

The  
Discovery of a Grandmother

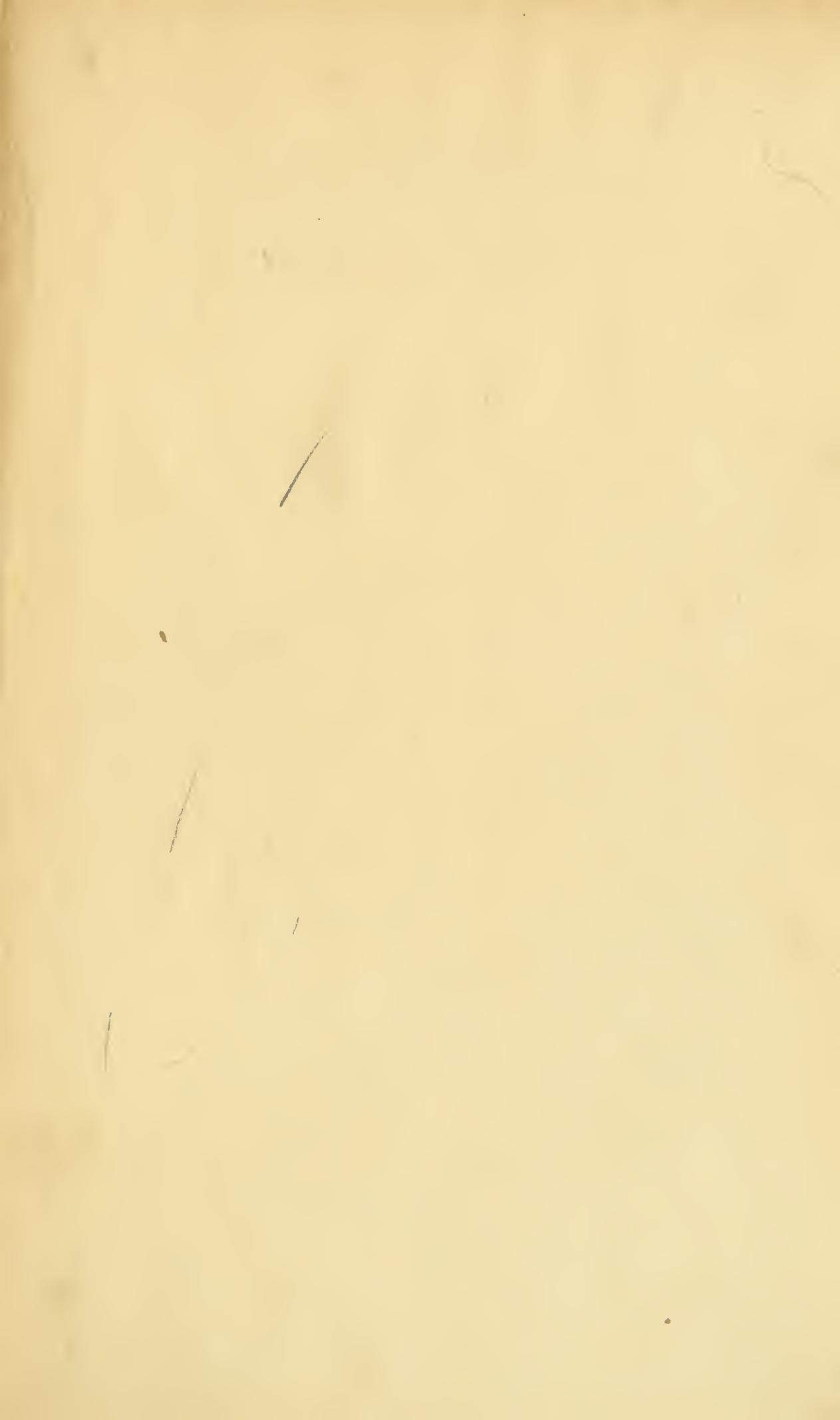
Glimpses into the Homes and Lives  
of Eight Generations

of an  
Ipswich-Paine Family

No. <sup>★</sup>CS 71. P146 1920



Knapp Fund









*Yours in love.*  
*Grandmother.*  
~~\_\_\_\_\_~~

The  
Discovery of a Grandmother

Glimpses into the Homes and Lives of  
Eight Generations of an Ipswich-Paine Family  
Gathered together

by  
One of the Ninth  
for  
The Tenth, Eleventh and Twelfth Generations

by

Mrs. Lydia Augusta (Paine) Carter

~~1904-1907~~

Henry H. Carter  
Newtonville, Mass.

1920

\*CS 71  
.P146  
1920

Anna Plimpton Carter  
Aug 2, 1920  
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*Limited Edition*

PRINTED AT THE PLIMPTON PRESS, NORWOOD, MASS., U. S. A.



TO MY SISTER, EUGENIE HALE PAINE  
WITHOUT WHOSE ENCOURAGING INTEREST AND HELP  
THESE GLIMPSES WOULD NOT HAVE TAKEN A PERMANENT FORM  
AND IN MEMORY OF  
OUR PARENTS AND SISTERS AND OF THE HOME  
IT IS MY PLEASURE AND PRIVILEGE TO  
OFFER THESE FAMILY RECORDS

CHRISTMAS, 1919



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## THE DISCOVERY OF A GRANDMOTHER

*She came into the world in 1787.*

*She came into my life in 1917.*

IN the summer of 1917 the old home of seventy years, in Bangor, Maine, was broken up and the furnishings sent to diverging points. Many of the books, manuscripts, and pictures were sent to the Bangor public library, which had recently lost its all by fire.

In the course of a few weeks one of these was returned to our family, a small book written over in faint ink. We read and reread, with almost exciting interest, the pages written in bygone days, by the Grandmother, Abiel Ware Paine. While my father had said, "My mother was one of the saints of the earth," and my mother, "Your father's mother was a remarkable woman," we never knew her except as to name, and that only as to the "Paine" and "Ware." Now she is one of my most cherished possessions.

It soon became my wish that my children and their children should *own* her, too, and I conceived the scheme of putting into permanent form these jottings of hers.

*This* was my first thought, but when the Auto-Biography of my father was sent me and a Journal written by him in the thirties, when he first started his law practice of seventy years in Bangor, my plans began to broaden. There was my father's brother, Rev. Timothy Otis Paine of Elmwood, the man, the scholar, the poet. There was my father's dear and intimate cousin, Hon. Henry W. Paine of Cambridge, for many years

one of the leading lawyers of the Suffolk Bar. Why not tell the story of the Paine family who were born and who grew up in the little town of Winslow, on the Kennebec, in the sight and sound of the famous Tecomet Falls and under the shadow of old Fort Halifax of French and Indian war-time fame?

Later, other manuscript books were sent me by other granddaughters.

There was the Genealogy written and published by my father, "The Paine Family, Ipswich Branch." Why not begin where history began for us, in the 1600's?

The result of this questioning is this volume, whose mission, I hope, will be to give to every one of the descendants a knowledge of and an interest in the fine qualities that are theirs by right of inheritance.

It is not a genealogy, but is the result of an effort, so far as the material has allowed, to visualize the lives of our early ancestors, to restore the picture of the Grandmother's life, and to show by the lives of her children that her influence "carried on."

LYDIA AUGUSTA CARTER.

NEWTONVILLE, 1918

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## PART I. FROM ENGLAND TO WINSLOW

- Chapter One. From England to Ipswich  
“ Two. From Ipswich to Foxboro  
“ Three. From Foxboro to Winslow

### *Illustrations*

Paine Coat of Arms, from water color

Abbey of St. Edmands, Bury St. Edmands, St. Mary's Church

Home of William Paine, Gen. I, at Ipswich, from wash drawing

Home of William Paine, Gen. V, at Foxboro, from drawing by

T. O. P.

Home of Lemuel Paine, Gen. VI, at Foxboro, from drawing by

T. O. P.

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Pen and Ink Sketch, by Asa Paine, Gen. VII, at the age of  
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Lemuel Paine, Gen. VII, from daguerreotype

Henry W. Paine, Gen. VIII



## CHAPTER ONE

### *FROM ENGLAND TO IPSWICH. ANTE-EMIGRATION PERIOD*

IN 1886 my father, Albert Ware Paine, writes in his autobiography:

During the last eight or ten years, I interested myself largely in hunting up my ancestry and establishing the genealogy of our family. The work was an arduous one and one where at the start I had nothing to start with. I knew nothing of my family back of my own father, the *name* of his father not being known. But by perseverance I went my way and what I at last accomplished is made evident by my published work, "Paine Family, Ipswich Branch." The family was so little known that it had no distinctive name and it was left to me to name it, as I did, "The Ipswich Branch."

