





COLLECTIONS

AND

PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

MAINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

SECOND SERIES, VOL. IV

PORTLAND

PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY

1893

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PRESS OF
BROWN THURSTON COMPANY
PORTLAND, MAINE

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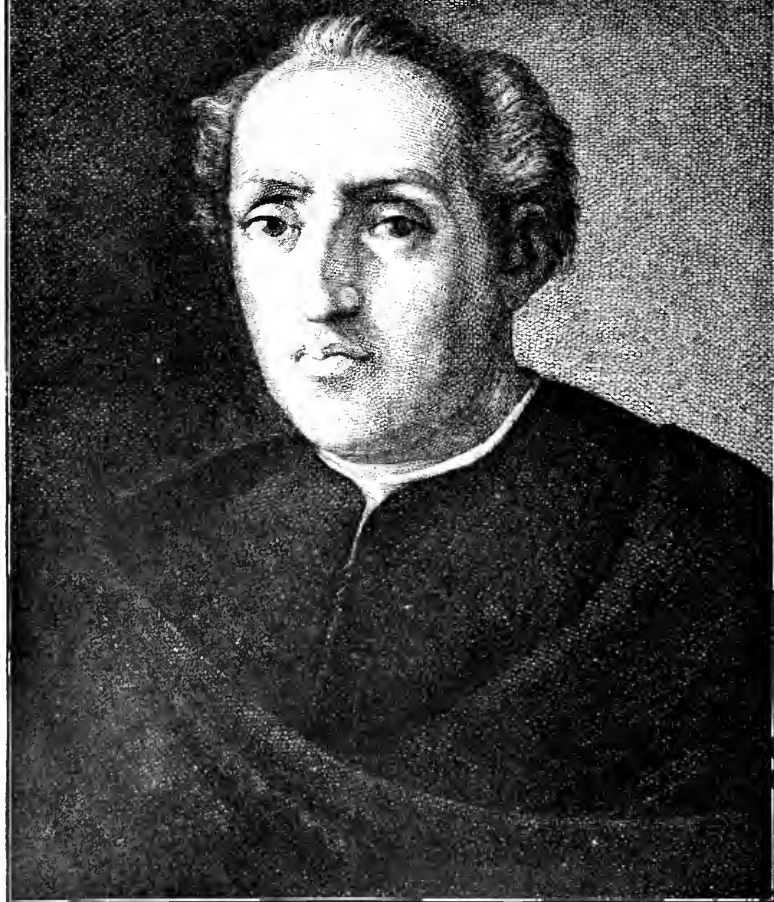
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COLUMBIAN QUADRICENTENNIAL



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THE YANEZ COLUMBUS.

COLUMBIAN
QUADRICENTENNIAL.
PORTLAND, ME.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1892.

—PROGRAM.—

- 1 Columbus—A Poem,
By Mrs. Elizabeth Cavazza,
Read by Mr. H. W. Bryant.
- 2 Three Suggestive Maps,
By James Phinney Baxter, Esq.
- 3 A Memorable Voyage,
By President B. L. Whitman
of Colby University.
- 4 The Character of Columbus,
By Hon. George F. Talbot.
- 5 Some of the Portraits of Columbus,
By Henry S. Burrage, D.D.
- 6 Where was Columbus buried?
By Hon. Joseph Williamson.
- 7 The Columbiad,
By Professor Henry L. Chapman
of Bowdoin College.

COLUMBUS.

BY MRS. ELISABETH CAVAZZA.

I

O, in what mirage of the strait of Dreams
That lies between the land of Thought awake
And Sleep's oblivious isle, against what cloud
Of knowledge tentative and disallowed
Lit by instinctive gleams,
Did the first vision of a new world break upon Columbus' sight
And bid him go to claim a continent by right?

II

The voice of ancient India from her East
Appeared to call him, echoing in the West,
And proffer wealth of ivory, spices, gold
And the great jewel-hoards of cities old,
Even as the thought increased
Flame-like, the heart within the hero's breast
Grew as a god's, its wings
Unfurled like sails to bear him forth to seek strange things.

III

What though he never guessed a new world lay
Beyond the shadowy sea; but, rather, sought
A city golden-walled (as legends tell)
Where fountains of rose-attar leapt and fell,
The opulent Cathay
Whose pinnacles with precious stones were wrought,
And where the great Mogul
Lorded a realm, antique, fantastic, wonderful.

IV

The unchartered spaces of the barren waste,
Of the dark ocean spread beyond the line!
Of the white foam-wreaths of the meeting seas,
Where the great pillars once by Hercules
To right and left were placed,
That to the nations they might be a sign:
Here the land finisheth
And all beyond is gloom and mystery and death.

V

The four winds rage together on that deep,
The sea-fogs hang there, heavy fold on fold,
Monsters unspeakable inhabit there,
Sinister birds, the Kraken in his lair;
Or sirens lull asleep
The unwary steersman, leaving uncontrolled
The plunging caravel
To lure the sailors down with magic songs to hell.

VI

All powers of darkness and the abyss combine
To make the wanderer fall a prey to death;
And whoso hopes the immortal isle to find,
Atlantis — let him bear this well in mind:
Ulysses the divine
Had sight thereof (the Tuscan poet saith)
His ship whirled on the wave
Thrice, and then sank innumerable fathoms to its grave.

VII

Such were the warnings that old voyagers
Muttered against the venturesome Genoese;
The sapient doctors of religion found
Impious his thesis that the world was round,
And cited chapter, verse
Of scripture, proving the antipodes
Unpeopled, and the sky
Pendent o'er level earth a hollow canopy.

VIII

What utterances, shrewd and mystical,
 Of perfect faith and science incomplete,
 What arguments commingled and confused
 The suppliant Christopher Columbus used
 And had denial of all!
 Despondent and alone, with weary feet,
 A specter full of pain
 The threadbare stranger wandered in the streets of Spain.

IX

Willingly his tormented soul had truce
 Within La Rabida's unearthly cells:
 There he could meditate upon the skies
 And drink their influence which glorifies
 Man with the faith that views
 The invisible things, and future good foretells —
 The holy eidolon
 Of God's designs which, in the very thought are done.

X

What joy, before the heavens beheld the dawn,
 To see the caravel outspread her wings,
 Sharp as a sea-bird's, to the favoring wind
 And leave the shores of the old world behind,
 Leaping, as when a fawn
 Runs from the covert to the water-springs;
 While fleeter sped the thought
 Of the great Admiral, Crusader, Argonaut!

XI

Onward, to find the sun's bath where it sets!
 Onward, to touch the Indies' splendid shore!
 The morning scatters with a lavish hand
 Her gold upon the waters and the land,
 Roses and violets
 Of heaven are mirrored on the liquid floor;
 And the shrill boatswain's call
 Is like the summons to a noble festival!

XII

Yet the old ghosts of dread were unappeased
 And murmured to the men : the sea is steep
 Which slopes to westward ; a hard hill to climb
 Should the black caravel return, some time,
 With aged crew decreased,
 Across the distance of the shadowy deep.
 And Teneriffe's fire
 Glowed like the gloomy portent of a funeral pyre.

XIII

The shifting compass wavered like the mind
 Of men who feared to trust them to their star,
 Doubting lest on the ocean, strange, immense,
 They might have passed beyond God's providence.
 Unchanging blew the wind,
 And all around the vessel, near and far
 Stretched a dense tapestry,
 The flowerage intricate of the Sargasso sea.

XIV

They brooded — those dull mariners yet brave —
 Or spake out boldly of their discontent,
 Or suffering from a wild desire for home
 And horror of the waters, would become
 Half mad. Columbus gave
 Such consolation as his fancy lent
 Picturing a paradise
 On earth and heathen folk to ransom for the skies.

XV

In solemn vigils of the sleepless hours,
 The Admiral held council with the night ;
 The deepened dome of heaven with golden lamps,
 The breezes laden with the salt sea damps,
 And the impressive powers
 Of loneliness and the sidereal light,
 Confirmed his strength and will,
 And bade him steer to westward and to westward still.

XVI

The friendly chorus of the ocean-birds
 Beckoned him, with clear cries, to come to land ;
 The broken leafy reed, the turtle-dove,
 Came floating, flying, under and above —
 Land ho! And with the words
 Cleaving dark silence like a glad command,
 A gun with fiery lips
 Shouted the welcome news to all the watchful ships.

XVII

Behold the triumph of enduring faith !
 At last a new Atlantis from the sea
 To him who, trustful, sought it, was arisen
 Above the somber waters which imprison
 The ancient mournful wraith
 Of the lost isle. Yea, it shall ever be
 That to believing eyes
 New worlds and worlds beyond continually arise.

 THREE SUGGESTIVE MAPS.

BY JAMES PHINNEY BAXTER.

It has been thought fitting that this Society should commemorate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America, and for this purpose we have gathered here to-night. Four hundred years ago, at this time, the little ship which bore the immortal discoverer, Christopher Columbus, was nearing the shores of San Salvador, the discovery of which was soon to lead to the discovery and colonization of this great continent.

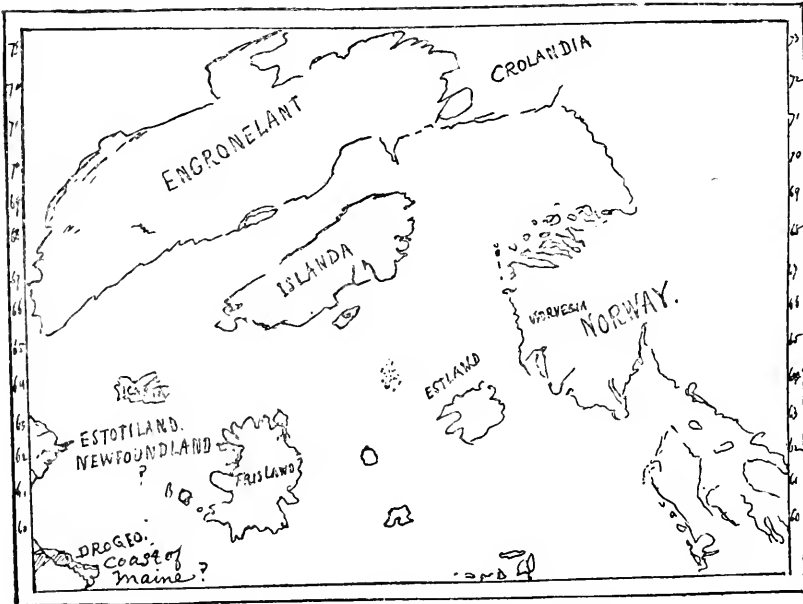
The idea that land existed in the western ocean was not original with Columbus. More than sixteen centuries before the great discoverer presented himself, a beggar, at the convent of Santa Maria, and imparted his theories to the good prior of Rabida, Erasthomenes, assuming the sphericity of the earth, had promulgated it; indeed, he had nearly calculated the size of the globe, and it was held that if "it were not that the vast extent of the Atlantic sea rendered it impossible, one might even sail from the coast of Spain to that of India along the same parallel;" beside, Martin Behaim, a friend of Columbus, adopting the theory, then generally accepted by geographers, had constructed a globe, showing across the Atlantic the east-



Section of Martin Behaim's Globe, made before the sailing of Columbus. The dotted lines show the outlines of the American Continent not then discovered, nor supposed to lie between Spain and India.

ern coast of the Asiatic continent. What was not known was the existence of the American continent, between the eastern and western shores of the then known world.

This section of Behaim's globe shows how near the truth he was. Nor was Behaim by any means singular in his belief. It had long been that of geographers, and the wonder is that its truth had not been earlier established by ambitious navigators. Undoubtedly the American continent had been visited long before the time of Columbus, notably by Scandinavians, and by the brothers Nicolo and Antonio Zeno, and it is strongly claimed that Columbus not only had visited Norway, and heard the stories of Scandinavian discovery in the Western ocean, but had seen that remarkable map, which in his day was hanging in the Zeno



Map of Antonio and Nicholo Zeon, A. D., 1380.

palace in Venice. This map, the puzzle of geographers, and which has caused more discussion than any map ever before discovered, shows, without doubt, the eastern coast of the American continent, as well as Greenland and some of the neighboring islands.

But it was reserved for Columbus to bring the western continent to the attention of Europe, and to him should the honor of so doing be awarded.

That he had not the honor of having his name bestowed upon the New World has been deplored by his admirers; yet, as the first discoverer of the northern continent, Cabot's claim is the better, and that great navigator's biographer argues with much force that it should have been named Cabotia, and the southern Columbia.

It seems a strange chance that affixed to the New World the name America, and here another map plays an important part. In 1504, Americus Vesputius, an Italian navigator, who became acquainted with Columbus after the latter's return from his great discovery, and was led to undertake a voyage across the western ocean, wrote to one of the Medici an account of a voyage made by him in the service of the king of Portugal to Brazil. This account fell into the hands of Martin Waldseemüller, a schoolman of St. Dié, in Lorraine, who translated it into Latin, and published it in 1507. In this book appeared this simple suggestion, which caused the New World to receive the name America: "But now that these parts have been more widely explored, and another fourth part has been discovered by Americus Vesputius (as will be seen here-



Part of Mercator's Globe of 1541, upon which the name of America appears for the first time attached to the Northern Continent.

after), I do not see why we may justly refuse to name it America, namely, the land of Americus or America, after its discoverer Americus."

This suggestion bore fruit, and on a map published in 1509, two years after the publication of Waldseemüller's book, appeared the name America, near that part of the southern continent supposed to have been visited by Vespucci.

If the name America had been permitted to remain where the map maker, following the suggestion of Waldseemüller, had placed it, the friends of Columbus would have had small cause of complaint; but in 1541, Mercator printed his gores for a globe, upon which was delineated the northern continent as well as the southern. Without any reason, nay, apparently by mere caprice, a portion of the name America was printed on the northern, and a portion on the southern continent, and the mischief was accomplished. Says Humboldt truthfully, "It was accident and not fraud and dissensions, which deprived the continent of America of the name of Columbus."

But it has been suggested, with considerable plausibility, that in this labyrinth of errors Waldseemüller was himself the victim of a blunder, and that owing to a similarity of sound, he confounded the native name of the region visited by his hero, namely Amara-panna or Amara-land, with that of Americus, and believing that it had already popularly received the name of its supposed discoverer, he simply put himself on record as recognizing its propriety.

We can but regard it as a curious coincidence, that

the native name of this portion of the southern continent so closely resembles in sound that of Americus, or Amerigo, yet such appears to be the fact. But whether it is or is not true, that Waldseemüller was innocently misled, the world will ever regret that the southern continent, at least, was not named for the great Genoese navigator.

A MEMORABLE VOYAGE.

BY B. L. WHITMAN.

THE discovery of America was not an isolated event. It was simply the greatest achievement of an age of awakened thought. Though physical where the Reformation was spiritual, no less than that it was a product of the Renaissance. The conception of the discovery was no stroke of genius, and the discovery wrought no sudden upheaval in the order of the world. It was simply part of the inevitable development of geographical and political history. To Columbus it was given to lead the way in the memorable work.

In considering the voyage which had so great issue we may note:—

I. Certain conditions which made the voyage possible. Of these six may readily be traced:—

1. Knowledge of India and the East. Ever since the days of Herodotus some knowledge of the East had existed in the West. A romantic interest attached to movements for the conversion of the East.

In the thirteenth century Central Asia was penetrated by Christian missionaries. The great Tartar invasion of the thirteenth century invested all the East with new meaning. Religious impulses were strengthened. Missionaries multiplied. The merchant followed the missionary. China sprang into existence for western thought. Marco Polo gave Europe the result of seventeen years' observation in the wonderful East. Mandeville followed him. Trade intercourse of considerable proportions developed, bringing East and West into permanent relations.

2. Economic conditions. By the fifteenth century European trade with India had greatly increased. Eastern products were highly prized. In return for precious woods, silks, pearls and spices, Europe sent iron, copper, quicksilver, timber, slaves and corn. But the balance of trade was in favor of the East. Over and above natural export products the ships of Venice alone carried yearly from Europe to Alexandria three hundred thousand ducats in coin. Such a drain Europe could not stand. Some kind of direct communication, free from the ruinous exactions of indirect trade, was an economic necessity.

3. Accepted doctrine of sphericity of the earth. This doctrine was old as the days of the Pythagoreans. One of the fruits of it was the belief that India might be reached by sailing westward, because the same sea that washed the coasts of Europe probably reached to the longed-for East.

4. Progress of African exploration. The old hypothesis of an ocean girdle for the world in the region

of the equator had slowly given way before the explorations of Portuguese seamen. Africa was found to extend south of the equator. This much was known. By a bold stroke geographers extended what was known beyond all limit, and declared that Africa reached even to the South Pole. Thus all intercourse with India by sea route eastward was barred. Westward, if at all, must the sea course lie.

5. Existence of a great ocean highway westward. This was furnished by the belt of trade-winds. These must have long been known to some extent; indeed, they probably account for the exploration of Moors, Genoese and Portuguese along the middle and lower western coast of Africa. By means of the trades it was comparatively easy to reach southern latitudes, escaping the shifting winds and tornadoes of the Gulf of Guinea. The service of the tradewinds to one bent westward could not have escaped notice. As a matter of fact they furnished a highway through the tropics.

6. Development of seamanship. Buffeting the storms of the African coast during a hundred years produced a race of sailors in Portugal and Spain to whom the most difficult feats of seamanship were not impossible. To aid and command these, Genoa, Venice and Pisa sent out captains trained in their great schools of cosmographical science and practical navigation. Columbus, Cabot, Verrazano and Vespucius, with scores of others scarcely less famous, were thus reared and fitted with a following. Practical mastery of the sea along the coast of Europe and Africa prepared the way for more daring undertakings.

II. Motives to the voyage. At least four stand out clearly:—

1. Hope of opening route from Spain to India: This was fundamental. Discovery, pure and simple, had little attraction. It was not a New World that was sought, but the Old World to which a better way might be found than the toilsome and costly way eastward overland.

2. Lust for gain. Gold and pearls and spices awaited the successful voyager. For his country and for himself he would get riches. We have to read this with the voyage itself as a background. So reading, no man need hesitate to declare that the main object of the voyage was gain. The first inquiry in the new-found lands was for gold. The great disappointment of the voyage was failure to find gold. In the absence of gold, gain was made of the bodies and souls of men.

3. Desire to compass a religious end. This was twofold in its expression:—

(1.) The gain of this Western quest was to support a new crusade. The Holy Sepulcher was to be wrested from the hands of its infidel possessors, and new honors paid to the Savior.

(2.) Millions of heathen were to be taught the good news of salvation. The joy of Christ over the new born faith of nations was vividly described. No apostle ever was louder in the proclamation of his appointment to the work of the kingdom than the leader of this expedition, as he pressed on the course, destined to be fatal to so many in the lands he sought. However

poorly the missionary intent was carried out, we cannot doubt that it counted much in the plans of the leader.

4. Personal ambition. One reads in wonder that a man who went forth at the cost of others claimed in advance honors only less exalted than those of the Crown. If that meant simply that he was not willing to be forestalled in the enjoyment of his own achievement by the chance favorite of a prince, it is the part of a man. But the pettiness of after days makes one fear that we are dealing with a selfish mind. Of course every man must be judged in the light of his time. Personal ambition is likely to be the embodiment of the aspirations of an age. But even with all due allowance made, we cannot feel satisfied that the great maker of this voyage was not seeking himself first.

In this enumeration of motives is a suggestion of much that is base. A spirit ungenerous enough to rob a sailor of his reward; a system of slavery unsurpassed for cruelty excused by its founder on the plea of saving heathen from hell while enriching the coffers of Spain; religious devotion which developed practically into belief in a God in whose name to commit enormities — even in a man of the fifteenth century we do not admire these.

III. Equipment for the voyage. This for the time was ample. It consisted of: —

1. Personal acquaintance with the main theories of geography and cosmography, and with previous achievements in exploration. Wide reading had made the circle of accepted ideas familiar, and so available for the new undertaking.

2. Sense of magnitude of undertaking. It is the glory of Columbus that he realized the importance of the work he believed himself destined to do. He knew that others had failed because they had planned on too small a scale. He might have gone years before he did, if he had been content to accept less than enough in the way of support. Enough he must and would have, and for this he waited.

3. Adequate provision of men and ships. Three ships and one hundred and twenty men were provisioned for twelve months. With such provision could the East be reached, if it could be reached at all.

4. Knowledge of the trade-winds. This removed the last great obstacle to the course. So far from suffering adverse currents here, the expedition could find service from constant favoring winds. It could drop easily down to the region so favored and then, so far as human foresight could reveal, the question was simply one of time.

IV. Incidents of the voyage. Half an hour before sunrise, Friday, August 3, 1492, the little squadron dropped with the tide from Palos to the ocean. The first objective point was the Canary Islands. Thence after a delay of several days they sailed on Sunday, September ninth. Then for thirty-three days as momentous an experience as ever fell to man met Columbus. In those days of disquiet and mutiny he reached the height of his claim to our admiration. To lessen the fears of his crew he falsified the records that they might not seem so far from home. Alarmed by strange phenomena in the air and sky and by variations of the

compass, through the Grassy Sea, surrounded by strange birds and fishes, deceived by masses of clouds, picking up floating branches, watching the flight of birds, at last finding the rose briars when the faith of his crews was well-nigh exhausted, he pressed on. To mutinous demands, he replied with the word of a leader and he was obeyed. Nothing in his life beside is so grand as this. And his firmness was the salvation of all. Had he turned back, their labor would have been lost. Had he turned north or south, he must have failed. Success lay — where in his soul he believed it lay — in the track of the setting sun. He found it there. In the early morning of October twelfth land was sighted by the Pinta. When day broke a landing was made and formal possession taken in the name of Spain.

V. Actual results of the voyage. These are hard to estimate for they are overlaid with the growths of four hundred years. But this much at least is clear. It brought: —

1. A transient fame to its leader. The immediate effect was great. Sovereign and subject alike rose up to do him honor. But this was not for long. The glory of the achievement passed even while men wondered at its greatness. The rewards on which Columbus insisted were his undoing. He would have wholly to himself the honors. So when his quest seemed won he would share nothing with men better qualified than himself to make profit for all out of the venture. The mighty captain failed completely as governor of the lands he had found. Injustice, oppression, cruelty, marked his sway, and at last even the distant and dark-

ened vision of Spanish royalty saw cause for removing a man who succeeded only in proving his incapacity. Columbus died in obscurity. Generations passed before the real value of his work could stand out apart from the personal element of failure and receive its due meed of praise.

2. The discovery of the West India Islands. Columbus died in the belief that he had led the way to the East through the West. It was perhaps well for his happiness that he never knew how far that dream was from the truth. In point of fact he had found a few wooded islands thinly peopled by an utterly savage race.

3. An open field for others. It is much to lead advance in the right direction. The glory of doing this belongs to Columbus. Twenty years after his discovery of the West Indies, they became the starting-point for new explorations, which resulted in knowledge of the Gulf of Mexico and the Florida sea. Wealth accumulated in the West Indies was used to carry on operations of discovery. From Spain and Portugal, too, on the south, and from France and England on the north, the work was pressed until the outline of a mighty continent was traced and America given to the world. Columbus wrought better than he knew. He set out to find the East. He opened the way to find the West. Who will question that this providence of God was good?

4. The beginnings of American history. The unquestionable contact of Northmen with America left no trace worth reckoning. America was discovered

about A. D. 1000. It was given to the world about A. D. 1500. That is the important thing. The value of work is often great beyond any personal worth in the worker. Columbus is not yet canonized. But four hundred years have revealed the greatness of his achievement for America and the world. Here must the emphasis be laid. We rejoice in the honor paid to work and worker. We ought not to do otherwise. As long as we have a national life we are bound to remember that its first conditions were worked out in the voyage of 1492, which later developments have made so memorable.

THE CHARACTER OF COLUMBUS.

BY GEORGE F. TALBOT.

THIS is an age of criticism and doubt. It has subjected to reëxamination all ancient faiths, all accepted traditions. It has summoned to a second day of judgment the most venerated saints, and the heroes who for centuries have been quaffing in the halls of Valhalla cups filled with the praises of the human race. It has snatched from credulous childhood all those poetic legends which made the study of history tolerable — for who will care to recite the dull experiences of the men of earlier ages, if they were as insipid as our own? What charm will Roman history have for us after the sober Niebuhrs and Mommsens have obliterated the tale of Romulus and Remus nourished by a wolf, of Curtius flinging himself headlong into the deadly chasm, and of Regulus going back to his prison

and torture rather than advise the Senate to an ignoble peace? What attraction will the history of American colonization have, if it is no longer to be illustrated by the pictures of Pocahontas flinging herself upon the block where Captain John Smith lies waiting the deadly stroke of the club of Powhattan? What poetry can the combined genius of Burns and Scott read into the annals of Scotland, if Miss Jane Porter's fascinating chapter of the feats of Wallace and Bruce are no longer a part of them? To such an extent has this spirit of inquiry and hyper-criticism been carried, that we begin to doubt if we really know anything of the exploits of our ancestors, and if history itself is not the most presumptuous fiction.

Among the imposing characters that have been subjected to investigation, that have been summarily summoned to show cause why they should not step down and out of the world's admiration, that of Columbus is just now conspicuous. Grubbing and patient research through forgotten records, documents, inscriptions and correspondence has seemed to justify some of his late biographers, among whom Mr. Justin Winsor seems best qualified to speak with authority, in declaring that the great discoverer was anything but a hero or a saint, according to the ethical standard of our times. It is said that in his youth and early manhood he was a freebooter, that he was cast by shipwreck on the coast of Portugal on one of his piratical voyages, in which he and his uncle bore a conspicuous part; that, befriended there by the widow of a Portuguese navigator, whom he afterward married, he got

his idea of looking for India from the maps and log-books of the man whom he had supplanted. Examining his personal worth, it is said his ruling passion was wealth and the love of titles, honors and high office; that he prized his great discovery solely for the gold he believed it to lay open to his avarice, and the authority he was to exercise over it as viceroy. It is declared that his treatment of the gentle aborigines, who had welcomed him as a god, was unchristian and inhuman; that he first suggested enslaving them to his sovereign, and himself commenced the experiment by carrying a few of them to Spain as slaves; and that, under the cruel régime, which he advised and began, the whole population of the Antilles were in a century and a half exterminated. His religion, so prominent a feature in history, it is said, was a mere superstition, and this can as well be said of the religion of the Spanish court and people, and of civilized Europe in his time. To this is added, that he was overbearing and quarrelsome, tyrannical toward his men, jealous and ungenerous toward his equals, and insubordinate toward those above him; and that all the affronts and hardships of his later life were brought upon him by his own serious infirmities of temper. Last of all, it is sought to deprive him of the honor of discovering America, because the Northmen discovered it in the eleventh century, and because he in his lifetime never set foot on any part of the continent.

To all this, what have we, who ought to represent the candor of history, to say? We may, I think, do, as we say in court, "Confess and avoid." It is not

that Columbus to whom the world — the old as well as the new — builds monuments and statues. It is not *that* Columbus whom, on this centennial festival running through the whole year, and uniting in one grand commemoration the civilized world, that we honor. It is Columbus, glorified by his great exploit; it is Columbus, whose faults, if he had them, and he was but human, have been condoned, expiated, washed away in the glory of a great deed for science, for civilization, for humanity, a deed that has apotheosized him, set him forever in a place of honor and reverence in the hearts of men. Nor is there anything abnormal, disorderly or immoral in this judgment. That nobility which redeems and saves and sanctifies is open to every aspiration. That honor is attainable for every life. Petty, mean, sordid, wicked even, as may have been any man's career, there is still possible for him by some great act, some great inspiring word, some great sacrifice and renunciation, not only to save, but to ennoble his soul. George Herbert thus depicts this great possibility: —

“Fool not, for all may have,
If they dare try, a glorious life, or grave.”

Columbus did not have the bravery of Bayard, nor the statesmanship of Charles V, nor the saintliness of Las Casas nor of Fenelon. He may have been superstitious, avaricious, arrogant and unsympathetic, but he had the qualifications for doing the work he had to do, and he did it. He had the sagacity to see that, if the world was round, it could be sailed round or traveled round. He had the courage of his convictions,

and when everybody else was afraid he was brave and persistent, and even led others to yield themselves obedient to his superior will.

The Northmen did discover America in the eleventh century, but they only discovered it for themselves. Nothing followed their discovery, even for their own people. No permanent colonization succeeded their voyages. No real American history dates from their occupation.

Columbus discovered America for Spain, for France, for England, for the civilized world. The glory of America is not its stretches of forest, plain and mountain, its material wealth and resources, but the masterful people full of ideas, bred in it, who have changed the whole aspect of society; and the attraction to the new world of all the people that possess it to-day, with all the enlarged schemes of government and society, with which their brains have teemed, was the inevitable sequel of that first voyage of Columbus, whose termination was nothing but a sand-spit of the Bahamas. All American history starts with that voyage as its *nidus* and beginning.

So too the pretense that the great navigator did not land upon the continental main is too trivial to be taken seriously. Suppose New York had been the landing-place instead of Watling's Island, would you deprive him of his honor because Manhattan, upon which New York is built, is only an island? Or if it had been Americans that had discovered Europe, and the Columbus of the first voyage had only landed in England, would you award to some other the renown, because England is an island?

I have tried to embody dramatically in lines descriptive of the scenes of the last day and night of the memorable voyage, what I believe to have been the real traits of the character of Columbus, his courage, his sagacity, his power over men, his exemption from the superstition of his time. I trust they will be none the less pertinent for having served the occasion of another celebration during the present centenary season.

COLUMBUS.

“Westward for days and weeks the constant breeze,
Swelling our bulging sails with steady strain,
Has swept us further o’er these dreary seas
From sunny vales and vine-clad hills of Spain.

“The treacherous lands, our madcap leader’s whim
Lured us to chase, fly ever from our sight ;
Seen oft by twilight in the offing dim,
They fade and vanish with the morning light.

“The sun, that in our cottage gardens drinks
The dew, glares on these floods with angry glance,
Beyond the red horizon, where he sinks,
Stretches the dismal ocean’s vast expanse.

“Rare storms and westward breathing gales, they say,
Tug at our sails since Teneriffe’s slim peak
Sank far astern, and our blind course we lay
Through these weird realms at this wild dreamer’s freak.

“Ay, favoring gales, but blowing all one way,
Wide off from home and haunts of living men ;
But with this phantom quest grown old and gray,
Where are the winds to blow us back again ?

- “ Our wasted flesh strange monsters shall devour,
Our gleaming skeletons shall strow the ooze ;
Venturing beyond the limits of God’s power,
Who will dare say we have not met our dues ?
- “ Do ye not note, mates, Heaven with portents rare
Warns us our impious enterprise to stay ?
Last week a meteor thwart our track did flare,
Quenching its blazes in the hissing spray.
- “ What ’s this that ’s whispered from the after-deck,
Where the skilled pilot stands the helm to guide ?
The needle heeds no more the pole-star’s beck,
But sways to this anon to t’ other side.
- “ I tell ye, lads, not yet by full a score
Is this the first time I have looked on death ;
On barbarous coasts and raging seas before
I’ve watched the word to yield to God my breath.
- “ Methinks beyond the limits we have sailed
Of the blessed world for which the Savior died,
That hordes of demons have our decks assailed,
And at their fatal will our swift keels slide.
- “ These streaming billows ever westward pouring,
Slope to the earth’s edge and rim. Heed ye it well !
This Genoese does he not hear the roaring,
Where just ahead they plunge to deepest hell ?
- “ Not for my bruised and battered frame I fret ;
Let that go when it will ; but for my soul,
Imperilled by this impious voyaging, yet
To some hard knocks I fain would give my poll.
- “ Let the forecastle ’gainst the cabin rise,
The mad Italian let us seize and chain ;
Then seek our Lady with repentant cries
To breathe us winds to blow us back to Spain.”

Thus slouching o'er the larboard bulwarks, grumbled
An ancient seaman to his sulky mates ;
The Saint Maria o'er the short waves tumbled,
The Gulf Stream pours round Cuba through the straits.

'T was the first watch ; Columbus strode
Along the pulsing deck with steady pace,
His sleepless eyes with expectation glowed,
His great hope's fruitage shining in his face.

He heard the muttering of his timid men ;
Of superstition not sedition bred ;
Kindly he called them each by name, and then
In measured speech and friendly voice, he said :

“ Chide not yourselves that in this bold emprise
You gladly staked your humble lives with mine ;
Whatever in men's memory lives or dies,
This, that we work, in luster aye shall shine.

“ Your grandchildren, long after we are dead,
Shall say, in telling theirs our famous story,
Our grandsire in the ships Columbus led
Served loyally, and serving shared his glory.

“ Wide are God's realms, his sway own sea and land ;
His might compasseth the great globe around,
These waters, too, he gathers in his hands ;
The sun's vast course cannot his empire bound.

“ Look up and learn the trust the stars reveal,
The stars, that on these billows pour their light,
Mark watches, where, on hills of Old Castile,
The shepherds tend their slumbering flocks by night.

“ Mary the Blessed, whose name our good ship bears,
Upholds my steadfast soul by night and day,
And gives, in answer to our constant prayers,
These furthering winds to speed us on our way.

- “Then courage, men, endure and watch and wait,
We near the confines of the Great Kathay;
To us imperial India opes her gate,
And rich largess our toils will soon repay.
- “He, high or low, whose eye shall first discern
In the dim West, the faintest glimpse of land,
Shall from our Sovereigns’ gracious bounty earn
A guerdon worthy of a royal hand.
- “Have ye not seen on whirring wing the flock
Of forest-nesting birds scale our masthead?
Think ye to Africa they fly, or rock
All night upon the heaving billows’ bed?
- “Short flight and fragile pinions bring them home
To rest and young among the sheltering trees —
Or are they angels in whose wake we roam
To groves of plenty, grassy banks of ease?
- “Three days the winds our flapping canvass fanned,
Pungent with whiffs of seaweed and of brine,
Have breathed, as from a wood of neighboring land,
Faint odors of the cypress and the pine.
- “But mark ye, men, if neither loyalty,
Nor piety, nor love of praise or pelf
For your dull souls a spur to duty be,
I take all praise and peril on myself.
- “The King and Queen, my sovereign lieges, yours
Have placed your limbs and lives at my command;
While life and strength and will endures
I westward steer until I meet the land.
- “This year, next year, what peril e’er environs
While these frail craft can breast the winds and wave
I, starving on the deck, and ye in irons,
Drive westward seeking India or our graves.

“Back to old Spain, the sport of fools and crones,
Shamed and defeated, I will never go ;
The ship that turns back carries but my bones.
No words ! Call the next watch and go below.”

Then to the stern the grim commander stalked ;
As on the castle of the poop he sat,
Pedro and Guttierrez stood and talked,
Wearing the warm night out in pleasant chat.

They talked, and through the midnight air rung clear,
With groans the slatting booms gave as they swung,
Sounds, which these climes for centuries shall hear —
The silvery accents of the Spanish tongue.

The great commander found his spirit soothed
By dying winds, that bore these sounds afar ;
The rippling waves to a calm mirror smoothed,
Glinted and gleamed with many a twinkling star.

Sweeping then round the dim horizon's verge
Athwart the starboard bow Columbus saw
Beneath the swaying foresail on the surge
A moving light that filled his soul with awe.

Next Guttierrez saw the torch that waved
And died — challenged, no others owned the sight —
And the great mystery, which to solve they craved,
Must wait the revelation of the light.

When the red East at last was streaked with day,
And the mists lifted, See ! The Land ! The Land !
A long, low island in the offing lay,
And a light ripple creamed its pearly sand.

The brave man's dream was true, his haunting thought
Had taken shape before his gladdened eyes ;
Forth from earth's outer darkness he had brought
For man and Freedom a new Paradise.

Then to Columbus thronged from all the ships
His eager men, who wept and clasped and kissed
His feet, and praises burst from sullen lips
That late with curses and contempt had hissed.

For their half-mutiny they beg his grace,
And breach of faithfulness too falsely vowed ;
High on the roll of fame his name they place,
Hail him Great Admiral with plaudits loud.

And we, a swarming race, whose fates are cast
In the young world this daring seaman found,
Before his great shade into glory passed,
Will make our praise with myriad voices sound.

Great leader ; friend of men ! By God inspired !
Not kingly hauteur, learned men's disdain
Could quench the ardor which thy spirit fired,
Nor on thy truth-pledged scutcheon fix a stain.

Not superstitious terrors, nor the fears
That brood in darkness of an unknown realm,
Nor plots low down, nor envy of thy peers,
Nor storms, nor portents of the sky could whelm —

That steadfast courage bursting custom's bars,
Piercing the gloom that hovered o'er the world,
And tracing, measured by the eternal stars,
The limits of the globe through deep space whirled.

The land thou foundest brings to fill thy glory
Of all its order, liberty and law,
Its arts industrial and its wealth the story —
A richer India than thy vision saw.



THE FLORENTINE COLUMBUS.

SOME OF THE PORTRAITS OF COLUMBUS.

BY HENRY S. BURRAGE.

It would add not a little of interest to our celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus, if we had before us an authentic portrait of the great admiral. But there is no such portrait. Descriptions of Columbus we have by Ferdinando, his son; by Oviedo, the Spanish historian, who was a contemporary of Columbus and a personal acquaintance; by Antonio Herrera, the official chronicler of the Spanish Indies, to whom were open the best sources of information; and by others who need not here be mentioned. From this testimony we know that the face of Columbus was long, neither full nor thin, with nose aquiline, cheek bones rather high, eyes light gray, complexion fair and high-colored, hair blonde in youth, but gray after Columbus was thirty years of age. While these characteristics are not so helpful as to give us a likeness of the great discoverer, they are of no inconsiderable value in furnishing us with materials for testing the numerous portraits to which attention is called in these Columbian days.

The time that is allotted to me this evening allows mention of only a few of these many portraits of Columbus. The earliest of which we have any record had a place in the celebrated collection of portraits with which Paolo Giovio, or Paulus Jovius, adorned his villa on Lake Como. At the death of Columbus

Giovio was twenty-three years old. His residence was near that of Giustiniani, whose biographical sketch of Columbus is the earliest that has been preserved. The greatness of the discovery that Columbus had made impressed Giovio, and in it he read the discoverer's title to enduring fame. Nor was he a careless collector of portraits. According to Caderera his letters to various persons manifest a proper solicitude lest some of his portraits should prove unworthy of the place to which he had assigned them. Concerning his portrait of Columbus, however, he betrays no misgivings whatever. In his sketch of Columbus, in his work entitled *Elogia Virorum Illustrium*, he uses words — *Hac honestissima fronte hominem* — which bear witness to his familiarity with the features of his hero.

The *Elogia* was published without illustrations in 1551, the year before Giovio's death. In 1575 a new edition of this work appeared, in which woodcuts of portraits in the Giovan gallery were introduced. Among these woodcuts was one of Columbus. Perna, the editor of this edition, makes a noteworthy claim in reference to these woodcuts: "I have at much expense," he wrote, "employed an eminent artist to engrave the Giovan portraits from life" — words that lead us to infer that no other than portraits painted from life were included among those engraved for the *Elogia*.

The face in this woodcut answers very well to the description of Columbus given by his contemporaries. It is full, without beard, with high cheek bones. The hair is curly, and the dress is that of a monk whose

hood has fallen around his neck.¹ If there is any picture to be judged authentic," says Justin Winsor, "this is best entitled to that estimation."²

About the middle of the sixteenth century the Duke of Tuscany gave Cristoforo dell' Altissimo an order to copy the portraits in the Giovan gallery. Vasari, in his *Lives of Painters*, published by Giunti at Florence in 1568, says that the artist had at that time completed two hundred and eighty portraits, which had been brought to Florence, and arranged in the museum in that city. In Vasari's list of these portraits that of Columbo Genovese is sixth in a collection of "heroic men," Columbus having a place between Americo Vespucci and Ferdinando Magellane. This portrait is the now celebrated Florentine portrait of Columbus. It cannot have been painted later than 1568, and may have been painted a score of years earlier.

About the year 1784, when Thomas Jefferson was the United States Minister to France, he employed an artist to make for him a copy of the Florentine Columbus, which he brought home with him. Jefferson regarded the Florentine Columbus as an original portrait. He said: "The Columbus was taken for me from the original, which is in the gallery of Florence. I say from an original, because it is well known that in collections of any note, and that of Florence is the first in the world, no copy is ever admitted, and an original

¹"The costume in the woodcut corresponds to what the curate of Palacios, Andrea Bernaldez, saw Columbus wearing in June, 1496, namely, a dress in color and fashion like a Franciscan friar's, but shorter, and for devotion girt with the rope of a cordelier."—Professor J. D. Butler, *Wisconsin Historical Society's Collections*, Volume 9, page 91.

²Christopher Columbus, page 64.

existing in Genoa would readily be obtained for a royal collection in Florence. Vasari names this portrait, but does not say by whom it was made.”¹

During the presidency of Mr. Jefferson, this Florentine portrait had a place in the presidential mansion, and later it was given a conspicuous place among the treasures at Monticello. After Mr. Jefferson's death, the Columbus, with other portraits, was sent to Boston, where it was purchased by Israel Thorndike, at that time one of the merchant princes of Boston. November 25, 1835, Mr. Thorndike made a conditional presentation of this portrait, together with a portrait of Washington, to the Massachusetts Historical Society, describing the Columbus portrait as “a copy from an original in the Gallery of Medicis, at Florence, for Thomas Jefferson:” and he added, “Please put . . . my name on the back of the paintings, and a memorandum that they are to be returned, should they ever be asked for.” Mr. Thorndike seems never to have claimed the portraits, and the Columbus is still the prized possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society.²

This portrait, also, answers to the description of Columbus by his contemporaries, but in place of the monastic garb of the Columbus of the Giovia woodcut, the Florentine Columbus has a closely buttoned tunic, with drapery thrown back upon the shoulders.

The question will be asked, What of the later history of the Giovia collection of portraits? Carde-

¹ Jefferson's Works, Volume 6, page 375.

² We are indebted to Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, for the engraving of the Florentine Columbus which accompanies this paper. It is one of the engravings in Justin Winsor's “Christopher Columbus,” illustrative of portraits of the great admiral.

vera is authority for the statement that the collection was divided between the families of two Giovia counts. A letter from Giambattista Giovio to Tiraboschi, in 1780, describes its relics, and according to Crowe and Cavalcaselle (*History of Painting in North Italy*, London, 1871, Volume I, page 126) these remained unscattered until the close of the eighteenth century. A thorough search about Como, some have thought, would be rewarded by the discovery of the original Giovia Columbus.

There are those, however, who claim that the Giovia portrait of Columbus has already been discovered in Spain, in what is known as the Yanez portrait. This, with portraits of Cortes, Lope and Quevedo, was purchased by the Spanish government in 1763 from N. Yanez, by whom it was brought from Granada. Since that time it has had a place in the National library in Madrid. For many years it had been a suspicion of Spanish artists, who had examined it, that the portrait had been tampered with at some time in the past; and a few years ago permission was obtained to test the portrait with chemicals in such a way as not to injure the picture. The work was intrusted to competent hands, and the suspicion was soon verified. On the upper part of the portrait was the legend "CRISTOF. COLUMBUS NORI (*sic*) ORBIS INVENTOR." As the outer coating of paint was skillfully removed, another legend was brought to view, namely, "COLOMB. LYGUR.¹ NOVI ORBIS REPTOR." Thus was not only the fact revealed that the

¹ Liguria was the ancient name of that part of Cisalpine Gaul in which Genoa is situated.

original picture had been tampered with, but also that the tamperer, by his use of the word *inventor*, which does not mean to find by seeking, as does *repertor*, was not the equal in intelligence of the painter of the original. As the work proceeded, the eyes, nose, lower lip, facial oval, all assumed a new expression very closely resembling that in the Florentine portrait. It was ascertained, also, that the dress had been changed; a heavy fur collar, "more befitting a Muscovite than a mariner," disappeared, and there was revealed a close fitting tunic with drapery, not unlike that in the Florentine Columbus.¹ Furthermore, the portrait was not painted on canvas, but on a panel, and it was discovered on examination that the wood of the panel was a peculiar wood not found in Spain, and the inference followed that the picture was not a Spanish picture. Indeed, Senor Rios y Rios, in a Bulletin of the academy, published in Madrid in 1879, maintained that in the Yanez portrait we have the long lost Gio-vian portrait of Columbus. It is to this portrait that the Duke of Veragua, a lineal descendant of Columbus, refers in a letter to General James Grant Wilson of New York, dated April 5, 1884, in which he says: "The most authentic portrait of Columbus, in my opinion, is the one recently restored, which you saw last winter in the National Library of Spain."² This portrait and the Florentine portrait closely resemble each other.

¹ For an account of the restoration of the Yanez portrait see in the *Boletin de la Real Academia de la Historia* for September, 1879, an article by Cayetano Rosell entitled *El Retrato de Colon existente en la Biblioteca Nacional*. A fine steel engraving of the portrait, by D. Jose Maria Galvan, accompanies the article. A copy of this engraving has been made for this number of the Quarterly.

² Magazine of American History, Volume XI, page 554.

When General Lucius Fairchild was United States Minister to Spain, his attention was called to the Yanez portrait, the restoration of which had been so skilfully and successfully accomplished. Its value he recognized, and he gave an order to Senor Hernandez of Madrid for a copy of the portrait, with the purpose of presenting the same to the Wisconsin Historical Society. This was done after General Fairchild's return to this country, and, in behalf of the society, Professor James D. Butler accepted the portrait in an address in which a great many interesting and valuable facts concerning the portraits of Columbus were embodied.¹

Honorable Hannibal Hamlin succeeded General Fairchild as minister to Spain in 1879. The latter did not receive his letter of recall until several weeks after Mr. Hamlin's arrival in Madrid, and among the objects of interest in the city to which he called Mr. Hamlin's attention during that time, the Yanez portrait of Columbus in the National Library had doubtless a prominent place. General Fairchild may have communicated to Mr. Hamlin the fact that he had secured a copy of the portrait for the Wisconsin Historical Society. But this is conjecture only. It is a fact, however, that Mr. Hamlin also secured a copy of the Yanez portrait, and on his return to this country, at the conclusion of his diplomatic service, he presented the same to Colby University, of whose board of trustees he had been a member for many years, taking the place made vacant by the death of his honored father. It is a matter of great regret that Mr. Hamlin's address in presenting the portrait to the university has

¹ Wisconsin Historical Society Collections, Volume IX, pages 76-96.

not been preserved ; but the portrait remains, and by the courtesy of the President and Librarian of Colby it has been brought here to-day to add to the interest of our Columbian celebration.

WHERE IS COLUMBUS BURIED?

BY JOSEPH WILLIAMSON.

ALTHOUGH Queen Isabella partially atoned for the degradation which was inflicted upon Columbus by his removal from the new world as a prisoner and in chains, he returned blasted in fortune and in reputation, and comparative obscurity marked the closing years of his life. Except among a small circle of relatives and friends, his death at Valladolid in 1506 made no impression. "The world at large," says his recent biographer, Dr. Winsor, "thought no more of the procession which bore his wayworn body to the grave, than it did of any poor creature journeying on his bier to the potter's field, and we can hardly conceive how the fame of one over whose deeds in 1492, learned men cried for joy, and by whose acts the spirit of adventure had been stirred throughout western Europe, should have so completely passed into oblivion."¹ By the chroniclers of the times, the sad termination of his brilliant career seems to have been unheeded. Even Peter Martyr, his contemporary and intimate acquaintance, who was in the daily habit of writing letters to distinguished persons relating to passing occurrences of the day, took no notice of the event.

¹ Christopher Columbus, by Justin Winsor, LL. D., p. 491.

Five of such letters, full of news and gossip, written at the very time and in the very place where it took place, do not contain a single word of the man he had so often delighted to commemorate. Montalboddo, who, the following year, published in Italy, a collection of voyages entitled *Nuovo Mondo*, had not then heard of Columbus' death, nor had Mandrigo who, in 1508, translated an account of his adventures into Latin. It is stated as the result of exhaustive search, that the only official document, which makes mention of the decease of Columbus, was written a fortnight after, and that a record of Valladolid, after the lapse of nearly a month, contains only the brief phrase, "The said admiral is dead." Neither Bernaldez nor Oviedo, eminent Spanish annalists of the period, give the day of the month.

Mr. Irving states that the remains of Columbus were first deposited in a convent in Valladolid, and that his obsequies were celebrated with funeral pomp in a parochial church there. But it is uncertain where the interment was first made, and no account of any funeral ceremonies has been preserved. His will indicated a desire to be buried on the island of Santo Domingo, now known as Hayti. But by the will of his son Diego, dated in 1509, it appears that the remains had been removed from Valladolid to the Carthusian monastery in Seville. History fails to inform us when and under what circumstances the transfer took place. That the remains were still there in 1539, is evident from the will of his surviving son Ferdinand, which was executed that year, and in which he requests his

own body to be laid in the vault of the Carthusians. "I select it," he says, "in consequence of the great devotion which my father and brother, who were admirals of the Indies, and I myself, always felt for that house, and because their bodies have for a long time been deposited there. Royal provisions relating to a compliance with the wish of Columbus for removal to Santo Domingo, bearing dates of 1537, 1539, and 1540, are preserved, but in the opinion of Dr. Winsor, from 1537 to 1549 there is room for conjecture as to their abiding place.

None of the biographers of Columbus attempt any account of the transfer of his remains from the place of their second entombment, and the date of such removal has considerable uncertainty. Mr. Irving gives it as 1536; Dr. Winsor assumes that it was 1541, shortly after the completion of the Santo Domingo Cathedral. A document of the archbishop, in 1549, mentions that "the tomb of the great admiral, Christopher Columbus, in which his bones lie, was greatly venerated and respected in our holy Church, in the main sanctuary." The authenticity of this document has been questioned, and no contemporary evidence of the location of the tomb exists. A memorandum in the cathedral books, dated in 1676, is that the burial took place in the chapel, at the right of the altar. Such a memorandum, made after the lapse of a century, can hardly be regarded of higher weight than the record of a tradition. A long time before the year last named, the remains of Columbus' son Diego, and of his grandson Luis, the latter of whom died in 1572,

had been brought from Spain to the same cathedral, though in what year is unknown. These vague references constitute the only indication of the part of the sacred edifice in which to look for the tomb. There is no allusion to any monument, mural tablet, bust or inscription, "yet," remarks Dr. Shea, "there seems to have been something to mark the spot, for at the time when Cromwell's fleet menaced the island, Archbishop Francisco Pio requested the authorities to cover the monuments in the cathedral, especially that of the old admiral, which is in the chancel of my holy church and chapel."¹ Some years later, when the island had been visited by a severe earthquake, another archbishop, in soliciting aid for his cathedral, alleges as one ground, that "at the right of the altar in the main sanctuary, lies buried the illustrious Christopher Columbus."

In 1683, the records of a Diocesan Synod of Santo Domingo read that "This island having been discovered by the illustrious, and most famous man in the world, Christopher Columbus, whose bones lie in a leaden case in the sanctuary at the side of the platform of the high altar of this our cathedral, with those of his brother Don Luis Colon, which are on the other side, according to the tradition of the aged on this island."² The value of such a record is much impaired by the admission that its allegations rest alone on tradition, as well as by the error in supposing Don Luis a brother of the discoverer, instead of a grandson.

No further notice of the matter appears to have been taken until near the close of the next century, when

¹Magazine of American History, Volume IX, page 4.

²Harrisse: Sepultures.

on the occasion of some repairs upon the cathedral, a stone vault, supposed by the oral report to be that which held the remains, was found on "the Gospel side" of the chancel; while another vault on "the Epistle side, was thought to contain the remains of Bartholomew Columbus." In 1783, Moreau de Saint Méry, a French writer, in collecting materials for a description of Santo Domingo, sought more definite description than that which depended upon traditionary statements, and found "nothing said to direct us which is placed upon the right, or which upon the left." He also found that by alterations, the floor of the sanctuary had been raised, and the vaults being left considerably below the new surface, there was nothing at all to convey to a visitor any information as to their existence. Securing the favor of the authorities, Saint Méry obtained from the Chapter of the cathedral such knowledge about the location of the tomb as it possessed. This, he would have found unnecessary, had there been any slab or mark to identify it. The certificate of the Dean of the Chapter, which he prints, is as follows :

There was found on the side of the choir where the gospel is sung, and near the door which opens on the stairs leading to the Capitular Chamber, a stone case, hollow, of a cubic form, and about a vare in depth, inclosing a leaden urn a little damaged, which contained several human bones. I also certify that some years ago, on a like occasion, there was found on the Epistle side, another stone case, resembling the one above described; and that, according to the tradition handed down and communicated by the old men of the country, and by a Chapter of the Synod of this holy Cathedral Church, the case found on the Gospel side is reputed to contain the remains of Admiral Christopher Columbus, and that found on the Epistle's side, those of his brother; not

being able to verify, however, whether the latter be really the remains of Don Bartholomew, or of Don Diego, son of the admiral.

Upon this certificate Saint Méry remarks :

Such are the only proofs of the inestimable deposit contained in the primatial church of Santo Domingo, and even they are immersed in a sort of obscurity ; since it cannot be positively affirmed, which of the two cases holds the ashes of Christopher Columbus, unless by following tradition, we determine from the difference in the dimensions of the cases ; because that in which it is said the remains of Columbus are lodged, is thirty-two inches deep, while the other is only two-thirds as deep.

“What a subject of reflection for the philosopher!” he exclaims. “Scarcely are three hundred years past since the discovery of the New World, and already we hardly know what are become of the precious remains of the sagacious, enterprising and intrepid discoverer ! We see him expressing an anxious solicitude that his ashes may repose in the capital of the immense island which first established the truth of his opinions with respect to the existence of a western hemisphere ; they are transported here posterior to the construction of the principal edifice, the cathedral, and yet, oh supine indifference for all that is truly noble ! not a mausoleum, not a monument, not even an inscription to tell where they lie.”¹

In the course of the French Revolution, and at the termination of the war between France and Spain in 1795, all the possessions of the latter nation on the island of Hispaniola were ceded to France. The national pride of the Spaniards, however, inspired them to transfer the body of their distinguished countryman to their own soil, and to deposit it on the island of Cuba, where he had first planted the standard of the cross. This wish, seconded by the Duke of Veraguas, lineal successor of Columbus, met with warm concurrence

¹ Description of Saint Domingo, 1 : 127.

from the Governor of Santo Domingo, and on the twentieth of December, 1795, the most distinguished persons of the place, the dignitaries of the church, and the civil and military officers, assembled in the metropolitan cathedral, to witness the exhumation. From the official act drawn up on the occasion, it appears "that a vault was opened which is in the sanctuary on the Gospel side, main wall and platform of the high altar, one cubic yard in size, and therein were found some thin pieces of lead about one-third wide, showing that there had been a box of said metal, and pieces of bones, as it were, of shin bones, or other parts of some deceased person; these were collected in a salver, which was filled with the earth, which from the fragments which it contained of some small ones, and its color, was seen to belong to that corpse, and the whole was placed in a gilt leaden case with an iron lock, this was locked, and the key delivered to the said most illustrious archbishop, and which box is about half a yard long and broad, and somewhat more than a quarter high. This was afterwards placed in a small case lined with black velvet and trimmed with gold lace." After masses and a funeral sermon, the case was received on board a brigantine called the Discoverer, which bore it to Havana. There, after solemn ceremonies, and with the utmost display, it was deposited in a conspicuous position in the cathedral.

It will be observed that the act refers to no inscription upon either the vault or the case, and that the name of Columbus is not mentioned. Although at the time, the genuineness of the remains was unquestioned,

it is singular that they should be described simply as "parts of *some* deceased person," and that no allusion to any skull, or bones of the head appears.

Up to 1877, biographers, historians and travelers united in the opinion that the bones interred at Havana were those of Columbus. But during that year, some changes in the chancel of the Santo Domingo cathedral modified such belief. Two additional vaults or niches which had been obscured by rude masonry, were discovered, each containing a leaden box or casket, with human bones more or less preserved. That on the left of the altar bore a Spanish inscription engraved on lead, the English translation of which read, "The Admiral Don Luis Colon," Duke of Veraguas. This was held to be the grave of the grandson of Columbus, referred to in the Act of 1653. Its precise location was at the extreme end of the chancel, and against the wall. Continued excavations reached a hewn stone, which, on being lifted, showed a small empty vault, presumably regarded as that from which the remains were removed in 1795. Next the wall, on the opposite or right side of the chancel, a large rough stone appeared, broken on one side, showing a vault within, and what appeared to be a case bearing an inscription. This discovery seemed of such importance, the Bishop suspended operations, and invited the representatives of the civil government, as well as all the foreign consuls to witness further disclosures. In their presence, the vault was opened, the case taken up and placed in the chancel. Upon cleaning its surface, letters on the top appeared, which all agreed were abbreviations of the

words "Discoverer of America, First Admiral," and on the sides and front letters "C. C. A.," probably signifying "Christoval Colon, Almirante," could be read. On the inside of the cover, in Gothic letters, was an abbreviated inscription, which as rendered into English was "The illustrious and renowned man, Christopher Columbus." The case contained human bones, and with them a leaden ball and two small iron screws.

The distinguished officials who witnessed this exhumation, united in the belief that the bones were those of Columbus, and that the vacant vault was that of his son Diego. This conclusion was not accepted by the people of Havana, who were naturally reluctant to think that an error had taken place, or imposition practiced in 1795. So much interest in the matter was excited, that in 1878, the King of Spain appointed Señor Lopez Prieto, an accomplished man of learning, to visit Santo Domingo, and to make thorough investigation. The casket, which had been secured by numerous locks and consular seals, was again brought to light, and submitted to his inspection. An examination of the contents disclosed evidence which the Bishop and his witnesses had overlooked. At the bottom of the case, among the mold, appeared a small silver plate, three inches in length, by one and a third in breadth, containing two screw-holes, by which it evidently had been once affixed to the case by means of the screws previously found. The plate had an inscription on either side. One of them was simply "Christoval Colon," and the other, in a somewhat abbreviated form was, as translated, "The last part of," or, accord-

ing to another reading, "The last of the remains of the First Admiral, Christopher Columbus, Discoverer."

Señor Lopez Prieto made an elaborate report to the Captain General of Cuba, in which he attacks the authenticity of the remains last found. The Spanish government took cognizance of the controversy, and issued a document which embodied the conclusions of the Academy of History of Madrid upon the subject. "The question," says Dr. Shea, "was thus elevated from a mere historical one, into an affair of state, where the honors of a great and noble nation were concerned." The official publications named seek to uphold the claims of Havana, and to impeach the recent Santo Domingo discovery, by assailing the character of the bishop who was so instrumental in making it. He is represented as an impostor: as the conceiver and perfecter of a prodigious fraud. But fraud is never to be presumed: it requires proof: and such charges against a person high in the church, of unblemished reputation, should be based upon the clearest and weightiest proof. The discovery was not made in private. It was attended by numerous witnesses, and is beyond suspicion.

Considerable weight is attached by the Spanish advocates to the fact that the word America, which is supposed to form a portion of one of the abbreviated inscriptions, was not recognized in Spain when the removal of the relics from that country took place, the designation of "The Indies" being then universally employed. Yet Waldseemüller's book suggesting the name of America appeared in 1507, and by 1520 it was

adopted on maps of the new world. The crudeness of the inscription is also urged as incompatible with assumed ceremonies attendant upon so important a removal, conducted under royal patronage. But as has been before suggested, no account whatever of the event of removal exists. Even the year is uncertain. A well founded conjecture that the remains were transferred privately, by the family of Columbus, reconciles the inartificial character of the inscription.

Admitting, says Dr. Shea, that the remains were in the sanctuary in 1795, the act of that year does not prove their removal, but leaves the strong probability that they were left there, because we naturally expect some inscription with them. As the proof of the removal fails, their discovery in that place by more careful examination must be regarded as probable; and an alleged discovery cannot without violence to good sense be at once stigmatized as a fraud. . . . The weight of evidence, as the question now stands, seems to be in favor of the view that the remains of Columbus were really discovered in 1877.

Such was the opinion of this eminent Catholic scholar in 1883. Since then additional evidence has strengthened his conclusions.

“In the autumn of 1890,” writes Dr. Adams, “a German explorer, Rudolf Cronau, determined to investigate the vexed question, and if possible remove it from the domain of doubt. Armed with letters of introduction from the German government, he passed a month in San Domingo for the purpose of examining every phase of the subject. He not only attained evidence from the workmen who had exhumed the casket in 1877, but he also secured the privilege of conducting a personal examination of the inscriptions. In the presence of the consuls of the United States, England, France, Germany and Italy, as well as the officials of the cathedral and of the city, he conducted the examination on the eleventh of January, 1891, and caused all the inscriptions to

be photographed upon zinc, in order that they might be etched in exact facsimile. They have since been reproduced in the first volume of Cronau's "Amerika." As the result of his examination, the author expresses his confident belief that the inscriptions were cut in the sixteenth century; for the processes of oxidation that have taken place since the inscriptions were made seem to preclude the possibility of their being the work of a modern hand. He states that a careful investigation of all the circumstances attending the opening of the tomb in 1877, failed to give any trace of opportunity for a forging of the inscription. The presence of the bullet is, in the opinion of the author, to be regarded as confirmatory proof of genuineness, inasmuch as it is hardly conceivable that it would have been placed in the casket by any fraudulent intent. In short, it is the opinion of Cronau that the difficulties in the way of supporting the theory of fraud are so much greater than those in the way of supporting the theory of genuineness, that the charge of fraud must be dismissed, and the theory of genuineness must be finally and conclusively adopted."¹

It seems probable that this conclusion will be accepted by the most judicious investigators of the subject, and that in consequence, the belief will prevail that the remains of the great navigator are not in the imposing cathedral of Havana, but in the more humble sanctuary in Santo Domingo, where they were first carried, and which should be their place of final repose. Wherever they may rest, to use the beautiful language of Irving,—

The honors conferred upon them, it is true, are nothing to the dead, nor can they atone to the heart, now dust and ashes, for all the wrongs and sorrows it may have suffered: but they speak volumes of comfort to the illustrious, yet slandered and persecuted living, encouraging them bravely to bear with present injuries, by showing how true merit outlives all calumny, and receives its glorious reward in the admiration of after ages.

¹ Columbus: his Life and Work, by Charles K. Adams, LL. D., p. 247.

JOEL BARLOW AND THE COLUMBIAD.

BY HENRY L. CHAPMAN.

THE verdict of popular opinion, as well as that of the critics, has long since condemned our earliest, if not our only, national epic. It is not the object of this paper to urge a reversal of that verdict. Like most verdicts pronounced by general assent and confirmed by time, it is not substantially unjust. The occasion that has called us together, however, seems to furnish an opportunity to recall briefly the life and work of a man who, for nearly three quarters of a century, has lain in an obscurity bordering upon oblivion. If for a few moments he is summoned forth from his obscurity, it is neither to taunt nor to pity him, but to let him have a modest part, perhaps by way of consolation, in the recognition we accord to the achievements of his chosen hero. The frail boats in which Columbus braved the perils of the sea carried him safely, in spite of their craziness, to the shores of a new continent; but the ambitious craft which Joel Barlow, in honor of the great discoverer, launched upon the sea of literature foundered almost before the cheers of friendly spectators had died upon the air. If we can fish up some portion of the wreck, even if it be no more than the figurehead, or the board which bears its name, he would hardly object to its being entered in the proceedings of this evening, though it should receive no

other honor than that of being technically designated as "Exhibit 'A' or 'B.'"

Mr. Barlow's life was included between the years 1754 and 1812, an exciting and momentous period. He was born in the town of Reading, Connecticut, and was the youngest of a family of ten children. In 1774 he was entered as a freshman at Dartmouth College, but shortly after transferred his relation to the older and more pretentious institution at New Haven, and was graduated from Yale in 1778. In a college class which was regarded as exhibiting more than usual intellectual promise, young Barlow, by the suffrages of both his fellow students and his teachers, held a prominent place. Dr. Stiles, the president of the college, made an entry in his diary, under date of June 14, 1778, as follows:—

"The students disputed forensically this day a two-fold question; whether the destruction of the Alexandrian library and the ignorance of the Middle Ages, caused by the inundation of the Goths and Vandals, were events unfortunate to literature. They disputed inimitably well, particularly Barlow, Swift and Webster."

Of the two men who shared with Barlow the praise of doing "inimitably well," Swift was Zephaniah Swift, afterward chief-justice of Connecticut, and Webster was the great Noah Webster, who has done so "inimitably well" in lexicography that his publishers still point, not obscurely, to his dictionary when they exhort the public to "get the best."

During his undergraduate years young Barlow prac-

ticed the art of poetry, and at his graduation the programme of exercises announced "A Poetical Composition in English, by Sir Barlow." The poem thus heralded, entitled *The Prospect of Peace*, was received with great favor, was soon afterward published in New Haven, and was ultimately incorporated into the *Columbiad*. *The Prospect of Peace* was an engaging subject for a poem when the gloom of the Revolutionary struggle was hanging over the college and the country, and all hearts were longing for deliverance from it. In that struggle Barlow was profoundly interested, and more than once he spent his college vacation in the field with his brothers, who were enlisted in the American army. He subsequently interrupted his study of the law, made a hasty excursion through the jungle of theological science, and was commissioned a chaplain in the army. There his poetic talent, combined with his intense patriotism, enabled him to compose battle songs, like a second Tyrtæus, that fired the soldiery to an intense pitch of bravery and enthusiasm.

The close of the war terminated Mr. Barlow's chaplaincy, and his connection with the ministry. He returned to Hartford, and to the study of the law, and in 1785 he was admitted to the bar. He was not, however, so far wedded to the law that he did not feel at liberty to continue his coquetries with literature. In the columns of the *Hartford Mercury*, a newspaper which he assisted to establish, he tilted against what he believed to be the political heresies of the day, and in the pauses of the conflict paid his devoirs to the

Muse. Her favor seemed ever to be fluttering from his spear, and it would be surprising if his devotion had not been recognized and rewarded. Such recognition speedily came, and from no less distinguished a source than the General Association of Congregational Ministers of Connecticut. Strange as it may seem, those exacting clergymen had detected some flaws in Doctor Watts' time-honored version of the Psalms, and they appealed to Mr. Barlow to furnish them with a Psalmody which, while retaining what was good of Doctor Watts, should, on the whole, more adequately meet the lyrical demands of their worship. Mr. Barlow readily complied with their request, and performed the task to the entire satisfaction of the clerical critics, the only dissonant voice in the general applause which followed being that of a wandering and perhaps envious minstrel, who uttered the following plaint :—

You've proved yourself a sinful cre'tur,
 You've murdered Watts and spilt the meter;
 You've tried the word of God to alter,
 And for your pains deserve a halter.

Notwithstanding this arraignment, the Psalms of the "sinful cre'tur" were welcomed by the Congregational churches of Connecticut, and were used for several years, until a suspicion of their author's theology led to the adoption, in their place, of a Psalmody prepared by President Dwight, of New Haven.

In 1787, Mr. Barlow published his long-expected poem, *The Vision of Columbus*. This poem was projected, certainly as early as 1779, the year after his graduation from college; for in that year he drew

up an elaborate plan of the poem, and submitted it to the judgment of some of his friends. He had been at work upon it, more or less constantly, ever since ; and the wonder is, when we consider the luxuriance of the plan, that he is not at work upon it still. It was dedicated to His Most Christian Majesty Louis the Sixteenth, King of France and Navarre; and His Most Christian Majesty reciprocated the compliment by leading off in the list of subscribers with a subscription for twenty-five copies. His Excellency, George Washington, who stood second in the list, cared for only twenty copies; while La Fayette was content with ten. Major General Knox subscribed for six copies, Major Henry Sewall, of York, for two, and Hon. David Sewall, also of York, for one. Eleven hundred and fifty-two copies were subscribed for, and the list of subscribers' names is printed at the end of the volume. The poem was received with satisfaction and applause, and was shortly republished both in London and in Paris. It is a rather dubious commendation to say that this form of the poem is better than the later Columbiad, because it is shorter,—for the human mind is so constituted that it is apt to leap to the conclusion that the best form of all would be that in which the poem existed only in conception, before it was embodied in verse. This paper is not intended to suggest such a conclusion, however logical it may appear.

After the publication of the Vision, Mr. Barlow continued to maintain friendly, though not intimate, relations with the law. He was a member of the famous "Club of Hartford Wits," which created considerable

stir, and exercised no little influence, by the occasional publication in verse of a political paper called *The Anarchiad*. Doubtless the gentlemen who constituted the club found no little enjoyment in the composition of the caustic, satirical verses with which the *Anarchiad* was filled, but the enjoyment was not lucrative, and it became necessary for Mr. Barlow, at least, to cast about for some means of earning a livelihood. He had flouted the Law so persistently, that she refused to support him, while the revenues from his *Psalmody* and his *Vision* were very meager.

Accordingly he went to Europe as the agent of a land company which professed to have large tracts of land in Ohio to dispose of on most favorable terms. He had succeeded in selling considerable amounts of land when he discovered, to his dismay, that the company which he represented was a gigantic swindle. To a man of integrity, like Mr. Barlow, there was but one course to pursue. He forthwith severed his connection with the company, but did not return to America. For some years, in England and in France, he maintained himself chiefly by his pen. He endeared himself to the French people by the active interest he displayed in their Revolutionary struggle, and was granted the privileges of French citizenship. He composed and dedicated to Mrs. George Washington, the mock heroic poem called *Hasty-pudding*, by which he is chiefly known in the anthologies of American poetry. He engaged in profitable commercial enterprises, by which he amassed a comfortable fortune. He was appointed United States Consul for

Algiers, in which office he negotiated important treaties, and secured the liberation of American citizens who were held in bondage on the Barbary coast.

In 1805, after an absence of seventeen years, he returned to his native country, bringing with him wealth and reputation: wealth honorably acquired in legitimate business enterprises, and reputation fairly earned in the fields of politics and diplomacy.

His wealth enabled him to establish himself in a beautiful home in the City of Washington, and his reputation, combined with his hospitable spirit, made it the frequent and grateful resort of the most eminent public and literary men of the nation.

Here, in the enjoyment of well-earned and elegant leisure, he devoted himself to the revision and enlargement of his early epic, *The Vision of Columbus*. In 1807 it was presented to the admiring eyes of his countrymen, bearing the title of *The Columbiad*, which was more in keeping with epic traditions. The poem was most sumptuously published, in an elegant quarto volume, printed on the finest of paper, with generous margins, in rich binding, and adorned with twelve illustrations by the best European engravers. Even the somewhat captious *Edinburgh Review* said:

We do not know that we have ever seen a handsomer book issue from the press of England; and if this be really and truly the production of American artists, we must say that the infant republic has already attained to the very summit of perfection in the mechanical part of book making.

In his preface, after characterizing the moral tendency of the epics of Homer, Virgil and Lucan as ques-

tionable, if not pernicious, Mr. Barlow speaks thus of the objects of his own:—

In the poem here presented to the public, the objects, as in other works of the kind, are two; the fictitious object of the *action*, and the real object of the *poem*. The first of these is to soothe and satisfy the desponding mind of Columbus; to show him that his labors, though ill rewarded by his contemporaries, had not been performed in vain; that he had opened the way to the most extensive career of civilization and public happiness; and that he would one day be recognized as the author of the greatest benefits to the human race. . . . But the real object of the poem embraces a larger scope; it is to inculcate the love of rational liberty, and to discountenance the deleterious passion for violence and war; to show that on the basis of the republican principle all good morals, as well as good government and hopes of permanent peace, must be founded. . . . My object is altogether of a moral and political nature. I wish to encourage and strengthen, in the rising generation, a sense of the importance of republican institutions; as being the great foundation of public and private happiness, the necessary alient of future and permanent meliorations in the condition of human nature.

These words certainly reveal the thoughtful American patriot, and, at the same time, seem dimly to differentiate the epic so introduced from that of either Homer or Virgil

The poem opens in the traditional epic manner:—

I sing the mariner who first unfurled
An eastern banner o'er the western world,
And taught mankind where future empires lay
In those fair confines of descending day.

Freedom is the Muse whom the poet invokes to aid him in his enterprise:—

Almighty Freedom! give my venturous song
The force, the charm that to thy voice belong;
Tis thine to shape my course, to light my way,
To nerve my country with the patriot lay,

To teach all men where all their interest lies,
 How rulers may be just, and nations wise ;
 Strong in thy strength I bend no suppliant knee,
 Invoke no miracle, no Muse but thee.

The time of the poem is in those unfortunate days when the great discoverer, old and friendless, was subjected to the indignity of imprisonment through the machinations of his enemies, and by the suspicious temper of the king.

In the early lines Columbus is shown to us lying in his dungeon at Valladolid, and uttering a mournful complaint on the wretchedness of his lot.

Here lies the purchase, here the wretched spoil
 Of painful years and persevering toil.
 For these damp caves, this hideous haunt of pain,
 I traced new regions o'er the chartless main—

With full success I calm'd the clamorous race,
 Bade heavens blue arch a second earth embrace ;
 And gave the astonisht age that bounteous shore,
 Their wealth to nations, and to kings their power.

But dangers past, a world explored in vain,
 And foes triumphant, show but half my pain,
 Dissembling friends, each early joy who gave,
 And fired my youth the storms of fate to brave,
 Swarmed in the sunshine of my happier days,
 Pursued the fortune and partook the praise,
 Now pass my cell with smiles of sour disdain,
 Insult my woes, and triumph in my pain.

In this unhappy and discouraged frame of mind, Hesper, the guardian genius of the western world appears to him, and with comforting words conducts him to the mount of vision. There, in a rapid series of

visions, he discloses to his wondering view all that had happened, and all that was to happen, in the continent he had discovered. He reveals to him the romantic, half-legendary history of the Aztecs; their conquest by Cortez and Pizarro; the successive steps by which the settlement of North America was accomplished; the actions and the actors in the struggle of the Revolution; the system of republican government in America, and the benefits that should arise from it.

In order to show Columbus the importance of his discoveries, Hesper reverses the order of time, and, exhibiting the continent again in its savage state, displays the progress of arts in America, of industries, commerce, education, inventions, painting and poetry.

Not content with this, Hesper enlarges the field of vision, and shows to Columbus all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them; the improvement of society in art, science and government; the extension of the federal system of America over the whole earth; and finally a general congress of all nations, assembled to provide for the settlement of all vexed questions by a Court of Arbitration, and to establish the political harmony of mankind.

As a fitting sequel to this series of visions, so exhilarating and so comprehensive, the poem closes with these words addressed to Columbus:—

Here then, said Hesper, with a blissful smile,
Behold the fruits of thy long years of toil.
To yon bright borders of Atlantic day
Thy swelling pinions led the trackless way,
And taught mankind such useful deeds to dare,
To trace new seas, and happy nations rear;
Till by fraternal hands their sails unfurled.

Have waved at last in union o'er the world.
Then let thy steadfast soul no more complain
Of dangers braved, and griefs endured, in vain,
Of courts insidious, envy's poison'd stings,
The loss of empire and the frown of kings;
While these broad views thy better thoughts compose
To spurn the malice of insulting foes;
And all the joys descending ages gain
Repay thy labors, and remove thy pain.

The poem, as shown by the passages that have been read, is written in heroic couplets, the popular measure of the time, and is not wanting in the formal correctness which had been so much esteemed since Pope made it the object of his poetical ambition. The conception, too, upon which the poem rests is not unpoetical. That the mind of Columbus, cast down by the ingratitude and the indignities under which he suffered, should be cheered by a vision of the future glories to be associated with his name, is an inviting theme for poetic treatment.

To point out the defects of the poem would seem a little out of keeping with the spirit of this occasion, and a little ungracious in view of the long immunity it has enjoyed from either criticism or perusal. The reception it met upon its publication was various. In general, it was warmly commended by the Whigs, and denounced by the Federalists. The class of the Fine Arts in the National Institute of France, sent through its Secretary, a cordial complimentary letter to the author: while Mr. Francis Jeffreys, in the columns of the *Edinburgh Review*, particularized its defects, and riddled its pretensions to poetry in the style that was

characteristic of him. The comments of President Thomas Jefferson and other individual readers have, at this distance, the appearance of benevolent hedging.

