this ancient town was founded. Many of you here now, are from other races and by constant intercourse you have become, to a great extent, assimilated.

This great gathering around me, unexampled in the history of the region round about, gives clearest proof of the great interest which all the people feel in this most important celebration; and my tongue falters, in view of the grave moment of this time to all of us, as I advance to the practical questions which press upon us to-day.

We celebrate your hundreth anniversary and the ninety-seventh of our national Independence. Turn back your eyes one hundred years, to the days when, few and feeble, we were struggling for existence. Some large towns, many straggling and widely separated hamlets, a simple people possessing scarcely any of the advantages which modern science has blessed us with, and covering but a small fraction of the territory which we now occupy, calmly preparing to meet in a contest for independence, the most powerful nation upon the face of the globe. How sublime the spectacle! How hard to comprehend! On the one side, a firm, consolidated government; statesmen of world-wide renown; a navy and merchant marine, the pride of its possessors, and the envy of all others; educated and experienced officers, and an army of trained soldiers who had proved their discipline and valor on

every battle field upon the continent and in the British possessions: On the other side, a colonial government still under the control of England; statesmen who had not had the opportunity and were yet to prove themselves; no navy of their own and a limited number of coasting vessels; an untrained and ill-equipped militia eked out by boys who had seen a little Indian warfare.

Thus stood the combatants. To what in all history can we liken their attitude! Miltiades, at Marathon, had the advantage of position, and made one decisive battle; Leonidas, at Thermopylæ, had the narrow pass to aid him; even the brave "Horatius, who kept the bridge so well," had but a span to hold, and good old father Tiber at his back.

It would seem to us as if the colonists could have been destroyed in detail—band after band—village after village—and the Royal Exchequer have never felt the expenses of the war.

But within their souls burned bright the sacred flame of Liberty. Their love of country gave wisdom to their heads, courage to their hearts and strength to their sinews. The wife restrained her tears, buckled her good man's belt and sent him onward with a smile. The gray-haired sire and aged dame stretched forth their withered hands upon the bowed head of their only son, and bade him "Go, and God speed;" the blushing maiden plighted her troth upon the eve of battle, and with trembling heart named their next meeting "after the victory;" boys of tender age, bidden to stay at home, crept softly out under the protecting shades of night, and with their little bird guns, hied them to the camp. I remember to have gathered with his grandchildren about the chair of an aged grandsire, who long since sleeps with his fathers, and to have heard him

tell how a famous general took him upon his knee, patted his curly head, and told him if he *would* go with the troops, he must go as drummer boy ; and so he did.

When, lost in admiration, we gaze upon the picture of this fervent, devoted people, so terribly in earnest and so unhesitating in self-sacrifice, out of thick wonderment and muddled speculation is strained clear to our comprehension the reason of our Revolutionary triumph.

Stand where you are to-day, and review your military history of a hundred years. Another war with England ; a succession of Indian wars ; a war with Mexico, and oh ! cruel shame ! a fratricidal war which has shed more blood and wasted more treasure than all the rest combined. These you have passed through and the Republic exists. Is it the Republic for which your ancestors lived and died, and for which their descendants have freely shed their blood ?

Look, now, about you, and pass before your eyes your entire history from the time of your foundation. See how, from rude and humble contrivances, science has wrought from the spirit of invention a thousand right hands where you had but one. See how the power of steam has annihilated distance, and how your thoughts are borne upon the wings of the lightning from zone to zone. Where once the tired feet threaded the trail through the solemn woods, the whirr of the partridge is echoed by the scream of the locomotive, and the stillness of the primeval forest is broken by the clattering car. Instead of the frail shallows in which you crept timidly from headland to headland, you launch your stately ships upon the heaving bosom of the ocean, and their broad, white wings are spread over every sea. You have made the running waters to do your bidding, and the sibilant saw sings for you the song which industry loves to hear. Villainous saltpeter hath been put

to peaceful purposes; and out of the rigid bowels of the earth, purges minerals to increase your wealth. Where the smoke of the early settlers' fires rose timid of the scent of some unscrupulous foe, your hearths now burn brightly in the full consciousness of protected liberty. Your fields labor—heavy with grain; and your peaceful flocks nip the crisp herbage in profound security.