Having accomplished so much, I could not bear to have my labor lost, and so I concluded to perpetuate it by publishing the work, as I did (1881).

My father being by nature "a digger," when undertaking any work, was never content *not* to go back to the very beginnings of things. So, in his genealogical researches, while he started by seeking a more intimate acquaintance with his immediate ancestors, he ended by going back to the Aryans, via Scandinavians, etc. He divided his Genealogy into two parts, the Ante-Emigration and Post-Emigration Periods. In the latter he felt himself on sure ground, and in the former he was very hopeful of the accuracy of his conclusions.

Passing over this general history of the human race, I begin with what he calls "The Family Patronymic."

Part I consists almost entirely of extracts from this Genealogy.

## THE FAMILY PATRONYMIC

The patronymic of the family, the surname of "Paine," in its various forms of spelling, proves beyond a doubt its Norman origin. In Bardsley's "History of English Surnames" a minute history of the name is given.

Rollo or Rolf, the Northman, in the 9th century, firmly established himself in power as Duke of Normandy and became a convert to Christianity, and with his encouragement and support the doctrines became generally received in the villages of his dukedom. The people outside of the larger places still held very generally to the former creeds and resisted the innovation. So generally was this the case that to be a "countryman" came to be merely another name for unbeliever, so that the same word — "paganus" — came to represent or express a two-fold meaning. Hence the word which originally meant a dweller in the country as distinguished from one in the city, came to be a reproach as expressive of the idea of an enemy of the Christian religion, the two words "peasant" and "pagan" being used to express a liver in the country and a disbeliever.

When William the Conqueror passed over to England a large number of this class of citizens went with him and the term Pagan spread over the Island.

At about the same time, the habit became prevalent of using surnames to indicate unity or identity of family connections and this word was very naturally adopted for that purpose and became one of the most common surnames, lasting long after its original signification had ceased. The name gradually changed its form from Paganus to Pagan, Pagen, Payen, Payne and Paine, also Payson, Pyson and others. In Italy it took the form of "Paganini" or "Pagani." It indicates only a common Norman descent. Bardsley writes, "At the close of the Norman dynasty, it had threatened to become one

of the most familiar appellations in England and this while in our dictionaries 'pagan' still represents a state of heathenism, in our directories it has long been converted to the purpose of Christianity and become at the baptismal font a Christian name."

#### HUGH DE PAYNE

Following close upon the Norman conquest, in the latter part of the eleventh century, the Crusades began to rage. The history of the first, which was composed largely of Normans under the leadership of Robert Duke of Normandy, and which commenced its march in the last year of that century has a peculiar interest to the Paine race. At the termination of this crusade, Hugh de Payne remained behind for the purpose of more surely securing its grand results. For long months he, with others, acted the part of guide for all such pilgrims as might need aid and conduct to their journey's end and more particularly from the crossing of the Jordan to the city of Jerusalem. For this purpose he organized a force adapted to the occasion and diligently attended to the work. In company with Godfrey de St. Omer, he instituted an order known as the "Templars of the Cross," the sole object of which was to further the great objects of the Crusaders' mission, by protecting the Holy Places and rendering safe the journey of all pilgrims to the Holy Shrine. The original organization embraced only seven others beside themselves. Starting with this small beginning, the order soon began to extend its limits and its power until it became the most powerful and opulent of all organizations. Started in A.D. 1118, it continued to exist until 1312, when it was abolished by Philip the Fair and Pope Clement V.

To establish this Hugh de Payen as the progenitor of the Ipswich Branch of the Paine family, my father gave very careful study, made very careful deductions, and drew his con-

clusions to his own satisfaction, so that in his mind there remained very little doubt of his identity as the ancestor to whom and to whose father we should turn as being the first in written history.

In Domesday we read "Edmund, the son of Pagen, holds of the King and Hugh holds of him."

#### DOMESDAY

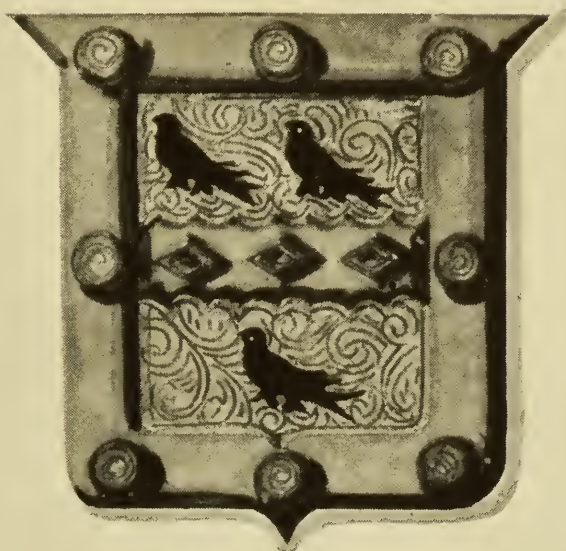
When William the Conqueror became fully seated in power, he divided his land largely among the soldiers and followers from his native state. After this general division, he caused an inventory and appraisal of the whole kingdom to be made, taking account not only of the names of the parties occupant but also of all their estates with the names of the dispossessed owners, and the higher chiefs or barons under whom they held. These reports were reduced to order and compiled under the name of "The Domesday." The original compilation was in 1086 and has been preserved with all the care of Holy Writ.

Throughout this book there are a large number of instances showing the holdings of Pagen (Payne) in various parts of England. On this broad Norman plateau, every family of "Paine" may find his ancestral home, if only he is able to trace it out.

#### COAT OF ARMS

My father turns critically to the Coat of Arms and to the names of William and Robert which occur so frequently throughout the early generations, William the Conqueror and Duke Robert being patrons of the Paynes.

Not that the Coat of Arms was that used by Hugh de Payne, for he died before these were adopted in England, but that the *assumer* was of his lineage, none other having a right to assume his characteristics, save his heirs, these being as a sacred heirloom, their title alone. Some one or two centuries passed



Payne







before such Coats of Arms were adopted and very shortly after that we find that of "Leicester and Suffolk Counties" used by the progenitors of the Ipswich Branch then living at Market Bosworth in the County of Leicester. Few subjects connected with the early history of a family have more interest than that of the Coat of Arms adopted by its early founders. This not only tells of the general character or specific virtues of the assumer or his progenitors, but furnishes the best and most reliable evidence of family identity, especially where direct and positive means of knowledge are wanting.

The Coat of Arms of the Paine family is that which in works of Heraldry is known as "The Arms of Payne of Market Bosworth, County of Leicester and of the County of Suffolk." The family first settled in Leicester and afterwards removed to Suffolk from whence the original American ancestor emigrated bringing with him for use, this highly prized armorial ensign.

The illustration given here was taken from a water color. The colors are: the three "martlets sable," black; the "crest" or wolf's head, azure; the border and belt, red; the shield, silver; the "bezants" or coins and "mascles," gold.

In Burke's Encyclopaedia is this description:

"Argent,<sup>1</sup> on a fesse,<sup>2</sup> engrailed,<sup>3</sup> gules.<sup>4</sup> Between three martlets<sup>5</sup> sable,<sup>6</sup> as many mascles,<sup>7</sup> or,<sup>8</sup> all within a bordure<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Argent," silver, referring to the shield, *purity*.

<sup>2</sup> "Fesse," the belt of the knight.

<sup>3</sup> "Engrailed," indented or wavy edges, denoting that the honor was obtained with difficulty.

<sup>4</sup> "Gules," red, referring to the belt, *courage*.

<sup>5</sup> "Martlets," birds of a swallow kind without feet, denoting a younger son having no landed inheritance.

<sup>6</sup> "Sable," black, denoting antiquity of lineage.

<sup>7</sup> "Mascles," the three rhombs of lozenge forms in the middle of the belt, signifying meshes of a net; fishing privileges.

<sup>8</sup> "Or," gold, *goodness*.