Upon the whole the Columbiad may be said to be identified in a peculiar manner, with its hero, by virtue of sharing with him the distressing fortune of public neglect.

In 1811 Mr. Barlow was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to the court of France; and in the following year, having braved the rigors of a Polish winter in order to secure a personal interview with the Emperor Napoleon, he was attacked by sudden inflammation of the lungs, and died in a little village of Poland, December 24, 1812, thus laying down his life in the ardent and unselfish service of his country. He deserved a better fate than he has met at the hands of his country's historians. Many of them have ignored him altogether, while the most recent, McMaster, in his *History of the People of the United States*, says that

Barlow is memorable as the only one of our countrymen who has been guilty of the folly of attempting to produce an American epic poem. . . . Towards America, (he continues,) Barlow felt the same contempt which any man who admires poetry must feel toward the scribbler who defiled the English language by writing the Columbiad.

As he was honored in a peculiar manner by the French people during his life, so it was a Frenchman who composed the Latin epitaph inscribed upon the monument that marks his final resting place, where

. led by patriot zeal he met his doom
And found amid the frozen wastes a tomb.

SKETCHES OF THE LIVES OF EARLY
MAINE MINISTERS.

BY WILLIAM D. WILLIAMSON.

*Presented to the Maine Historical Society, with an Introduction by Joseph
Williamson, December 10, 1891.*

[CONTINUED.]

REV. JOHN BROCK.

REV. JOHN BROCK, H. C., became a spiritual teacher of the people on the Isles of Shoals, as early as 1650; and as there was at that time no minister, either in Kittery, York or Wells, we may well suppose he occasionally favored the inhabitants of those places with his reviving discourses. He was the eighth preacher in the Province; and the place, the period, and the circumstances were exceedingly interesting, for some five or six years had elapsed since the pious Mr. Hull had left the Shoals, and Burdet's conduct had given to the good people of York impressions very unfavorable to the ministerial character.

Mr. Brock was born at Steadbrook, Suffolk county, England, A.D. 1620, emigrated to New England at the age of seventeen with his parents, and was probably the one of his name admitted a freeman in 1642. His youth was an emblem of piety. He was early visited with the small-pox, in those days a most malignant disease which brought him into the dark borders of death, and which was followed by a sickness of thirty weeks—trials that strikingly served to brighten

his graces of patience, faith and hope, and give an earnest of future usefulness. Endued with gifts, and a taste for books, he was encouraged to enter upon studies which might help to render him a qualified minister at the altar. Accordingly, he passed three years at Harvard College, and in 1646 was graduated, it being the fifth commencement of that seminary. He is represented as a student of exemplary diligence, "whose goodness," as Doctor Cotton Mather says, "was above his learning, and whose chief learning was his goodness," for he distinguishes the grade of the young man's scholarship by his knowledge of the arts to do good, and thus adds:—

He was a good grammarian, chiefly in this, he always spake truth with conscientious correctness; he was a good logician, for he reasoned conclusively of righteousness, grace and judgment to come; he was a good mathematician, for he taught with convincing effect that man's sins are innumerable, the blessing and grace of God are without measure, and eternity endless: he was a good astronomer, being a learned disciple of him who marshaled the stars, and assigned to the heavenly bodies their orbits.

Having finished his classics, and pursued a theological course of study two years, he entered upon the work of an evangelical ministry. At first, he preached in Rowley, Massachusetts, about a year; then he accepted the invitation to take the pastoral charge of the pulpit on the Isles of Shoals.

It was while he was twelve years in the prime of life among those islanders, that he became so eminent as a man of godliness, faith and prayer. In heart, in lips and life, he strove daily to copy the bright example of his Lord. Blest with a happy talent in conver-

sation, he made his frequent pastoral visits desirable, instructive and edifying; for he believed a personal acquaintance with his parishioners at home, and a knowledge of their individual views and feelings would enable him to adapt his discourses more to their circumstances, and render himself more useful, and his labors more certain of success. He delivered, too, "frequent lectures" to the members of the church and to young people, and so animated was he by a flame of love for them that he spoke with a full heart and flowing soul — truly — seasons when his countenance often appeared as it were the face of an angel. By his godly walk and speech, he attained such ascendancy over those thoughtful islanders, that they were persuaded by him into an agreement to spend a certain work-day in every month, entirely in prayer and worship. It was on a morning of one of those days, which had been preceded by a long storm, or weather too foul and cloudy for fishing, that they came to Mr. Brock, stating to him how much it was their conviction of duty to lose no time in shoving out with hook and line on their wonted business of livelihood. But he expostulated with them in most moving terms, and endeavored to convince them how much more, rather, they might expect a blessing from God, if they spent the consecrated day in his worship, than if they, by any means, allowed themselves to be diverted from so devout a purpose. Nay, he thought their anxious disposition to be away, implied a distrust in divine Providence. Nevertheless, five, only, stopped; thirty resolved to go: Well, then, said the man of God, as for

such of you as are determined to neglect your duty to your heavenly Father, and go out a-fishing, I tell you "catch fish if you can;" but as for you who will tarry and worship the Lord Jesus Christ, I will pray unto him for you that "you may catch fish till you are weary." The thirty toiled all day, and caught only four; the other five left after divine service, and caught five hundred. This was told as a memorial of him by Doctor Mather, and repeated by Reverend Mr. Fitch, of Portsmouth, in a sermon delivered eighty years afterwards.¹ Of the mighty spirits of prophecy, prayer, wisdom, faith and healing, given to a few saints from on high, he seemed like Elijah to have received that of prayer. Of this remarkable man, Reverend Mr. Allen, of Dedham, observed, "I scarce know another man of such familiar converse with the great God." Also, the Reverend Mr. Mitchell, remarked of him, no man on earth dwelt nearer heaven than he; and another said he was like the martyr Stephen, "a man full of faith and the Holy Ghost." The pious Doctor Mather says in view of his remarkable piety, that good men who abound in prayer, sometimes attain the assurance of particular faith in the effectual success of their supplications. Saints there have been, and doubtless still may be, who have a taste of this special joy; yet it is not every Christian, nor every prayer of any simple saint that is caught up in particular faith, to the immediate presence of God to receive an answer. Nor is the exercise of such faith so much the Christian's duty, as his comfort and his privilege.

¹ Collection Maine Historical Society, Volume VII, page 257.

Prayer, mixt with faith, may be as his breath, and prevail, still be without a heartfelt assurance. For to be assured in prayer that the very thing besought will be granted, is one of heaven's most precious gifts; it is to be "free indeed," even with the blessed God himself. What less is it, than to worship beside the seraphs in glory? The soul of Mr. Brock seemed to be like one of the golden vials full of odors, which the revelator saw in vision, for it flowed with the prayers of a saint, and it feasted on the manna of faith. A striking instance of the kind appeared in this anecdote of him. A fisherman on the Shoals lost his boat in a storm, and, the loss to him great, he lamented to Mr. Brock. It recurred to the man of prayer how much its owner had done with it in conveying poor people to the place of worship on the Lord's day, and he replied to him: Go home, my honest friend, I'll mention the matter in prayer to the Lord, and I think you'll have your boat again to-morrow. For obvious reasons, the case was made a subject of special prayer by him, and the next day, the boat was undesignedly brought up by the flukes of an anchor from the bottom where it was sunk, and was delivered to its owner. Two or three other similar anecdotes of him may be subjoined, though they occurred after he was settled in Reading. As Thomas Bancroft, a young parishioner, lay sick of the small-pox at the point of death, his distressed mother, drowned in tears, hastened to her godly minister and told him, she had left her son scarcely alive. Most compassionately he replied, sister, be of good cheer; the Lord has told me nothing of your son's

dying: I'll go again with his case to the Lord. He may live. Yes, and he did live, and was afterward a deacon of his church. At another time, a Mr. Arnold's child, about six years old, was thought to be dying, if not really dead; when Mr. Brock, supposing he perceived a pulse of life, though only fitful, addressed the throne of grace in prayer, with his usual faith and fervency, wherein he made use of this expression: "Lord wilt thou grant some token, before we leave prayer, that thou wilt spare and heal this child?" and immediately the child sneezed. The holy suppliant, as if touched in heart with a glowing coal from the altar of incense, returned hearty thanks to his God, and closed the exercise. The event verified his faith, for the child recovered. The Reverend Mr. Moody, of Portsmouth, was imprisoned by Governor Cranfield, a petty tyrant under King Charles II. an event which greatly excited the pious and benevolent sympathies of Mr. Brock, though forty miles distant. Well, said he, I will this day seek to the Lord in his behalf, and I believe my God will hear me. His supplication was followed by a release of his reverend friend, the self-same day.

So fully then, have the youth, the vocation, and peculiar incidents given a delineation of Mr. Brock's character, that little more is either to be known or endeavored to finish the portrait. After a godly ministry on the Shoals, twelve years, he left them in 1662, and settled at Rowley, where he continued to minister in holy things till his death in June, 1688, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. He was the first graduate of

Harvard College ever engaged in preaching the gospel to the provincials of Maine. It was strictly evangelical, and happily a prophetic earnest of good to come. Mr. Brock, being visited with a long and severe sickness, about four years before his death, enjoyed remarkably the divine presence, and met with wonderful success in his ministerial labors after his recovery; and on a day afterward he told a friend, he had besought this favor of heaven—to live only fourteen days after his services in the ministry were finished. This request was granted him, and to him belong the requiems of everlasting rest.

REVEREND SHUBAEL DUMMER.

REVEREND SHUBAEL DUMMER, of Harvard College, 1656, was the minister of York upwards of thirty years. He was born at Roxbury on the seventeenth of February, 1636. His father, Richard Dummer, second son of John Dummer, of Bishop-stoke, England, was born at that place 1591; came to Massachusetts, May 26, 1632: settled at Roxbury, where he lived five or six years, and then removed to Newbury, where he died, December 14, 1679, aged eighty-eight. While he lived in the former town he was an assistant in the upper branch of the general court, and the latter he represented three years in the other branch. He had two wives, four sons, and one daughter. Of his sons, Shubael, above named, was born of his first wife, and his second, the widow of Reverend Jonathan Burr, minister of Dorchester, was mother to the others, viz.: Jeremiah, born in 1645, settled in Boston, a member

of the council of safety two years preceding the provincial charter, and father of the celebrated Jeremy Dummer, a graduate of Harvard College, and agent of the province in England; Richard, born 1650, was a member of the same council, and died in the forty-fourth year of his age; and William, born 1659, who was the father of the famous William Dummer, Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts.

Reverend Shubael Dummer, the subject of this notice, was graduated at Harvard College, in 1656, in the twenty-first year of his age, a classmate with Docor Increase Mather, afterward president of that seminary, and senior cotemporary with his son, Reverend Cotton Mather, his biographer. By him we are told, Mr. Dummer "was a gentleman, well-descended, well-tempered, well-educated," and distinguished "for exemplary holiness, humbleness, modesty, industry and fidelity;" a saint, he adds, whose coat of arms might have been assumed the same with that prophetically taken by the holy martyr Hooper, a lamb in a flaming bush, emblazoned by rays from heaven. At what time he began to preach, or first came to York, is not ascertained. But we know the period when he was prepared for the ministry was a most interesting one to the provincials of Maine. They had, in general, become subject to the jurisdiction of Massachusetts; her laws providing for the education of youth, and the support of a gospel ministry, were binding upon them, and puritan principles, in religion and politics, had the special patronage of her government. We have reason to suppose his ministerial services were commenced

at York, about 1660, possibly some months later, for, as the court of associates, July 1, in the following year, passed an order upon Wells in furtherance of public worship in that town, then destitute of preaching, we should infer that York would certainly have been presented at the same time, had she been without a minister. The Friends or Quakers, who first came to New England, the year Mr. Dummer was graduated, began soon to be troublesome. The first meeting of theirs in the province of Maine, was holden in 1662, at Newichawannock, the upper part of York, by three women; and Mr. Sewel, in his history of that sect, says "Shubael Dummer, the priest of the place, came also thither, and sat quiet." His wife was a daughter of Edward Rishworth, Esq., so often mentioned. His dwelling house was about a mile eastwardly of York court house, and half a mile from the beach towards the "roaring rock," situate on a gentle acclivity adjoining a hollow area of several acres, more than half environed by rising ledgy grounds. An old house, visited by me, is reported by tradition to stand where he, in his lifetime, resided. So few were the neighboring clergymen in his day, that he preached his own ordination sermon,¹ December 3, 1672, when, probably, the first congregational church in that town was embodied.

If his formal settlement was so long delayed because there had been no church, the inference necessarily is unfavorable to the state of religion there. He had lived through King Philip's war, and when the clouds of savage hostilities again began to darken fearfully

¹ His text was Psalms LXXX, verse 14, Greenleaf's Sketches.

over the place, he was urged by many arguments to retire from it, till the storm was over. But such was his attachment to the people of his charge, among whom he had spent many soul-comforting years, and most of his patrimony in his own subsistence, when their distresses rendered them unable to support him as they otherwise would have done; that he chose to continue with them like a faithful shepherd, where there "had been so many converted and edified by his ministry," and where he was still so much beloved, rather than to leave them for any personal considerations, whatever. His friendship, faith, and fidelity were thus fully attested; and though they were the eventual means of his untimely death, they gave it the characteristic of a martyrdom. For a large body of Indians, guided by a few Frenchmen, fell with great fury upon the rising village of York, early on a Monday morning of February 5, 1692, killed "about seventy-five,"¹ and carried away captive "nearly a hundred of of that unhappy people."² Among the greatest sufferers was the family of Mr. Dummer. In the first onset, he, himself, was shot and found fallen dead upon his face, near his own door, being killed as he was about starting on horseback to make a pastoral visit. He was fifty-six years of age. His amiable and beloved wife was seized as a captive, who, being heart-broken, and presently exhausted with fatigue, soon sunk in death.³ The savages, as they were converted to the Romish faith by the French missionaries, fostered a spirit peculiarly vengeful toward the Puritan

Collec-tions Maine Historical Society, Volume iii, page 8. 2 Mather Magnal, 531.

³ One account says she was redeemed: but quere?

ministers; therefore, they not only looked with triumphant malignity upon the dying man, but stripped his body of its apparel. The whole party of bloody assailants immediately hastened with their captives and their booty through the untrodden snow in the wilderness. On the next Lord's day, a full-welted savage, purposely to deride the ministerial character of Mr. Dummer, put on his garments, and then stalked about in presence of the distressed captives, some of whom belonged to his church, to aggravate their feelings; as Doctor Mather calls him, a demon clad as an angel of light. "Many were the tears dropt throughout New England on this occasion." On the Sabbath, next before his death, the good man, it is said, solemnly admonished his people to watch with prayer, and with a prophetic voice, as it proved, to beware of the enemy, pointing to them from the Scriptures the careless inhabitants of Laish, preceding the invasion of their land by the Danites, their foes.

Mr. Dummer was the first ordained minister in Maine; for though Mr. Wheelwright was settled in Wells, we have no knowledge he was ever installed in that place. The former was also the second preacher within the province who had been graduated at Harvard College. It was by his influence, probably, that Kittery, York and Scarborough made donations to that seminary. It was his Alma Mater, exceedingly endeared to his heart, as it was justly and highly esteemed by every noble mind in the country. In fact, it was founded in the prayers of the saints, nourished by their tears, and built up by the religious munificence of New England.

REVEREND SETH FLETCHER.

REVEREND SETH FLETCHER¹ is first known as a resident in Wells A. D. 1654-55, where we are to understand, he, as an exhortative gifted speaker in religious meetings, first changed his exhortations into sermons. For we are told by a record that some of the inhabitants of that town, in 1660, petitioned the county court for his dismissal, stating that "for near two years past he had drawn them into neglects relating both to the sanctifying of the Sabbath, and the performance of God's holy work therein:" and the court, in July of the next year, passed an order upon the petition, that Mr. Ezekiel Knight, and Mr. William Hammond conduct the religious meetings in that town till it is supplied with a minister. But, still, little or nothing is to be therein inferred against Mr. Fletcher's ministerial or religious character, as he immediately removed and settled among the people of Saco, in good repute and with fair prospects.

For several years previous to that period, the inhabitants on Saco river had been in a critical or destitute condition. A part of them was in favor of Episcopal forms of worship, and had, after Mr. Jenner left them in 1643, the occasional ministrations of Mr. Jordan. About the same time, on the removal of Reverend Mr. Wheelwright from Exeter to Wells, an adherent of his and a believer in his sentiments, Mr. George Barlow, removed also from Exeter, and settled at Saco. Being an enthusiastic man, he entered without delay upon the work of teaching his neighbors the rectitude of his

¹He was probably Robert Fletcher's son who died at Concord, 1677, aged eighty-five.

Antinomian faith, and pursuing his purpose with great zeal, became troublesome to the place. On a complaint, therefore, against him, preferred by several persons to the Massachusetts commissioners, July 5, 1653, after they had taken a submission of Saco, they silenced him, forbidding him "any more, publicly to preach or prophesy (exhort) there, under the penalty of ten pounds for every offense." This was an exercise of great power, but Massachusetts, in those days, did not her work by halves. Being made acquainted how long the people had been destitute of a good minister, and how much such an one was desired, the commissioners ordered that all due care be taken to attain the same, and that in the meantime, for the sake of preserving quietude, and promoting good order and Christian worship, Mr. "Robert Booth shall have liberty to exercise his gifts for the edification of the people." As a lay-preacher he faithfully officiated in the gifts and glow of utterance, till the arrival of Mr. Fletcher. About the same time, however, a committee was raised to confer with Reverend Francis Hooke, recently settled at Winter Harbor, and ascertain upon what terms he would become their teaching elder on the Lord's days. But no agreement was made with him to supply the pulpit, and Mr. Fletcher, immediately beginning to preach, soon became popular.

Without the advantages of a collegiate education, he, like many of our ancestral worthies, brought himself into notice by his abilities, diligence, and piety. Blest with a crystal mind and a mellifluous tongue, he would tell to the best advantage all he knew: his humble

and engaging manner not unfrequently supplying the place of matter and argument, and a flow of fervent devotion never failing to refresh and interest all who heard him. He entered into the ministry, distrustful of his qualifications, and deeply feeling the force of the scriptural inquiry, *Who is sufficient for these things?* But it was not a little to his credit, as he says it was much to his encouragement, that he was first advised and incited to take upon himself the work, by that pious apostle of the gospel, Reverend John Brock: and that the duty was strongly pressed upon him, also, by Reverend Mr. Wheelwright and Mr. Dalton, “the pastor and teacher of our church at Hampton.” In the summer of 1662 there was provision made, in Saco, toward his maintenance, namely: a tax of £10, 3s, for his board, “another of £5 in merchantable fish,” and the use of a house for his accommodation. In May, 1665, there were two candidates before the town, viz.: Mr. Fletcher, and a son of President Chauncy, and although the vote was in favor of the latter, he stayed only one year. It was in the same season when the king’s commissioners endeavored to revive episcopacy there. Soon after Mr. Chauncy’s departure, Mr. Fletcher resumed his ministerial charge, and in 1669, though the town annulled their covenant with him, they voted to continue him in the ministry among them, and to pay him a stipend of £50 for his services the ensuing year. Thus settled, he received the same annual remuneration for his labors, till his removal in 1675, about the beginning of the first Indian war. At the March meeting, three years before he left Saco,

the strong attachment and cordial respect felt for him are recorded by a vote in this form of expression :—

We, the inhabitants of this town, generally desire that Mr. Fletcher would be pleased to continue with us to be our minister, as long as he may with comfort and convenience ; and we are freely willing to continue our contributions as formerly we have done ; and if there be any impediment in the way we shall endeavor to remove it, if we are made acquainted with it ; he being at liberty to continue among us without any annual calls, giving the town three months' notice to provide for themselves upon his removal.

As this took place after a residence of eleven or twelve years in town, it may be consequently inferred that the purity and excellence of his character could be in no wise adorned by any encomiums of diction. For at times he had been neglected, superseded, left unemployed, always scantily rewarded, and perhaps viewed with irreverence because of his limited education, and his irregular entrance into the ministry ; yet he suppressed all resentments, all complaints, exhibiting a Christlike meekness, worthy to be imitated by ministers more talented and more famous.

Driven away from Saco by the Indians, he journeyed to the southward ; and in October, 1677, he was at South Hampton, on Long Island, and in March, 1681, he was at Elizabethtown, New Jersey,¹ laboring with the people of each place in his professional vocation. His letters from those places to Doctor Increase Mather disclose much good sense, considerable education, and the meekness of wisdom. It seems the first was written to counteract an inquisitive, unfavorable inquiry,

¹ See Folsom's Saco and Biddeford, pages 133-36.

started by some of his ministerial brethren about him, and sent to the doctor, and other clergymen in the Bay Colony, for the professed purpose of information. In this communication, Mr. Fletcher refers to Mr. Hale, of Beverly, Mr. Cheever, of Marblehead, who had been ministers of his acquaintance in the "Eastern parts," and Mr. Higginson, of Salem, who had heard him. Mr. Fletcher, preach in his own pulpit at that place, and had been the greatest encourager he had to induce him to visit the Island; and adds, situated as I am, I have more cause than ever to say, *Amici boni rari sunt, et amicus verus thesaurus est magnus.*¹ But not to trouble you further, he continues, with my humble service to yourself and those reverend gentlemen concerned in the letter, and in raising so much dust about me, "I commit you all, and your negotiations, temptations and burthens, unto Him that is able and ready to accept our persons, and take notice of all our moans that we are moved by his Holy Spirit to sigh and groan out before him." The burden of his other letter, written from Elizabethtown, was his troubles with the Quakers there, and his arguments with their leaders, in which our opinion of his religious candor, his good education, and his useful talents is fully confirmed.

Mr. Fletcher's wife, whom he married in 1665, was Mary, the only daughter of Major Bryan Pendleton, of Saco, one of the most able and influential men in the province. The fruit of their marriage was one son, an only child, whose name was Pendleton Fletcher,

¹ Good friends are rare—a true friend is a great treasure.

and who, by his grandfather, was adopted about 1670, when ten or twelve years old; the latter giving him a large estate, of which he took possession on his coming of age. What rendered him distinguished was his misfortunes, for he was taken captive four times by the Indians, and died in captivity about 1699. He left a widow and two sons, whose descendants are spread over the country. His wife, Mrs. Sarah Fletcher, administered on her husband's estate in 1700, married Mr. Brown, and died 1726, aged sixty-five. The names of her son Pendleton's children were, John, Joseph, Brian, Pendleton, Seth and Samuel. Pendleton, taken captive, was rescued from the enemy's hands, and became a useful man in Saco many years. "Being nearly past labor," he conveyed his property, in 1746, to his sons. His son Pendleton, died in 1807, in the one hundredth year of his age.

REVEREND BENJAMIN BLACKMAN.

REVEREND BENJAMIN BLACKMAN, Harvard College, 1663, was some years a preacher in Scarboro. A settlement of that town was commenced under the auspices and patronage of Thomas Cammoek, who obtained, November 1, 1631, a grant from the council of Plymouth, which extended on the west from Blackpoint river to the Spurwink, and back one mile from the sea. This is in the east parish of Scarboro. The settlers of Blue Point (Dunstan) in the west parish, held their lands under an Indian conveyance to John Alger. The earliest preachers to the people settled at Spurwink, were Mr. Gibson and Mr. Jordan. After

both settlements submitted to Massachusetts in 1658, several of the principal men were refractory and rebellious, and in 1663 the town was "fined for disobedience," and again in 1668, for not having a minister. Under the laws of Massachusetts in that day, every destitute town was required to pay £50 annually toward the support of a minister in the neighboring town till she be supplied. Still the town was derelict in duty, and in 1675, the greater part of its houses were burned by the savages.

Mr. Blackman was graduated at Harvard College in 1663, and soon went into the ministry. His father, Rev. Adam Blackman, admitted to holy orders in England, seceded from the established church and came in 1639 to New England. He first preached in Scituate, then united in the settlement of Stratford in Connecticut, and died there, two or three years after his son took his bachelor's degree. At first, the son preached at Stratford, next he became the minister of Malden, Massachusetts, where he continued his pastoral labors into the year 1678. Having married in Boston, April 1675, Rebecca, the daughter of Joshua Scottow, Esq., a wealthy gentleman, he removed from Malden to that town, and finally in 1680, settled at Blackpoint, in Scarborough. Pleased with the new government of Maine, erected over it that year by Massachusetts, Mr. Scottow being one of the provincial council, and purchaser of the Cammock patent, gave his son-in-law a deed of a large tract at Blackpoint ferry, and probably induced him to settle there. By a town inventory, taken the following year, there were returned sixty-four reliable inhabitants, sixteen horses, eighty cows, and two thou-

sand seven hundred and seven acres of improved land and marsh. There was also a committee appointed the same year to agree with Mr. Blackman "to be their minister for the year ensuing," and the town wished to build a meeting-house. The next year, (1682) the town voted "to raise a tax of two shillings and one penny on each person for the Lord," and invited Mr. Blackman to settle there in the ministry; and also lands were disposed of to make suitable provision for his maintenance. He preached to the settlers two or three years, and probably continued his ministerial services till the arrival of Reverend Mr. Milburne, in 1685. though he declined a settlement, and had previous to that year, removed into Saco. The town voted that year, to build a meeting-house, and after much altercation, a select committee located it near the fort, on the plains towards Spurwink. Mr. Blackman, like some other secular clergymen, evidently loved wealth as well as religion, and the praise of voters more than the praise of saints; distinguishing himself rather as a man of business, than a minister of the gospel, for he became in a few years, a large freeholder in Saco, and entered widely upon secular enterprises. However, he always sustained an unblemished character, and possessed at times, a good degree of popularity and political influence.

In 1683, he represented Saco in the provincial general court, under President Daupith's administration; in 1684 he was county court commissioner; and while Sir Edmund Andros was chief magistrate of New England, he appointed Mr. Blackman justice of the peace, an office of no inconsiderable honor and importance at

that period. The famous arrest of two Indians in 1688, was on a warrant of his issuing, one of his last official acts while he continued in Saco. The second Indian war was commenced the same year, and he returned with his family to Boston. Within two short years afterward, Scarborough was deserted by its inhabitants, and Mr. Blackman never came to reside there more.

REVEREND JOSEPH EMERSON.

REVEREND JOSEPH EMERSON was employed in 1664 by the town of Wells, to preach one year to its inhabitants, and he continued their minister between two and three years. Reverend Mr. Greenleaf says he was invited to that place from York.¹ But we find in 1653, when the Massachusetts commissioners took the submission of the inhabitants in the town of Wells, that they had their session at the house of Joseph Emerson,² and he, himself subscribed the submission. But we find afterward no traces of the name in either town for many years. We may be allowed to suppose, however, that the latter removed to York, and the former, his son, was fitted for the ministry, in part, at least, under the tuition of Reverend Shubael Dummer, and that when he left Wells, he went to Mendon in Massachusetts. For we find Joseph Emerson was ordained in 1667, the minister of that town, where he labored eight years, and then removed to Concord, where he died January 3, 1680.³ His wife, whose name was

¹ Maine Historical Collections, 263. ² Sullivan, 236.

³ Thomas Emerson is supposed to be original ancestor of this stock in New England. He was in Ipswich, in 1623, and died there May 1, 1666. His sons were Joseph, Nathaniel, James, Thomas and John. (a)

(a) Reverend John Emerson, Harvard College 1675, worthy minister of Berwick. See Mather Magazine, also Furnace's appendix. (b) He wrote a history of First Church, Boston. His mother, daughter of Reverend I. Bliss. Aiden, number 565.

[Balance of notes on next p.]

Elizabeth, and whose father was Reverend Edward Bulkley, of Concord, he married December 7, 1665. It is certain the Emerson family in York, to the present generation, trace their ancestry to the Reverend Joseph Emerson, of Mendon, several Christian names being from age to age successively retained by descendants, with a kind of religious veneration.

Though the minister of Wells had not the advantages of a collegiate education, we may infer from the elevated rank he sustained among his clerical brethren, the popularity of his preaching, and the superior endowments of her whom he had the good fortune to marry, that he was eminent for talents, scholarship and piety. From the number of graduates and ministers in New England by the surname of Emerson, the proverbial exclamation upon the fact is fully justified as if it were a surviving branch of the Levitical priesthood.

2. Joseph settled in York, and was there July 4, 1653.

3. Joseph his (supposed) son, preached at Wells as above, and settled at Mendon. His wife was the Reverend Mr. Bulkley's daughter. They had three sons, Peter, Edward, Peter married a daughter of Captain Brown, of Reading, the latter being the second husband of Peter's mother, and was the ancestor of Reverend Daniel Emerson, of Halls, Harvard College 1739; two of his sons, Joseph and Samuel, were graduated at the same college.

4. Edward, the brother of Peter, married and had issue.

5. Joseph Emerson, son of the preceding Edward, and grandson of the Reverend Joseph of Mendon, married Mary, daughter of Reverend Samuel Moody, of York, and settled in the ministry at Malden and died July 13, 1767, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. They had nine sons and four daughters. The names of the sons were, 1. Joseph, born August 25, 1724, Harvard College 1743, settled at Pepperell, Massachusetts, where he died. In Allen's epitaphs, number 634, is a good memoir of him. His death was on the twenty-ninth of October, 1773. 2. William, born May 21, 1743, Harvard College 1761, settled at Concord, Massachusetts, a chaplain in the Revolutionary army, and died at Rutland, Vermont, October 20, 1776. His only son, William, (b) the late minister of First Church, Boston, born May 6, 1769, Harvard College 1784, died May 12, 1811, aged forty-two; four of whose sons, William, Ralph Waldo, Edward Bliss and Charles Chauncy, graduated at Harvard College 1818-21-24-26. The second son, ordained colleague of Reverend H. Ware, March 11, 1829. 3. John, born November 29, 1715, Harvard College 1734, minister of Conway, Massachusetts, died July 1826, aged eighty-one. One of his daughters married Simon, a lawyer, eldest son of Honorable Simon Strong, Amherst, Massachusetts. The other six sons were Edward, Ebenezer Waldo, Bulkley, Samuel, and one died young.

6. Edward settled in York, Maine, had two wives: first, Miss Orven, of Boston, second, Mrs. Bourne, of Kennebunk. He had several sons, Edward, Bulkley, William, Samuel, Joseph, Joseph, Harvard College, settled in Scarborough, engaged in mercantile business on a large scale, and a worthy man. (Reverend Mr. Tilton).

JAMES STUART HOLMES

THE PIONEER LAWYER OF PISCATAQUIS COUNTY.

Read before the Maine Historical Society May 29, 1886.

BY J. F. SPRAGUE.

JAMES STUART HOLMES, the subject of this paper, was the second lawyer to commence the practice of the profession in that part of Maine that is now Piscataquis County.

Although one other lawyer, David Aigrey, had preceded him by a few months at Sebec, yet as Mr. Aigrey remained here but a short time before he went to a western state, Mr. Holmes may well be denominated the pioneer of the profession in this (Piscataquis) county.

He was born November 13, in the year 1792, in what was at that date, the town of Hebron, now Oxford, in the county of Oxford, that portion having been set off into a new town in 1829.

His father was Captain James Holmes, a native of Plymouth in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, who married Miss Jerusha Rawson, of Sutton, Massachusetts and soon afterward moved to the district of Maine. James Stuart was the eldest of nine children, eight sons and one daughter.

The Holmeses claim to have descended from the Stuart royal family of England. James' boyhood and early youth were passed on his father's farm among the hills of Oxford, which have produced so large an

array of noted and talented men. He attended the town schools and Hebron Academy until he was thoroughly prepared for college. He graduated from Brown University at Providence, Rhode Island, in the year 1819. He was a classmate of Horace Mann, the distinguished educator, and for many years he held correspondence with him. He immediately entered the law office of the Honorable Enoch Lincoln, afterward a representative in Congress and governor of the state. Mr. Lincoln was then a practicing lawyer at Paris Hill.

He remained here four years pursuing his legal studies, varied only by occasional visits to Portland, where he was the guest and friend of Honorable Stephen Longfellow, a distinguished lawyer and politician of that time, but now especially remembered as the father of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, America's eminent poet. At this time he enjoyed the acquaintance and friendship of the future author of "Evangeline."

In 1878, a little more than a year before his death, Mr. Holmes visited the poet at his home in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and then these old and long parted friends revived and lived over again the recollections of by-gone days.

In 1822, after admission to the bar, he settled in the new town of Foxcroft, in what was then Penobscot county on the northerly bank of the Piscataquis river, where his two brothers, Salmon and Cyrus, had preceded him in 1818. He here opened a law office and commenced the practice of his profession.

In the autumn of the same year he opened and taught

a high school for one term, which was incorporated the next winter (1823) by the legislature as "Foxcroft Academy" with a small grant of land. This is a successful school to-day, and a monument of honor to its founder. He was a member of its original board of trustees, and served without interruption until his decease.

He always took great interest in this institution of learning, and never, until the last year of his life, when he had become too feeble from age and disease, had he failed to attend an academical examination of the students, and seldom any meeting of the board of trustees.

From the time of his first entering upon his profession, to about the years 1838 or 1839, he had an extensive and lucrative practice, though directly in competition with such men, eminent for legal learning as well as for forensic talent, as Honorable John Appleton, afterward chief justice, Gorham Parks, Jonathan P. Rogers, Jacob McGaw, Albert G. Jewett and others at that period who were all intellectual giants, yet he was regarded as the peer of the ablest.

For a time he was a law partner with the Honorable James S. Wiley at one time a representative in Congress from this district.

The organization of the new county of Piscataquis produced radical changes in the legal business in this region and the fraternity as well. It introduced new men with new methods, and narrowed the field of labor. From this time onward, his practice declined until he entirely disappeared from the scenes of a former active life and his retirement became permanent.

Joseph D. Brown of Foxcroft, a member of the Piscataquis bar, was a cotemporary with Mr. Holmes. Recently I addressed a letter to Mr. Brown, asking him for information in regard to Mr. Holmes, and in his reply to me he says:—

I well remember a remarkable scene in the year 1843, in which he (Holmes) was an active participant. The Adventists, or followers of William Miller, were numerous in the neighboring town of Atkinson. Their preaching of the second coming of Christ was deemed a heresy by leading citizens and members of other churches. Some of these citizens who opposed the Millerites went to Dover and instituted legal proceedings against Israel Damon, and several others who were preachers and leaders in the Miller faith, under the vagrant act. In the old church on the hill they were arraigned before Moses Scott, a justice of the peace.

Without pecuniary compensation Mr. Holmes volunteered his services for the defense. For four days the court room was crowded with people. During the whole time there was a succession of praying, singing of hymns, plaintive and exhilarating, as only the old-style Millerites could sing, shouting, jeers, groans and applause, but above all these occasional distracting sounds could be heard Mr. Holmes' eloquent argument for religious freedom and toleration, and the right of every person to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, under his own vine and fig tree. At the close of the trial the prisoners were promptly discharged.

At that time he had lost none of his early vigor, and the fire of his oratory had not grown dim. I remember it as one of the grandest defenses of religious toleration and freedom that it has ever been my pleasure to listen to or read of.

He was also one of the earliest in this county to join the order of Free Masons. Soon after he came to Foxcroft he was made a mason by Penobscot Lodge, then of Garland, and now of Dexter. At that time the

highways were impassable for carriages, and he, in company with Honorable C. P. Chandler, used to make the journey, a distance of ten miles on horseback to attend the meetings of the lodge. This was before there was any lodge in this section. Subsequently he was instrumental in starting Mosaic Lodge, at Foxcroft, in 1826, and was one of its charter members. He was its first master after the reorganization of the same in 1845.

The only civil office, other than municipal, that he ever held was that of chairman of the board of county commissioners for Piscataquis county, to which he was appointed by Governor Edward Kent, in 1838.

He served on the board of school committee for many years, and was always deeply interested in all things pertaining to education. Religiously he was a liberal, though he affiliated with the Universalists.

In 1838, he united in marriage with Miss Jane S. Patten, and a family of six sons and one daughter were the fruits of this union. Three of his sons died in early manhood. Politically he was first a National Republican, then a Whig, and later a Republican, with which party he always after voted. As a National Republican he supported the administration of John Quincy Adams. He hated Andrew Jackson, and loved Henry Clay as the men of that day loved and hated these great leaders.

At the state election of 1879, although feeble and in a dying state, he insisted on being carried to the polls to cast, as he termed it, "his last vote for freedom."

He died peacefully at his home in Foxcroft, December 30, 1879.

He was a natural scholar, and continued to cultivate a classical taste, reading Latin and Greek to the close of his life. His books were his constant and loved companions, and during his later years he sought their company more than at any other part of his life, and was found among them oftener than among the haunts of men.

For much of the data contained in this paper, I am indebted to Joseph D. Brown, Esq., of Foxcroft, before mentioned. I also herewith append the following extract from an article written by the Honorable Augustus G. Lebroke, of Foxcroft, which was published in the Piscataquis Observer, January 15, 1880.

THE LATE JAMES STUART HOLMES, ESQ.

Mr. Holmes was a lawyer of the old school, educated at a time when special pleadings, with all their exactions and subtleties, were in full vogue. Quackery in active law practice was then next to impossible.

He had at one time, and especially before 1838, up to which time this county was a part of Penobscot, a larger and more lucrative practice than any other lawyer ever had here.

He was successful in the proper sense of the term, among such distinguished cotemporaries as John Appleton, Edward Kent, Cutting, Kelley, Orr, Longfellow, Greenleaf, Fessenden the elder, and others whose names make illustrious the pages of our jurisprudence. Mr. Holmes' legal knowledge was not the reflection from inferior minds. He sought learning from the maxims of the civil law—Roman jurisprudence—and from the great masters of the profession on the continent as well as from those great molders and architects of the English law, Littleton, Coke and Bacon; and later Blackstone, Mansfield, Ellenborough and others. He sought for principles and disliked legal empiricism.

PORTLAND BANKS.

BY WILLIAM E. GOULD.

Read before the Maine Historical Society December 21, 1883.

IT will be rather difficult to put ourselves back to the close of the last century; and yet for my purposes we must take a rapid glance at Portland in 1799. The town then contained four hundred and fifty-nine dwelling houses. Its principal business was from its navigation, as employed in its West India trade, and in coasting. The country trade was gradually being extended; and the farmers brought in their produce, and took back their molasses, sugar, tea and rum. The center of trade was then working into Exchange street, and around the wharves in its vicinity; and working away from Clay Cove. Henry Titeomb had just completed a block of two brick stores on the corner of Middle and Union streets, which was the second of that material in town. On the opposite corner of these streets, Ebenezer Storer had recently erected a wooden store, but it was thought to be rather too far up in town. Captain John Mussey (father of our venerable citizen of the same name) commenced in 1799 the block on the corner of Temple and Middle streets. The bricks were made by himself near the foot of Center street. A year or two later, the long brick block on the west side of Exchange street, from the corner of Fore street up to the passage way by the present telegraph office, was built by Parson Elijah Kellogg, and

was called Jones' row in honor of Phineas Jones who formerly owned the tract.

The trading was done at that time to a considerable degree by barter. Silver dollars were the medium of cash payments, and the smaller amounts were made by fractional Spanish coin. There were a few banks in Boston issuing paper currency. Very naturally then, the enterprising merchants of Portland conceived the idea of having a bank at home. Petition was made to the general court then assembled (Maine was then a part of Massachusetts), and in due time a bill was granted under date of June 15, 1799, incorporating under the name of "the president, directors and company of the Portland bank," certain well known and highly respectable men: among whom are noticed Hugh McLellan, Joseph McLellan, Captain Lemuel Weeks, James Deering, Elias Thomas, Ebenezer Storer, John Mussey, Asa Clapp, James D. Hopkins, Matthew Cobb, and John Taber. The bank commenced business soon afterward on the spot now occupied by the Canal bank, in a wooden building which was removed to Chestnut street just around the corner from Congress street, on the east side. Hugh McLellan was its first president; John Abbott cashier. Mr. Abbot was afterward professor of Latin in Bowdoin College. I mention this to show that one cashier got out of the treadmill and knew something beside banking.

Major Hugh McLellan was in trade with his father Joseph and his brother Stephen where Blake's bakery now stands; but the father and Hugh removed to Union wharf where they did a large foreign business.

Hugh built the fine house on the corner of Spring and High streets now occupied by Colonel Sweat.

The capital of this bank was \$100,000; it apparently did well until in 1808 when Portland met with very serious financial disasters; so that the directors suspended business and closed all its affairs in 1815, losing twenty-five per cent of the capital stock.

I have not been able to learn who constituted the full board of directors, but I doubt not that the deliberations of the bank were carried on with much ceremony. The sessions of the directors were held in the evening.

Some of the leading men presently petitioned the general court for another bank, and in June 23, 1802, the Maine bank was chartered with a capital paid in of \$300,000, which was afterward reduced to \$200,000, and finally closed with a good record in 1813 when the charter expired. This bank was located in Jones' row on Exchange street, below the present Western Union telegraph office. Deacon Samuel Freeman was the president. David Hale was cashier of the Maine bank. He could not make his cash account square; some said one thing and some another, until his bondsmen were sued to make up the deficiency. But no suit was maintained, as it was shown that the directors had been in the habit of meddling with the drawers, and thus friend Samuel Hussey was told that it was fully as likely that he took the money as that Mr. Hale had lost it.

The prosperity of the city was now at a high pitch. Men were making money, and consequently were

spending freely, and as another consequence men were stirring to make money faster than in the usual and plain ways of the past. I judge that although the strong men of that day did not have oil wells or silver mines to make their millions out of, yet they had something equally fascinating, for an old resident relates an account of a company formed in 1803 or 1804 to make silver out of dew. Some of the venerable gentlemen in knee breeches and buckles put on their spectacles and concluded that the story told them by a smooth spoken Frenchman must be true; in other words they thought they had a "bonanza," and formed a company. Some of the party were sent to Freeport to gather the dew; they returned, it is said, with a supply, but it would not pan out well; whereupon the Frenchman asked what time it was gathered. Upon being told that it was taken at dead of night, he declared that it must be harvested at a certain hour in the morning. The men made another trial and put the liquid into the pot as directed. The fire was started to boil the dew, and the eager eyes of the stockholders peered into the steaming vessel to see the silver. The Frenchman was equal to the emergency, and as he stirred, he slipped an occasional pistareen into the pot, which was afterward found melted, and a great hurrah arose on the discovery of the possibility of making silver out of Freeport dew.

Suspension of all intercourse with Great Britain in 1806, and the embargo of 1807, laid up the vessels, and completely paralyzed the town; the wharves where the greatest activity had been, were now as still

as on Sunday. Upon Union wharf there was the well-known firm of John Taber & Son. They were in very high credit, and did a sort of banking business, to the extent certainly of issuing bills whenever Daniel, the son, got hard up. These bills passed current, as much as those of the Portland bank or the Maine bank. One day they failed, and the bills were not redeemed. To this day some of the Taber bills come to light in the pocket books and desks of our older people.

A pretty good story is told at the expense of John Taber. It seems that he owed Samuel Hussey about sixty dollars. Friend Hussey did business near the head of Union wharf; his house stood before the fire on the corner of Pearl and Congress streets, where now the great furniture demonstration invites a bonfire for itself and all the neighborhood some windy night by and by. Friend Hussey said to Friend Taber, "If thee will bring up thy books we will look over the account, and I will pay thee what seems to be due." John Taber hastened to Hussey's counting-room, and they finally agreed that sixty dollars was due Taber by Hussey. Friend Hussey went to his desk, and taking out a package of bills issued by the Tabers, he counted out sixty dollars and requested John Taber to receipt the bill. "Why," says Taber, "that money aint good for anything." "I understand so," replied Friend Hussey, "and thee ought to have made it better."

The failure of the Tabers brought about some wise legislation, for it was enacted in 1809 that no bills of private banks should be issued, nor any fractional bills; and should any bank refuse to redeem its notes two

per cent a month damage could be obtained for such default. A law was passed this year also [1809], whereby all banks should use a uniform plate for their notes. The steel plate of Perkins was that designated, and upon its surface were the impressions taken which made the very familiar bank note of thirty years ago. The older people always maintained that nothing ever looked so much like money as the Perkins plate bills. The picture bills, which took their place gradually, were introduced, partly because the older plate had been extensively counterfeited.

The method of constructing the vaults for banks was very different in the time we are considering from to-day. The style then was to erect a large brick or stone room like a brick oven; and to close it with doors made usually of one or two thicknesses of what we call boiler-plate. Upon these doors were huge locks with a simple device, turned by a key which seemed to indicate by its great size that the lock ought to be strong. In 1818, I presume that the Cumberland bank on Exchange street, which had succeeded the Maine bank, had no modern precautions. The bank had removed to the spot now occupied by the National bank of Cumberland, and the stone vault of the present National bank is that used by that old Cumberland bank. But the doors and locks were not of present construction. The directors had sent their locks over to Ellis, the blacksmith, to be fixed up; common blacksmith work was all that was then necessary. While they were in his shop, they were inspected by one Daniel Manley, who had been keeping a sort of junk

store near Clay cove and who had removed to near the head of Long wharf. Manley was a shrewd fellow, and as he saw the locks and keys of the bank lying around Ellis' shop, he conceived the idea of taking an impression of the keys for the time of need. He goes to Joseph Noble's foundry and borrows some molding sand to get the form of the keys. Manley evidently succeeded well in getting the impressions of the keys, and his problem now was what to do with them.

One Monday morning not long after, when Joseph Swift, the cashier, opened his vault, he was surprised to find all the valuables gone, absolutely nothing left in the way of money but a little loose change. The excitement ran very high throughout the town. The bank had not failed but it was cleaned out. Who did it?

From the fact that no violence was shown upon the doors, it was evident that the entrance had been by false keys.

Suspicion turned to the blacksmith, but he was found to be innocent. It occurred to one of the directors that some one had possibly cast a key; and by inquiry at the foundries in the town it was ascertained that the unsavory Manley had borrowed a little molding sand a short time before at Joseph Noble's foundry. Everybody who had a Cumberland bank bill was looked upon with suspicion; if a person had several such bills he had to give an account of where he got them. From one and another circumstance it was evident that Daniel Manley would bear watching. A canvas bag such as was used to hold specie was found in Man-

ley's back yard and strengthened suspicions. He had with him a man whose reputation was not as good as Deacon Freeman's, and this man, Rolf, was connected with Manley in some way with the robbery. Some of the managers of the bank persuaded Rolf that he was in danger of being arrested for the burglary. They told him if he would turn state's evidence they would shield him. Accordingly he started off in secrecy with one or two of the directors, promising them that he would show them where the money was buried. Manley had got a hint that all was not right, and he started ahead and dug up the money. Rolf goes with his party down to a spot between the present location of the Portland Company's works and Fish point, and tells them to dig up the buried treasure; when lo! the hole is empty and the game is gone. Rolf had not been without distrust of his confederate. He doubtless had feared that Manley would beat him, and thus his story would have no proof. Seeing his position, and finding that he was in a very sorry plight he takes a small pistol from his pocket, puts it to his head and shoots himself, falling lifeless over the empty spot where in a dark night they had put all the valuables of the Cumberland bank.

The case now looked more dark for the recovery of the money. But the quick-witted old men who managed the case for the bank, went at once to Manley, before he could in any way hear of Rolf's death, and told him that Rolf had confessed all, and that to save himself he might as well own up, which he did.

The bank had offered a considerable reward for the

stolen treasure, and Manley was bargained with that if he would deliver the goods he should receive the reward. Accordingly he informed the directors that if they would accompany him to a place in Scarborough, they might possibly find something valuable. They went along the road until they came to a spot where Manley remarked that it looked to him as if this would be a good place to bury money. There were some men named Libby, who living near, were attracted by the strangers, and they, hearing the remark, remembered some recently upturned earth which they had been unable to account for, hastened to the spot and unearthed the buried treasure before Manley could reach the place; one screamed out to his father, "Dad, I've found it." Of course the Libbys claimed the reward. But it was afterward divided, so that Manley received one-half as a reward for his own wickedness. The bank recovered all but one small bag of gold and a bag of pistareens. Manley was afterward tried and sentenced to the prison at Charlestown, Massachusetts, for twelve years. His latter days were spent in this city where he lived several years apparently quite unmoved by his former career.

This Cumberland bank was looked upon as a "Republican" bank, that is, in sympathy with the war administration of the time. It was very ably manned; the leading men were William Widgery, Asa Clapp, William Chadwick, Albert Newhall, Samuel Trask and James Deering. Levi Cutter resigned as cashier about 1815, and Joseph Swift took his place. Isaac Hsley resigned the presidency, and became collector of the

port, and Albert Newhall succeeded him. Mr. Ilsley's residence stands on the south side of Spring street, the fine brick house just below Oak street. The bank was closed in 1831. Some people said it was to get rid of small stockholders, and to form a new corporation of closer character for the benefit of the few. At any rate the same gentlemen formed, in 1831, the Maine bank with \$100,000 capital, and they used the same rooms as had been occupied by the Cumberland bank. It was rather a lucky transfer for the small shareholders, however, for after eight years the new bank was wound up with a loss of ten per cent of its capital; the land speculation and a generally bad state of affairs led to this determination.

The bank of Portland was incorporated in 1819, with \$200,000 capital. Captain Arthur McLellan was president, and the institution began well under a very stable set of directors, among whom we notice William Swan, Charles Fox, Barrett Potter, Jacob Knight, Thomas Merrill, George Bartol and William Willis. The cashier was General Alford Richardson, who previously had been a small trader at North Yarmouth, a good Baptist deacon, a representative to the general court of Massachusetts and a major general of militia. He was considerable of a man, but he got rather nervous and frightened by being cashier. This bank broke away from the old style plate which had thus far been used for bank notes, and had a much more attractive note. As long as Captain Arthur McLellan stood at the helm this institution did well; but in the days of land speculation, a set of younger men got con-

trol, and the bank lost heavily, and closed its doors in 1838 with thirty-three per cent loss of its capital.

The Casco bank was incorporated in 1824, with a \$200,000 capital. It was located where it still does business, though at first it was in a chamber over a brick store which stood on the right hand of a passage way to Burnham's tavern, or the Casco house as it was later called. This hotel was a famous place for country teams to put up, and the big stables in the rear made a big blaze when they burned. Judge Ware was the first president, and John P. Boyd, cashier. Mr. Boyd soon resigned, as he became much disturbed by the new responsibilities, and could not sleep. John Chute, who was a sober and honest clerk in the Cumberland bank, was chosen to succeed Mr. Boyd. Mr. Chute continued long in office, a man always respected for his quiet ways and sterling worth. He lived in the house now occupied by F. J. Rollins on Congress street just above State street. Captain Eliphalet Greely, (who was for many years mayor of Portland) was president in 1834, and administered the bank with discretion and dignity for a long term. Captain Greely lived on Pearl street in the rear of what is now the Second Parish meeting-house. He had a large garden and raised some excellent fruit. Mr. Samuel E. Spring was president for some years after Mr. Greely's term: he was followed by Mr. Edward P. Gerrish, who had been cashier, and who will be remembered as a man who lived an upright and useful life, and who died in the prime of life universally respected as a worthy citizen and a good man. Mr. Ira P. Farrington next took

command, with Mr. William A. Winship, who had been previously chosen, as cashier. This bank lost like all the rest in land speculation days, but has made up the losses and stands to-day very strong, with a solid front.

The Canal bank was incorporated in 1825, with a capital of \$300,000 of which twenty-five per cent was to be invested in the Cumberland and Oxford canal. It was located for many years on Union street near the present carriage shop of Zenas Thompson. Its earlier days were rather squally. But it was brought through much trouble, and passed under the administration of John Fox as president; then for a short time of S. R. Lyman; then of John P. Boyd; then of Charles E. Barrett and Joshua B. Osgood, to the able rule in 1849 of its present head, William W. Thomas, Esq. Josiah B. Scott will be remembered by many of our citizens as for a long time its accomplished cashier. He was chosen when twenty-one years old. The bank was obliged to foreclose and take possession of the Cumberland and Oxford canal to secure the loan of \$75,000; it also lost heavily in the business depression of 1836-40, so that its stock sold as low as fifty-five. But it afterward rallied, and the good name of the Canal bank has always been a tower of strength in this community. The present cashier, Mr. Benjamin C. Somerby, was teller under Cashier Scott.

The Merchants bank was incorporated in 1825, located on Exchange street. The history of this bank includes many of the most respected names of Portland. Isaac Adams, its first president, was followed by Captain William Woodbury, Rensellaer Cram and Cap-

tain Jacob McLellan; a line every way worthy of the esteem in which this bank has always stood. The earlier directors were Captain Philip Greely, Friend Josiah Dow, Captain Jonathan Tucker, Rufus Emerson and George Warren, all good men and true. The cashiers following Mr. John Oxnard, have been William W. Woodbury, who was afterward president of the Ocean Insurance Company, Mr. Reuben Mitchell, who lived on Plum street, where the big tree stood so long, where is now the printing office of Stephen Berry, then Mr. Charles Oxnard, who had been with Reuben Mitchell, and who still lives among us, and then the present incumbent, Mr. Charles Payson, who had also been employed in the bank. Mr. Oxnard, the first cashier, invented a bank lock which was used by many corporations in this region, but will hardly stand the test of modern deviltry. This venerable gentleman still lives in this city.

The branch bank of the United States bank was established in this city about 1827, and occupied the room over the Maine bank, the location until recently of the present National Bank of Cumberland on Exchange street. General Joshua Wingate was president, and Scott Green, a clerk from the parent bank, was cashier. James Oliver was the clerk, the same who was afterward cashier of the Manufacturers and Traders bank prior to Deacon Gould. Reuben Mitchell and Ira D. Bugbee were clerks afterward. Mr. Green resigned in 1833, and was succeeded by Thomas A. Alexander from Philadelphia.

In 1834 the following gentlemen were directors:

General Wingate, Thomas A. Deblois, Luther Jewett, William Oxnard, Levi Cutter, James B. Cahoon, Noah Hinkley, Isaac Smith and Marshall French.

The branch was closed when the United States bank's charter expired. The various banks in Portland bought the assets in proportion to their capital, payable in four annual payments, at five per cent interest. Most of these directors at the close formed the City bank, and nearly all who were in active business failed before 1839.

The Maine bank (being the second of the same name) comes next in order, succeeding the Cumberland bank in 1831 under the same management, viz: Albert Newhall and Joseph Swift. Poor business wound them up in eight years with a loss of ten per cent on their capital. The location was in the Cumberland bank building.

The Manufacturers and Traders bank was incorporated in 1832, and located on the east corner of Fore and Plum streets upstairs. Joshua Richardson was president till 1852, when he was succeeded by Friend Rufus Horton. Mr. Horton died suddenly while visiting friends in Fairfield on August 19, 1867, aged seventy-two. James Oliver was its first cashier, and he was succeeded in 1833 by the present cashier, Mr. Edward Gould, who has been continuously in service in one bank for over fifty years. In this long time he has seen a vast number of changes in the various institutions, and there are only one or two cases in this country where a cashier has been so long in one bank. As a national bank the name was changed to National Traders bank.

The Exchange bank was incorporated in 1832 with a capital of \$100,000. It was located on Exchange street in a room over the Merchants bank, and closed about 1840. Died of land speculation. Its remains were buried by John Rand of this city, who was made trustee. Judge Asher Ware was its president. Mr. John J. Brown was its cashier. Mr. Brown kept a broker's office for many years on Exchange street, where Bailey & Noyes now trade. His widow recently died.

The City bank commenced about 1833 and had rooms on the east side of Exchange street near the spot at present occupied by McLellan, Mosher & Co.'s bookstore. Levi Cutter was president. Mr. Cutter was mayor of Portland from 1834 to 1840. He resided in the large brick house on the west corner of Park and Danforth streets now used as the Home for Aged Men. The bank had rather a hard time. Failures were very numerous in 1839, and the bank lost so much it closed that year. Thomas A. Deblois was appointed trustee and manager to pay the circulation and deposits, while the stockholders suffered a loss of their stock. Reuben Mitchell was the cashier. He was afterward cashier of the Merchants bank.

The Bank of Cumberland was chartered March 19, 1835. It was the misfortune of this bank at the outset to be mixed up with politics. A fierce war had been raging against the United States bank, in which the government held a large amount of stock. President Jackson had succeeded in causing the United States deposits to be removed from the bank and its

branches, and placed in State banks, giving preference to such as were supposed to be in sympathy with the administration. This was called the "Pet Bank System," and no security was required by the government except the responsibility of the institution. A subscription to the stock of the Bank of Cumberland to the amount of \$200,000 was readily obtained from party friends in this city and the country. An impression prevailed, and was somewhat fostered, that accommodations were granted by the existing banks on party grounds, and hence a greater necessity for a new bank to be controlled by the dominant party. A meeting of the incorporators was held May 20, 1835, and Samuel B. Crocker, Charles Q. Clapp, Nathan Nutter, John Anderson, N. G. Jewett, Thomas Todd and Levi Morrill were chosen directors. Mr. Crocker was a director in the Canal bank, and was supposed to have made a fortune in the Eastern land speculation. He was relied upon to conduct the bank. Doctor C. C. Tobie from the country, was recommended by his friends there, as a faithful man and a fine penman, (which all cashiers are not), and he obtained the office of cashier. As the doctor was wholly unacquainted with banking or business he was sent to the Franklin bank in Boston to take lessons as to how to do it. He soon came back, and in the fall of 1835 the bank opened in a front room of the Canal bank on Union street. The law provided that \$50,000 in specie should be paid in and counted by commissioners before any discounts could be granted. This large sum was paid in wholly in silver, imposing much labor upon the new cashier who was overborne

more than ever in preparing the new books for business. The president and directors volunteered to render assistance, and a clerk from another bank was brought in to help. In a very few days a first class mixture was perceptible, and between stock installments, deposits, discounts and payments, Dr. Tobie found himself a thousand dollars out of pocket. This circumstance with other uncongenial surroundings led to his resignation. Mr. Ira D. Bugbee, a clerk in the United States Branch bank, was his successor. Formerly a writing master, and a fine penman, he brought to the bank the reputation of a good accountant, and an easy-going disposition. Well supplied with government funds the bank had more money than it could let, and at the same time keep the loans within the law. During 1836 the pressure for discounts became very severe; still there was money on hand which could not be loaned legally: so that money was loaned on call and on memorandum checks, probably by consent of the directors, or at least a part of them, and as a result to the great injury of the cashier and the bank. The great break-down in speculation commenced in 1837. The president failed and resigned, several of the board followed suit, and the bank made very heavy losses. Mr. Nathan Nutter was made president, debts were secured as far as practicable, and much real estate was transferred to the bank, among which was the United States hotel property of this city, then called the Cumberland House. Mr. William Moulton came into the board in October, 1837. Captain David Drinkwater was chosen at the same time.

The old salt on taking office remarked to his associates that he considered it their first duty to "unload the ship" and "see what they had." An examination of the cargo showed that a large part consisted of memorandum checks of the former directors, which were paid in part, but upon which so much was lost that the bank suffered considerably. Samuel Small, then a clerk in the Canal bank, took the cashier's desk when Mr. Bagbee resigned. The capital was reduced, making the shares \$40 instead of \$100. Mr. Small remained in office till his death. A new era commenced under the administration of Mr. Moulton who followed Mr. Nutter. The bank was conducted with the same skill shown in his own business, and he put it upon a solid foundation; so much so that until his death he managed the bank pretty much in his own way and did it well. After the fire of 1866, in four months Mr. Moulton erected the present building occupied by the National Bank of Cumberland. Mr. Weston F. Milliken was president after Mr. Moulton's death, and he was followed by the present incumbent, Mr. Horatio N. Jose, under whom the old-time respectability of the bank is maintained.

Mr. Small was very expert in figures. I well remember when I first entered as a clerk in the old Manufacturers and Traders bank, being sent round to collect a bunch of checks, and to receive in payment any which the other banks might have on us; and when I came to Mr. Small, he would take my pile and pass them over slowly and call out the total faster than I could put down the figures to begin to add. I always

used to go out of the room very humble and wonder if I could ever add three columns of figures in my head without putting down my figures on paper. I never could.

The Atlantic bank, formed in 1850, was owned principally by John M. Wood, who was then an enterprising citizen, building a considerable part of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence railroad, a member of Congress from this district, a principal owner of the leading newspaper, living on a beautiful estate on Middle street between Market and Pearl streets, and building the marble hotel which was never completed, on the spot where now stands the Storer Brothers' block. The location of the bank was at first in the Exchange Building, burnt in 1854. The bank removed to the corner of Market and Middle streets, where Morgan, Butler & Co. now keep, and closed its affairs in 1858. Captain Joshua B. Osgood had been its president but Mr. Wood was at the end of its career. Mr. William H. Stephenson, who had been for several years a clerk in the Canal bank, was its cashier till 1855, when he was succeeded by Mr. George D. Willis. The bank did but little business after 1856. Its bills were redeemed in full.

The Mechanics bank succeeded to the active business of the Atlantic in 1855. Mr. Stephenson went to the new bank. Allen Haines was president; occupying chambers on the east corner of Exchange and Middle streets. After the passage of the National bank act, their bank was changed to the Second National bank, and at a later date, its assets were purchased by

the First National bank of this city and its affairs closed. Its last years were over the Merchants bank on Exchange street.

The International bank was the last state bank chartered in Portland. It commenced in 1859, mainly through the influence of John B. Brown, and St. John Smith who was its first president. Occupying for a short time the old quarters of the Atlantic bank, it purchased the building on the corner of Plum and Middle streets, where it does business to-day under the name of the First National Bank, being in 1864 the first to embrace the national bank system in this city. Mr. Smith's health failing, he was succeeded by Harrison J. Libby, the present incumbent. Its capital is \$800,000, which is now being increased to one million.

HALLOWELL RECORDS.

COMMUNICATED BY W. B. LAPHAM.

SAMUEL MOODY, son of Paul and Mary Moody, was born in Newbury, Parish of Byfield, County of Essex, February 3, 1765, where his father and mother now (September, 1817) live, and where his grandfather, Samuel, and great-grandfather William, also lived. William was son of Samuel, who when young came to this country from England with his father William. They also both settled and spent their days in Newbury. William, seventh son of Paul, and of the sixth generation from the first William, is now settled and living on the family farm. He was born in 1781, has a wife and six children.

The first mentioned Samuel graduated at Dartmouth College, 1790. Came to Hallowell as preceptor of the academy in said

town, June, 1796. Married Sarah, daughter of Enoch and Hannah Sawyer of Newbury, June 17, 1797. Their children are :—

Gorham Parsons, b. Aug. 26, 1798; d. Nov. 18, 1803.

Hannah Sawyer, b. Jan 5, 1801; d. Nov. 18, 1803.

Hannah, b. January 5, 1804; died August 27, 1806.

Sarah, b. Oct. 11, 1806.

Samuel, b. Jan. 4, 1812; d. Jan. 10, 1812.

Nathan Moody, son of Paul and Mary Moody, brother to Samuel above mentioned, was born September 11, 1768. Graduated at Dartmouth College, 1795. Came to Hallowell to settle August, 1796. Married Judith, daughter of Joseph and Judith Wingate, September 25, 1805, who was born in Amesbury, County of Essex, April 22, 1782. Their children are :—

Mary Elizabeth, b. July 25, 1806.

Caroline Judith, b. April 22, 1809.

Mrs. N. Moody died April 2, 1846.

Enoch Moody, brother to Samuel, first mentioned, was born July 21, 1772. Married Ann, daughter of Joseph and Jane Kent of Newbury, April 14, 1798. Came to Hallowell to settle November 5, 1802. Their children are :—

Daniel, b. at Newbury, June 8, 1799; d. Oct. 31, 1803.

Mary Jane, b. at Newbury, Aug. 3, 1801.

Sarah Ann, b. at Hallowell, Oct. 15, 1804; d. Aug. 3, 1812.

Enoch, b. at Hallowell, Sept. 6, 1807; d. Apr. 1827.

Samuel, b. at Hallowell, Sept. 23, 1810.

Mrs. Ann Moody died August, 1812, and Mr. Moody married Eunice, daughter of John and Eunice Baleb of Newbury.

Thomas Bond, son of Thomas and Esther Bond, was born in Groton, county of Middlesex, Massachusetts, April 2, 1778. Graduated at Harvard College, 1801, and was the first student offered at that college from the Hallowell Academy. Came to Hallowell for the purpose of reading law August, 1801. Admitted to the practice of law August, 1804. Married Lucretia Flegg, daughter of Benjamin and Abigail Page of Hallowell, December 1, 1805. Their children are :—

Eugene, b. Feb. 7, 1808.

Lucretia, b. Jan. 19, 1810.

Caroline M., b. Jan. 19, 1815.

PROCEEDINGS.

JUNE 26, 1888.

Annual meeting held at Brunswick, and was called to order by the President at nine A. M. The members present were Messrs Baxter, Bradbury, Burrage, Burnham, Bryant, Chapman, Cram, Douglas, Deering, Dike, Elwell, Gilman, Goold, Hall, Humphrey, Hyde, Ingalls, Jackson, Lapham, Little, Manning, Morrell, Pierce, W. H. Smith, Charles H. Smith, Tenney, Thayer and Williamson. The record of the last annual meeting was read and approved. The annual reports of the various officers were read and accepted.

The following board of officers was elected :—

James W. Bradbury, President.

James P. Baxter, Vice President.

John Marshall Brown, Corresponding Secretary.

Lewis Pierce, Treasurer.

Joseph Williamson, Biographer.

H. W. Bryant, Recording Secretary, Librarian and Cabinet Keeper.

Rufus K. Sewall, William B. Lapham, William Goold, Joseph Williamson, Edward H. Elwell, Henry L. Chapman, Henry S. Burrage, Standing Committee.

The following were elected resident members of the society :—

Merritt Caldwell Fernald, of Orono.

Parker McCobb Reed, of Bath.

Charles Edward Banks, of Portland.

The following were chosen corresponding members :—

William H. Kilby, Boston.

William Wirt Henry, Richmond, Virginia.

Amos Hadley, Concord, New Hampshire.

Cecil Cutts Howard, Brooklyn, New York.

William Gammell, Providence.

Amos Perry, Providence.

S. H. Emery, Taunton.

John W. D. Hall, secretary of the Old Colony Historical Society, Taunton.

Wakefield G. Frye, Boston.

Oliver P. Hubbard, New York.

Chief Justice Melville Weston Fuller, of Chicago, was chosen an honorary member.

The question of the amendment to the by-laws providing for an annual assessment, was taken up, and after some discussion was laid upon the table. The amendment to article 3, chapter I, of members, increasing the number of resident members from one hundred to two hundred was discussed, voted upon and adopted.

The Reverend Doctor Burrage read a letter from the Reverend Samuel Longfellow, of Cambridge, addressed to the recording secretary suggesting that the Latin motto *Antiquitatis Monumenta Colligere*, would be appropriate for the Society's use, and it was voted that the said motto be adopted.

*Vote*d, That the field day be held at York and Kittery in July. Reverend Doctor H. S. Burrage, W. M. Sargent and H. W. Richardson were chosen the committee of arrangements.

FEBRUARY 22, 1889.

The winter meeting was held in the new Baxter Building, Portland, and called to order at two P.M. by the President, Mr. Bradbury.

A report of the accessions to the library and cabinet was read by Mr. Bryant.

Mr. P. M. Reed, of Bath, made a brief address. Mr. E. H. Elwell read a paper giving many various and interesting facts gleaned from the account book or ledger kept by Solomon Bragdon, of Scarborough 1745-1750, and now in the archives of the Society.

Mr. William Goold read a biographical sketch of Mrs. Abiel Wood the earliest novelist of Maine, and exhibited some of her published writings, also a large photograph portrait which was presented to the Society. Dr. J. W. Dearborn, of Parsonsfield, read a biographical sketch of Amos Tuck.

Adjourned until 7.30 P. M.

The evening session also was held in Baxter Hall, and the President, Mr. Bradbury, delivered an address appropriate for the opening of the new home of the society, and eulogizing Mr. James Phinney Baxter for his munificent gift to the Public Library and to the Maine Historical Society.

Professor Henry L. Chapman, in behalf of Doctor William B. Lapham, chairman of a committee of which Joseph Williamson was also a member, submitted a report recommending a quarterly publication of the Society's collections and proceedings in lieu of the present system.

The plan was discussed by Messrs. George F. Talbot, Reverend S. F. Dike, George F. Emery and Charles J. Gilman, and on motion of William M. Sargent was laid on the table to be taken up at some future meeting.

Votes of thanks were passed for the papers read at both sessions, and copies requested for the archives.

Adjourned.

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FORT PENTAGOET,
AND
THE FRENCH OCCUPATION OF CASTINE.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS WHEELER, M.D.

Read before the Maine Historical Society, December 9, 1892.

MUCH has been published and written in regard to the early settlement at Fort Popham and upon the Kennebec; but comparatively little notice has been taken of the fact that a settlement was made on the Penobscot, some years later, it is true, which was intended to be a permanent colony, and did in fact become such, although it is admitted that it was at no time a large one and was in the end entirely destroyed by the English. Its great importance, historically, lies in the fact that it was the advanced post of the French in New England, who, although at one time claiming the country as far as the Kennebec, at no time held the occupation of it farther than the Penobscot. Had not this colony been broken up, Castine in all probability would now be a part of the British Dominion of Canada, and, like Nova Scotia, be settled by the descendants of the French Acadians.

It is a well known fact that in the year 1613 a project was formed in France to get possession of Pentagöet, and that a colony duly furnished with missionaries was actually transported hither. It is contended that this colony settled at Mount Desert.

Is this claim valid? It is to be conceded that owing to the detention of their vessel by fogs they stopped at Mount Desert, and, pleased with their surroundings, actually commenced their settlement there. This settlement, called Saint Saviour, was, however, the very same summer entirely destroyed by the English. Garneau, in his History of Canada, speaking of the destruction of Port Royal and of Saint Saviour, says:—

Poutrincourt may be regarded as the real founder of Port Royal and of Acadia itself, for the destruction of Port Royal did not cause the whole province to be abandoned; it was always occupied in one place or another by a part of its former colonists, to whom numerous adventurers came and united themselves.

Ogilby states that the first French fort was erected this year at Pentagöet. J. Palairret says that in 1613 the French established a fort, and that Argal drove them away, and Captain John Smith speaks of the French traders being here in 1614 — one year after the destruction of Saint Saviour.

There is no evidence that the French ever actually erected a fort at Saint Saviour, though it is not improbable that they may have thrown up some slight intrenchments similar to rifle-pits. In The Relations of the Jesuits, it is stated that quarreling commenced immediately after the landing was made at Saint Saviour, and that the cause of it was that La Saussaye, their captain, gave his whole attention to cultivating the earth and kept the workmen at that, notwithstanding the principal men begged him not to do so, but to go to work at once erecting dwellings and fortifications. This he refused to do, and in the midst of their

quarrels Captain Argal suddenly attacked them with a vessel of fourteen cannon, and, as Garneau says, "struck terror into the defenceless inhabitants."

The probabilities are very strong, even were there not the evidence we have of the French being here in 1614, that Pentagöet, the very place of their original destination, was one of the places to which the "colonists and adventurers" spoken of by Garneau, came after the destruction of Saint Saviour and Port Royal.

If there were a fort here, however, at this early date, it must have been very soon abandoned or destroyed. In 1626, according to Williamson in his History of Maine, but without doubt in reality in 1629, Isaac Allerton erected a trading-house here. Not only the name, "Matchebiguatus," affords more or less presumptive evidence of the location, but the accompanying plan of the fort, in which the water front is shown, delineates unmistakably Castine harbor. What other place on the whole coast of Maine can show such an agreement in its main features?

This place then being the site of D'Aulnay's fort it would require more absolute demonstration than has yet been furnished to prove that it is not also the place where he took possession and drove out the occupants of the trading-house in 1635.

The idea of this trading-house undoubtedly originated in England and not with the Plymouth colonists. While it was established in great part for purposes of traffic with the Indians of this eastern region, it was probably also in part for the purpose of preventing its occupation by the French. This trading-house necessarily had

somewhat of a military character, and it is not altogether a presumptuous idea that it may have stood upon the site of a former fort if one had previously existed, for such a fort would have been situated upon cleared ground and in an eligible location.

However this may be, it is known that in 1635 Charles de Menou d' Aulnay de Charnissy attacked the trading-house, drove off its occupants and erected a fort probably at or near where the trading-house stood. The French held possession of the place until 1654 when it was captured by the English, who held it until 1670, though the French settlers remained undisturbed, Baron Castine himself coming here in 1667, while the place was in the British possession. It was held by the French from 1670 to some time between 1704 and 1759, the latter date being that of Governor Pownal's visit, when he found it deserted. It was probably vacated about 1745. Though the place was occupied during this period by the French the fort itself was captured in 1674 and held for a short time, and was again taken by Governor Andros in 1689, but abandoned by him on account of its ruinous condition.

It appears, therefore, that Castine was occupied by the French for at least seventy and probably for one hundred years. There is satisfactory documentary evidence besides that furnished by the deserted fields, orchards and dwellings found here by Governor Pownal and the traditional accounts handed down in this vicinity, that the settlement of the place was not only intended to be, but was something more than a mere military occupancy, though there is no evidence that

the number of settlers was at any time large. No enumeration of the inhabitants prior to 1671 has been found. At this date the number of souls was thirty-one. In 1689, after the capture of the fort by Governor Andros, there were but four remaining. In 1693 the number was fourteen. It is not known how many inhabitants there were during D'Aulnay's régime, but it is reasonable to believe that there were more than at any later period. There is reason to believe, on traditional grounds alone, that there were many other settlers in the vicinity — in the present towns of Penobscot, Brooksville, Sedgwick and Brooklin.

Great interest attaches to Fort Pentagöet which was erected to preserve the French title to the Penobscot as the western boundary of Acadia. The remains of a portion of this fort are still visible. We have a description¹ through both English and French sources, of its condition on August 6, 1670, when it was surrendered to Grandfontaine by Captain Richard Walker — representing Sir Thomas Temple — and to supplement this description I have recently received and here exhibit two copies of the original plans of the fort, obtained from the archives of the French Marine, through the kindness of Monsieur Henry Vigneaud, Secretary of the American Legation at Paris. One of them is undated, but was undoubtedly sent by Grandfontaine at the time of the surrender of the fort to him, and the other, dated "10 November, 1670," was without doubt sent by Monsieur Talon and accompanied his Memorial to the king of the same date.²

¹ History of Castine, Penobscot and Brooksville, pp. 254 to 258.

² Vide Hist. Castine, etc., p. 258.

There are many interesting questions connected with this fort and with the early settlements here. A comparison of the plans mentioned with the ruins now to be seen, and with the plan of the partial excavations that have been made, also of the shore line as shown on the plans with that actually existing to-day, is very interesting and instructive.

One of the most noticeable things is the size of the fort. It was evidently much larger than one would at all imagine, to judge simply from what can be seen to-day. If, as appears to be the case, the fort in plan number one was drawn upon a definite scale, and we reckon the French pace at two and one-half feet, which is the usual definition of the word and the ordinary military definition — the Roman pace being four and four-fifths feet, the English, three feet, and the Welsh the smallest dimension thus far found given, two and one-quarter feet — then the square interior of the fort, including the bastions, must have measured not less than one hundred and thirty feet on a side, and the whole fortification must have been about three hundred feet square. Making all reasonable allowance for an exaggerated estimate, even calling a pace two feet, it will still be apparent that the fort was a good sized one. It was also, for that period, well mounted, having sixteen guns, all but one commanding the water front.