You are reaping of the good seed sown by your fathers. The fruit of their toil, their self-sacrifice, their noble devotion to the cause of liberty, you are garnering. Look well about you, upon every hand, and assure yourselves that you are transmitting the like to your descendants. Have you done your best to maintain the purity of the Republic? Do you hold your representatives (for you are the rulers) to a full account of the trust you have reposed in them? Are you earnest to establish peace and good government in every section of your country? When you know that murder, theft, bribery and corruption are running riot in the land, do you set your faces firmly against them—not passively and grieving at our disgrace—but as your fathers set their faces against wrong—with the stern determination to right it! Shall sloth and the languor which unbroken prosperity too often breeds, emasculate the American youth, and dim, in them, the luster of the American name?

These are some of the questions you are to ask yourselves upon this, your natal day. This grand celebration of your centennial, of which you are so justly proud, is not mere pomp—sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. It has deep meaning in it, and is a day of reflection for us all.

I see about me aged citizens—sages who have for many years contributed their wisdom to your counsels, and given their intellects and their labors to your service. Their hoary locks and venerable countenances attest their faith-

fulness which covers many years. Listen to the voice "which comes down to us from a former generation." It is the voice of unwritten history, and speaks the words of uninscribed experience.

With these fair maidens, maidens more fair than the roses they twine, rests a vast responsibility. They are not to be always children—they are to be sweethearts, wives and mothers. To-day they represent Liberty and the perfect union of all the States. May they never forget this occasion; but, whatever the vicissitudes of time may bring to our beloved country, may they never forget that they represent "Liberty and Union, Now and Forever, one and inseparable."

Men of Waldodoro! Looking down the dim, receding vista of the past, you may see, in motley procession, a thronging host of historic characters.

With but little intervening space, stalk the saviors and destroyers of their country. Eternal sunshine settles on the heads of one, infernal darkness clouds the other's brow, and as they part, a downward beckoning hand draws some to Hades,—an angel's smile takes others to the stars.

You will so live a patriotic life, that, out of the vast eternity, your grave progenitors will look down upon you with complacency; knowing that you heed the motto of great Cato:

A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity of bondage.

Col. Bradbury's most admirable oration occupied one hour. The exercises at the grove were concluded by the bands playing "America." The procession then re-formed and marched to Water street, where it was disbanded. Frequent showers during the evening so interfered with the display of fireworks that only one-half the supply was used. The scene about the depot from 9 till 10 P. M.,

was a lively one. With the exception of the fire, the day passed off without disturbance of any kind, and it is a credit to Waldoboro' that such an occasion was celebrated without the usual accompaniment of drunkenness and rowdyism.