<sup>9</sup> "Bordure," an additional honor or mark of cadency distinguishing one branch from another.

of the second,<sup>1</sup> bezantee,<sup>2</sup> crest, a wolf's head erased,<sup>3</sup> azure<sup>4</sup> charged with five bezants,<sup>5</sup> salterwise.<sup>6</sup>”

#### THE FAMILY LINEAGE

The first *definite* information of the family is that which is found in the “Visitation of Suffolk County,” a work compiled in 1561. The family is described in this work as well as by Gage in his “History of Suffolk County” as resident in Leicestershire upon the famous Field of Bosworth where the last great battle of Roses was fought. The more accurate name is Market Bosworth, near the central point of the Kingdom, it being one of the places where Pagen of Domesday had land. The identity of lineage is made certain by the continued use of the Coat of Arms by the family at Bosworth and afterwards in Suffolk County and by the original American families for two generations after emigration.

Beginning with the history of the family as presented in the “Visitation,” we have

- Gen. I    Sir THOMAS PAYNE, Knight of Market Bosworth:  
          14—?
- Gen. II    EDMUND OF BOSWORTH, the youngest son of Sir  
          Thomas: 1540
- Gen. III    WILLIAM PAYNE, the eldest son and heir of Edmund:  
          15—?

<sup>1</sup> “Second,” of the second color named red.

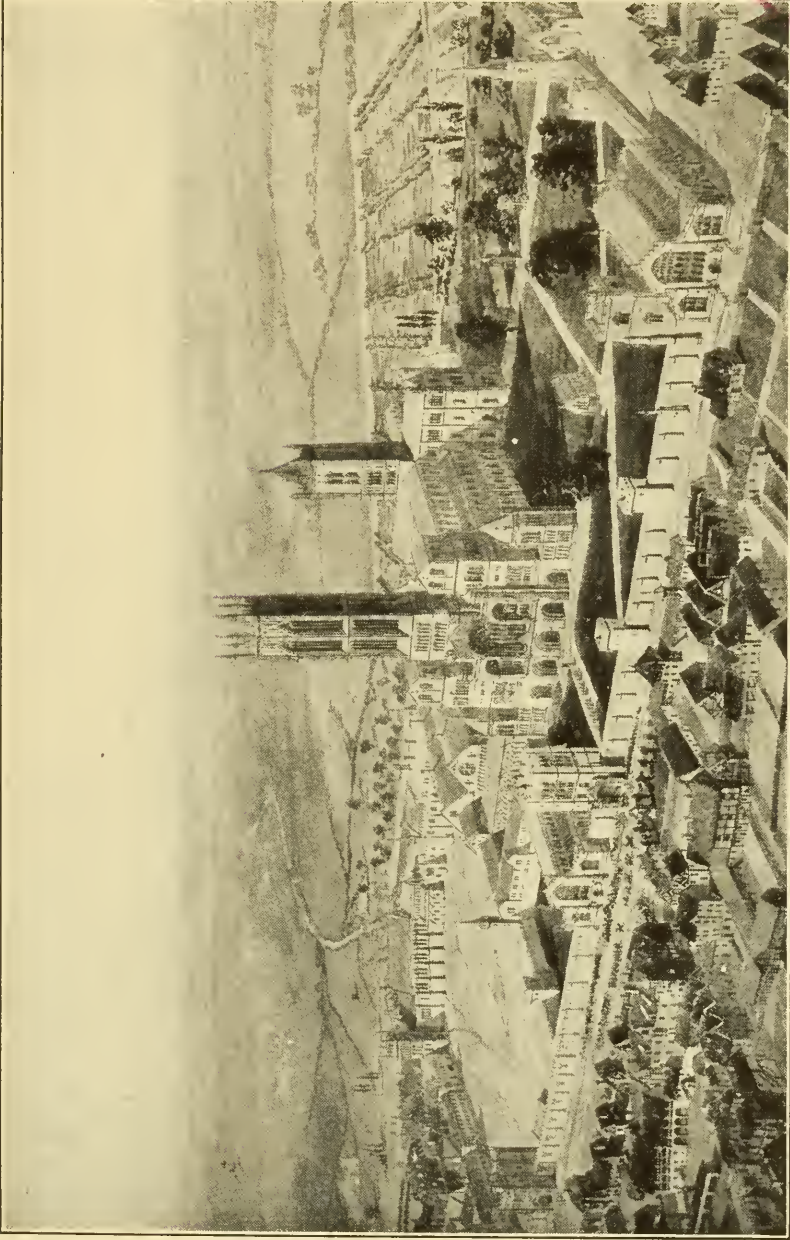
<sup>2</sup> “Bezantee,” sprinkled with round pieces of gold. Said to indicate the coins of Byzantium or Constantinople, and that they had been to the Crusades and ransomed.

<sup>3</sup> “Erased,” when the head is torn from the body and presenting at the neck a rough or ragged appearance instead of straight, showing strength as against skill with sword.

<sup>4</sup> “Azure,” blue, *truth and fidelity*.

<sup>5</sup> “Bezants,” substantive of *bezantee*, gold coins.

<sup>6</sup> “Salterwise,” arranged in the form of a cross, X, signifying Crusade service.



THE ABBEY OF ST. EDMUND

ST. MARY'S CHURCH





[He removed to Suffolk County and took up his residence in Hengrave and is known as Payne of Hengrave, a man of much note and importance in his day, being in the service of Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, as bailiff of his Manor of Hengrave.]

Gen. IV ANTHONY PAINE, Gentleman, son of William of Hengrave:

[He lived at St. Edmunds Bury, one of the shires and principal town of Suffolk County and had the Manor of Nowton settled on him by his brother Henry. He died and was buried at Nowton in 1608.]

Gen. V WILLIAM PAINE, son of Anthony:

[He was baptized at St. Mary's church in 1565 and lived in Nowton. He inherited or had settled on him the Manor of Nowton, the same which Henry, the uncle, had bought of Henry VIII belonging to the dissolved monastery of St. Edmunds. This made him Lord of the Manor. The public records show that William Paine, sometime Lord of the Manor, was buried, Nov. 21, 1648 and must have been of the age of 83 years.]

Pages 51-54 of Paine Genealogy are devoted to statements in proof of this fact that this William Paine of Nowton is the father of the William Paine who was born in 1598-9 and who emigrated to America in 1635. My father closes this part of his studies with these words:

As already remarked their (William and Robert) father whosoever he may have been, must have been a grandson of William Paine of Hengrave who was the first and only person who introduced the Coat of Arms from Leicester County into Suffolk and was thus necessarily the great-grandfather of William and Robert of Ipswich.

His paternity being thus, presumably, established, we have an unbroken line of descent from Sir Thomas Payne, Knight of Market Bosworth about the year 1400 down to the emigration, with the further presumption in favor of the line extending back to embrace the Great Templar Hugh de Payne of crusade fame of the eleventh century and his father the distinguished "Pagen" of Domesday.

## CHAPTER TWO

### *FROM IPSWICH TO FOXBORO. POST-EMIGRATION PERIOD OR AMERICAN HISTORY OF THE FAMILY*

#### GENERATION I

WILLIAM PAINE was born in Suffolk County, England, in 1598-9, probably in the Parish of Nowton. He was, presumably, the son of William Paine, Lord of the Manor of that place. He came to America at the age of 37 years in the ship *Increase*, Robert Lee Master, which sailed from London in April, 1635. There came with him, his wife Ann and five children, the oldest eleven years and the youngest eight weeks.

They landed at Boston and immediately took up their residence in Watertown. He formed one of the "earliest list of the inhabitants" "to whom was allotted a grant of the Great Dividends to the freeman and all the townsmen there inhabiting, being 120 in number." To each of them was assigned 70 acres. His location was in the neighborhood of the present grounds of Mt. Auburn, on the "road to the pond," present Washington St., about one half mile west of Fresh Pond.

He soon became known as a large landholder and continued through life to be a large owner of property.

Having the prestige not only of good birth but of inherited wealth, with the additional characteristic of integrity and good judgment, he was soon selected for the performance of public duties and the holding of important trusts. His ancestors in the old country had been persons of distinction and importance through a succession of generations.

Watertown soon after his settlement there, having become

surcharged with inhabitants, removals were found necessary and among those who sought new homes in other places, William Paine was one.

On July 4, 1639, he with his brother Robert procured from the legislature a grant of land at Ipswich "with leave to settle a village there." Here he resided for sixteen years aiding largely in building up the village and town. May 13, 1640 he was admitted freeman and endowed with all the privileges of citizenship.