From the descriptive text accompanying plan number two it appears that the chapel, presumably that of "Our Lady of Holy Hope," was built over the gateway, and was doubtless entered from the rampart. The by-



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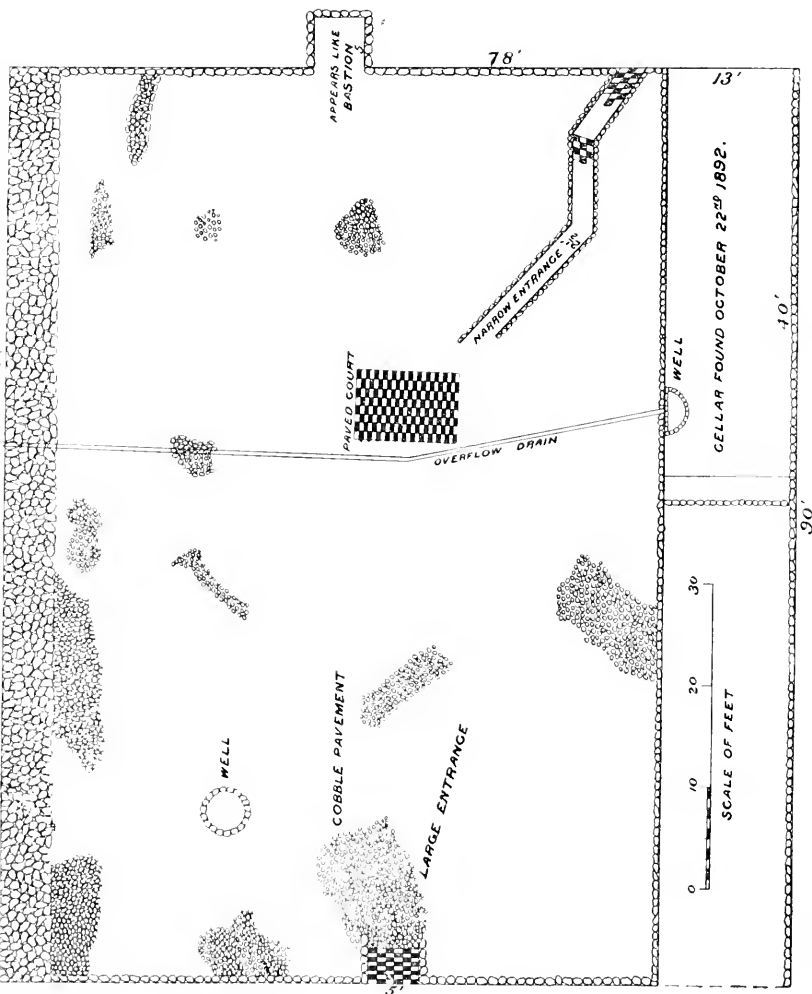
place marked J, on the plans, was probably where the sentinel guarding the gate was stationed. The object of the "canal in which to keep the water warm," marked S, I cannot conceive, unless it were to shut off the sea water for bathing purposes, or for a reservoir in the summer. The building outside of the fort was for the housing of cattle.

As the entire portion of the fort now remaining measures only ninety by seventy-eight feet, it is evidently but little more than the foundations of the magazine, together with the paved court and a small portion of the quarters for the workmen and soldiers. Excavations made within a few days of this writing by Mr. John Collins, for his brother, Doctor Willard C. Collins, the owner of the property, prove unmistakably that the portion of the fort unearthed in 1878 was not, as then supposed, the magazine, but was the paved court and the ruins of the quarters for the men. The part unearthed by Mr. Collins shows to the north of what has heretofore been called "the fort," a cellar measuring thirteen by forty feet. The bottom of it is seven feet, nine inches below the present surface of the ground. Near the east corner of this cellar has been found a well twenty-six inches in diameter and some over seven feet in depth. A drain leads from it under the rest of the fort to near high-water mark. The cellar wall is laid up in blue clay with squared slate rocks, differing in character from any found in this immediate vicinity. Some curious pottery ware was found, an old-fashioned faucet, some iron tools and a few pieces of wood, mostly charred by fire. A good

deal of credit is due to the Messrs. Collins for their somewhat expensive labors. They had long been intending to make this exploration, but were induced to do so at the present time for my benefit.

There is one discrepancy between the fort as represented in the plans and the present ruins. The two gates of the fort as shown in the plans are both on the west side, whereas the entrances actually discovered here, in 1878, were one on the east side and the other on the northwest corner. The eastern entrance was large enough for several men to pass in abreast, while the northwestern one was very narrow and crooked, too narrow for two persons easily to have passed each other. The hinges to the gates and fragments of the wood of the posts are in my possession. Both of these entrances lead into the paved court. There is also a well in the court which is not mentioned in either copy of the "Deed of Surrender," or shown in either of the plans. This discrepancy is easily accounted for on the supposition that during the seventy or more years that the fort was occupied by the French, after the surrender to them in 1670, many changes would be likely to occur. Indeed, it is not unlikely that it was partially rebuilt, for in 1698 Monsieur de Villabon wrote to the French minister, "That for the settlement they desired to make upon the eastern coast it is necessary to fortify Pentagöet as an important post, and if they made two forts upon this coast it was important that one should be at Pentagöet."

Nearly one-half this fort has been worn away on the



PLAN 3.

FORT PENTAGOET, CASTINE, ME.

PLAN OF EXCAVATIONS MADE IN 1878 AND 1892.

water front by the action of the rain and tides. A large portion upon the sides and rear has also been destroyed, including the whole of the outer fortification. The cellar wall is about seventy feet from the edge of the present bank of the river. According to the plans it must originally have been over two hundred feet from the water. Portions of the bakehouse are said to have been discernible less than fifty years ago at the southern extremity of the ruins. It may seem to some incredible that at least one hundred and fifty feet of the shore should have been washed away in so short a time, comparatively, as two hundred and twenty-two years. This would be at the rate of about eight inches a year, which seems not at all impossible when we consider that the shore at that spot is sandy and is directly exposed to southerly gales of wind.

Since my own residence in Castine many feet of embankment at Henry's point, on the opposite shore, have disappeared. Moreover, a comparison of the shore line as given on plan one with that of the actual line to-day shows some surprising changes. It appears by the descriptive text accompanying plan two that Castine village was at that time an island. By the plan itself it is shown that there was no bar between Nautilus island and the main land; that what is now known as High Head was then an island, and that the ledge where the monument now stands was then out of water.

Where the deserted houses referred to by Governor Pownal stood is entirely a matter of conjecture, with perhaps one exception. In digging a cistern at the

summer cottage of Honorable Henry C. Goodenow the workmen came upon a well-made stone wall several feet from the surface of the ground. This must have been a cellar wall or foundation wall of some former habitation, possibly that of the Baron Castine, which has always been supposed to have been somewhere in the vicinity of the fort.

It is claimed that what was called the Winslow farm, in Penobscot, is the old D'Aulnay farm which was six miles from the fort. The only ground for this supposition is the tradition that a great while ago the farm was called Frenchman's farm, and a pond near it was called Frenchman's pond. The shortest possible distance, however, by water, would make this place some two miles too far, and the route along the shore would make the distance four or five miles too great. It would be just as reasonable to suppose D'Aulnay's farm to have been at Walker's pond, in Brooksville, where there is also a tradition of a former French settlement. Yet as distances were generally incorrectly given in early times, the statement that the farm was six miles from the fort might not have been correct, and the "Winslow" farm may after all be the spot.

It is an interesting question as to where D'Aulnay's mill, where his force had fortified themselves when attacked by La Tour, and where three of his men were killed, was located. This mill was, of course, to furnish food for the occupants of the fort and would naturally be located at the nearest suitable place. It must have been upon some stream, or else have been a tide-mill. There is now no stream of sufficient size within many miles of the fort. Such may not have been the case,

however, two centuries and more ago. Indeed, there is today not far from the fort a small brook, the deep banks of which show plainly that at some former period a large body of water passed through them. It is, however, extremely improbable that a mill should have stood there in 1670 without any mention being made of it or any location of it upon the plans.

There is, on the Brooksville shore, almost directly opposite the fort, plainly to be seen at extreme low tides, a dam and evidences of the site of a mill of some kind. There is no evidence that it was D'Aulnay's, and it is known that there were a number of mills in this vicinity in 1802. Since the other mill sites have, with one exception, been continuously used, and as nothing is known in regard to this one except a vague tradition that a dam was built here in the early part of the present century for a mill that was never erected, a more favorable location being afterward found, and from the fact that this dam can only be traced at low tide it may be the old one to which reference has been made. It has even been suggested, in regard to the site of this mill, that as Castine was at that time an island the dam may have been across the strait separating the island from the main land.

Many other interesting points in regard both to the fort itself and to the French occupation remain to be considered, but cannot be touched upon in this already lengthy paper.

Further researches in and about Castine ought to be made, and it is hoped that the discovery of the plans exhibited here will awaken the interest of other members of the Society.

THE BEGINNINGS OF WATERVILLE COLLEGE, NOW COLBY UNIVERSITY,

With a Sketch of its First President, Rev. Jeremiah Chaplin, D.D.

BY REV. HENRY S. BURRAGE, D.D.

Read before the Maine Historical Society, November 21, 1889.

THE first Baptist church in Maine was organized at Kittery in 1682. Not long after the pastor of the church, Reverend William Screven, was directed by the civil authorities to leave the province. The church shared his exile, and transferred to South Carolina as an organization it is believed, became the mother of all the Baptist churches in the South, and is now known as the First Baptist church in Charleston.

No other Baptist church was organized within the present limits of the state of Maine until 1768, when two churches, one in North Berwick and one in Gorham, came into existence in connection with the labors of Reverend Hezekiah Smith, of Haverhill, Massachusetts. During the revolution the denomination made little progress; but after the establishment of peace, settlers from Massachusetts, many of whom had served in the colonial armies, made their way into the district, subdued the wilderness, and built for themselves homes. Religious privileges were scanty. But the missionary followed. Converts were multiplied, and churches organized. The pastors of these churches were at first unlearned men. They were familiar with their Bibles, but they had not been instructed in the schools. Work-

ing on their farms during the week, they brought to their Sunday services the thoughts they had pondered in the forest or at the plough, and these, delivered with fervor and solemnity, had a powerful effect upon their interested hearers. But as the churches and the membership of the churches increased from year to year, the pastors whom the churches had called to the work of the ministry were more and more conscious of their poor equipment for their work, and at length, in 1807, in a circular letter prepared for the Bowdoinham association, Reverend Sylvanus Boardman, of Livermore, father of the well-known missionary, George Dana Boardman, characterized not wholly, but very largely the Baptist ministry of Maine at that time, as in a plea for the support of those whom the churches had called to preach, he spoke of their "want of education, not understanding their mother tongue," compelled "to devote their time to study, even to obtain a competent knowledge of the English language, sufficient to qualify them to acquire knowledge in logic, mathematics or philosophy."

At a meeting of the Bowdoinham association, three years later, it was evident that Boardman and his associates in the ministry had continued to make prominent the importance of ministerial education, for in the record of the meeting the following appears:—

It being in contemplation to establish an institution in the District of Maine for the purpose of promoting literary and theological knowledge, brethren Blood, Boardman, Merrill, Titcomb and Tripp were appointed a committee to take into consideration the propriety of petitioning the general court for incorporation, etc.

In the record for that year the following also appears : —

The committee appointed to consider "the propriety of petitioning the general court relative to the establishment of the Literary and Theological Institution," suggested to the association the propriety of appointing a committee to digest the subject systematically, in concert with brethren from the Lincoln Association, and report thereon at the next annual meeting.

In accordance with this suggestion Messrs. Blood, Low and Boardman were chosen. It was also voted "to recommend to the churches of this association to endeavor to obtain subscriptions to promote the proposed institution, and to forward the same to the last mentioned committee."

From the records of the association for the following year it appears that it was deemed expedient to petition the general court for incorporation, and to secure this end a committee was appointed with such as might join them from the Lincoln and Cumberland associations. Both of these associations appointed committees for this purpose in the following year, and February 27, 1813, a charter, chiefly through the influence of Reverend Daniel Merrill, of Sedgwick, then a member of the legislature, was secured from the general court of Massachusetts for a corporation under the title of "The President and Trustees of the Maine Literary and Theological Institution." The persons named as the first board of trustees in the act of incorporation were as follows : —

Daniel Merrill, Caleb Blood, Sylvanus Boardman, Thomas Green, Robert Low, Benjamin Titcomb, Thomas Francis, Ransom Norton, Daniel McMasters, Honorable James Campbell,

Samuel Stinson, John Harvey, Daniel Nelson, Alford Richardson, John Haynes, Samuel Baker, Joseph Bailey, Phineas Pillsbury, Hezekiah Prince, Moses Dennett and John Neal.

Most of these were pastors of Baptist churches in the District of Maine. The others were prominent members of Baptist churches in the District. All were united in the purpose of establishing an institution in which the future pastors of the growing churches could be properly trained.

Toward the endowment of the institution thus chartered, the legislature of Massachusetts gave a township of land to be selected from any of the unappropriated lands in the District, but the trustees very singularly were restricted in the location of the institution to the said township, as if the thought of these legislators was, as Doctor Champlin once suggested, that if the voice of the Baptist must be heard at all in the District of Maine, it should be heard "crying in the wilderness."

The township selected by the corporation was on the west side of the Penobscot river, about fifteen miles above the city of Bangor, and is now known as the towns of Alton and Argyle. It abounded in excellent timber, and in time the institution received not an inconsiderable sum from the sale of this timber. But it was not a suitable location for a school of the prophets, and the Legislature was asked to remove the objectionable restriction, and allow the trustees to seek a location elsewhere. The request was granted, the Legislature in 1816 passing an additional act permitting the trustees to locate the institution within the limits

of the county of Somerset or the county of Kennebec.

The value of an educational institution in a new and growing community was recognized, and several towns endeavored to secure the prize. At a meeting of the trustees in the year following the passage of the above-named act, a committee was appointed to "visit those towns which had used their efforts and given encouragement to have the institution located with them, viz., Farmington, Bloomfield and Waterville, and report at the next meeting." The committee reported in favor of Bloomfield, but probably on account of larger pecuniary inducements the trustees decided to locate the institution at Waterville. The town of Waterville, as a corporation, appropriated three thousand dollars toward the new enterprise, but on account of legal objections the money was not paid. The amount subscribed by residents of Waterville was two thousand dollars.

At the same meeting of the trustees a committee was appointed to select a site in Waterville for the proposed institution, and another committee to present at a meeting in February, 1818, the names of candidates for the professorships. At this meeting the committee reported, and Reverend Jeremiah Chaplin, of Danvers, Massachusetts, was elected professor of theology, and Reverend Ira Chase, of Westford, Vermont, was elected professor of languages. Mr. Chase, however, — for many years afterward a professor in Newton Theological Institution, — declined his appointment.

At this meeting it was decided that the institution should be opened in the following May. Upon Mr.

Chaplin, therefore, as no other appointment was made, devolved the arduous task of laying the foundations of this new educational enterprise. He was of Puritan stock. His emigrant ancestor, Hugh Chaplin, came with his wife to New England in 1638, with sixty families, led thither by Reverend Ezekiel Rogers, who settled about thirty-five miles from Boston at a place to which they gave the name Rowley, after the town in England from which they came. In their church relations Hugh Chaplin and his descendants were of the "Standing Order," until Asa Chaplin, father of Jeremiah, united with the Baptist church established in Rowley, now Georgetown, in 1781, as a branch of the church in Haverhill. At Rowley, Jeremiah Chaplin was born January 2, 1776. As a lad his mind dwelt chiefly on theological topics, and at ten years of age he united with the Baptist church in his native town. A liberal education was the purpose of his heart, and when engaged in the duties of his father's farm his thoughts were with his books. At nineteen years of age he entered Brown University. Throughout his course he achieved distinction as a scholar, and in 1799 he was graduated with the highest honors of his class, delivering the valedictory addresses with an oration on "The Proneness of Men to fall into Extremes." His aptitude for teaching was recognized by his instructors, and he was at once appointed a tutor in the college. Two years later, having the Christian ministry in view, he left Providence and commenced the study of theology under the direction of Reverend Thomas Baldwin, pastor of the second Baptist church

in Boston. In 1802, or 1803, he accepted the pastorate of the Baptist church in Danvers, Massachusetts. There he remained until 1818, with the exception of a year in New York in 1804, when he was pastor of the First Baptist church. To the pastorate of this church he was called as the result of a Sunday spent in New York, when on his way to Saratoga for his health. At first he was not inclined to accept this pastorate, as his own feelings and those of his people were opposed to his leaving Danvers: but he at length yielded to the judgment of his associates in the ministry, went to New York and entered upon his work. But he was not at home there, and after some months of service he resigned his pastorate and returned to his former flock at Danvers. April 16, 1806, he was married to Miss Maria O'Brien, of Newbury, Massachusetts, a young lady of mature Christian character, and one who was in fullest sympathy with him in his present and future work.

In accordance with a custom of the times with clergymen, Mr. Chaplin received each year into his family at Danvers, promising young men preparing for the Christian ministry. He gave them instruction, and they in turn aided him in his pastoral work. Says his son, the late Reverend Jeremiah Chaplin, D.D., in some interesting reminiscences prepared in his last years:—

There was little formality in the management of this training school. A narrow street which ran from the parsonage some distance down to the water, apart from public observation, was peculiarly favorable for a solitary ramble, and there, in pleasant weather, my father would often walk in silent meditation, or in

company with one or more of his pupils, discoursing on theology and such other topics as concerned their prospective work. It was known throughout the village as Meditation Lane.

Two of Mr. Chaplin's students at Danvers, James Colman and Edward W. Wheelock, whose names have long been familiar in Baptist missionary annals, were among the first to respond to Judson's appeal for helpers in his self-sacrificing work in Burma.

During his Danvers pastorate Mr. Chaplin entered upon the study of the Hebrew language, a task of no little difficulty without an instructor. He purchased the best helps that then could be obtained. This he did also in his study of the New Testament. Indeed, his was about the first serious attempt at biblical exegesis among the Baptists of this country. "His strength," however, as Reverend R. E. Patterson, D.D., the third president of Waterville College, tells us, "lay in a range of studies both more subtle and more profound — in theology, in mental and moral philosophy, and other kindred subjects." Butler's *Analogy* and Edwards on *The Will* were favorite books with him. He was also a diligent student of the works of Hopkins and other New England divines.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the trustees of the Maine Literary and Theological Institution at Waterville turned to Mr. Chaplin as the one preëminently qualified to take charge of its important interests. His liberal education, scholarly habits, and especially his experience as a theological instructor, indicated his fitness for the position. Yet at first he was quite decided in his opposition to the appointment. His health, he

thought, would not warrant his acceptance of such a task. But those who had selected him for the position were unwilling to accept his refusal. A further representation of the importance of the undertaking was made to him, and not long after he yielded to the wishes of the trustees, and entreated the Lord to grant him as a privilege what he had shortly before regarded as a most painful trial. In accepting the office he wrote : —

The undertaking I have before me looks great and difficult. I still feel myself very inadequate to it. But I am willing to make an experiment, and hope that with the assistance of my brethren and the blessing of God, I shall be able to do something for the advancement of his cause and glory.

In this spirit he resigned his pastorate at Danvers and accepted his appointment at Waterville.

It was a formidable undertaking in those days for a family of six, four of them children, the oldest eleven years of age, and the youngest a babe of five months, to make the journey from Rowley to the new home in the far-away District of Maine. Several of Mr. Chaplin's theological students accompanied him. The journey was made in the latter part of the month of June, 1818. From a diary kept by Mrs. Chaplin, which happily has been preserved, we have a full and interesting account of the journey. They sailed from Salem in the sloop *Hero*, and had an uneventful voyage to the mouth of the Kennebec. Entering the river they commenced the most attractive part of their journey. "Near the mouth of the river," writes Mrs. Chaplin, "the country is barren and unpleasant, but the further we advance the more pleasant it is. Many places are

handsomely settled." Bath, Dresden, Gardiner, Hallowell were passed, and at length Augusta was reached. Here they left the *Hero* and embarked on one of those "long-boats," as Mrs. Chaplin calls them, then and for some time afterward much used on the river. "Part of the time," says Mrs. Chaplin, "we could have easily stepped from the boat to the shore, the distance was so small. Sometimes, when the wind is unfavorable, it is found necessary to go on shore and procure men, who, standing on the water's edge, with a rope fastened to them, and likewise to the boat, much assist its motion." Leaving Augusta at two o'clock Wednesday afternoon, they reached Waterville at ten o'clock the next forenoon, having left Salem on the preceding Saturday.

Waterville then had only a few hundred inhabitants, but situated at the head of navigation it was already a place of considerable trade. No church had as yet been organized there, and there was no meeting-house in the village except a shabby, unfinished building which was used for town meetings. "The frame is good, the floor pews finished," wrote Mrs. Chaplin, "but the upper part is yet without pews. Some think it will be finished, others think that after awhile another and better one will be built in a more eligible spot, and this one then taken for some other purpose." As there was no Baptist constituency in the place to aid in the development of the new institution, it is not surprising that it was doomed to years of struggle and disappointment. In fact, almost every needed support was lacking. When Mr. Chaplin reached Water-

ville the institution had no funds, and it did not own a foot of ground in the town. But a location was soon secured. A lot of land eighty-six rods wide, and extending from the Kennebec river to the Emerson stream, containing one hundred and seventy-nine acres, was purchased of R. H. Gardiner, Esquire, for \$1,797.50. Subsequently the Professor Briggs lot, lying south of the original purchase, and also extending from the Kennebec to the Emerson stream, was added at a cost of \$2,500.

Meanwhile the work of instruction was commenced in the "Wood" house, Mr. Chaplin's temporary home at the junction of College and Main streets, where now is the Elmwood hotel. Here the institution remained until the completion, at the close of 1819, or early in 1820, of Mr. Chaplin's residence on the present site of Memorial Hall.

In 1820 the District of Maine became an independent state, and the same year the legislature, at its first meeting, granted to the institution collegiate powers, and by a subsequent act, passed February 5, 1821, authorized it to assume the name of Waterville College. The reasons for thus giving to the institution a broader character than was at first contemplated, were not recorded, and can now only be conjectured. I am inclined to believe that the change was effected by Dr.¹ Chaplin. A college graduate, he knew the value of a collegiate course as a preparation for theological study, and he could not have been long in coming to the conclusion that the work he had been called to do

¹ He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1819 from the College of South Carolina.

could best be performed by giving to the institution a collegiate character. There were those among the trustees who deprecated the change, and in many parts of the state, among the churches and ministers, there was not a little disappointment. The late President Champlin regarded the change so early in the history of the institution as a great mistake. "Had the institution," he said, "retained its original and more popular form till the affections of the denomination had crystallized around it, and the denomination itself had withal grown up so as to demand a college, I cannot but think that its history would have been different. In that case, the numerous churches which had been established throughout the state would have been strengthened by the supply of pastors adapted to their wants, and would have been ready, when at length it became a college, to rally around it with their affections and aid."¹

But the decision had been made, and now upon the trustees was imposed the duty of selecting a president. Time was taken for deliberation, and at a meeting of the board in August, 1821, Reverend Daniel H. Barnes, of New York, a graduate of Union College and a distinguished educator, was unanimously elected to that office. Mr. Barnes, however, did not accept the appointment, and at a meeting of the board in May, 1822, Dr. Chaplin was unanimously elected and his salary fixed at \$800 a year, with the use of the president's house. Professor Avery Briggs, who, since October, 1818, had given instruction in the languages, was made professor of languages, and at the meeting of the board in

¹ Historical Discourse.

August, Reverend Stephen Chapin was elected professor of theology.

The first college building, now known as South college, was erected in 1821. President Chapin's son, the late Reverend Jeremiah Chaplin, D.D., writes:—

The ground selected for the purpose, a few rods north of the president's house, was then in the complete possession of wild nature, in a second growth of feeble pines and white birches, and small undergrowth. After breakfast, one pleasant morning, my father, followed by his theological band — so we may imagine Elijah, with the young members of his school of the prophets, to have appeared — each armed with an ax, proceeded to the selected spot where Learning was to erect her temple. Though but a lad of eight years, I shared the enthusiasm and glory of the occasion, as I went to the front, and with my small hatchet brought to the ground, not a cherry tree, but a diminutive pine — the first tree to fall. Upon this cleared space was erected a plain, substantial brick edifice of four stories.

The completion of the college building was signaled by the arrival of a bell from Boston. As it was rung from its perch in a wagon, on its way from the boat through the main street to the campus, by enthusiastic students, it seemed to peal out a glad prophecy that henceforth the college intended to make a noise in the world. One day after this a young man from a very rural district, an applicant for admission, was walking with me from the president's house to the college, when the bell sounded its summons to recitation. Evidently he had never listened to any similar noise louder than the tinkling of a cow bell. He raised his eyes to the belfry, whence the strange noise seemed to proceed, and with an expression of surprised pleasure, exclaimed, "How sublime!" But perhaps I have mistaken his feelings. The pleasant sound falling upon his ear in academic grounds may have touched a finer chord in his soul, and been accepted as a call to enter the path that leads to knowledge and greatness. If so, it was sublime.

The first commencement of the college occurred September 14, 1822. Reverend Dr. Baldwin, Dr. Chaplin's old instructor, and a member of the board of trustees, came in a sailing packet to participate in the exercises. Governor A. K. Parris, Ex-Governor William King, several members of Congress, and other distinguished persons, were present. The exercises were held in the building already mentioned, which served the double purpose of meeting-house and town-hall. The procession was formed on the college campus, and proceeded to the hall, escorted by a military company with a band of music. The people had flocked to the town from the surrounding country and looked with wonder upon the president in his Oxford hat and robe, followed by the professors, students and invited guests. Dr. Chaplin's son, who was present, writes:—

The excitement was at its height when the procession was pouring into the building. The faculty and students, the political magnates, the reverend clergy, the lawyers and doctors, were, as of right, allowed to pass in between the open ranks; but when it seemed evident to the crowd, who were pressing hard upon the column, that they were likely to be shut out by the more ordinary people who made up the tail of the procession, and whom they regarded as no better than themselves, their curiosity could no longer be restrained. By a simultaneous onset they broke up the line of march, and forced their way inside without the least regard to order. For a few moments it was mad confusion. There was a general rush for the vacant seats and standing places. This rude, but well-meant democratic freedom, which characterized these people on all occasions, soon subsided, however, and the exercises began. Prayer was offered by Dr. Baldwin. The Reverend Professor Chapin, on behalf of the trustees, addressed the president-elect, and delivered into his hands the charter and keys of the college. Reverend Avery

Briggs was then inducted into the office of professor of the learned languages. By this time the curious crowd, weary of standing, and satisfied with what their eyes had beheld of the glory of the interior, commenced a stampede toward the door, into the more congenial outside. Order having been restored within, the president proceeded to deliver his inaugural address, and with this the exercises of the morning were concluded. Then came the commencement dinner at the college, after which a procession, as before, marched to the village hall to listen to the graduating exercises. There were only two graduates, but to give more respectability to the programme two members of the partial course, candidates for the ministry, were sandwiched between the two seniors — four orators in all. George Dana Boardman was valedictorian, and Ephraim Tripp could be no less than salutatorian. The other names were Stanwood and Atwood.

Boardman was appointed a tutor in the college, and it was President Chaplin's desire to retain him as a member of the faculty. But his heart was in sympathy with the work of foreign missions, and in 1825, having been ordained at Yarmouth, President Chaplin preaching the ordination sermon, he sailed for Burma, where a few years later, after labors whose hallowed influence still abides, he laid down his life with joy unspeakable and full of glory, among the Karens whom he had delighted to serve.

The erection of a second college building, now known as North college, was authorized by the trustees at the May meeting in 1822, and the building was erected that year.

Of the relation of politics to the early history of the college, President Chaplin's son gives the following illustration: —

An example of the violence of party spirit at that time was furnished by "Squire" Seaver, a member of the board of trus-

tees. He was an excellent man, a leading citizen of South Berwick, and an ardent Democrat. It happened one year that one of the literary societies of the college invited John Holmes, a distinguished United States senator from Maine, to address them during commencement week. It does not appear that he violated the proprieties of the occasion, but in the eyes of "Squire" Seaver it was enough that the orator was a Whig. The college had taken sides against the Democratic party, and he was greatly offended.

There was another trouble which befell the college, not, however, as above, on political, but on sectarian grounds. The Unitarians, so it was reported, having a majority of the board of trustees of Bowdoin college, took measures to get rid of President Allen, who was an Orthodox divine. Not to appear to aim directly at him, they got an act through the Legislature declaring the president's office in both colleges vacant. Dr. Allen contested the act successfully before Judge Story on the ground of a special contract with the trustees for the term of five years. Of course, so far as my father was affected by the act, it was only necessary that the trustees should meet and go through the form of electing him, which they did immediately, as the Legislature had expected.

In the early development of the college the idea was broached that manual labor should be joined to mental labor, and in August, 1827, at the annual meeting of the trustees, it was voted, "That it is expedient to have a convenient mechanic's shop erected on the college lot, at which such students as are disposed may employ themselves a small portion of the day in such work as may yield them some profit," and Reverend Daniel Merrill, a prominent member of the board of trustees, was appointed an agent to collect funds for equipping the proposed "shop." The building was erected in 1830, chiefly by the hands of the students,

and subsequently two other shops, and two storehouses for lumber, were erected; but this utilitarian enterprise never was very profitable for the students, and was exceedingly unprofitable for the college. It absorbed not only the collections made by Mr. Merrill, amounting to several thousand dollars, but involved the college in debt, and the prudential committee, a few years later, was empowered to "sell, lease, or otherwise dispose of the workshops, including stock and tools." One useful result, however, followed the establishment of the manual labor department. The students erected in 1832, as a part of their regular work, the "steward's house," which still remains on the college premises.

Dr. Chaplin's presidency continued until 1833. In all these years the college was the daily subject of his prayers and the end of his toils. The work of instruction and supervision was no light task, and to this was added the work of securing funds to meet the ever-recurring necessities of the institution. Often in the records of the trustees words like these were entered: "Voted that the president be an agent for procuring funds for the college during the ensuing vacation." In obedience to such calls Dr. Chaplin visited the scattered Baptist churches in Maine, and also those in neighboring states, soliciting contributions, seeking students, and endeavoring in every possible way to awaken an interest in the college. "By his disinterested and abounding labors for the college," writes the late Ex-President Champlin, "Dr. Chaplin established a claim for the lasting remembrance and gratitude of all its

friends." In one tour through the state he obtained subscriptions to the amount of \$10,000. His own subscriptions in aid of the college were, for his means, exceedingly liberal, amounting, during his connection with the institution, to more than \$2,500.

Nor was this all. By Dr. Chaplin's labors a flourishing church was established at Waterville, and a good house of worship was at length erected. For years he supplied the pulpit, and generally without compensation.

At the time of his resignation Dr. Chaplin was fifty-seven years of age. For fifteen years he had been the faithful and acceptable leader of the Baptists of Maine in their higher educational work, and apparently he had before him many added years of even more successful endeavor in the development of the varied interests of the college. But a matter of little importance in itself brought about his resignation. The anti-slavery question was attracting attention. Mr. Garrison at length visited Waterville and delivered an address. In the following year, July 4, 1833, an anti-slavery society was organized by the students, and they celebrated the event in the evening with a supper at the boarding-house on the college grounds. At this evening celebration there was, in connection with the feast of reason and flow of soul, such clapping of hands and loud cheering as might have been expected from a hundred enthusiastic students; yet aside from the noise there was nothing to which objection could be made. Dr. Chaplin's house was not far away, and the uproarious applause with which the students had greeted their

speakers was borne across the campus to the president's cars, and at the chapel service the next morning he severely reprimanded the students, intimating by some expressions that he believed the students had been excited by wine. An explanation on the part of the students followed, and it was supposed by them that the explanation was satisfactory; but a few days later the president again addressed the students upon the matter, and in even stronger terms than before. The indignation of the students was aroused, and they demanded that the president should retract his charges. The breach between the two parties continued to widen, and at length the trustees received Dr. Chaplin's resignation, which, after fruitless attempts at mediation on the part of the trustees, through Reverend Silas Stearns, was reluctantly accepted. Reverend J. Upham, D.D., who was a student in the college at the time, says:—

It is a pity that the students, justly incensed as they were, could not have realized that, in smiting the venerable president, they were smiting their own father — the father, at least, of the college; the one man without whom the college would have had no existence; who had begotten it, cherished it and brought it up through the perils of childhood and youth with such toils, self-sacrifices and heartaches as are beyond the possibilities of the present generation adequately even to conceive; that they were striking down one of the most godly men of the age, who walked with God as closely as did Isaiah or Enoch; one who was as humble as he was great, and habitually suffered from a conviction of unfitness for the work, from which work he had fearfully shrunk at first, and which he had accepted only through the greater fear of displeasing God; who was eminent in scholarly worth, and must ever occupy a high place in the roll of distinguished educators and college founders. It is to our shame that we thus struck him.

So Dr. Chaplin left Waterville and the labors to which he had given the strength of the best years of his life. Returning to the work of the pastorate, he spent three years with the Baptist church in Rowley, Massachusetts. Then he accepted a call to the pastorate of the Baptist church in Willington, Connecticut. Here he closed his public labors in 1839. He then retired to Hamilton, New York, where in great tranquility, with his family and in the society of congenial friends, he passed the last two years of his life. Occasionally he preached in the Baptist church and in the Theological Institution, and several times he spent a Sunday with destitute churches in other places. At length, suddenly, having long allured to brighter worlds and led the way, he died at Hamilton, May 7, 1841.

In 1842, a memorial tablet in memory of Dr. Chaplin was placed by the trustees of the college on the walls of the old chapel at Waterville, and later, after the erection of Memorial hall, this tablet was transferred to the walls of the new chapel. It is a matter of regret that no likeness has preserved to us the features of the first president of the college. From the late Honorable James Brooks, of New York, a student of the college in Dr. Chaplin's presidency, we learn that Dr. Chaplin was a "thin, spare, tall man, of features somewhat sharp, with penetrating eye." His students looked up to him as one not of them, but far above them, and fortunately their guide. "I attribute to him more than to anyone else," says Mr. Brooks, "the fixture in my own mind of religious truths which no

subsequent reading has ever been able to shake, and which have principally influenced my pen in treating of all political, legal or moral subjects, the basis of which was in the principles of the Bible.”

It was doubtless with a feeling of disappointment that Dr. Chaplin resigned the presidency of the college. He had not accomplished all that he desired, or all that he felt he was able to accomplish. But he builded better than he knew. At a time of special, almost desperate need, in the early history of the institution, he visited Portland with the hope of obtaining help from a generous friend of the college. This time, however, his appeal was fruitless. The disappointment was well-nigh overwhelming. He knew no other person to whom he could go, and with a heavily-burdened heart he turned to leave the house. As he went out of the door, the thought of his heart leaped from his lips, “God bless Waterville college!” The late Reverend S. B. Swaim, D.D., doubtless while a student at Newton (1830-1833), was in Portland supplying the pulpit of the First Baptist church, and overheard Dr. Chaplin’s agonizing prayer, while entering the house which the president was leaving. In 1864, at the meeting in the Baptist church at Newton Center, on the day of prayer for colleges, Dr. Swaim was present and referred to this incident as suggestive of lessons in harmony with the day. Mr. Gardner Colby, a wealthy merchant of the place, who was present, was impressed with the story and its application. He was a native of Maine, and in his boyhood, his mother, then a widow, had lived in Waterville and Dr. Chaplin had befriended

her in her struggle to support her family. As a Christian merchant he was interested in Christian education. From Waterville college there had come to the Theological Institution at Newton Center many promising students who had become able and successful ministers of the gospel. When Dr. Swaim related this incident the thought was flashed into his mind that he might do something for Waterville college, and in this way confer a lasting benefit upon many a young man as poor as he himself once was. That night, meditating upon his bed as he was wont to do, he finally said to his wife, "Suppose I give fifty thousand dollars to Waterville college." She encouraged him in the thought, and the purpose ere long was formed. August 10, 1864, while in Waterville attending the commencement exercises of the college, Mr. Colby addressed a note to President Champlin in which his purpose was announced. There were conditions, it is true, but they were wise ones, and they were nobly met. The money ere long came into the treasury of the college. This first gift was followed by others, and Mr. Colby's gifts to the institution at the time of his death, amounted to about \$200,000. Best of all, he influenced others, who likewise became generous benefactors of the college, and to-day, in addition to its fine buildings and splendid equipment for its work, the institution has a cash endowment of more than half a million of dollars. The prayer of its first president, "God bless Waterville college," has been abundantly answered.

THE MISSION OF FATHER RASLES

AS DEPICTED BY HIMSELF.

A Translation from "Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses," Paris, 1781.

BY E. C. CUMMINGS.

Read before the Maine Historical Society, December 9, 1892.

A LITTLE more than a hundred and sixty-eight years ago, August 23, 1724, in the course of urgent hostilities between the New England colonists and the native population, a Christian village near what is now Norridgewock, was destroyed, and a Christian missionary, together with a considerable number of his small flock, met a violent death.

At this day we have no occasion to commiserate either the missionary or his savage disciples. They took their share in the struggle of warring interests and civilizations, in an age of military enterprise, and the sacrifices they were called to make were such as seem to be unavoidable in the evolution of those energies through which new and more peaceful worlds are brought into being. It is the privilege of a later and happier age to appreciate martial virtue and pious devotion on whichever side of any great conflict they may have found a conspicuous illustration. And especially with reference to individual men, as we see them doing their work in the stream of human affairs which they cannot control and by which they are borne on to their destiny, we feel obliged to consider attentively

the troubled current, that we may the better appreciate the behavior of any frail bark found contending with the waters.

A little well-considered chronology is useful for us, if we are to understand the representations of any Jesuit missionary in North America. The Company of Jesus, so called, has probably been more spoken against than any other of the monastic orders, for the simple reason that its trained ability and free methods made it the most efficient of all such orders. Indeed, it might be called the order "of all the talents."

Martin Luther and Ignatius Loyola were born within less than ten years of each other, and both within less than ten years of 1492, and the discovery of a new world. These names, therefore, with that of Columbus, stand for the whole spiritual ferment and worldly enterprise of the sixteenth century. It took, let us say, a hundred years of costly tentative effort to get the forces represented by these names fairly in the field. But when in 1611 Father Biard,¹ the professor of theology, is voyaging with Biancourt, the man of secular enterprise, along our coast from Port Royal to the mouth of the Kennebec, there is an English colony at Jamestown, and the idea of taking possession, both of the continent and of its savage inhabitants, is really shaping the policy both of England and France, as well as of Spain, and awakening a restless zeal in which the motives of adventure, patriotism, and religion, are strangely mingled.

¹ See Extracts from the letters of Father P. Biard, 1612-26. Translated by Prof. Frederick M. Warren. Introduction by John Marshall Brown. Collections of the Maine Historical Society. Series II, Vol. II, p. 411.

With the English adventurers at this time the national spirit and commercial advantage were moving considerations; and, if the religious motive entered, it was chiefly in behalf of a reforming and self-defensive Christian liberty. But the French, who shared with their Spanish exemplars the Roman faith and discipline, took with them their spiritual guides, and made the conversion of the heathen and the authority of the church a kind of higher rule and argument in all their undertakings in America. Thus in any national or individual enterprises under French auspices, the Jesuits were likely to have a hand; especially, according to Father Biard, in those expeditions that promised abundance of suffering and but little honor—*expeditions beaucoup penibles et peu honorables*.

The Maine Historical Society has in its library three stout and closely printed volumes of Jesuit "Relations" as to missionary operations in New France. Father Biard is at the beginning both of the "Relations," and of the seventeenth century. He addresses himself to Aquaviva, the fifth general of the Jesuits, and probably the most able and adroit spirit that ever had the interests of that ambitious and astute company in charge. He so composed internal dissensions, and adjusted outward relations, that the order practiced and prospered, even under far weaker men, for more than a hundred years. Through its special function of schooling boys, the order at length mastered the art of ruling men and women. It kept the consciences of kings, controlled the intrigues of courtiers, heard the confessions of popes and cardinals, directed

the distribution of patronage, stimulated Church and State in the work of religious persecution and propagandism, came in for a share in the profits of trade and banking, gained houses, colleges, offices, — resources and prestige in every sort; in fact, wrought so famously that its vaulting ambition o'erleaped itself. It roused the powers, both of the world and of the Church, to resistance in self-defense. Portugal moved decisively against the Jesuits, both at home and in her colonies, in 1759. Spain and France followed; and on the twenty-first day of July, 1773, Pope Clement XIV issued his brief for the total and final suppression of the order. It is true, that though the Jesuits had treasured up wrath against the day of wrath, the judgment of Clement XIV held good only forty-one years. For, in the reactionary proceedings that followed the downfall of the First Napoleon, Pope Pius VII saw things in a different light, and reëstablished the suppressed society, according to its original constitution, August 7, 1814.

Father Rasles had been dead for almost half a century when the papal suppression of the Jesuits took effect. He must have become a member of that order during its golden period, when Jesuit professors and tutors were in their greatest efficiency and most commanding reputation, when the youth under their direction were candidates, not only for membership in what was distinctly the most learned and influential order in Christendom, but for special service under the direction of that order, according to individual character and ability.

Rasles was, of course, trained in the old faith, and in opposition to the reforming ideas. He was of the *Franche Comté*, the same department to which our associate, Mr. Allen, traces the Huguenot settlers in what is now Dresden.¹ He could not have failed to be deeply impressed with the fact that the papal programme of his day announced two leading aims, namely, the extirpation of heresy, even by means of persecution, and the conversion of the heathen in America, even at the cost of martyrdom. No doubt father Rasles was heartily in accord with both these aims. He took the bias of his age, and followed the leading of his party. When his master, Louis XIV, plunged France into war and persecution, and incurred the bitter consequences of humiliation, bankruptcy and the dragonnades, instead, as Parkman says, of "prosperity, progress, and the rise of a middle class," Rasles was loyal to his master, and accepted his lot with the church.

But Rasles was a "chosen vessel," the choice of an elect order, for a peculiar service. His career was not one of ambition and emolument in the subjugation of heresy at home; it was one of toil, suffering and danger, for the conversion of savages over the sea. He was one of the men who embraced a service that promised the greatest amount of suffering and the least possible meed of worldly distinction; and this service he faithfully fulfilled, according to his lights, from the year of his arrival at Quebec, 1689, a young man of thirty-two, to the day of his death, in 1724, at the age of sixty-seven: — thirty-five years of solitary,

¹ See Collections of the Maine Historical Society, Series II, Vol. III, p. 351.

unrelieved labor in a wilderness world and among savage tribes, for at least thirty of which years he was a pioneer of civilization and Christianity in what is now the state of Maine.¹

But the efforts of our Jesuit missionary did not depend alone upon his diligence and devotion, nor was his influence measured by the docility and obedience of a few savage disciples. He wrought under conditions determined for him by conflicts of thought and conflicts of arms, of which he was both the agent and the victim. Catholic and Jesuit, he was also a Frenchman, and took his humble part in the struggle of France against England for preponderance in Europe and supremacy in North America. It was a war of Titans that welcomed the alliance of pignies, and gave military instruction to barbarians.

The history of French and English colonization in the New World, taken by itself, is not an edifying story of peaceful competition. It is very largely a military history; but merged in the history of Europe, of which it was a subordinate part, it offers the distressing spectacle of adventurous and loyal subjects always exposed, never adequately supported, harassed in their common industries by savage incursions, or turned aside into forlorn, if not futile, military expeditions, while from time to time the petty raiding is exchanged for something approaching the dignity of civilized warfare, when the great protagonists display their colors upon the field.

¹ As a connecting link between Father Biard and Father Rasles — see General John Marshall Brown's "Mission of the Assumption on the Kennebec, 1646-52." Collections of the Maine Historical Society, Series II, Vol. I, p. 87.

From the year of Rasles' arrival, at the beginning of what is called King William's war, down to the surrender of Canada to the English, settled by treaty in 1763, war between France and England is the regular order, though there was one breathing time of considerable duration, for the contestants to recover their strength, after the treaty of Utrecht, 1713, which ended what here was "Queen Anne's war," in Europe "the war of the Spanish succession."

Cotton Mather calls the period of King William's war *decennium luctuosum* — a ten years agony, or as Mr. Parkman renders, the "woeful decade," and in spite of his dislike of Mather's pedantry, the distinguished historian finds the description not inappropriate to the subsequent war of Queen Anne.

The treaty of Utrecht, however, did not bring a settled peace to the frontier settlers of New England, nor to the solitary missionary and his flock at Norridgewock. But their subsequent contests, ending in the destruction of the village at Old Point, and the death of Father Rasles, are matters of familiar local annals. Mr. Parkman's lucid chapter on the subject in "A Half-century of Conflict," adds nothing material to our previous knowledge. Both he and Dr. Converse Francis — in his Monograph on Father Rasles in Spark's American Biography, make special reference to three letters found in an extensive collection entitled *Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses* — two of these letters written by Father Rasles himself, and the third by Father de la Chasse, Superior of the Jesuit missions in Canada. These letters are in the nature of direct tes-

timony, and though open to cross-examination, they cannot be fairly appreciated in the process of cross-examination, unless the direct testimony has first been fully presented. A few extracts or allusions in a narrative preoccupied with facts regarded from a different point of view can do little more than create a demand for the full original record of an actor in the drama. If we can possess Father Rasles' self-portraiture, the lively drawing out for the satisfaction of relatives in France of how he lived and thought and acted, we are in the way of judging for ourselves how far he speaks with a single-minded reference to the objective truth, and how far he indulges in imaginative constructions of facts according to religious prejudices or party affiliations.

At any rate Father Rasles' letters, one to his brother and the other to his nephew, are evidently written in the expansion and confidence of affectionate familiarity — not under any temptation to conceal his thoughts. Whether we are trying to understand Father Rasles himself or the history of which he was apart, we need to have his drawing, his light and shade, his picture in its connection and completeness, of all the aspect and course of things belonging to a side that was then not ours, but is ours now as much as the other.

We desire that this solitary and brave missionary, in spite of his own errors or ours, may stand in his true place and personality with his devoted predecessors and compatriots of the same society — men who not only hazarded their lives, but suffered deaths of un-

speakable atrocity with supernatural fortitude and constancy, thanking God for the honor of martyrdom as the crowning testimony to their missionary devotion. No composite photograph will do for such men. From the sunlight in which they individually walked we must get the picture of each individual life, remembering that their conversation was not only in the heaven of their hopes, but also in a passing world now happily passed away.

Father Rasles stands out from the canvas of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries hard at work for his order, his church, his country, and his savage flock. Rumors reach us of how he behaved as a man of his party and of his day. It is for him to tell us how he lived, not as merely the creature and expression of a passing age, but as a man of God, seeking to train a rude and unsettled society for the life to come. This he has told us, not as bidding for general appreciation in a conscious and systematic way, but by simply responding at considerable length, toward the close of his life, to solicitous and pressing inquiries from home, with reference to his missionary experience and labors.

In reading these two letters of Father Rasles it is natural to inquire how far he may have written under a premonition of their one day reaching the public eye. Certainly we owe no small debt to the Society of Jesus for an exemplary care in gathering up such fragments as memoirs for the future historian. These scholarly men had the good sense to appreciate how much the private communications of missionaries might possibly exceed in interest the more formal official

records of missions. Hence through a succession of editors of the highest ability and character, "with the approbation and license of the king," there was compiled from year to year, to be seasonably published as the materials should accumulate, that unique literary monument, amounting in the edition of 1781 to twenty-six volumes, to which Father Rasles has made an important contribution. Four volumes (VI-IX inclusive), are taken up with "Memoirs of America," and this part of the collection was looked upon in its day as quite of its own kind — the revelation of a peopled world with which the oriental civilizations had had nothing to do. The accurate observation and persuasive fidelity to facts which the missionary writers evince are duly recognized.

In the preface to volume VI, obtained from the Boston Public Library, through my friend, the Reverend Edward G. Porter, the missionaries in New France are thus spoken of : —

Compelled in some sort to become savages with these barbarians in order to make of them first men and then Christians, they learned their languages, lived as they lived, ran the woods with them, and in fine lent themselves to all that was not evil, that they might bring them to hear, to love, to esteem and to practice that which is good.

Father Rasles identifies himself with his savages to the extent of giving his recollections of their speeches in the form of direct address, after the manner of the ancient historians; but one can hardly fail to see that his report is not far from their spirit and tenor, though the stenographer was not there.

I give the two letters entire in the order of time. The letter of Father de la Chasse is an appropriate, almost a necessary, sequel.

The translation is intended to be sufficiently literal, but as the title *Monsieur* was before the French Revolution the note of an exclusive and elevated class in society, I have used as the closest rendering of it an old-fashioned epistolary form, "honoured sir," in which natural affection is qualified by the feeling for rank.

LETTER OF FATHER SEBASTIAN RASLES, MISSIONARY OF THE COMPANY OF JESUS, IN NEW FRANCE, TO HIS NEPHEW.

AT NANRANTSOUAK, THIS 15 OCTOBER, 1722.

Honoured Sir, My Dear Nephew:—The peace of our Lord:—

For more than thirty years that I have lived in the midst of forests and with savages, I have been so much occupied with instructing them, and forming them to Christian virtues, that I have scarcely had the leisure for writing frequent letters, even to persons who are the most dear to me. I cannot, however, refuse you the little detail of my occupations which you ask of me. I owe this as a recognition of the friendship which makes you interest yourself so much in what concerns me.

I am in a district of that vast extent of country which lies between Acadia and New England. Two other missionaries are occupied, like myself, with the savage Abnakis, but we are far apart from one another. The savage Abnakis, besides the two villages which they have in the midst of the French colony, have three other considerable villages situated upon the bank of a river. The three rivers flow into the sea to the south of Canada between New England and Acadia.

The village where I dwell is called Nanrantsouak; it is situated upon the bank of a river which reaches the sea thirty leagues from thence. I have built here a church which is suitable and very well appointed (*tres-ornée*). I have held it a duty to spare

nothing, either for its decoration, or for the beauty of the ornaments which serve in our holy ceremonies. Altar-cloths, chasubles, copes, consecrated vessels — all in it is proper, and would be so esteemed in our churches of Europe. I have made myself a little clergy of about forty young savages, who assist at divine service in serge and in surplice. They have their several functions as well for the service of the holy sacrifice of the mass, as for the chanting of the divine office for the benediction of the holy sacrament, and for the processions which are made with a great concourse of savages, who often come from afar to find themselves there. You would be edified with the fine order they observe, and with the piety they evince.

Two chapels have been built about three hundred paces from the village, one dedicated to the most Holy Virgin, and where her statue is seen in relief, is high up the river; the other, dedicated to the guardian angel, is low down the same river. As they are both the one and the other on the path which leads either into the woods or into the fields, the savages never pass that way but they make their prayer. There is a holy emulation among the women of the village as to who shall best adorn the chapel of which they have the care, whenever the procession is to move thither. All that they have of jewelry or of pieces of silk or of India stuff (*d'indienne*), and of other things of this nature, is employed for adornment. Our abundant light contributes not a little to the decoration of the church and the chapels. I have no occasion to be sparing of wax, for the country here supplies me with it in abundance. The isles of the sea are bordered with wild laurels, which in autumn bear berries nearly resembling those of the juniper. The boilers are filled with them and they are boiled with water. As the water boils the green wax rises to the surface and remains above the water. From three bushels (*un minot*) of this berry is produced about four pounds of wax; it is quite pure and beautiful, but not soft or plastic. After many trials I have found that by mixing with it an equal quantity of tallow — beef, mutton or elk, beautiful candles can be made, firm and excellent for use. With twenty-four pounds of wax and as much tallow, two hundred candles can be made of the length of

more than a foot. An infinity of these laurels is found on the shores of the sea. A single person could easily collect twelve bushels of the berry in a day. This berry hangs in clusters from the branches of the tree. I have sent a branch to Quebec with a cake of the wax ; it was found excellent.

All my neophytes are present without fail twice every day at the church :— in the early morning to hear mass and at evening to assist at the prayer which I make at the going down of the sun. As it is needful to control (*fixer*) the imagination of the savages, too easily distracted, I have composed some prayers of a nature to make the august sacrifice of our alters enter into their minds ; they chant them or else they repeat them in an audible voice during the mass. Besides the preaching which I make for them Sundays and feast days, I pass few working days without making them a short exhortation for the purpose of inspiring a horror of the vices to which their tendency is strongest, or for strengthening them in the practice of some virtue.

After mass I teach the catechism to the children and young people. A great number of aged persons are present at this service and answer with docility the questions put to them. The rest of the morning to mid-day is set apart for hearing all who have anything to say to me. 'Tis then they come in crowds to impart to me their pains and their anxieties, or to communicate to me the matters of complaint they have respecting their associates, or to consult me touching their marriages or other personal affairs. I have to instruct some, to console others, to re-establish peace in families at variance, to calm troubled consciences, and to correct some others with reproofs tempered with sweetness and charity.

In the afternoon I visit the sick, and go through the cabins of those who need some special instruction. If they hold a council, a thing which often happens among savages, they send one of the chief men of the assembly to ask my assistance as to the result of their deliberations. I repair at once to the place where the council is held ; if I judge that they take a wise part, I approve it ; if, on the contrary, I find something to say to their decision, I unfold to them my opinion, which I support by solid reasons, and they conform themselves to it. My advice always shapes their resolutions.

It only remains to refer to the feasts to which I am called. Those invited bring each one a plate of wood or bark; I give the benediction upon the meats; in each plate is placed the morsel prepared. The distribution having been made I say the grace (*les graces*), and each retires, for such is the order of their feasts.

In the midst of these incessant occupations you would hardly know how to believe with what rapidity the days glide away. At times I have hardly the leisure to say my prayers and to take a little rest during the night; for discretion is not the virtue of savages. For some years, however, I have made it a rule not to talk with anyone from evening prayer till after the next morning mass, and I have forbidden them to interrupt me during that time, at any rate except for some reason of importance, as for example to assist one dying, or for some other matter that cannot be put off; so that I have in this time leisure for prayer and for rest after the fatigues of the day.

When the savages go to the sea to pass some months in the pursuit of geese, bustards and other birds, which they find in abundance, they build on an island a church which they cover with bark, and near which they set up a little cabin for my residence. I am careful to take along a portion of the ornaments, and divine service is attended to with the same decency and the same concourse of people as at the village.

You see, my dear nephew, what are my occupations. As to what concerns me personally I assure you that I neither see, nor hear, nor speak, anything but savage. My food is simple and light. I have never been able to acquire the taste for the meat and the smoked fish of the savages; my nourishment is nothing but Indian corn, which is pounded and of which I make every day a kind of porridge that I cook with water. The only relish (*adoncisement*) that I add to it is in mingling a little sugar to correct the insipidity of it. There is no lack of sugar in these forests. In springtime the maples hold a liquor sufficiently like that which the sugar-cane (*cannes des isles*) contains. The women busy themselves with gathering this in vessels of bark, as it is distilled from the trees; they boil it and obtain from it a good enough sugar. The first produced is always the best.

The whole Abnaki nation is Christian and full of zeal for the maintainance of its religion. This attachment to the Catholic faith has hitherto caused the nation to prefer our alliance to the advantages they might realize from the English, their neighbors. These advantages are of great interest to our savages; the facility they have of treating with the English, from whom they are at a distance of only one or two days journey, the convenience of the way, the great cheapness they find in the purchase of the merchandise they require — nothing is more capable of attracting them. On the other hand, in going to Quebec more than fifteen days are required for reaching the place; they must fortify themselves with subsistence for the journey; they have various rivers to cross and frequent carries to make. They are sensible of these inconveniences, and they are by no means indifferent to their own interests. But their faith is infinitely more dear; and they conceive that if they should be detached from our alliance they would find themselves soon without a missionary, without sacraments, without sacrifice, almost without any exercise of religion and in evident danger of being plunged again in their original unbelief. Here is the bond which unites them with the French. It is in vain that they are pressed to break it, be it by the snares that are laid for their simplicity, or by acts of violent aggression, which cannot fail to irritate a community intensely jealous of its rights and of its liberty. These beginnings of misunderstanding cease not to alarm me and to make me fear the dispersion of the flock which Providence has confided to my care for so many years, and for whose sake I would willingly sacrifice that which remains to me of life. Here are the different artifices to which they have recourse for detaching them from our alliance.

The governor of New England sent, some years since, to the region down river, the cleverest of the ministers of Boston, with the object of establishing a school and teaching the children of the savages and supporting them at the government's expense. As the allowance of the minister would increase in proportion to the number of his scholars, he omitted nothing for the purpose of attracting them to himself. He went to seek them, he caressed them, he made them little presents, he pressed them to come and

see him, in fine he tasked himself with many unavailing efforts during two months without being able to gain a single child. The disregard with which they treated his caresses and his invitations did not discourage him. He addressed himself to the savages themselves. He put various questions touching their belief; and from the responses which were made to him took occasion to turn to ridicule the sacraments, purgatory, invocation of saints, beads, crosses, images, the lights of our churches, and all the practices of piety so sacredly observed in the Catholic religion.

I deemed it my duty to set myself against these first sowings of seduction. I wrote a candid letter to the minister, in which I pointed out to him that my Christians had knowledge enough to believe the truths which the Catholic church teaches, but that they had not the skill to dispute about them; that since they were not clever enough to resolve the difficulties which he proposed, it was apparently his design that they should communicate them to me; that I seized with pleasure the occasion he offered me of conferring with him, either by word of mouth or by letters; that I therefore sent him a memorandum (*mémoire*), and begged him to read it with serious attention. In this memorandum of about a hundred pages I proved by Scripture, by tradition and by theological argument, the truths which he had attacked by sufficiently dull jestings. I added in finishing my letter that, if he was not satisfied with my proofs, I looked to him for a refutation precise and based upon theologic reasons, not upon vague argumentations that prove nothing, still less upon injurious reflections which are not in character for our profession, and do not comport with the importance of the matters with which it is occupied.

Two days after having received my letter he departed on his return to Boston, and he sent me a short reply which I was obliged to read several times in order to comprehend the sense, so obscure was the style, and the Latinity so extraordinary. I gathered, nevertheless, by dreaming over it, that he complained that I attacked him without reason; that zeal for the salvation of souls had moved him to show the way to heaven to the savages;

that for the rest my proofs were ridiculous and childish. Having dispatched to him at Boston a second letter, wherein I took up the faults of his own, he replied at the end of two years, without entering at all upon the matter in question, that I had a surly and captious spirit, such as was the mark of a temperament prone to anger. Thus ended our dispute, which sent away the minister and rendered abortive the design he had formed of seducing my neophytes.

This first trial having met with so little success, recourse was had to another artifice. An Englishman asked permission of the savages to establish on the river a kind of warehouse for the purpose of making trade with them, and he promised to sell them his merchandise much cheaper than they could purchase it even in Boston. The savages who were to find this to their advantage, and who would spare themselves the trouble of a journey to Boston, consented willingly. A little while after, another Englishman asked for the same permission, offering terms yet more advantageous than the first. To him equally the permission was accorded. This easy assent of the savages emboldened the English to establish themselves along the river without asking their consent. They built houses and raised forts, three of which are of stone.

This proximity of the English was agreeable enough to the savages so long as they were unaware of the net that was laid for them, and attended only to the convenience they enjoyed in finding whatever they might want with their new neighbors. But at length seeing themselves little by little, as it were, surrounded by the habitations of the English, they began to open their eyes and to be seized with distrust. They demanded of the English by what right they established themselves, and even constructed forts on their lands. The reply that was made them, namely that the King of France had ceded their country to the King of England, threw them into the greatest alarm; for there is no savage nation that endures otherwise than impatiently that any one should regard it as in subjection to any power whatever. It will call itself the ally of a power but nothing more. Therefore the savages immediately sent a deputation to M. the Marquis

of Vandreuil, governor-general of New France, to assure themselves if it were true that the king had actually so disposed of a country of which he was not the master. It was not difficult to calm their anxieties; one had only to explain the articles of the treaty of Utrecht that concerned the savages, and they appeared content.

About this time a score of savages entered one of the English habitations, either for trade or for rest. They had been there but a little while when of a sudden they saw the house surrounded by a band of nearly two hundred armed men. "We are dead men," cried one of them, "let us sell our lives dear." They were already preparing to hurl themselves upon this troop, when the English, apprised of their resolution, and aware from other experiences of what the savage is capable in the first excess of fury, tried to pacify them by assuring them that they had no evil design, and had come simply to invite some of them to visit Boston for the purpose of there conferring with the governor on the means of maintaining the peace and good understanding which ought to prevail between the two nations. The savages, somewhat too easily persuaded, deputed four of their compatriots to repair to Boston; but when they had arrived the conference with which they had been deluded led to the holding of them as prisoners.

You will be surprised, no doubt, that such a mere handful of savages should think of standing up against a force so numerous as was that of the English. But our savages do numberless acts of much greater hardihood. I will mention only one which will enable you to judge of others.

During the late wars a party of thirty savages was returning from a military expedition against the English. As the savages, and especially the Abnakis, do not know what it is to secure themselves against surprises, they fall asleep as soon as they lie down, without thinking even of posting a sentinel for the night. A party of six hundred English, commanded by a colonel, pursued them, even to their encampment, and finding them sound asleep he surrounded them by his men, assuring himself that not one of them should escape him. One of the savages having

waked and discovered the English troops, at once gave the alarm to his comrades, crying out according to their wont, "We are dead men, let us sell our lives dearly." Their resolution was instantly taken. They at once formed six platoons of five men each; then, hatchet in one hand and knife in the other, they rushed upon the English with such furious impetuosity, that after having killed sixty men, the colonel in the number, they put the rest to flight.

The Abnakis no sooner learned how their compatriots had been treated in Boston, than they bitterly complained that the law of nations should be so violated in the midst of the peace which was enjoyed. The English answered that they held the prisoners only as hostages for the wrong that had been done them in the killing of some cattle of theirs, and that as soon as this loss should be repaired, which amounted to two hundred francs in beaver fur, the prisoners should be released. Although the Abnakis did not concede the justice of this claim for indemnity, they did not fail to pay it, unwilling to incur the reproach of having abandoned their brothers for so small a consideration. Still, notwithstanding the payment of the contested debt, the restoration of their liberty was refused to the prisoners.

The governor of Boston, apprehensive that this refusal might force the savages to have recourse to a bold stroke, proposed to treat this affair amicably in a conference. The day and place for holding it were arranged. The savages presented themselves with Father Rasles, their missionary. Father de la Chasse, superior-general of these missions, who at that time was making his visit, was present also. But Monsieur, the governor, did not appear. The savages augured ill of his absence. They adopted the plan of giving him to understand their sentiments by a letter written in Savage, in English, and in Latin, and Father de la Chasse, who is master of these three languages, was charged with writing it. It might seem of no use to employ any other than the English language, but the Father was pleased that the savages on their part should make sure that the letter contained nothing but what they had dictated, and that on the other hand the English should be placed beyond the possibility of doubting

the faithfulness of the English translation. The purport of this letter was: 1. That the savages could not understand why their compatriots were kept in their confinement after the promise had been given of setting them at liberty as soon as the two hundred francs in beaver fur should be paid. 2. That they were not less surprised to see that their country was taken possession of without their consent. 3. That the English would have to depart from them as soon as possible and to set the prisoners at liberty; that they should expect their answer in two months, and that if after that time satisfaction should be denied them they would know how to do justice to themselves.

It was in the month of July of the year 1711, that this letter was taken to Boston by certain Englishmen who had been present in the conference. As the two months passed without the coming of any response from Boston, and as moreover the English ceased to sell to the Abnakis powder, lead and means of subsistence, as they had done previously to this dispute, our savages were disposed to resort to reprisals. It required all the influence which Monsieur the Marquis of Vaudreuil could exert upon their minds to induce them to suspend for a little while yet their entrance upon active measures of hostility.

But their patience was pressed to the last extremity by two acts of hostility which the English committed toward the end of December, 1721, and at the beginning of the year 1722. The first was the carrying off of Monsicur de Saint Castine. This officer is a lieutenant of our troops. His mother was an Abnaki, and he has always lived with our savages, whose esteem and confidence he has merited to such a degree that they have chosen him for their commanding general. In this character he could not avoid taking part in the conference of which I have just spoken, where he exerted himself to adjust the claims of the Abnakis, his brethren. The English made of this a crime. They sent a small vessel toward the place of his residence. The captain took care to conceal his force with the exception of two or three men whom he left upon the deck. He sent an invitation to Monsieur de Saint Castine, to whom he was known, to come on board his vessel to partake of refreshments. Monsieur de

Saint Castine, who had no reason for entertaining suspicions, repaired thither alone, and without following. But hardly had he appeared when they set sail and brought him to Boston. There he was kept on the prisoner's stool and interrogated as a criminal. He was asked among other things for what reason and in what capacity he had been present at the conference which was held with the savages; what signified the uniform (*l'habit d'ordonnance*) in which he was dressed, and if he had not been deputed to this assembly by the governor of Canada. Monsieur de Saint Castine replied that by his mother he was Abnaki; that he passed his life among the savages; that his compatriots having established him as chief of their nation, he was obliged to enter into their assemblies for the purpose of there upholding their interests; that in this capacity alone he had been present at the last conference; that for the rest the dress which he wore was not a uniform as they imagined; that indeed it was suitable and well enough trimmed (*garni*), but that it was not above his condition, independently even of the honor which he had of being an officer of our troops

Monsieur our governor, having learned the detention of Monsieur de Saint Castine, wrote immediately to the governor of Boston to make complaint on his behalf. He received no reply to his letter. But about the time the English governor had reason to expect a second remonstrance, he restored his liberty to the prisoner, after having kept him shut up for five months.

The enterprise of the English against myself was the second act of hostility which succeeded in irritating to excess the Abnaki nation. A missionary can hardly fail of being an object of hatred to these gentlemen. The love of religion which he seeks by all means to plant in the heart of the savages, strongly binds these neophytes to our alliance, and withdraws them from that of the English. Also they regard me as an invincible obstacle to the design which they have of spreading themselves over the lands of the Abnakis, and of appropriating little by little this territory which is between New England and Acadia. They have often tried to carry me away from my flock, and more than

once a price has been set upon my head. It was toward the end of January of the year 1722 that they made a new attempt, which had no other success than to manifest their ill will in regard to me.

I had remained alone in the village with a small number of old and infirm people, while the rest of the savages were at the chase. This time appeared favorable for surprising me, and with this purpose they sent a detachment of two hundred men. Two young Abnakis who were hunting along the seashore learned that the English had entered the river. Immediately they turned their steps in that direction to observe their march. Having discovered them at ten leagues from the village, they came on before, traversing the land, to give me warning, and to hasten the retirement of the old men, the women and children. I had only time to swallow the consecrated wafers (*consumer les hosties*), and to pack in a little box the sacred vessels, and to make my escape to the woods. The English reached the village at evening, and not having found me, they came the next day to seek me, even to the place of our retreat. They came within gunshot when we discovered them. All that I could do was to bury myself with precipitation in the forest. But as I had not time to take my snowshoes, and as moreover there remained to me much weakness from a fall, in which some years before I had the thigh and the leg broken, it was not possible for me to fly very far. The only resource that remained to me was to hide myself behind a tree. They at once ran through the various footpaths made by the savages when they went in search of wood, and they came within eight paces of the tree which covered me, and where naturally they ought to have perceived me, for the trees were despoiled of their leaves; nevertheless, as if they had been held back by an invisible hand, they all at once retired upon their steps, and took again the route to the village.

Thus by a special protection of God I escaped their hands. They pillaged my church and my little house. By that means they almost forced me to die of hunger in the woods. It is true that when my adventure was known in Quebec provisions were immediately sent me. But they could not arrive otherwise than

late, and in the meantime I saw myself deprived of all succors and in an extremity of want.

These reiterated insults drove our savages to the conclusion that they had no more answer to look for, and that it was time to repel violence and to make open force succeed to pacific negotiations. On their return from the chase and after having put their seed into the ground they took the resolution to destroy the English habitations recently constructed and to remove to a distance from their abodes those restless and formidable neighbors, who little by little were gaining a foothold upon their lands and were planning to reduce them to slavery. They sent a deputation into different villages of the savages to get them interested in their cause and to engage them to lend a hand under the necessity that was upon them of making a just defense. The deputation had its success. The war song was chanted among the Hurons of Lorette and in all the villages of the Abnaki nation. Nanrantsouak was the place appointed for the assembling of the warriors in order that they might agree together upon the plan of operations.

In the meantime the Nanrantsouakians moved down the river; arrived at its mouth they took away three or four little buildings of the English. Then coming up the same river, they pillaged and burnt the new houses which the English had built. They nevertheless abstained from all violence toward the inhabitants, they even allowed them to depart to their homes with the exception of five whom they kept as hostages till their compatriots detained in the prisons of Boston should be restored to them. This moderation of the savages did not have the effect which they had hoped. On the contrary an English party, having found sixteen Abnakis asleep on an island, opened a general fire (*decharge*) upon them by which five of them were killed and three wounded.

Thus we have a new signal of the war which is likely to flame forth between the English and the savages. The latter look for no support from the French, by reason of the peace which reigns between the two nations; but they have a resource in all the other savage nations, who will not fail to enter into their quarrel and to take up their defense.

My converts touched by the peril to which I found myself exposed in their village, often pressed me to retire for a while to Quebec. But what will become of the flock, if it is deserted by its shepherd? There is nothing but death which can separate me from it. In vain they represent to me that in the event of my falling into the hands of their enemies the least that can happen to me is to languish the rest of my days in a hard prison. I shut their mouths with the words of the apostle which the divine grace has deeply graven upon my heart. Have no anxiety, I say to them, as regards me. I fear not the threats of those who hate me without my having deserved their hatred, and I esteem not my life longer dear to myself, provided I finish my course and the ministry of the word which has been committed to me by the Lord Jesus. Pray Him, my dear nephew, to strengthen in me this sentiment which comes only from his mercy, that I may be able to live and die without ceasing to labor for those lost and neglected souls which are the purchase of His blood, and which He has deigned to commit to my care.

I am, etc.

[To be continued.]

CHRISTOPHER LEVETT,

THE FIRST OWNER OF THE SOIL OF PORTLAND.

BY JAMES PHINNEY BAXTER.

Read before the Maine Historical Society, February 26, 1891.

A NUMBER of years ago the Maine Historical Society published a book of some thirty pages, entitled "A Voyage into New England, begun in 1623 and ended in 1624. Performed by Christopher Levett, His Majesty's Woodward of Somersetshire, and one of the

Council of New England, printed at London by William Jones, and sold by Edward Brewster, at the sign of the Bible, in Paul's Churchyard, 1628."

Having read this book, one naturally desired to know something of the author, since it disclosed a man of interesting personality; but upon searching found that not enough was known about him to form a brief note to his book, not even the date of his birth or death. Two things, however, were apparent, first, that when he wrote his narrative, he was living at Sherborne, Dorsetshire, and second, that he was a Yorkshireman.

Sherborne, then, and its neighboring parishes seemed to be places which might reward the seeker for memorials of the author of a Voyage into New England, but after a year's search among parish registers in that locality, all that was discovered was a record in a visitation of the county, of the names of his wife, which was Frances, and of several of his children; but this was valuable information, for it enabled one to follow up his wife's family, the name of which was Lottisham, and this connection gave some idea of Levett's social standing. York, of course, demanded attention, but there were several parishes in the city and neighborhood and the search of their records was disappointing. After considerable search for the early seat of the family, it was found at Normanton, Yorkshire, in the reign of Henry VII, where it had flourished for several centuries, and in the old church was an interesting tomb, erected to Elizabeth Levett, the founder of a girl's school there. The search of old

records further disclosed that a branch of the family settled at Melton, and here was found in the old church founded in the age of Henry I, a stained window bearing the Levett arms. Parishes throughout Yorkshire were carefully searched, and while Levetts were found here and there, offshoots of the family at Normanton, Christopher for a long time strangely eluded search, but at last several important scraps were found; first, his baptism on April 5, 1586, and the name of his father, Percival, and of his mother, Elizabeth Rotherforth; and then of his marriage to Mercy Moore in the church at Guisley in 1608, and later of the baptism of their four children at All Saints Pavement in York. The families of his father and mother, and of his wife's parents were traced up through records which occupied much time and patience, but this was productive of many facts.

A considerable collection of items had now been gathered, and these, together with a large number of letters from antiquaries and others, were arranged chronologically in a book, and the search continued elsewhere. In the office of the Public Records, London, several important documents were found; a letter written by him to the secretary of Buckingham, and in the letter book of Lord Conway some very interesting matter relating to his New England affairs, as well as a proclamation of Charles I, also relating thereto; but after several years' search, the most valuable material of all was found at Melbourne House in Derbyshire, comprising a number of letters of Levett to Secretary Coke, which brought him and his doings

more plainly to view. This was certainly most encouraging, and copies of all these documents were added to a collection which was growing apace.

But there was one discouraging thing; after 1628, persistent search failed to find anything whatever relating to him, except a single scrap in 1632, mentioning an inheritance of one of his daughters from her father. Of course, this revealed the fact that he was dead at this date. It had been all along suspected, that an entry in John Winthrop's journal, to the effect that when Winthrop landed at Salem in 1630, John Endicott and "Captain Levett" came aboard his ship to welcome him, might refer to Christopher Levett, as well as a statement somewhat later, that "Captain Levett" died at sea; but for a long time no proof could be found to confirm this suspicion, and a suggestion of it even attracted disapprobation. At last Bristol, England, was visited to examine old records there for matters relating to several of the founders of New England, and the seeker was amply rewarded by finding that the "Captain Levett" referred to by Winthrop was indeed the Christopher Levett he was seeking, and that it was in the probate court of Bristol, that his wife, Frances, administered upon the effects brought there by the ship in which he died. Thus after ten years of persistent seeking, a sufficient number of facts were gathered of the author of a voyage into New England, to give some idea of the man, though but an imperfect one.

Of the childhood and youth of Christopher Levett, unfortunately no memorials have reached us, and but

for his voyage to the shores of Casco bay, his very name would have been buried in oblivion.

His youth was passed in stirring times, when Briton and Spaniard were engaged in a deadly struggle for the mastery of the seas, and when all eyes were turning toward a new world in the West, just emerging from an obscurity hitherto impenetrable; a richer prize than had yet aroused to destructive activity the cupidity of the nations of Europe.

Sir Francis Drake had encompassed the world, and the marvelous story of his adventures was still fresh, quickening the aspirations of the youth of that age of poetry and romance; of measureless ambition and magnificent achievement. He was in his cradle when Drake scattered to the winds Spain's invincible armada, and his infant slumbers must have been disturbed by the joyful tumult with which the tidings of that beneficent exploit was welcomed in the streets of his native town; and later, he must have often listened with eager ears to the adventures of Hawkins and Drake, Gilbert and Raleigh told by gossips over their ale in his father's inn.

Respecting his education, we know that he received a fair one for his time. The Levetts, as a family, favored letters. John, a nephew, was an author and friend of the famous Samuel Purchas; Christopher, himself, twice adventured authorship, and his son, Jeremy, graduated at Cambridge and became a preacher.

We may well picture him, then, trudging to school through the streets of the old town where the Levett inn stood, and follow him through the varied but fa-

miliar experiences of school life, until the time arrived for him to take up his life work ; and what so attractive to the young man of the Elizabethan age, as a life of maritime adventure ?

The men who commanded the admiration of the world in this age were mariners ; heroes of the seas, to whom was rendered unstinted worship. No names stood higher on the roll of glory than those of Columbus and Cabot.

These great navigators were regarded almost as demigods, and there were men then living who received almost as rich a meed of reverence. No wonder, then, that Christopher Levett, when he reached a suitable age, made choice of the sea for his field of enterprise.

Unfortunately we know not with whom he served his apprenticeship, but no doubt with some of the seamen of the time, whose names are yet familiar. He was nearing manhood when Elizabeth ended her brave reign so wretchedly, and was succeeded by that caricature of royalty, James Stuart, whose pernicious policy caused England, who had proudly vaunted herself, to become contemptible among the nations of Europe, hitherto her inferiors in all things which constitute national greatness.

It was difficult enough in Elizabeth's reign for young men to make their way in life, so restrictive were the laws, and so numerous were court favorites, who with their monopolies blocked the course of commerce, and hampered the industries of the nation ; but with James came a more rapacious horde of these creatures of

royalty than had hitherto oppressed England; and to make matters worse, the avenue to military success, which had been a principal one, was suddenly closed by the new monarch, to whom everything which savored of war was odious; thus, at the period when Christopher Levett entered manhood, it had become almost impossible for any one to gain access to any avenue of success, unless through the patronage of some court favorite.

What Levett's course was at this time we know not, but later on we find him attached to Buckingham, the chief of that swarm of vampires who were then preying upon the English people.

A reaction against religious tyranny had long before begun, and as it progressed it drew to itself those opposed to oppression in every form. Those who allied themselves to this movement were of various opinions, and the kind and degree of their opposition varied accordingly.