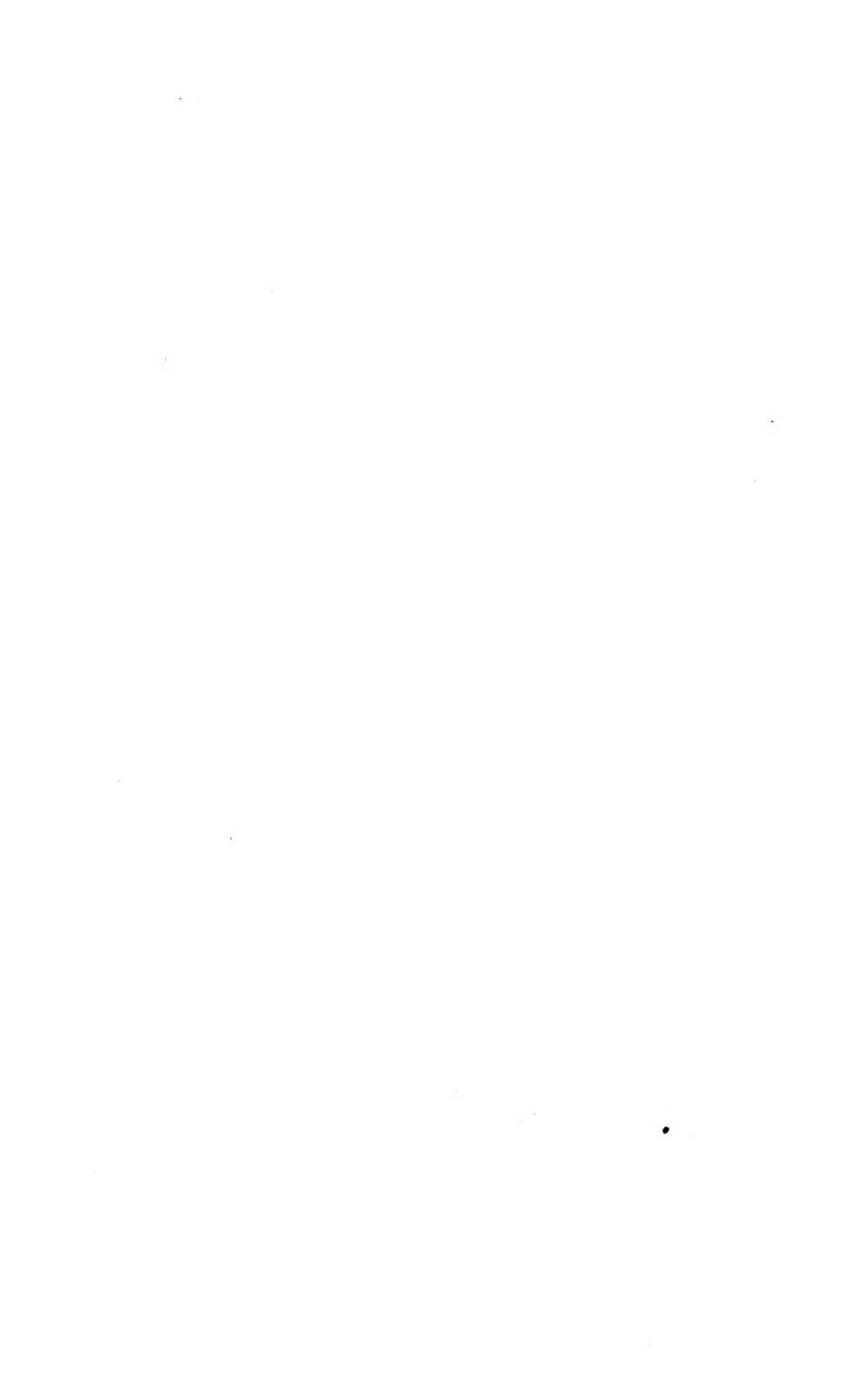
ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS.

An interesting feature of the meeting at the grove was the presence upon the stand of Mr. John Light, of Nobleboro', a native of this town, now one hundred and one years old—the only man present who was living when Waldoboro' was incorporated. This aged and highly respectable man, after living to see his native town celebrate its Centennial Anniversary and joining in the exercises of the day, seemed to have his strength renewed, but it was otherwise ordered. He died September 27, 1873, aged 101 years. His remains were followed to the grave by a large circle of mourning relatives and friends.

Mr. Charles G. Chase, foreman of State of Maine Engine Co., was prostrated by work and heat at the fire and remained at the residence of Mr. J. A. Benner until Saturday, when he was removed to Thomaston. He has so far recovered as to be able to attend to his work at the prison.

Edwin O. Clark and D. H. Pulsifer, of this place, were severely injured at the fire by the coupling of hose, which fell from the roof of Genthner's house. Mr. Winslow, whose house was burned, was leader of the Waldoboro' Cornet Band, and two of his sons were with him; another son was in the ranks of the Continentals, and three of his daughters represented States in the boat.

While the whole procession was in a state of confusion, it was refreshing to see the firmness of the boys who manned the boat, and who, Cassabianca like, stuck to their motto—"Don't give up the ship!"



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