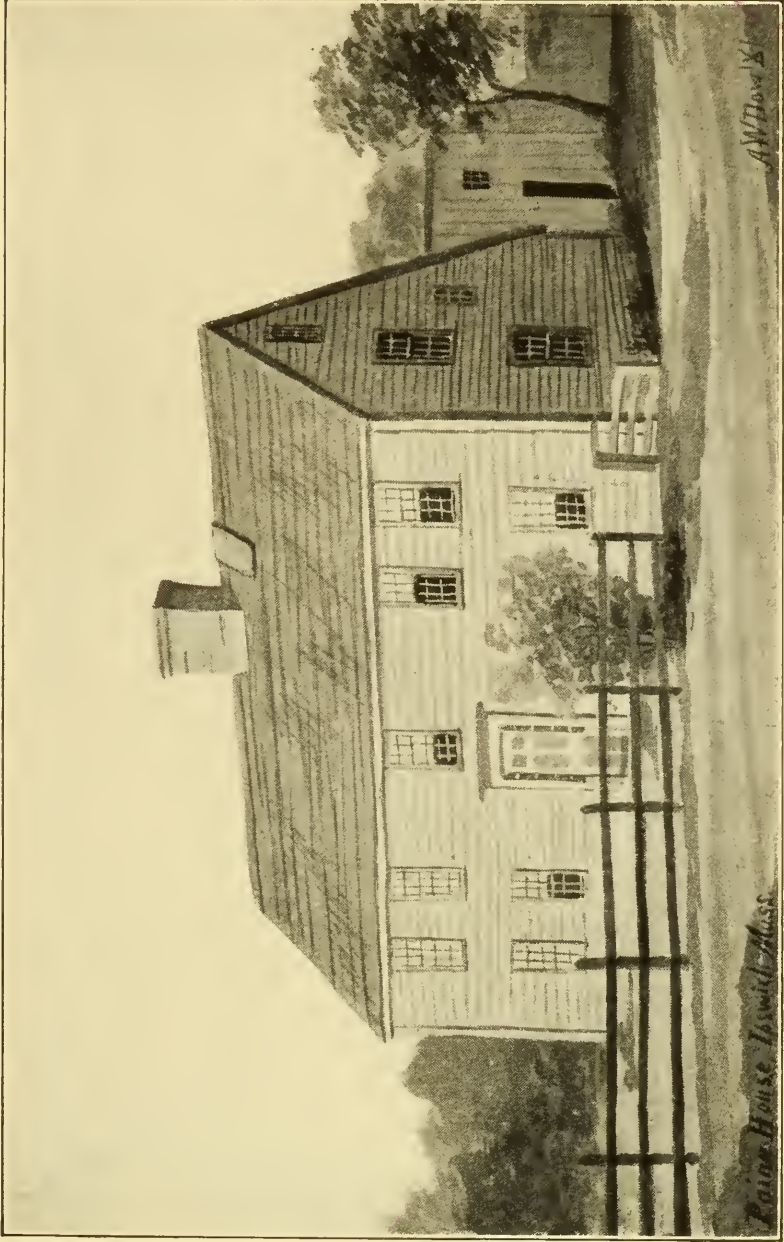
His name is found all through Legislative records of the colony, ever after, during the rest of his life. He was appointed to establish limits of Northam (Dover) of Hampton and Colchester, of "Excetter and Hampton," to settle difficulties at Hampton, to settle the lines of Dover, Exeter, of Hampton and Salisbury.

In 1645 he with others was incorporated into a company known as "Free Adventurers," for the purpose of advancing the settlement of Western Massachusetts, a work of great importance.

This enterprise was mentioned frequently in Legislative acts, and was liberally endowed. At its beginning, a grant was made to the Company of a township of land "about 50 miles west of Springfield" near Fort Aurania, on the Hudson river and afterwards during his life the attention of the Legislature was often favorably called to the enterprise. The Dutch then held possession of the river and fort, and one of the last acts of William Paine's life, was to petition the Legislature to open negotiations with the Dutch government, with a view to securing the free navigation of the river to New York.

His name is constantly associated with the names of Governors Dudley and Winthrop, especially with the younger Winthrop, in connection with various works of public improvement and enterprise. When a work of importance was to be done, he seemed to have been the Governor's main support.





BOSTON  
PUBLIC  
LIBRARY

A. W. Dowd

Prison House, Ipswich, Mass.



He owned five sixths of the old stone dam built at the head of tide waters in Watertown, a corn mill being first built there and later a "fulling mill." He was largely interested in the Lynn Iron Works, the first iron works ever established in America, known as "Hammersmith"; in the Iron Mine Works of Braintree, of New Haven, the Sturbridge Black Lead Mines, originally discovered by the Indians who used the products to paint their faces. There is evidence that he was interested in ship building as at the time of his death he was part owner of five ships. He was an extensive owner of lands, among other properties being that of Thompson's Island in Boston Harbor, the present location of the Farm School. This he gave to his son John at the time of his marriage to Sarah Parker. The deed that records this, records also an assignment or sale of 1500 pounds of stock of Piscataqua (Portsmouth). The records show also ownership of lots in Topsfield, Salem, a mill privilege in Exeter and lands in Boston with mention of "the houses thereon."

But it was not solely as an extensive owner of property that William Paine was distinguished. He had important traits of character which tended to make him a valuable member of society and to be regarded with high esteem in the community. He was a sincere professor of religion and eminently a man of a high moral standard. His property evidently large in amount was ever treated as a means of advancing the public weal and it would seem that in his investments he had an eye to that use of it that would do the most good.

During the last five or six years of his life he was an active merchant of Boston having a large credit and exercising his trade on a very extensive scale. Judging from the inventory of his estate, he must have carried an immense stock of goods of all conceivable varieties that the wants of a new community could possibly demand. His credit sheet among the needy classes was found very extensive and liberal.

He was in advance of his age in matters of public improvement and enterprise. One of the first objects of his ambition as a citizen of the "new world" was the advancement of education among the common people. He and his brother Robert were two of the foremost and most active of a small number of men who, at that early day, took measures to establish and endow a Free School at Ipswich. This has ever continued to exist and is doing its work upon the fund which two hundred and twenty or thirty years ago (about 1660) they provided for the purpose, the income actually received during 1879 being \$330.

William Paine died Oct. 10, 1660.

In his will he made a bequest to the school, of a lot of land known as "Jeffries Neck" at the mouth of the Ipswich river which he devised to the foeffees of the school to be held inalienable, forever, "not to be sold or wasted." Further he made a donation of 20 pounds to Harvard College, small donations to the several clergymen, eight in number, settled over churches in Boston, Watertown, Ipswich, Sudbury, Chelmsford, and Rowley. 1500 pounds to his daughter Hannah Appleton's children, certain sums to his wife and other relatives and all the remainder to his son John, after providing "that if my executors shall see just cause for some pious use and necessary work to give 100 pounds, they shall have power to take it out of my estate." The will has against his name a seal of wax with the impression of a "wolf rampant."

The place of burial is not known with certainty, but the city records of Boston disclose the fact that William Paine's grave is in the Granary Cemetery and following the directions given, we find it directly under the back window of the Athenaeum building, the stone with the single inscription "Payne" upon it, forming a part or being wrought into the basement wall of the building itself. "This, presumably, is the grave of the original ancestor of the Ipswich Branch, but it may not be so."

The uniform spelling of his name not only in his will but in his correspondence was the same as now used by his family, "Paine."

#### GENERATION II

JOHN PAINE, son of William, gen. I, was born in England in 1632, and at the age of three years came to America with his father, living with him at Watertown and Ipswich. He married Sarah Parker in 1659 and took up his residence in Boston. He continued the various enterprises in which his father was engaged at death, especially his mills at Watertown, Iron Works at Lynn, trade at Boston and Portsmouth and that of the "Free Adventurers" in Western Massachusetts. He was also interested in business at Ipswich, at Dover and Exeter. He appears to have been a man of great business capacity and enterprise.

Just before his father's death, the Legislature had upon petition, ordered negotiations entered into with the Dutch government for the purpose of securing the free navigation of the Hudson river by Fort Aurania and thence to the ocean. Soon after his father's death John appeared at New York for that purpose and also to adjust the southern boundary of the colony. The Dutch having been conquered at home, they evacuated New York and the English succeeded to the right of free navigation.

In recognition "of the great pains taken by him" grants of land were made to him by the Legislature at four different times amounting to many acres in extent, one of 4000 being in consideration of "the great services in running out our southern line." The first grant was made on condition "that he should settle twenty families on the territory and then procure and maintain a Godly and Orthodox ministry there."