How far young Levett was affected by this movement, we are not informed, but we find him at the age of twenty one intimate in the family of Robert More, rector of Guisley, a famous Puritan of his day, and hence opposed to the existing order.

It is the old story. The sturdy Puritan had a fair daughter, named after the Puritan style, Mercy, and with her Christopher fell in love, and found his affection reciprocated.

Evidently the father looked with favor upon his daughter's choice, as the young people were married in the church at Guisley before the close of the year 1608;

Levett, who was of the parish of St. Michael le Belfrey at York, having obtained there a license to be married in the former parish. The newly married couple took up their residence in York, we learn from the fact that here we find recorded the baptisms of their children. The names of these, all baptized at All Saints Pavement, are Sarah, baptized September 17, 1610; Rebecca, June 28, 1612; Mary, September 7, 1613; and Jeremy in 1614.

It has been remarked that Christopher Levett had attached himself to Buckingham, which accounts for his removal from York and residence in Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, where we find him in 1618, employed in the royal forests.

In the British Museum is a book written by him and published at this time by William Jones, who, a few years later, published his voyage into New England. The title of this book is as follows: —

AN
ABSTRACT
OF
TIMBER MEASURES

wherein is contained the true content of the most timber Trees within the Realme of England, which vsually are to be bought and sold.

Drawne into abriefe method by way of Arithmeticke and, contrived with such a forme, that the most simple man in the world, if he doe but know Figures in their places, may vnder stand it, and by the due observing of it shall be made able to buy and sell with any man be he never sosskillfull, without danger of being deceived.

By C. L. of Sherburne in the Countie of Dorset, Gent.

Levett's book undoubtedly found an extensive use, as it furnished a ready means for ascertaining the contents of lumber by a method then quite new; indeed, Levett appears as a pioneer in compiling tables of measurement. This book was doubtless of benefit to the author, as it brought him to the king's attention. He was acquainted with timber, and possessed of a knowledge of ships, gained from his profession of a mariner; hence, he was well fitted for the position to which he was assigned, that of Woodward of Somersetshire. This was an office of considerable importance, as it placed the royal forests largely under the control of the incumbent.

From these forests was drawn the timber for the British navy, the right arm of English power, and owing to the ignorance or dishonesty, or both combined, of the officials who managed them, they often suffered serious spoliation.

The protection of the forests had for some time been a subject of solicitude to those who had the welfare of the kingdom at heart, and methods for their preservation had been discussed.

The Woodward's duties were somewhat onerous. He was not only expected to protect the growing timber against trespassers, but to select and mark with the king's broad arrow trees suitable for being converted into masts for the royal navy.

Levett claimed to have performed the duty disinterestedly, and for the best interests of the realm. If he did this, he certainly accomplished what some of his predecessors failed to accomplish, if the stories told of the management of the forests were true.

In 1623, Levett, who is spoken of as one of the captains of his majesty's ships, was still a resident of Sherborne, the favorite home of Raleigh. His wife, Mercy, had died, and he had married Frances, the daughter of Oliver Lottisham Esq., of Farrington, Somersetshire, and their children were Timothy, then aged eight, and Elizabeth, aged six years. The Lottishams were an old county family of distinction, and this marriage gives us an idea of Levett's social standing.

The public interest in the new world had been aroused to a remarkable degree by the opposition which had been raised in parliament against the charter of the Council for New England, on account of the monopoly which it was attempting to exercise in accordance with the privileges which had been conferred upon it by royal charter.

A clamor was raised against the Council, the head and front of which was Sir Ferdinando Gorges. The indefatigable efforts of Gorges to open New England to colonization, aided by Captain John Smith and others who had visited the coast and returned home with some knowledge of the vast resources of the country, and especially the achievement of the brave men who had successfully established themselves at Plymouth, had, at last, awakened the English people to a partial realization of the fact that their colonial possessions in the west were important, and this tended to increase hostility to the monopolists. Within the territory of this vast monopoly, which extended from the fortieth to the forty-eighth parallel of lati-

tude, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, it was necessary to establish some degree of governmental order.

The powers of the Council were extensive as it had ample authority to enact laws and to establish courts; in fact, to create and set in motion everything necessary to energetic rule, nor was its jurisdiction confined by territorial limits, but extended to those on the high seas, who were coming to or departing from its domain. Besides these remarkable powers, the Council could control the entire commerce of New England. No vessel engaged in commerce could enter a seaport or river, or touch at an island within the limits of the Council's charter, without incurring liability to seizure and confiscation. Nor was this enough, the captain and crew might be imprisoned and punished in any manner not contrary to the laws and statutes of England. Such powers imposed heavy responsibilities upon those who might wield them, and it was necessary for the Council to select men of character and ability to represent it.

At this time Christopher Levett was contemplating a voyage to New England with the view of establishing a colony.

On the fifth of May, 1623, the Council for New England voted to grant him six thousand acres of land, to be selected by him, within the limits of its charter, and Levett at once set on foot measures to accomplish his purpose. A prominent feature of his plan was to erect a city within the territory controlled by him, and to christen it after his native city, York.

Not only was this grateful to his pride as a citizen of the minster town, but it was expected that the novel enterprise would attract the attention of his Yorkshire friends, and enlist their interest. His first step, after securing his grant, was to get the ear of Secretary Conway, whose influence was secondary only to that of Buckingham, and in this he so far succeeded that he not only obtained from the obliging secretary his own, but also the king's endorsement of the enterprise, as we learn from a letter addressed by Conway to the lord president of York, in which he not only informed that powerful nobleman of the king's good opinion of Levett's enterprise in New England, which would confer honor upon the nation, and particularly upon the county and city of York, but that the king requested him to use his efforts with the gentlemen of the county to induce them to join Levett in his undertaking.

Although Levett had this strong endorsement, which without doubt engaged the active efforts of Lord Scrope in his behalf, he did not succeed in getting so many of his old Yorkshire friends to join him in his promising enterprise as he had hoped to get; nevertheless, he obtained a ship and a number of men, and with them set out for New England, not long after the date of this letter.

It had been arranged that Levett was to be one of the councilors in the new government which the Council for New England contemplated setting up in their domain. The head of this government was Robert Gorges, the younger son of Sir Ferdinando, who was

commissioned governor and lieutenant-general of New England. The other councilors were Captain Francis West and the governor of New Plymouth. In addition to his office of councilor, Captain West held a commission as admiral, and Captain Thomas Squibb as vice-admiral of New England. These had authority to choose such associate councilors as they might think necessary to aid them in the administration of the new government. As the church was to be erected in the wilderness, the Reverend William Morrell was charged with that important undertaking. All these men were of good character and possessed of fair ability.

In spite of the clamor which had been raised against the monopoly of Gorges and his associates, the king's sympathies were with them, and his privy council followed the views of the monopolists in shaping orders for the regulation of trade in New England. These were strict, and the admiral was directed to affix them to the mainmast of every ship bound for New England.

Christopher Levett reached the Isles of Shoals, which appear to have been his first landfall after leaving the shores of England, in the autumn of 1623, where he landed, and from there proceeded to a place now known as Odione's point, at the mouth of the Piscataqua, where David Thompson, an enterprising young man, had, a few months before, settled a small colony. Here Levett found Governor Gorges and other members of the new government awaiting his arrival; and here, after Levett had received the oath of office, was formally organized the first government, *de jure* if not

de facto, over New England. Levett was obliged to remain at Thompson's for a month, though he made good use of his time in exploring the country in the vicinity, in order to collect his men, many of whom had already found their way to New England before him, and were awaiting his arrival, probably about the mouth of the Saco and Spurwink, and perhaps at points even farther east.

The season was far advanced when his men assembled at Thompson's, and it proved to be unpropitious for exploration; but dividing his company into two parties, he coasted eastward, suffering much inconvenience from the rough weather which he encountered, as he had only open boats with which to explore the coast. His courage and cheerful disposition, however, were equal to the occasion, and defied the wild storms of sleet and snow which assailed him. After examining the region about the York river, which he found suitable for planting, he proceeded to the Kennebunk, and explored the little harbor of Cape Porpoise, which did not impress him favorably, though he noticed good timber in the vicinity. From here he set his course for Saco, losing one of his men on the way; in what manner he does not explain, and had not proceeded far before a thick fog curtained the land from view. He was, however, wise enough before losing sight of land to take his bearings, which enabled him to keep his course correctly. The wind, which was blowing off shore, kept increasing in violence, and as night shut down upon Levett and his boat's crew, for the other boat had disappeared, their condition was perilous.

This they realized and took counsel together as to the best method to adopt for their safety. The roaring of the great waves as they broke along the beaches, which here fringe the coast for a long distance, made the gloom of night, as it gathered about them, all the more terrible. It was impossible to make a landing owing to the dangerous surf, and throwing out their little anchor, Levett and his weary crew anxiously wished for the day. At dawn, "with much ado," they made a landing, and found the other boat safe. Putting up a feeble shelter against the storm with their sails, for five days they retained this place as a base from which to make their explorations. Here they found plenty of wild fowl upon which they regaled themselves, and save for the fact that they were obliged to sleep in their wet clothing, on the water-soaked and frosty ground, they were not badly off. When the storm permitted, Levett, taking with him six men, set out on foot to explore the coast, but after proceeding about two miles he found an impassable barrier to further progress in the Saco river, which compelled him to return to camp, and finding the marsh grass sufficiently dry, he set his men gathering it for a bed, which he greatly enjoyed; or as he himself expressed it, "rested as contentedly as ever I did in all my life"; indeed, he was reminded by the comfort which the dry straw gave him, of the merry saying of a beggar, that if he were ever "a king, he would have a breast of mutton with a pudding in it, and lodge every night up to the ears in dry straw," and with the abundant cheerfulness which marked his character, he kept his

companions in good spirits by witty anecdotes, wholesomely spiced with piety, to the effect that they were having, even then, much greater blessings than they deserved at God's hands. The next day Levett sent one of his boats with four men to skirt the shore along the mouth of the Saco, while he with three others set off across the country on foot, with the intention of meeting the boat and crossing the river in it, but bad weather and deep snow prevented, and compelled him and his companions to sleep upon the river's bank, almost without shelter.

When morning came they crossed the Saco and explored the coast as far east as the Spurwink. Everywhere they found abundance of game, which in a measure compensated for the many deprivations which they were obliged to suffer. A primeval forest fringed the shores, from which loomed above their fellows immense pines suitable for the tallest ships which sailed the seas, and in greater profusion than Levett had ever pictured in his dreams; as he expressed it, there was everywhere "a world of fowl and good timber." The Saco river was the strongest he had ever beheld, owing to the force of its current, which was so strong that he found the water "in the very main ocean" as fresh as from "the head of a spring." This strange river, he was told by the savages, issued from a great mountain to the west, called the Crystal Hill, so high as to be seen by mariners as far west as Cape Cod and east as Monhegan.

Old Orchard Beach, which Champlain and De Monts had visited and described, when, seventeen years be-

fore, they, like Levett, were seeking for a place where they might settle a colony, attracted his attention, but like his predecessors he did not deem it suitable for habitation; an opinion in which the many, who now so happily sojourn there, would not acquiesce. None of these places fully satisfied our explorer, and he returned to the camp where he had left a number of his men at "Saco"; not the site of the present city of that name, but nine miles below it at a place now called the Pool, where Richard Vines, the then future founder of Biddeford, had passed a winter with the natives a few years before. Here he was seized with a chill, the result of excessive toil and exposure to wet and cold, from which, however, thanks to a hardy constitution, he soon recovered. Having prepared for a more extended exploration, he set out with his entire company, and skirted the coast until he reached the islands at the mouth of Portland Harbor. These islands, now known as House, Cushing's, Peak's, and Diamond, with the harbor which they helped to form, pleased him. The region he calls by the not euphonious name of Quack, which probably but imperfectly represents the sound in the Indian tongue.

[To be continued.]

SKETCHES OF THE LIVES OF EARLY MAINE MINISTERS.

BY WILLIAM D. WILLIAMSON.

*Presented to the Maine Historical Society, with an Introduction by Joseph
Williamson, December 10, 1891.*

[CONTINUED.]

REVEREND ROBERT PAINE.

REVEREND ROBERT PAINE, Harvard College, 1656, was engaged, September, 1667, to preach in Wells, and he tarried there five years. But though he was a minister of the gospel, he is not "italicized" in the catalogue. A dwelling house was built for him on the town lot, and he was allowed, besides the use of it, forty-five pounds annual salary. He is thought to be the son of Robert Paine, of Ipswich, born 1601, representative of the town three years, 1647-48-49; one whom Johnson calls "a right godly man."¹ The Reverend Mr. Paine was probably the father of Reverend Thomas Paine, Harvard College, 1717, of Weymouth, and great-grandfather of the Honorable Robert T. Paine, who died in Boston, 1814, and whose wife was the sister of General David Cobb. It is said the Reverend Robert, first above mentioned, was living in 1698; and as we hear no more of his ministerial labors, it is probable he either left the pastoral office and went into other business, or removed out of the Massachusetts colony.

¹ 2 Mass. Historical Society iv, page 25, Wonder Working Providence.

REVEREND JOHN BUSS.

REVEREND JOHN BUSS, the successor of Mr. Paine, entered into an agreement with the town of Wells, September 2, 1672, to supply the pulpit for a limited period, which was extended from time to time, and continued upward of ten years. His salary was sixty pounds, with the use of the parsonage house and land, and an annual contribution in labor. The manner of receiving his salary is worthy of remark; he was to have five pounds in money, wheat at five and corn at four shillings per bushel, boards at four shillings per hundred and beef at four pence per pound. Mr. Buss removed from Wells to Durham, New Hampshire, where he practiced physic as well as preached, and where he died in 1736, at the advanced age of ninety-six years.¹ He "had the reputation of being a very pious and worthy man,"² an eminent blessing to the poor. His dwelling-house and valuable library were burned by the Indians in 1694; still he continued his ministry about twenty years longer, evincing a perseverance and zeal worthy of his godly apostleship. His education, though liberal, was not collegiate, and what he might have acquired by a classic course, he endeavored to supply by private study.

REVEREND GEORGE BURROUGHS.

REVEREND GEORGE BURROUGHS, a graduate of Harvard College in 1670, has his surname spelled without an *s* in the catalogue of that year. Perhaps he was a

¹2 Coll. Mass. Hist. Soc. Vol. X, p. 176.

²2 Coll. F. and Moore, p. 292 says 108. Rev. J. Greenleaf, 1 Me. Coll. Hist. Soc. 264

a descendant of John Burroughs of Salem, in 1637, as mentioned by Mr. Farmer in his genealogies. About four years after George Burroughs took his degree we find him a minister of the gospel, preaching in Falmouth, now Portland. On the eleventh of August, 1676, when the place was attacked by the savages, he fled for safety to Bang's island, near the Neck. From that place he proceeded to Salem village, now Danvers, where in 1680, he was preaching on contract, and where he probably continued from that time about three years. In 1683 he returned to Falmouth, now Portland, where he was a very acceptable preacher till the town was assailed by the Indians in 1690 and destroyed. Consequently he again visited Danvers, having preached on the Peninsula in all about nine years, and also a short time in Wells. Facts not only redeem his character from all reproach, but exhibit him as a very benevolent, disinterested Christian, for, of the two hundred acres in Falmouth, given him during the first period of his preaching there, he, in 1683, cheerfully resigned one hundred and seventy acres without any other reward than the pleasure of witnessing a resettlement of the place, and the happiness of the inhabitants. Being a man who had not a little of the Sampson in him, he may, in charity and verity, be said to have been vain of his strength and athletic exploits — a vanity which was evidently his besetting, and even principal sin. Certainly there is nothing else found to be so much as exceptionable in his whole life and character, yet he was indicted at Salem for witchcraft in May, 1692, and upon such flimsy evidence as

this, namely: he lifted a barrel of molasses with his fingers put into the bung-hole; he held a gun seven feet long at arm's-length with one hand; Mary Walcott was tortured by his occult arts; specters of his wives, it was testified, had accused him; he was convicted, and August 19th of the same year was executed, dying with the Lord's prayer upon his lips. He had been married three times, had a family of sons¹ and daughters, several of whom, and also his last wife, survived him.

In no part of this reverend man's life, prior to its last year, are there any facts or circumstances which render his character worthy of the particular notice it has repeatedly received. Yet, by recording his unsullied reputation and exalted piety, justice is not only awarded him, the infatuated spirit of the times is also more clearly evinced in the awful event before us. The execution of Mr. Burroughs was the nineteenth or twentieth, and it is believed, the last of those that suffered death for the supposed crime of witchcraft, and the fatal spell was immediately and effectually dissolved. As those executions were principally at Salem, near the capital of the northern colonies, it has been fashionable to speak of the infatuation with derision and censure, as having been peculiar to New England. But of all the aspersions cast upon the Puritans, none other is more undeserved. A few facts, therefore, will serve to vindicate their character, and also show that the infatuation did not originate with them. On the

¹ See Willis' History Portland, pp. 141-144, 174-175. Perhaps the noted Stephen Burroughs is a descendant of this unfortunate man.

contrary, it prevailed years previously in Europe. The first King James of England published a volume in three books, entitled *Dialogues on Demonology*, which he distributed through the country. He mentions in his skill two indices by which the wizards and witches may be detected; these were, first, their marks and nipples, and secondly, their flight for safety to the water, which will not receive them into its bosom. Hence the statute of 1603, passed by Parliament the first year of his reign in England, making witchcraft capital. As early as 1612,¹ ten in Lancashire were executed for witchcraft. In 1634 seventeen others were convicted yet pardoned, the boy upon whose testimony the conviction rested, confessing "his story was all an imposture."² Nevertheless, Amy Duny and Rose Callender were afterward arrested for witchcraft in 1664-65, and tried at Bury St. Edmunds, March 17, 1666, before the learned and pious Sir Mathew Hale; were convicted and executed within a week after the sentence of death was passed upon them. The year 1670, and the district of Delacarla in Sweden were rendered memorable, when and where witchcraft prevailed. Also in France, Urbain Gaudier was indicted in August, 1636, tried on the testimony of twelve nuns, condemned and executed. Numerous other instances of similar description might be narrated, but these are sufficient to show that the spirit of lies began his witchery on the eastern continent, though permitted to extend its influences to this hemisphere. Many of

¹ See Fuller's *Chh. Hist. Britain*, Book x, p. 74.

² Goodwin's *Life of the Necromancers*, pp. 214, 218, 296.

the colonists, however, believed the satanic contagion was first communicated to them by the Indians, and the frightful stories told about their arts and poisons became a heavy tax upon popular credulity. But these suspicions, founded in prejudice, were all dispersed by the returning sunshine of reason.

REVEREND PERCIVAL GREENE.

REVEREND PERCIVAL GREENE, Harvard College, 1680, succeeded Mr. Buss at Wells in 1683, and continued his ministerial services there six years. His salary was sixty pounds and use of the parsonage. As he was a Harvard graduate in 1680, and not marked as a minister, it is probable he went into other business after he left Wells. His grandfather of the same name died in Cambridge, 1658, leaving a widow who married Thomas Fox; also two children, John and Elizabeth, John being the minister's father. Richard Martyn was a classmate with Mr. Greene and probably came into Wells with him, or about the same time, and became teacher of a school. When the second Indian war broke out in 1688, the times were troublous and alarming, few being willing to come into Maine and expose themselves to savage hostilities. Wells, therefore, destitute of preaching, agreed with Mr. Martyn, June 21, 1689, to become its minister and voted to give him the use of the parsonage house and fifty pounds annual salary. He continued with the people only about a year before he died of the small-pox. The Indians burnt the meeting house and the town became a garrisoned citadel. He was professedly a

schoolmaster rather than a clergyman, and as he who drinks deep at the fountain of science is modest, so Mr. Martyn made no pretensions beyond his merits. Indeed, it may be with deserved encomiums, set both to his credit and that of the town, that he, possessing classic qualifications for instruction should so highly sustain himself, and the inhabitants, sparse and few, should have the liberality so long to employ him as a teacher of their children. In no single particular was the influence consequent to the adoption of Maine by Massachusetts in 1653, more salutary than upon the interests of youthful education. For we find no legislative provision made for free schools, or their support in this province prior to that period. But immediately on becoming a constituent part of that colony, our provincials were subject and obsequious to her laws, of which no one was more important than that passed in 1647, for the establishment of town schools. The young college at that time was an object of most special regard, so that one, William Wardwell of Wells, for instance, was even presented in 1654, because he, being demanded whether he would give anything towards that institution, answered, "it was no ordinance of God, and to give it anything would be contrary to his judgment." In 1675, the towns of Kittery, Cape Porpus, Scarboro and Falmouth, were all presented for that they as towns did not take care to have their children and youth taught their catechism, and educated according to law. Education in those days was considered the handmaid of religion itself; and happily for the community, the schoolmaster was in public

estimation a single grade, only, below the parish minister, each filling an elevated place in society.

REVEREND JOHN NEWMARCH.

REVEREND JOHN NEWMARCH, Harvard College, 1690, was the first settled, ordained minister in Kittery. All the original inhabitants on the northerly side of the river Piscataqua, from its mouth to Newichawannock, inclusive, were at first considered as belonging to the same plantation. But when, where, and how were the first settlements begun, are questions that deserve consideration. Sir Ferliando Gorges and John Mason took a grant August 10, 1662, from the council of Plymouth, of "all the lands between the rivers Merrimack and Sagadahock." The next year, they with others established a fishery and salt works on the southerly side of the Piscataqua at its mouth, and "called the place Little Harbor." After being connected about seven years, they concluded to dissolve and divide their property, and then Mason, November 7, 1629, took from the Plymouth council his patent of New Hampshire, the northern boundary of which was the Piscataqua river. In May, 1630, the Warwick, a ship of eighty tons, carrying ten pieces of ordnance, was sent hither by Gorges, Mason, and others, for the discovery of the great lake in New England, "so to have intercepted the landing of beaver." Walter Neal came over in this vessel and continued here three years, the agent of Gorges and Mason, and in the name and behalf of both, the former principally, he in the years 1632-33, "granted all the lands in Kittery." On

the fifth of May, 1634, Gorges and Mason addressed a letter signed by them both, to Moses Wannerton and Gibbins, with whom Neal had the previous year left the affairs of his agency at Piscataqua, stating thus : —

We, with the consent of the rest of our partners, have made a division of all our land lying on the northeast side of the harbor and river Piscataqua ; of the quantities of which lands and bounds agreed upon for every man's part, we send you a copy of the draft, deferring your furtherance, with the advice of Captain Norton and Mr. Godfrey, to set out the lines of division betwixt our lands and the lands of our partners next adjoining ; because we have not only each of us shipped people present to plant upon our own lands at our own charge, but have given direction to invite, and authority to receive, such others as may be had to be tenants, to plant and live there for the more speedy peopling the country.

But the settlement at Newichawannock is evidently of an older date, for in a letter dated at London, December 5, 1632, signed by Mason, and others of his associate-adventurers, and addressed to Gibbins, then agent at Newichawannock, they say, "We pray you to take care of an house there." To this, he says, in his reply of July 13, 1633, "I have four men employed on wages," and adds, "I send you a note of the beaver taken by me at Newichawannock." From these dates and data, it may be safely concluded that as early as 1631-32, perhaps a year or two earlier, settlements were begun at Sturgeon creek¹ (Eliot), Newichawannock, or Quampiasan, the parish of Unity (now South Berwick), and another soon afterward about the point

¹ The first settlers on Sturgeon creek began the plantation where (South) Berwick now is. Sullivan, 246.

on the northerly side of the Piscataqua, at its mouth; two leagues east of Portsmouth, since called Kittery point. The settlements at Spruce creek and on Blackberry hill were begun later, all being originally and collectively known by the name of the Piscataqua plantations, and all incorporated October 20, 1646, into a town by the name of Kittery. On the adoption of its inhabitants by Massachusetts, November 19, 1652, forty-one, being probably a majority of the men, signed the submission.

So that there are now, within the limits of ancient Kittery, five parishes; one in the southeast part of the present town, the meeting-house not far from the water on Kittery point; the second embraces the north-westerly part of the present town, the meeting-house being at the head of Spruce creek, three miles north of the other; third, the parish at Sturgeon creek, now Eliot; fourth, that called the parish of Unity, now South Berwick, and fifth, that which is now in Old Berwick, the meeting-house being on Blackberry hill, three or four miles above those in South Berwick village. In July, 1669, ancient Kittery voted in town meeting to lay out one hundred and fifty acres of land for the use of the ministry in each of the three settlements extant, at that time, called divisions, namely: Kittery point, Sturgeon creek, and Quampiasan landing, or Unity parish, and in 1680 Reverend Timothy Woodbridge was preaching in Kittery.

Reverend Mr. Newmarch, being graduated at Harvard College in 1690, began within two years to preach at Kittery point, married there and lived there till

1699. He was hired as a preacher from year to year, till a church of forty-three members was organized, November 4, 1714,¹ when he was ordained. As the first minister of the town, he had a lot of land granted to him, and subsequently he resided between Spruce creek and the river near the ferry. His ministry was evangelical and faithful; and though it was not for several years fraught with any very remarkable successes, it was productive of usual and uniform benefits to his people. It was a pure and purling stream that always flows and always refreshes. There is often superior merit in doing what is wisely and happily inceptive; as for a minister like him to be an honored instrument, the first to collect a parish or church, to promote youthful education, to introduce the order and ordinances of the gospel into the sanctuary, to rectify the morals and manners of his charge, and to convert sinners into saints. About the year 1741, the vineyard of his watchfulness and labor was specially revived by the dews of grace, many a perennial being transplanted during that season from the wilds to a place within its borders. From his first coming to Kittery, he continued constantly to preach till June, 1750, a period of nearly sixty years; an evincive proof of his usefulness and of the people's high estimation of him. In May, 1751, he resigned his pastoral office to another and died January 15, 1754, at the age of eighty and upward. Of his kindred and of his family we have no certain account, and though no monument tells where his moldering remains rest, let age

¹ See the names of the male members. Greenleaf's Ecc. Sk appx. p. 18.

to age reverberate the consecrated hymn of his excellence.

REVEREND BENJAMIN WOODBRIDGE.

REVEREND BENJAMIN WOODBRIDGE, nephew of one of the same name, Harvard College, 1642, and son of John Woodbridge, Harvard College, 1664, of Andover, and Newbury, was first a minister in Bristol, and in 1688, in Kittery; who died at Medford, January, 15, 1710. His wife was Mary, daughter of John Ward.

REVEREND JOHN HANCOCK.

THE REVEREND JOHN HANCOCK, Harvard College, 1698, is supposed to have preached alternately at York and Wells about the years 1692-93, filling in one place, the vacancy occasioned by the death of the lamented Mr. Dummer, and encouraging the war-worn, destitute people in the other with divine truth. Very limited is all knowledge of him in Maine. He, being graduated at Harvard College, 1689, was settled in Lexington, Massachusetts, 1698, and died there 1752, aged ninety-one. His son, the minister of Braintree, was the father of Governor Hancock.

REVEREND SAMUEL EMERY.

REVEREND SAMUEL EMERY, Harvard College, 1691, settled in Wells. His surname had been previously known many years in the Province. There were three brothers; first, Anthony, of Newbury, removed to Dover, New Hampshire, and thence to Kittery, in which he and James, his brother, were residing in 1652, when it was adopted by Massachusetts and subscribed the submission; second, James represented the town

in the general court of Massachusetts, A.D., 1676, and his son James was its representative in 1692-93, and 1695; third, John, born in England, 1598, emigrated to Newbury, 1634, and died after 1678. He had three sons, John, Ebenezer, born 1648, and Jonathan, born May 13, 1652. The sons of John were five and his daughters eight. The sons' names and times of birth were these: John in 1656; Joseph, 1663; Stevens, 1666; Samuel, 1670; and Josiah, 1681. Samuel, the subject of this sketch, was graduated at Harvard College, in 1691, and probably came to Wells and began to preach, soon after he had finished his theological studies. He married in that town and as early as in August, 1698, the birth of a child of his is recorded in the town books. The next year the town voted to rebuild a meeting house where it had been burned by the natives, and in October, 1701, an Orthodox, Congregational church of twelve members was formed, which is still extant, and Mr. Emery ordained; the town at the previous March meeting having concluded an agreement with him for his subsequent support. The amount of what he received was a gift of one hundred acres of upland in town and ten acres of marsh, a salary of forty-five pounds, one half in money and the other half in "merchantable provisions,"¹ and twenty-five cords of wood, delivered yearly at his door. He also had the use of the town land and marsh and though he lived in his own house, the town agreed to repair it and build him a study. He died suddenly

¹ At these prices: Wheat, 5 s.; corn, 3 s.; and rye, 3 s., 6 d., per bush.; pork, 3 d., beef, 2 d., per lb.

at the age of seventy-five in December, 1724, while absent on a visit at Winter Harbor, in Biddeford. His body was brought to his own house and he was buried in Wells. There had been some difficulties between his people and himself in the last years of his ministry, but through the medium of a discreet council convened in October preceding his death, and by means of a healing sermon on the comfort of love, all "difficulties were happily settled." Though Mr. Emery was a holy man and an exemplary minister, it was never told me that he was a Boanargès in his appeals to the callous heart and slumbering conscience. His doctrines, too, were sound and scriptural — he spoke the truth in simplicity and godly sincerity; not plunging to the bottom of deep waters in search of pearls, nor mounting on the silver wings of faith and fancy to visions above. No, he felt it his duty to speak, rather as a dying man to dying men; being a mortal, to act the part of a rational mortal, hastening to the law of retribution. Mr. Emery's¹ ministry was during a very exhausting period of our history; he was graduated in the midst of the second Indian war; his pastoral labors were continued through the third, or Queen Ann's war, long and severe, his town being one of the only three in Maine that survived it, and died before Lovewell's war closed.

REVEREND SAMUEL MOODY.

REVEREND SAMUEL MOODY, Harvard College, 1697, was the second ordained and settled minister in York.

¹Noah Emery, at one time in his day, the only lawyer in Maine, was the descendant of Anthony Emery. ²Willis, Portland, p. 208. A sketch of Caleb Emery, see my MS. Vol. 1, p. 57.

Originally, about 1634, two brothers came over, Samuel and William. The former went to Hartford, and thence to Hadley, Massachusetts, where he resided and had three sons and three daughters. William, the latter, proceeded to Ipswich, and finally settled in Newbury, where he died October 25, 1673. He had three sons: Joshua, Samuel and Caleb. First, Joshua, born 1633, in England, and graduated at Harvard in 1653, was the first Congregational minister in Portsmouth,¹ and ordained there, 1671. For a period of eight years, between 1681 and 1692, he was assistant minister in First church in Boston, declined the presidency of his *Alma Mater*, returned to his charge in Portsmouth, and died in 1697 in the sixty-fourth year of his age. It was for him the Reverend Mr. Brock felt such a spirit of prayer. His son Samuel graduated at Harvard College, 1698, was a preacher at New Castle, New Hampshire, and had sons, Joshua and Samuel, and daughter Mary. Samuel, born October 29, 1699, died in Brunswick in this state, in September, 1758, aged fifty-nine. Second, Samuel, married Mary Cutting and had sons, William, John, Samuel, and Cutting, from which branch came the Reverend Mr. Moody of Arundel. Third, Caleb, William's third son, was a native born at Newbury in 1637, represented that town in the general court, 1677 and 1688, and died 1698. Of his children were Daniel and Samuel, the subject of this sketch. The latter was born at Newbury, January 4, 1676, graduated at Harvard College, 1697, and ordained the minister of York, December 20, 1700, having been a resident preacher

¹ Allen Biography, p. 590.

there from May 16, 1698. He had two¹ children; one was Mary, the wife of Reverend Joseph Emerson of Malden; a son, Joseph, who was the first settled minister in the second parish of York, and father of the celebrated preceptor of Exeter Academy. Governor Sullivan says, "Reverend Samuel Moody had many singularities in his conduct which may serve as curious anecdotes in the present day, but he was a pious and useful man as a gospel minister." Reverend Mr. Greenleaf says, "The praises of Mr. Moody are in all the churches of this region." He married Hannah, the only daughter of John Sewall of Newbury, descendant of an ancient family in England. The words of Reverend Mr. Alden are in the second volume of his epitaphs:—

Mr. Moody was a man of remarkable piety, greatly beloved and no less respected by the people of his charge. He feared the face of no man, and he was an uncommonly faithful reprover of wickedness wherever he discovered it. He was absolute in his mode of government, and no one dared to disobey him, in his family or congregation. Yet, with all his superlative excellence, he was of a very eccentric turn of mind.

Doctor Allen tells us that "Mr. Moody in his younger years often preached beyond the limits of his own parish, and wherever he went the people hung upon his lips. Such was the sanctity of his character that it impressed the irreligious with awe. To piety he united uncommon benevolence. While with importunate earnestness he pleaded the cause of the poor, he was very charitable himself." Such are the testimonials of those who have in their writings mentioned this remarkable man. When he was settled the minister

¹ One other, Lucy, died while young.

of York, he refused to accept a stipulated salary, choosing to receive only what his people would cheerfully give him, and believing without fear, as he said, "If I speak the gospel faithfully, I shall live by the gospel." But he was sometimes quite destitute, for he lived in hard times. It was on such occasion, after a scanty breakfast, there was not a morsel left in the barrel, and the cruise of oil had failed, yet when the hour for dinner was near, he told his family to set the table, and, expressing full faith in the Lord his God, who fed Elijah by the young of ravens, he retired to his closet. At this juncture, a dinner, ready cooked, was sent in as a present to him by one of his parishioners who knew nothing in particular of that day's destitution. In a word, he seemed to be fed by faith, as the Israelites were by manna in the wilderness; and he bore testimony in praise to God that he never suffered for necessary food. Nay, he once stated in a sermon that he had been supported upward of twenty years in the way of his choice. The parish, having built him a house, enclosed a parcel of land for a parsonage lot, and caused it to be cultivated for him, so that he scarcely knew what he possessed, or was seldom occupied a day in a week by the cares of the world.

But if his faith was his strength, passion was his infirmity; a passion, which though prayerfully watched towards evil sometimes threw him into the extravagancies of irritation, while towards good, it often exhibited the keenest sensibilities of a sanctified heart. Going one evening into the village tavern, he found among the men playing at a game of chance, one of

his church; in an instant he seized the offending professor with violent indignation and thrust him out of the house. At another time, he struck a man who was insolent when reproved for turning his horse without leave into his minister's improved field. But these fits of irritability produced a severity of suffering which sometimes bordered on melancholy. On the other hand, the poor, the distressed, and especially the unconverted when dying, would fill his soul with sensibilities which neither words nor tears could express. To the needy, he would give till all was gone; with the sick he would watch and pray till his nature was exhausted; and to such as he saw gasping in death, unprepared, he was ready to say, would God I could die for them. At one time a collection gathered for him was presented when on a pastoral visit. Aware of his extreme liberality, the agent feared his minister would not carry it home, and therefore, as it was silver money, tied it up in a pocket handkerchief with as many knots as he could make. Mr. Moody, soon after calling to see a family that was sick and needy, began to untie, but finding so much difficulty in the effort, and touched with keen sympathies for their sufferings, he remarked: "Since, then, I cannot give you a part, here, take the whole, you need it." Whether praying, preaching, or singing, he brought his whole soul into the service; with lively thoughts and glowing words he spake, and in divine worship the Christian always shone, as it had been with the brightness of an angel. His exercises were apt to be long and sometimes tiresome. On one occasion, however, all

in this particular were disappointed the. As he, in capacity of chaplain, had attended General Pepperell to Cape Breton in 1745, and was present at the festive dinner made commemorative of its famous surrender, it belonged to him to ask a blessing at the table; when those best acquainted with his habits, exceedingly feared the length of the exercise would try altogether too much the patience of Sir Peter Parker, and other officers who were present; yet no one was disposed to touch his sensibilities with a suggestion. He advanced, and with his usual ardor, lifted his voice in a tone as if he felt he was speaking to Almighty God, and craved a blessing in these words: "Good Lord, we have so many things to thank thee for, that time will be infinitely too short to do it; we must, therefore, leave it for the work of eternity. Bless our food and fellowship on this joyful occasion, for the sake of Christ our Lord. Amen." As an instance of his singularity, he once drew this doctrine from a text, "when you know not what to do, you must not do, you know not what." He was a zealous friend to revivals of religion, which, Doctor Allen says, occurred throughout the country a short time before his death, though opposed to separations and the multiplication of societies. He believed piety in every person must be vital, not formal, and be possessed in fact, whatever the name. His death was on the thirteenth of November, 1747, at the age of seventy-two, after a most faithful and acceptable ministry of forty-nine years and a half. On his gravestone in the burying ground near the meeting-house, is this inscription: "Here

lies the body of Reverend Samuel Moody, A.M., the zealous, faithful, and successful minister of York. Born at Newbury, January 4, 1675; graduated 1697; came hither May 16, 1698; ordained in December, 1700, and died here, November 13, 1747.

REVEREND JOHN WADE.

REVEREND JOHN WADE, Harvard College, 1693, was the first settled minister in Berwick, his meeting-house being near the old one in the present South Berwick. Here was the ancient Quampiayan settlement, or parish of Unity, in the old town of Kittery; a plantation begun about 1630-31, which had a parsonage of one hundred and fifty acres assigned to it, in July, 1669, and yet was without stated preaching till the arrival of Mr. Wade. Here was "the first regular religious establishment within the limits of ancient Piscataqua," even before that at Kittery point. Reverend Mr. Wade graduated at Harvard College in 1693, only two years at that seminary behind Reverend Mr. Emery of Wells.

Desirous to have preaching, a parish was formed by voluntary associates, and, being visited by Mr. Wade in 1699, or the next year, agreed to employ him as their minister, and to pay him a stipulated salary. Soon the people were awakened and considerably interested in religion by his pious discourses and pastoral visits, and erected a meeting-house, and many panted for the regular ministrations of the sacraments. Especially toward the latter part of the year 1701, there was evidently some special thoughtfulness for the in-

terest and destiny of the soul, and as there had never been any church formed in the place, several pious individuals felt a desire to unite in such a relation. The wisdom and deliberation with which Mr. Wade proceeded in this undertaking are worthy of all imitation, as well as praise, for, after a fortnight's previous notice, he says, "There was a meeting holden on the Lord's day, December 21, 1701, at the close of divine worship, which I opened by prayer. Next I discoursed plainly to all present the nature of a church, and the necessity, advantage and signification of Christ's ordinances, and took the names of all those who, on query of them, wished to unite in church fellowship. I counseled all of them to inform me in private if there were any one or more present with whom they could not feel an unity of Christian fellowship and affection, and appointed another meeting on the first Monday of the ensuing March, previously examining them and propounding to them such questions as these. What are we by nature? How do you hope to be saved? Who is Jesus Christ? Is he God, or man, or both? Why was it necessary that he should be man? How many persons are there in the Deity? What must we do to be interested in Christ? Is no faith true without repentance and obedience? What is signified in baptism and the Lord's supper? Do you believe there will be a resurrection of the dead, and a general judgment? What will then be the portion of true believers, and what will become of unbelievers? Such, and many other interrogations, being answered satisfactorily, I met the proponents on the day appointed, and

having ascertained that they were satisfied with the faith and conversation of one another, I read to them a confession of faith and a church covenant to which they jointly assented."

A day of fasting and prayer, previously appointed, was observed on the fourth of June, when the associates in Christian fellowship being convened, were met by Reverend Moses Pike of Summersworth, Emery of Wells, and Moody of York, pastors of churches in those towns, who, in taking cognizance of what had been done by Mr. Wade and the congregated associates, or members, read publicly "the articles of faith, and form of the covenant," received their express assent to them, and "pronounced them a church of Jesus Christ." The church then chose Mr. Wade their pastor, and he was ordained in November, 1702.

There has been more of detail introduced in describing the foundation of this church, because it was the way and manner in which our Congregational churches in that age were collected and established. It is for the purpose of their intimate fellowship principally, that neighboring pastors were invited to take a part on such occasions. The course pursued by Mr. Wade, offered great evidence of his discretion and piety and he proved himself to be a faithful, successful and popular preacher. But his ministry was short, continuing only about four years in all, as he died suddenly about the close of the year 1703, a young man, probably not far from thirty years old; a death much to be lamented, as he was much beloved and his ministerial services greatly needed. For there were at that time

only three surviving ministers in Maine : Moses Newmarch of Kittery, Moody, of York, and Emery of Wells. A third Indian war was begun, in the progress of which, every settlement in Maine that remained was assailed, though several were not overcome.

HALLOWELL RECORDS.

COMMUNICATED BY W. B. LAPHAM.

[Continued from page 109.]

Peter Grant, son of Samuel and Abigail Grant, was born in Berwick, county of York, February 17, 1770. Married Nancy, daughter of William and Abigail Barker of Pittston, now Gardiner, who was born in England. Their children are :—

William Barker, born May 3, 1792, at Pittston.

Abigail Jones, b. Sept. 28, 1794.

Samuel Clinton, b. March 25, 1797, at Hallowell.

Elizabeth, b. April 23, 1799.

Anne, b. March 15, 1801; d. June 23, 1803.

Peter, b. Feb. 26, 1806.

Catherine Ann, b. April 27, 1808.

Ellen Bean, b. Feb. 12, 1811.

James Gow, son of James and Isabella Gow, was born in the Parish of Avies, in the county of Murray in Scotland, in the kingdom of Great Britain, August, 1766. Came to America September, 1792. Came to Hallowell April 13, 1793. August 23, 1793, married Lucy, daughter of Eliphalet and Joanna Gilman of Hallowell, who was born at Gilmantown, state of New Hampshire. Died June 2, 1842. Their children are :—

John, b. Oct. 10, 1794; d. Oct. 5, 1795.

Mary, b. Dec. 20, 1795; d. Apr. 25, 1839.

John London, b. Sept. 28, 1797.

Pamela, b. July 27, 1799; d. Aug. 23, 1800.

Pamela, b. July 7, 1801.

Eliphalet, b. Apr. 10, 1803; d. Sept. 13, 1806.

Mrs. Lucy Gow died August, 1805, and on the ninth of November, 1805, Mr. Gow married Abigail, daughter of James and Bethulah Sayward, who was born in York, May 31, 1765. Their children are : —

Eliphalet, b. Jan. 17, 1807.

Lucy, July 18, 1810.

Joseph, b. Apr. 13, 1812.

Thomas Agry, son of Thomas and Anna Agry, was born in Barnstable, August, 6, 1756. Married Hannah, daughter of Joseph and Catherine Nye of Sandwich, who was born 1765. Their children born at Pittston : —

Hannah, b. Sept. 26, 1784; m. Sanford Kinsberry.

Martha, b. July 26, 1786; m. William O. Vaughan.

Thomas, b. June 6, 1788.

Mrs. Hannah Agry died 1794, and in September, 1801, Mr. Agry married Sally, daughter of Benjamin and Mercy Hammett of Boston, who was born Aug. 31, 1769. Came with his family to Hallowell about the time of last marriage. Their children are : —

Eliza Ann, b. June 16, 1802.

Sally Hammett, b. March 28, 1804.

Edward, b. 1806; d. Feb. 1808.

Edward, b. March 31, 1808.

Harriet, b. June 14, 1810.

John Agry, son of Thomas and Anna Agry, was born in Barnstable, County of Barnstable, Mass., April 7, 1763. Married Elizabeth, daughter of Paul and Margery Read of Georgetown. Came from Pittston to Hallowell with his family June 10, 1801. Their children are : —

David, b. Aug. 2, 1794, in Pittston.

John, b. Dec. 22, 1795.

Elizabeth, b. June 1, 1797.

William, b. Oct. 9, 1802, at Hallowell.

Caroline Martha, b. Sept. 1, 1804.

George, b. Feb. 2, 1808.

Anna Maria, b. May 11, 1812.

Mr. J. Agry died July 3, 1848. Mrs. Agry died November 20, 1840.

Benjamin Vaughan, son of Samuel and Sarah Vaughan, was born in Jamaica, in the Dominion of Great Britain, April 30, 1751. His wife Sarah, daughter of William Manning, was born April 29, 1754. They were married June 30, 1781. Came to Hallowell with their family September, 1797. Their children are:—

Sarah.

William Oliver, b. Nov. 5, 1783.

Mrs. Sarah Vaughan died December 9, 1834. Mr. Benjamin Vaughan died in Hallowell, December 15, 1835. Charles Vaughan, brother to the aforementioned Benjamin, was born ———; died May 15, 1839, aged 80 years.

William Oliver Vaughan, son of the aforementioned Benjamin, married Martha, daughter of Thomas Agry, September 14, 1806. Their children are:—

William Manning, b. June 10, 1807.

Harriet Francis, b. Sept. 1, 1809.

Mary, b. March 14, 1812, in the kingdom of Great Britain; d. in Hallowell, Apr. 7, 1814.

Anna Maria, b. Jan. 15, 1817.

Henry, b. Jan. 25, 1819; died Dec. 6, 1822.

Henry, b. March 12, 1823.

Caroline, b. July 20, 1825.

John Merrick, son of Samuel Merrick, was born in London, August 27, 1766. Came to Boston, 1795. Came to this town, 1797. Married Rebecca, daughter of Samuel and Sarah Vaughan. Their children are as follows:—

Sarah Harriet, b. June 19, 1799.

Samuel Vaughan, b. May 4, 1801.

John, b. Jan. 22, 1804.

Mary, b. Dec. 16, 1805.

George, b. Nov. 1, 1807.

Thomas Belsham, b. April 24, 1813.

Mrs. Rebecca Merrick died July 9, 1851.

James Burns, son of Thomas and Elizabeth Burns, was born at Amherst, in the county of Hillsborough, state of New Hampshire, August 15, 1771. September 8, 1798 married Betsey, daughter of Samuel and Mary Greely of Gilmantown, state of New Hamp-

shire. Came to Hallowell to settle March, 1800. Their children are :—

- Samuel, b. March 11, 1801.
- Daniel, b. June 30, 1803.
- Betsy, b. April 12, 1805.
- Melinda, b. April 20, 1807.
- Thomas, b. Aug. 4, 1809; d. Aug. 7, 1829, in New York.
- James, b. Aug. 28, 1811.
- William Frederick, b. Sept. 8, 1813.
- Mary Ann, b. Oct. 29, 1816.
- Charlotte Amanda, b. Sept. 2, 1819.
- Deborah Jane, b. Oct. 14, 1821.
- Adeline Rosina, b. Jan. 26, 1825.

Thomas Davis, son of John and Betsy Davis, was born in Ingorville, in France, January, 1762. Came to America September, 1781. Came to Hallowell June, 1786, and began a settlement in the part of the town known by the name of New France, probably so called from his being a Frenchman. November, 1788, married Jeane, daughter of James and Margaret Bungough of Pownalborough. Their children are :—

- James Bungough, b. Feb. 8, 1789.
- Margaret Ann, b. March 3, 1793.
- John, b. Sept. 23, 1795.
- Eliza, b. June 2, 1800.
- Sophia, b. May 21, 1802.
- Thomas Jefferson, b. Dec. 1, 1807.

Gilman Greely, son of Samuel and Mary Greely, was born in Gilmantown, state of New Hampshire, Feb. 2, 1784. Married Hannah, daughter of Benjamin and Theodata Batchelder. Came to Hallowell March 4, 1807. Their children are :—

- Gustavus, b. Sept. 3, 1806, in Deerfield, N. H.
- Gilman, b. March 15, 1808, in Hallowell.
- Emeline, b. May 25, 1810.

Mr. Greely with his family removed sometime in 1812 to a place near the Piscataquis, a branch of the Penobscot.

Nathaniel Rollins, son of Eliphalet and Abigail Rollins, was born in Exeter, state of New Hampshire, January 18, 1759. Married Olive, the widow relict of Henry Harris of York, and daughter of Jonathan and Esther Greely of Kingston, New Hampshire,

March, 1786. Came to Hallowell to settle March, 1795. Their children are : —

Ebenezer, b. Sept 12, 1788.

Lucy, b. Sept 11, 1790.

Olive, b. June 17, 1793.

Enoch, b. June 22, 1796.

Nathaniel, b. Aug. 8, 1799.

Mr. Rollins died December, 1845.

John Robinson, son of Joseph and Katherine Robinson, was born in Exeter, state of New Hampshire, July, 23, 1777. Married Betsey, daughter of Josiah and Lucy Smith of Straham, New Hampshire. Came with his family to Hallowell, April, 1811. Their children are : —

Lucy, b. Sept. 14, 1797, in Cornville.

Joseph, b. April 11, 1799.

Josiah b. April 27, 1801.

John, b. Aug. 8, 1803.

Miriam, b. Nov. 22, 1805.

Calvin, b. Feb. 22, 1808.

Betsey, b. March, 27, 1810: d. same day.

Eliza Ann, b. Aug. 8, 1811, in Hallowell.

Isaac Lord, son of Elisha and Molly Lord, was born in Berwick, county of York, January 1, 1779. Came to Hallowell with the intention of settling, March, 1800. Married Hannah, daughter of John and Rachel McGrath of Kittery, county of York, August, 1802. Their children are : —

Isaac, b. Jan. 28, 1803.

Hiram, b. March 14, 1805.

Abraham, b. Nov. 18, 1807.

Nancy, b. Nov. 24, 1809.

James, b. May 16, 1812; d. May 5, 1814.

Hannah, b. Nov. 30, 1813.

Mary, b. Sept. 1, 1816.

Simeon, b. Feb. 14, 1819.

Zechariah, b. Feb. 16, 1821.

Ann, b. Jan. 16, 1825. }

Amos, b. Jan 16, 1825. }

Samuel Hodgdon, son of Benjamin and Jerusha Hodgdon, was born in Kittery, county of York, June 28, 1774. Came to Hal-

lowell November 7, 1793. Married Alice, daughter of Ichabod and Lydia Stacy of said Kittery. Their children are : —

- Samuel, b. Oct. 2, 1799.
- William, b. Feb. 2, 1801; d. June, 1802.
- John, b. Feb. 13, 1803.
- Betsy, b. Feb. 27, 1805.
- Mary, b. Oct. 2, 1806.
- Sullivan, b. March 17, 1808.
- James, b. Feb. 7, 1811.

John Murray, son of John and Susanna Murray, was born in Berwick, county of York, May 20, 1766. Came to Hallowell, May 20, 1799. Married Polly, daughter of Andrew and Kezia McCausland, then of Hallowell, June 8, 1801. Their children are : —

- Patty, b. June 9, 1802.
- Apphia, b. Oct 19, 1804.
- John Andrew, b. Oct. 5, 1807.
- Emeline b.

Jonas Childs, son of Phineas and Lois Childs, was born at Westown, county of Middlesex, April 5, 1861 or 1862. Married Peggy Wilcutt of said Westown, whose parents were natives of Germany. Their children are : —

- Lois, b. June 22, 1783, now settled at Litchfield.
- Amos, b. Jan. 15, 1785; d. July 23, 1792.
- Charles, b. March 21, 1788; d. Apr. 15, 1807, at Trinidad.
- John, b. Apr. 8, 1790; d. Jan. 10, 1792.
- Peggy, b. March 8, 1792.
- Polly, b. March 8, 1792.
- Maria, b. March 5, 1796.

Mrs. Peggy Childs died in Boston, May 3, 1799, aged 35, and Mr. Childs on the nineteenth day of August, 1799, married Anna, daughter of Ezra and Lydia Hayden of Scituate, Massachusetts. Came with his family to Hallowell, May 30, 1801. Their children are : —

- Amos, b. Oct. 5, 1800; d. Apr. 29, 1814.
- Lydia, b. Feb. 17, 1802.
- Jonas, b. May 20, 1804.
- Emeline, b. Feb. 17, 1806.

Catharine, b. Jan. 19, 1808.

Martha Ann, b. Jan. 9, 1810.

Abigail, b. Feb. 16, 1812.

John Folsom, b. Jan. 22, 1814.

Mr. Jonas Childs died Feb. 14, 1815.

Daniel Heard, son of Daniel and Lydia Heard, was born in Wells, county of York, July 31, 1767. Married Elizabeth, daughter of Josiah and Elizabeth Paul of Kittery, county of York, July 5, 1791. Came with his family to Hallowell, November 18, 1795. Their children are:—

Daniel, b. July 30, 1798.

William, b. Sept. 22, 1805; d. Sept., 1838.

Ann Elizabeth, b. Jan. 30, 1815; d. Oct. 2, 1837.

Mrs. Elizabeth Heard died March 31, 1821. Mr. Heard died August 28, 1844.

William Moore, son of Nathan and Sarah Moore, was born in Oxford, county of Worcester, Massachusetts, September 5, 1765. Removed with his father's family to Vassalboro, November, 1765.

Married Susanna, daughter of Peter and Zerviah Clark of Hallowell, May 31, 1795. Came with his family to Hallowell, May, 1803. Their children are:—

James Clark, b. Jan. 18, 1796.

Sophia, b. March 31, 1799.

Levi Morgan, son of Simeon and Lydia Morgan, was born in Brentwood, state of New Hampshire, March 26, 1774. Came to Hallowell with the intent of settling, May 27, 1796. January 11, 1797, married Nancy, daughter of Joseph and Phebe Brown, who was born in Kensington, New Hampshire, March 26, 1775. Their children are:—

Levi, b. Feb. 3, 1798.

Nancy, b. Oct. 11, 1799.

Samuel Freeman, son of John and Mary Freeman, was born in Sandwich, county of Barnstable, September 21, 1736. Married Abigail, daughter of John and Ruth Dillingham, by whom he had children, viz:—

Mary, b. ———, m. John Pope of Sandwich.

Samuel, b. Oct. at Sandwich.

Deborah, b. ———, m. Lemuel Toby of Portland.

Edward, b. May 11, 1777, at Sandwich; d. Dec. 14, 1820.

Mrs. Freeman died and Mr. Freeman married Achsah, daughter of Ebenezer and Zerviah Crocker of Barnstable, by whom he had one son, viz :

Ebenezer, b. August 26, 1788.

Mrs. Achsah Freeman died, and Mr. Freeman with his three sons came to Hallowell, September 20, 1800. In September, 1803, Mr. Freeman married Rebecca, widow, relict of David Jackson, late of this town deceased. Mrs. Freeman died August 13, 1845.

Edward Freeman, son of Samuel, married Esther, daughter of Nathaniel and Elizabeth Nye of Sandwich, May 17, 1795. Their children are : —

Thomas, b. Oct. 25, 1796, at Sandwich.

Mary, b. July 11, 1798.

Abigail, b. March 21, 1800.

Samuel, b. Nov. 7, 1801, in Hallowell.

Edward, b. April 4, 1804.

John, b. March 25, 1806.

Esther, b. Dec. 3, 1808.

Ebenezer, b. June 22, 1811; d. Oct. 11, 1847.

Elizabeth, b. Sept. 4, 1814.

Mr. Edward Freeman died December 14, 1820.

Ebenezer Freeman, son of Samuel, married Lucy, daughter of Benjamin and Silence White of this town, September 11, 1814. Their children are : —

Achsah Adeline, b. Feb. 14, 1815.

Lucy, b. March 15, 1817.

John, b. Feb. 28, 1819.

Joseph, b. July 1, 1821.

Mary D., b. Jan 12, 1824; d. May 25, 1845.

Eben, b. April 1823.

George, b. Sept., 1829.

Benjamin A., b. April 24, 1832.

Samuel, b. Aug. 6, 1834.

Nathaniel Colcord, son of Gideon and Rachel Colcord, was born in Newmarket, state of New Hampshire, March 2, 1755. Married Rachel, daughter of Ichabod and Eunice Whidden. Came

to Hallowell with his family August, 1794. Their children are:—

- Gideon, b. March 12, 1782, in Exeter, N. H.
- Rebekah, b. April 24, 1784, in Exeter, N. H.
- Sally, b. Sept. 24, 1786, in Canterbury, N. H.
- Nathaniel, b. July 10, 1788, in Canterbury, N. H.
- Polly, b. June 19, 1790, in Canterbury, N. H.
- Betsey, b. April 24, 1796, in Hallowell.
- Nancy, b. April 9, 1799.

Gideon Colcord, son of Nathaniel Colcord, married Sally, daughter of Samuel and Jane Mason of Pittston. Their children are:—

- Hiram, b. July 11, 1805.
- Caroline, b. July 18, 1808.
- Oris, b. April 1, 1810.
- Nathaniel, b. Dec. 7, 1811; drowned June 5, 1821.
- Mary, b. April 13, 1813.
- Joseph W., b. Sept. 12, 1814; d. Sept. 6, 1816.

Mr. Gideon Colcord died on passage from the West Indies, March, 27, 1816.

James Springer, son of James and Rachel Springer of Georgetown, now Bath, was born February 22, 1766. Married Mary, daughter of Benjamin and Susanna Lemont of Bath, February, 1787. Their children are:—

- James, b. Dec. 8, 1787, in Bath; d. Dec. 1814.
- Benjamin, b. March 16, 1790, in Pittston.
- William, b. Nov. 22, 1791, in Pittston.
- Mary, b. in Hallowell.
- Harriet, b.
- Samuel, b. Jan. 1, 1791.

Mr. James Springer died November, 1812, of a fever in Boston Bay.

Samuel Bullen, son of Philip and Deborah Bullen, was born in Charlestown, Massachusetts, April, 1735. Married Ann, daughter of Samuel and Mary Brown, May 22, 1760. Came to Hallowell with his family October, 1763. Their children are:—

- Samuel, b. March 30, 1761, in Billerica.
- Nathan, b. Nov. 2, 1762; d. Oct. 1782.
- Anna, b. Feb. 23, 1765; d. April 26, 1765.
- Joshua, b. March 17, 1766.

Jesse, b. March 2, 1768.

Patty, b. Sept. 29, 1770.

Philip, b. Nov. 26, 1772.

Anna and Abigail.

Mr. Samuel Bullen died November 10, 1810.

Jesse Bullen, son of Samuel Bullen, married Sally, daughter of _____, of Fairfield.

Philip Bullen, son of Samuel Bullen, married Sally, daughter of Caleb and Hannah Thurston of Exeter, New Hampshire, December, 1803. Their children are:—

A son, still born, Aug. 27, 1804.

Hannah, b. Aug. 18, 1805.

Pelina, b. Oct. 30, 1807.

Henry Martin, b. March 2, 1809.

Laura, b. Nov. 10, 1810.

Samuel, b. Jan. 2, 1813.

Mrs. Sally Bullen died April 2, 1814, and Mr. Bullen married Susanna, a daughter of Levi Hoyt of Augusta.

Obed Hussey, son of Sylvanus and Abiah Hussey, was born in Nantucket, January 25, 1708-9. In 1730 married Margaret, daughter, of Jethro and Mary Coffin, by whom he had the following children, viz:—

Benjamin, b. Oct. 15, 1731.

A still born son, b. 1733.

Abiel, b. Nov. 1, 1734.

Obed, b. Feb. 4, 1736; d. 1737.

Obed, b. July 25, 1739; d. Sept. 5, 1811.

John, b. Sept. 12, 1741; d. Dec. 14, 1741.

John, b. July 17, 1643; d. Oct. 18, 1756.

A child still born, Aug. 14, 1756.

Mrs. Abiel Hussey died December 14, 1746. On the twenty-second of August, 1748, Mr. Hussey married Mary, daughter of Ebenezer and Elizabeth Calef of Nantucket, who was born March 2, 1728-29. Their children are:—

Peter, b. Jan. 16, 1749; d. Jan. 1, 1774.

James, b. Sept. 18, 1751; d. May 30, 1753.

Peggy, b. May 22, 1753; d. Aug. 17, 1754.

James, b. Jan. 18, 1755; d. Feb. 13, 1757.

Samuel, b. Oct. 18, 1756; d. April 24, 1801.

Timothy, b. May 18, 1758; d. March 20, 1760.

One still born, Dec. 17, 1759.

Polly, b. Nov. 28, 1760; d. July 11, 1887.

Betsey, b. Oct. 9, 1762; d. Feb. 9, 1792.

Else, b. May 18, 1764; d. June 20, 1766.

Nancy, b. Aug. 22, 1767; m. P. Norcross.

Sally, b. Jan. 7, 1774; m. G. Cocks.

Mr. Hussey came with his family to Hallowell, June 24, 1787, died June 16, 1790. Mrs. Mary Hussey died July 26, 1815.

Philip Norcross, son of Jonathan and Martha Norcross, was born in Georgetown (now Bath), July 25, 1763. Came to Hallowell about the year 1787. Married Nancy, daughter of Obed and Mary Hussey, January 31, 1788. Their children are:—

Thomas Hussey, b. April 25, 1789.

Sally Hussey, b. April 9, 1791.

Robert Calef, b. June 20, 1794.

Samuel Hussey, son of Obed and Mary Hussey, married Charlotte, daughter of ——— Bartlett of Nantucket, June 21, 1789. Their children are:—

Obed, b. Oct. 7, 1790, at Hallowell.

John Bartlett, b. Jan. 30, 1793, at Boothbay.

James, b. Feb. 11, 1795, at Hallowell. }
 Samuel Hussey, b. May 20, 1797. } Lost at sea Jan. 21, 1821,

Mr. Samuel Hussey died April 24, 1861.

James Cocks was born in Boston, September, 1734. Married Nancy, daughter of ——— Beverage of Boston. Their children are:—

John, b. June 12, 1758; d. Sept. 2, 1758.

Nancy, b. Nov. 4, 1760.

James, b. March 16, 1762.

Gersham, b. Dec. 29, 1765; d. April, 1849.

Charles, b. Feb. 24, 1768.

Hannah, b. Feb. 9, 1770.

John, b. June 12, 1772; d. June 2, 1795.

George, b. March 20, 1774; d. Oct. 6, 1774.

Sally, b. July 23, 1775; m. Shubael Pitts.

Fanny, b. Aug. 1, 1777; m. Clement Bunker.

Mr. James Cocks came with his family to Hallowell ———
 Died September 13, 1808.

PROCEEDINGS.

MARCH 23, 1889.

A MEETING of the Society was held in the library room of the Baxter Building, to listen to an address by George F. Emery, Esquire, on the Reverend Paul Coffin and the Early Maine Baptists.

Mr. Emery's paper was suggested by reading Paul Coffin's diary as published in the Society's collections.

A vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. Emery for his paper and a copy requested for the archives.

Adjourned.

APRIL 26, 1889.

A special meeting of the Society was called to listen to a paper by Lieutenant Peter Leary junior, United States Army, stationed at Fort Preble, on the Early Fortifications of Casco Bay.

A vote of thanks was extended to Lieutenant Leary for his paper and a copy requested for the archives.

Adjourned.

MAY 31, 1889.

A special meeting of the Society was called to listen to a paper by Horatio Hight on Mogg-Hegon, the Indian warrior of New England, commonly called Mugg.

A vote of thanks was passed and a copy requested for the archives.

Adjourned.

JUNE 25, 1889.

The Annual meeting was held in the Cleveland lecture room, Massachusetts Hall, Brunswick. Members present, Messrs. Bradbury, Baxter, John M. Brown,

Burrage, Bryant, Chapman, Crosby, Douglass, Dike, Emery, Goold, Hyde, Ingalls, Little, Manning, Morrell, Pierce, Reed, Small, R. K. Sewall, Tenney, Thayer and Williamson.

Meeting called to order by the president, Mr. Bradbury.

The report of the annual meeting of 1888 was read and approved.

The annual report of the librarian and cabinet keeper, H. W. Bryant, was read by him, and it was accepted.

The annual report of the corresponding secretary, John Marshall Brown, was read by him, and it was accepted.

The annual report of the treasurer, Lewis Pierce, was read by him, and it was accepted.

The annual report of the biographer, Joseph Williamson, was read by him, and it was accepted.

A report of the doings of the standing committee was read by the recording secretary.

A verbal report of the proposed field day excursion of 1888 was made by the Reverend Doctor Burrage for the committee. A printed report of the committee on the quarterly publication was taken from the table, voted upon and accepted.

Honorable James W. Bradbury in a few well chosen remarks expressed his gratification for his long connection with the Society, thanking the members for the repeated honor conferred upon him, but declined a re-election as president.

The following board of officers was then ballotted for and elected:

President — James P. Baxter.

Vice President — Rufus K. Sewall.

Treasurer — Lewis Pierce.

Biographer — Joseph Williamson.

Corresponding Secretary — Joseph Williamson.

Recording Secretary, Librarian, Cabinet Keeper, H. W. Bryant.

Standing Committee — William B. Lapham of Augusta, William Gould of Windham, Edward H. Elwell of Deering, Joseph Williamson of Belfast, Henry L. Chapman of Brunswick, Henry S. Burrage of Portland, James W. Bradbury of Augusta.

It having appeared by the treasurer's report that he had received from the estate of the late Cyrus Woodman of Cambridge, Massachusetts, the sum of one thousand dollars, the following resolution was offered by Mr. Elwell, and passed.

Resolved, That the thanks of the Maine Historical Society are due and are hereby gratefully tendered to the heirs of the late Cyrus Woodman of Cambridge, for the prompt execution of their father's expressed wish that the sum of one thousand dollars from his estate should be given to this Society.

Resolved, That the secretary be instructed to convey to the heirs of the late Mr. Woodman, this expression of the Society's appreciation of the gift and of its ready bestowal.

It was voted also that a memorial of Mr. Woodman be prepared to be read before the Society, and the following were appointed a committee to prepare said memorial: Messrs. George F. Emery, Lewis Pierce and Edward H. Elwell.

The following is the resolve passed:

Voted, That a committee of three be appointed to report at a future meeting a tribute suitable to commemorate our esteem for

the late Cyrus Woodman, a corresponding member of this Society whose active interest in the work of this Society and whose valuable contributions to its archives have greatly endeared his memory and entitle him to be remembered as one of its noblest benefactors.

On motion of Mr. R. K. Sewall, it was voted that the by-laws of the Society be so amended that the corresponding secretary shall be a member of the standing committee.

On motion of Mr. George F. Emery, it was voted that the secretary be instructed to communicate with Maine authors as far as may be practicable by circulars or otherwise, representing the desirability of securing copies of their published works to be added to the library of this Society.

On motion of Mr. George F. Talbot, it was voted that the appointment of a publication committee and editors be left with the standing committee.

The following were elected resident members :

- Thomas B. Reed, Portland.
- Franklin A. Wilson, Bangor.
- Moses A. Safford, Kittery.
- George D. B. Pepper, Waterville.
- Brown Thurston, Portland.
- John S. Locke, Saco.
- Horace H. Burbank, Saco.
- John F. Hill, Augusta.
- John L. Crosby, Bangor.
- Albert I. Phelps, Damariscotta.
- Henry W. Wheeler, Brunswick.
- L. G. Philbrook, Castine.
- Henry C. Goodenow, Bangor.
- Franklin M. Drew, Lewiston.
- Galen C. Moses, Bath.

Frederick Odell Conant, Portland.
 Luther D. Emerson, Oakland.
 Peter E. Vose, Dennysville.
 T. R. Simonton, Camden.
 Herbert G. Briggs, Portland.
 Charles Thornton Libby, Portland.
 Marquis F. King, Portland.
 Leslie A. Lee, Brunswick.

The following were elected corresponding members :

Lauriston W. Small, Brooklyn.
 William A. Richardson, Boston.
 William L. Stone, Jersey City.

A vote of thanks was cordially tendered to Honorable James W. Bradbury, so long the Society's distinguished president, for the able, courteous and acceptable manner in which he has served in that capacity.

The following is the report on the proposed quarterly publication of the Society, accepted at this meeting.

The undersigned, a committee of the Maine Historical Society appointed to consider the propriety of making some changes in the method of publishing the proceedings and collections of the Society, ask leave to report the following recommendations :

That hereafter the proceedings and collections of the Society, be published together, in quarterly parts, in the months of January, April, July and October.

That each part contain seven sixteen page forms, or one hundred and twelve pages of reading matter.

That the paper cover of each quarterly part shall bear the title, "Transactions and Collections of the Maine Historical Society," the month being added, and the words "Quarterly Part."

That the price be fixed for each subscriber, at three dollars per year, in advance.

That each member of the Society be required to become a subscriber.

That an editor, and a publishing committee consisting of three members, be annually appointed to serve for one year, without compensation.

That the entire proceeds of the publication shall belong to the funds of the Association; shall be collected by the secretary and be paid by him to the treasurer.

That each quarterly part shall contain an abstract of the proceedings of the preceding meeting, provided one has been held since the publication of the last preceding part, but if not, of some meeting whose proceedings have not already been published.

That each part shall contain such papers as may be selected from the archives of the Society by the editor, assisted by the publishing committee.

That brief book notices, queries and answers, and brief abstracts of the doings of kindred Societies, may appear in each part, but no paper which shall occupy more than an octavo page, shall be inserted, until the same shall have been read before and accepted by the Society.

That the secretary shall include in his annual report, the financial standing of the periodical herein provided for.

That respectable advertisements may be inserted at reasonable rates, but the space they occupy shall be additional to the one hundred and twelve pages heretofore provided for.

WILLIAM B. LAPHAM, }
 JOSEPH WILLIAMSON, } *Committee.*
 HENRY L. CHAPMAN, }

Adjourned *sine die*.

H. W. BRYANT, *Recording Secretary.*



George Barker

FORDYCE BARKER, M.D., LL.D.

BY HON. GEORGE F. TALBOT.

Read before the Maine Historical Society, May 4, 1893.

It is the special office of our Society to collect, preserve and perpetuate whatever illustrates the career of men, born upon the soil of our state and educated in our schools, whose distinguished services have helped the country in crises of its history, whose researches and discoveries have enlarged the boundaries of science, or whose genius has added to the world's stock of permanent literature. In our oldest college, next to the renown which Longfellow's splendid fame gives to the class of 1825, comes in order, perhaps, the distinction which the character and public services of Governor Andrew, and the scientific and professional celebrity of Doctor Fordyce Barker have conferred upon the class of 1837.

Born and reared to manhood in a farming village of Kennebec county, trained in the common school, academy and leading college of our state, the reputation of Doctor Fordyce Barker belongs chiefly to the profession which he adorned, and the metropolitan city in which his eminent career was run.

We learned at school that Caesar, passing through an insignificant hamlet of Gaul, made the memorable declaration, that he would rather be the first man in

that little city than the second man in Rome. The great man, the man conscious that, with a sphere of action commensurate with his ambition he can make himself great, must leave his little hamlet and go to Rome, long before Rome knows his quality.

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch
To win or lose it all.

Not every man that goes from the obscure country to the conspicuous city becomes great or famous, but it shows the intrepid spirit of a man and gives some measure to his merit, when he does not shrink from the severest competition, and asks no odds from time or place to favor his success.

Maine, that most prides herself on the kind of manhood she produces, does not cast off as aliens those of her sons who go to larger fields of service than she can offer them; and welcomes the honors a larger constituency confers upon those of her children whose heritage she claims.

Our Society has been favored by Mrs. Barker with a concise chronological sketch of her husband's life, which is here given in full, to be followed by some interesting illustrations from a paper read by Doctor William T. Lusk, an intimate friend, at a meeting of the New York Academy of Medicine, and printed in the "Medical Record" of November 21, 1891.

Fordyce Barker was born at Wilton, Maine, May 2, 1818, and was the second son of Doctor John Barker of that place. His father served as surgeon in the war of 1812, and was much

respected. He married Phebe Abbott of Temple, Maine, who attracted friends alike by her beauty and mental graces.

He graduated from Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine, in 1837, in a class that gave other noted men to the service of their country, among them Governor Andrew of Massachusetts. He graduated at the Bowdoin Medical School in 1841, after a year in the hospitals at Boston, Doctor Henry I. Bowditch being his preceptor. Having a tendency to pulmonary affections, Doctor Bowditch advised him to use much care in the selection of his future home. Finding that Norwich, Connecticut, met this requisition, he located there in the summer of 1841. His talents were soon recognized, and notwithstanding his youth he was speedily a rival of the oldest physicians.

He married at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, on September 14, 1843, Miss Elizabeth Lee Dwight, of Springfield, Massachusetts, and continued his practice at Norwich.

Doctor Bowditch had expressed a wish that he should go to Paris and study for a French degree. The way opened, and on October 1, 1844, he set sail with his young wife from the port of New York, on the good ship *Saint Nicholas*, of nine hundred tons burden, bound for Havre, France.

During the winter of 1844 and 1845, he followed the hospitals from the early morning hours, and attended lectures, passing most of his evenings in study in preparation for the next day. These studies were only interrupted by a severe attack of varioloid early in the season. His quarters were then at the Hotel de Hollande, Rue de la Paix, formerly the residence of Queen Hortense. A married medical student was an amusing and surprising personage to his confrères. During the winter Doctor and Mrs. Barker were presented at the French court by the American minister, Mr. King of Alabama. They passed June and July in visiting Italy and Switzerland, expecting to remain in Paris until October, but the severe illness of a loved relative obliged their return in late August. His diploma was afterward sent to him. Among his medical friends of that date were Baron Dubois, Chomel, Trousseau, Sir Joseph Oliffe, and others; and socially, leading society people of Paris, New York and Boston.

Returning to Norwich, he resumed practice there in September, 1845, with brilliant success, and was soon known throughout the state. He was elected Professor of Midwifery in Bowdoin Medical School, but only filled the chair in 1846, finding that it interfered with his practice. He was then aged twenty-seven.

In May, 1848, as president of the Connecticut Medical Society, he made an annual address, which was much noticed.

In 1848 or 1849 he was visited by Professor Chandler F. Gilman of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, who, with Doctor Willard Parker, wished to secure his removal to New York. Subsequent events led to his removal to that city in March, 1850, where his remaining life-work was accomplished.

He was one of the incorporators of the New York Medical College. Later he served thirty-five years on the Medical Board of Bellevue Hospital, and the Honorable William M. Evarts is the only survivor of the Board of Governors who appointed him. This and his membership in the faculty of Bellevue Hospital Medical College only ended with his life.

He has been the recipient of many honors, and his professional record has been known and read of all men. In 1879 he was elected president of the New York Academy of Medicine, and held the position three successive terms to February, 1885.

On June 20, 1878, he received the honorary degree of LL.D. from Columbia College, New York, by President Barnard.

On April 17, 1884, the honorary degree of LL.D. was again conferred upon him by the University of Edinburgh, at its tercentenary, by the Lord Provost.

In June, 1887, he received the same honor from his Alma Mater, Bowdoin College, of Brunswick, Maine, through President Hyde, at the fiftieth anniversary of the class of 1837.

On Friday, August 10, 1888, the degree of LL.D., *honoris causa*, was conferred upon him in Bute Hall, at the meeting of the British Medical Association in Glasgow, he being capped by the Very Reverend Principal Caird, Vice Chancellor of the University.

A fifth honorary degree was offered to him by the University of Bologna at its seven hundred and fiftieth anniversary, but he could not attend.

His judicial mind and general culture made him much sought after in cases of legal difficulty, and during the Beecher trial several lawyers' conferences were held in his library at 85 Madison Avenue. His views were in Mr. Beecher's favor.

When the horror of President Garfield's assassination, on June 18, 1881, was absorbing the attention of the country, he was asked to testify in the Guiteau case. This he positively refused to do, but subsequently on receipt of a personal request from President Arthur, he gave evidence as an expert at Washington, but never visited Guiteau. It was said that his calmly-delivered opinion had much influence with the jury and on the charge of the attorney-general. He was often retained by leading lawyers, notably Judge Porter, Mr. Seward and Mr. Conkling.

His medical friends in the Old World were legion. They are found in London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, Paris, Berlin, Geneva, Milan, Cairo, Athens and elsewhere.

He was also a scholar in general literature, and his knowledge of belles-lettres extensive. He spoke Spanish and French, Professor Longfellow having been his instructor in the former especially.

He gave his services freely to our soldiers during the war for the Union. To all alike, "all sorts and conditions of men," he was courteous and benevolent. He carried his Christianity into his daily life. For its last few years honors clustered thickly, he being honorary member of many literary and medical societies from Greece to Boston. Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes was an intimate friend. Socially he was always much in demand.

His life here closed at 24 East 38th Street, New York, May 30, 1891. Doctors Markoe and Draper joined their counsels with others, but no skill could avail to keep him here. His funeral services were held June 2, at Saint Thomas' Church, New York, of which he was a member. The Fellows of the Academy of Medicine were his Guard of Honor en route. He rests at Norwich, Connecticut, and his father, Doctor John Barker, and an infant daughter, lie near him. Many attended the Norwich services at Christ Church, June 3, 1891.