As a wedding gift, Richard Parker, the father of his wife, had conveyed to him a tract of land of about 700 acres at the

north end of Prudence Island situated in Narragansett bay near Providence, R. I. An intimacy had grown up between Gov. Lovelace of New York and John which led the latter to aid in the erection of Fort James "at the point of land formed by the Hudson river and Sound" at or near the spot now known as "Bowling Green." He advanced the necessary means out of his own private resources and so far won the favor of the Governor and the Duke of York afterwards King James II, that a patent of "confirmation" was made to him by them of the island named, to be held in fee forever as a Free Manor by the name of "Sophy Manor." The patent was made subject to the annual quit-rent of "two barrels of syder and six couple of capons," this in August, 1672. The following week "Paine" was made Governor of the Island for life with a council to be chosen from the inhabitants. One article was that of religious freedom. On account of further payments towards finishing the fort, he was released from the quit-rent and the island relieved from taxes. The island was thus held by him in fee and as an absolutely independent state, the smallest in America, being about six miles long and one broad. The "patent" and "commission" thus granted are now on file in manuscript in the Capitol at Albany.

His government and authority were of short continuance. His grant was alleged to conflict with a previous one made by the celebrated Indian Chief Canonicus in 1638 to Roger Williams and Gov. Winthrop and his efforts to exercise authority aroused the spirit of the colony. He was arrested and thrown into prison, but released on bail. In the Court of Trials he was indicted under the law of 1658 for unlawfully attempting to bring in a foreign jurisdiction for "intrusion" for setting up a new government within the limits of a former one without due authority. In this emergency he appealed to the Governor but he had no power to stay the proceedings and Mr. Paine was put on trial before the jury. He argued

his own case in writing but it was unavailing and he was found guilty. Here the matter stopped, he retiring from the conflict surrendering his position and claim and nothing further was done in the matter. The written argument thus offered and his letter to the Governor stamped with his seal are now on file among the manuscript documents preserved at the State Capitol at Albany. The argument is ingenious and lawyer-like. (For the argument and these documents see Paine Genealogy.)

He is said to have died at sea in 1675. Apparently, before his death he was unfortunate in business and lost his property, but there is no certainty of this. He left no will and no administration was taken out on the estate.

#### GENERATION III

WILLIAM PAINE, only son of John, gen. II, was probably born in Boston. The records give us only his birth in 1664, March 15; his marriage to Ruth Grover in 1691; his removal to Malden where he lived during his manhood; and his death, April 14, 1741 at the age of 77.

#### GENERATION IV

WILLIAM PAINE, oldest son of William Paine, gen. III, was born in Malden in 1692, married his first wife Tabitha Waite, 1717, and died 1784 at the age of 92 years although tradition grants him 105 years. "He was a man of great vigor of mind, strong constitution, obstinate and determined and a devoted friend of freedom." He moved to Norton after the birth of four children into that part which later was incorporated into the town of Mansfield.

An anecdote of him gives a picture of the state of the country which was new and infested with wild animals.

It is said that hearing in the night a pack of wolves, he opened the window and fired "his king's arm" into their midst.

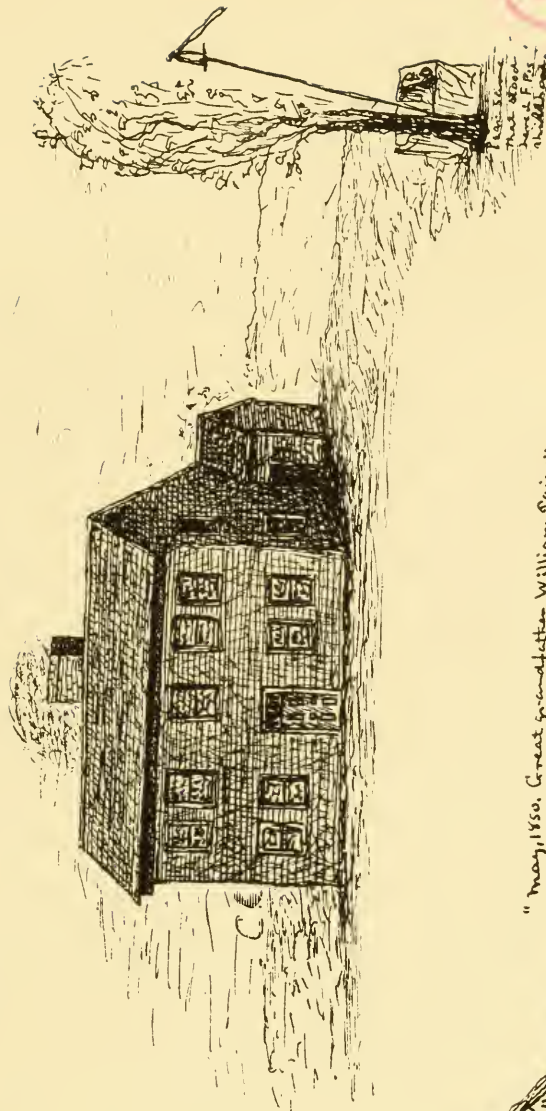
In the morning fourteen dead wolves were found on the premises. It is not claimed that his one shot killed this number but that the wounded wolves in their rage added to the number.

In the "Grandmother's Sketch Book" is this entry:

*November 16 1848.* Anecdote of great, great Grandfather.

One anecdote of the 'former William' is thought to be worthy a place in this Book. In early life he removed from Malden to the town of Norton in Bristol county, Old Colony — where his children were born. This town is about thirty-five miles from Boston. At the commencement of the revolution, when the American army under Gen. Washington was stationed at Roxbury and the royal troops were besieged in the City of Boston, the old man then on the verge of his ninetieth year walked in one day from his home in Norton to the American camp. His erect and venerable form, his hair as white as snow — his firm step, and clear and heavy voice, attracted general attention. He was introduced to Gen. Washington and staff. 'Well' said the Gen. 'Mr. Paine what brought you here? What good do you expect to accomplish?' 'Gen.' said the old man 'I have a number of Grandchildren in your army, and I have come here to exhort and animate them to be true men — do their duty and resist at the risk of their lives the oppressor of their country.'





"May, 1850. Great grandfather William Fairies, where Otis lived from his seventh year." Copied Feb. 3, 1893 from original sketch made by his Gr. Cousin, T.O. Fairies. Copied by same. Foolish Hill in bk. 9. Utis's workroom was in fore-roof; I looked in.

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CHAPTER THREE  
*FROM FOXBORO TO WINSLOW*

GENERATION V

WILLIAM PAINE oldest son of William, gen. IV, was born in Malden in 1720, moved to Foxboro and married Mary Bull of Foxboro, 1743. He died at the age of 94 in 1810 having lived with his wife for 67 years.

He was a man of astonishing industry and perseverance, of great firmness and independence, zealous in religious matters and loyal to the cause of freedom. With his aged father and two or three of his sons, he volunteered to march to Boston at the outbreak of the war. His wife is represented as a "woman of remarkable strength of mind and body, strong in her friendships, and strong in her prejudices, a very good woman and very useful in the neighborhood. She was looked up to as a woman of superior judgment, but somewhat of a tyrant, of great industry and a great reader. Her personal appearance was prepossessing and impressive, and her eyes brilliant and sparkling to the last."

Many stories are told of the husband which go to characterize him as a member of society. When a bass-viol was introduced into the choir of the church where he attended he would go out whenever it was played. "He would not sit still and hear the fiddle scraped in the house of God." It was related of him that he once bought a farm while the Continental currency was in circulation and gave his notes payable in it. When his notes matured, the bills had become almost worthless. Still he kept his promise "to the letter" and paid as he agreed. "He eyed the hand of Providence in the depreciation of the paper money."

“He did more,” writes a correspondent, “with his own hands to make the wilderness blossom as the rose, than any other man in town.” He continued work till within a few days of his death, at the age of 94.

#### GENERATION VI

LEMUEL PAINE, fourth child and third son of William Paine, gen. V, was born in 1748, married Rachel Carpenter of Foxboro and died in Foxboro in 1794. He served in the Revolutionary War.

The most interesting record of him is that of the two unmarried sisters, Jerusha and Hannah Paine.

They died at the ages of 91 and 90. “Though within an hour’s ride of Boston by rail, neither of them ever enjoyed a sight of the city.” “Aunt Jerusha” and “Aunt Hannah” will never be forgotten during the life of the longest liver of their day for they were famed for their industry and all Christian graces.

#### GENERATION VII

*Four sons of Lemuel, Gen. VI, born in Foxboro:*

LEMUEL, born 1777, m, Jane Warren of Foxboro, moved to Winslow, Maine, 1805, and died in 1852.