As our limits do not allow us to enter into details respecting Doctor Barker's earlier career, it is a satisfaction to quote Doctor Lusk as to the period of his mature experience and distinguished success in New York: —

“In recalling the medical instruction of those days, it must be remembered that the clinic, in a proper sense of the term, did not exist. The popular teacher endeavored to make good the defect by the recital of illustrative cases from his own practice. These were sometimes thrilling, sometimes pathetic, sometimes humorous. They afforded fine scope to persons of natural oratorical gifts, and it is needless to say that among the old college favorites Doctor Barker was *facile princeps*. As a medical correspondent once stated it, when he came to New York in the early sixties, it was all Dr. Barker and obstetrics, whereas a dozen years later it was gynecology and Dr. Thomas. But those halcyon days have now departed. At present, with object teaching at the bedside and in the laboratory, the didactic lecturer is rapidly being relegated to the rank of a privileged bore.

“From the time of Doctor Barker's first entrance upon life in New York, he often responded to calls made upon him to participate in discussions upon current questions. Thus we find among his early papers a pamphlet termed, ‘A Plea for Hospitals.’ It is full of interesting information and of old-time eloquence. I will not quote from it here. Fashions change, and eloquence is ephemeral.

“It was my privilege in 1853, while in attendance

upon the old Anthon Grammar School in Murray street, to spend a few months in Doctor Barker's family. His practice was at that time small. It is needless to state to a body of physicians that neither popularity as a teacher nor distinction as an essayist influences the number of visitants in a practitioner's ante-room. Yet no one who knew Doctor Barker then doubted for a moment his ultimate success. He was handsome, ambitious, and hard working. Though he could not be extravagant, there was always a seat at his table for a friend. His loyal wife made everyone welcome. The dinners were unostentatious, but the talk was always good, and to a young lad an education. From the outset he gained admittance to the literary circles of the city. Within a year he was made a member of the Century Club. Donald Mitchell was his dearest friend. He became intimate with Washington Irving; Thackeray, who lectured here in 1855, delighted in his companionship. He was the 'beloved Æsculapius' of Doctor Hawks. Old Doctor Francis extended to him the right hand of fellowship. The acquaintances he had made in Europe welcomed him to their homes. When his bachelor friends married, their wives became his ardent supporters.

"In 1857 he removed from a patient, by enucleation, a uterine submucous fibroid. The woman had previously consulted the most eminent surgeons of London and Paris. They had given her no encouragement. She was a member of a large and influential family. When she recovered, Doctor Barker was adopted by the entire clan. To his dying day these early friends

sustained his fortunes, fought his battles, and were jealous of his rivals. From this time forth his career was a succession of triumphs. He was an excellent practitioner, kindly and sympathetic. He was an ingenious therapist, with more faith in hygiene than in tartar emetic. He loved his profession, and kept abreast with every advance in science. The confidence and affection he inspired in his patients was almost touching. When in 1866 he held out his hand to help me as a young man, his clientèle included nearly every one that was fashionable or famous.

“But in the midst of his prosperity his many little deeds of kindness must not be forgotten. To his readiness to help young men in their early struggles many of my hearers doubtless can personally testify. A few days ago I received the following letter: —

NORWICH, CONN., OCTOBER 24, 1891.

MY DEAR MRS. BARKER: — It is needless to reiterate the profound sympathy which my wife and I feel for you in the loss of your distinguished husband. Gratitude prompts me, however, to relate an incident which occurred to me during the late civil war, which illustrates Doctor Barker's generosity and patriotism.

After the capture of Fort Pulaski, at the mouth of the Savannah river, by our troops, I returned to the north an apparent wreck from the results of typhoid fever. My physicians said that my days of usefulness were numbered, and that I never should be able to rejoin the army again. My heart was filled with deep chagrin, but resolution succeeded despondency, and with great effort I dragged my emaciated body to New York to consult Doctor Fordyce Barker. He came to see me, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, with Mr. William Bond. The doctor carefully diagnosed my case, and then said — with a pleasant smile I cannot forget — “You must have a wonderful constitution to have survived so

much quinine and blue mass as you have taken; the treatment must be changed at once."

A few days later the change for the better was marvelous — I was able to call on him. A week later he gave me a lunch at Delmonico's. Three weeks later I returned to my command at Beaufort, South Carolina, in perfect health. Imagine, if you can, my pleased and grateful surprise, when, on asking Doctor Barker for his bill, he said to me, "I feel well paid in seeing you strong again. I shall take nothing from you, nor will there be any charge from me for treatment of Norwich soldiers who may desire my services during the war." What could have been more gratifying to a young soldier who had expected to pay several hundred dollars for the restoration of his health and prospects in life.

I am, with high esteem, yours sincerely,

WILLIAM G. ELY (by A.)

"From my intimacy with Doctor Barker I can affirm that in the days of his prosperity, while his time was precious, and every moment was of value, he never showed impatience when called upon to render professional aid to old friends overtaken by adversity.

"In 1857 Doctor Barker took part in a discussion on puerperal fever before the Academy of Medicine. The subject at the time excited great interest. The contemporary record states that the hall was crowded. Doctor Barker's address possessed the singular clearness that marked all his public efforts. With great dialectic skill he maintained in the face of the prophets the doctrine of the essentiality of the disease. The views he then expressed interest us, as they furnished the basis and incentive in after years for his great work on the puerperal diseases. This, the product of his ripened experience, is probably the best piece of medical literary workmanship this country has pro-

duced. To be sure, the doctrine inculcated is now dead, killed by the investigations of Koch and Pasteur, but it must be recognized that it did good work in its time by checking the prevailing tendency to exclusivism, which insisted that puerperal fever was a metritis, or a phlebitis, or a lymphangitis, or some other single form of uterine inflammation.

“In 1860 Doctor Barker was president of the New York State Medical Society. In 1861 he was one of the organizers of the Bellevue Hospital Medical College, and lectured in that institution until 1867, when, because of his vocal difficulty, he decided that it would be prudent to give up the regular filling of his professional duties. He continued, however, to give clinical lectures at intervals in the Bellevue Hospital.

“From 1860 to the end of his professional life Doctor Barker was engaged in reaping the fruits of his high reputation. His general and consulting practice rapidly increased. When it was known that he was to take part in society discussions he was sure to be met by a throng of sympathetic listeners. The laws of legal evidence had for him a peculiar fascination, and his opinion as a medical expert came to be highly valued. His acquaintance included most of the prominent men of the day. Mr. Seward, Mr. Fish, Mr. Blaine, President Grant, President Arthur, Mr. Bancroft, Richard Henry Dana, David Wells, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Charles Dickens, are only a few of those I now recall from his intimate associates. In 1858 he began the summer trips to Europe which, with the exception of a single year, were repeated to the time of his death.

They did much to prolong his useful life, and made him a host of friends in European countries. Personally, I owe many valued acquaintances in foreign lands to letters of introduction which he gave to me. I know therefore from experience of the love and admiration he excited abroad as well as at home.

“ In 1873, Doctor Barker associated with him Doctor A. A. Smith. The union proved a fortunate one. Through the fidelity and devotion of the younger man, he soon found himself relieved from a large amount of detail work, and with time to devote to the general service of the profession, and to the boards of many of the great charities of the city.

“ In 1876-77, he was president of the Gynecological Society. In 1879, he was called to the presidency of this Academy, an office he filled for six years. They were years of unexampled prosperity. Under his benign rule, membership in the Academy came to be regarded as a coveted honor; the meetings were crowded; the papers read were of a high order. He was probably the best presiding officer the medical profession in New York has ever possessed. His kindly disposition calmed troubles in the council chamber, and softened the asperities of debate. In the negotiations for the library of the Medical Journal Association, I again speak from experience when I state that it was his patience and unruffled temper which secured for the Academy that priceless treasure.

“ In 1885, I called on Doctor Barker in London. He was living in an apartment in a retired part of the city, 19 Fitzroy square, as he wished to be out of the

way of callers and invitations, that he might have leisure to complete a new work upon which he had been some time engaged. I was much impressed with the unwholesome appearance of the house, and the forlornness of its surroundings. An illness followed a short residence which left him with impaired health. For three or four years he continued in active practice, and his home was the scene of its wonted hospitality. Then came that time when he was obliged to measure his strength. He never, however, abandoned his profession altogether. He still called professionally on his old friends, took part in consultations, and received patients at his office; but it was the work of a brave soul battling with adversity. To the close of his life his intellect remained clear. On Wednesday, May 28, he dictated a letter to a physician seeking counsel. He died on May 30, 1891, a few minutes before three. He was conscious until nearly noon. Two years previously he had been confirmed by Bishop Potter in the Episcopal church. All his life through he had studied with the keenest interest the problems of a future state. Bishops Lee, Clark, Bedell and Brooks, and Doctors Morgan and Hawks had been his devoted friends. There was no sharp break in his life when he took his first communion, but toward the end, when in anguish and pain, his religious faith gave him fortitude to bear his burden with dignity, without complaint, and with beautiful resignation.

“My poor words can add nothing to his fame. They have been written with reverence and the tenderest affection.”

The same number of the *Medical Record*, November 21, 1891, gives in immediate connection with Doctor Lusk's article a chronological list of Doctor Barker's published writings, thirty in number, together with the statement that Doctor Barker's papers were translated into German by P. Sprangenberg, and published in Berlin in 1866, and that another collection was translated into Italian by Alessandro Camusso.

Doctor Barker was connected with a large number of scientific societies at home and abroad.

At a meeting of the Medico-Legal Society of New York, held June 10, 1891, President Clark Bell having announced the death of Doctor Barker, expressions were offered by different associates in the highest terms of professional appreciation. In the remarks of Professor R. Ogden Doramus there were passages where the personal element was brought in to enliven the professional picture.

Dr. Barker was a communicant in the Episcopal church. Though he never made his religious sentiments obtrusive, around his table were often gathered most eminent clergymen and bishops of his own and of foreign lands. He was a skilled raconteur, and could always match the best story, such were some of his versatile qualities. Harmoniously united in him were gifts and graces, which peculiarly adapted him for the delicate, arduous and sometimes heroic duties of his profession. His presence was winsome and magnetic — it inspired confidence. His benignant smile was a benediction. His attractive face bore a manly stamp — courage tempered with judgment.

A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man!

He possessed the wonderful gift of intuition whereby he could quickly diagnose, divine and fathom the mysteries of an obscure

malady. His mind was fertile in devising original methods of treatment. Professor Simpson of Edinburgh, asked a lady patient where she resided. She replied, "New York." "Return to New York immediately and consult Doctor Barker, he taught me how to treat such cases as yours." She obeyed his orders, and speedily recovered under Doctor Barker's treatment.

Emergencies stimulated his brain to increased activity — he never lost his self-possession. Like the skillful general who throws defeat into victory, would the genius of this great physician fight the battle of life with the arch enemy and triumph.

Rufus King Sewall of Wiscasset, vice-president of this Society, in forwarding to the secretary the documents collected and arranged in this paper, says of Doctor Barker, his distinguished classmate: —

It is with great pleasure I present you herewith a memorial for the archives of our Society, of a son of Maine, of Bowdoin College, of the class of 1837, as eminent in the history of his profession in the world as any son of Maine or of Bowdoin in the line of professional success. In medicine, we think Barker will stand as distinguished as Longfellow in literature or Fessenden in statesmanship. I regard it as one of the duties of our Society to garner up among its treasures of the history of Maine, the records of the lives and acts of the eminent sons of Maine, who, by their probity and industry have become public benefactors; and that the archives of our Society are the proper depository for such treasures of history.

To this memorial I may add: the family of Doctor Barker was of English origin, whose records date from the eleventh century. His direct ancestors came to this country in 1640, settled at Rowley, Massachusetts. His father was called into active service in the war of 1812, commissioned as surgeon in 1813, and resided thereafter in the town of Wilton, Maine. It will be seen that Doctor Barker, on his maternal side, sprang from the Abbots of Temple, Maine, a family in which runs the best blood of New England.

For myself, let me add that my recollections of Doctor Barker's college life include the incidents of less than two years. I came into the class which graduated in 1837 in the beginning of the junior year, and was absent, engaged in teaching, during an entire term.

Barker, *Ben Barker* as he was known in the class, was better reputed for his love of music, his skill as a vocal and instrumental performer, his social talents, his wit and exuberance of spirits, than for accuracy of scholarship or closeness of application. He was younger than the average of the class, and his enthusiasm had not been called out or directed by special sympathy with any of the merely rudimental and disciplinary courses of study. It was taste for the science of medicine and a special department of it that discovered to himself and the world the latent ability that was to earn for him a reputation that transcended the bounds of his state and of his country.

The last association with him will be tenderly remembered by his classmates as long as their prolonged lives may yet endure. The fiftieth anniversary of our graduation had come round. Of a class of forty-four after fifty years, as many as half were still alive, a circumstance unusual in the average chances of life. Doctor Barker early in the year expressed the wish to meet all the members of his class as his personal guests at Commencement. About twelve of the known survivors from different states responded to the invitation. We were presented to the amiable wife of our distinguished brother, and by both entertained for a

day and a night with an elegant hospitality, which his own social experience in New York, Washington, London and Paris, had taught him how to dispense. We heard over again the story of his success, and each gave such account of our own less conspicuous and less valuable services to the world as our modesty allowed.

It was a meeting of septuagenarians, but far enough from being that lugubrious occasion to be expected from such an outlook. Stories were told, verses recited, and speeches, grave and gay, made the intellectual match with the material luxury and delicacy of the feast.

For him it was one of the best exhibitions of his kindness, his geniality, his cordial sympathy with his friends, and for most of us a leave-taking, though not a sad one, with our warm-hearted friend and brother.

THE TRANSIENT TOWN OF CORK.

BY REV. HENRY O. THAYER.

Read before the Maine Historical Society, December 9, 1892.

IN the reoccupation, after Queen Anne's war, of the abandoned districts of Maine, enterprising men, at the first dawning of peace, schemed for the gains, perhaps fortunes, which successful settlements promised.

Too sanguine of permanent peace, expelled settlers — the few yet living, or their heirs — or specula-

tors who had eagerly purchased settlers' rights or ancient land titles, laid plans to reconstruct what war had destroyed.

In that important section drained by the river Sagadahoc and its affluents, two main agencies early prosecuted settlements. On the west of that river the Pejepscot Company, formed in 1715, and owning the Wharton and the Purchase grants, laid foundations of new towns, — Brunswick, Topsham and Small Point. On the east were the heirs of Clarke and Lake who forecast their undertaking in 1713, and brought it to its first stage of success in 1716, having secured nearly forty householders for their projected town upon Arrowsic island, which in that year was incorporated as Georgetown. These heirs were personally represented by Edward Hutchinson, Esquire, of Boston, a grandson of Major Thomas Clarke. Coöperating with him in behalf of the heirs of Captain Thomas Lake was his grandson, Sir Bybye Lake, a resident of London, who rendered valuable aid there, though not coming to this country. After the successful inauguration by them of the Arrowsic enterprise, steps were taken toward seizing other points in like manner.

In the previous century the shores of Merrymeeting bay had attracted immigrants. Now Colonel Hutchinson¹ chose this favored locality and here laid the beginnings of the town of Cork. In the endeavor he was associated with Robert Temple.

This gentleman arrived in Boston in the late autumn of 1717, having a purpose to make settlement as a

¹ Anticipating a little his military title.

farmer. In the early spring following he made a voyage to the Kennebec with members of the Pejepscot Company and examined their lands. His attention also was directed to the lands of the Clarke and Lake heirs to which for his design he gave the preference. He accordingly conferred with Colonel Hutchinson, and was invited to associate with him, Bybye Lake, and partners, in their undertaking. To this he agreed and chose a desirable location. A tract of land was granted him for his own use, and conditionally for services in introducing immigrants. In the years 1718-19, five ships chartered by his agency brought some hundreds of people to the Kennebec river. Some became his tenants, some were assigned to adjacent land, some may have chosen for themselves where to make their homes; but the greater part, through fear of the Indians who were becoming restless and threatening as the last ships arrived, departed to Pennsylvania or to Londonderry, New Hampshire.

The location of Cork has been entirely misconceived. It has been assigned to a neck of land comprised within the limits of the city of Bath, long in local phrase called "Ireland," but now dignified as North Bath.¹ The true location will be clearly shown by citations from original documents now to be made. We have in Robert Temple's own statement the main facts of his immigration and connection with this settlement.

. In September, 1717, I contracted with Captain James Luzmore of Topsham, to bring me, my Servants, and what

¹ Coll. Maine Hist. Soc., Vol. 2, p. 204; Vol. 6, p. 15; *Ancient Dominions*, p. 236, and elsewhere.

little Effects I had, to Boston; his Vessel then lying in Plymouth, where lived an Uncle of mine, one Mr. Nathaniel White, a Merchant, and an old Inhabitant of that town; who told me he was acquainted with several New England Gentlemen to whom he would recommend me, as they might be of Service to me by their Advice, especially in my Settlement as a Farmer, and taking up a tract of Land in that Country. . . . My eye was always toward a good Tract of Land as well as a convenient place for Navigation; and having taken my first Journey into Connecticut, . . . after returning to Boston, I was resolved to see the Eastern Country also, before I should determine where to begin my Settlement; and then I was recommended by Captain Thomas Hutchinson to the Pejepscot Company, viz., the Hon. Col. Winthrop, Dr. Noyes, and Col. Minot, then ready to sail in a Sloop bound to Kennebeck. . . . They were also kind enough to shew me what they called Col. Hutchinson's and Sir Bybye Lake's Land on the East Side of Kennebeck, which then pleased me much better than those on the West Side; accordingly on my return to Boston, I waited on Col. Hutchinson, and having communicated my mind to him respecting his interest at Kennebeck; he not only permitted but invited me to be concerned with him, Sir Bybye Lake and his other partners, in the settlement of those Lands; in order to which I was concerned that Year in chartering two large Ships, and the next Year in chartering three more Ships, to bring Families from Ireland to carry on the settlement; in consequence of which several Hundred People¹ were landed in Kennebeck River, some of which, or their Descendants, are Inhabitants there to this day; but the greatest Part removed to Pennsylvania and a considerable Part to Londonderry, for Fear of the Indians, who were very troublesome at that time: After I had settled some Families on the East side of Merry-Meeting Bay (to which Place we gave the Name of Cork) Col. Hutchinson was pleased to give me a Deed for 1,000 Acres of Land at the Chops of Merry-Meeting Bay, where I first landed

¹ Hon. William Willis (Me. Hist. Collections, Vol. 6, p. 15) inadvertently multiplied this number by writing several hundred families.

a large Number of those Families; and Col. Winthrop (not I) gave that Place the name of Temple Bar.¹

The legal conveyance gives further evidence respecting this transaction, and more precise description of the location:—

Ann Mather, widow, Edward Hutchinson Esq. and Lydia his wife of Boston, Josiah Walcot of Salem Esq. & Mary his wife, John Penhallow and Elizabeth Penhallow, his Wife, for £500, paid by Robert Temple, and that the said sum is expended and laid out in Transporting Families to & Settling of two Towns on Sagadahock & Kennebeck Rivers in New England do grant &c. All that certain tract or parcel of Land situate lying & being on the Easterly side of Merry Meeting Bay, bounding and fronting on the Chops of the s^d Bay, extending from the Chops of the Bay up the River three Quarters of a Mile from High water mark, & extending backwards about East & by South upon a Square into the wood until the one thousand acres be completed.²

Dated Sept. 30. 1725.—

The lands offered to settlers by the Clarke and Lake proprietors were to be given on conditions of building houses thereon, improving and possessing three years. The conveyance to Temple was delayed till 1725. From him the estate passed to Job Lewis, Esquire, of Boston. This tract was long known in the town [Woolwich] as the “thousand acre lot,” and remained entire till 1803, when it was sold to John Hodgkins, of Ipswich, Massachusetts, who divided it into farms.

¹ Defence of Remarks of Plymouth County, 1753, pp. 20, 21. It should be noted with respect to the peculiar tenor of this whole letter, written April 17, 1753, that Capt. Temple was at that time an influential member of the new Plymouth Company (or Company of the Kennebec Purchase,—their legal title), which was in bold antagonism to the Clarke and Lake heirs, making a sweeping claim for all their lands.

² York County Deeds, Vol. 12, p. 186. Also Suffolk Records.

In view of the local opinion firmly held in the past that Cork was the Ireland district of Bath, it may be shown further that the ownership of that neck¹ can be traced from the Indian purchase before 1650 down to the present. Temple never possessed any part of it, and the owners and some of the occupants in the years of the Cork settlement are known.²

The growing unfriendliness of the Kennebec Indians in 1719, caused the government to appoint commissioners to confer with them. They were hastened away in December to meet the chiefs, and perhaps went again. Their report was read at the session of the House of Representatives in July, 1720. It states in respect to the frequent insults and abuse, that

They find them to arise from the English being settled and settling above or northwestwards of Merrymeeting Bay, particularly Swan Island in Kennebeck River, and a Settlement called Cork to the Eastward of that River, the Inhabitants at a place called Somersett to the Westward of the River; . . . [then naming the eastern settlements] . . . Brunswick, Topsham, Somersett, Swan Island, Cork, Arrowsick, Small Point, all of these (excepting Falmouth and Arrowsic) were scattering here and there a Family, undefensibly and not conformably to the order of the General Court.³

¹ Christopher Lawson's plantation, Whiskeag or Whigby, a part or all of which bore the aboriginal name, Aguahadonaneag, or Aquehadongonock.

² Hon. Wm. Willis (Maine Hist. Coll., 6: 15), rightly interprets Temple as locating his land on the east of the Kennebec, and joining with Hutchinson in the settlement. But though Temple expressly says of their settlement, "We gave it the name of Cork," described as east of bay and river, yet Mr. Willis assigns Cork to the Bath tract. Doubtless he felt forced to yield to the local historian, Gen. Joseph Sewall, who seems to have been the author of this error, and thereby has given it the support of his authority also. Apparently Cork and Ireland were regarded as of course the same. But the latter name probably gained no currency till more than half a century after Cork had disappeared.

In the same paragraph Mr. Willis very unfortunately connects Col. Hutchinson with the Plymouth Company. But this land company had no existence till thirty years later, — 1750.

³ Mass. Archives, Vol. 29, pp. 57-63.

Further and definite information respecting the situation and the beginning of the town of Cork, is drawn from depositions given in the land controversies subsequent.

The noted Lincoln County justice Samuel Denny, detailing the operation of Hutchinson and Lake, avers :

. . . . by giving 1,000 acres to Capt. Robert Temple, to or for encouraging Passengers from Ireland who settled on s^d tract [as he had already described, viz., on the eastward side of Sagadahoc River and Merrymeeting bay] by settling some people that s^d Temple had been instrumental in bringing from Ireland who sat down on the Southern Side of Eastern river, which they called Cork.¹

Robert Poor, an Arrowsic immigrant of 1716, adds further particulars : —

I know a place, called the Chops of Merrymeeting Bay, where about 1720² was a house built and a tenant put on, one Nelson, which was done at the charge of Capt. Robert Temple, who had as reported 1,000 acres given him by s^d Col. Hutchinson, to encourage him, or for bringing settlers from Ireland, where he brought two vessel loads of passengers, viz., Capt. Wigram, and Further up the river or bay to northward there is a point of land called Hutchinson's point, where about the year 1720 there was a house built, as I understood by s^d Col. Hutchinson, and a tenant put on, one Rankins, and had with the place six cows and a yoke of oxen.

Further some of the passengers which came in s^d ships were soon after arrival placed down still higher up the said river or bay, on the southern side at Eastern river and the place called Cork, which I understood sat down in right of s^d Hutchinson. The names of some, I remember were these,— viz. — Wm. Montgomery, — Calwell, James Steel, David Steel, and — McNut.³

¹ Suffolk Court Files, 1765.

² In another deposition he says "about 1718."

³ York Court Files. 1754.

Another witness, John McPhetres, deposes : —

Went to live on Eastern side of Merrymeeting bay in 1720, in the house of one Lones¹ which I understood held under Col. Edw. Hutchinson about a mile below a place called Hutchinson's Point where said Hutchinson had a house in which house one James Rankin lived as he told as servant under Hutchinson. After Rankin was drowned as I understood. . . . one Culberson lived there. Also on the southern side of Eastern river, there were three or four families settled which I understood sat down in right of Col. Hutchinson :— that I came from Ireland along with Capt. Robert Temple late deceased, who claimed 1,000 acres at the chops of Merrymeeting bay and sold it to Job Lewis of Boston.²

Jonathan Preble, a leading resident of Arrowsic, to which he came from York in 1716, gives similar testimony : —

Opposite to the eastern Side of Swan island on the Main, on the southerly side of Eastern river, there were three or four settlements [*i. e.*, family locations], which I understood were placed there in right of s^d Hutchinson; this settlement was made in 1720, or thereabouts.³

We must therefore conclude, in respect to the extent of the projected town of Cork, that its northern boundary was Eastern river. On the south was Chops point, or Temple Bar. But directly below the Chops, on the east side, was a grant of five hundred acres, likewise made for encouraging settlement. It was called often “the farm of Mr. Love of Bristol,” and was subsequently conveyed to John Love of Bristol, England. This land may have been associated with Cork. Mr.

¹ Perhaps intending Job Lewis, a Pejepscot proprietor, who may have sought a share also in this undertaking. This house was in the northeast angle of the bay, about three-fourths of a mile above Temple's northern boundary.

² York Court Files.

³ *Ibid.*

Love's tenants at that time were William and James Burns [or Barns], — probably of the Scotch-Irish immigration.

This town of Cork, in length on the water front from the Chops to Eastern river was five and one-half miles, and it would now lie in nearly equal halves in the towns of Dresden and Woolwich. Swan island is nearly four miles in length, and Eastern river enters the Kennebec over against the southerly half of it, so that the northern part of Cork lay alongside of the settlement on that island. Hutchinson's point¹ lies two-fifths of the distance northward on the water front of Cork, and is one mile and one-third below Swan island. The Chops, the outlet of the bay, is two hundred and fifty yards in width. Through this narrow strait the waters of the five rivers — the Kennebec and Androscoggin alone of much volume — flow out, at times, rough, turbulent and choppy.

In the attempt to found a pioneer town in this delightful and inviting region of Merrymeeting bay, Hutchinson and Temple were associated; the former was agent and representative of Kennebec land proprietors; the latter promoter and manager of Scotch-Irish emigration.

The persons disclosed by the foregoing documents, with little doubt comprise nearly all the men, or heads of families, that did establish themselves in the incipient Cork. Some others took steps toward entry, but the scowling and insolent natives repelled them. Temple relates that some of the ships sailed direct to

¹Now Thwing's point, occupied by icehouses. Aneiently it was Ashley's, the site of his residence, where in 1654 the Plymouth government was organized.

his estate, and from them many families were there landed. What provision for temporary sojourn was made, none of these deponents mention. Rude shelters for their immediate need could quickly be put up. Their log houses would require no long time in construction. That any families entered in 1718 the rude dwellings, the homes for a time they had come to seek in the wilderness of the Kennebec, may be doubted. A few settlers located upon Somersett¹ point in that year, but there is doubt if these were Temple's colonists, for this territory and Swan island also belonged to the Pejepscot proprietors, and we may doubt if Temple's ships brought families to them because of his agreement with Hutchinson and partners. Indeed the Pejepscot Company had an agent in Ireland about this time. Somersett, Swan island and Cork were the settlements at which the Indians took umbrage in 1719. Therefore we must conclude that some had built houses and were clearing the land in that year, though these deponents indicate 1720, somewhat indefinitely, as the beginning of the settlement. They had so far advanced as to plant considerable corn this latter year. The menacing attitude of the natives renders it unlikely that any were added to the number after the spring of 1720.

As they drove on that season's work the bright skies of their hopes were still often overcast by angry clouds. Against these settlements about the bay the Indians

¹ Summersett, Sommersett, Somerset. A point on the north shore of the bay, between Cathance and Abagadasset rivers. A controversy arose respecting the origin of the name, whether a local name, from the Ban Water, Ireland, allixed by the Scotch-Irish settler, Andrew McFadden, 1718, or an earlier name, associated with the Lord Edgecomb grant.—Cumberland Court Files.

entered their threatening protest. They resented these beginnings and believed them to reveal the purpose to push settlements still further up the river — an unwarranted encroachment.

How quickly the hopeful outlook of the families in Cork and adjacent lands was changed into bitter and calamitous forebodings is shown by a letter of John Penhallow. He writes from Georgetown,¹ July 13, 1720, to Colonel Hutchinson to this effect: —

I suppose you have, ere this, seen Edgar,² and have had an ac^t of ye Confusions & Disorders occasioned by ye Indians, both at Cork and at Garden island w^{ch} has driven ye people from Cork down here, who would have gone to Boston in their frights if we had not stopped 'em and suffered only some of the wives and children to go off. They had a prospect of a very considerable crop of Corn w^{ch} they were obliged to leave inasmuch as they were threatened to be knocked in ye head if they continued there any longer. The men are going up to-day in order to Hill and secure their Corn.³

On the same day Mr. Penhallow wrote to the governor with report of a treaty and adjustment made there with the Indians by the lieutenant-governor of New Hampshire on account of an Indian killed at Piscataqua. This matter was concluded, he says, “with seeming joy and satisfaction.” But how deceptive, he proceeds to show: —

The next day ye Inhabitants in Merrymeeting Bay were threatened by ye Indians if they did not immediately remove, they

¹ The name, by incorporation, of the defensible Watts settlement on southern Arrowsic. The attempt to displace the aboriginal name Arrowsic by “Hanover Island” failed, but both new names were given in honor of the new King George of the house of Hanover.

² Henry Edgar, a resident and trader on Swan Island, which its owner, Adam Winthrop, of Boston, had named Garden island.

³ The Penhallow Family.

sh^d be knocked in ye head, upon which 7 or 8 families came here, ye men we endeavored to prevent going off till orders from the Govern^t, altho some of their wives and childⁿ went away.¹

Ten days later Penhallow wrote of the posture of affairs at Arrowsic — fortifying, guarding, soldiers ordered away, the people still in their fortified houses, and “all in Garrison at Augusta.” He thereby mentions “a treaty he had with the Indians,” whence we must conclude some agreement had been reached respecting further insults and hostile acts, and that quiet and a trembling confidence were soon restored. The fugitives from Cork returned to their homes evidently, for in November, at a conference held at Georgetown, in which the leading chiefs were Mogg and Wiwurna, the Indians made a very emphatic request, thrice repeated: “We desire that these people be removed from Merrymeeting bay.”²

No facts appear respecting affairs in 1721 adverse to the belief that the people of Cork continued on their lands, though not without apprehensions that new insults or bloody assaults might occur. Apparent security was given by the soldiers and the adjacent garrisons. After that menacing explosion in July, 1720, the government posted twenty soldiers on Swan island for defense in that quarter. And at latest, by June, 1721, soldiers were stationed at Richmond, a convenient outpost above the settlements. Also garrisons were strengthened, or new ones erected, as the government in June, 1722, recommended to the people on the frontier to build such houses to which they might retire.

¹ The Penhallow Family.

² Mass. Archives, Vol. 29, p. 68.

The remaining history of Cork, so far as now ascertained, is brief. Conferences with the irritated natives, appeals to recent treaties and agreements, threats even, availed nothing, for the Jesuit Rasle, malignly patriotic, an artful agent for France, was spurring them on to hostilities for the expulsion of the white men. But for him, there would have been peace and a large inflow of immigrants.

Seeing that insolent conduct, demands, threats, injuries to property, did not secure their ends, the Indians haughtily proceeded to business, using effective methods to terrify and expel the inhabitants. A gleeful band from Norridgewock — forty according to their priest's account, but estimated sixty by our historian, stealthily swept down upon these sleeping families in their new homes in the vicinity of the bay. Rasle himself thus writes of the incursion:—

My people returned in the spring, learned what had passed [attempt to seize him, etc.] and made a party of forty to go against the English, not to kill but to put in mind, and make them draw off. One night they ranged ten leagues of the country, broke into houses, bound and made prisoners to the number of sixty-four, pillaged the houses and burnt everything.¹

Judge Penhallow's narration, written soon after, has been repeated by subsequent writers, with no added details.

In the summer they renewed their insults, and on June 13, 1722, sixty in twenty canoes came and took nine families in Merymeeting bay, most of which they afterward set at liberty, but Mr. Hamilton, Love, Handson, Trescot and Edgar they carried to Canada, who after difficulty and expense got clear.²

¹ Massachusetts Historical Collection, 2 S., Vol. 8, p. 266.

² Narrative of Indian Wars, 1726.

Captain Penhallow's letter to the governor, written on the fifteenth, gives a vivid picture of this barbarous affair: —

The Common Calamity of this part of the Country is such that the people upon the River & Merrymeeting Bay are all flying for shelter, & that no arguments can persuade to keep their houses, at least for the present. The Indians began their Hostilities upon 9 or 10 families,¹ and took such a number of 'em as they tho't fit; they used 'em very barbarously coming to & forcing into their houses at midnight, hauling 'em out of bed by the hair & stripped 'em of whatever was valuable, those they gave Liberty to go away they left hardly any thing to Cover 'em. About 30 people they have already treated thus; Yesterday morning they killed 10 oxen belonging to M^r Alexander Hamilton & Brocas, & some others of their Cattle, & carr'd away only the fat of their inwards, they make great spoil of cattle & let their flesh lye perishing upon the ground. They have burnt Mr. Temple's house at the Chops of the Bay & killed some of his Cattle, Cut all the Canoos to p^s y^t they met wth to prevent any intelligence. Have burnt Co^l Winthrop's mill² and mill house & killed what Cattle they met wth there, in short have done what they pleased in Merrymeeting Bay & upon this river home to the guards Am sending out about 20 men in 2 or 3 boats to save what Cattle the Indians have killed & left perishing on the ground.³

Our histories have restricted this foray to the northern shore of the bay. It did extend several miles below the bay, even to the guards of the Arrowsic village, and possibly to Small Point on the west, which would make nearly ten leagues, though Rasle used that number loosely. A few facts respecting these captives belong to the account. Henry Edgar was

¹ This number of families will well agree with the number of captives, sixty-four, given by Rasle.

² On Cathance river.

³ The Penhallow Family.

taken out of bed in Isaac Hunter's house on Pleasant Point, at the mouth of the Androscoggin. He did not return from Canada for four months; he had interviews with Governor Vaudreuil, telling him plainly that the English regarded him as the cause of the war.¹ Richie and Robert Love had some union of interest in the farm just south of the Chops. The former, I conclude, was a resident of Boston, and Robert may have been manager on the farm, and doubtless was the captive. Alexander Hamilton was owner with John Brocas, in a farm one mile below the Chops on the east side [Woolwich], where a small stream enters the Kennebec, which unto the present generation has borne the name, Brocas' Brook, on which a mill was built by him about 1729. Undoubtedly it was here Hamilton was seized, and the many cattle killed. But Zechariah Trescott was taken at Nequasset creek, some five miles below the bay near Arrowsic, where he and Robert Poor were collecting timbers of a sawmill which a freshet had swept away. He was redeemed two years later, having been with Governor Vaudreuil thirteen months.² Of Hanson I have learned nothing. These men were captured to be held as their hostages for the Indian hostages still retained in Boston.

The military forces were now distributed as best to secure the inhabitants. Twenty men from Penhallow's company went to Richmond. Ten from Harmon's were assigned to the garrison at Swan island. Harmon, with thirty, held Small Point. But nothing is said of Temple, nor of soldiers in his command, and

¹ William Willis' MSS.

² Massachusetts Archives, Vol. 31, p. 114.

the designation "Mr. Temple" implies that he had not been commissioned at this time, for Penhallow, an officer, would have been careful to observe military proprieties; but manifestly he received a command soon after in the increase of the forces sent to the Kennebec.

The terror and panic which seized these families was not readily dissipated. Indeed, this cruel raid, with indignities and robbery, may have wholly and finally depopulated Cork. The men under the protection of the soldiers could care for their growing crops, and possibly gathered early a partial harvest. The guards and garrisons were vigilant; scouting parties in whaleboats ranged the bay and the river. But the natives, constantly prodded on by their priest, more fiercely pursued their design to expel the settlers. Three weeks passed, and on July 4, the scouting whaleboat reached the bay and discovered Indians. At once thirty of them manned their canoes and gave chase to the boat which turned back and got clear of them.¹ Then houses about the bay were set on fire, and later smoke of others in Long Reach² was seen. This is evidence that the houses had been abandoned, whether the inmates were sheltered in near garrisons or had finally fled. This malicious application of the torch undoubtedly wiped out most of the dwellings on the shores of the bay, nor can we suppose those at Eastern river fared better.

¹ Mass. Archives, Vol. 51.

² A section of the Kennebec, broad, straight, four miles in length; on the west side the city of Bath is situated, some four miles below the Chops.

One other fact is obtained from Colonel Shadrach Walton's report of the assault upon Georgetown on the tenth of the following September. He reached there at three o'clock in the afternoon, and most opportunely to render assistance, bringing thirty of his men from Casco, and Captain Harmon and men from Augusta. He writes:—

. . . . With Capt. Penhallow & Capt. Temple & a detachment from their Garrisons making up in all abt 80 men we attacked 'em and fought 'em for about an hour & a half till night came on.¹

Then in a letter to the governor, three days later, he makes this valuable statement:—

Capt. Temple having been in the fight openly as well in Defense of his garrison in the former part of the day, will give your ex^{cy} a particular ac^t of affairs with us. Capt. Temple hav^g some particular urgent business at Boston I thought proper to allow him to be the Bearer of this.²

At this time, therefore, Temple was in command of soldiers posted in one of the defending garrisons. A muster roll of his company exists comprising the period from June 26 to December 10, 1722. A week previous to the former date, the nineteenth, the government had ordered one hundred more men to be sent to the eastward, and it is therefore manifest that at this time Temple received his commission and took command of half of this force. The roll shows fifty-six names in all. Seven men deserted at various times, two of whom returned to duty after a few weeks. Isaac Higson was slain, September 10, the day of the

¹ The Penhallow Family.

² Ibid.

Arrowsic fight. Six of these soldiers were shown to be Temple's servants, an enrollment to which the government objected, but a fact suggesting the extent of his business plans at Cork. In the following April he resigned his command, and beyond question retired to Boston. If he had ever allowed visions of a grand Kennebec farm, or manor, the savages had turned the beginnings into ashes, so he cast dreams or plans all behind him.

At what point Captain Temple's company was stationed or to what service assigned, scouting or garrison duty, nothing informs us. The slight evidence we have indicates no garrisons maintained at that time above Arrowsic except at Richmond and Swan island, which were sentinels of the Kennebec above the bay, though the latter post appears soon to have been abandoned.

For Cork or Somerset, nothing even suggests a house of defense. The Chops of Merrymeeting bay, the gateway to the lower settlements, would indeed seem to invite a military guard. We might expect from Temple's aims and number of men in his employment, that he would build a blockhouse there for the protection of his own interests; but nothing supports the presumption.

An old map, assignable probably to the decade of that war, or possibly much later, a copy of a survey by Joseph Heath in 1719, shows a fort at the Chops. The appended name discloses its owner, "Job Lewis, Esq." If Lewis was the builder, then we should not presume on its erection till 1727, or later, when he

became owner of the estate. Still, after Temple's abandonment in 1723, in disgust, perhaps, at the collapse of his scheme, Lewis may have bargained for the property — for he was buying frontier lands at many points — and have become actual possessor, though a legal conveyance was not then possible. If so, he might have built this fort earlier than 1727. Or it is not impossible that Temple built it, and passed it with the estate to Lewis. But the report by Penhallow of the burning of Temple's house at the Chops hardly permits any other inference than it was his only house, and that it was but an ordinary house, not a garrison. If he had also a defensible house near, almost certainly it would have met the fate of the dwellings along the bay and river, unless constantly defended.¹ We are not allowed to deny to Temple a fortified house, but the slight evidence at hand makes strongly against it.

In the next war Job Lewis petitioned in 1746 for soldiers to man a strong fort he had built at the Chops. It may have been then newly built, or have been an older one strengthened. Also a blockhouse on Chops point gave shelter to early settlers in town during the last Indian war, and did not disappear till many years after the fall of Quebec. These are separate facts, but with no known connecting links — the blockhouse of the Pemaquid men in 1684 — a possible fortified house

¹ We know that the stone fort at Small Point stood unharmed some time after the soldiers were withdrawn. In August, 1723, eighty Indians assaulted that fort for three hours. Watchful and cunning, they chose a time when the ensign in command had gone with three men to Georgetown to the surgeon, on account of a broken arm of one of them. They killed one man who went to the well for water, as tradition has told. Four men remaining bravely and successfully defended the fort. It was intact at the end of April, 1724, and empty unless a family or fishermen occupied it, but was evidently burnt within a year. [Vide quarterly part, Oct. 1892, p. 429.]

built by Robert Temple 1720-22 — that of Lewis 1746 and previously—and another 1755 and onwards. What ones were destroyed and rebuilt — or if the two or three later ones may have been substantially the same, with changes and repairs — no voice can tell us.

The conclusions best supported are, that the raids and devastation of June and July depopulated Cork wholly and finally; that Temple's establishment, whatever it was, became a blackened heap of ruins; that all its usual inmates retired to Arrowsic; and that when Temple was commissioned he was stationed there to support Captain Penhallow in the defense of that settlement, and in scouting against the enemy.

Beside the strong brick garrison [Watt's], in command of Penhallow, and the fortified house of Major Denny, there were three other less substantial structures for the protection of the people. Put in charge of one or more of these, Temple, it is believed, defended the northerly part of the settlement — “the forty house lots” — as did Penhallow the southern, and it was here that he fought in defense of his garrison on the morning of that bitter and calamitous day when the horde of savages, with the priest of Norridgewock inciting their fiendish work, strove to burn, to murder, to capture, and to break up the settlement.

If any hopes had remained after the July incursion, of re-entrance, and the renewal of Cork, they were now extinguished, and it was left to its desolations.

Some thirty years from the time when Temple's ships were swung into moorings at Chops point, a new influx of settlers began. One pioneer, John Trul, lived for a while on Hutchinson's point in 1751. He

testified that he saw ruins of an old building, a cellar and a chimney-back, and also potato ridges on which were growing several trees, some about a foot over, which he supposed had grown since these improvements were made.

This historic point of land fell within a grant made to Colonel Nathaniel Thwing of Boston by the company of the Kennebec Purchase of which he was a member. He built a house upon it in June, 1754, and his descendants continue on the spot to the present time. A workman, Samuel Oldham, told that in the construction of the cellar he took stones from an earlier one that was about seven yards distant from the new house, and twelve rods away were potato ridges which pertained to some former improvement. Those ridges, it can be safely assumed, were relics of the planting in the spring of 1722, from which no baskets were filled in that dismal autumn of war and expulsion.

Planted with commendable enterprise and hopefully begun, though the scowls of the jealous natives were upon it, and so soon swept almost into oblivion, yet the name of the vanished town remains to bear witness for it. Near the mouth of Eastern river, where along the shore a few cabins of the Scotch-Irish were built, a point and curve in the shore line form a cove which now in local use bears, as it has borne through generations, the name "Cork cove."¹ Shallow and sedgy

¹Local opinion does indeed find the origin of the name of this cove of Cork in the entrance upon the adjoining land of a sturdy Irishman, John O'White, about the era of the Revolutionary war. But the error is manifest by the fact, that a score of years previous, this name existing and well recognized appears in the record of the laying out, in 1761, of the first county road along the river from Fort Shirley to Woolwich.

as tides and river current have silted its bed during one and three-quarters centuries, here the men of northern Cork moored or drew up their boats, or at last embarked in quaking fear, leaving behind forever the rude homes they had begun to prize.

It has been a mistake of history so prominently to attach the name of Robert Temple to this transient Cork as to obscure that of Edward Hutchinson. The latter, a representative of that distinguished family, was conspicuous among able men in public service. His father Elisha, as councilor, legislator, commissioner in Indian affairs, had executed important trusts of the government. He was colonel in the Port Royal expedition. The son Edward had like honor in public service, and was especially connected with the financial affairs of the colony. He was treasurer of Harvard college thirty years; was judge of probate and of common pleas. He was honored also as colonel of the Suffolk regiment. His care of private affairs as a man of wealth, and his management of Kennebec lands, added to make a busy life. He died in 1752, aged seventy-four years. On the paternal side he was uncle to the royalist governor and historian, Thomas Hutchinson.

Robert Temple was descended from an ancient family whose origin is said to date back to the Saxon earls of Mercia. An early name is Henry de Temple, 1279, possessor of Temple Hall in the county of Leicester, a grant from the Knights Templars.

The earliest family lines are obscure, but plainly unite¹ in

¹ Account of Temple Family, N. Y., 1887.

1. Robert Temple, of Temple Hall, 1421, from whom the line of descent is traced through these generations following: —
2. Thomas, of Witney.
3. William.
4. Thomas, 1497.
5. Peter, of Stowe, died 1577.
6. John, 1542-1603.
7. Thomas, 1562-1637, first baronet.
8. Thomas, Rev. Dr., settled in Ireland.
9. Thomas, died post 1671.
10. Thomas, living in Ireland, 1727.
11. *Robert*, born in Ireland 1694, emigrated to Massachusetts 1717.¹

I find nothing to determine where in Ireland was Robert Temple's early home. The name of his Kennebec town hints at Cork, but other reasons may have led to that choice. The historian, Hutchinson, whom Williamson quotes, says he had been an officer in the Irish army; Mr. Willis says in the English army; both are indefinite in place and time.

It is a fair presumption that he had been residing for a time in Plymouth, where his uncle lived, who furnished him with letters of recommendation, and from which port evidently he sailed. Yet he may have come to England to prepare for emigration. Nothing connects him with Topsham but that it was the home of the master of the vessel.

After his agreement with Colonel Hutchinson, as detailed by him, which could not have been till the spring of 1718, he went back to Ireland to solicit and lead out his companies of emigrants, and returned in 1720.² The hostile feeling which clouded the first steps

¹ His line of ancestry here portrayed differs from that elsewhere given, as *Hist. Gen. Register*, Vol. 10, p. 73.

² *The Temple Family*.

of entry into Cork grew into a tempest which was fatal to his plans. The repulse seemed to make further endeavor futile. His resignation of his command and departure betokened hopeless surrender of his scheme. Boston and its opportunities attracted him, as many another since. He had married there, August 11, 1721, Mehitable Nelson, an English woman three years older than himself. Her mother was a Temple, but the relationship of husband and wife is obscure, as the revised genealogy discredits the degree of kinship given by Mr. Willis.

The social position of the contracting parties is indicated by the record of the intentions, July 22, 1721, wherein "Mr." and "Mrs." are specially prefixed to the names.

A bridal trip, a voyage to the anticipated new home on the Kennebec, may be conjectured, but it will be doubted if the husband's household arrangements would then favor the young wife's tarrying but a brief time. After resigning his command and quitting the Kennebec, Captain Temple, in 1723, leased Noddle's island [East Boston] for a new home, where he resided twenty-six years. He then purchased the "Ten Hills Farm" in Charlestown, now in Somerville, on the left bank of the Mystic. This farm had been Governor Winthrop's in 1631, and here the Blessing of the Bay, whose keel was the first laid in the colony, was launched July fourth of that year.

Captain Temple was one of the original pew-holders of Christ Church, Boston, and a warden of it, and in its vaults he was buried. He died April 14, 1754.

His will was made five days previous. He held extensive tracts of land on the Kennebec, derived from the Company of the Kennebec Purchase. If not the originator, he had chief agency in organizing this company, but only a few years preceding his death. For Captain Lithgow stated.¹

I never heard anything of this patent till the latter end of the year 1749, and then being in company with old Robert Temple Esq. & Major Noble at said Temple's house, Capt. Temple told us that he was concerned in an old patent by virtue of which he and four or five more gentlemen were entitled to a tract of land lying between Neguamkee & Cobesseconteague. . . . Said Temple told us he should be glad to have three or four more substantial partners to make the number seven or eight good men & did not know but in such case they might be able to extend their bounds near as low down as Richmond Fort.

The eldest of his four sons, Robert, married Harriet, the daughter of Governor Shirley, and occupied the Ten Hills Farm. He was a royalist in the revolution, Captain Temple's third son became Sir John Temple, the eighth baronet. He received official honor as surveyor-general and lieutenant-governor of New Hampshire. His wife was Elizabeth, a daughter of Governor James Bowdoin, and among their grandchildren were Honorable Robert C. Winthrop and the wife of Reverend Doctor Tappan of Augusta.

The young adventurer who sought to gain a home and estates in the Kennebec wilderness, based, perhaps, on English patterns—a manor house and tenantry—failed of his purpose, overborne as it was by the calamitous events of war. But his talents and

¹ Deposition, N. E. Hist. Gen. Register, Vol. 29, p. 25.

influence may have had greater worth in the growing metropolis of Massachusetts, with whose honored citizens and most distinguished men he was intimate, and with the families of some of whom his own was joined.

THE MISSION OF FATHER RASLES

AS DEPICTED BY HIMSELF.

A Translation from "Lettres Elifiantes et Curieuses," Paris, 1781.

BY E. C. CUMMINGS.

Read before the Maine Historical Society, December 9, 1892.

[CONTINUED.]

LETTER FROM FATHER SEBASTIAN RASLES, MISSIONARY OF THE COMPANY OF JESUS, IN NEW FRANCE, TO HIS BROTHER.

AT NANRANTSOUAK, THE 12TH OCTOBER, 1723.

Honoured Sir, and Very Dear Brother:—The peace of our Lord:—

I cannot longer refuse to comply with the affectionate entreaties which you make in all your letters, that I would inform you somewhat in detail of my occupations and of the character of the savage peoples, in the midst of whom Providence has placed me for so many years. I do this the more readily that in yielding to the desires so urgently expressed on your part I shall be satisfying your tenderness more than your curiosity.

It was the twenty-third of July, 1689, that I embarked at La Rochelle, and after a voyage of three months sufficiently fortunate, I arrived at Quebec the thirteenth of October, of the same year. I applied myself at first to learning the language of the savages.

This language is very difficult; for it is not enough to study the terms and their signification, and to secure a supply of words and phrases; it is necessary also to know the turn and arrangement of words and phrases which the savages employ, and this one can catch only by constant intercourse and communication of thought with these people. I went, therefore, to dwell in a village of the Abnaki nation, situate in a forest which is only three leagues from Quebec. This village was inhabited by two hundred savages, nearly all Christians. Their cabins were ranged almost like mansions in towns. An inclosure of stakes, high and compact, formed a kind of wall, which gave them protection from the incursions of their enemies.

Their cabins are very readily set up; they plant some poles which are joined at the top, and cover them with great pieces of bark. The fire is made in the center of the cabin, and they spread rush mats all around, upon which they sit during the day, and take their rest during the night.

The clothing of the men consists of a coat of skin or else of a piece of red or blue cloth. That of the women is a covering which reaches from the neck to the knees, and which they dispose quite neatly. They wear another covering upon the head, which comes down to the feet, and which serves them as a mantle. Their stockings only reach from the knee to the ankle. Moccasins made of elk hide, and lined with fur or woolen take the place of shoes. This foot-gear is absolutely necessary for the proper adjustment of snow-shoes, by means of which they walk easily over the snow. These snow-shoes, made of lozenge shape, are sometimes more than two feet long and a foot and a half wide. It did not seem to me that I could ever walk with such machines. When, however, I made the attempt, I found myself all at once so skillful, that the savages could not believe that I was using them for the first time. The invention of the snow-shoe is one of great utility to the savages, not only for running over the snow, with which the earth is covered a great part of the year, but especially for engaging in the chase of beasts, and above all of the elk. These animals, larger than the largest oxen of France, go only with difficulty over the snow; so it is not

difficult for the savages to overtake them, and they often kill them with a simple knife at the end of a staff. They get nourishment from their flesh, and having well dressed the skin, in which they are clever, they find a market for it with the French and English, who give them in exchange coats, blankets, kettles, guns, hatchets and knives.

To give you an idea of a savage, picture to yourself a tall man, active, of tawny complexion, without beard, with black hair and teeth whiter than ivory. If you will see him in full dress, you will find as the sum total of his finery what is called wampum (*rassale*.) It is a kind of shell or stone, that is fashioned in the form of little kernels, some black and others white, which they string and combine so as to represent various figures very regular, which have a decorative effect. It is with this bead-work that the savages bind and braid their hair over the ears and at the back of the head; they make of it pendants for the ears, collars, garters, girdles of the width of five or six inches; and with this kind of ornaments they hold themselves in much higher esteem than does a European with all his gold and his jewels.

The occupation of the men is the chase and war; that of the women is to stay in the village and there with bark to make baskets, workbags, boxes, porringers, plates, etc. They sew the bark with roots and make various articles of furniture very neatly wrought. The canoes in like manner are made of a single piece of bark, but the largest of them can hardly hold more than six or seven persons. It is with these canoes made of a bark, which has scarcely more than the thickness of a crown-piece (*écu*), that they pass arms of the sea, and navigate the most dangerous rivers and lakes of four or five hundred leagues in circuit. I have made many voyages in this way without having run any risk. Only it once happened that in crossing the river St. Lawrence I found myself suddenly enveloped in blocks of ice of an enormous size, and the canoe was crushed. At once the two savages who were conducting me cried out,—“We are dead men, it is all over with us, we must perish.” Nevertheless making an effort they leaped upon one of the floating masses of ice. I did the same, and after drawing out the canoe we brought it to the extreme edge of the

ice. There we had to betake ourselves again to the canoe to reach another mass of ice, and so from one ice pack to another we reached at last the river bank with no other damage than that of being well drenched and benumbed with cold.

The savages have a peculiar tenderness for their infants. They place them on a little piece of board covered with a cloth and with a little bear-skin, in which they wrap them, and this is their cradle. The mothers carry them on their backs in a way that is comfortable for the infants and for themselves.

Hardly do the boys begin to walk ere they try their hand in the use of the bow. They become so adroit at the age of from ten to twelve years, as seldom to miss killing the bird at which they shoot. I have been surprised at this, and should have found it hard to believe if I had not been a witness of it.

What shocked me most when I began to live with the savages was to see myself obliged to take my meals with them: nothing more disgusting. After having filled their boiler with meat, they let it boil at most three-quarters of an hour, after which they take it from the fire; they serve it in porringers of bark and distribute it to all who are in their cabin. Each one bites into the meat as one would into a morsel of bread. This spectacle did not give me much appetite, and they very soon observed my repugnance. "Why do you not eat?" said they. I replied that I was not in the habit of eating meat in this way without adding to it a little bread. "You must conquer yourself," they rejoined; "is that so difficult for a patriarch who knows how to pray perfectly? We overcome ourselves certainly — we on our part — in order to believe what we do not see." No more place for deliberation after this. It is necessary to conform one's self to their manners and their usages, in order to deserve their confidence and gain them to Jesus Christ.

Their meals are not regulated as in Europe. They live from hand to mouth. So long as they have wherewith to make good cheer, they profit by it without troubling themselves as to whether they shall have something to live upon in the days to come. They are passionately fond of tobacco; men, women, girls, all smoke almost continually. To give them a morsel of tobacco is to do them a greater pleasure than to give them their weight in gold.

Early in June, and when the snow is nearly all melted they plant their *skamgnar*, which is what we call corn of Turkey or corn of India. Their way of planting it is to make with the fingers or with a little stick different holes in the ground, and to throw into each eight or nine kernels, which they cover with the same earth that they have dug out in making the hole. Their harvest is reached at the end of August.

It is among this people which passes for the least gross of all our savages that I served my missionary apprenticeship. My principal occupation was the study of their language. It is very difficult to learn, especially when one has no other masters than the savages. They have several vocal elements which they utter only from the throat without making any movement of the lips; ou, for example, is of this number, and therefore in writing we mark it by the figure 8 in order to distinguish it from other elements. I passed a part of every day in their cabins to hear them talk. I had to bring an extreme attention to combine what they were saying and to conjecture the meaning of it.

Sometimes I hit the mark, but oftener I was in error, because not being fashioned to the use of their guttural letters, I uttered half the words, and so afforded them occasion to laugh.

At last, however, after five months of continual application, I came to understand all their terms; but that did not suffice for expressing myself according to their taste. I had still a long way to make to catch the turn and genius of the language, which is totally different from the genius and the turn of our languages in Europe. To shorten the time, and put myself sooner in a condition to exercise my functions, I made choice of some savages who had the most wit and who spoke the best. I repeated to them rudely certain articles of the catechism, and they rendered me in all the delicacy of their language. I soon placed them upon paper also, and by this means I made for myself in no very long time a dictionary, and a catechism which contained the principles and the mysteries of religion.

It cannot be denied that the language of the savages has real beauties, and a certain something of energy not easily defined in the turn and manner in which they express themselves. I will

give you an example. Were I to ask you why God had created you, you would answer me, that it is to know him, love him and serve him, and by this means merit eternal glory. Let me put the same question to a savage, and in the turn of his language he will answer me thus: The great Spirit has had thoughts of us; would that they might know me, that they might love me, that they might honor me, for then I would make them enter into my illustrious felicity. So if I were to say to you in their style that you would have much difficulty in learning the savage language, this is how I should have to express it: I think of you, my dear brother, that there will be a deal of trouble in learning the savage language.

The language of the Hurons is the master speech of the savages; and when one possesses that, in less than three months he can make himself understood by any of the five nations of the Iroquois. It is the most majestic and at the same time the most difficult of all the savage languages. This difficulty arises not only from their guttural letters, but still more from the diversity of accents; for often two words composed of the same characters have significations totally different. Father Chaumont, who has dwelt fifty years among the Hurons, has composed a grammar of their language, which is very useful to those newly arrived at this mission. Nevertheless, a missionary is happy when, even with this aid, he can after ten years of constant labor express himself elegantly in this language.

Each savage nation has its peculiar language: thus the Abnakis, the Hurons, the Iroquois, the Algonquins, the Illinois, the Miamis, etc., have each their language. One has no book for learning these languages, and even if one had, it would be sufficiently useless. Usage is the only master that can instruct us. As I have labored in four different missions among savages, namely, among the Abnakis, the Algonquins, the Hurons, and the Illinois, and have been obliged to learn these different languages, I will give you a sample, that you may perceive the slight relation that exists between them. I have chosen a stanza of a hymn on the Holy Sacrament, which is commonly chanted during the mass at the elevation of the Holy Host, and which begins with these

words: *O Salutaris Hostia*. Here is the translation in verse of this stanza in the four languages of as many different nations.

IN THE ABNAKI LANGUAGE.

Kighist Si-nuanurSimms
 Spem kik papili go ii damek
 Nemiani Si k8idan ghabenk
 Taha saii grihine.

IN THE ALGONQUIN LANGUAGE.

K8erais Jesus teg8senam
 Nera 8eul ka Stisian
 Ka rio vllighe miang
 Vas mama vik umong.

IN THE HURON LANGUAGE.

Jes8s Sto etti xichie
 Sto etti skuaalichi-axe
 I chierche axera8ensta
 D'aotierti xeata-Sien.

IN THE ILLINOIS LANGUAGE.

Pekiziane manet 8e
 Piaro nile hi Nanghi
 Keninama Si 8 Kangha
 Mero 8inang 8siang hi.

Which means in English : —

O saving Sacrifice, who art continually offered up, and who givest life, thou by whom man enters into Heaven, we are all assaulted, now strengthen us.

It was about two years that I staid with the Abnakis, when I was recalled by my superiors. They appointed me to the mission of the Illinois, who had just lost their missionary. I went therefore to Quebec, where, after having employed three months in the study of the Algonquin language, I embarked the thirteenth of August in a canoe on my journey to the Illinois. Their country is at a distance of more than eight hundred leagues from Quebec. You judge well that so long a journey in these barbarous lands could not be made without running great risks and suffering many

hardships. I had to traverse lakes of an immense extent, and where tempests are as frequent as upon the sea. True, one has the advantage of setting foot upon the earth every evening; but one is fortunate when one finds some flat rock where one can pass the night. When showers fall the only means of protection is to turn the canoe over and get under it. Still greater dangers are met upon the rivers, chiefly in those parts where the current is extremely rapid. Then the canoe flies like an arrow, and if it happens to strike one of the rocks that are found in abundance, it is broken into a thousand pieces. This mishap befel some of those who accompanied me in other canoes, and it is by a singular protection of the divine goodness that I did not meet the same fate, for many times my canoe grazed the rocks without taking the least injury. Besides, one is liable to suffer the most cruel hunger. The length and the difficulty of such voyages permits one to take along only a sack of Indian corn. It is taken for granted that the chase will furnish subsistence by the way; but if game fails one finds one's self exposed to days of fasting. Then all the resource that one has is to search for a kind of leaves which the savages name *Kengnessanach*, and the French call rock tripe (*tripes de roches*). One might take these leaves for chervil, whose shape they have, if they were not much larger. They are served either boiled or roasted. The latter, of which I have eaten, are the less disgusting.

I had not to suffer much with hunger before reaching the lake of the Hurons; but it was otherwise with my fellow voyagers. The bad weather having scattered their canoes they were unable to rejoin me. I was the first to arrive at *Missilimakinak*, whence I sent them provisions without which they would have died of hunger. They had passed seven days without other nourishment than that of a crow, which they had killed more by accident than address, for they had not the strength to hold themselves upright.

The season was too far advanced for continuing my journey to the Illinois, from whom I was still distant by about four hundred leagues. Thus I was obliged to remain at *Missilimakinak*, where there were two of our missionaries, one among the Hurons, the other with the *Outaouacks*. These last are very superstitious,

and much attached to the juggleries of their medicine-men (*charlatans*). They attribute to themselves an origin equally absurd and ridiculous. They pretend to come from three families and each family is made up of five hundred persons.

Some are of the family of *Michibou*, that is to say, of the Great Hare. They maintain that this Great Hare was a man of prodigious height; that he stretched nets in water eighteen fathoms deep, and that the water hardly came up to his armpits; that one day during the deluge he sent the beaver to discover the earth, but that this animal not having returned, he dispatched the otter, who brought back a little earth covered with foam; that he repaired to that part of the lake where this earth was found, which formed a little island, that he walked in the water all around it, and that this island became extraordinarily large. On this ground they attribute to him the creation of the earth. They add that after having achieved this work he flew away into heaven, which is his ordinary residence, but that before quitting the earth he gave direction that, when his descendants should come to die, their bodies should be burned, and that their ashes should be thrown into the air, in order that they might be able to raise themselves more easily towards heaven; since if they should fail in this, the snow would not cease to cover the earth, their lakes and rivers would remain frozen, and so, not being able to catch fish, which is their ordinary food, they would all die in the spring time.

In fact, it is only a few years since, that the winter having been much harder than usual, there was general consternation among the savages of the Great Hare family. They had recourse to their accustomed juggleries, they came together many times to advise about the means of dissipating this snow enemy, which persistently remained upon the earth, when an old woman approached them. "My children," said she, "you are without understanding, you know the orders that the Great Hare left to burn the bodies of the dead and to throw their ashes to the wind, in order that they may return more readily to heaven their native land, and you have neglected these orders in leaving at some days' journey from here a dead man without burning him, as if he were not of

the family of the Great Hare. Repair your fault without delay, take care of burning him, if you mean that the snow shall disappear." "Thou art right, mother," they answered, "thou hast more wit than we, and the counsel thou givest us restores us to life." They immediately deputed twenty-five men to go and burn this body; they took about fifteen days in the journey; and meanwhile the thaw came, and the snow departed. The old woman who had given the advice was loaded with praises and presents, and the event, altogether natural though it was, served very much to confirm them in their foolish and superstitious credulity.

The second family of the *Outaouacks* claim to have come from *Namépich*, that is to say, from the Carp. They say that a carp having deposited eggs upon the river bank, and the sun having darted his rays into them, there was formed of them a woman from whom they are descended. Thus they call themselves of the family of the Carp.

The third family of the *Outaouacks* attributes its origin to the paw of a *Machova*, that is to say, of a bear, and they say that they are of the family of the bear, but without explaining the manner of their coming forth. When they kill any one of these animals, they make him a feast of his own flesh, they speak to him, they harangue him: "Do not have a thought against us," they say to him, "because we have killed thee; thou hast understanding, thou seest that our children suffer hunger, they love thee, they will make thee enter into their bodies, is it not glorious to be eaten by a chieftain's children?"

It is only the family of the Great Hare that burn the dead, the two other families inter them. When some chieftain is dead, a vast coffin is prepared, where after having laid the body to rest clothed in its most beautiful garments, they inclose with it its blanket, its gun, its provision of powder and lead, its bow, its arrows, its boiler, its plate, some food, its war-club, its box of vermilion, some collars of porcelain, and all the presents made according to custom at his death. They imagine that with this outfit he will make his journey more prosperously in the other world, and that he will be better received by the great chieftains

of the nation, who will conduct him with them into a place of delights. While all this is set to rights in the coffin, the relatives of the dead assist at the ceremony by weeping after their manner, that is to say, by chanting in a mournful tone, and moving in cadence a staff to which they have attached a number of little bells.

Where the superstition of these peoples seems the most extravagant is in the worship they render to that which they call their *Manitou*. As they know hardly anything but the beasts that they live with in the forests, they imagine that in these beasts, or rather in their skins or in their plumage is a kind of spirit (*génie*) which governs all things, and which is the master of life and of death. According to them there are *Manitous* common to the whole nation, and there are particular *Manitous* for each person. *Oussakita*, say they, is the great *Manitou* of all the beasts which walk upon the earth, or which fly in the air. It is he who governs them; so when they go to the chase they offer him tobacco, powder, lead and skins well dressed, which they attach to the end of a pole, and raise into the air; "*Oussakita*," they say to him, "we give thee to smoke, we offer thee wherewith to kill beasts, deign to accept these presents and permit not the beasts to escape our darts; let us kill a great number of them, and the fattest, that our children may not lack either for clothing or food."

They name *Michibichi* the *Manitou* of waters and the fishes, and they make to him a sacrifice very similar, when they go to the fishing, or when they undertake a voyage. This sacrifice consists in throwing into the water tobacco, food and boilers, and in asking of him that the waters of the river flow more slowly, that the rocks break not their canoes, and that he accord them an abundant catch.

Besides these common *Manitous*, each man has a particular one of his own, which is a bear, or a beaver, or a bustard, or some other beast. They wear the skin of this animal to the war, to the chase, and in their voyages, persuading themselves that it will preserve them from all danger, and that it will make them succeed in their enterprises.

When a savage will give himself a *Manitou*, the first animal

presented to his imagination in sleep is generally the one on which his choice falls. He kills an animal of this kind, and places its skin, or its plumage if it is a bird, in the place of honor in his cabin, he gets ready a festival in its honor, in the course of which he makes to it a harangue in terms of the utmost respect, after which it is recognized as his *Manitou*.

As soon as I saw the spring arrive, I left *Missilimakinak* to make my way to the Illinois. I found on my route various savage nations, among others the *Muskoutings*, the *Jakis*, the *Omi-koues*, the *Iripegouans*, the *Outagamis*, etc. All these nations have their own language, but in any other respect they do not differ from the *Outaouacks*. A missionary who resides at the bay of the Puants makes excursions from time to time among these savages to instruct them in the truths of religion.

After forty days travel I entered the river of the Illinois, and having advanced fifty leagues I arrived at their first village, which was of three hundred cabins, all of four or six fires. A fire is always for two families. They have eleven villages in their nation. The day after my arrival I was invited by the principal chief to a grand banquet given by him to the most considerable men of the nation. He had caused several dogs to be killed for the occasion; a feast of this sort passes among the savages for something magnificent, and for this reason it is called the feast of the Chieftains. The ceremonies observed are the same as among all these nations. It is customary in these feasts for the savages to deliberate upon their most important affairs, as for example, when it is a question either of undertaking a war against their neighbors or of bringing one to an end by overtures of peace.

When all those bidden had arrived they ranged themselves all around the cabin, sitting either on the bare earth or on mats. Then the chief rose and began his address. I assure you that I admired his flow of words, the justice and force of the reasons which he set forth, and the eloquent turn which he gave them, the choiceness and delicacy of the expressions with which he adorned his discourse. I am convinced that if I could have put into writing what this savage said to us on the spur of the moment and without preparation, you would readily

agree with me that the cleverest Europeans, after a good deal of meditation and study, could hardly compose a discourse more solid or better turned.

The speech ended, two savages, who performed the function of gentlemen in waiting, distributed plates to all the assembly, and each plate was for two guests. They ate conversing together of indifferent matters, and when the banquet was finished they retired, carrying away, according to their custom, what had been left in their plates.

The Illinois do not give those feasts, which are common among various other savage nations, in which one is obliged to eat all that has been served to him, even though he should burst for it. When any one who has not the capacity to observe this ridiculous law finds himself at such a feast, he appeals to one whom he knows to be of better appetite: "My brother," he says to him, "have pity upon me, I am dead if you do not give me life. Eat this which is left, I will make you a present of such a thing." It is the only way they have of coming out of their difficulty. The Illinois clothe themselves only up to the waist; and as to the rest they go quite naked. Various sections (*compartiments*), occupied with all sorts of figures which they imprint ineffaceably upon the body, take the place of garments. It is only in visits which they make or when they are present in the church that they wrap themselves in a covering of dressed skin during the summer, and in the winter with a dressed skin, with the hair left on it, for the sake of warmth. They adorn the head with feathers of various colors, of which they make garlands and crowns, which they adjust with considerable taste (*assez proprement*). They take care above all to paint the face in different colors, especially vermilion. They wear collars and pendants from the ears made of little stones, which they cut in the form of jewels. Of these there are blue, and red, and white as of alabaster; a plate of porcelain must be added as a boundary of the collar. The Illinois believe that these fantastic ornaments impart grace and draw to them respect.

When the Illinois are not engaged in war or the chase, they pass the time in games, or in feasts, or in dancing. They have

two sorts of dances — some in sign of rejoicing, to which they invite the women and girls that are most distinguished, others for marking their sadness at the death of the most highly considered members of their nation. It is by these dances that they seek to honor the dead man and to wipe away the tears of his relatives. All have the right to procure weeping of this sort for the death of those near to them, provided they make presents according to this intention. The dances hold out a longer or shorter time according to the price and worth of the presents, and afterwards these are distributed to the dancers. Their custom is not to bury the dead. They wrap them in skins and attach them by the head and the feet to the tops of trees. Outside the seasons of games, feasts and dances, the men remain quietly upon their mats, and pass the time either in sleeping or in making bows, arrows, calumets and other articles of this nature. As for the women they work like slaves from morning till night. It is for them to cultivate the earth, and to plant the Indian corn during the summer; and after the winter sets in they are busy at making mats, dressing skins, and at many other kinds of work, since their first care is to provide the cabin with all that is necessary.

Of all the nations of Canada none live in so great abundance of everything as the Illinois. Their rivers are covered with swans, bustards, geese and teal. Almost anywhere one may find a prodigious multitude of turkeys, that go in flocks, sometimes to the number of two hundred. They are larger than those seen in France. I had the curiosity to weigh some, that were of the weight of thirty-six pounds. They have at the neck a kind of beard of hair half a foot long. Bears and stags are in the greatest abundance. One sees there also an infinite number of buffaloes (*boeufs*) and roebucks. Hardly a year passes when they do not kill more than a thousand roebucks and more than two thousand buffaloes. One sees on the prairies, as far as the eye can reach, four or five thousand buffaloes feeding. They have a hump on the back and the head extremely large. Their skin, except at the head is covered with curly hair soft like wool; the flesh is naturally salt, and it is so tender (*légère*) that though it be eaten entirely raw it causes no indigestion. When they have killed a buffalo which

seems to them too lean, they content themselves with taking the tongue out of it, and go on to seek for a fatter one.

Arrows are the principal arms which they use in war and in the chase. These arrows are pointed at the end with a stone cut and filed in the form of a serpent's tongue. In default of a knife they use them also for dressing the animals which they kill. They are so expert in the use of the bow, that they almost never miss their aim, and they shoot with such rapidity that they will let fly a hundred arrows before another will have loaded his gun.

They put themselves to but little trouble in working at nets suitable for fishing in the rivers, because the abundance of game of all sorts which they find for their subsistence, renders them comparatively indifferent as regards fish. Still, when the fancy takes them to have some, they embark in a canoe with bows and arrows; they hold themselves erect the better to discover the fish, and as soon as they have caught sight of one they pierce it with an arrow.

The unique method among the Illinois of winning public esteem and veneration, as among the other savages, is to make for one's self the reputation of a clever hunter, and, better still, of a good warrior; it is in this chiefly that they make their merit to consist, and it is this which they call being really a man. They are so full of passion for this glory, that they are seen to undertake voyages of four hundred leagues in the midst of forests, to make a slave, or to carry away the scalp of a man whom they shall have killed. They make no account of the fatigues and long fasting which they have to endure, especially when they near the lands of their enemies; for then they dare not indulge in the chase, for fear that the beasts having been merely wounded, may escape with an arrow in the body, and so give notice to their enemies to put themselves in a state of defense. For their manner of making war, the same as among all the savages, is to surprise their enemies. Hence it is that they send scouts to observe their number and their march, or to ascertain if they are on their guard. According to the report made to them, either they put themselves in ambuscade, or else they make an irruption into their cabins, war-club in hand (*le casse-tête en main*), and they do not

fail of killing some before they have been able to dream of defending themselves.

The war-club is made of stag-horn or of wood in form of a cutlass with a great knob at the end. They hold the war-club in one hand and a knife in the other. As soon as they have struck a hard blow on the head of their enemy they cut around it with the knife and take away the scalp with a surprising swiftness.

When a savage comes back to his country loaded with a number of scalps, he is received with great honors; but it is the height of glory for him, when he makes prisoners, and brings them home alive. On their arrival all the village is out and ranged in hedge-rows to make a lane through which the prisoners are to pass. This reception is extremely cruel. Some tear out their nails; others cut off their fingers or ears; still others heap blows upon them with sticks.

After this first reception the elders meet together to deliberate whether they will accord life to their prisoners, or have them put to death. When there is some dead person to be raised up, that is to say, when some one of their warriors has been killed, and they deem it desirable to replace him in his cabin, they grant to this cabin one of the prisoners, who holds the place of the dead, and this is what they call raising the dead.

When the prisoner is condemned to death, they at once plant in the earth a great stake to which they attach him by the two hands; they make him chant the death-song, and all the savages having seated themselves around the stake, they light a few paces off a great fire, in which they bring to a red heat hatchets, gun-barrels, and other articles of iron. Then they come one after another and apply them all red to different parts of his body. Some make gashes upon the body with their knives; others carve a morsel of the flesh already roasted, and eat it in his presence. Some are seen, who fill his wounds with powder, and rub it all over his body, after which they set fire to it. In fine each one torments him according to his own caprice, and that during four or five hours, sometimes even during two or three days. The more sharp and piercing the cries which these torments force him to utter, the more agreeable and amusing the spectacle to these

barbarians. It is the Iroquois who are the inventors of this terrific kind of death, and it is only by right of retaliation that the Illinois in their turn treat their Iroquois prisoners with an equal cruelty.

That which we understand by the word christianity is known among all the savages only under the name of prayer. Thus when I shall say to you in what is to come in this letter that such a savage nation has embraced prayer (*la prière*), that is to say that it has become Christian, or that it is preparing to be Christian. There would be much less difficulty in converting the Illinois, if prayer allowed them polygamy. They admit that prayer is good, and are delighted that it should be taught to their women and children; but when one talks about it to themselves, one finds how hard it is to control their natural inconstancy and bring them to the resolution of having only one wife and having her always.

At the hour of assembling for prayer, morning and evening, all repair to the chapel. There are not wanting those even among the greatest jugglers, that is the greatest enemies of religion, who send their children to be instructed and baptized. This is the greatest success gained at first among these savages, and the result respecting which one feels the most assured. For in the great number of children baptized, not a year is passed in which many do not die before coming to the use of reason; and among the adults the greater part are so fervent and affectionate in prayer that they would suffer the most cruel death rather than abandon it.