OTIS, born in 1779, time of death not known.

ASA, born 1781, died at 13 years of age, 1794.

FREDERIC, born 1785, m, Abiel Ware of Wrentham [“the Grandmother” of this book], moved to Winslow in 1809 and died 1857.

In the Grandmother’s “Daily Thoughts” is this entry:

“*May 30, 1850.* Received a letter from Timothy [her son] at Foxboro, he is happy and flitting about among the friends and relatives at a spry rate, over the ancient fields and woods, looking at the old stumps and ever and anon in to an old barrel of cast off letters in an humble garret and getting



HOME OF LEMUEL PAINE. FOXBOROUGH  
ABOUT 1770





his dinner just where he chances to light. How well calculated for happiness in every state, let it come *where* and how it *will!*"

There were two Paine homes in Foxboro, that of the great-grandfather, William, gen. V, and that of the grandfather, Lemuel, gen VI. During the visit mentioned in the note, Timothy Otis Paine, gen. VIII, made a copy in india ink of the original sketch of the *old* house, built either in 1769 or 1770.

Of the home of Lemuel there are two photographs, one having been taken in 1882, the other from a sketch by T. O. P. in 1850, giving a totally different view of the house. Details are given on the margins. There is the old ell down which the sons used to slide, there is the old well sweep, Foolish Hill in the distance, the trees, the old buffet, etc.

The "old Aunts" lived for over eighty years in the old house "and we know that it was 'new' when Aunt Hannah was seven years old."

The first recorded notice we have of Otis is the following covenant, 1797. The father died in 1794.

A Memorandum of An Agreement Made Between the W<sup>d</sup> Rachel Pain Gardien to Otis Pain & Otis Pain of Foxborough on the one part & Samuel W Everett of Dorchester on the other part. Witnesseth.

That Otis Pain with the free and full Consent of S<sup>d</sup> Gardien Rachel Pain Covenants and agrees to Live with the S<sup>d</sup> Samuel W Everett as an Apprentice till He Shall arrive to the Age of twenty one Years. During which time he will Behave Himself as the Apprentice ought to do.

And the S<sup>d</sup> Samuel W Everett on His part Covenants and Agrees to Learn the S<sup>d</sup> Otis Pain the trade of a House Wright and to Provide him suitable Meat, Drink, Washing and Lodging for S<sup>d</sup> Apprentice in sickness and Health during the Term and Pay all Taxes which may be assessed on the Apprentices, and in Case the Apprentice shall be sick to pay for Doctiring to the Amount of thirty dollars and no more if the same shall be necessary and also to find S<sup>d</sup> Apprentice suitable Cloathing

During S<sup>d</sup> Term and at the expiration of S<sup>d</sup> Term to — S<sup>d</sup> Apprentice with one Good Suit of Apparel for all parts of his body and his other Every Day Cloathing.

To the Performance of, Wee bind our Selves by these Present, this Eight Day of April 1797.

(Signed)              RACHEL PAINE  
    SAM'L W EVERETT.

Witnesses present  
 (signed)

LEMUEL PAINE.

Lemuel Paine was the oldest son of Rachel, widow of Lemuel Paine, gen. VI. Two months later Rachel Paine married Deacon Isaac Pratt of Wrentham. They had a daughter, Eunice Pratt, who married Willard Plimpton. Also a daughter Amanda, who is mentioned in the Journals and Letters. Rachel appears in these as Grandmother *Pratt*, not as *Paine*.

Of Otis, Grandmother writes in 1848:

. . . Also your Uncle Lemuel has given me a sketch of your Uncle Otis which you will like to hear. Otis from his earliest boyhood, manifested a great mechanical skill and ingenuity — in his boyhood he was the inventor of several mechanical tools. He obtained several patents. In 1814, he left Massachusetts to seek his fortune in the South. He first went to Maryland to put in operation his machine for sawing shingles. About a year after his departure a vague report came to his friends in Mass. that he married soon after he located himself in Maryland — that his wife bore him twin sons — that working in the water regulating his patented mill, he took a violent cold and after an illness of a week, died. This is all his friends and relatives have heard respecting him since he left his native land.

He was said to have been quite intimately connected with Robert Fulton in the work of perfecting inventions for the





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*Residence of Lemuel Parish, Sen.*

*Foxboro, Mass.*

*about 1776 -*



application of steam power to machinery. The last that was ever heard from him was under date of Jan. 1, 1816, when he speaks of his invention of a "steam battery" which with one Col. Hatch he "went to Washington with and which met the approbation of Commodores Decatur, Barney and Perry and that the celebrated Fulton also approved of it, etc. etc."

He exhibited "rare traits" in the line of literature and published in 1813, a work with title "True and Infernal Friendship" containing 176 pages 12 mo. being a severe satire in neat pentameter verse, consisting of an allegory in which the serpent plays a conspicuous part, overcoming Eve and her spouse in the garden.

Otis's love of mechanics and working with water crafts reappears remarkably in his nephew Charles Paine, of whom we shall read much.

The following letter was written by a nephew of Otis, Timothy Otis Paine, the fourth son of the Grandmother, and shows not only the interest the younger generation had in the uncles but also in the old place at Foxboro.

*Elmwood, Mass., Oct. 28, 1877*

Bro. Albert

'Parterres' you will find in Otis's poem. My childhood memory has it that Uncle makes this plural pronounced par-ter-res. Please inform me by citing one or more lines on a postal.

The very ground of these parterres I rambled over in 1849. In front is Otis's home. His window looked out upon the enchanted ground. Eliza's home is on the left and in sight of the rambles. [A pencil sketch follows.] This sketch is from my 1849 memory and must be all out of drawing, but in general it must also be correct. Aunt Hannah walked with me up the beautiful region back of the house. As she looked about her and pointed indefinitely around, she said, 'Otis thought a great deal of this place.' A few trees were scattered over the ground. A half remembered little brook wandered

over it. I vividly remember a bright firecoal bird on a tree never one like it. He would look up and see a beautiful house which his hands were ornamenting, outside of agreement, because his bride was to live in it. I found the place of his shingle mill (of Otis's) and the dam in ruins like his life.

BRO. TIMO.

. . . It is said that an Indian having once killed a deer on Foolish Hill would never afterwards hunt elsewhere, also a man losing his way on it, called it Foolish Hill, in vexation. These two origins of the name were given me by more than one, by father, I think for one.

Uncle Lemuel told me of — who would cut trees nearly off on Foolish Hill all day and near evening cut one at the top and fell it against the others so that all would go down together and then shout loud enough to be heard all over Foxboro. Also of Uncle Asa's climbing a sycamore 100 ft. high, by an open space, to get at a woodpecker's nest in the top. Uncle L. lay on his back on the ground for he could not move for fear.

TIMO.

The "Uncle Asa" referred to in this letter was the little son who died at the age of thirteen. I have a pen and ink drawing very similar in character to the samplers of the grandmothers of that day.

"Wrote by Asa Paine, at the age of twelve years, Foxborough 1794."

There are many birds of all sizes, the schoolhouse, the church, the mansion and various riddles for those inclined to guess them. Connecting this with the story of the woodpecker's nest, we can't be far wrong in giving to him a love of nature and a power with the artist's pen which later came out so prominently in the Timothy Otis Paine, and like the *first* Otis, the *second* Otis had the power of putting this love into verse.

In the remaining chapters of this book, we shall come into intimate touch with the other two brothers, Lemuel and Frederic, with their families and with their homes in Winslow in the "Province of Maine," with Generations VII and VIII.