It is a happiness for the Illinois their being at so great a distance from Quebec, because brandy cannot be brought to them as to others. This drink is among the savages the greatest obstacle to christianity and the source of a vast number of the most monstrous crimes. It is known that they never buy it but to plunge themselves into the most furious drunkenness. The disorders and horrible deaths witnessed every day ought, indeed, to overcome the motive of gain to be realized by traffic in a liquor so fatal.

I had been with the Illinois for two years when I was recalled

to consecrate the remainder of my days with the Abnaki nation. It was the first mission to which I had been destined on my arrival in Canada, and to all appearance it is in this mission that I shall end my life. It was necessary, therefore, to repair to Quebec in order to proceed from there to rejoin my dear savages. I have already told you of the tediousness and difficulties of this voyage. So I will only speak of one adventure, very comforting, which happened to me at forty leagues from Quebec.

I found myself in a kind of a village, where were twenty-five French houses, and a curate who had them in charge. Near the village one could see a cabin of savages, where was found a girl aged sixteen years, whom a sickness of several years had at last brought to the extremity of weakness. The curate, who did not understand the language of these savages, begged me to go and confess the sick girl, and conducted me himself to the cabin. In the interview which I had with this young person upon the truths of religion, I learned that she had been very well instructed by one of our missionaries, but had not yet received baptism. After having passed two days in making of her all the inquiries suited to assure myself of her preparation:—"Do not refuse me, I beg of you," she said to me, "the grace of baptism, for which I ask you. You know what oppression of the chest I suffer, and that there remains to me a very short time to live; what a misfortune it would be to me, and what reproaches would you not have to make to yourself, if I should come to my death without receiving this grace!" I answered that she should prepare to receive it on the morrow, and took my leave. The joy which my reply gave her wrought in her so sudden a change, that she was in condition to come in the early morning to the chapel. I was greatly surprised at her arrival, and immediately I administered baptism to her with becoming solemnity; after which she returned to her cabin, where she ceased not to thank the divine mercy for so great a benefit, and to sigh for the happy moment which was to unite her with God for all eternity. Her prayers were heard and I had the happiness of being present at her death. What an interposition of Providence for this poor girl, and what consolation for me to have been the instrument which God was pleased to make use of for giving her a place in heaven.

You do not require of me, my dear brother, to go into the detail of all that has happened to me for the many years that I have been in this mission. My occupations are always the same, and I should expose myself to tiresome repetitions. I will content myself with telling you of certain facts which seem to me to be most deserving of your attention. I can assure you, in general, that you would be at some trouble to restrain your tears should you find yourself in my church with our savages assembled, and should you be witness of the piety with which they recite their prayers, and chant the divine offices, and participate in the sacraments of penance and the eucharist. When they have been illuminated by the lights of the faith, and have sincerely embraced it, they are no longer the same men, and most of them preserve the innocence which they have received at baptism. It is this which fills me with the sweetest joy when I hear their confessions, which are frequent; whatever the interrogations I make to them, often I am scarcely able to find matter for absolving them.

My occupations with them are continual. As they do not look for help but from their missionary, as they have entire confidence in him, it is not enough for me to discharge the spiritual functions of my ministry for the sanctification of their souls; I must also enter into their temporal affairs, that I may be always ready to comfort them when they come to consult me, to decide their little differences, to take care of them when they are sick — bleed them, give them medicines, etc. My days are sometimes so filled that I am obliged to shut myself up in order to find the time of leisure for prayer and reciting my office.

The zeal with which God has filled my heart for my savages was forcibly alarmed in the year 1697, on my learning that a nation of the savage *Amalingans* was coming to establish itself a day's journey from my village. I had ground to fear that the juggleries of their medicine-men, that is to say, the sacrifices which they make to their demon, and the disorders which are the ordinary sequel, might have an influence upon some of my young neophytes. But, thanks to the divine mercy, my fears were soon dissipated after the manner which I will set forth to you.

One of our chieftains, celebrated in this region for his valor, having been killed by the English, from whom we are not very far removed, the *Amalingans*, deputed several of their nation to our village, to wipe away the tears of this illustrious man's relatives; that is to say, as I have already explained to you, to visit them, make them presents, and to testify by their dances the part they took in their affliction. They arrived on the eve of Corpus-Christi day, I was then occupied in hearing the confessions of my savages, which lasted all that day, the night following and the morrow till midday, when the procession of the most holy sacrament began. It was conducted with a great deal of order and piety, and although in the midst of these forests, with more pomp and magnificence than you can well imagine. This spectacle which was new to the *Amalingans*, touched their hearts and struck them with admiration. I believed it my duty to profit by these favorable dispositions in which they were, and after having called them together I delivered to them in the style of savage oratory the following discourse:—

“It is a long time, my children, that I have desired to see you: now that I have this happiness my heart is almost ready to break. Think on the joy which a father has, who tenderly loves his children, when he sees them again after a long absence, in the course of which they have run the greatest risks, and you will conceive a part of my joy; for although you do not yet pray, I do not cease to regard you as my children, and to have a father's tenderness for you, because you are the children of the Great Spirit, who has given being to you as well as to those who pray, who has made heaven for you as well as for them, who thinks of you just as he thinks of them and of me, that all may come to the enjoyment of eternal happiness. What gives me pain, and lessens the joy which I have at seeing you, is the reflection which even now I cannot avoid, that one day I shall be separated from a part of my children, whose lot will be eternally unhappy, because they do not pray; while others who do pray will be in the joy which shall never end.

“When I think of this terrible separation, can I have a heart at rest? The happiness of some does not give me so much joy as the

unhappiness of others gives me grief. If you have unsurmountable hindrances to prayer, and if remaining in the state in which you are, I could make an entrance for you into heaven, I would spare no pains to procure this happiness for you. I would push you into it, I would make you all enter, so much do I love you, so much do I desire that you may be happy; but it is this which is not possible. It is necessary to pray, it is necessary to be baptized, to be able to enter into this place of delight."

After this preamble I explained to them at great length the principal articles of the faith, and I continued thus:—

"All the words which I have just explained to you, are not the words of man; they are the words of the Great Spirit. They are not written like the words of men upon a collar, by means of which a man makes out to say all that he wills; but they are written in the book of the Great Spirit, to which nothing false can have access."

To make you understand this manner of speaking of the Savages, I must remark, my dear brother, that the custom of these people, when they write to any nation, is to send a collar, or a large girdle, upon which they make various figures with bits of porcelain of different colors. One instructs the bearer of the collar by saying to him:—See now, this is what the collar says to such a nation or to such a person, and he is made to depart. Our savages would be at much trouble to comprehend what is said to them and would pay but little attention to it, if one were not to accommodate one's self to their way of thinking and of expressing themselves. I went on thus:

"Courage, my children, listen to the voice of the Great Spirit, who speaks to you by my mouth. He loves you; and his love for you is so great, that he has given his life to procure life eternal for you. Alas! It may be he has permitted the death of one of our chieftains only that he may draw you into the place of prayer, and make you hear his voice. Consider that you are not immortal. A day will come when in like manner they will wipe away the tears for your death. What will it avail you to have been great chieftains in this life, if after your death you are cast into eternal flames? He whom you come to mourn with us has felici-

tated himself a thousand times upon having heard the voice of the Great Spirit, and having been faithful in prayer. Pray like him, and you shall live eternally. Courage, my children, do not separate us, let not some go to one side, and others to the other. Let us all go into heaven, it is our fatherland, it is what the one Master of life exhorts you to, of whom I am only an interpreter. Think seriously of it."

As soon as I had finished speaking, they conferred together for some time, then their spokesman (*orateur*) made me this reply on their behalf:— "My father, I am delighted with listening to you, your voice has penetrated even to my heart, but my heart is still shut up and I cannot open it at present, to let you know what it is or to which side it will turn. I must wait for several chieftains and other considerable people of our nation, who will arrive the coming autumn. It is then that I will open my heart to you. Behold, my dear father, here is all that I have to say to you at present."

"My heart is content," I replied to them, I am glad indeed that my word has awakened your interest and that you ask for time to think about it; you will be the firmer in your attachment to prayer, when once you shall have embraced it. Meanwhile I shall not cease to address my prayers to the Great Spirit, and to beg of him that he will look upon you with the eyes of his mercy, and that he will strengthen your thoughts that they may turn to the side of prayer." After which I left their assembly, and they returned to their village.

When autumn arrived I learned that one of our savages was about to visit the Amalingans in quest of corn for planting their grounds. I had them come to me, and charged them to say on my part that I was impatient to see my children again, that I always had them present to my spirit, and that I prayed them to keep in mind the word they had given me. The savage faithfully fulfilled his commission. Here is the response which the Amalingans made to him:—

"We are much indebted to our father for continually thinking of us. On our side we have well considered what he has said to us. We cannot forget his words so long as we have a heart, for

they have been so deeply engraven there that nothing can efface them. We are convinced that he loves us, we are willing to listen to him, and obey him in what he desires of us. We accept the prayer which he offers us, and we see in it nothing but what is good and praiseworthy; we are all resolved to embrace it, and we should ere now have gone to find our father in his village, if there had been food enough for our subsistence during the time he might devote to our instruction. But how could we find it there? We know that hunger has been in our father's cabin, and it is this which doubly afflicts us, that our father suffers hunger, and that we cannot go and see him, that we may put ourselves under his instruction. If our father could come and pass some time here, he might live and instruct us. This is what you shall say to our father."

This response of the Amalingans was brought to me at a favorable juncture. The greater part of the savages had been absent for several days in search of something to sustain us in life till the harvest of Indian corn. Their absence gave me leisure to visit the Amalingans, and on the morrow I embarked in a canoe on my way to their village. I had not more than a league to traverse in order to reach it, when they perceived me; and at once they saluted me with continual discharges of guns, which did not cease till my landing from the canoe. This honor which they paid me gave me instant assurance of their present dispositions. I did not lose time, and immediately on my arrival, I had a cross planted, and those who accompanied me raised at the shortest notice a chapel which they made of bark, just as they make their cabins, and there they arranged an altar. While they were about this work, I visited all the cabins of the Amalingans, to prepare them for the instructions which I was going to give them. After I began, they were very constant in their attendance to hear them. I got them together three times a day in the chapel; namely, in the morning after my mass, at mid-day, and in the evening after prayer. The rest of the day I went about through the cabins, where I still gave instructions of a special appropriateness.

When, after several days of incessant labor, I judged that they

were sufficiently instructed, I appointed the day on which they should come and receive their regeneration (*se faire régénérer*) in the waters of holy baptism. The first who came to the chapel were the chieftain, the orator, three of the most considerable men of the nation, with two women. Directly after their baptism two other bands, each of twenty savages, succeeded them, who received the same grace. In fine, all the others continued to come that day and the morrow.

You may be sure, my dear brother, that whatever toils a missionary undergoes, he is abundantly compensated for his fatigues by the sweet consolation which he feels at having led a whole nation of savages to enter into the way of salvation. I made my arrangements to leave them and return to my own village, when a messenger came to say to me on their part, that they were all together in one place and begged me to be present in their assembly. As soon as I appeared in the midst of them, the orator addressing his speech to me in the name of all the others, "Our father," said he, "we have not words to testify to you the unspeakable joy which we all feel at having received baptism. It seems to us now that we have another heart; all the trouble we experienced is entirely gone, our thoughts are no more wavering, the baptism has given us inward strength, and we are firmly resolved to honor it as long as we live. This is what we say to you before you leave us." I replied in a short address, in which I exhorted them to persevere in the singular grace which they had received, and to do nothing unworthy of the quality of children of God with which they had been honored in holy baptism. As they were getting ready to depart for the sea, I added that on their return we would settle which would be the best plan, whether that we should go and live with them or that they should come and form one and the same village with us.

The village where I live is called *Nanrantouack*, and is located in a region which is between Acadia and New England. This mission is about eighty leagues from *Pentagouet*, and a hundred leagues is reckoned as the distance from *Pentagouet* to Port Royal. The river of my mission is the largest of all those which water the lands of the savages. It should be marked upon the

map under the name of *Kinibeki*, which is what has led some Frenchmen to give to these savages the name of *Kinibals*. This river reaches the sea at *Sankderank*, which is but five or six leagues from *Pemquit*. After having ascended forty leagues from *Sankderank*, one arrives at my village, which is upon the height of a point of land. We are not at the distance of more than two days' journey at most from the habitations of the English. It requires more than fifteen days to reach Quebec, and the journey is very painful and very difficult. It would be natural that our savages should conduct their trade with the English, and there are no advantages that the English have not pressed upon them to attract and gain their friendship. But all these efforts have been fruitless, and nothing has availed to detach them from the alliance of the French. The sole bond which has so closely united them to us is their firm attachment to the Catholic faith. They are convinced that if they should give themselves over to the English, they would soon find themselves without a missionary, without sacrifice, without sacrament, and almost without any exercise of religion, and that little by little they would be plunged again into their original unbelief. This firmness of our savages has been put to all sorts of trial on the part of these formidable neighbors without their ever having been able to obtain any concession.

At the time that war was on the point of being kindled between the powers of Europe, the English governor recently arrived in Boston, asked of our savages an interview by the sea, on an island which he designated. They consented, and begged me to accompany them, that they might consult me respecting the crafty propositions which might be made, in order to make sure that their answers should involve nothing contrary either to religion or to the claims of the king's service. I accompanied them, and it was my intention simply to confine myself to their quarters, for the purpose of aiding them with my counsels, without appearing before the governor. As we were nearing the island, to the number of more than two hundred canoes, the English saluted us by a discharge of all the cannon of their vessels, and the savages replied to this salute by a corresponding dis-

charge of all their guns. Then the governor appearing upon the island the savages landed there with precipitation, and thus I found myself where I did not wish to be, and where the Governor did not wish that I should be. When he perceived me, he came several steps towards me, and after the ordinary compliments he returned to the midst of his people, and I to my savages.

“It is by order of our queen,” he said to them, “that I come to see you. She desires that we live in peace. If any Englishman should be imprudent enough to do you wrong, do not think of avenging yourselves, but address your complaint immediately to me, and I will render you prompt justice. If it should happen that we should be at war with the French, remain neutral, and do not involve yourselves in our differences. The French are as strong as we are, so let us together settle our own quarrels. We will furnish you with all the articles you need; we will take your furs, and we will give you our merchandise at a moderate price.” My presence interfered with his saying all that he intended, for it was not without design that he had brought a minister with him.

When he had ceased speaking, the savages retired to deliberate together upon the response they had to make. During that time the governor taking me aside, said, “I entreat you, sir, not to move your Indians to make war upon us.” I replied to him that my religion and my character of priest engaged me to give them only counsels of peace.

I was going on to speak still, when I saw myself all at once surrounded by a score of young warriors, who were afraid the governor was intending to have me carried away as a prisoner. Meantime the savages came forward and one of them replied to the governor as follows: “Great Chieftain, you tell us not to join ourselves to the Frenchman, supposing that you declare war against him. Know that the Frenchman is my brother; we have the same prayer, he and I, and we are in one cabin with two fires, he at one fire and I at the other. If I see you enter the cabin on the side of that fire where my brother, the Frenchman, is seated, I observe you from my mat where I am seated at the other fire. If in watching you I become aware that you carry a hatchet, I should have the thought, what does the Englishman mean to do

with that hatchet? Then I rise upon my mat to consider what he will do. If he raises the hatchet to strike my brother, the Frenchman, I take mine, and I run to the Englishman to strike him. Is it possible that I could see my brother struck in my cabin, and remain quiet upon my mat? No, no, I love my brother too much not to defend him. So I say to you, Great Chieftain, do nothing to my brother, and I will do nothing to you; remain quiet on your mat, and I will remain at rest upon mine."

Thus ended this conference. A little while after, some of our savages arrived from Quebec, and announced that a French vessel had brought the news that war had broken out between France and England. Thereupon our savages, after having deliberated according to their custom, ordered the young men to kill the dogs for making the feast of war, and so finding out those who were willing to engage. The feast took place, they raised up the boiler, they danced, and there were found two hundred and fifty warriors. After the feast they set apart a day for coming to me and confessing. I exhorted them to be as much attached to their religion as they were in the village, to observe well the laws of war, not to practice any cruelty, not to kill any one except in the heat of the combat, to accord humane treatment to those who gave themselves up as prisoners, etc.

The way these people make war causes a handful of their warriors to be an object of more dread than would be a corps of two or three thousand European soldiers. After they are entered into the hostile country they divide themselves into different parties, one of thirty warriors, another of forty, etc. They say to some, "to you is given this hamlet to eat" (it is their expression) — to others, "to you is given this village," etc. Then the signal is given to strike all together, and at the same time in different regions. Our two hundred and fifty warriors distributed themselves over more than twenty leagues of country, where there were villages and hamlets and houses. On a given day they fell all together upon the enemy in the early morning; in a single day they made a clean sweep of English possessions, they killed more than two hundred, made a hundred and fifty prisoners, and on their side

had only a few warriors wounded very slightly. They returned from this expedition to the village, having each two canoes loaded with the booty they had taken.

So long as the war lasted they carried desolation into all the lands pertaining to the English, they ravaged their villages, their forts, their farms, they drove away an immense number of cattle and made more than six hundred prisoners. Hence these gentlemen, persuaded with reason that in keeping my savages in their attachment to the Catholic faith I was drawing closer and closer the bonds which united them to the French, have had recourse to all sorts of shifts and artifices for detaching them from me. There are no offers or promises that they have not held out, if they would deliver me into their hands or at least send me back to Quebec and take in my place one of their ministers. They have made several attempts to surprise and capture me; they have gone so far even as to promise a thousand pounds sterling to the one who should bring them my head. You are well assured, my dear brother, that these menaces have no power to intimidate me or to abate my zeal; — too happy if I should become the victim of them, and if God shall count me worthy to be loaded with chains and to shed my blood for the salvation of my dear savages.

At the first news which came of the peace made in Europe, the governor of Boston sent word to our savages that if they would come together in a place which he pointed out to them, he would confer with them on the present posture of affairs. All the savages repaired to the place indicated, and the governor spoke to them thus: —

“Men of *Naranhous*, I inform you that peace is made between the king of France and our queen, and that by the treaty of peace the king of France cedes to our queen Plaisance and Port-trail, with all the lands adjacent. So, if you are willing, we shall live in peace, you and I; we were in peace formerly, but the suggestions of the French have caused you to break it, and it is to please them that you have come to kill us. Let us forget all these wretched affairs, and cast them into the sea, that they may appear no more, and that we may be good friends.”

“It is well,” replied the orator in the name of the savages, “that the kings should be in peace, I am very glad of it, and I do not find it painful either to make peace with you. It is not I that am striking you these twelve years past, it is the Frenchman who has availed himself of my arm to strike you. We were in peace, it is true, I had even thrown my hatchet I know not where, and as I was at rest upon my mat thinking of nothing, the young men brought me a word which the governor of Canada sent me, by which he said to me : ‘My son, the Englishman has struck me, help me to get revenge for it ; take the hatchet, and strike the Englishman.’ I who have always listened to the word of the French governor, I search for my hatchet, I find it at last all rusty, I put it in order, I hang it in my girdle to come and strike you. Now the Frenchman tells me to lay it down ; I throw it very far, that no one may see any more the blood with which it is reddened. So, let us live in peace, I agree to it.

“But you say that the Frenchman has given you Plaisance and Portrail which are in my neighborhood, with all the lands adjacent : he shall give you all that he will ; for me I have my land which the Great Spirit has given me for living, as long as there shall be a child of my people, he will fight for its preservation.” Thus all ended amicably ; the governor made a great banquet for the savages, after which each one retired.

The happy accompaniments of peace and tranquility which they were beginning to enjoy, caused the thought to spring up in the minds of the savages of rebuilding our church, that had been ruined in a sudden irruption which the English made while they were absent from the village. As we are far away from Quebec, and much nearer Boston, they sent thither certain of the principal men of the nation to ask for some laborers, with promise of liberal pay for their work. The governor received them with special demonstrations of friendship, and made them all sorts of caresses. “I will myself reestablish your church,” said he, “and I will deal with you more favorably than did the French governor that you call your father. It should be for him to rebuild it, since it was he in a sort that occasioned its ruin in leading you to strike at me ; for on my part I defend myself as I can, while as for

him, after serving himself of you for his own defense, he abandons you. I will do better by you; for I will not only accord you laborers, I will also pay them myself, and bear all the expense of the edifice you desire to construct. But, as it is not reasonable that I, who am English, should secure the building of a church without also placing there an English minister to take care of it and to teach religion in it, I will send you one with whom you will be content, and you shall send back to Quebec the French minister who is in your village."

"Your speech astonishes me," replied the deputy of the savages, "and I wonder at the proposition which you make to me. When you came here you had seen me a long time before the French governors; neither those who preceded you nor your ministers have ever spoken to me of religion (*la prière*) or of the Great Spirit. They saw my furs, my skins of beaver and elk, and this alone is what they thought about. This is what they looked after with eagerness. I could not furnish them enough, and when I brought them a great quantity, I was their great friend and that was all. On the contrary, my canoe having gone astray one day, I lost my way. I wandered a long time in uncertainty, until at last I came to a landing near to Quebec, in a great village of the Algonquins, where the black-robos teach. Hardly had I arrived when a black-robe came to see me. I was loaded with furs, the French black-robe did not even condescend to look at them. He spoke to me at first of the Great Spirit, of paradise, of hell, of prayer, which is the only way of reaching heaven. I listened to him with pleasure, and I had so strong a relish of his talk that I stayed a long time in this village for the purpose of hearing him. In fine, religion pleased me, and I engaged him to instruct me further. I asked for baptism and I received it. Then I return to my country and I tell what has happened to me. They envy my happiness and desire to share it, they go to find the black-robe and to ask of him baptism. It is thus that the French have conducted themselves towards me. If after that you had seen me you had spoken to me of religion, I should have had the misfortune of praying as you do; for I was not capable of finding out if your prayer was good. Thus I tell you that I

hold to the prayer of the French. It suits me, and I will keep it even till the earth burns and comes to an end. Keep, therefore, your laborers, your money, and your minister—I say no more about them. I will speak to the French governor, my father, to send them to me.”

In effect, Monsieur, the governor, had no sooner learned the ruin of our church, than he sent us laborers for rebuilding it. It is of a beauty which would make it esteemed in Europe, and I have spared no effort for its decoration. You have been able to see by the details which I have given in my letter to my nephew, that in the depths of these forests and among these savage peoples divine service is performed with a great deal of propriety and dignity. It is to this that I give very great attention, not only while the savages remain in the village, but even all the time they are obliged to abide by the sea-shore, whither they go twice every year to find there something to live upon. Our savages have so far depopulated their country of beasts, that for the last ten years neither elks nor roebucks are found. Bears and beavers have become very scarce. They have hardly anything to live upon but Indian corn, beans and pumpkins. They crush the corn between two stones to reduce it to meal; then they make a porridge of it, which they sometimes season with fat or with dry fish. When the corn fails they search in their tilled fields for potatoes, or else for acorns, which they value as much as corn. After having dried them they bake them in a kettle with ashes, to take away their bitterness. For myself I eat them dry, and they take the place of bread for me.

At a certain time they betake themselves to a river not far distant, where for a month the fish come up the stream in so great a quantity that fifty thousand barrels could be filled in a day, if there were enough hands to do the work. There is a kind of large herrings very agreeable to the taste, when they are fresh. They are pressed together against each other to the thickness of a foot, and they are drawn up like the water itself. The savages dry them for eight or ten days, and they live on them during all the time that they are putting seed into their lands.

It is not till springtime that they plant the corn, and they do

not give it the last dressing till towards Corpus Christi day. After this they deliberate as to what part of the sea they shall resort to for seeking their sustenance till the harvest, which as a rule does not come till a little after the Assumption. After deliberation had they send to invite me to come to their assembly. As soon as I appear one of them addresses me in this manner in the name of all the others. "Our father, what I say to you is what all whom you see here say to you; you know us, you know that we are destitute of food. Hardly have we been able to give the last tillage to our fields, and we have no other resource to the time of harvest but to go and seek food at the sea-shore. It would be hard for us to leave our worship behind, therefore we hope that you will be pleased to accompany us in order that while seeking for our living we may not break off our prayers. Such and such individuals will embark you, and what you will have to carry shall be distributed among the other canoes. This is what I have to say to you." No sooner have I replied *kekikberba* (this is a savage term which means, I hear you, my children, I accord that which you request), than all cry out together *SriSrie*, which is a term of thanks. Very soon after they leave the village.

On arriving at the place where we are to pass the night, poles are planted at suitable distances from each other in the form of a chapel; they encompass it in a grand tent of ticking, and it is open only in front. I always have to bring along with me a beautiful plank of cedar four feet in length with what is needed to hold it up, and it is this which serves as an altar, above which there is placed a canopy quite appropriate. I adorn the interior of the chapel with silk stuffs very beautiful; one rush mat tinted and well wrought, or else a grand bear-skin, serves as a carpet. This is brought all ready, and it only needs to lay it down as soon as the chapel is in order. At night I take my rest upon a carpet; the savages sleep in the air in the open country, if it does not rain; but if there falls a shower or snow, they cover themselves with pieces of bark which they bring with them, and which are rolled up like linen cloth. If the journey is made in winter, the snow is cleared away from the space which the chapel is to occupy, and it is set up as at other times. In it each day there is

made morning and evening prayer, and there I offer the holy sacrifice of the mass.

When the savages have come to their final halting-place, they employ the next day in raising a church, which they make secure and shapely with their pieces of bark. I bring with me my plate, and all that is needful for adorning the choir, which I have draped with beautiful Indian and silk stuffs. Divine service takes place in this church as in the village, and in effect they form a kind of village with all their cabins made of bark, which they set up in less than an hour. After the Assumption they quit the sea, and return to the village for their harvest. They have then what they can live upon very poorly till after All Saints, when they return a second time to the sea. It is at this season that they make good cheer. Besides the great fishes, the shell fish and the fruits, they find bustards, geese and all sorts of game, with which the sea is all covered in the region where they encamp, which is parted into a great number of little islands. The hunters, who leave in the morning for the chase of geese and other kinds of game, kill sometimes a score at a single discharge of a gun. Towards the Purification, or at the latest, towards Ash Wednesday, there is a return to the village, it is only the hunters, who disperse themselves for the chase of bears, elks, roebucks and beavers.

These good savages have often given me proofs of the most sincere regard for me, especially on two occasions when I found myself with them at the sea-shore, they took a lively alarm on my account. One day while they were busy in their chase, the rumor got abroad of a sudden, that a party of English had made an irruption into my quarters and had carried me off. At the very hour they assembled, and the result of their deliberation was, that they would pursue this party till they had overtaken it, and that they would take me out of its hands, though at the cost of their lives. At the same instant they sent two young savages to my quarters at a sufficiently advanced hour of the night. When they entered my cabin, I was occupied with composing the life of a saint in the savage tongue. "Ah, our father," they cried out, "how glad we are to see you!" "I likewise have much joy

at seeing you," I replied, "but what is it that brings you here at a time so startling?" "It is to no purpose that we have come," they said to me, "we were told that the English had carried you off; we came to take note of their tracks, and our warriors will not be slow in coming to pursue them, and to attack the fort, where, if the news had been true, the English would no doubt have had you shut up." "You see, my children," I answered, "that your fears were not well founded; but the friendship which my children testify toward me fills my heart with joy, for it is a proof of their attachment to religion. To-morrow, immediately after mass, you shall go as quickly as possible to undeceive our brave warriors, and save them from all anxiety."

Another alarm equally false threw me into great embarrassment, and brought me into danger of perishing by hunger and misery. Two savages came in haste to my quarters, to warn me that they had seen the English at half a day's distance. "Our father," they said, "there is no time to lose, it is necessary for you to retire, you risk too much by remaining here; for our part we will await them, and perhaps we will make our way in advance of them. The scouts leave at this moment to watch them. But for you, you must go to the village with these men whom we bring to conduct you thither. When we know that you are in a place of safety, we shall be at ease."

I departed at the dawn of day with ten savages, who served me as guides. But after some days of travel, we found ourselves at the end of our scanty provisions. My guides killed a dog which followed them, and ate it; they were soon reduced to some sacks of sea-wolf skin (*à des sacs de loups marins*), which they likewise ate. This was something I could not taste. Sometimes I lived upon a kind of wood which was boiled, and which, when it is cooked, is as tender as radishes half cooked, excepting the heart, which is very hard and is thrown away. This wood had not a bad taste, but I found extreme difficulty in swallowing it. Sometimes also they found attached to trees some of those excrescences of wood which are white like great mushrooms; these were cooked and reduced to a kind of broth, but they were a long way from having the taste of broth. Sometimes the bark of

the green oak was dried at the fire, and then peeled, and porridge was made of it, or again they dried those leaves that grow in the clefts of rocks, and which are called rock-tripe; when these are cooked they make a porridge very black and disagreeable. Of all these I ate, for there is nothing which hunger will not devour.

With such nourishment we could only make small progress in a day. We arrived, nevertheless, at a lake which had begun to thaw, and where there was already four inches of water upon the ice. It was necessary to cross it with our snowshoes, but as these snowshoes are made with strings of hide, when they were wet, they became very heavy, and made our march much more difficult. Although one of our people went forward to examine the way, I sank suddenly to the knees, another who was walking at my side presently went down to the waist, crying out, "My father, I am a dead man." As I approached to lend him a hand, I sank down still deeper myself. In fine, it was not without much trouble that we got out of this danger, owing to the embarrassment which our snowshoes occasioned us, of which we could not deprive ourselves. Still I ran less risk of drowning than of dying of cold in the midst of this half-frozen lake.

New dangers awaited us the next day at the passage of a river, which we had to cross on floating masses of ice. Happily we succeeded in this, and at last arrived at the village. The first thing was to unearth a little Indian corn which I had left in my house, and of which I ate, hard as it was, to appease the first cravings of hunger, while those poor savages gave themselves to every sort of movements to make good cheer for me. And really the repast which they proceeded to get ready for me, although frugal, and as it might seem to you not very appetizing, was according to their ideas a veritable banquet. First, they served me a plate of soup made of Indian corn. For the second service they gave me a morsel of bear-meat with some acorns, and a cake of Indian corn cooked under embers. Finally, the third service, which formed the dessert, was an ear of Indian corn roasted before the fire, with some kernels of the same corn parched under embers. When I asked them why they had made me such good cheer,—“Ah, what, our father,” they answered,

“there are two days that you have had nothing to eat; could we do anything less? may it please God that we shall often be able to entertain you in the same manner.”

While I was dreaming of recovering myself from my fatigues, one of the savages who were encamped upon the sea-shore, and who did not know of my return to the village, caused a new alarm. Having come to my encampment, and not finding me or those who were encamped with me, he had no doubt that we had been carried off by a party of English; going on his way to carry the news to those of his quarter, he arrived at a river bank. There he took the bark of a tree, upon which with coal he drew the English around me, and one of them cutting off my head. (This is all the writing the savages have, and they communicate among themselves by these sorts of drawings as understandingly as we do by our letters). He then put this kind of letter around a stick which he planted on the bank of the river, to give news to those passing by of what had happened to me. A little while after some savages who were passing by in six canoes on their way to the village, took notice of this bark; “See there a writing,” they said, “let us find out what it says.” “Alas!” they cried out, as they examined it, “the English have killed those of our father’s encampment (*quartier*), and as for him they have cut off his head.” They instantly took out the braidings of their hair so as to leave it negligently tossed about over their shoulders, and sat down before the stick till the next day without saying a word. This ceremony with them is the mark of the greatest affliction. The next day they continued their journey to within half a league of the village, where they halted, when they sent one into the wood near by in order to see if the English had not come to burn the fort and the cabins. I was reciting my breviary as I walked along the fort and the river, when the savage arrived opposite me on the other bank. As soon as he perceived me, he cried out, “Ah, my father, how glad I am to see you. My heart was dead, and it is alive again at beholding you. We saw a writing which said that the English had cut off your head. How glad I am that it was a lie.” When I proposed to send him a canoe for crossing the river, he replied, “No, it is enough that I

have seen you. I turn back now to carry the agreeable tidings to those who are waiting for me, and soon we will come and rejoin you." They came, in fact, that very day.

I trust, my very dear brother, that I have done justice to what you desired of me by the sketch (*précis*) I have now given you of the nature of this country, of the character of our savages, of my occupations, my labors, and the dangers to which I am exposed. You will judge, without doubt, that it is on the part of the English that I have most to fear. It is true that for a long time they have conspired for my destruction. But neither their ill will nor the death with which they threaten¹ me can ever cause me to separate myself from my long-tried flock. I commend it to your devout prayers, and am with the most tender attachment, etc.

CHRISTOPHER LEVETT,

THE FIRST OWNER OF THE SOIL OF PORTLAND.

B JAMES PHINNEY BAXTER.

Read before the Maine Historical Society, February 26, 1891.

[CONTINUED.]

LEVETT explored the harbor and rowed up Fore river, which he named Levett's river, and which, the Indians informed him, abounded with salmon in their season. Although inwardly resolving to make this the site of his future city, he wished to study the coast eastward, and pushed on past Munjoy to the mouth of the Presumpscot. This beautiful river, with the green island at its outlet, dividing its waters as they course

¹He was killed the year following.

to the sea, must have presented a striking picture to Levett as he rounded Martin's point, with its wide-spreading oaks and lofty pines sweeping to the water's edge. Pulling up toward the first fall of the Presumpscot, which he declares to be "bigger than the fall at London bridge," he soon came in sight of the home of the red men, who welcomed him with abundant hospitality, the chief sharing with him his own habitation.

This locality seems to have been a convenient rendezvous for the Indians, for while Levett sojourned with Skitterygusset, the sagamore of the Presumpscot, several chiefs from east and west gathered here in a friendly manner, bringing their families with them, and such furs as they had gathered during the winter to barter with the English. With these savages Levett soon found himself on friendly terms, and when he left the Presumpscot, Sadamoyt, the great chief of the Penobscots, in a fervor of affectionate feeling, pressed upon him a beaver skin as a token of esteem.

In spite of his predilection for Portland harbor, Levett prolonged his voyage to the vicinity of the Sagadahoc, where Gorges, always confidently hoping to retrieve the failure of his enterprise under Popham, was intending to found a "state county" and to build a city, which was to have the honor of being christened by the king.

Levett in his voyage along the shores of Maine, found numerous sites suitable for plantation, and the Indians everywhere kindly disposed toward him. His heart, however, was set on the region about Portland

harbor, which his practiced eye told him was the most suitable place on the coast for a maritime city, and after a brief examination of the eastern coast he returned there, and selected the site for his prospective city of York.

Levett's probity was as marked as his sagacity, and instead of seizing upon the land by virtue of his English patent, he procured from Cogawesco, the sagamore of Casco, and his wife, permission to occupy it, recognizing them as inhabitants of the country, and as having "a natural right of inheritance therein." This is in marked contrast to most other patentees of lands in New England, and is highly to his credit. By this wise act he secured the good will of the Indians, and thereby greatly strengthened his position; indeed, he so won upon the affections of the childish and passionate natives that they strove to persuade him not to leave them, but to remain and share their rude lot.

Having secured the site for his city, Levett promptly set about erecting a habitation fortified to protect its inmates from attack by the Indians, who thronged the bay in search of fish and game; indeed, the islands and shores of Casco bay were then as much a summer resort of the Indians as they now are for men of another race.

Having completed his building on an island at the mouth of the harbor, and placed in it ten men to hold possession, Levett bade adieu to his Indian friends, who expressed sorrow at his departure, assuring him that they should watch the sea for his return, and should welcome him and the friends whom he might bring with him to his new home.

When Levett reached England he found affairs there unfavorable for his undertaking. The patent for New England, under which he had received title, had been on trial before parliament and had been adversely passed upon as a monopoly. There was also trouble with Spain, owing to the rupture of the marriage contract between Prince Charles of England and the Princess Maria of Spain, brought about by the intrigues of Buckingham. A new danger, still greater, threatened Englishmen who had already settled in New England, or contemplated settling there, as the French monarch, whose sister, the Princess Henrietta, had taken the place of the Spanish princess in the affections of Prince Charles, laid claim to a large portion of the American continent, embracing the whole of New England.

The enthusiasts, who had founded powerful states and prosperous cities in New England with materials no more substantial than paper and ink, lost heart, and Levett found none bold enough to join him in his enterprise. No matter how fervent his faith in the new country, its possession under a title from the Council, or even from the English crown, might be disputed. Surely, there was little to warrant men to encounter the perils with which emigration was surrounded.

Baffled in his efforts to interest others in his New England affairs, Levett now sought employment in one of the many naval expeditions fitting out for foreign service. The Count of Mansfeldt had raised a large force of Englishmen, and the fleet bearing them

had sailed from Dover some weeks before Levett sighted the shores of his native land; indeed, when he arrived, news was already reaching England of the dire disasters which were befalling this ill-planned expedition, but which only served to fire the ambition of aspiring adventurers.

The Christmas of 1624 was passed by Levett in the bosom of his family at his home in Sherborne. His last Christmas had been spent on the wild shores of Maine, amid savage people, exposed to bitter blasts and restricted to meager fare; but now at home in merry old England, having safely returned from a voyage, the hardships and hazards of which were appalling to homefolk, we may well believe that he gave by his presence at the family fireside, and his stories of strange adventure, a keen zest to the joy of those who shared with him the happiness of that happiest of festal days, and that wife, children, and kinsfolk united in making the occasion as joyful as possible.

But Levett was a man who could not long remain idle, and the sounds of busy preparation, which came from every quarter, prompted him to action; therefore, while he was eating his Christmas goose and relating stories of his savage friends in Casco bay, he was thinking of a letter to be written to Secretary Coke, which, if favorably acted upon, would soon take him from his family and place him amid new perils.

This letter was written to the secretary on the day after Christmas, and began by speaking of the writer's change of heart several years before, and of the desire

which was awakened in him to do something for the glory of God and the good of the church and commonwealth. Before this, Hakluyt had told of the wonderful new world peopled with degraded men, whose souls could be saved by Christian effort, and eloquent divines had repeated his words to wondering auditors. To such "reverend and worthy friends," Levett told the noble secretary, he went for counsel, and while he asserted his confidence in being able with assistance to make his New England enterprise successful, he begged for employment of some kind, though he was possessed of means sufficient for his support "in a reasonable good fashion." "He could not," he said, "exist in idleness, and in support of his case, he adduced, as usual, a quaint maxim or two: "That an idle person lieth open to all temptations; that he is a drone among bees; that he is worse than an infidel that doth not provide for himself and his family; that every man ought to eat his own bread; that he is unworthy to live in the church or commonwealth that is not beneficial to both." Evidently this letter received an encouraging response, for on the twenty-sixth of the following May we find Levett writing another letter to Secretary Coke, expressing his hearty thanks to him for a proffer of employment in some service, which was to follow Buckingham's return from France, whither he had gone to bring the bride of Charles I to England, shortly after the death of James, which took place on March 27, 1625. But though grateful to the secretary for his proffer of future service, Levett chafed under enforced idleness and urgently pressed for immediate employment.

At the time Levett penned this letter, an expedition was fitting out in England in which Sir Ferdinando Gorges was to take part; and Gorges was then in London, arranging with Coke's associate, Conway, business pertaining to this expedition, which Levett probably desired to join; a desire which, perhaps, prompted his impatient appeal to Coke. Unfortunately, whatever correspondence may have passed between him and Gorges is lost; but there can be no doubt that the two were correspondents, since both were deeply interested in New England, and Gorges was the moving spirit of the corporation, which made Levett an associate of his son Robert, and conveyed to him his possessions in Casco bay.

We lose sight of Levett, however, for a brief period, but Coke, happily, proved to be his friend, and in the famous expedition against Spain, which sailed from England October 5, 1625, Levett went as the captain of the *Susan and Ellen*, a ship of the burden of three hundred and twenty tons, and manned with a crew of sixty-five men. This fleet, under the command of Lord Wimbledon, consisted of eighty English and sixteen Dutch vessels, and was said to be the largest joint naval power which ever sailed the seas. "So large was it," says an old writer, that it "made the world abroad to stand astonished, how so huge a fleet could be so suddenly made ready;" and yet this vast fleet and an army of ten thousand men were raised and equipped, not by parliament, for that had been angrily dissolved by the king, but by writs sent by him to every one in the realm who was supposed to have money, commanding

them to loan him such sums as he had been informed by his agents they were able to loan. To refuse these demands was dangerous, and money poured into the coffers of the royal blackmailers in plentiful streams.

It was in this fleet, the destination of which was kept a secret, that Levett found himself, feeling, doubtless, a glow of patriotic pride as he saw it in its grandeur, and never for a moment realizing that the motive which caused its creation was private revenge, and the methods by which it was created were subversive of those liberties which he, in common with all Englishmen, cherished most deeply in his heart.

As the fleet entered the Bay of Biscay it encountered the usual storms, and was buffeted by wind and wave until it seemed to those on board that their end was near; and so it was to some, for one tall ship, bearing nearly two hundred men, plunged beneath the sea and was seen no more. Wimbledon had been given orders before leaving home to intercept the Spanish plate fleet, then nearing Spain, burdened with treasure, but he was no Drake, and he permitted several large ships to pass him and enter the Bay of Cadiz, where they afterward wrought serious injury to his fleet. Time was wasted in councils of war; the Spanish got news of his approach and prepared to receive him; but instead of making a naval attack upon the Spanish shipping at Cadiz, which it was believed would have resulted in success, Wimbledon landed a force and attacked the fort of Puntal, which he captured; but his men now found a foe more dangerous than the Spaniards. The cellars were filled with wine, which

the soldiers fell upon and drank to excess. Wimbledon, alarmed at the condition of his men, who were in no condition to resist an attack, hastily gathered as many as he could and carried them back to the ships. Those left behind were butchered by the revengeful Spaniards. The unfortunate commander now abandoned his designs on Cadiz and lay off shore watching for the treasure fleet, but sickness assailed his crowded ships and his men died by scores. Thoroughly disheartened, Wimbledon gave orders to return to England, "which was done in a confused manner and without any observance of sea orders."

It is, perhaps, proper to say that the plate fleet passed the place where the English ships had been cruising a few days before, and sailed quietly into Cadiz, while Wimbledon with his fleet, which had sailed proudly away a few weeks before, now shattered, and burdened with sick and dying men, entered Plymouth harbor, where he was received with the contempt which he so well deserved.

It has been thought proper to give an account of this unfortunate expedition in which Levett took part, as it opens a scene in the life of a man identified with our early history, and of whom, at best, we may catch but brief glimpses amid the changing shadows of the past.

On his arrival at Plymouth, Levett, who had evidently suffered from having a clumsy and uncomfortable ship, urgently sought to be transferred to the *Great Neptune*, belonging to Gorges. He bitterly complained of the *Susan* and *Ellen*, although she sailed the seas for many

years after, and safely brought across the Atlantic some of the founders of New England, while the *Great Neptune*, which he longed to command, and which had been built by Gorges in the most careful manner to transport his colonists to his Province of Maine, never fulfilled the great purpose for which she was designed, and brought her owner but trouble and loss.

The letter of January 11 was followed by an interesting account of what Levett had observed on the expedition just described, and was doubtless written at the suggestion of Secretary Coke, who, learning that Levett wielded a ready pen, deemed it wise to make use of it in obtaining the impressions of an actor in the affair who would have no great reason to falsify.

But Levett was not contented with giving an account of the expedition. His real interest was in New England, and here was an opportunity to reach the ear of the astute secretary, so he closed his relation with a few practical suggestions how England could weaken her dread enemy, Spain, and pointed out the part New England could be made to play in the undertaking.

The first thing was to cease trade with Spain altogether, and then to employ the navy in cutting off her trade with her northern neighbors. This done, he would fortify the fishing-places in New England, a country capable of being made more profitable than the West Indies, for her fisheries alone were richer than the mines of other countries, all of which could be done at the cost of a single subsidy, for which England would secure an annual profit sufficient, after

a few years, to maintain an army or fleet, or support the poor, if any able-bodied poor could be found in the realm, which would be doubtful, since so many would be attracted to New England by the great opportunities for gaining wealth, which that country would afford, that in a score of years the country would be cleared of needy persons. Beside this, New England would be able to furnish a ship of five hundred tons' burden a year, which would work more damage to Spain and her West India possessions than all England possibly could, since New England lay in the wake of Spain by her ordinary course of trade to the straits. In proof of this Levett desired to be heard at the council table.

We know not the reply of the secretary to Levett, if one was made; but certainly his prayer for another ship was unheeded, for soon after he applied for a ship to Nicholas, the servile tool of Buckingham, with whom it appears he was in correspondence, and who was drawing from him a portion of his earnings, for so corrupt were the times, that no man could hold place under government without sharing the emoluments of his office with some parasite of the court. Strangely enough the stream of time, which has engulfed so many valuable records, has brought to us this insignificant waif, for Nicholas preserved it, and doubtless placed it in his master's hand to aid his correspondent. In this letter Levett not only referred to former "presents" made Nicholas when he drew his pay, but promised to allow him one-half of the pay he would receive as commander of the ship in which he might be placed by the efforts of Nicholas.

When this letter was received, Buckingham was in no mood to give it attention, for he was before parliament defending himself against charges of wrongdoing too strong to be readily thrust aside even by him, with the king's power behind him; and we find Levett in a few weeks again appealing to Coke from Stoke's bay, on board the Susan and Ellen. His fellow captains, equally anxious with himself for employment, had gone to London upon a rumor which had reached them of another expedition fitting out for foreign service, and as he was acting with Pennington, one of Buckingham's most useful tools in the disgraceful plot against the Protestants of Rochelle, already spoken of, he was unable to leave his post in the absence of his associate, to make a personal appeal to the secretary.

Although active in seeking employment, Levett had not forgotten his plantation in New England. What had become of his fortified house on the island at the mouth of Portland harbor, and the men left in charge of it we know not. His Indian friends had long watched the sea in vain for the coming of "poor Levett," as they affectionately styled him. Levett's plan, as presented to Secretary Coke in his "Relation," was carefully formulated and laid before the king, probably through the agency of Nicholas and Buckingham, for but little could reach the royal eye without the latter's agency. But Levett well knew the importance of able advocates, and Coke was a friend, who already knew something of his plans, and he again addressed him on the subject nearest his heart.

He was wearied with the petty jealousies and strifes of the narrow world about him, and longed like many others for the far-off new world, with its free air, and blue sky, and limitless stretches of forest, mountain and plain across the great ocean, inaccessible to the pettiness and vanity, which reigned wherever the influence of the court extended, making life irksome to manly hearts.

“There is no man,” said Levett, “who knows better than myself what benefit would accrue unto this kingdom by New England, if it were well planted and fortified.” But although he was in a fair way to achieve his purpose, he needed the assistance, which Coke could easily afford him by supporting his petition to the king. If he would not do this, Levett begged him to put him into a good ship that he might do the king service and no longer remain idle.

For nearly a year we lose sight of Levett amid the confusion which everywhere prevailed. The queen’s Roman Catholic household was broken up by the king, who could no longer tolerate the idle and overbearing priests, who had her spiritual welfare in their keeping, and the dissolute and supercilious crew, who danced attendance upon her, and they were all packed off to Paris with much useless paraphernalia. This done, the king and Buckingham set their wits to work to devise some method to get the people, who were becoming dangerously clamorous, into better humor. One of their acts had been especially censured, namely, the attempt to force English Protestants to destroy their French brothers of Rochelle, and it was thought

that by fitting out an expedition to support them against the king's brother-in-law of France, the popular mind would be turned in their favor.

It was an artful scheme, and Buckingham bent all his energies to put it into execution. A fleet of seventy-six vessels was gathered, and sailed with a great show of piety, in the early summer of 1627, but when it appeared before Rochelle, so much was the English king and Buckingham distrusted, that the people of that unhappy city refused to permit it to enter their harbor, hence Buckingham turned away, and falling upon the Isle of Rhé laid siege to the castle of St. Martin. After vain attempts to capture this formidable fortress, he was obliged to abandon it with the loss of a large portion of his army, and to return to England to face greater unpopularity than ever.

We can hardly understand why Levett was not with Buckingham on this expedition, but we know that he was in England awaiting some response to his petition, and probably making constant efforts to draw support to it; indeed, we find him writing to Coke shortly before the return of Buckingham's ill-starred expedition, inclosing a letter from "a servant in New England," probably one of the men left by him to keep his house in Casco bay.

Chafing under disappointments, Levett forcibly expressed his regret that the king should permit such a country to fall into the hands of an enemy, who would by its possession be as well provided for building and furnishing ships as any prince in the world; and he assured the secretary that if the king and

council should think it worth preserving, he could as well undertake its fortification as any one of the king's subjects. "I beseech your honor" he said, "let not the multiplicity of weighty and chargeable affairs which are now in hand, cause this to be neglected," for if this should be done, "much damage and dishonor must certainly ensue;" and he closed by expressing his readiness to attend, upon notice, an audience in London.

Buckingham, returning from his failure at Rhé, landed at Plymouth and proceeded at once to London, passing through Sherborne where Levett saw him, and, in spite of his pre-occupation, managed to get his ear, and speak a few words in behalf of the New England project. This he immediately communicated to Coke, and informed him that the great man desired one of his gentlemen to call his attention to the subject when he reached town. Levett also inclosed a plan setting forth his views relative to New England, and pressed the secretary to examine it. If desired, he would visit London, but if nothing was done, he declared that he should be forced to give orders to those in his employ, who were engaged in fishing in New England, to return home. It is pleasing to find that Levett's persistence at last bore fruit. His project was brought before the king and council, probably explained by himself in person, for we find, shortly after this last letter to Coke, an extraordinary proclamation issued by the king, directed to the ecclesiastical authorities, requiring the churches of the realm to take up a contribution in behalf of the colonial enter-

prise in Casco bay. That such a contribution should have been ordered by the king, and sanctioned by the privy council is remarkable. This unique instrument sets forth important facts in Levett's scheme. We are informed by the king that colonial enterprises in New England having been interrupted by his difficulties with France and Spain, it had become necessary, in order to secure English interests there to render assistance to those who had entered upon such enterprises; and that as his "well beloved subject," Captain Christopher Levett was willing to risk to the utmost both life and estate, in order to establish a colony in New England, and was well acquainted with the Indians, he had thought best not only to make him governor of New England, but to order churchmen to contribute means to aid him in his undertaking, the success of which would strengthen the kingdom, and enable the poor and ignorant savages to acquire a knowledge of the true faith—a work which especially commended itself to the king's affection.

The contribution in the churches was taken up as directed by royal authority, and the proceeds paid to Levett; but what the amount was is not recorded, nor do we know what steps Levett took towards ultimating his plans. It is probable that the contributions were insufficient to afford him the necessary equipment; indeed, the low ebb to which the finances of the people had been reduced by misgovernment, the unpopularity of the king and his chief adviser, and the shadowy nature of the enterprise which the people were called upon to assist, were such as to afford un-

certain ground upon which Levett could reasonably build his hopes. He, however, prepared an extended account of his explorations and experiences in New England, which was printed by William Jones, who had printed his book on Timber Measures. This book, which will always possess a deep interest for the historical student, was published in 1628. On April nineteenth of this year, we find Levett before parliament with a petition respecting the two bridges leading into Doncaster, a town on the river Don, about thirty miles southwest from the city of York. These bridges were called the Friar's bridge, then comparatively new, having been carried away by a flood in 1614 and shortly after rebuilt; and St. Mary's bridge, now known as the Mill bridge, and furnished an important entrance to the town.

Among his many grants of privileges, King James, in 1605, granted a patent to William, the uncle of Christopher Levett, to collect tolls at these bridges; but for some reason, the patent lay dormant until 1618, when Levett began to enforce his rights.

So far as we can learn Levett continued to collect tolls until 1628, when the clamor against monopolies reached the little town of Doncaster, and its citizens suddenly awoke to the fact that they had a monopoly in their midst, and they at once declared it a grievance.

It would seem that Christopher Levett had some interest in the patent of his uncle, hence his petition to parliament, which, however was not retained, parliament being then in no mood to favor anything which savored of monopoly; but a few weeks later a

petition against the objectionable patent was considered, and soon after it was declared to be "a grievance to the subjects, both in the creation and execution," and the good people of Doncaster, without doubt greatly to their satisfaction, were able to cross their bridges free of toll.

On the twenty-third of August, Buckingham was stricken down by the knife of an assassin, and the king found himself in too perilous straits to help any subject, however "well beloved." It was a season of terrible agitation, and yet we may believe that Levett, in spite of it all, was busy with his scheme of settlement in New England, whither so many anxious minds were turning, though we may not be able to distinguish clearly amidst the turmoil and confusion, the man who could entertain his companions in suffering with merry old sayings, while enduring the rigors of a New England winter without roof, bed or board.

We may believe this, because amid the confusion which reigned in New England during this entire year, we know that plans were elaborated for a colony on the shores of Massachusetts bay, and John Endicott, with a band of hardy men, holding a patent from the Council for New England, crossed the Atlantic and laid the foundations of Salem.

Just what interest Levett had in this undertaking we may never know, yet when Winthrop cast anchor in Salem harbor on that ever memorable twelfth of June, 1630, he records that "Mr. Pierce came aboard us and returned to fetch Mr. Endicott, who came to us about two of the clock, and with him Mr. Skelton and

Captain Levett." We may well inquire how Christopher Levett came to be at Salem at this time. His interest in New England was certainly such as to bring him naturally into relations with others possessing similar interest; beside, the wide publicity which the king's proclamation gave him, followed by the publication of his book — acts which may have directed the thoughts of Endicott and his associates New Englandward — must have emphasized the importance of Levett's counsel to those who contemplated emigration to a land, which to most was a *terra incognita*, but with which he was well acquainted. It is not strange, then, that Christopher Levett was one of the first to greet Winthrop upon his arrival in New England. He must, however, already have disposed of his patent in Casco bay, which, we know, passed into the possession of Plymouth merchants.

When Winthrop met Levett at Salem, he was there in command of a ship, and he must have sailed shortly after for England, bearing letters from Winthrop's company to their friends at home. Levett, however, was not again to behold the green shores of Old England. On the voyage home he died, and instead of reposing with his kindred in Yorkshire, he found burial in the great ocean, which has entombed so many brave adventurers.

The letters which he was taking home from Winthrop's colony never reached their destination. By some means they fell into the hands of their enemies, Morton, Gardner and others, and when these men petitioned the Privy Council, on December 19, 1632, to

inquire into the methods by which the charter of the colonists from the king was procured, and the abuses practiced under it, some of these letters, which contained indiscreet references to the church government in England, were brought into requisition to sustain the action of the petitioners.

On the twenty-second of the January following our last unsatisfactory glimpse of Christopher Levett at Salem, his widow made a sad journey from Sherborne to Bristol where his ship had brought his personal effects.

A few brief lines in the Probate records of the home of Cabot, furnish us with the last vestige of the author of *A Voyage into New England*, and the first English owner of the soil upon which now stands the city of Portland.

SKETCHES OF THE LIVES OF EARLY MAINE MINISTERS.

BY WILLIAM D. WILLIAMSON.

*Presented to the Maine Historical Society, with an Introduction by Joseph
Williamson, December 10, 1891.*

[CONTINUED.]

REVEREND JOSHUA MOODY.

REVEREND JOSHUA MOODY, Harvard College, 1707, was minister to the people on the Isles of Shoals. He was a native of Salisbury, Massachusetts, a useful and faithful preacher, and a man of piety. He continued his ministerial labors at the Shoals till 1730, when he

removed and became a settled schoolmaster at Hampton, and afterward at Newburyport. He died of an apoplexy, April 17, 1768, aged eighty-two years.

REVEREND JEREMIAH WISE.

REVEREND JEREMIAH WISE, Harvard College, 1700, was ordained the second minister of the present South Berwick in November, 1707. He continued his pastoral labors till his death, January 20, 1756, a period of forty-eight years and two months. He was a graduate of Harvard College in 1700, in whose class of fifteen there were eight ministers. He was a doctrinal preacher, and an excellent and exemplary man. People in his day went to meeting to hear the gospel preached, not to be amused with the flowers of fancy and the figures of eloquence. For men were wont then to think more of their souls than their pleasures. Henry Wise, a merchant at Ipswich, Massachusetts, graduated at Harvard College, 1717, and the minister, were sons of Reverend John Wise, pastor of the Chebacco parish in that town, graduated at Harvard College, 1673, ordained 1682, imprisoned in 1688, by order of Sir Edmund Andros, because he remonstrated against taxes illegally laid on the people; a representative to the general court, 1689 and 1690, a chaplain in the expedition in the latter year that went against Canada. He died 1725, aged seventy-three years.

REVEREND MATTHEW SHORT.

REVEREND MATTHEW SHORT, Harvard College, 1707, was chaplain of the fort at Winter Harbor, in Saco

[Biddeford] and preached to the people on their resettlement of the town in 1714. He resided there six or seven years, and received from government an annual salary of forty pounds toward his support; also forty acres of land were laid to him in 1721, and shortly after this he removed to Easton, Massachusetts, where he died before 1721, having had while at Saco two children, Matthew and Margaret.

REVEREND JOSEPH BAXTER.

REVEREND JOSEPH BAXTER, born at Braintree, Massachusetts, June 4, 1676, Harvard College, July 5, 1693, ordained minister of Medfield, April 21, 1697, and died May 2, 1745. He had three wives, whose names were before marriage, Mary Fiske, Rebecca Suffin, and Mary Bridgham; also seven children. He was the great-grandfather of Reverend William Mason of Castine, his mother being a Baxter. While he was a minister at Medfield he came a missionary to the Canebas Indians in 1717, in company with Governor Shute, at the time the tribes met him at Arrowsic island for the purpose of a conference. He continued his labors at intervals from 1717 to 1721. He was the first Congregational minister that came into this region, of whom we have any satisfactory account.

REVEREND JOHN EVELETH.

REVEREND JOHN EVELETH, Harvard College, 1689, first minister of Kennebunkport, was called to preach at Stow, Massachusetts, in May, 1700, where he continued his pastorate seventeen years. He afterward preached at Manchester and Enfield of that state, and in 1719 we

find him in Kennebunkport, occasionally and alternately preaching there and at Saco. In 1723 the inhabitants of the latter town paid him twenty-six pounds to preach half the time to them for one year, and for the other half of the time Arundel gave him a small salary, and in 1726 voted to raise twenty pounds for his salary, and "other necessary charges in town." He continued to preach at both places till 1728, when Saco procured another minister, and in August the next year his connection with Arundel was, at his own desire, dissolved. After Arundel was resettled in 1714, Mr. Bradbury, under a subsequent date of five years, says, "Fifty acres were granted to Mr. Eveleth upon condition of his building a house in town within a year." Though he did not please the people as a minister, they were unwilling he should leave them, even after his dismissal, for as the same correct writer says, "he was not only their minister and schoolmaster, but a good blacksmith and farmer, and the best fisherman in town." His exit, by removal or death, was in 1732, when he was about sixty-three years of age. A man must be a prodigy, who, being obliged to engage in so many pursuits for a livelihood, could, at the same time, distinguish himself for his pastoral services and pupil talents.

REVEREND JOHN ROGERS.

REVEREND JOHN ROGERS, Harvard College, 1711, was the first settled minister of Eliot. This was formed into a parish in 1714, soon after Berwick was incorporated, and continued to be the north parish of Kittery

till 1800, when it was erected into a town by its present name. It was the original settlement at "Sturgeon creek," commenced about the year 1630. The grandfather of Mr. Rogers was Reverend Nathaniel Rogers of Ipswich, who was the grandson of the celebrated John Rogers, the martyr at Smithfield. The Reverend Nathaniel's son John, who came over with the father to New England in 1636, and was graduated at Harvard College, 1649, was advanced in 1682 to the fifth presidentship of that seminary. The president's son John, born in July, 1666, Harvard College, 1684, became in 1692 the fifth minister of Ipswich, where he died at the age of seventy-nine years. His oldest son, John Rogers, the subject of this sketch, was born in that town, January 19, 1692, and died October 1, 1773. Of his brothers, William was a minister in Maryland; Nathaniel, a colleague with his father; Daniel, the first, settled as a minister in the south parish of Exeter, New Hampshire, and Samuel, a physician at Ipswich. A son of this Mr. Rogers of Eliot was the Reverend John Rogers of Gloucester, Massachusetts, who died in October, 1782.

Reverend Mr. Rogers, after being a very acceptable preacher in what is now Eliot, about six years, was ordained on the twenty-fifth of October, 1721, a church having been, for the first time, embodied in June preceding. So long and indefatigable were his labors of love, that when he had passed the common age of man, he began to falter, and exhibit the infirmities of a declining life; therefore, in 1768, five years before his decease, at the advanced age of eighty-one, his people

manifested their attachment to him by providing for him a colleague. By his abilities, piety, and godly preaching, he shed a luster upon his name, though highly distinguished as it had been by the highest of Puritans and best of ministers.

REVEREND WILLIAM TOMPSON.

REVEREND WILLIAM TOMPSON, Harvard College, 1718, was the first minister canonically and legally settled in Scarborough. Notice has already been taken of the circumstances under which Reverend Mr. Blackman¹ was a preacher five or six years in that ancient town. He left the province in 1688, the year the second Indian war was commenced. Scarborough was evacuated by its inhabitants in 1690, revived in 1699, attacked and abandoned in 1703, the first year of the third Indian war, and in 1714 it was permanently re-established. The first town meeting was in 1719, when only thirty-one families had resumed their homes. As with our pilgrim fathers generally, so with this people, they rested their hopes of prosperity upon the blessing of their Heavenly Father, and believed it would be measured to them in some proportion according to their piety and purity in life, and to their enlightened devotional exercises in divine worship. Therefore, the next year they employed Reverend Hugh Campbell for a twelvemonth or more, and between 1722 and 1725, inclusive, they had the preaching of Reverend Hugh Henry about two years and a half. The remuneration provided for each of them annually, was eighty pounds and board. As the Indians had laid

¹ See ante, No. 11.

their meeting-house in ashes, and another had not been erected, the public worship on the Sabbath was at the dwelling-house of Roger Deering. Neither Mr. Campbell nor Mr. Henry appear to have had a collegiate education, and a suit, commenced by the latter for his services, probably put an end to his pastoral labors there.

Reverend Mr. Tompson, subject of this sketch, whose grandfather of the same name was the second preacher in Maine, previously mentioned,¹ was the son of Benjamin Tompson of Roxbury,² born at Quincy, a graduate of Harvard College, 1662, "famed as a poet, physician and schoolmaster," and was ordained in 1727, the minister of Scarborough, a church being organized on Congregational principles the same year. He resided at Blue Point, or in the Dunstan³ settlement, though he preached alternately there and at Black Point, the former being on the western and the latter on the eastern side of the Great Marsh. His salary after the third year was one hundred and twenty pounds and a parsonage house, though not built till after 1732. In 1744 the Reverend Richard Elvins was ordained over the Dunstan settlement, afterward called the second parish, and both ministers, as Reverend Mr. Tilton says, were supported by the town at large till the legal division of the town into two parishes. Mr. Tompson, after a ministry of thirty-two years, died in February, 1759, at the age of sixty years. His son,

¹ See ante, No. 2.

² Alden's Epitaphs, No. 249. His inscription, "He that would try what is true happiness, indeed, must die."

³ Original name of Dunstan was "Oroeskeag," meaning "a river of much grass." Rev. Mr. Tilton, MS. letter.

Reverend John Tompson of Berwick and Standish, survived him. If the minister of Scarborough was not, like his father, inspired with the poet's fire and fancy, his soul was baptized with the spirit of the gospel; a peacemaker, a sound minister, and a most excellent man. The white rose of his piety will always bloom in the garden of the Lord, and his epitaph be, "This man died and went away with the angels into heaven."

PROCEEDINGS.

NOVEMBER 21, 1889.

The fall meeting was held in the library of Baxter Building.

The President in the chair.

The Librarian read his report of accessions to the Library and Cabinet received since the annual meeting.

Rev. Dr. Burrage read a paper on the beginnings of Colby University or Waterville College, as then called, with an account of the life and services of its first president Rev. Jeremiah Chaplin, D.D.

Mr. Joseph Williamson presented a copy of a French pamphlet concerning the Colony at Port Royal, believed to have been written by L'Escarbot, together with a paper concerning the author. Mr. Williamson also presented a copy of Samuel Moody's sermon on the "Vain Youth Summoned," with an account of the author and his writings.

Mr. George F. Emery read a memorial of the late Cyrus Woodman of Cambridge, Mass., a generous ben-

efactor of the Society. Dr. Lapham and General John M. Brown added verbal tributes to the memory of Mr. Woodman.

Mr. Parker M. Reed read a genealogical paper concerning the three John Parkers who were prominent in the annals of the lower Kennebec.

Votes of thanks were passed for the papers read and copies requested for the Archives. Adjourned until evening.

Evening session in Baxter Hall. Rev. Albion W. Small, Ph. D., gave an address on Methods of Study of American Constitutional History. The paper was listened to with much interest and elicited some commendatory remarks. A vote of thanks was passed to Dr. Small for his address and the meeting adjourned for one month.

DECEMBER 20, 1889.

A meeting of the Society was held in the Library and the President, Mr. Baxter, read a paper on the beginnings of Maine, giving extracts from a number of letters written by Sir Ferdinando Gorges and now preserved at Hatfield House, England, which Mr. Baxter had recently procured for his forthcoming Life of Sir Ferdinando to be published by the Prince Society of Boston. Remarks on the subject matter of the paper were made by Messrs. George F. Talbot, William B. Hayden, George F. Emery, Dr. Lapham and General John M. Brown. A vote of thanks was extended to Mr. Baxter for his interesting and instructive paper, and a copy requested for the Archives.

Adjourned.

FEBRUARY 20, 1890.

A meeting of the Society was held in the Library and called to order at 2.30 P.M. The Librarian, Mr. Bryant, read his quarterly report of accessions and in connection with it read the following copy of a letter written by Edward Tyng which was received from Dr. John F. Pratt of Chelsea, and copied from the original in the Massachusetts Archives. It is addressed to John Weste in Boston.

Falmouth, Decmr. 13, 1687.

I Received yo's per mr. Richard Climonts who hath neare accomplished the Survaing of those Lands in these parts for which he had warrants for as will appeare by his Returnes sent by this Bearer. The Generall Survey of the province he is not yet Entered upon, the winter being So neare At hand was discouraged to undertake that afair, But is suspended till the next summer. I shall gladley yeald him what assistance is in my power. There is all so By this Bearer sent Several petitions to his Excellency for pattings, the which If Granted they will be Indeavoring to procure money for the paiment of the same, there was formerly a petition sent to you to Be presented to his Excellency By one Richard Pousland Praying a confirmation under his Majesty for a tract of Land which he Bought, and his ferder desires of confirmation of his towne grant, all so was sent his Deeds seting forth his former title, on which I presumed to make a report of the Clames of one George Brimhall which to me Seames of [lighttile?] value. I hope it came safe to yo'r hands.

If you please to assist the said pousland In obtaining a grant for him I shall take care that you Be secured what money there Shall be come Dew for his patting as all so for my own when you shall please to send It. In these parts the Generalety of the Inhabitants I Suppose—will Be petising His Excellency for Confirmations of theare Lands.

If By the Bearer you please to send forward a patting they may go farther, Capt. Dauise I suppose sends his kinsman to

waight on his Excellency for his. If it may be obtained It may Bring forward this people to there Denty and Benifit. (?) Jasper Day Came to me and peter hill an English man who lives at (Arrowsick?) and Informed me that two Indian men killed a sow and foar pigs of his and he went to Hope Hood there pretended Sago-more and tould him of It, who sent for the Indians and In Quired the Reason, the Indians Gave no Reason But sayed thay wood pay for them In the Spring, the Author of this Report Is no Credable person how ever I thought Right to mentione It to you If you thing it of value to acquaint his Excellency that In case aney such thing should hapen we may Be (directed?) how to prosed. Such things ware frequent Before the Government Changed for the Indians to kill Cattell and Swine and no great mater made of It But I Suppose It will be other wais now: I have nothing further, But pray that my Humble Service may waight on His Excellency: and to Assure you that I am

S'r yo'r Frind & Sarvant

Edward Tyng

Mr. George F. Emery read a paper on the christening of our State and the selection of a state seal and motto. Rev. Dr. Burrage read a memoir of the Rev. Dr. James Tift Champlin and Mr. William M. Sargent read a paper entitled a Topographical Surmise locating the Houses of Godfrey and Gorges in York, Maine.

Vote of thanks for the papers read were passed and copies were requested for the Archives.

Adjourned for one month.

MARCH 27, 1890.

A meeting of the Society was held in the Library and called to order at 3 P.M. The President in the chair. Mr. Edward H. Elwell read a paper on the Influence of the Transmission of News in Public Events.

Mr. Lauriston W. Small, of Brooklyn, N. Y., read a genealogical paper on the Small Family of Maine.

Mr. Joseph Williamson read a paper on the Rival Chieftains of Arcadia, La Tour and D'Aulnay.

Mr. Charles E. Allen, of Dresden, read a paper entitled Leaves from the Early History of Dresden, Me.

Votes of thanks for the papers read and requests for copies were passed.

Adjourned until evening.

EVENING SESSION.

Held in Baxter Hall and Mr. Baxter read a paper on the Prehistoric Abnaki, illustrated by drawings.

A vote of thanks was passed and a copy requested.

Adjourned for two months.

MAY 21, 1890.

A meeting of the Society was held in the Library and, in the absence of the President, Mr. Elwell was called to the chair.

Mr. Rufus K. Sewall, of Wiscasset, read a paper on the Rock Writings found in Certain Localities on the coast of Maine.

Mr. Parker M. Reed, of Bath, read a biographical sketch of Governor William King, interspersed with some anecdotes concerning him. The Reverend William B. Hayden read a list of some curios and relics recently deposited by Mrs. Hayden and himself in the cabinet of the Society, and a vote of thanks was passed to Mr. and Mrs. Hayden for the same.

Messrs. Drummond, King and Burnham were appointed a committee to prepare a memorial on the late William H. Smith, of Portland.

On motion of Mr. George F. Emery the following resolution was passed.

Resolved, That the members of the Maine Historical Society now convened, having anticipated the hearing from Mr. William Goold, their esteemed associate, on this occasion, of another of his valued contributions, regret to learn of his inability to be present by reason of severe illness, and express the hope of his speedy recovery and the prolongation of his accustomed usefulness.

Adjourned until evening.

At the evening session Mr. Baxter read a paper on the Indian warfares in Maine, with extracts from letters written by Father Sebastian Rale, and other documents referring to the influence of the French with the Indians in their early struggles with the English settlers.

A vote of thanks was passed for the paper and a copy requested.

Adjourned.

ANNUAL MEETING.

JUNE 24, 1890.

The annual meeting was held at Brunswick in the Cleveland Lecture Room of Bowdoin College, and was called to order by the President, Mr. James P. Baxter.

The following members were present: Messrs. J. W. Bradbury, John Marshall Brown, Henry S. Burrage, H. W. Bryant, Henry L. Chapman, Samuel F. Dike, J. L. Douglas, G. F. Emery, Charles J. Gilman, Henry Ingalls, M. F. King, L. A. Lee, George T. Little, William B. Lapham, P. C. Manning, G. C. Moses, H. K. Morrell, Lewis Pierce, Parker M. Reed, A. G. Tenney, Rufus K. Sewall and Joseph Williamson.

The record of the last annual meeting was read and approved.

The annual reports of the Librarian and Cabinet Keeper, of the Corresponding Secretary, of the Treasurer and of the Biographer were read by the respective officers and were accepted. The report of the doings of the Standing Committee was read by the Recording Secretary.

Dr. W. B. Lapham as Chairman of the Quarterly Publication Committee, made a brief report of the receipts and expenditures on account of the Quarterly.

Mr. Pierce stating that he had received no copy of the publication agreement with the Brown Thurston Co., the Secretary was requested to furnish it to him.

The Rev. Dr. Burrage presented a request from the Trustees of the Portland Public Library that this Society should exchange their present quarters on the main floor of the Baxter Building for the Baxter Hall, and after some discussion it was voted that the request of the Trustees of the Public Library of Portland that the Maine Historical Society transfer its Library and Cabinet to Baxter Hall, exchanging its right in its present quarters for additional rights in said Hall be referred to a committee of nine who shall carefully consider the matter, and report at the next meeting of the Society in Portland or at the next annual meeting in Brunswick.

It was voted that the Standing Committee and Messrs. Galen C. Moses and Henry Ingalls constitute said committee.

The following ballot of the governing board of the

Society for the coming year was presented for the consideration of the Society and was duly elected.

President.—James P. Baxter.

Vice President.—Rufus K. Sewall.

Treasurer.—Lewis Pierce.

Cor. Sec. and Biographer.—Joseph Williamson.

<i>Recording Secretary.</i>	} H. W. Bryant.
<i>Librarian.</i>	
<i>Cabinet Keeper.</i>	

Standing Committee.

William B. Lapham.

Edward H. Elwell.

Joseph Williamson.

Henry L. Chapman.

Henry S. Burrage.

James W. Bradbury.

John Marshall Brown.

Auditors.—George F. Emery.

Henry Deering.

A ballot of thirty names, candidates for election as resident members, had been selected from the book of nominations by the Standing Committee and was handed to each member present, with the request that each candidate rejected should have a mark set against the name.

After some discussion the election was called for and twenty-nine of the names were chosen by a vote of sixteen in the affirmative.

The following were the resident members elected.

George W. Drisko,	Machias.
Howard D. Smith,	Norway.
George S. Rowell,	Portland.
Sebastian S. Marble,	Waldoboro.

Henry Johnson,	Brunswick.
Francis Fessenden,	Portland.
Franklin R. Barrett,	Portland.
Percival Bonney,	Portland.
Charles E. Allen,	Dresden.
Joseph Wood,	Bar Harbor.
Frank H. Dexter,	Springvale.
Hiram F. Rockwood,	Augusta.
Albert F. Richardson,	Castine.
Edmund F. Webb,	Waterville.
Ephraim C. Cummings,	Portland.
William R. French,	Turner.
Augustus C. Hamlin,	Bangor.
George H. Witherle,	Castine.
Rev. Michael C. O'Brien,	Bangor.
Herbert M. Heath,	Augusta.
Leslie C. Cornish,	Augusta.
George C. Burgess,	Portland.
James A. Spalding,	Portland.
Fritz H. Jordan,	Portland.
Thomas U. Coe,	Bangor.
Orville D. Baker,	Augusta.
Leonard B. Chapman,	Deering.
Fabius M. Ray,	Saccarappa.

On motion of John Marshall Brown, it was voted that the Secretary notify the members of the Society some days in advance of the meeting of the Standing Committee at which nominations are to be made for membership so that an opportunity may be afforded to present names for action, and that a list of nominations to be acted upon at the annual meeting be forwarded to each member two weeks before the annual meeting; names shall be considered as ballots and counted at the annual meeting.

The following were elected corresponding members:—

Isaac W. Hammond,	Concord, N. H.
Rev. Charles M. Blake,	San Francisco.
William C. Burrage,	Boston.
Edward Denham,	New Bedford.

For honorary member.

Hon. Hugh McCulloch,	Washington.
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A vote of thanks to Edward Denham, of New Bedford, with a gift of volumes of our publications was passed as a slight token of the Society's appreciation of his great work in indexing the nine volumes of the Society's publications first series.

Voted that a committee of two be appointed to memorialize the next legislature for reports on the condition of the church and town records throughout the state.

The Chair accordingly appointed Messrs. J. W. Bradbury and William B. Lapham to act as said committee.

Messrs. M. F. King, P. C. Manning and R. K. Sewall were appointed the Committee of Arrangements for the Field Day Excursion of this season and the President, Mr. Baxter, extended a cordial invitation to the members of the Society and their friends to visit his summer home on Mackworth Island.

Adjourned.

OUR STATE CHRISTENING.

ITS NAME.

BY HON. GEORGE F. EMERY.

Read before the Maine Historical Society, February 20, 1890.

IF it be true, as Shakespeare somewhat sneeringly says

What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet,

may it not appropriately be replied in the language of Campbell in his Pleasures of Hope

Who hath not owned, with rapture smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name?

Family names descend by the natural law of inheritance. But the selection of Christian names always originates in an idea, real or fanciful. The sacred writers attached great importance to names. Indeed, the old Scripture names uniformly embodied an idea descriptive of person or place.

It was therefore natural that those who were charged with the duty of christening our commonwealth should be somewhat exercised on the subject, and that its determination should be attended with considerable interest and elicit considerable discussion. Such was the fact, and in Perley's Debates there has come down to us a very satisfactory report of what was said and done, besides perpetuating the names of those who actively participated in the christening of our state.

Although not needful for purpose of information of many to recount what transpired, the subject is nevertheless deemed of sufficient interest to justify it in connection with a historical account of the establishment of our state seal and of the changes that has undergone.

The convention for framing our constitution met at Portland, October 11, 1819.

On the second day of its session Preble of Portland, afterward judge, offered a resolution to raise a committee to report a proper style and title for the new state, prefaced by remarks to the effect that the law required this of the convention, while the previous resolutions for a committee to frame the constitution, which might or might not be adopted by the people, did not meet the necessity.

Whitman, afterward chief justice, deemed the proposition premature, and said the first thing to be settled was the style and title which forms a part of the constitution, and ought to be determined by the committee which reports it. It appeared to him to be a great absurdity to form a constitution for a state until a name had been given to it. In other words, he would christen the child before it was born. "A sound construction of this act, said Mr. Whitman, will not authorize the convention to fix this of their own authority, until the constitution, which they shall present to the people, has been rejected, and then the authority will necessarily devolve upon them," and was properly to be exercised by the convention in January, provided the constitution should be rejected.

Mr. Holmes, afterward United States senator and chairman of the committee of thirty-three to draft the constitution, favored the proposition for a special committee, suggesting that in the draft of the constitution a blank could be properly left for the name and adding, "the constitution which we may offer to the people, may be rejected; but we are to be a separate state at all events; and I should be sorry to leave the District of Maine a thing without a name," and he hoped it would be a "respectable" one.

Mr. Whitman said the ground he had taken remained unshaken, and reiterated his objections.

Mr. Nicholas Emery of Portland, afterward judge, thought the matter a mere question of expediency, and saw no connection between the style and title of the state and the great principles of the constitution, but seconded the motion for a special committee.

Mr. Preble felt it his duty to further explain his reasons, his object being to expedite business, indicating that a variety of opinions prevailed as to the name, and that the subject could be discussed in convention and decided while the committee on the constitution was at work and thus save time, which, if not to members, was money to their constituents. He also suggested nine as the proper number for the committee, one from each county.

Mr. Baldwin of Mercer was strongly opposed to the proposition as derogating from the rights of the committee for drafting the constitution, thought the name an important thing on which the people had an equal right to act as on any other part of the constitution.

Judge Thacher was in favor of the motion, not because of its importance, but as in the line of propriety and regularity. He was unable to conceive how the rights of any other committee would be violated, and least of all of one not then in existence.

Judge Dana of Fryeburg was opposed to the resolution and could see no propriety in withdrawing the consideration of the name from the committee of thirty-three "of our best and most discreet members," conclusion to appoint which was reached after some altercation and the expression of a great variety of opinions. If the name and style was a component part, if we divide the subject and commit the style and title to a select committee, why not have select committees on the Bill of Rights, the legislative branch, the executive and so on.

A vote was then taken and the resolution for a committee of nine was adopted. In the afternoon the names of all the committees were announced, that on the style and title of the new state being Preble of Portland, Allen of Sanford, Wood of Wiscasset, Cutler of Farmington, Stetson of Hampden, Abbott of Castine, Chandler of Paris, French of St. Albans and Vance of Calais. On the next day came in the report of "an ordinance" to determine the title as "The Commonwealth of Maine," which was assigned for the next day for consideration.

October 14 Judge Thacher moved postponement of the consideration of the subject until the committee on constitution could be present. Mr. Preble again let the gaze of a vigilant constituency in upon the convention,

and urged immediate action, to save time, and carried his point by again adverting to the expenses incurred by the convention, which he affirmed were little less than five thousand dollars per week.

Mr. Moody of Hallowell moved acceptance of the report.

Mr. Parsons of Edgecomb moved to substitute "state" for "commonwealth" on account of saving time and expense in printing.

Mr. Allen of Sanford seconded that motion.

Mr. Wallingford of Wells thought "state" preferable to "commonwealth," the former being the common designation, and there being no provision for admitting commonwealths into the Union.

Mr. Cutler of Farmington explained why the committee adopted "commonwealth," by remarking that custom had made it more congenial to our feelings, and we felt a kind of pride in that designation.

Mr. Preble gave as an additional reason, which had weight with the committee, that mistakes would be likely to occur, in view of the fact of the long use of "commonwealth" in legal papers. He also thought "commonwealth" indicated our civil polity, that it belongs to us as much as to Massachusetts, was a name of the revolution, and the title was more respectable than "state."

Mr. Adams of Gorham hoped the motion to strike out "commonwealth" would not prevail. That title sounded better than "state."

Judge Cony of Augusta favored "commonwealth." He looked with veneration on the men who formed the

Massachusetts convention — was not much in favor of “Maine,” but was decidedly so of “commonwealth.”

Judge Thacher did not think the matter of great importance, but rather preferred “state” on the score of brevity, a consideration which had led to change of the names of Pepperelborough to Saco, and Pownalborough to Dresden.

Mr. Wallingford replied to Mr. Preble’s suggestion as to liability to mistakes by saying we should be as likely to make them in writing “Massachusetts” as “state.”

The motion to strike out “commonwealth” prevailed, one hundred and nineteen to one hundred and thirteen. “State” was then inserted in lieu thereof.

Mr. Tucker of Standish moved to strike out “Maine,” for the purpose of inserting “Columbus.”

Mr. Vance of Calais objected, “Maine is the name by which we are known in this country and in Europe. All our maps, our plans and records have that name, as the designation of the territory. If altered half a century would be required to make a new name equally familiar. It is suitable to retain Maine, because for many purposes we shall be the main¹ state of the union.

Mr. Jarvis of Surry hoped the motion would pre-

¹This remark opens up an inviting field of inquiry how far this prophecy has been fulfilled. John Adams in 1819, whose views were solicited touching separation, replied to Daniel Cony, expressing his judgment and inclination strongly on the side of union, and added, “I can tell you how it will be when there arises in Maine a bold, daring genius, with talents capable of inspiring the people with his own enthusiasm and ambition. He will tear off Maine from Massachusetts and leave her in a state below mediocrity in the union.” It is not the province of this paper to show which of these men was the better prophet. A single fact, however, may be cited illustrative of our state credit, when entering upon her career of statehood. In February, 1821, a loan of \$40,000 was authorized at five per cent interest, which then commanded a premium of 2½ per cent in the market, based on a valuation of \$21,187,997.04, and the number of polls being but 59,606.

vail and suggested one word in the interest of economy as a substitute, that was an old Bible name Ai.

Judge Ames strongly urged the propriety of calling in the outside committees to vote on the subject on the score of the deep interest felt by others, though not much by himself, and because of its importance to the people. He moved a postponement for that purpose after close of the debate.

Judge Thacher thought those committees should be present in all important questions, but was it suitable to discuss this matter and then call in the committees to vote? He did not object to a postponement, but to postpone for a vote after close of the discussion did not to him seem advantageous.

Judge Cony wanted such a decision as to prevent necessity of calling in the committees—hoped for postponement that they might not be interrupted in their arduous duties. The convention then adjourned to afternoon when Judge Green moved postponement of the subject of the style and title until the committee on the constitution could attend.

Mr. Adams of Gorham seconded the motion.

Mr. Preble observed he was authorized to state that the committee would be in this afternoon to report in part. The report was then laid on the table.

October 15 the subject was resumed.

Judge Cony was impelled “by a view of consecrating the opening era of the new community by rendering an act of justice long delayed, to propose as a substitute the name of Columbus. By the successful usurpation of a mercantile adventurer, a Venetian manufacturer

of maps and charts, the real discoverer of the new world had been defrauded of the glory which was his due, of affixing his own name to the Western continent. Sir, what idea either great or distinguished can we affix to Maine? I have not been able to trace it to any satisfactory source; but, Sir, the name of Columbus is associated with all that is noble, all that persevering fortitude or manly virtue could bestow or bequeath. The success of his voyage of discovery stamped immortality on his name. On such a name the mind will always delight to contemplate and will repose with satisfaction. The eleventh of October, the day on which this convention commenced its session, was the anniversary of that on which Columbus first discovered signs of land, which the dawn of the following morning fully confirmed. Judge Cony also alluded to the late ordinance of Congress, by which the new national ships of the line, were to be named after the different states, in the process of which the turn of Maine would come late; but, already, he said, the finest ship in the navy bore the name of Columbus, and after the lapse of a few years it would be supposed she was christened for our state. The question however, he considered, was very much a matter of taste and feeling."

Judge Thacher agreeing with Shakespeare, observed "that as names of things were but sounds or words, they hardly afforded grounds or data for much argument *a priori* in favor of one over another. He felt very little preference on that account. The name of Columbus was about as grateful to his ear as that of Maine, but

he did not perceive any good reason for the alteration. The territory now to be made a new state and about to take the rank of a nation abroad, is already well known in the commercial world by the name of Maine, which was a good reason with him for adhering to it. The district of Maine is probably as well known among foreign nations as the state of Vermont, which has no commercial interest and connections and is rather regarded as a settlement in the wilderness. To give the new state any other name than that by which its territory and district have always been known, would tend to introduce some uncertainty in the opinions of foreigners respecting its geographical position, at least for a time. He doubted whether the name of Columbus was much known in general throughout the Old Continent and, if his name was mentioned in the seaports of the nation under whose flag he made his discoveries, it is doubtful whether many would know much about him or where his discoveries were, and the probability is that application must be made to some antiquarian to get information. Columbus is more known and more frequently spoken of in the United States than any where else. He was not disposed to deprive old Columbus of any honors, but he did not think that it was among them to give a name to the state of Maine. Columbus did not discover this part of the continent, nor did he know as long as he lived that the continent he discovered extended to these latitudes. This country was first discovered by Cabot, Gosnold, and others. Abroad the name of Columbus would be more naturally associated with some part of

South America or, perhaps, with the Columbia river far beyond the Mississippi, on the western shores of the continent. He wished not to break up and derange the associations that time and business have well fixed in people's minds. The district of Maine is everywhere known as to its situation, commerce and products, and the state of Maine will naturally take its place in the human mind. The mind has its regular laws of association as the material world has its laws of gravity, attraction, etc., and these associations were as liable to be disturbed and broken as the elements were to convulsion and tempests. He expressed the wish that his worthy friend, Dr. Cony, whose age was about the same as his own, might have the pleasure with himself of passing the remainder of their days, in peace and tranquility, under the old name of Maine."

The motion to substitute Columbus for Maine was lost. Mr. Adams of Gorham then moved to reconsider the vote whereby "state" had been adopted instead of "commonwealth," giving his reasons for preferring the latter.

Mr. Parsons of Edgecomb saw no objection to the union of too many syllables. Maine would always be called a state. Why style it commonwealth? What's the use of giving the name of Jonathan when it would always be called plain John?

Judge Thacher enforced the idea of Mr. Parsons. There was a greater facility in writing and pronouncing state than commonwealth, which might turn the scale on a matter on which he had but little preference in the abstract. There was one style applied to the

solemnity of judicial proceedings and another used in ordinary conversation, say in Virginia, Pennsylvania and Kentucky, which assumed the solemn style of commonwealths, but they were never spoken of except as states. The court language should be assimilated to the common language.

General Chandler thought commonwealth more sonorous and respectable than state.

Mr. Moody of Saco thought that as the states were admitted, known and recognized only as such, that name should be adhered to.

Judge Dana favored commonwealth as being "more sonorous, more familiar, and the name found in all our legal process. It is more appropriate, as it better expresses the thing intended, which is a republic, a government of the people. State is more appropriate to a small territory. When we consider the extent of ours — more than three hundred miles in length, with sea coast of more than two hundred miles, and the many maritime towns rapidly increasing in wealth and population, that in point of commerce this must be the largest state east of New York state — state seems inapplicable."

Mr. Emery of Portland discussed the subject at some length, predicating his remarks upon the definitions of state, republic and commonwealth, and concluded by affirming that enough of pomp and dignity is included in the appellation of state, which was none the less a republic, and under such a form of government he wished to live.

Mr. Bridge of Augusta thought commonwealth best

comported with the brevity of Maine and corresponded to the slenderness of its sound. The motion to reconsider was lost, and the ordinance adopted establishing the title of state of Maine.

This was supposed to have finally closed all controversy on the subject. But it turned out otherwise. Upon the coming in of the report of the committee to draft the constitution, a blank had been left for inserting the name of the state, which Mr. Holmes of Alfred, its chairman, moved to have supplied by filling it with "state of Maine" agreeably to the former vote of the convention.

Mr. Whitman of Portland begged this, his first opportunity, to enter his dissent to the name now suggested, saying though familiar to us it was not so abroad. He then proposed a name derived from a territory once comprehending a considerable part of Maine and therefore not new or arbitrary, one well sounding and respectable to wit, Ligonía.

Judge Bridge observed that the committee on the constitution did not think it within their province to discuss the subject, which had been specially committed to another committee.

Judge Greene thought the gentleman from Portland entirely out of order. A committee charged with the subject had made their report; nearly an entire day had been consumed in the discussion, after members of the committee on the constitution had been notified to be, and a large part of whom had been, present, and if anything had been done by the convention, this question had been settled.

After further remarks by Mr. Holmes in support of his motion, the blank was ordered to be filled with the title and style of "State of Maine," and probably for all time.

Before leaving this branch of the subject of this paper, it is pertinent to add that the origin of Maine, as applied to our state, does not seem to be quite clear. Governor Chamberlain in his valuable centennial address at Philadelphia, in 1876, discusses the subject as follows:

"All the old historians say the name was given in honor of Henrietta Maria, who had as dower the Province of Maine in France. Folsom was first to question this statement, in which he is followed by Bryant in his new and thoroughly reliable history of the United States, 1876. There is little doubt that the name arose in the natural distinction made in common speech between the islands then so much frequented and the shore land or the 'Main.'" "The spelling furnishes no argument. The adjective was often spelled Maine, and the proper noun Maine." Folsom, to whom reference is thus made, says "the territory is first styled the Province of Maine" in the new charter from the crown in confirmation of the patent from the council of Plymouth to Gorges. In a note he cites Sullivan as affirming that "the territory was called the Province by way of a compliment to the Queen of Charles I, who was a daughter of France, and owned as her private estate a province there called the Province of Meyne, etc." This theory Folsom explodes by the remark that "unfortunately for its accuracy, the Prov-

ince of Maine in France did not appertain to Queen Henrietta Maria, but to the crown, nor is it discoverable that she possessed any interest in that province." The conclusion, however, of Governor Chamberlain is based on reasoning rather than authority and does not entirely relieve the question from doubt. But of one thing we may be assured. No jurisdiction has ever sought to rob us of our "good name," however the fact as to our territory, a portion of which on our north-east boundary has, as many believe, been wrongfully taken from us.

AUGUSTUS GARDNER LEBROKE.

BY J. F. SPRAGUE.

Read before the Maine Historical Society, May 4, 1893.

AUGUSTUS GARDNER LEBROKE, for three decades, was a prominent personage in the affairs of Piscataquis County, and during nearly all of the time was identified with the history of Maine, as a leading member of the dominant political party, as an able lawyer, as a legislator, and a public speaker of wide fame, in state and national political campaigns.

He was born in Paris, Maine, February 9, 1823. His father was Jacob Lebroke, who married Martha Foster, of the same family as is the Honorable Enoch Foster of Bethel, now one of the justices of the supreme court, of this state.

Jacob Lebroke was the son of James La Brook, who was a native of France, and came to this country in the fleet of war vessels sent here during the American Revolution, by the government of France. At the close of the war, he settled in Pembroke, Massachusetts, and afterwards migrated to Hebron in the Province of Maine, finally settling in Paris. James La Brook's wife was a Gardner, one of whose family has since been governor of the commonwealth of Massachusetts. The family name was gradually changed to Lebroke; the early records give it both as La Brook, and Lebroke.

About the year 1828, Jacob Lebroke with his family moved to the new town of Foxcroft, in what is now Piscataquis County, and was among its earliest settlers.

The subject of this sketch began the battle of life when a boy, with the same vigor and energy that characterized him in all of his later years. His youth was subject to the hardships and privations which were a necessary part of the life of all of the pioneers of eastern Maine. He labored in the cedar swamps, cutting trees and shaving shingles, winters, and worked in his father's fields, summers, and yet he found time to attend the common schools which are the nursery of Maine's intelligence and learning. He readily became the master of all that was then taught in his town school, and graduated with honors at the Foxcroft Academy.

Before attaining the age of maturity, he entered upon a successful career as a school teacher in his own and neighboring towns. At other times he served as

clerk in stores. He commenced the study of law with the late Honorable James S. Holmes of Foxcroft, and completed his studies with two eminent lawyers in Bangor, Honorable C. P. Chandler, and Honorable Albert W. Paine.

In 1849, when the gold fever raged in the Eastern states, he went to California, but remained there less than two years.

February 26, 1857, he was admitted to the bar in Dover, to practice in the courts of Maine, and immediately entered upon the practice of his profession in Foxcroft village, and remained there until the grim messenger silently summoned him from his labors, in the twilight hours of the nineteenth day of July, in the year 1889. He at once attained a high position as a counsellor, and as an advocate in the courts. As a counsellor he was cautious and prudent. He fully canvassed his opponent's position, while he readily comprehended all the difficulties of his clients. His professional zeal and industry were seldom if ever surpassed by any in the profession. His client's cause was his own cause, to the fullest degree. He loved the law; its intricacies, its history, and its traditions captivated his mind: nothing in this world fascinated him as much as a legal problem.

While he was always deeply interested in all the political questions of the day, and discussed them with great ardor, while he was a devotee of literature and philosophy, while agricultural subjects at times arrested his attention, and while he was ever active in promoting progress in his town and county—all of these were

subordinate to his devotion to the law. As an advocate before juries and courts, his masterly eloquence made him eminently successful.

In religious beliefs Mr. Lebroke was in the best and highest sense of the term a free thinker. Although as to the innumerable speculative creeds relating to the religions of men, he was an agnostic, yet his faith in God and in a future life was steadfast and unwavering.

Politically, Mr. Lebroke was a republican. He made his debut in the political arena at a most important epoch in the history of this nation — while incipient war in the new-made territories was shaking the very foundations of our government, when the contest between freedom and slavery was at its height, he entered the conflict and soon became a power in the strife.

During the excitements and intensity of the Kansas period, he very quickly earned the fame for forensic ability, which remained his until the day of his death which avowed him as the peer of the greatest orators that this state has produced, and which easily gave him an equal footing with the many public speakers of national fame of that remarkable time.

He helped form the republican party. His services as an advocate of its principles were ever sought after, and his voice has been heard in its behalf, not only in his own, but in many other states of the Union. He was born an abolitionist. His very nature made him hate slavery. He could no more have espoused the cause of the slave-master than he could have defended the inquisition.

He sympathized deeply with every living creature that was oppressed. "Man's inhumanity to man" was no less abhorrent in his eyes than his cruelty to any other living thing on God's fair earth. None of his prominent characteristics were more marked, or more universally understood by all of his friends than this one. These sentiments were a part of his being; it was, therefore, but natural that he should early battle for the rights of man.

Only once did he deviate from the beaten course marked out by the national leaders of this great political organization: when the rupture in the party between President Grant and Horace Greeley, Charles Sumner, and others, occurred, he voted for and supported Mr. Greeley for president; he subsequently returned to his first affiliations, and his valued services were properly recognized.

In 1858 he was elected a member of the Maine Legislature, and served in the House of Representatives during the session of 1859. Although he had then been a member of the bar less than two years, he was a member of the committee on legal affairs, and took a prominent part in the labors and debates of this session; he was associated with, and met in public discussion, such eminent men as James G. Blaine, Wm. H. McCrillis, Frederick A. Pike, Neal Dow, and Ephraim K. Smart. Again, in 1871, he was a member of the House, serving with marked ability, and being a member of the judiciary committee. For ten consecutive years he was county attorney, and unusually successful as such; for twenty-five years, with the

exception of one year, he was the agent or law officer of the town of his residence. He had also done service as a member of the republican, state and other political committees.

In 1882 he was elected a member of the state Senate, and re-elected in 1884 — serving through the sessions of 1883 and 1885; he was a member of the judiciary committee at each session, and its chairman in 1883. As a legislator he was no less eminent than as a lawyer.

During his last term as senator it was the writer's good fortune to enjoy the privilege of his daily association, his intimacy and his counsels. His brilliant talents, his wonderful power in debate, his remarkable faculty in the use of language, his well-founded knowledge of legal principles, his practical knowledge of the world, his marked originality and unique mode of expression, together with his genial and pleasant manners, and forceful and impressive personality, made him an attractive feature in Maine's halls of legislation, and added materially to his influence and position while a member. Honorable Josiah Crosby of Dexter, in an article published in the Eastern State, shortly after the decease of Mr. Lebroke, in speaking of him, said:—

So great was his natural talent for extempore speaking, and so much had he improved it by cultivation and practice, that it was really much easier for him to make a good oral argument or speech upon any public occasion, than to read a written argument though well prepared. In his last argument delivered at the law court, he had a well-constructed printed argument in his hands, but paid no attention to it in the delivery, and really

made a better argument than the previously printed one, though written with much care.

On October 9, 1889, when the supreme court was convened at Dover, Chief Justice John A. Peters presiding, Joseph D. Brown, Alexander M. Robinson, and Ephraim Flint having been chosen as a committee of the Piscataquis bar for the purpose, presented resolutions in respect of the memory of Mr. Lebroke. I subjoin the following extracts from the tributes offered by the members of the bar on this occasion; Mr. Joseph D. Brown said:—

While he was a member of the Senate in 1883, the revision of the statutes was completed, and the book as now in use, bears the impress of his hand and mind. The vigilance with which the rights and interests of his constituents were guarded, and the favoring acts of the Legislature, are known and appreciated by all intelligent citizens of the county.

The Honorable Alexander M. Robinson said:—

He was emphatically a self-made man. Possessing more of genius than of talent, I think he was generously endowed by the hand of Nature with both these choicest of intellectual gifts. The French blood in his veins inherited from his father predominated, and he was born a polemic controversialist.

During his services as legislator he was uniformly placed on the judiciary committee, and at one session was its chairman, and there was probably no member of the profession in the state more familiar with its statutes than Mr. Lebroke. His official duties as county attorney were ably performed and he was as clannishly loyal to the rights and interests of the town of his adoption as was ever a highlander to his native heath in the days of Montrose or Lochiel.

The style of his advocacy was apt to be florid and rhetorical, but his capacious memory and masterly command of the English tongue made him always an attractive speaker and often an impressive and successful advocate.

His arguments to the jury were often enlivened by wit and satire, weapons always ready at hand, which he wielded with the skill of a master. Like most men of his temperament, he placed a high estimate on his own achievements, was fretfully impatient of criticism, fond of flattery and covetous of praise — characteristics not objectionable at all when held within proper bounds. Kind hearted and largely sympathetic, in his fitful moods he was easily moved to laughter or tears.

The writer of these lines at that time said : —

I was intimately and closely acquainted with the deceased since I was first admitted to the bar some fourteen years ago ; but my earliest recollection of him dates back years before that. It was when I was a small boy, and during the exciting Kansas episode in our national politics. In company with several men and boys I went one evening to the “ town house,” in Sangerville, and for the first time saw Mr. Lebroke and listened to one of his speeches. The scene is vividly impressed upon my mind ; within the grim walls, dimly lighted by the old oil lamps, was a large crowd of people, many of them opposed to the speaker in their political sentiments, and yet he swayed them as the wind sways the leaves upon the forest trees ; I saw strong men weep when he eloquently painted the wrongs and oppressions of the colored men and recited the cruelties of border-ruffianism. I shall never forget the scene.

Mr. Willis E. Parsons on this occasion said : —

He was always kind to the poor ; many will miss the bounties received at his hand ; frequently have I known him to espouse the cause of the lowly, and right the wrongs of the humble, without recompense or even hope of reward, to his own detriment and perhaps the loss of a more wealthy and influential client.

In speaking of his well known love for the brute creation and the tenacity with which he pursued violaters of the laws against cruelty to animals, Mr. Parsons also said : —

So noted had he become for his gratuitous protection to them, that even the school children passing in the street, on seeing a horse abused would say, "We will tell Mr. Lebroke," and tell him they did, and I have seen him follow the little child into the street to find the animal and then reprimand the cruel driver, or if necessary, compel him by prosecution, to properly care for his beast.

Among other members of the bar who spoke in eulogy of the deceased, were Mr. Henry Hudson, Honorable James S. Wiley and Honorable Ephraim Flint, all of which was responded to in an appropriate manner by the court.

During his life he became a member of the great benevolent order known as the Odd Fellows and he loved its principles with all the intensity of his nature. His brethren honored him with the highest place within the gift of a subordinate lodge and his relations with this brotherhood were ever pleasant and beneficial, both to him and his associates.

Nearly all of the lodges of the county were in attendance at the time of his burial. His remains repose peacefully where they were placed by the rites of this fraternity in the Foxcroft cemetery. On the bank of the gentle river Piscataquis, that he loved so well in life, and often apostrophized in speaking, he sleeps the sleep that knows no waking.

THE SMALL FAMILY IN AMERICA.

INTRODUCTORY.

FOR some time I have been gathering materials for a history of the Small family in America, and, mindful of my uncertain tenure of life, now hastily trace my own direct line of descent from the first Small who came to the New World down to myself, thereby affording a multitude of Smalls the means of tracing their own.

Of the Smalls in England, some of whom were lowly; some of whom were knighted and held high social positions; one of whom — Sir John — was chief justice of India; another of whom — Colonel John — protected the body of Warren at Bunker Hill, as seen in the picture by Trumbull, I am not now to speak. In the year 1330 John and William Small of Dartmouth were flatteringly mentioned in an act under Edward III, and some of their descendants seem to have resided there continuously to this day. Just three hundred years later, or in 1630, one or more of the Smalls, who presumably lived in Dartmouth or other place in Devonshire, was a cavalier of high social position and a kinsman of the Champernownes, Sir Ferdinando Gorges, Sir John and Sir Humphrey Gilbert and Sir Walter Raleigh. The Champernownes were the most powerful family in Devonshire and were descendants of the old Byzantine kings, hence the Smalls of Maine, all of whom were presu-

ably descended from that cavalier of whom I am speaking, can reasonably claim to have a drop of the old Byzantine blood.

One of the Champernowne girls married a Gilbert and became the mother of Sir John and Sir Humphrey Gilbert. After her husband's death she married Raleigh, and became the mother of one of the most brilliant men of that remarkable age—Sir Walter Raleigh. All of these four noblemen and kinsmen were much interested in American colonization. Presumably because of kinship and the social influences incidental thereto, five Smalls came to America between 1632 and 1640; and that one who was certainly a cavalier brought with him a son of about twelve years named Francis. They were William, three Johns and Edward. William was unmarried, and went immediately to Virginia. Two of the Johns were in humble life. The John who came in 1632 with Winslow, and married Elizabeth Huggins or Higgins, and was one of the founders of Eastham on Cape Cod, may have been the father of Francis, but a thousand silent tongues proclaim Edward as the man. I shall assume that it was Edward, it being clearly understood that I am without positive proof.

LAURISTON WARD SMALL.

The records have hopelessly confounded the three Johns of Massachusetts.

FIRST GENERATION.

Edward¹ Small, the presumptive father of Fancis,² came to Maine under the auspices of his kinsman, Sir Ferdinando Gorges, about 1632, or possibly a few years

later. He and Champernowne, together with several others, founded Piscataqua, which has since been divided into the towns of Kittery, Eliot, South Berwick and Berwick. He was in Piscataqua in 1640 and seems to have been there some years. He was a magistrate in 1645. He sold a part of his land in 1647 and perhaps went to Dover, New Hampshire; possibly he went to the Isles of Shoals. All in all it is most probable that he tired of a rough life in the wilderness and returned to England. Tradition says that he and John, the founder of Eastham, were brothers, and many facts strengthen that tradition. The name of his wife, I have not yet learned.

In addition to Francis, I am confident that he had an older son, named Edward, who once lived in Dover, New Hampshire.

SECOND GENERATION.

Francis² Small, who may be regarded as the father of the Small family in America, was born in England, in 1620, and came to America in or about 1632. He received his name from his famous kinsman Captain Francis Champernowne. In 1648, he resided in Dover, New Hampshire, and had a wife named Elizabeth (*née* Leighton?). In 1657, he lived in Falmouth, Maine, and in July of that year bought of the Indian chief Scitterygusset a large tract of land near Portland called Capisic. In 1663, he was attorney for Falmouth in some of the governmental squabbles of the times. He was at Cape Small Point for a time and the place took its name from him. In 1668 he resided

in Kittery and had a house and trading-camp where the village of Cornish now is, and his was doubtless the first house built in that town, or on any part of the Ossipee lands. In the history of Shapleigh we find the following story, which the author found among the old papers of Colonel Shapleigh.

In the summer of 1668 Francis² Small sold goods to the Newichawannoch tribe of Indians on credit, to be paid for in furs in autumn, but when the time of payment drew near, the red men deemed it easier to kill Small than to pay him, and they decided to fire his house and shoot him when he came out to escape the flames.

Captain Sundy, the chief of the tribe was friendly to Small, and told him what the Indians were to do and as he could not control them in the matter he advised Small to flee for his life. Small thought the tale a cunningly devised fable to frighten him away in order to avoid payment; but when night came, thinking it wise to be on the side of safety, he secreted himself in some pines on a hill near by, which I assume to have been the one south of the present village known as Doctor Thompson's hill, and there watched through the long November night. With the coming of the first gray of approaching dawn, a flame of fire shot up from the burning house, whereupon Small took to his heels with all possible speed and paused not until he reached the settlement at Kittery.

The chief followed Small to Kittery, and there made good the loss by debt and fire by selling Small the entire Ossipee tract of land for a merely nominal sum.

The deed was made November 28, 1668, and has the Indian signature of a turtle. It conveys all the land between the Great Ossipee, the Saco, the Little Ossipee and the Neihewonoch rivers known as Ossipee, the same being twenty miles square, that is 256,000 acres. It is as large as a German principality.

Distances were not well known in those days and Small soon learned that the two Ossipees were not twenty miles apart, whereupon he sold all the land south of Little Ossipee and reserved to himself Ossipee proper, which is now divided into the towns of Limington, Limerick, Newfield, Parsonsfield and Cornish, and constitutes the entire northern part of York County, Maine.

That original deed given by the Chief Sundy to Francis² Small I now have. It passed from Francis² to his son Samuel³ of Kittery. From Samuel³ to his son Deacon Samuel⁴ of Scarborough, from Deacon Samuel⁴ to his son Joshua⁵ of Limington, from Joshua⁵ to his son Joshua,⁶ from Joshua⁶ to Wingate Frost of Limington, from Mr. Frost to his son J. W. Frost of Virginia, and from the latter to me where it rightly belongs. It was recorded in 1773 when 105 years old.¹

Aside from Capisie and Ossipee, Francis² Small bought other large tracts of land in Maine and was known as "the great land owner." When the Indian wars came on, he left his son Samuel³ in Kittery, and with wife and other children removed to Truro, Cape Cod, which adds a bit to the belief that John, the

¹In 1772 a scouting party in pursuit of Indians visited the spot where Cornish village now is and entered the old cellar of Francis² Small's house of fifty-four years before and took a drink. They found an apple tree, which was undoubtedly the first one on the Ossipee lands. There is solid grounds for the belief that the house and tree were not far from the spot where George F. Clifford's house now is.

founder of Eastham, was his uncle. April 30, 1711, he deeded Ossipee to his son Samuel.³ He died in Truro or Provincetown, about 1713, aged about ninety-three years.

Of the personal appearance of this greatest of his race in America, we know nothing. He was active and alert. Governor Sullivan in his history of Maine says that he was one of the most enterprising and wealthy men in the state. His children were: 1 Edward, 2 Francis, 3 *Samuel*, 4 Benjamin, 5 Daniel, 6 Elizabeth.

THIRD GENERATION.

Samuel³ Small, son of Francis² and Elizabeth, was born in Kittery in 1666, and seems to have spent his entire life in that neighborhood. When his father fled to Cape Cod to escape the Indian wars, he remained in Maine, and his name appears frequently upon the public records of his time, but he was not an ambitious man like his father. He married Elizabeth, widow of James Chadbourne, and daughter of James Heard. In 1711 he received from his father a deed of the Ossipee lands, hence was the second owner thereof. He was living in 1737 at the age of seventy-one years. His children were, 1 Elizabeth, 2 *Samuel*, 3 Joseph.

FOURTH GENERATION.

Deacon Samuel⁴ Small, son of Samuel³ and Elizabeth, was born in Kittery, April 17, 1700. In that town before he was quite sixteen years old he married Anna Hatch, and in no very long time thereafter removed to Scarborough where he spent all the remaining

years of his long and eventful life. His house was opposite to, and a little south of the Black Point cemetery, and is supposed to be the one now standing, sometime known as the Robinson house. In 1728 when the old Congregational church was organized he was made deacon. He was the third and last single owner of the Ossipee lands. In 1773 he deeded the land to some of his children as follows: To Samuel⁵ and Joshua⁵ three-eighths each. To Anna,⁵ Elizabeth,⁵ and his grandson Benjamin⁶ son of Samuel,⁵ one twelfth each. The three men went up to Limington and took possession of their ancestral acres, and after a contest in the courts, the Indian deed was pronounced valid, and their title perfect. It should be noted that in 1712, when Francis² was too feeble to even write his name, he deeded Ossipee to his son Daniel³ with whom he was then living in Provincetown, Cape Cod, but the deed was invalid.

When the Smalls had the land divided into towns they reverentially named one of them Francisborough in honor of the first owner, but the settlers changed the name to Cornish. It should have been Smallton, as Carrollton was named for Carroll.

Deacon Samuel⁴ was chosen clerk of Scarborough in 1727, and with the single exception of 1775 when he was probably absent from home attending to matters in connection with the coming war, he was clerk every year until 1779.—A period of fifty-two years. And strange as it may seem to us, he was usually moderator of the meetings also. He was usually one of the selectmen and a member of all important com-

mittees. In 1786, when carrying the weight of eighty-six years he was moderator of the meeting for the last time, and when at the ripe old age of ninety years he for the last time served on a committee. For sixty-three years his was the most conspicuous name on the Scarborough record.

Deacon Samuel⁴ was very active in matters which led up to the Revolutionary war, and so extremely enthusiastic in the cause of liberty that he recorded the entire Declaration of Independence in the town clerk's book, for which breach of propriety we will smilingly forgive him.

At the age of seventy-eight years he was at the head of the committee of correspondence, inspection and safety, and when at the age of seventy-nine years he was a member of the convention at Cambridge to form a state government. The date of his death is unknown, but his years probably equalled those of his grandfather, Francis,² who died at the age of ninety-three.

Deacon Samuel⁴ had a son Samuel⁵ who was also a deacon, and whose name frequently appears on the Scarborough record prior to about 1775, after which it is seen no more. Some have supposed that the father died at about that time and that the Samuel of later years was the son. But the disappearance of the "jr" is accounted for by the removal of Deacon Samuel⁵ jr. to Limington.

Of Deacon Samuel's⁴ wife we know only her name. Their children were: 1 Samuel, 2 Anna, 3 *John*, 4 Joshua, 5 Elizabeth, 6 Sarah, 7 Benjamin, 8 James, 9 Mary.

Incidentally we may mention, although it has no place here, that from this Samuel⁵ descended W. B. Small,⁸ the New Hampshire congressman. From Anna⁵ descended Vice-president Henry Wilson. From John⁵ descended the eight brokers of New York, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis and New Orleans, so well known in their day. From Joshua⁵ descended Reverend Doctor Small,⁸ and President Small⁹ of Colby university. Presumably from one of the deacon's sons descended ex-Governor James E. Campbell of Ohio, whose grandmother was Mary Small.

FIFTH GENERATION.

Major John⁵ Small, son of Deacon Samuel⁴ and Anna, was born in Scarborough January 10, 1722. In that town April 1, 1748, he married Sarah Atkins—in Falmouth, October 12, 1752, he married the gay and beautiful fairy-born Mary McKenney. He was an officer in the English army and also a land surveyor (however that may have been) and made several important surveys now on record at Alfred and Portland. In 1762 he was sent to survey a military road from the waters of the Kennebec to Quebee, and was shot while making that survey. One day when his command had halted for dinner the major retired a short distance to write up his notes and while doing it one of his men who did not know he was there, caught a glimpse of his military hat and thinking it the nose of a bear fired a hasty shot and killed him instantly.

Major John⁵ is the first member of the family of whose personal appearance we have much knowledge.

He was large, dark complexioned, stately, courtly and exceeding handsome withal — indeed it is wholly safe to say that he was the finest-looking Small of the American wing of the family. His desk, chest and commission as captain¹ are yet preserved in the family and I trust will be for many years to come, for he who honors not his ancestors will never do anything for which his descendants will honor him. “Honor thy father and thy mother” is a command which extends back beyond a single generation.

Major John's⁵ second wife, Mary McKinny,² deserves more attention than I can here give her, but her story in brief runs in this wise.

In those primitive days the leaders of society were those who could dance the longest and with most vigor, and drink the most rum and molasses without giddiness. My great-great-grandmother McKenney was a big, elephantine woman who could dance but little, and as she was as poor a drinker as dancer she was not highly regarded in the polite society of the time. One evening after her return from a party whereat she had been a wall-flower because of her inability to drink or dance very much, she breathed an audible earnest wish that she might have a daughter who could outdance the whole world. Instantly, she heard tiny shouts and merry peals of laughter, and straightway myriads of fairies in gala dresses, with beautiful Queen Mab at their head, came trooping into the room singing, dancing, laughing and playing leap-frog over each other like the jolly little elves they

¹ Commission now in rooms of Maine Historical Society.

² Now spelled McKenney.

were. The queen seated herself upon a thimble, and looked on for awhile with the eyes of delight, after which she raised her magic wand and all was still. Then turning to my great-great-grandmother she sang a little song to the effect that her spoken wish would be gratified; at the conclusion of which, the merry little fairies went their happy way. Her next child was my great-grandmother Mary McKemey, who in after years became the wife of Major John^s Small. In those good old days witches and fairies were as plentiful as pea-blossoms in summer, but as Queen Mab was not often seen by mortals, the story of her visit created a profound sensation in the colony, for aside from her magic power she was the most beautiful creature ever seen on earth.

Now whether Mary was a "changeling," or was simply endowed with fairy gifts, was a matter of doubt; but all the old women of the town who were of course the best judges of such matters favored the changeling theory, partly because of her matchless beauty, but mainly because she was erratic and eccentric, and always did the unexpected and incomprehensible — a trait of character, God wot, which died not with her.

When the fairy-born Mary had grown to womanhood and was

Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,

she was the most beautiful girl ever seen by her townspeople, and her dancing was so light, graceful and bewitching withal the good folks never tired with seeing her dance, nor did dancing tire her. So faith-

fully had Queen Mab kept her promise, that after a hard day's work at spindle or loom she could and did dance all night without a moment's rest and leap a gate higher than her head without touching hand or foot on her way home after daylight in the morning. The fame of her fairy-given beauty, grace and tirelessness in dancing spread from old Fort Popham to Plymouth, and on one occasion a party went all the way from Salem to see her, which was no light journey in those days.

The fairies had placed their mark of a mole on her right cheek where the edge of the beard would have been had she been a man, and that mark reappeared upon her son Henry,⁶ as also upon me her great-grandson Lauriston.⁸

In those good old days witches were troublesome, and when neither the parson with his open Bible and leaf turned down at the verse "thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," nor the blacksmith with his leather apron could relieve a witch-burdened family, Mary was sent for, and when she entered the house every witch took to her heels or broomsticks, for they were in mortal fear of fairies.

After Major John's death she married a Haskins and had a daughter Sally, but her last years were spent with her son Henry in Limington. When nearing the grave she was flighty at times, whereupon all the old ladies said she was communing with her own people, the fairies. On one never to be forgotten occasion while three nice old ladies were sipping molasses with a little hot rum in it, they saw thousands of fairies

around her, and were so frightened by the sight that they fell to the floor in an insensible condition and for an hour or more were unable to speak distinctly.

Such in brief is the story of Mary McKenney, wife of Major John⁵ Small, and if any hardened infidel doubts it, I can show him her skull in the family tomb at Limington. Doubtless this story was believed by a majority of the people with whom she associated, and she herself always believed that there was something supernatural about her birth.

Major John's⁵ children were: 1 John, 2 Edward, 3 Zacheus, 4 Francis, 5 *Henry*, 6 Daniel, 7 Rachel, 8 Dorcas, of whom John and Edward were of the first wife, and Daniel and Rachel were twins.

SIXTH GENERATION.

Henry⁶ Small, son of Major John⁶ and Mary was born in Scarborough, October 29, 1757, and was the first of the many Henrys. At the age of five years his father, whom he well remembered all his life, was shot, and thereafter such training as he received was at the hands of his beautiful and thoughtless fairy born mother. At the historical old Congregational church in Scarborough one Sunday morning when he was about eighteen years of age, news of the fight at Lexington was received, whereupon he hurried off to join the rebels, and remained in the army about three years. In Scarborough, June 16, 1778, he did the best thing in all his life by marrying Elizabeth Dam (Van Dam), he was twenty-one and she twenty years old.

His fairy mother had dissipated the fortune which

the stately Major John⁵ had left to them, and in April, 1787, he went to Limington, to which place his uncles Samuel⁵ and Joshua⁵ had already gone some little time before, and made a farm on the land which his great-great-grandfather bought of the Indians in 1668. He selected the first farm west of "Shaving hill" about one mile west of the present village, and domiciled his wife and four little ones in an old hunting-camp which chanced to be near on the first lot westward, and then commenced his first cut-down on the south end of his farm now known as the old field, on the assumption that the road was to be there. He felled trees and built the four walls of a log house, but before putting on a roof he was forced to go on a three days' journey to Portland for supplies. Returning late at night he found the camp deserted and wife and children gone, whether carried off by wild beasts or lawless hunters he knew not. Exhausted by his long walk in the heat of early summer, the shock overcame him and he fell unconscious to the earth. Recovering, he sprang to his feet and bounded off through the dark wild woods with the speed of a deer to his log house and there, upon a bed of fragrant boughs, watched over and protected by unseen angels, were wife and little ones sweetly sleeping. In the husband's absence the spirited young wife had placed a roof of bark over a section of the cabin and had moved into her new home, and there, a few days later, with the kindly stars smiling down through that bark roof a friendly welcome, was born Humphrey,⁷ their first child born on Ossipee soil.

Henry's⁶ new life in the wilderness was a hard one,

but no harder than that of any other of the first settlers to whom we owe so much. First, a few acres of trees were felled, and that was called a cut-down. The next year when the trees were dry enough, fire was applied, and that was called a burning. Then the main bodies of the mighty giants of the forests which remained but partially burned were cut into short logs, and with much labor because of stumps and stones were rolled into big piles as large as a house, and that was called piling. Then fire was applied to the piles, and that was called pile-burning. And thus the forests primeval were swept away. The ever-industrious Henry⁶ did the most of his piling and pile-burning by night; and after the children were asleep, his wife was accustomed to go out and sit on the stumps for company, and perhaps lend a helping hand now and then in forcing some unwilling log upon the sacrificial pile, for she was a woman of brawn as well as brain, and in all things a true helpmeet.

Next, with a long, sharp stick like a crow-bar a hole was made in the ground among the tree roots into which a few grains of corn were dropped, and the crop therefrom was more than bountiful. Upon this corn the family mainly subsisted. A block two feet long was cut from the body of the largest maple, into the upper end of which a hole as large as a peck measure was cut out with an ax; and that was the mortar. Then a piece about six feet long was cut from the body of a maple some four inches in diameter and the big end was rounded and the other end hewn down to a spindle; and that was the pestle. Corn was put into

the mortar and the man stood upon the top of the mortar and with the heavy pestle pounded it into broken fragments which when mixed with honest water and baked in the ashes constituted the family meal, upon which they lived and thrived and knew no doctor.

Occasionally Henry⁶ made a trip to Portland and brought home a back-load of salt fish and some other like dainties, whereupon they reveled in luxurious eating for a time. Much game, too, was trapped or shot, and the brooks, into which no white man had ever before dropped a hook, were full to overflowing with speckled beauties quite eager to be caught. In a few years enough hay was raised to keep a cow, and then there seemed to be nothing more for any reasonable mortal to desire. Then came more hay, more cows, oxen, horses, sheep and fowl of all kinds.

Flax was grown and from the flax and wool the busy wife carded, spun, wove, dyed, cut and made every article of clothing worn by the family and also made all the linen, and indeed every yard of cloth used for any purpose in the family.

Farm tools were few and clumsy. The ax, hoe, shovel, scythe and other like things were made by the blacksmith, and were so heavy that the strength of William Wallace was needed to use them. One of the hoes is now to be seen at the family tomb. The plows were of wood with a blacksmith-made iron point which when dull was sharpened as the crowbar is. Wheels came late, and for years sleds were used both winter and summer. When at last they did come, each farmer made his own, and the only iron about them was the hoops.

While they were yet quite young his sons Francis⁷ and Humphrey⁷ were given charge of the barn in winter, but as they had neither hat nor shoes the charge was not one of wholly unmixed delight. The boys heated big chips and ran through the snow to the barn and then stood on the hot chips for a few moments, to warm their feet, and as often thereafter as their feet grew painfully cold while doing their work, they stood on their chips to warm them. These chips were primitive "foot-warmers."

I have heard my father, Humphrey,⁷ say that the visits of the neighbors were the grand events of his boyhood in the wilderness. In those days because of the forests there was much more snow than now, and as the boys had no shoes they were confined pretty closely within doors through the long, cold winter, with no amusements of any kind. Two or three times each winter a loud "whoa-hish" was heard soon after dark, and then the boys rushed out into the snow all barefoot as they were, and there found a neighbor with his oxen and sled, and upon the sled half-buried in snow were wife and children, come for a good long evening's visit. Then the happy boys, all wild with joy, took the oxen away to the barn and fed them, and brought wood and piled in the big stone fireplace until the red flames shot high above the low chimney top and illumined the deep dark wild woods all around. Next, the willing boys scampered off to the barn again with not a thought of bare feet, and caught a fat goose and decapitated it and brought its lifeless body to the house; then tow was found and the boys twisted a

string while the mother's cunning hands deftly plucked the goose; then the broomstick was driven into a hole over the mantle, from the outer end of which the unlucky goose was suspended before the roaring fire for roasting. Then a goodly peck of potatoes were put into the plentiful ashes and a big corn cake sweetened with the juice of the generous maple was placed upon the stone hearth for baking; and all the while the nimble tongues of the good wives ran on and on about little ones and cares, and the sturdy husbands from the other side of the room talked about their cut-downs, their burnings, the devastations of cornfields by bears, or perchance some late news not yet three months old of what President John Adams was doing, and the wreck and ruin that would surely come if the wild communist, Jefferson, should force his way to the presidential chair. At about midnight supper was ready and eaten with a hearty relish whereof we poor dyspeptics can have no conception, and the dishes were washed and the room made tidy and then the wives sat down for a general chat with their so-called lords and masters. At about two o'clock it was the correct thing for the visitors to speak of going, and it was equally the correct thing for the host and hostess to declare that it was not yet nine because the geese had not squalled, it being well understood that geese always squalled at nine o'clock of each evening. Then witch stories, fairy stories, war stories, Indian stories and all other kinds of stories were told, for know ye, these good people had seen witches, fairies, war and Indians with their own eyes, and thus the night passed,

and in the early gray of the morning the sleepy oxen were yoked again and the visitors took their slow way homeward through the deep snow and silent woods.

Years rolled away, other settlers came, forests disappeared, fields, pastures and orchards appeared, roads were made, bridges built, school houses erected, and the thrifty Henry⁶ became what in New England is known as a fore-handed man. His wife Elizabeth was an ambitious woman, and when she left Scarborough for her wilderness home she told her friends that she would some day return with a pair of horses of her own. In due time she suggested to her husband that he buy another horse, but as they no more needed two horses than a cat needs two tails, the prudent Henry⁶ stoutly objected. She had her way of course, as every good wife should have, and another horse, a pair of matched harnesses with two strings of loudly jingling bells, a fancy sleigh painted yellow, for that was the fashionable color in those days, and a pair of lap-ropes were purchased, and the proud Elizabeth returned in triumphant fulfillment of her long-made promise. Her vanity was more than excusable—it was commendable.

Henry⁰ was a little unfortunate in the matter of houses. The road was made through the north end of his farm instead of the south as had been expected, whereupon he built a new house at the road, the cellar of which is now the family tomb. Later, the road was changed a little to the southward, whereupon he built another and the present house, wherein he spent the remaining years of his life. He planted the beautiful

and now venerable elms which make the place so attractive, and altogether, he made his home the most pleasurable to the eye between the villages of Limington and Limerick.

Henry⁶ was followed to Limington by his younger brother, Daniel,⁶ universally known as "the major," who selected the adjoining farm westward; and also by Mr. Harvey Libby, who selected the farm adjoining the major's. These three sturdy men were boys together in Scarborough; were in the Revolution together; and while yet quite young, went up to Limington, and there resided on adjoining farms all the remaining years of their long lives. From their infancy to their graves, the days were few wherein they saw not each other. They were earnest Federalists and Whigs in politics; Congregationalists in religion; and in like accord upon all questions of importance. In that one thing if in no other, their lives were a beautiful poem. Henry⁶ had twelve children, Mr. Libby had thirteen, and the major had fourteen; and the three families constituted a neighborhood in and of themselves known as "Shaving hill." As seen with the eyes of our more formal age, they were as one great family. They were interested in each other, they ran in and out of each other's houses as freely as their own, they assisted each other in their work, they borrowed and lent, and what one knew, all knew. The many inter-marriages will be noted elsewhere.

There is much whimsical blood in the Small family of which Henry⁶ had little and his brother, Major Daniel⁶ so much that a volume could be filled with

funny stories about him. There was nothing commonplace in the old major. He was choleric, intellectual, whimsical, unreasonable, sensible, and altogether kindly. He was equally capable of the extremest absurdity or good sense, and he usually managed to mix the two in a whimsical manner of his own. He was a Sir Anthony Absolute, always in a passion, always "cussing" somebody, and the kindest man and most beloved in the parish.

The most whimsical Small of them all was Isaac,⁶ son of Joshua,⁵ grandson of Deacon Samuel,⁴ and cousin to Henry⁶ and Major Daniel,⁶ known to all men as old Uncle Isaac, of whom the following stories will convey but a faint conception. Old Uncle Isaac⁶ and his brother Joshua⁶ were accustomed to visit their sister Mrs. Clark quite often, and at each visit the same formula was observed: to wit, when supper was announced, Uncle Isaac⁶ said: "Supper? Good gracious! Supper. I can't eat a mouthful, Sister Clark, not one mouthful! The rest of you can go out and eat, but I will stay here." Then Mrs. Clark said: "Come along, Brother Isaac, and stop your noise. When you get to the table you will eat as much as an old hog, you know you will." But he stoutly refused to go, and the others went without him. In a few minutes he stepped out as softly as possible and seated himself, with the remark that perhaps he could sip a little tea just to keep them company. Then he nibbled daintily at something in his plate, and in no long time, with the apologetic remark that he really did seem to have "a coming appetite," he fully justified his sister's for-

mer assertion, for he was a valiant trencherman. And this farce, without the slightest variation, was re-enacted three or four times each year.

Greenleaf Smith, the famous drummer of Cornish, told me the following: In his youth it was the correct thing for young men to be married in heavy long-legged boots, and when he was about to wed Nancy Churchill he went down to Uncle Isaac's⁶ to buy the calfskin. He made his errand known to Uncle Isaac,⁶ whereupon the latter exclaimed in seeming surprise, "Calf skins? Good gracious! Calf skins! There is nothing so scarce about here as calf skins. We haven't one in the shop, and shall not have one these two years. When you go home, you tell all the Cornish people and save them the trouble of coming down." Then he insisted upon putting Mr. Smith's horse in the barn and liberally feeding him. After talking awhile, and as though suddenly struck with a new thought, he abruptly said: "We've got a plenty of thin sole-leather, if you can make that do. Could you be married in a pair of sole-leather boots, Mr. Smith?" The youngster thought he could not, and then the old gentleman said, as though a new ray of hope had dawned, "Let us go down to the shop and hunt, for it may be that an old calf skin has got in with the sole-leather somehow."

When they entered the shop the young man was astounded, for there before his eyes were more calfskins than a cart would hold. Uncle Isaac took down a beautiful one and softly caressing it with his hand said: "Did you ever see a finer skin than that, Mr.

Smith? It is as soft as a lady's glove and will cling to the foot just like the skin." The young man eagerly assented and said he would take that one, but the old gentleman put it back and took down another. More than a dozen skins were taken down and praised and all were put back, and the anxious Smith thought that for some reason connected with his father, to him unknown, Uncle Isaac⁶ would not sell him a skin. There was further talk on indifferent subjects, and then Uncle Isaac⁶ very abruptly said, as though another idea had suddenly entered his mind without knocking. "I wonder what is in that old closet? It has been a long time since I saw the inside of it." He tried the door, and it was locked. He then hunted a long time for the key, and at last found it hanging where he knew it was all the time and where he had put it the previous day no doubt, and unlocked the door, and there were a half-hundred of his finest calfskins. Deftly and rapidly selecting the softest and finest one, he kindly, and with the courtly grace of an old-school gentleman, presented it to the dazed young man, slyly remarking that his horse was probably done eating by that time. Young Smith, who then knew nothing of Uncle Isaac's whimsical ways, went home in a confused frame of mind, but tightly hugging the wedding calfskin.

Mr. Libby was the converse of these whimsical and talkative men. He was solid and silent, and in the fewest possible words said what he meant, and could never be moved therefrom. In his last years when he had grown to weigh upward of three hundred pounds,

he talked even less than in middle age, but kept up a perpetual sniffing. When told a thing he did not like or believe, he expressed dissent in short, sharp sniffs; but when he approved, he gave the long-drawn sniff of satisfaction. He possessed great dignity of character and was always Mr. Libby even to his intimates, and tolerated no familiarity. Out of all the settlers in the new town he liked the major best, partly no doubt because the major did all the talking and let him do all the listening.

After the wilderness hardships had passed away, Henry's⁶ long life was one of peaceful and prosperous happiness. He had the most pleasant house in town, his income was ample for all his simple wants, his whimsical brother Daniel, his life-long and faithful friend, Harvey Libby, his cousins and nearly all of his children, were living near him, some of whom he saw daily.

Although the possessor of such rigid integrity that all the wealth of the Vanderbilts could not tempt him from the straight line of right, yet his leading characteristic was industry. With him to work was pleasure, to be idle was pain. Not long before his death he asked his sons to cut an ash tree, from which he would make a half-bushel measure, but they ignored the request upon the assumption that he was too weak for such an undertaking. He coaxed his good-natured grandson, Sewall Thompson, to cut it, and he made the measure and gave it to Sewall, and that sterling good fellow preserved it all his life as the last work of the most industrious Small in America.

In the last years of Henry's⁶ life he received a pension for services in the Revolution, which was continued to his widow.

Intellectually, Henry⁶ was sadly inferior to his ancestors, but morally and industrially he was no man's inferior. In person he was small and thin, and grew thinner with age. He had brown hair, blue-gray eyes quite near together, and a long nose. His son Henry⁷ much resembled him. He died November 9, 1826, and was buried in his own field on the south side of the road, a few rods east of his house.

Henry's⁶ wife, Elizabeth Dam, was born in Scarborough, November 23, 1758. She was a large-brained, large-hearted, large-bodied, queenly dame, and her husband's mental superior. Had she been born to Queen Elizabeth's place she would have been another Queen Bess without the coarseness. Whatever of mental force her children possessed came mainly from their noble mother.

In those early days when Henry⁵ had first become "forehanded," he had many poor neighbors who habitually borrowed groceries, which they never repaid, because they could not. Henry⁵ then had in his possession the big military chest which had been his father's, and this chest Elizabeth christened "out-of-the-world." When her supply of sugar, tea, coffee, etc., got so low that she was unwilling to lend or more correctly give away, any more until a fresh supply could be obtained from far-away Portland, she always put all she had in that chest, and then if a neighbor asked for some, she said she had "none in the world."

That doubly historical chest is now in the keeping of her grandson Sewall⁸ Thompson's heirs, and attached to the key is a nut which was there in the days of Major John.⁵

Elizabeth died June 13, 1841, the day whereon her son Humphrey⁶ was born, fifty-four years before, and was buried with her husband. June 5, 1849, both were removed to the family tomb, which had been the cellar of their first frame house. Their children were: — 1 Abigail, 2 Mary, 3 John, 4 Francis, 5 *Humphrey*, 6 Elizabeth, 7 Fanny, 8 Sally, 9 Dorcas, 10 Henry, 11 Theodosia, 12 Joseph.

THE STORY OF FRANCIS⁶ SMALL.

Henry's⁶ elder brother Francis⁶ possessed a laudable ambition to make a name in the new world equal to that of his kinsmen in the old, and as a means to the desired end, he, when quite young, decided to visit the Smalls, Gorges, Champernownes, and other relatives in England, and solicit their powerful influence at court, in securing much coveted appointments and promotions in America.

When half-way across the ocean they met a home-coming ship, the captain of which told them of the declaration of war by England against the colonies; whereupon Francis⁶ had himself transferred to the homeward bound vessel; but before reaching home the vessel was captured by a fast sailing, English man-of-war, and all on board were taken to England.

Twenty-five years or more passed away and his family heard nothing of the ambitious Francis.⁶ In

the meantime, Henry⁶ and Daniel,⁶ together with their mother, had removed to the wilds of Limington. Then a letter found its uncertain way to Henry⁶ in his forest home, which proved to be from Mary⁷ Small in England. She said that when Francis⁶ reached England he found his relatives, and as he could not get home because of the war, he went into business there, and married, and she, Mary,⁷ was his only child. She further said that he wrote home several times at the close of the war but got no answer — that he died young — that her mother was dead, and she wanted to hear from and visit her American grandmother and uncles.

Henry⁶ was then living in the wilderness, and presumably had neither pen, ink, nor paper. There was no post office and no mail. For him to send a letter to England was more of a task than it would now be for one of his grandsons to go around the world. And so Mary's⁷ letter was unanswered. Another year rolled away and another letter came from the hopeful Mary,⁷ who was now seventeen years old — and that too was unanswered.

Thirty more years passed away, and Humphrey,⁷ son of Henry,⁶ who had now become a mature man, and much interested in family history, answered Mary's⁷ letter of thirty years before. He got no answer. The next year he wrote again, but never more was anything heard from his Cousin Mary⁷ who in her youth had tried so hard to find her American relatives. But they had learned that Francis⁶ died too young to acquire the honors for which his soul panted. Alas! Alas!

SEVENTH GENERATION.

Humphrey⁷ Small, son of Henry⁶ and Elizabeth, was born in Limington, June 13, 1787, and was named for Sir Humphrey Gilbert. He was born in a log house, the cellar of which is yet to be seen in the old field at the south end of his father's farm, now owned by Benjamin Cousins. For information in regard to his youth, see Henry.⁶

When grown to manhood, he roamed about the world for awhile, as country-raised boys delight to do, and from Liverpool in 1808, he brought home the inlaid mirror, which he afterward used when shaving for a half century, and also the curious glass pipe, both of which are yet preserved in the family. While in Liverpool at about the same period, he had occasion to ask for a fork, whereupon a pert damsel handed one to him and said, "Keep this as long as you live." He did keep it, and he used it at every meal eaten in his own house, to the end of his life, fifty-five years thereafter. He must have used it at fifty thousand meals. I have it now.

In Limington, January 21, 1823, he married Sarah, daughter of Harvey Libby—see Henry⁶—and became a farmer.

He was a member of Captain Edward⁶ Small's famous light infantry, and did service in the 1812 war, for which he received a bounty of one hundred and sixty acres of land in his later years.

In A.L. 5818, he became a charter member of the Adoniran Lodge of Masons, in Limington.

May 2, 1832, he removed to Cornish, in which town

he spent his remaining years. On the day of removal he and his family stopped for dinner at the house of his sister Fanny,⁷ who then lived at the foot of the Pease Hill, in Cornish, on the farm which Samuel P. Small owned at a later period. While awaiting dinner, he and his brother-in-law, Joshua⁷ Small, looked at and admired the three beautiful ridges of farm land before them. At the south was the John Pease Ridge. At the west was the Clark Ridge. At the north was the Squire Pease Ridge, probably the best farm land in New England. While looking at them, Humphrey⁷ breathed an earnest wish that he might some day own one of these ridges, much as his great-grandmother had breathed the earnest wish for a daughter who could outdance the whole world, whereupon Joshua⁷ told him he could never buy either of them, because neither would ever be sold. But who can see the future? He lived to see his children on two of those ridges, and his grandchildren now live on all of them. Did the fairies again speed a wish?

Humphrey's⁷ farm in Cornish was the west half of the original Samuel Boynton farm on "the high road," a short mile from the village, and from the spot where Francis Small's house was burned by Indians in 1668. The neighborhood was the best in that or any adjoining town, but his farm was just good enough to keep its possessor poor forever. Going there was the mistake of his life, and so grieved him that he never acknowledged Cornish as his place of residence, but always said "Limington" when asked where he lived.

His house in Cornish was new and quite a good one,

as farmhouses go. The living room, as was the custom of the times, was cook-room, dining-room, sitting-room, parlor and general workshop combined. The fireplace in this room was about eight feet wide, and the amount of wood consumed in a single winter was prodigious, but as the chimney was sufficiently large for the unimpeded exit of a flying horse, the main volume of heat went up to warm our twin sister planet Venus while the family shivered with cold. Each morning the fire was made in this wise:— First a backlog of green wood, about three feet long and from one to two feet in diameter, was rolled into the fireplace; on it was placed a smaller green log called a backstick. In front and on the immense firedogs was placed a green forestick, say six inches in diameter. Between the forestick and backlog was placed dry wood in abundance. Then with the bellows the slumbering coals were awakened to a new life, and right soon there was enough heat to roast an ox had he been on the chimney top. I well remember sitting on my little chair in that wide fireplace, and watching the stars, which seemed to look so kindly down upon me through the big sooty chimney.

Keeping a fire through the night was a matter of no little difficulty, especially in summer, and it not unfrequently chanced that there would be none in the morning, in which case a boy was dispatched to a neighbor's to borrow a burning brand; or perhaps the father would get out an old file, a flint, some tow and powder, and produce fire in what may have been the original way. When this was done, I remember

that the vagrant sparks would sometimes fly in all directions but the right one, and that my father would strike, and strike, and strike again, and mutter smothered maledictions, and in his zeal bend down, down, over the powder, quite too near for safety ; and then a mischief-loving spark would plunge headlong into the powder, causing it to flame up and burn off my father's eyebrows, to my extreme joy.

In those halcyon days pitchwood was used for light. When a good fat piece was placed upon the fire the flame therefrom was very bright for a time and then it sank down to death. Then another piece, and another, was put on, and each burned brightly for a few minutes, and was succeeded by ever-returning darkness ; and so our light for an evening was like a revolving one on the coast. In my boyhood I was accustomed to lie upon the floor with my head toward the fire, and by this pitchwood light read many times over the few books we had. What a godsend a village library would have been !

In those long winter evenings Humphrey⁷ loved to lie upon the floor, with his feet toward the roaring fire, and talk to his children about their ancestors and the times in which they lived, and also about the distant future and the wonderful things it held in store for the coming man. On one of these occasions when I was perhaps six years old, he theorized on the probable condition of the world in the year 1900, and said that perhaps I might live to see that year, but no other member of the family would do so, which caused me to feel so immeasurably superior to my brothers

and sisters that mother had to administer a sound whipping to bring me down to a proper level.

About the year 1842 cooking stoves came, and with them came matches, and then came the use of whale oil lamps, which gave less light than anything of its kind ever invented by man, and also tallow candles or dips, which did quite well. When the candle needed snuffing, the long burning wick was deftly removed with the fingers; but if the operator was inexpert, his fingers were burned, of course. Snuffers came to fill a long-felt want; but excellent things as those old snuffers were, their use had its drawbacks, for if held a bit too low the candle was extinguished and the family plunged into Egyptian darkness.

HIS VISITORS.

Humphrey⁷ and his wife were two of forty-seven brothers and sisters by birth or marriage, which, together with an unnumbered host of uncles, aunts, cousins, nephews, nieces, and other kin, made a clan almost as large as some of those in Scotland aforetime, and as they visited each other quite frequently, Humphrey⁷ had company at his house often, but not oftener than he desired, for he was the most hospitable of men, and was extremely fond of his kinsmen.

If these welcome visitors came in winter they were at once ushered into the "fore room," and were entertained exclusively by the host, while the hostess addressed herself to the pleasant task of preparing dinner. At the table it was the correct thing for the female guests to praise everything; and for the hostess

to declare that she had not yet got used to the new barrel of flour; that the fire had not burned right; that everything had gone wrong, and that nothing was really fit to eat. The male guests ate prodigiously, and made no other attempt at conversation than a muttered "it is good" now and then, with their mouths full. The dinner consisted of boiled potatoes and fried pork, together with hot biscuits and an almost endless variety of pies, puddings, cakes, etc. If the visits were in the fall, an innocent lamb was put to death. Beef was rarely eaten by farmers at that period.

After eating, the men returned to the "fore room," and the lady guests offered to assist the hostess in washing the dishes, which offer was always flatly declined. Then a civil war between the women was at once commenced. The guests insisted upon helping, and the hostess vehemently and with some show of anger objected, and at last peace was restored in the way which all concerned knew it would be from the first, by allowing the guests to wipe the dishes after they had been washed. When all was spic and span they joined their lords for a long chat and many good old stories. The women wore caps which were donned at the birth of the first child I think, and in my earliest days many of them smoked. All were rapid knitters, and when engaged in earnest conversation their needles flew as though witch driven. At this time the good old belief in ghosts, witches, signs, etc., were all nominally discarded, nevertheless it still had a firm grip upon them and was always cropping out in their con-

versation and acts. Not one of them would kill a pig or wean a calf at other than the right condition of the moon.

Nearly all of the great clan were good story tellers of whom Humphrey⁷ was easily the best, and as all could laugh loudly these visits which usually lasted a day and night were seasons of pure and wholesome delight. The stories told were not the kind that go the rounds of the newspapers, but were funny incidents in the lives of members of the clan. They were all historical. They were old stories which had been told many times before, but were quite as heartily laughed at as though wholly new. And as they were a whimsical race, the supply of these funny historical anecdotes was inexhaustible.

Humphrey's⁷ next younger brother, Henry,⁷ known as Major Henry,⁷ to distinguish him from another Henry in Limington, was a small, quiet man, who in person and to some considerable extent in character, was a reproduction of his father, Henry.⁶ He did not tell many stories, but he so much enjoyed hearing them told that I never knew him to be willing to go to bed.

He was a lovable man and Humphrey⁷ liked him best of all the clan in my time.

Humphrey's⁷ youngest brother, Joseph,⁷ died at the early age of thirty-two years. In his time he was everybody's favorite. He was an active, stirring man, and the embodiment of innocent and harmless mischief. "The Major"⁶ was the especial victim of his pranks, to the secret delight of that whimsical and lovable old soldier. Within a few minutes after he

had entered any house, the children were by the ears and all yelling loudly, but they could never keep away from him and they all liked him better than any other man in the neighborhood. He was a man of rare abilities withal, and his future was bright with promise. No other one of the clan was as much loved — no one was as much lamented when he was gone. His wife was Elmira, daughter of Harvey Libby, and sister to Humphry's⁷ wife Sarah.

In 1775 Portland was burned by the British, and in the confusion incidental to the fire, a little girl of about four years, named Mary Thompson, together with her infant brother William, became separated from and never again saw their parents, both of whom were supposed to have been devoured by the flames.

When grown to manhood William found his way to the wilds of Limington, married Mary⁷ Small, daughter of Henry⁶ and Elisabeth, and made a home on the hill farm north of and adjoining Henry's,⁶ where he continued to reside until his death at the ripe age of one-hundred and one years. He outnumbered the many years of Francis,² the second Samuel⁴ and Mary McKenney by about nine years, they having died at about the age of ninety-two.

Sewall,⁸ youngest son of this William and Mary⁷ Thompson, married Statira, twin sister of Elmira Libby, and thus became the brother-in-law of his uncles Humphrey⁷ and Joseph,⁷ and never left the homestead of his father. Sewall⁸ was *Sui Generis*. He was a tall, angular blue-eyed man with a comical habit of turning his head a little to one side

and running out his tongue when talking. He was a happy compound of robust good sense and absurd whims, and he mixed the two and jumbled them in a way which would have done honor to "the Major."⁶ He knew more funny stories about the family than anybody with the exception of Humphrey,⁷ and to me he was ever the best beloved and most welcome of my father's many visitors. Peace to his ashes. Peace and rest. Rest and farewell.

HIS WHIMS.

Humphrey⁷ was a whimsical man like his uncle "the Major,"⁶ whom he greatly liked, and did a hundred things for whim's sake, as the Major⁶ did. He greatly desired to have the fairy-given mole of his father and grandmother, and as he did not have it, he all his life when shaving, carefully shaved around and left a few spears of beard where the mole should have been, and stoutly asserted that he had one. Many times when he was painstakingly shaving around that imaginary mole his wife laughed at him for doing it, whereupon he always turned upon her in great simulated anger and hotly declared that he had a mole "just like father's."

When his son Henry⁸ was an infant he was weak and sickly and the old ladies of the town said he was witch-plagued and would surely die if those witches were not put to flight. In cases of that kind it was the correct thing to split a thrifty young apple-tree in twain and then pull the two halves asunder and pass the child through the tree. Then the tree was ban-

daged and cemented and if it lived the child lived, but if it died the child died also. Great care had to be taken to keep all cats and especially black ones from the tree when healing, for cats were probable witches who were endeavoring to kill it. Partly to appease the old ladies and partly for whim's sake, Humphrey⁷ split a tree and passed Henry⁸ through it, and then the old ladies watched the tree to keep all cats away, and the mother watched her child, and both lived.

HIS CHARACTER.

Humphrey⁷ was born to be a historian and a geographer. He not only knew the world's history, but his knowledge of his own family history was so accurate that in all my prowlings among old records I have not once found him in error. He knew the parentage of Francis² and the relationship to Champowne, and made an ancestral record which has most unhappily been lost. Although he had few books and papers and but meager opportunities for acquiring information, his knowledge of geography and topography exceeded that of any other man whom I knew. Every considerable river, and mountain range, and natural water-shed seemed as familiar to him as his own little farm. Name any spot on the globe, and he would give it latitude and longitude with almost marvelous accuracy.

He was the possessor of such rare mechanical skill and musical endowments that unaided and uninstructed he had made a beautiful bass viol, and learned to play on it, and played in the church choir all his remaining years of health.

He did his own thinking and never took his opinions from somebody ready-made like an army overcoat, as most men do. He was with the first advocates of temperance, and gained many enemies thereby. He was with the earliest in demanding the abolition of slavery, and he and his son James⁸ together with John Pease and Dr. William B. Pike were for years the sole members of the anti-slavery party in Cornish—a party that was hated and reviled as no other party has been. He believed in the future and the unlimited powers of man. He was humorous and keenly alive to good stories. He was clean and never said a thing which would offend a modest woman. He was so extremely diffident that he could never speak in public nor even make a motion in town meeting. He was never popular with his neighbors, partly because he was a temperance man and an abolitionist at a time when to be either was to be hated, and partly because he and his neighbors were too unlike to understand each other.

As a small farmer in a back town his life was a failure, but under favoring circumstances his name would have been known and honored the world around. He was very much superior to either of his sons. In my youth I had not sufficient intelligence to see the innate greatness of the man, and it is only in these later years when my narrow understanding has been broadened a little by much reading and intercourse with learned men that I have discovered something of it. Like many other great men he was weak in spots, and unfortunately for him he was surrounded by people

who were capable of seeing only the weak spots. Little men regarded him as less than themselves, but great men would have thought him greater than themselves. There are other like unfortunate men in the world.

He and his most excellent wife were puritans with all that word implies. I never heard them speak harshly to each other, nor could any parents be more faithful in duty to their children, but I never saw them kiss anybody nor did I ever hear them use an endearing word. They never gave me or any of their children so far as I know, a penny, nor a bit of candy, nor a toy of any kind, and a Christmas present was never known in their well ordered house. And this was not because of a want of affection but from solid principle. They held that the acceptance of a present is humiliation to the soul, and they were right about it. They were plain country people, but they had the soul nobility of Sir Philip Sidney—a nobility which is almost lost in these gushing days.

HIS PERSON.

Humphrey⁷ was about five feet ten and one half inches high, weighed about one hundred and eighty pounds, was broad shouldered and muscular. He had small blue-gray eyes, brown hair, and was a little bald in old age. His complexion was fresh and ruddy and he wore no beard to hide it. His hands and feet were short and wide, and the hands badly cramped from birth—a peculiarity which descended to his son Lauriston⁸. His voice was soft, full and resonant, but he could not

sing. His eyes twinkled with merriment when any fun was afloat. The pictures of him now in existence were made after disease had placed its heavy hand upon him, and but poorly represent the noble looking man he was in the prime of life. His sons are as much inferior to him in good looks as in mental qualifications. In all ways Humphrey⁷ and Sarah were vastly superior to their children, and their children's children. For one hundred and fifty years the Smalls have declined physically and mentally, but he ranked with the best.

HIS DUNDEE.

Quite early in his life, Humphrey⁷ bought a small field of about four acres on the north side of the road and a little west of his father's house, it being the northwest corner of his father's Limington farm, which because of its extreme rockiness, he named Dundee, a name it yet bears. This bit of land has been in the family since its purchase from the Indians in 1668, and he declared it should remain in the family forever. Once it was wanted for an especial purpose and he could have sold it for much more than it was worth, but pressed as he was for money he declined to sell the ancestral acres. It was his wish that it should become a forest after his death and so remain forever as a reminder of the Indians of whom it was purchased by our great ancestor. In his old age he did as other old men have done, and gave it to his son Henry⁸ and also to his son Lauriston⁸, the former of whom took possession of it and the latter said nothing. After Humphrey⁷ died, Henry⁸ sold it to his cousin Sewall⁸

Thompson. After Sewall⁸ died, and it seemed probable that it would be sold out of the family, Lauriston⁸ put his deed on record, thereby holding the historic land. It was of no value to him and his only object was the carrying out of his father's wishes.

The several deeds of this land are as follows: Indians deeded Ossipee to Francis² Small in 1668; Francis² deeded to his son Samuel³ in 1711; Samuel³ deeded to his son Samuel⁴ in —; Samuel⁴ deeded Limington to his son Samuel⁵ in 1773; Samuel⁵ deeded 100 acres to his nephew Henry⁶ about 1786; Henry⁶ deeded Dundee to his son Humphrey⁷ about —; Humphrey⁷ deeded Dundee to his son Lauriston⁸ in 1859. Let us hope that the wishes of Humphrey⁷ will be honored and that Dundee will ever be owned by a descendant of Francis² Small.

HIS WIFE.

Sarah Libby was born in Limington, October 17, 1792, and was the eldest daughter of Harvey Libby and Sarah Small, his wife. January 21, 1813, she married her distant cousin Humphrey⁷ Small who lived in the second house eastward but a few rods distant—see Henry⁶—and as the story of her life has been told in that of her husband I will now but notice some of her strong characteristics.

Intellectually she was inferior to her husband, but in hard practical common sense and a knowledge of every-day affairs whereby a livelihood is gained, she was his superior. In her composition there was no fun, no sentiment, no music, no romance, no poetry, but all

was solid fact. The discipline of the children fell upon her alone, and she was not only a rigid disciplinarian but a martinet. She was always just but never merciful, for she rightly believed that mercy to the child is cruelty to the coming man. She was of the stock from which martyrs are made and would have gone to the stake for her children, but she never granted the smallest indulgence nor did she spare the chastising rod. To stay with and labor for her children was the pleasure of her life, and she deemed no labor too arduous and no self-denial too severe which would benefit them, but the hand which was tireless in working for her children never petted them.