# Riddle 1

I saw a bird pent in cage  
 Perched only of one wing  
 It was on hundred years of age  
 Yet it could fly and sweetly sing  
 Afterward my mind perplexed  
 When I beheld its age and strength  
 Depends on nearly on a quest  
 Its tail was sixty feet in length

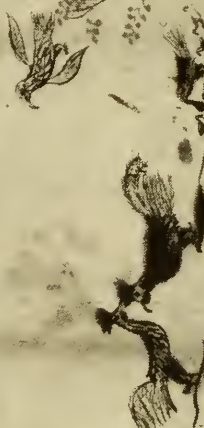
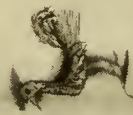


# Riddle 2

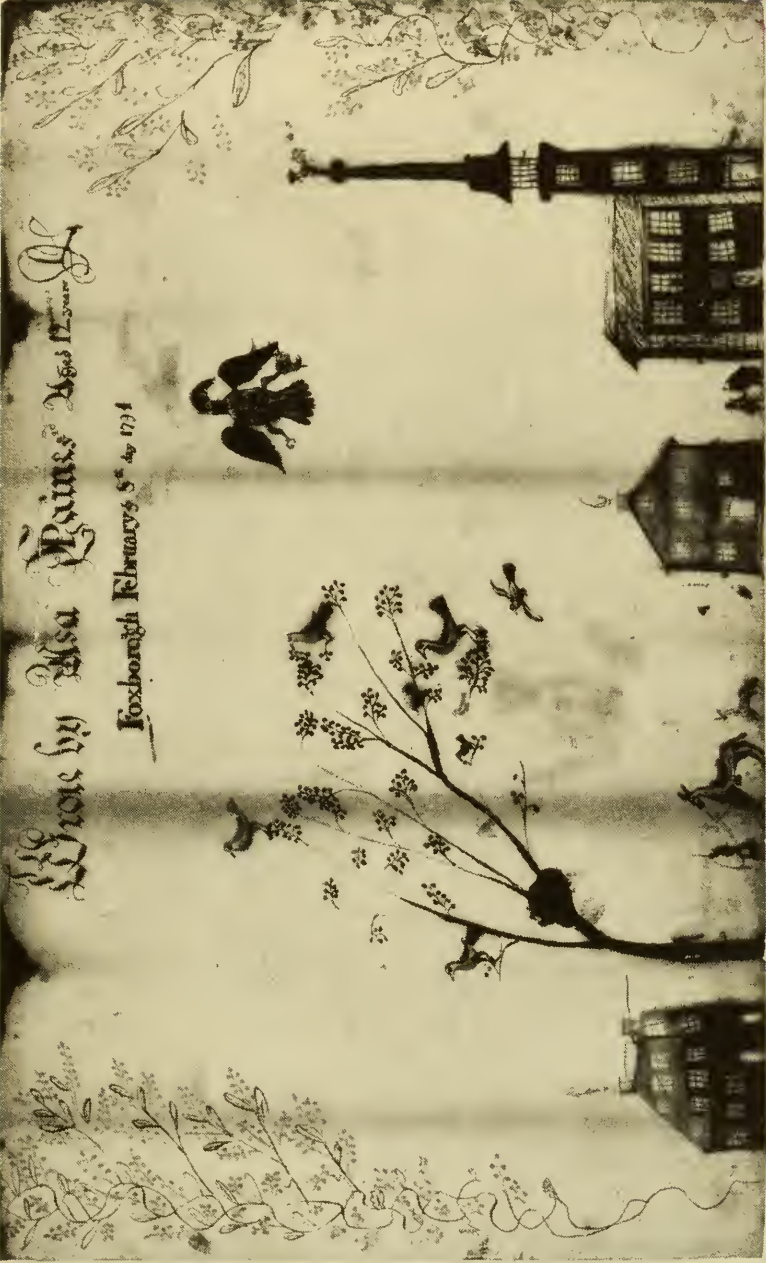
I saw a sight this morn'g  
 A single bird began to sing  
 He with his steady friend did walk  
 And standing in the open field  
 He gave good heed and plenty cheer  
 It had ten gallons at the nose  
 It neither feared to faint or fall  
 Or gave her any wings at all

# Riddle 3

While I do plough in on earth  
 By many young ones surround are  
 I have a thousand at a bill  
 Yet for them take no thought or care



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Dance by Miss Prince

Foxborough February 5<sup>th</sup> 1794

MISS PRINCE  
DANCE





## PART II. WINSLOW. LEMUEL PAINE.

- Chapter One. Winslow  
“ Two. Lemuel and Jane Warren Paine  
“ Three. Henry W. Paine  
“ Four. Edward Augustus Paine.  
“ Five. Rachel Paine Pratt.

### *Illustrations*

Old Winslow  
Lemuel Paine, Gen. VII, from daguerreotype  
Henry W. Paine, Gen. VIII



THROUGHOUT the Journals of the Grandmother appears the name of Lemuel Paine, or, as he is often called, Uncle Paine, or Uncle Lemuel, also Esq. Paine. As a lecturer on Temperance in a home gathering, he is Uncle Paine; as the leader in a large donation party, he is the Esq.; and as the friendly Uncle to whom the absent nephew writes of the affairs of Bangor, he is Uncle Lemuel.

He was the pioneer of the family, leaving Foxboro, the home of three generations, to seek his fortune in the Province of Maine. Attracted, perhaps, as is suggested by his grandson, by the splendid waterways, the falls, the streams, the large rivers which he found at Winslow, he made that place his home. To this he brought his young wife, Jane Warren, in 1807, making the whole journey in a sleigh.

Business must have taken him to Winslow in 1802, for there is a letter written by his brother Otis, April 14, 1802, addressed to "Lemuel Paine, Winslow, Province Maine." This was in reply to one received by him, written March 11. Otis wished boards and shingles.

His younger brother Frederic made a home with him for a year or two, when he, too, returned to Foxboro, to bring back, in 1809, a wife, Abiel Ware Paine of Wrentham.

In 1860 Jane Warren Paine, the last of the four to go, died after a life of fifty-five years in Winslow.

Descendants of both families, Generations IX, X, XI, still live in the old home town. (See genealogical table, pages 65 and 66.)

## CHAPTER ONE

### WINSLOW

WINSLOW is a little town situated on the Kennebec, at its confluence with the Sebasticook. It was incorporated in 1771 and named for the British General, John Winslow, and included the country which is now Waterville. In 1754 eleven families had built their cabins there. It was also in 1754 that Fort Halifax was built on a point of land between the two rivers, under the direction of Shirley, the British Governor of Massachusetts.

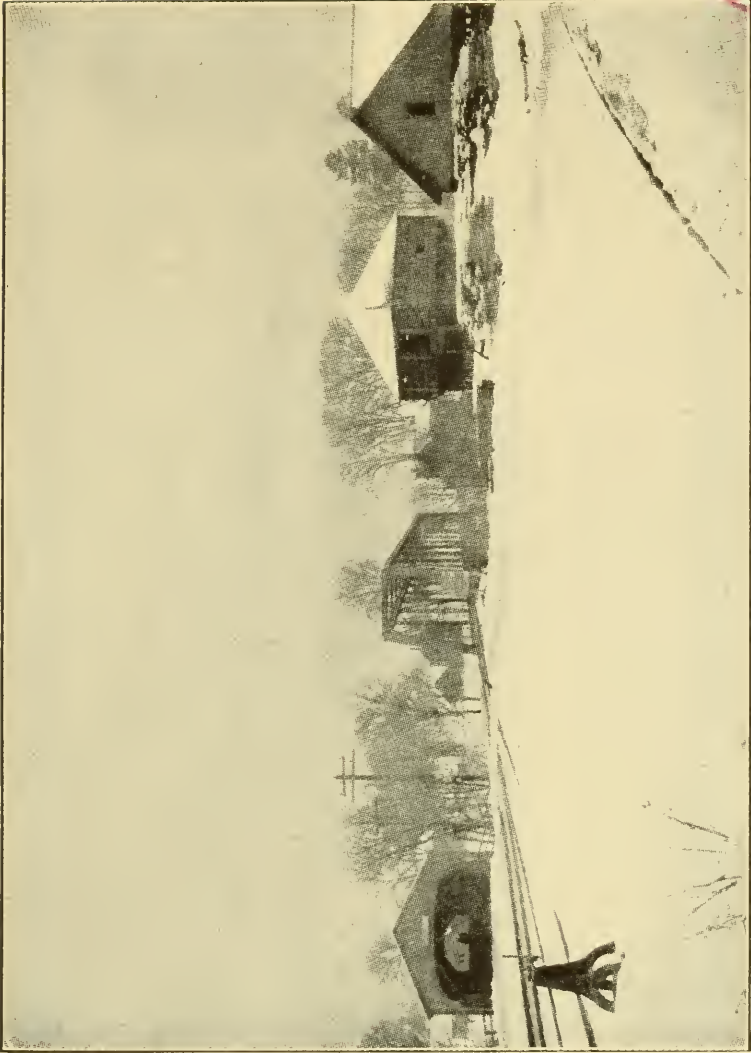
This fort was one of a line of forts on the Kennebec built for the protection of the English against the Indians and French, but it was never attacked by either party. The fortifications consisted of five houses and two palisades. One of the block houses still stands and bears the name of Fort Halifax.

The first town meeting was held in the Fort, April 26, 1771.