She was one of the most severe of puritans, but under that cold puritan exterior she was one of the kindest and gentlest of women. She was peace-loving and peace-making. I never heard her say a thing which would have given offense had it been overheard. She never murmured and never complained, for she was too proud for that. Her ambition was boundless, and she faced every difficulty with flashing eyes, a steady hand, and a spirit which knew no fear, but if overpowered she never murmured. She was accustomed to say that when she could not bring things to her mind she brought her mind to things. Above all, she was the embodiment of neatness, order, enterprise and thrift. It is my belief that she never attended a place of amusement in all her life, nor ever ate one dollar's worth of candy or other like sweetmeats. She possessed the Libby characteristic of going to sleep directly her head touched the pillow. She possessed the Libby

reticence, and loved to listen while others talked. She possessed the Libby love of home, and disliked to leave it even to visit a much-loved sister.

In person she was short and erect like her mother and mother's mother whom she much resembled, with bright black eyes, and black hair worn short under the ever-present cap. Her health was as near perfection as that of woman can be, and in her prime she was one of the prettiest of Harvey Libby's famously pretty daughters.

Her maternal grandparents were Jacob and Sarah Small, and this Jacob was, I think, one of the descendants of Daniel³ of Provincetown, Cape Cod, the youngest son of Francis,² very many of whom came back to Maine with the ill-grounded hope of enforcing their claim to the Ossipee lands. I think he died in Cape Elizabeth about 1814.

About 1785, Jacob, son of the afore-named Jacob and Sarah, made a beautiful busk for his pretty sister, upon which he carved her initials of S. S.—Sarah Small—together with other devices. This sister Sarah married Harvey Libby and bore a daughter Sarah who by her marriage with Humphrey⁷ Small became Sarah Small, whereupon the busk was given to her. That busk I now hold, awaiting the coming of another Sarah Small to heir it. The three Sarahs, mother, daughter and grand-daughter, were alike in person and in characteristics. David and Martha² Libby's daughter Louise is quite like them but more fun-loving.

After Humphrey⁷ died, Lauriston⁸ went West, and the farm was sold to Ammi Boynton and reunited

with the other half of the original Samuel Boynton farm. The house was removed to the village, and Sarah made her home with her son James L,⁸ where she received every needed attention. One evening after an unusually hearty supper she retired in her usual robust health and in the night received a paralytic shock from which she never recovered consciousness. She died March 25, 1873, aged 81 years and was entombed with her husband in Limington.

The children of Humphrey⁷ Small and Sarah Libby were :—1 Eleanor Worthley. 2 James Libby. 3 Mary Libby. 4 Wm. Pitt. 5 Rebecca Mitchell. 6 Lewis Frederick. 7 Abigail Black. 8 Henry Warrington. 9 Lauriston Ward.

THE SMALLS AND THE LIBBYS.

The marriage of Humphrey⁷ Small and Sarah Libby was one of many intermarriages between these two old Scarborough families, of which the following is by no means a complete list. In this list, the first named is a Small and the last named a Libby.

1 Joseph⁴ and Mary 1722; 2 Anna and Josiah, 1737; 3 Abigail and John, 1738; 4 James and Mary, 1757; 5 Benjamin and Phoebe, about 1760; 6 Martha and Philemon, 1771; 7 Rachel and Andrew, 1777; 8 Betsey and James, about 1780; 9 Dorothy and Dominicus, 1781; 10 Sarah and Harvey, 1790; 11 Elizabeth and Simon, 1800; 12 Samuel and Nancy, about 1800; 13 Francis⁷ and Dorothy, 1810; 14 Susan and Andrew, 1810; 15 Humphrey⁷ and Sarah, 1813; 16 Phoebe and Darius, about 1815; 17 Mary and Joshua,

1816 ; 18 Mary and Sidney, about 1820 ; 19 Daniel⁷ and Sophia, 1822 ; 20 Nathaniel and Eliza, 1822 ; 21 Theodosia⁷ and Hugh, 1826 ; 22 Sophronia⁸ and Andrew, 1830 ; 23 Joseph and Elmira, 1831 ; 24 Damarius and George, 1832 ; Martha⁸ and David, 1839 ; 26 John and Christian, 1840 ; 27 Clymena and Moses, 1848 ; 28 Francis⁸ and Susan, about 1850 ; 29 Joseph and Clara, 1853 ; 30 Doreas and John, about 1854 ; 31 Henry and Julia, 1862 ; 32 James and Lucy, 1865 ; 33 Maria and Charles, 1874 ; 34 Susan and Roscoe, 1878 ; 35 Janette and James, 1878.

The above are all the names I have collected, but from my knowledge of the two families I judge that no less than five hundred of the descendants of Francis Small and the first John Libby have intermarried. Indeed in tracing the ancestry of the wife of almost any Small, we strike Libby blood. My four grandparents, Henry⁶ and Elizabeth Small, and Harvey and Sarah Libby, were all raised in Scarborough, and each one was related to the other three. Each of the four was part Small and part Libby. From the beginning, the two families have been wonderfully partial to each other.

EIGHTH GENERATION.

Lauriston⁸ Ward Small, son of Humphrey⁷ and Sarah, is the writer of these hasty sketches.

MISSION OF FATHER RASLES.

[Concluded.]

LETTER OF THE FATHER DE LA CHASSE, SUPERIOR
GENERAL OF THE MISSIONS OF NEW FRANCE TO
THE FATHER OF THE SAME COMPANY.

Translated from "Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses," Paris, 1781

BY E. C. CUMMINGS.

Read before the Maine Historical Society, at Waterville, September 9, 1892.

AT QUEBEC, THE 29 OCTOBER, 1724.

My Reverend Father:— The peace of our Lord:—

In the extreme sorrow which we feel at the loss of one of our oldest missionaries, it is a sweet consolation for us that he has been the victim of his charity and of his zeal to maintain the faith in the hearts of his converts. You have already learned from their letters what has been the source of the war that has been kindled between the English and the savages: on the part of the former the desire to extend their domination;—on the part of the latter the dread of total subjugation and attachment to their religion have at first caused misunderstandings, and these at last have been followed by an open rupture.

Father Rasles, missionary to the Abnakis, had become very odious to the English. Convinced that his endeavors to fortify the savages in the faith formed the greatest obstacle to the design they cherished of seizing upon their lands, they had set a price upon his head, and more than once they had attempted to carry him off or to compass his death. At last they are come to the end of satisfying the transports of their hate and of delivering themselves from the apostolic man; but at the same time they have procured for him a glorious death, which was always the object of his desires; for we know that long since he was aspiring to sacrifice his life for his flock. I will describe in a few words the circumstances of this event.

After numerous hostile acts on one side and on the other between the two nations, a little army of English and savages, their allies, to the number of 1,100 men made an attack without warning upon the village of Nanrantsouak. The dense brushwood by which the village is surrounded aided them to conceal their march; and as, moreover, it was not shut in by palisades, the savages, taken by surprise, had no notice of the enemy's approach but by the general discharge of their muskets, by which all the cabins were riddled. There were then but fifty warriors in the village. At the first noise of musketry they seized their arms in a panic-stricken way and rushed from their cabins to make head against the enemy. Their intention was not so much the rash one of sustaining the onset of so many combatants, but to favor the flight of the women and children by giving them time to gain the other side of the river not as yet occupied by the English.

Father Rasles apprised by the clamors and the tumult of the peril which menaced his disciples, went forth immediately from his house and presented himself without fear to the enemies. It was his hope either to suspend by his presence their first efforts, or at least to draw their attention upon himself and at the cost of his own life to gain the safety of his flock.

As soon as the missionary was recognized there rose a general cry, which was followed by a hail of musketry which they discharged in a shower upon him. He fell dead at the foot of a grand cross which he had planted in the midst of the village, to signify the public confession which was there made of adoring a crucified God. Seven savages who gathered around him, and who exposed their lives to preserve the life of their father, were killed at his side.

The pastor's death sent consternation into the flock. The savages took to flight and crossed the river, part at the ford and part by swimming. They had to experience all the fury of the enemy up to the moment when they escaped into the woods on the other side of the river. They found themselves there assembled to the number of a hundred and fifty. From more than two thousand shots fired upon them there were but thirty killed,

and including women and children forty wounded. The English were not persistent in the pursuit of the fugitives. They contented themselves with pillaging and burning the village. The firing of the church was preceded by the base profanation of the sacred vessels and of the adorable body of Jesus Christ.

The sudden retreat of the enemy allowed the Nanrantsouakians to return to their village. The next day after they visited the ruins of their cabins; while for their part the women sought for herbs and plants proper for dressing the hurts of the wounded. Their first care was to weep over the body of their holy missionary. They found him pierced with a thousand wounds, his scalp taken away, the skull broken in by blows of a hatchet, the mouth and eyes filled with mud, the bones of the legs shattered and all the members mutilated. These kinds of inhumanity, wreaked upon a body deprived of feeling and life, can hardly be attributed to any but the savage allies of the English.

After these fervent Christians had washed and kissed many times the venerable remains of their father, they interred them in the very place where the day before he had celebrated the holy sacrifice of the mass, that is to say, at the place where was the altar before the burning of the church.

It is by a death so precious that the apostolic man finished, the twenty-third of August of this year, a career of thirty-seven years passed in the painful toils of this mission. He was in the sixty-seventh year of his life. His fastings and continual fatigues had at last impaired his temperament; he dragged himself about with no little difficulty since he met with a fall about nineteen years ago, when he broke at the same instant the right thigh and the left leg. It happened that the callus having been badly formed at the place of the fracture, it was necessary to break the left leg again. During the time when it was most violently treated he bore the agonizing operation with extraordinary firmness and an admirable tranquility. Our physician [M. Sarrazin], who was present, was so astonished that he could not forbear exclaiming to him: "I say, my father, let at least a few groans escape you, you have so much occasion for them."

Father Rasles joined to the talents which make an excellent

missionary the virtues which the gospel ministry demands in order to its successful exercise among our savages. He was of robust health, and, with the exception of the accident just mentioned, I know not that he ever had the least indisposition. We were surprised at his facility and at his application to learning the different savage tongues. There was no one of them on this continent of which he did not have some tincture. Besides the Abnaki language which he had spoken longest, he knew also the Huron, the Otaouaise and the Illinois, and he employed them with success in the different missions where they are in use. From the moment of his arrival in Canada he has never been seen to deny his character; he was always firm and courageous, hard to himself, tender and compassionate with regard to others.

Three years ago by order of Monsieur, our governor, I made the tour of Acadia. While staying with Father Rasles I pointed out to him that in case war were declared against the savages he would run the risk of his life; that his village being only fifteen leagues from the English forts he would find himself exposed to the first irruptions; that his preservation was necessary to his flock, and that it behooved him to take measures for putting his days in surety. "My measures are taken," he replied to me with a firm tone, "God has entrusted to me this flock. I will follow his direction, too happy to offer myself for him." He often repeated the same thing to his disciples, to fortify their constancy in the faith. "We have proved only too much," they have said to me themselves, "that this dear father spoke to us out of the abundance of his heart; we have seen him face death with a tranquil and serene air, exposing himself alone to the fury of the enemy, holding back their first efforts to give us time to fly from the danger and preserve our lives."

As a price had been put upon his head and attempts had been made at various times to carry him away captive, at the last springtime the savages proposed to him to conduct him farther into the country in the direction of Quebec, where he would be in shelter from the perils with which his life was menaced. "What idea then have you of me," he replied to them with an air of indignation; "do you take me for a cowardly deserter?"

Alas! What would become of your faith if I should abandon you? Your salvation is dearer to me than life."

Hé was indefatigable in the exercise of his zeal; unceasingly occupied in exhorting the savages to virtue, his one thought was to make them fervent Christians. His manner of preaching, vehement and pathetic, made a lively impression upon their hearts. Some families of the Wolves, recently arrived from Orange, have declared to me, the tears in their eyes, that they were indebted to him for their conversion to Christianity; and that, having received baptism of him about thirty years ago, the instructions he had given them for that time could never be effaced from their minds, so efficacious had his word been, and such profound traces had it left in the hearts of those who heard him.

He did not content himself with instructing the savages almost every day in his church, he visited them often in their cabins. His familiar talks charmed them, as he knew how to season them with a holy gaiety, which pleased the savages more than a grave and somber air. Also he had the art of persuading them to whatever was his will. He was among them as a master in the midst of his pupils.

Notwithstanding the continual occupations of his ministry he never omitted those sacred practices, which are observed in our houses. He rose and engaged in his devotions at the hour which is there assigned. He never dispensed himself from the eight days of annual retreat. He set apart to himself for this service the first days of Lent, which is the time when the Saviour entered into the desert. "If no time is fixed in the year," he said to me one day, "for these holy exercises, occupations succeed one another, and after many delays one runs the risk of never finding the leisure to acquit himself of them."

Religious poverty was strikingly apparent in his whole person, in his furniture, in his manner of living, in his dress. He forbade himself the use of wine in the spirit of mortification, even when he found himself with the French. A porridge made of Indian corn meal was his ordinary nourishment. During certain winters, when at times the savages suffered a destitution of everything, he saw himself reduced to living upon acorns. Far from complain-

ing at such times, he never appeared more content. The three last years of his life when war hindered the savages from freely following the chase as well as from putting seed into their grounds, the destitution became extreme and the missionary found himself in a frightful scarcity. Care was taken to send him from Quebec the provisions necessary to his subsistence. "I am ashamed," he wrote to me, "of the care you take of me; a missionary born for suffering ought not to be so well treated."

He would not suffer anyone to lend a hand for his assistance in the most common needs and always served himself. It was he who cultivated his garden, who prepared his wood for heating his cabin and his porridge, who repaired his torn garments, seeking by the spirit of poverty to make them last the longest time possible. The cassock which he wore when he was killed appeared to those who despoiled him so worn out and in so poor a condition that they disdained to appropriate it as they had at first intended. They threw it back over his body and it was sent to us at Quebec.

As much as he was given to a hard treatment of himself, so much was he compassionate toward others. He had nothing merely to himself and all that he received he distributed as soon as the need arose to his poor disciples. On their part also they gave at his death demonstrations of sorrow more lively than if they had lost their nearest relatives.

He took an extraordinary care to embellish his church, convinced that this outward attire, which strikes the senses, animates the devotion of barbarous people and inspires them with a deeper veneration for our holy mysteries. As he knew a little of painting and used it with a good degree of correctness, the church was decorated with a number of works at which he himself had labored.

You judge well, my Reverend Father, that these virtues of which New France has been a witness for many years, have gained for him the respect and affection of the French and of the savages.

Moreover he is universally regretted. No one doubts that he has been sacrificed through hate of his ministry and of his zeal

to establish the true faith in the heart of the savages. This is the idea of him which M. de Bellemont, Superior of the Seminary of Saint Sulpice in Montreal had. Having asked for him the customary prayers for the dead, on the ground of the communion in prayers which is among us, he replied to me, availing himself of the words so well known of St. Augustine, that it was doing scanty honor to a martyr to pray for him, *Injuriam facit martyri qui orat pro eo.*

Let it please the Lord that his blood shed for a cause so just may fertilize these lands of unbelief so often sprinkled with the blood of laborers in the gospel who have preceded us; may it make them fruitful in fervent Christians, and animate the zeal of apostolic men to come out and gather here an abundant harvest, which so many people still wrapped in the shadow of death shall present to them.

Still as it pertains only to the Church to declare the saints, I recommend him to your holy sacrifices and to those of all our fathers. I hope you will not forget him who is with much respect, etc.

SKETCHES OF THE LIVES OF EARLY MAINE MINISTERS.

BY WILLIAM D. WILLIAMSON.

Presented to the Maine Historical society, with an Introduction by Joseph Williamson, December 10, 1891.

[CONTINUED.]

REVEREND SAMUEL JEFFORDS.

REVEREND SAMUEL JEFFORDS, Harvard College 1722, was the son of Simon Jeffords, of Salem, Massachusetts. After taking his bachelor's degree, he kept school in Beverly, and at the same time, read divinity, and December 15, 1725, at the age of twenty-one, he

was ordained the seventh minister of Wells. Early in his ministry (Reverend Mr. Greenleaf says), the present parsonage house was built, now one of the oldest edifices in the state. Mr. Jeffords died February 1, 1752, having been in the ministry twenty-six years. He was a very orthodox, reviving preacher, and his people shared abundantly in the effusions of grace, so copiously bestowed throughout New England, between ten and twelve years prior to his decease; in which period seventy-one of his parish were received into the church.

REVEREND THOMAS SMITH.

REVEREND THOMAS SMITH was born at Boston, March 10, 1702. He graduated at Harvard College 1720, and commenced preaching when he was twenty-two years of age. At the time of his birth, his father, Thomas Smith, was a merchant in Boston, afterward truck-master at the Saco fort. The young man, by his gifts and graces, his exceedingly popular pulpit talents, and sanctity of manners, was heard with applause in the neighborhood of his nativity; and, after declining several invitations to settle, was induced, early in the year 1726, to itinerate as far as Falmouth [Portland]. Here he concluded to officiate in the double capacity of chaplain to the troops at that station and preacher to the people, then only forty families. On the eighth of March, 1727, a church was formed and himself ordained, the first settled minister of Falmouth. For seven years he preached alternately at three places, namely: on the Neck, or peninsula

[Portland]; at the blockhouse on Purpoodic point [Cape Elizabeth]; and in the garrison at Spurwink near Richmond island; also sometimes at New Casco, the present Falmouth.

Reverend Mr. Smith was three times married: first in 1728, to Colonel Tyng's daughter, Dunstable; second, in 1744, to Samuel Jordan's widow of Saco, who, when a girl was Olive Plaisted, of Berwick; and third, in 1764-65, to Elizabeth Wendell, who survived her husband. He had eight children, all by the first wife; of whom, the only two who survived him were Peter T., born in 1731, and Sarah, born 1740; both dying in 1827.

During a ministry of sixty-eight years, the number of baptisms administered at the pastoral altar of Mr. Smith was two thousand, three hundred and ninety-four; and three hundred and seventy-nine persons were admitted to the church. Though he believed that "God so loved the world as to give his only son, Jesus Christ, to redeem mankind from the punishment due for sin by his making an atonement through his sufferings and death," yet, a query has been raised whether he was distinguishing enough upon the doctrine of a new birth. His religious exercises were often too much protracted; his morning prayer in the sanctuary having been sometimes one hour in length. But, still, such was his fervor, and his gifts, the period passed imperceptibly away. As he was animated with a lively devotion himself, he readily kindled it in the bosom of others. In sermons, his compositions were eloquent, and his language chaste and correct.

Though his voice was always feeble, it was flexible; and the excellence of his elocution, accompanied with a venerable and becoming gravity, gave much acceptance to his performances. Nor was he, in his more direct addresses to his auditors, deficient either in animation or pathos. Blest with a singular strength of memory, which he retained with little abatement to the last, and with an ardor of imagination which never forsook him, he was, in his conversation, both instructive and entertaining, ever able to give it a religious turn. Doctor Deane, his colleague, says, "perhaps the most striking traits in his religious character, were his spirituality in devotion, and his most exact and scrupulous temperance in all things." Though he never allowed more than two of his discourses to be printed, he was for many years "the most distinguished preacher in this part of the country." He was also a physician, and for a time, the only one in town. In 1767, he received for his colleague, Reverend Samuel Deane; nevertheless, he preached in his town till the close of the year 1784, and till within eighteen months of his decease, which occurred May 23, 1795, "he assisted in the work of the sanctuary, with ability, by his occasional discourses, and to edification by his public prayers." His death was in the ninety-fourth year of his age, having lived in town, as Reverend Mr Kellog eloquently says, to see the wilderness where he first pitched his tent become the place of vineyards and of gardens; a town reputable in numbers and character, adorned with elegant buildings and a rising commerce; yet, not a

soul that first composed his flock was in the land of the living at his death. He kept a diary of events from 1719 to 1788, extracts from which Honorable Samuel Freeman, in 1821, published in an octavo volume. As there was no newspaper published in Maine till 1785, his diary is the record of many valuable facts and particulars, which otherwise must have been lost.

REVEREND AMMI RUHAMAH CUTTER.

REVEREND AMMI RUHAMAH CUTTER,¹ Harvard College, 1725, the first settled minister of North Yarmouth, received a call from the town, which he accepted September 24, 1730, and in November following, a church was formed and himself ordained. He continued his ministry there to the fifth of December, 1735, when he was regularly dismissed.

North Yarmouth, the eighth corporate town in Maine, was settled in 1658, left to the Indian destroyers in 1676, revived in 1680, again abandoned 1688, and re-settled in 1722. Soon after this, there were territorial allotments made of the township itself, in which five hundred acres were appropriated for the ministry forever, and as much more for the first settled minister who should constantly continue in the ministry five years. In 1727-28 a meeting-house was built, and Mr. Cutter, after his ordination, was careful to supply the pulpit long enough to hold the ministerial lot, raising the query whether he did not care more for the fleece than the flock; more for silver than for souls. He appears to have been a man of eccentric

¹ Moses Cutter, Willard and Prentice were ordained the same year.

genius; rather a lover of learning than of preaching. Two years before his dismissal, "he gave great offense by his rank Arminianism."

The inclination or necessities of Reverend Mr. Cutter after he left North Yarmouth led him into a new branch of business. In Saco there were two forts, one at Winter Harbor built in 1676, repaired or rebuilt in 1700 and called Fort Mary. The other was located on the west side of the river, a little below the lowest falls and was distinguished by the name of the Stone Fort. In 1708, the forces and munitions of war were removed by government from the latter to the former. By Dummer's treaty in 1725 at the close of Lovewell's war, there were to be trading-houses established, at which the Indians could traffic. Two years afterwards one was established at Fort Mary, and replenished with articles, and Captain Woodside, commander of the fort, was appointed the first truck-master, or superintendent of the trading-house. But as it was deemed to be too near the sea, a building sixty-five by twenty-seven feet and nine feet stud was erected eight or nine miles above the Stone Fort, on the western side of the Saco (now Hollis), at Salmon Falls, and constructed of square pine timber nine inches thick, together with a storehouse for the safe keeping of the goods. To this place were removed all that were in Fort Mary. At the latter were appointed Captain Thomas Smith,¹ a merchant of Boston, the truck-master, with a salary of one hundred and twenty pounds; a chaplain, and a sargeant with ten men to guard the trade. Captain Smith died February 18, 1742; after

¹Father of Reverend Thomas Smith, Falmouth.

which, or previously, Reverend Mr. Cutter was appointed truck-master, so much was it at that period an office of honor and profit. At this place the Sockokis and Annasaganticooks traded, and Mr. Cutter, for the purpose of transacting more readily and correctly his intercourse with the natives, composed a vocabulary, yet extant, which contains a great number of their words and sentences. Hence, Reverend Daniel Little, who was missionary to the Tarrantines on the Penobscot after the Revolution, found the former "to be exactly, or very nearly similar to the one he prepared with the Penobscots [Tarrantines], and other Eastern Indians." This is not the only circumstance (as Governor Sullivan says), though it may be sufficient, to induce us to believe that the river of Saco was an important dividing line between the savage natives of the east and west parts of New England. Mr. Little carried one of Mr. Elliot's Bibles to the Penobscot and St. Johns tribes, but there was not one word of their language in it, nor could they, by any means, understand it, or any part of it. Mr. Cutter probably continued superintendent of that truckhouse so long as the establishment was sustained. The last we hear of him, is that he was the proprietor of eleven hundred and twenty-eight acres of land in Wolfborough, New Hampshire, in 1770, when the town was incorporated.

REVEREND SAMUEL WILLARD.

REVEREND SAMUEL WILLARD,¹ Harvard College 1723, was the first settled minister of Biddeford. His lineage is truly illustrious through all its generations in

¹ 12 Vol. A. Q. Register, No. 2, page 119.

this country. His great-grandfather, Simon Willard, emigrated from England to America in 1634, represented Concord fourteen years in the general court, and was an assistant twenty-two years preceding his death in 1676. He was sergeant-major, commandant of a regiment in King Philip's war, an officer distinguished for his military talents. His son Samuel, Harvard College 1659, at the age of nineteen, who compiled the "complete book of Divinity" was first settled in Groton, driven away by the Indians in the above mentioned war, and installed pastor of the Old South church in Boston, 1678. Prior to his death, 1707, he officiated as vice-president of the college, seven years; a very eminent clergyman. His fourth son, John, father of him first named in this sketch, graduated at Harvard College 1690, was the settled minister of Kingston in Jamaica, of the West Indies, where his son Samuel was born. Sent when young to Boston, he was educated under the care of his uncle, Josiah Willard, a graduate of Harvard College in 1698, who was from 1717, secretary of the province thirty-nine years.

The ordination of Reverend Mr. Willard, at Biddeford, took place September 30, 1730, when a church on the congregational platform was formed and organized; a meeting-house having been built a short time previously. The same year he married Mr. Samuel Wright's daughter, of Portland, Massachusetts. Their children were six; John, Harvard College 1757, educated under the direction of his great-uncle, Mr. Secretary Willard, was settled in Stafford, Connecticut,

D.D., and died 1807; William, a mechanic, settled in Petersham, where he was a deacon of the church; Joseph, born December 29, 1738, was president of Harvard College; and Eunice, his youngest sister, was the wife of Reverend Benjamin Chadwick, the successor of Reverend Mr. Elvins in the second parish of Scarborough. The two others died in childhood. The father died at Eliot, October 25, 1741, aged thirty-six, and was interred in that town, without the simplest monument to tell where the good man lies. His widow again married, November 13, 1744, Mr. Elvins, above mentioned, who proved an excellent father to her promising children.

Reverend Mr. Willard's death was deeply lamented, especially by the people at Biddeford. His obituary in the Boston Gazette of November following, represents him to be "a gentleman of graceful aspect, sweet-tempered, and good natural powers, sanctified and qualified by the blessed Spirit for the service of the sanctuary; the glorious head of the church having remarkably honored him in awakening and converting great numbers of souls in York and the adjacent towns." The discourse at his funeral was pronounced by Reverend Mr. Rogers of Eliot; another sermon of the same character was delivered at Biddeford by Reverend William Thompson of Scarborough; and Reverend Thomas Prentice, a minister of Arundel and afterwards of Charlestown, Massachusetts, was his biographer. He says Mr. Willard was a most agreeable and most faithful friend; a man of eminent piety, and of great fervor in devotion. In more retired life,

his was a close walk with God; and in his ministry he was diligent and faithful. Of divinity, he frequently declared the study was, of all others, the most delightful to him. His public performances were very solemn; himself earnest and importunate, both with God and man. But owing to his excessive modesty, and some pecuniary difficulties, this excellent preacher lived much unobserved till toward the close of his life, when he was endued so plenteously with divine grace, as to raise him above all obstacles and render him "so frequent and present in his labors, so lively and flaming in his ministry, that he was with admiration observed and followed as a bright star in the east, appearing on purpose to guide men to Christ." His soul, like a heavenly luminary breaking out suddenly from an interposing cloud, manifestly shone forth with luster, the greatest, when nearest its transit.

REVEREND BENJAMIN ALLEN.

REVEREND BENJAMIN ALLEN, Harvard College, 1708, was the first settled Congregational minister in Cape Elizabeth, originally the Purpooduck parish in ancient Falmouth. The territory and people between Fore-river, the coast, and Scarboro, were incorporated a parish in 1733, which voted in September of the same year to build a meeting-house, and erected it on the hill opposite the present Portland. On the tenth of November, 1734, five male members were dismissed from the first church, and formed into a new one and Mr. Allen was installed. He was born in 1689, at Tisbury, on Martha's Vinyard, graduated at Yale College in 1708, and was settled in

South Bridgewater, July 9, 1718. But though his preaching was good, he was an "unsuccessful manager of his secular concerns" and fell into debt, so that the parish, "after often relieving him, became at last weary of it," and he was dismissed by an ecclesiastical council. His ministry at Purpoodeuck was continued twenty years: a ministry, if not the most able and eloquent, adorned by evangelical doctrines, and clear scriptural discourses. Nothing, while there, gave him so much trouble as an unconquerable predilection felt by many of his church for Presbyterian order and discipline: at one time it became a schism, and effected the installation of a Presbyterian minister in the heart of his parish. Indeed, at that period, the Presbyterian fever was extensively prevalent; many places were infected with it. But his sectarian brother did not long continue his resident neighbor; and it is remarkable that Presbyterians and Congregationalists, who agree in sentiment, faith, and practice, should dispute so hotly about the manner and form of church discipline. Mr. Allen finished his ministry and closed his life, May 6, 1754, aged sixty-five. He had several daughters: one married Reverend Mr. Upham of Barnstable County; another the Reverend Mr. Emory; a third, Clement Jordan of Cape Elizabeth; a fourth, Tristram Jordan, of Saco and a fifth died unmarried.

REVEREND WILLIAM McLANATHAN

REVEREND WILLIAM McLANATHAN was an emigrant from the north of Ireland; probably educated and ordained in that country. He was a staunch Presbyte-

rian; his sentiments being in accordance with the creed and church polity of the same religious denomination in Scotland. As Georgetown was originally settled, and revived in 1714, by a people, many of whom were of Irish extraction, Mr. McLanathan was attracted by his countrymen to that place, where, in 1734, he began to preach. At that period, sectarians of his persuasion were numerous in this state, especially on the rivers Kennebec, Damariscotta, and St. George, and their attachment to Presbyterianism was altogether too rigid and superstitious to be relinquished. Mr. McLanathan was engaged in ministerial services at Georgetown a year or two, where a church was evidently formed, and religious order established for the first time since the original settlement of the place. In 1736 he proceeded to the Purpooduck parish of Falmouth, and on the fifteenth of November that year he was installed, the first Presbyterian minister settled in Maine. But the people were few and poor, collectively unable to support him, and he was dismissed. Next we find him engaged as a preacher and schoolmaster in Brunswick; and again, 1742, he was hired to preach in Georgetown on a salary of £200 a year. After 1743, however, we hear of him no more. He was a man of accredited piety, of lively imagination, so characteristic of his countrymen, and his preaching was good and might have been acceptable had not his delivery been affected by a vernacular brogue.

REVEREND NICHOLAS LORING.

REVEREND NICHOLAS LORING, Harvard College, 1732, was the second settled minister in North Yarmouth.

He was the successor of Reverend Ammi R. Cutter, and was ordained October 18, 1736, and continued in his pastoral office happily with his people until his death, July 31, 1763; a ministry of twenty-seven years. With an olive leaf plucked off, and in his mouth, he came to his charge, the messenger of peace. His excellence was like a star that never shines of borrowed light, and his life like a lily which no sunbeam had freckled.

REVEREND JOHN HOVEY.

REVEREND JOHN HOVEY, Harvard College, 1725, succeeded Reverend Thomas Prentice, and was ordained in September, 1741, the third settled minister of Arundel, or Kennebunkport. Mr. Hovey was from Cambridge. His grandfather was Daniel Hovey, an inhabitant of Ipswich from 1637 to his death in 1695; and his father, John Hovey of Cambridge, where the subject of this sketch was born. His first wife was Elizabeth Mussey of the same place, who died soon after marriage; and his second was Susannah Sweet of York, a sister of Reverend Thomas Prentice's wife, who survived him. His salary was nominally £180, when an ounce of silver was worth 28s in bills of credit. The depreciation of money took from many a good minister in former times, more than half his living. Not only this, but war and want, and the departure of his people occasioned Mr. Hovey many trials. But he was a man acquainted with business, wrote an elegant hand, and drew nearly all the deeds and contracts his people needed; being their legal, as well as spiritual helper. Charles Bradbury, Esq., in his history of this town

remarks, that Mr. Hovey “*kept a Diary from the time of his settlement till his death; but, unfortunately, much the larger part of it has been lost.*” Had it been preserved, it would of itself have furnished for the time a perfect history of the town. He was a man of handsome talents, and good acquirements. He was offered before his ordination a professorship in Harvard College. For several years his preaching and pastoral services were acceptable to his parishioners; but, at length, many of them grew restless; those on the Saco road, back from the Cape, wished to be formed into a new parish, some became enamoured with the famous Mr. Whitefield, and at length a majority of them voted to give him no more than £ 180, regardless of the depreciation. To cap the climax, the meeting-house at the Cape was in 1763, set on fire by some of the baser inhabitants, and reduced to ashes. A long controversy about the place where to erect a new one diverted the people’s attention from Mr. Hovey three or four years. At length the warfare against him was revived; every unguarded action or expression of his was turned against him by his accusers, and August 16, 1768, his pastoral relation by advice of council was dissolved. He did not remove from town; being a good agriculturalist, he cultivated his lands and enjoyed life much better than in preceding years. He died in 1774, leaving seven children. His family was much respected, and John, his oldest son was a flaming Whig, appointed upon all the most important town committees during the revolution, and represented his town in the provincial

congress, and six years in the general court. Reverend Mr. Hovey was unquestionably hasty in temper and sometimes in speech; nor had he the gifts, the glow and the scholarship, so necessary in a minister; still, his faith was sound, and his discourses quite as great as the remuneration he received. Though ill treated, he was forgiving, and after all, there is much cause to bless his memory.

FIELD DAY, 1893.

THE annual field day excursion of the Maine Historical Society for 1893, occurred on September 8 and 9, the Society visiting Kittery Point and Portsmouth. Two more beautiful September days could not have been selected, and the excursion in every way was a most delightful one. The following were the members of the party:—

Hon. and Mrs. James P. Baxter, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Bryant, Rev. Dr. H. S. Burrage, Nathan Goold, George D. Rand, John O. Rice, George F. Emery, M. F. King, Rev. E. C. Cummings, Mr. and Mrs. Dana W. Fellows, Mr. D. Goodhue, all of Portland; George A. Emery, Miss Elizabeth F. Bradbury, Mrs. B. F. Hamilton, Hon. E. P. Burnham, Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Deering, all of Saco; Mr. H. K. Morrell, of Gardiner; Miss Alice May Douglass, of Bath; Mr. J. G. Elder, of Lewiston; Mr. A. M. Pulsifer, of Auburn; Mr. F. O. Purington, of Mechanic Falls; Mr. J. W. Penney, of Mechanic Falls; Henry DeF. Smith, of Rockland; Dr. J. W. Dearborn, of Parsonsfield; Moses A. Saford, of Kittery; Rev. J. H. Trask and Mrs. Trask of Kittery; Mr. and Mrs. William B. Trask, of Dorchester, Mass.; Miss Clapp, of Dorchester, Mass.; Joseph Foster, of Portsmouth; Frank W. Hackett, of Portsmouth; Lauriston W. Small, of

Brooklyn; Dr. John F. Pratt, of Chelsea, Mass.; Alfred S. Manson, of Boston; Rev. Dr. Charles F. Allen and Mrs. Allen, of Kennebunk.

The party left Portland at nine o'clock Friday morning, and after a brief tarrying at Kittery Junction, Kittery Point was reached about half-past eleven. M. A. Safford Esq., of Kittery, met the party at Kittery Junction, and acted as guide during the stay at Kittery. The headquarters of the Society were at the Champernowne, a summer hotel, charmingly situated on the Piscataqua, opposite Newcastle, and facing the entrance to the harbor, with the Isles of Shoals on the edge of the horizon. The courteous proprietor, Mr. Horace Mitchell, had made all possible arrangements for the comfort of his guests.

On the way to the hotel Mr. Safford called attention to the site of the house built by Sir William Pepperrell for his son Andrew. The party also visited the site of Pepperrell's fort, which commanded the entrance to the river, the site of the present fort, Fort McClary.

After dinner the visitors, under the conduct of Mr. Safford, were taken to the Sparhawk house, built by Sir William Pepperrell for his daughter; also the Lady Pepperrell house, the Gerrish house, the old parsonage, and the house built by the first William Pepperrell and afterward occupied by his son, Sir William Pepperrell; also the Pepperrell tomb. These houses, with their relics of colonial days, could not but have a very great interest for the members of the Historical Society, and a most delightful afternoon was spent in examining the various treasures in them, that have come down to

us from colonial times. Late in the afternoon a portion of the company took a ride to Champernowne's Island, where they visited the old cemetery where Champernowne was buried, while others of the party crossed the river to Newcastle or remained at the Champernowne.

In the evening a meeting was held in the parlor of the hotel. Honorable James P. Baxter, president of the Historical Society, read the following paper.

PISCATAQUA AND THE PEPPERRELLS.

REMARKS OF HONORABLE JAMES P. BAXTER AT THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY'S FIELD DAY.

There has been no programme prepared for this evening, consequently what is to be said will be to a considerable extent extemporaneous. When I was a boy and heard old gentlemen talk about noted men of the past, like the Pepperrells, Phipps and others, I must confess that I felt a little bored; but since I have become a young man, for such in common with you all I must claim to be, I have changed my opinion, and now feel it to be the duty of every man to know something of the men who have preceded us, and something of local history. The place where we stand is certainly one of the most interesting spots, historically, in New England. The Piscataqua river is noted in the early annals, and before its exploration its extent was greatly exaggerated. The first recorded visit to it was made in 1603 by Martin Pring, but how far he explored it is unknown. Gorges says of this noted navigator that he gave him the most accurate charts of the coast explored by him, that had ever been made. His tomb at Bristol is an object of interest to Maine students of history.

Pring was followed in 1614 by that exuberant adventurer Captain John Smith, whose account of the gallant river and its wealth of timber is familiar to all. Smith's enthusiastic description of this region drew to it many adventurers, and Sir Ferdinando Gorges, in company with John Mason, obtained from the

king a grant of the territory, and in 1623 a settlement was begun at Odiorne's Point. Here a mansion was built to which was given the aristocratic title of Mason's Hall, and here it was that Christopher Swett, one of the councillors, met Governor Robert Gorges in 1623, and from this place started on his famous exploration of Casco bay, which resulted in his acquisition of the site of the present city of Portland. The settlement made at Odiorne's Point did not grow much for some years. In 1631 a larger settlement was made at Strawberry Bank, now known as Portsmouth, where another lordly mansion was reared for the proprietor, and which was long designated the "Great House." A few years later a settlement was made here at Kittery Point, and among the settlers was John Bray, a shipsmith, who soon became a leading man of the place, and probably the wealthiest. His daughter, Margery, was the belle of the little settlement, and naturally attracted the young gallants of the neighborhood. At the Isles of Shoals, William Pepperrell, a young Welshman who had been apprenticed to a fisherman and had saved his small earnings, was living, having joined his capital with that of Ambrose Gibbons, another young man, and built several fishing boats which were let to fishermen who were too poor to own boats of their own. Pepperrell, who was rough and unlettered, was often obliged to visit Kittery Point, where he had business with Bray, and so became acquainted with the fair Margery, and quickly fell a captive to her charms. But the father had higher aims for his daughter, and did not favor the suit. Pepperrell, however, was a man of ability, and by his energy and good fortune in some of his undertakings was not long in convincing his sweetheart's father of his sterling worth, and his suit was granted. William Pepperrell, the poor fisherman of the Isles of Shoals, and Margery Bray, the shipsmith's daughter, became the founders of the famous Pepperrell family.

Some time after his marriage William Pepperrell came to reside at Kittery Point, and built the Pepperrell mansion upon land given his daughter by Bray. Before coming here his son, afterward the famous Sir William, was born June 27, 1696. It was at Kittery that his son received his early education, and later,

under private instruction, learned surveying and acquired the art of navigation. Living in a community constantly threatened by savage foes, his martial spirit was aroused at an early age, which gave a bent to his character which prominently manifested itself in his subsequent career. As a youth he seems to have been precocious. His father had become a prosperous merchant, and occupied many honorable positions. Young Pepperrell at the age of ten years kept his father's docket as a justice, copied his letters, and assisted in keeping his accounts. The Pepperrell family consisted of two sons and six daughters. Several of the latter married the captains of their father's ships. By the death of his brother Andrew, young William became the sole partner with his father, under the title of William Pepperrells, which was the largest and wealthiest mercantile firm in New England. Their ships went to all the prominent ports of the world. Young Pepperrell was married in 1723 to a grand-daughter of Judge Sewall, and soon after enlarged the family mansion.

The elder Pepperrell died in 1734, and his wife Margery in 1741, at the age of fourscore years. She was a noble woman, and lived a life of piety and usefulness. The Boston Post Boy, in an elaborate notice of her death, says :—

She was through the whole course of her life very exemplary for unaffected piety and amiable virtues, especially her charity, her courteous affability, her prudence, meekness, patience, and her unweariedness in well doing. As it pleased God to afford her worldly advantage and a large capacity for doing good, so she improved them for the honor of God and the service of her generation, being charitable without ostentation, and making it her constant rule to do good to all, as she had opportunity. She was not only a loving and discreet wife and tender parent, but a sincere friend to all her acquaintance. She has left behind her one son and five daughters, and many grandchildren, who rise up and call her blessed. She was justly esteemed while living, and at her death was much regretted. As she lived a life of faith and constant obedience to the gospel, so she died with great inward peace and comfort, and the most cheerful resignation to the will of God. The work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance forever.

What more can be said of a noble Christian woman? After the death of his father the vast interests of the firm devolved upon

William junior. Public honors had been showered upon him, and in all positions he had shown himself a leader. When it was decided to send an expedition against the stronghold of the French at Louisburg, in 1745, Pepperrell was given the command of the Provincial troops.

His success in this expedition is well known. So much was it considered due to his energy and skill that the king created him a baronet, the only American upon whom such an honor has been bestowed. Sir William had but one son, Andrew, named after his uncle Andrew, upon whom his father relied to hand down the family name and honors. In the height of his prosperity, this son, at the age of twenty-five years, suddenly died. The shock to his parents was very severe, and saddened their whole remaining life. The severity of their affliction may be seen in the correspondence which has come down to us. In a letter written, during their son's sickness, to Boston ministers, they cry in their distress as follows:—

KITTERY, February 28, 1750.

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS:—The great and holy, just and good God, is come out against us in his holy anger. O, may it be fatherly anger! He is bringing our sins to remembrance, and seems to be slaying our only son. O pray! pray! pray! for us, that the Lord would keep us from dishonoring his great name in our distress and anguish of soul, that He would support us under, and carry us through, what He shall, in His sovereign pleasure, bring upon us, and if it be His blessed will that our child may yet be spared to us, and sanctified and made a blessing. Pity us, O our friends, and cry mightily to God for us!

We are your distressed friends,

William Pepperrell,
Mary Pepperrell.

P.S. Dear Cousin Gertie, let our case be known to Christian friends along the road, and carry this letter, as soon as you get to town, to each one of the ministers to whom it is addressed.

A melancholy interest attaches to this son from the unfortunate outcome of a love affair. He was for several years engaged to a daughter of General Waldo. He had erected a fine house for her, and the day was set for the wedding, when, for some unknown reason he wrote her, asking to defer the wedding until another day. This occasioned a coldness, which resulted in her breaking off the engagement, and hastily marrying Thomas

Fluker, the Provincial Secretary. It was a daughter of this marriage who became the wife of General Knox.

Sir William Pepperrell survived his son eight years, and died, greatly lamented by all, July 6, 1759, leaving an immense property, principally in land, but no one to perpetuate his name.

Mr. H. W. Bryant, secretary of the Historical Society, presented to the Society, in the name of Doctor J. S. H. Fogg of South Boston, Massachusetts, a deed signed by Thomas Wannerton of land at Joslin's Point, on the Piscataqua, dated 1642, the witnesses to which were noted men in Maine's history — Maverick, the king's commissioner; Champernowne, whose name is identified with Kittery; Garde, the mayor of Gorgiana.

The pastor of the Congregational church at Kittery Point, Reverend Mr. Emmons, who, at the parsonage during the afternoon, had exhibited the ancient communion service belonging to the church, a part of which was the gift of Sir William Pepperrell, gave a very interesting account of the early history of the church, which dates from the beginning of the eighteenth century. There had been earlier preaching at Kittery, and he referred to some of the facts connected with his earlier history.

Reverend Doctor Burrage of Portland said that it was an interesting fact that the Baptist church organized at Kittery in 1682, was soon after transferred to South Carolina, where it became the First Baptist church in Charleston, and the first of all the Baptist churches in the South. Its pastor was William Screven. When he came to Kittery is not known. He is first mentioned in a land conveyance dated

November 15, 1673. July 23, 1674, he married Bridget Cutts, a daughter of Robert Cutts, one of the three brothers so prominent among the early settlers at the mouth of the Piscataqua. Screven was not a Baptist when he came to Kittery, but June 21, 1681, with Humphrey Churchwood of Kittery, united with the Baptist church in Boston by baptism. Churchwood, in writing to his Baptist brethren in Boston, January 3, 1682, reveals the fact that others in Kittery had become Baptists. Doctor Burrage exhibited an original letter written by Churchwood to one of the members of the Baptist church in Boston, concerning Baptist affairs at Kittery. The Baptists at Kittery soon desired that Mr. Screven be ordained, and a church organized. Mr. Screven, who went to Boston and received a license to preach, commenced to hold religious services. But he was soon summoned to appear before the magistrate, and was required to give a bond of one hundred pounds to appear at the next court of pleas or go to jail. He went to jail, and April 12, 1682, he was brought before the court at York, where he was fined ten pounds and forbidden to hold further religious services. He was also directed to observe the public worship of God at the Parish church or suffer the penalties which the law imposed.

Mr. Screven seems to have paid no heed to this order, and June 28, 1682, his case was brought before a general assembly of the province held at York, and he was convicted of contempt of his majesty's authority in refusing to submit to the direction of the court. He was offered his liberty and the privilege of

returning to his family, however, if he would cease preaching and amend for the future. On his refusal it was ordered that he should stand committed until the judgment of the court was fulfilled. It is possible, however, that the judgment was not carried into effect, for the record closes with these words: "After which said Screven, coming into court, did in the presence of said court and president, promise and engage to depart out of this province within a very short time."

Evidently Screven and his associates had now come to the conclusion that if they could not have at Kittery freedom to worship God according to the dictates of their consciences, they would seek it elsewhere. But they desired to have a church organized first, and the church at Boston sent its pastor, Reverend Isaac Hull, and two of its members to Kittery for that purpose, September 25, 1682. Mr. Screven was ordained and the church organized. Mr. Screven and his associates did not leave Kittery, however, till the summer of 1684. They then went to South Carolina and located on Cooper river, near Charleston. Later the church was removed to Charleston and became the first Baptist church there. Mr. Screven died October 10, 1713, at the completion of his eighty-fourth year, and his descendants at the present time are among the most prominent citizens in South Carolina and Georgia.

Rev. E. C. Cummings, in a very felicitous address, referred to the many evidences, everywhere discernable at Kittery, of the English spirit so prevalent in the early history of the place.

Mr. Frank W. Hackett, of Portsmouth, referred to

the high character of the work done by the Maine Historical Society, and called attention to many points of historical interest in and around Portsmouth.

Paymaster Joseph Foster, of the United States Navy, called attention to the fact that the late James Russell Lowell was a descendant of the Robert Cutts, who was the father of Mrs. Screven. He was a son of Reverend Charles and Harriet (Spence) Lowell, grandson of Keith and Mary (Traill) Spence of Portsmouth; great-grandson of Robert and Mary (Whipple) Traill, also of Portsmouth; great-great-grandson of Captain William Whipple, senior, and Mary (Cutts) Whipple; great-great-great-grandson of Robert second, and Dorcas (Hammond) Cutts, and great-great-great-great-grandson of Robert and Mary (Hoel) Cutts, whose children were Richard, Robert, Mary, Bridget, Sarah and Elizabeth.

Mr. M. A. Safford compared the Kittery of the earlier days, including its warehouses and business activity, with the Kittery of the present time, and added many very interesting historical facts connected with the place.

The thanks of the Society were extended to Doctor John S. H. Fogg for his valuable gift, and also to Mr. Safford for the admirable arrangements he had made for the field-day excursion.

Saturday morning, after breakfast at the Champernowne, the party found a steamer in waiting at the wharf opposite the hotel, and were taken up the Piscataqua, and were shown many interesting historical localities on either side of the river.

On the return the members of the party were shown objects of historical interest in Portsmouth. At Saint John's Episcopal church, the rector, the Reverend Mr. Hovey, met the party. The first church built upon this site was called Queen's chapel, after Queen Caroline. The church has a copy of the celebrated Vinegar Bible, so called because in it the parable of the vineyard is called, by a typographical error, the parable of the vinegar. The old prayer book was shown, where the prayer for the king was covered over by the prayer for the president of the United States, which was substituted after the Revolution. At the chapel the rector showed the communion set presented to the church by Queen Caroline.

The Warner house is the oldest brick house in Portsmouth, built in 1718-23 by Captain Macphedris, a rich merchant and a member of the king's council. Here were exhibited many articles of elegant furniture, and also of clothing that had graced many a court occasion in colonial times. The Governor Langdon house also was visited, and later the Athenæum, with its treasures of old books, etc. After dinner the party strolled into the old cemetery, near the station, and on the arrival of the train took the cars for Portland.

Rarely has the Maine Historical Society had a more delightful or profitable field-day excursion.

RECORD OF MARRIAGES BY REV. JOHN TRIPP, OF HEBRON. ME.

[Rev. John Tripp was ordained September 28, 1791, and until 1798 supplied the Baptist churches in Carver and Middleboro, Mass. October 20, 1798, the Baptist church in Hebron, District of Maine, extended to him a call to become its pastor. He accepted the call January 5, 1799, and spent the remainder of his life as pastor of the church at Hebron. He died September 16, 1847, aged eighty-six years and six months.]

DECEMBER 1, 1791, married Lieut. Ellis Mendall of Plymouth to Miss Hannah Hammond of Carver.

October 10, 1793, married Mr. Joel Shurtleff to Miss Hannah Attwood, both of Carver.

March 20, 1794, married Mr. John Clark of Plymouth to Miss Eloner Shurtleff of Carver.

June 5, 1794, then married Mr. Huit McFarlaine to Miss Mary Tilson, both of Carver.

January 28, 1795, then married Mr. Caleb Wright of Plymouth to Miss Agatha Shaw of Carver.

July 5, 1795, then married Mr. Moses Thomas jr., to Miss Hannah Smith, both of Middleborough.

September 3, 1795, then married Mr. Joshua Macomber to Miss Chloe Le Barron, both of Middleborough.

February 27, 1796, then married Mr. Asa Pierce of Rochester to Miss Esther Hunt of Middleborough.

March 2, 1796, then married Mr. Southworth Gammons to Miss Nabby Ingraham, both of Middleborough.

April 17, 1796, then married Mr. Seth Robbins of Thomson, in Connecticut, to Miss Mary King of Rochester.

April 29, 1796, then married Mr. Timothy Shurtleff to Miss Polly Le Barron, both of Middleborough.

May 15, 1796, married Mr. Moses Benson to Miss Experience Gibbs, both of Middleborough.

September 13, 1796, married Rev. Ebenezer Nelson to Miss Betsy Shaw, both of Middleborough.

March 19, 1797, married Mr. John Gammons and Mrs. Jane Ingraham, both of Middleborough.

November 30, 1797, married Mr. Ebenezer Benson to Miss Susanna Hunt, both of Middleborough.

November 30, 1797, married Mr. Lazarus Le Baron of Middleborough to Miss Nabby Muxham of Rochester.

December 31, 1797, married Mr. Zebedee Cobb to Miss Susanna Benson, both of Middleborough.

January 27, 1798, married Mr. Joseph Look of Bridgewater to Miss Susanna Rider of Middleborough.

February 21, 1799, married Mr. Elnathan Packard of Poland to Miss Rebekah Dunham of Hebron.

March 10, 1799, married Mr. Jacob Whitman to Dorcas Berry, both of Buckfield.

April 30, 1799, married Mr. James Donham jr., to Miss Synthia Packard, both of Hebron.

December 29, 1799, married Mr. Robert Hilborn jr., to Miss Elizabeth Stockman, both of Hebron.

June 4, 1800, married Mr. Israel Richmond to Miss Chloe Crooker, both of Hebron.

October 23, 1800, married Mr. Seth Crooker of Buckfield to Miss Priscilla Keen of Hebron.

November 6, 1800, married Mr. Freeman Ellis jr., of Hartford, to Miss Lydia Fuller of Hebron.

March 5, 1801, married Mr. Daniel Ricker to Miss Dolly Caldwell, both of Hebron.

July 9, 1801, married Mr. Joseph Hutchinson to Miss Deborah Fuller, both of Hebron.

September 20, 1801, married Mr. Elizah T. Dacy to Miss Lydia Thomas, both of Hebron.

December 1, 1801, married Mr. John Cox and Miss Hannah Keen, both of Hebron.

December 20, 1801, married Mr. Jacob Decoster jr., to Miss Susanna Row, both of Hebron.

January 14, 1802, married Mr. Jonathan Lucas to Miss Elizabeth Robbins, both of Hebron.

March 17, 1802, married Mr. Dimmick Day Row to Miss Hannah Drake, both of Hebron.

March 29, 1802, married Mr. Caleb Cushman jr., of Hebron to Miss Polly Buck of Buckfield.

April 21, 1802, married Mr. John Frost to Miss Jane Richmond, both of Hebron.

October 10, 1802, married Mr. Calvin Bucknam to Miss Zilpha Barrows, both of Hebron.

October 17, 1802, married Mr. Silas Bumpus to Miss Kezia Packard, both of Hebron.

November 18, 1802, married Elder James Hooper to Miss Betsy Hubbard, both of Paris.

June 6, 1803, married Mr. Thomas Barker jr., to Mrs. Abigail Ward, both of Hebron.

July 21, 1803, married Mr. Abraham Heath to Miss Sarah Robbins, both of Hebron.

August 28, 1803, married Mr. Rogers Decoster to Miss Betsey Row, both of Hebron.

September 25, 1803, married John Best jr., of Paris to Betsy Tripp of Hebron.

November 27, 1803, married Mr. Asa Ricker to Miss Charlotte Bartlett, both of Hebron.

May 17, 1804, married Mr. Richard Dole, resident at Hebron, to Mrs. Judith Holmes of Hebron.

July 1, 1804, married Mr. William Pratt to Miss Martha Gurney, both of Hebron.

November 29, 1804, married Mr. Chandler Decoster of Turner to Miss Anna Jordan of Hebron.

July 7, 1805, married Mr. Zebulon Bryant to Miss Desire Richmond, both of Hebron.

October 27, 1805, married Mr. Ebenezer Donham to Miss Lucy Bearce, both of Hebron.

February 20, 1806, married Mr. David Bolster of Paris to Miss Sarah Cushman of Hebron.

September 28, 1806, married Mr. Elias Tubbs to Miss Patience Barrows, both of Hebron.

November 27, 1806, married Mr. Josiah Jordan of Poland to Miss Ruth Fuller of Hebron.

January 18, 1807, married Mr. George Bryant of Buckfield to Miss Deborah Bicknell of Hebron.

April 2, 1807, married Mr. Oliver Perkins to Miss Sally Elms, both of Hebron.

May 21, 1807, married Mr. Solomon Russell to Miss Nabby Wright, both of Hebron.

June 4, 1807, married Mr. Stephen Myrick to Miss Zilla Glover, both of Hebron.

October 15, 1807, married Mr. Stephen Washburn of Paris to Miss Louisa Cushman of Hebron.

November 22, 1807. Mr. Daniel Macomber of Paris to Miss Mary Bowker of Hebron.

November 26, 1807, married Mr. William Bumpus jr., to Miss Phebe Washburn, both of Hebron.

November 26, 1807, married Mr. William Mayhew of Buckfield to Miss Anna Paekard of Hebron.

May 13, 1808, married Mr. Stephen Perry to Miss Nabby Cushman, both of Hebron.

August 14, 1808, married Mr. Isaac Whittmore jr., to Miss Polly Dean, both of Hebron.

October 6, 1808, married Mr. Shepherd Churchill of Buckfield to Miss Polly Dudley of Hebron.

December 1, 1808, married Mr. William Bruce of Brunswick to Miss Phebe Sturtevant of Hebron.

December 11, 1808, married Mr. Isaac Roberts to Miss Abigail Merrill, both of Hebron.

December 11, 1808, married Mr. Stephen Pratt to Miss Lucy Fuller, both of Hebron.

February 20, 1809, married Mr. Gideon Cushman jr., to Miss Phebe Barrows, both of Hebron.

February 23, 1809, married Mr. Nathaniel Gerrish jr., of Falmouth to Miss Charlotte Morrill of Hebron.

September 14, 1809, married Mr. Peleg Randall to Miss Betsey Whitman, both of Hebron.

October 19, 1809, married Mr. Amaziah Reed of Plantation No. 5 to Miss Jedidah Bumpus of Hebron.

November 30, 1809, married Mr. Isaiah Whittemore to Miss Nabby Ripley Bearce, both of Hebron.

December 21, 1809, married Mr. Ashley Curtis jr., to Miss Betsey Packard, both of Hebron.

March 25, 1810, married Mr. Peleg Washburn to Miss Mercy Landers, both of Hebron.

April 26, 1810, married Mr. Chesley Leighton of Falmouth to Miss Ruth Cushman of Hebron.

October 25, 1810, married Mr. Abel Stetson of Sumner to Miss Hannah Benson of Hebron.

January 17, 1811, married Mr. Francis Sturtevant jr., and Miss Sally Chandler, both of Hebron.

January 27, 1811, married Mr. Samuel Benson and Miss Judith Bartlett, both of Hebron.

February 2, 1811, married Mr. Jacob Roberts of Vassalborough and Miss Huldah Myrick of Hebron.

February 21, 1811, married Mr. Jabez Barrows and Miss Sarah Dane, both of Hebron.

April 7, 1811, married Mr. Henry C. Dean of Paris and Miss Celia Dean of Hebron.

November 7, 1811, married Mr. Hosea Cushman and Miss Polly Washburn, both of Hebron.

Also Mr. John Farris and Miss Lucinda Bearce, both of Hebron.

May 21, 1812, married Mr. Joseph Glover and Miss Sally Whittemore, both of Hebron.

June 14, 1812, married Mr. Amos Bartlett and Miss Olive Cushman, both of Hebron.

July 20, 1812, married Mr. Joseph Perkius jr., and Miss Sarah Perkins, both of Hebron.

November 26, 1812, married Mr. Alden Bumpus and Miss Polly Crafts, both of Hebron.

Also Mr. Joshua Whitman of Buckfield and Miss Catherine Davie of Hebron.

April 15, 1813, married Mr. Samuel Andrews of Buckfield to Miss Ruth Benson of Hebron.

May 2, 1813, married Mr. Nathaniel Sturtevant of Hebron and Miss Melinda Chandler of Minot.

May 9, 1813, married Mr. Caleb Cushman jr., and Miss Betsy Bumpus, both of Hebron.

September 12, 1813, married Mr. John Fish Chandler of Minot and Miss Anna Washburn of Hebron.

September 19, 1813, married Mr. Reuben Chandler of Paris to Miss Abigail Barrows of Hebron.

September 26, 1813, married Mr. Ebenezer Jewel of Paris and Miss Rebekah Curtis of Hebron.

Same day, married Mr. Seth Besse and Miss Susanna Pratt, both of Hebron.

October 17, 1813, married Mr. Samuel Buck of Buckfield to Miss Betty Cushman of Hebron.

November 23, 1813, married Mr. David Staples and Miss Nabby Gardner, both of Hebron.

February 13, 1814, married Mr. Moses Young of Buckfield and Miss Vesta Drake of Hebron.

June 19, 1814, married Mr. Jonathan Simonton of New Gloucester to Miss Charlotte Rieker of Hebron.

September 8, 1814, married Mr. Arden Tubbs and Miss Ruth Cobb, both of Hebron.

November 8, 1814, married Mr. John Marshall and Miss Sally Gurney, both of Hebron.

February 2, 1815, married Mr. Zebedee Pratt and Miss Celiee Brown, both of Hebron.

August 31, 1815, married Mr. Barnabas Pratt and Miss Polly Barrows, both of Hebron.

September 10, 1815, married Mr. Ezra Wright and Miss Esther Richmond, both of Hebron.

October 19, 1815, married Mr. Joseph Bryant and Miss Sally Jordan, both of Hebron.

January 18, 1816, married Mr. Nathan Pratt of Paris to Miss Polly Washburn of Hebron.

February 4, 1816, Mr. Isaac Washburn and Miss Jane Dudgey, both of Hebron.

May 2, 1816, married Mr. Ira Fuller and Miss Sally Merrill, both of Hebron.

May 16, 1816, married Mr. Ephraim Packard of Jefferson and Miss Sarah Barrows of Hebron.

August 29, 1816, married Mr. Robert Deering of Denmark and Miss Rhoda Whittemore of Hebron.

August 29, 1816, married Mr. Thomas Crooker of Minot to Miss Lucy Whittemore of Hebron.

February 9, 1817, married Mr. Nathan Beals and Miss Mary Barrows, both of Hebron.

February 23, 1817, married Mr. Reuel Packard and Miss Patience Bowker, both of Hebron.

March 9, 1817, married Mr. Francis Clark of Freeport and Miss Katharine Macomber of Hebron.

August 17, 1817, married Mr. Simeon Dane jr., and Miss Mehitable Stinchfield, both of Hebron.

October 30, 1817, married Mr. Samuel Whittemore jr., and Miss Jerusha Nelson, both of Hebron.

November 6, 1817, married Mr. Benjamin Spaulding of Buckfield and Mrs. Mary Bumpus of Hebron.

April 28, 1818, married Lt. Eliphalet Sturtevant and Miss Polly Pratt, both of Hebron.

July 16, 1818, married Mr. Jacob Records and Miss Lorry Bumpus, both of Hebron.

December 3, 1818, married Mr. William Whittemore and Miss Sally Merrill, both of Hebron.

February 28, 1819, married Mr. Joseph Sturtevant and Mrs. Molly Donham, both of Hebron.

April 4, 1819, married Mr. Elkanah Irish of Buckfield and Miss Polly Decoster of Hebron.

June 24, 1819, married Mr. Cyprian Pratt and Miss Betsey Dunham, both of Hebron.

July 18, 1819, married Mr. Richard Merton and Miss Hannah C. Perry, both of Hebron.

December 2, 1819, married Mr. John Packard of Buckfield and Miss Susanna Dane of Hebron.

March 30, 1820, married Mr. Jonathan Glover and Miss Rebeckah Chipman, both of Hebron.

May 4, 1820, married Mr. Joseph Irish of Paris and Miss Miriam Marshall of Hebron.

May 7, 1820, married Mr. Joshua Tupper of Leeds and Miss Lucy Dunham of Hebron.

August 13, 1820, married Mr. Ichabod Bryant jr., and Miss Betsey Stinchfield, both of Hebron.

November 30, 1820, married Mr. Ezra Tubbs of North Yarmouth and Miss Polly Bartlett of Hebron.

January 21, 1821, married Mr. Samuel Benson and Miss Huldah Cushman, both of Hebron.

March 10, 1821, married Mr. Cornelius Barrows and Miss Anna Packard, both of Hebron.

March 22, 1821, married Mr. Benjamin Merrill and Miss Izalla Benson, both of Hebron.

March 25, 1821, married Mr. Aaron Marshall and Miss Bethany Bumpus, both of Hebron.

May 10, 1821, married Mr. Amasa Stedman and Miss Sally Washburn, both of Hebron.

June 17, 1821, married Mr. Abijah Hall of Paris and Mrs. Eleanor Barrows of Hebron.

August 12, 1821, married Mr. Thomas Davee and Miss Ruth Barrows of Hebron.

August 26, 1821, married Mr. Moses Couillard of Bath to Miss Martha Bumpus of Hebron.

November 4, 1821, married Mr. Moses Merrill jr., and Miss Sally Perry of Hebron.

November 29, 1821, married Mr. John Morton of Otisfield and Miss Betsey Perry of Hebron.

January 6, 1822, married Mr. Asa Steward Fuller and Miss Charlotte Merrill, both of Hebron.

January 17, 1822, married Mr. Caleb S. Barrows and Miss Rebekah Bearce, both of Hebron.

January 22, 1822, married Mr. Attwood Barrows and Miss Mary C. Webster, both of Hebron.

February 24, 1822, married Mr. Isaac Mason of Leeds and Miss Eliza Dunham of Hebron.

February 24, 1822, married Mr. Jonathan G. Hawke and Miss Polly Cushman, both of Hebron.

March 31, 1822, married Mr. Comfort Crooker of Minot and Miss Judith Bucknam of Hebron.

July 7, 1822, married Mr. Nathan Newman and Miss Lois Sturtevant, both of Hebron.

September 22, 1822, married Alden D. Dwinel of Minot and Miss Betsey Whittemore of Hebron.

October 6, 1822, married Mr. Paul Bowker of Minot and Mrs. Mary Bearce 2d, of Hebron.

February 27, 1823, married Mr. Ebenezer Thayer of Albany and Miss Mary Faunce of Buckfield

June 26, 1823, married Mr. William Chipman of Hebron and Mrs. Jane Samson of Turner.

January 8, 1824, married Mr. William Bowker of Monson and Miss Elizabeth Crafts of Hebron.

February 17, 1824, married Mr. Reuben Cushman of Monson and Miss Betsey Merrill of Hebron.

May 16, 1824, married Mr. Ira Faunce of Buckfield and Miss Sally Holmes of Sumner.

May 18, 1824, married Mr. Ebenezer Dudley and Miss Ruth Churchill, both of Hebron.

June 12, 1824, married Lieutenant Nathan Dudley and Mrs. Sylva Washburn, both of Hebron.

June 20, 1824, married Mr. Micah Allen of Paris to Mrs. Eliza Mason of Hebron.

December 2, 1824, married Mr. William Merrill and Miss Elvira Bumpus, both of Hebron.

December 2, 1824, married Mr. Ervin Glover and Miss Orrilla Pickard, both of Hebron.

January 6, 1825, married Mr. Cyrus Packard of Monson and Miss Sarah Barrows of Hebron.

January 27, 1825, married Mr. Richard W. Houghton and Miss Lucinda Barrows, both of Hebron.

February 20, 1825, married Mr. John Richard 3d, and Miss Almira Perry, both of Hebron.

April 6, 1825, married Mr. Jonathan B. Merrill and Miss Elizabeth Bearce, both of Hebron.

November 21, 1825, married Mr. Martin Bisbee of Buckfield and Miss Sophia Cushman of Hebron.

December 4, 1825, married Mr. Giles Merrill jr., and Miss Prudence Jordan, both of Buckfield.

February 20, 1826, married Lieutenant Silas Maxim jr., of Paris and Miss Hannah Packard of Hebron.

April 18, 1826, married Captain Jacob Dwinel jr., of Minot and Miss Sarah Cushman.

May 27, 1827, married Mr. William Pratt jr., and Miss Zilpha Bryant, both of Hebron.

June 1, 1828, married Mr. Abel Bisbee of Paris and Miss Polly Record of Hebron.

February 6, 1830, married Mr. Luke Bickwell and Miss Grace Decoster, both of Hebron.

May 23, 1830, married Mr. Daniel Bucknam of Minot and Miss Christiana Benson of Hebron.

October 12, 1830, married Mr. Cornelius B. Knight of Paris and Miss Salvina Dunham of Hebron.

December 2, 1830, married Mr. John Kennard of Windham and Miss Phebe S. Crafts of Hebron.

February 24, 1831, married Mr. Erastus Besse and Miss Sarah Smith, both of Hebron.

May 9, 1831, married Mr. Thomas Stevens of Paris and Miss Mahala Bartlett of Oxford.

July 10, 1831, married Mr. Orra Hall and Miss Phebe Bumpus, both of Paris.

September 7, 1831, married Mr. Lorenzo Stone and Miss Betsey Richard, both of Hebron.

October 16, 1831, married Mr. Benjamin F. Pratt and Miss Rhoda P. Bryant, both of Hebron.

November 30, 1831, married Mr. Alonzo Tubbs and Miss Mary Donham, both of Hebron.

December 9, 1831, married Mr. Elias Tubbs of Hebron and Miss Eunice D. Mugford of Buckfield.

November 22, 1832, married Mr. Isaac Harlow of Buckfield and Miss Elizabeth Maxim of Paris.

December 6, 1832, married Mr. Lorenzo Merrill and Miss Hope Bucknam, both of Hebron.

January 17, 1833, married Mr. Alonzo Crafts and Miss Charity Cushman, both of Hebron.

January 26, 1834, married Mr. Zebulon Briant jr., and Miss Lydia Richmond, both of Hebron.

October 23, 1834, married Rev. Allen Barrows of Hallowell and Miss Sarah C. Faunce of Buckfield.

October 4, 1835, married Mr. Lorenzo S. Bumpus and Miss Lydia York both of Hebron.

November 26, 1835, married Mr. William W. Bumpus and Miss Caroline Monk, both of Hebron.

January 27, 1836, married Mr. John E. Barrows and Miss Harriot G. Myrick, both of Hebron.

January 26, 1837, married Mr. Nekemiah Bryant and Miss Irene Gould, both of Hebron.

June 7, 1837, married Mr. Isaac Packard and Miss Susanna Faunce, both of Hebron.

April 29, 1838, married Mr. Leonard Donham and Miss Olive Tubbs, both of Hebron.

April 30, 1838, married Mr. Ephraim Maxim of Paris and Miss Lucy Bearce of Hebron.

June 18, 1838, married Mr. John Howard and Miss Mary B. Sturtevant, both of Hebron.

January 1, 1839, married Mr. Aratus Mixer and Miss Abigail K. Tribou, both of Paris.

February 22, 1839, married Reverend Dudley P. Bailey of Greene and Miss Hannah B. Cushman of Hebron.

May 19, 1839, married Mr. Eliphalet Sturtevant and Mrs. Eunice Field, both of Hebron.

September 29, 1838, married Mr. William B. Tubbs and Miss Hariot Crocker, both of Hebron.

May 17, 1840, married Mr. Oliver Thomas and Mrs. Laura Nelson, both of Oxford.

September 13, 1840, married Joseph Barrows esq., and Miss Susan Buck, both of Hebron.

December 9, 1841, married Mr. Roswell Howard and Miss Mary Ann Tubbs, both of Hebron.

October 12, 1843, married Mr. Isaac W. Marshall and Miss Mehetable F. Carr, both of Hebron.

April 21, 1844, married Mr. Horatio G. LeBaron of Winthrop and Miss Martha H. Bumpus of Hebron.

July 4, 1844, married Mr. Charles F. McKenny and Miss Hariot N. Tribou, both of Paris.

September 1, 1844, married Mr. Hiram M. Everett of Norway and Miss Cordelia B. Marshall of Hebron.

November 20, 1844, married Mr. Joel Haskal and Miss Margaret D. Tubbs, both of Paris.

December 5, 1844, married Mr. John Whitman and Miss Sarah De Albra Bumpus, both of Hebron.

July 2, 1846, married Mr. John Manloon of Bowdoin and Miss Martha J. Briggs of Hebron.

April 2, 1847, married Mr. Benjamin Dudey and Miss Caroline W. Merrill, both of Hebron.

May 30, 1847, married Mr. William T. Marshall and Miss Mary Elizabeth Packard, both of Hebron.

PROCEEDINGS.

AUGUST 5, 1890.

THE field day excursion was made to Mackworth's Island, in Casco Bay, and a large number of the members of the Society with their friends, enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. James P. Baxter. A visit was also made to Great Diamond Island, and a shore dinner enjoyed at the Portland Club House.

NOVEMBER 20, 1890.

A meeting was held at the Library Room in Portland, and was called to order at 2.30 P.M. by the Presi-

dent. The Librarian read his quarterly report of the accessions made to the library and cabinets since the annual meeting. The Librarian also read a communication concerning Fort Richmond, copied from the Massachusetts Archives by Doctor John F. Pratt. The Reverend William B. Hayden read a brief tribute to the memory of the late William H. Smith of Portland.

Some account of Sir John Moore at Castine during the Revolution was the subject of a paper read by Joseph Williamson of Belfast, who also read a biographical sketch of the late George W. Dyer of Washington, D. C., a native of Calais, Me. This was contributed by Llewellyn Deane of Washington.

Mr. George C. Burgess appeared on behalf of the Maine Genealogical Society relative to the records of Falmouth, Maine, which were burned in the town clerk's office at Falmouth some fifty years since. Mr. Burgess explained that as the Records from June, 1773 to 1786 are lost, an effort is to be made by the Genealogical Society to supply in part these missing Records. Messrs. Drummond, Burrage and Bryant were appointed a committee to co-operate with the Genealogical Society in carrying out their laudable design.

A communication was presented from the Messrs. Leighton Brothers of the Isle of Shoals, asking the influence of the Society in having the name Hog Island on the United States chart changed to Appledore. After some discussion the matter was referred to a committee consisting of Messrs. Williamson, Sargent and Brown.

Honorable George F. Talbot addressed the meeting

briefly concerning the loss the Society had experienced in the recent death of Edward Henry Elwell and William Goold, two active and influential members of the Society, and on his motion it was voted that Mr. S. T. Pickard be invited to prepare a memorial of Mr. Elwell, and that Mrs. Abba Goold Woolson be invited to prepare the tribute to her father's memory to be read before the Society.

Mr. Baxter stated that he had received from Edinburgh the manuscript Relation of the Services of Captain Henry Mowat, Royal Navy, which Mr. Williamson and himself had for many years endeavored to trace as it was once advertised in an English bookseller's catalogue, and was only recently purchased by a bookseller in Edinburgh. Mr. Baxter promised to give an account of the manuscript at the next meeting of the Society.

Adjourned until evening. The evening session was held in Baxter Hall.

The meeting was called to order at 7.30 to listen to a tribute to the late Reverend John Johnston Carruthers, D.D., and his experience as a missionary in Russia, by the Reverend E. C. Cummings.

Attention was called by the president to the elegant cabinet of quartered oak presented by the heirs of the late Cyrus Woodman to contain the Woodman collection of manuscripts and books relating to the town of Buxton, Maine.

Votes of thanks were passed for the cabinet, also for the papers read at both sessions, and copies of the same were requested for the Archives of the Society.

Adjourned.

DECEMBER 18, 1890.

A meeting of the Society was held in their library in Portland, at 3 P.M. The President, Mr. Baxter, read an account of the Mowat Relation manuscript, with a statement of Captain Mowat's services to Great Britain.

Mr. George F. Emery read a sketch of the life and services of John Appleton, a former United States minister to Russia.

The Secretary, Mr. Bryant, read a copy of a letter written by General Peleg Wadsworth, giving an account of the Penobscot expedition, copied from the original letter by Doctor John S. H. Fogg of South Boston.

The Secretary read also a brief sketch of James Loring Child of Augusta, an early benefactor of the Society.

On motion of Doctor W. B. Lapham, a committee of three was appointed to appear before the state legislature and advocate the passage of an act to provide for the registration of vital statistics, and accordingly Messrs. Orville D. Baker and Charles E. Nash of Augusta, with the president, were appointed said committee.

A vote of thanks to the heirs of the late Cyrus Woodman was passed for the gift of some copies of the Narragansett Records, and the Buxton Centennial.

JANUARY 22, 1891.

A meeting was held at the library room in Portland, but owing to a severe storm only a small attendance. Mr. George F. Talbot presided.

Mr. William M. Sargent presented a paper giving a description of the division of the twelve thousand acres at Agamenticus. The original record of the division was recently found by Mr. Sargent in the York Registry of Deeds.

A letter from Mr. Frederic N. Dow, collector of the port of Portland, in relation to a ship's chronometer taken from the rebel schooner Archer, in 1863, offering the chronometer to the custody of the Society, was read, and it was voted to accept the trust.

A vote of thanks to Collector Dow was passed.

Mr. Parker M. Reed of Bath, read a paper on the ancient province of Mayne, and Mr. Leonard B. Chapman of Deering, read a paper concerning the late Andrew T. Dole of Portland, and his ancestry.

The President, Mr. Baxter, was appointed a delegate to represent this Society at the centennial celebration by the Massachusetts Historical Society in Boston on January 24.

Mr. Bryant, the Librarian called attention to the sets of the municipal reports of the cities of Lewiston and Auburn, Maine, obtained by Mr. J. G. Elder and given to the Society.

A vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Elder, also to the contributors of the papers read, and copies were requested for the Archives.

Adjourned.

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