In the original naming of the fort there was some ceremony, and a complimentary inscription in Latin was placed upon it:

“For the benefit of the Massachusetts Province, William Shirley, her Governor, under the auspices of the most noble George Duck, Earl of Halifax, the highly distinguished friend and patron of the British Provinces, has reared this fortress, Sept. 3, A.D. 1754.”

To the restoration of Fort Halifax with its various buildings, my uncle, Timothy Otis Paine, gave many months of close study. Beginning in 1852, he continued his investigations and his “diggings” during many years. I have the record of one of these in a letter written by my father to me, in 1891:



OLD WINSLOW

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*Bangor, Sunday P.M. June 14/91.*

MY DEAR G. — During the past week, I have so far deviated from my usual practice as to sacrifice a day to other than professional work and indulge in a little private pleasure. Hearing that the Historical Society of Augusta were about to visit the remains of old Fort Halifax at my native Winslow, I at once wrote Bro. Timothy and he at once accepted the situation and wrote me that he should of course attend the meeting. So on Wednesday I left home and went over to my good *old* home where Timo met me and we spent the day together. The Society, however, failed to meet its engagement, having without notice to us voted to postpone their visit as contemplated. But that did not change our views. We spent the day most of it in visiting the sacred remains of the old fort and thus grew wiser than before. Timo with his spade indulged a long time in digging up the earth and thus located portions of the old establishment. But it was very interesting and enjoyable for myself to be there with one who knew so much about the old fort and its surroundings. By his aid we found and visited the well from which almost 150 years ago the soldiers of the fort drew their drinking water, the same well being now in good order, supplying the family and a large crew of workmen and horses with their daily supply of water, all bricked up with the same brick unharmed and undisturbed. Many other antiquities were found and examined with interest.

In September, 1892, father met a delegation from the Maine Historical Society at the fort and reports to "Timo" the interesting events of the two days' visit. Again he shows his interest in a letter written to me in 1905. The old block house had been called the Fort itself, an error which father hastened to correct through the press.

"Instead of being the *Fort*, as the papers represent it, it is only the outpost of the fort, which was located about

half a mile distant, on the top of Fort Hill, the present locality of the Winslow Cemetery, in the midst of whose grass, your Uncle Timothy by much labor at digging found the remnants of the outlines of the erection and the ashes and coal dust of the fireplace."

#### THE CHURCH

Second only to the Fort, comes the Church of Winslow, for on this Church as a foundation was built the family character.

On June seventeenth of this year, 1919, was celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of the organization known at first as "The Female Society of Winslow for the Support of the Gospel." Objection was raised to the adjective "Female" as being immodest, so it was later changed to "Ladies'."

The annual June meeting has never been omitted. There was a charter membership of seventeen with dues of one dollar. There are now about sixty members and the dues may be as small as twenty-five cents.

The founder of this society was the "Grandmother, Abiel Ware Paine." After her family cares permitted, she became the President and continued in this office for fourteen years. This year one of her great-granddaughters, Mrs. Carrie Stratton Howard, was elected President and her young daughter is a member.

The building itself was erected in 1796 by the town and the town meetings were held in a sort of unfinished attic.

Of the illustration, a Winslow cousin writes:

"The Fort is, of course, only a fragment, being a block house which stood at one corner. The mill was built about 1822, now gone. The covered bridge must have been built in '32-4 and went down river in Dec. 1901. Mr. Joseph Eaton owned the bridge and sold it to the town. His store is at the left of the bridge and the post-office can be seen at the end of it. The railroad bridge was built, the first wooden one about 1852."



I fancy that I can see the old homestead through the trees, on the hill.

In the Journal of T. O. Paine occurs this, written in 1854:

“There have been three Bridges across the Seabasticook. The first one was built after and near Oct. 1799. This one went off in the winter freshet of Feb. 1807. The next built 1812, went off in the Great Freshet of May 22, 1832. The 3d was built 1834 and is still standing (1854). The first and second were not covered, the last is covered. The first was free, the other two toll bridges. Mr. Richard Thomas paid \$600 towards the first. Father says that there was a fourth bridge, between 1812 b 1832.”

## CHAPTER TWO

### *LEMUEL PAINE*

LEMUEL PAINE, gen. VII, oldest son of Lemuel Paine, gen. VI, was born in Foxboro, Dec. 2, 1777; married Nov. 22, 1805, Jane Thompson Warren, the daughter of Judge Warren of Foxboro and niece of General Joseph Warren of Bunker Hill fame.

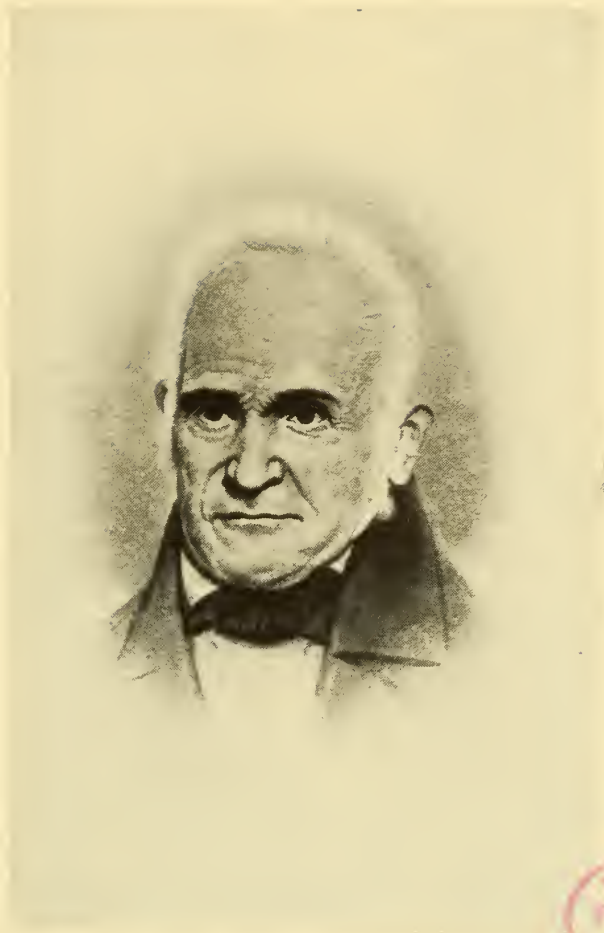
It is a source of great regret that none of his journals and only a very few of his letters have been preserved, for he was a man of great ability and of a very unique personality.

For the following general testimony of his character, we are indebted to the "Collections of the Maine Historical Society."

#### THE EARLY LAWYERS OF LINCOLN AND KENNEBEC COUNTIES

Lemuel Paine was contemporary with Mr. Timothy Boutelle, the Waterville Atty., but beginning later. He was a graduate of Brown University in the class of 1803. He was a native of Massachusetts, read law at Waterville with Mr., subsequently General, Ripley and opened an office in Winslow. For several years he had a successful, though from his location, not a very extensive practice.

Mr. Paine was possessed of a good intellect and great purity of moral character. He had a taste for agriculture and became the owner of a farm which he employed himself in cultivating. Finding this occupation more agreeable and congenial to his tastes and disposition than his legal avocations, he gradually retired from the bar and devoted himself wholly to his farm, which he never abandoned. He lived to an ad-



L. M. Farnham



vanced age in the town of his adoption, surrounded and respected by a numerous circle of friends whose good will and affection he ever enjoyed. He was chosen Elector of President in 1813.

We would add that Mr. Paine was distinguished as a classical scholar. After his retirement from the bar he indulged his taste and employed much of his leisure in reperusing the Greek and Latin authors which had been his early and formed his late companions. He continued to cherish his love for the Greek language which he read with ease and which was to him a source of great enjoyment as long as his health and life continued.

I have been told that Uncle Lemuel, while building a stone wall, committed to memory a large part of Homer's Iliad and Odyssey.

His interest in education is shown by an extract from the records of Waterville College, now Colby, and by a copy of his resignation from the Board of that college.

*Waterville Aug. 20, 1849.*

HON. LEMUEL PAINE,

Dear Sir, — At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of Waterville College held at the College Chapel on Tuesday Aug. 7th, 1849, the following resolution offered by the Rev. S. K. Smith was unanimously adopted; and the Secretary was instructed to forward to you a copy of the same. Agreeably to said instruction I have the honor herewith to forward to you a copy of the resolution.

Resolved; That this Board entertain a high sense of the value of the protracted and useful services of the Hon. Lemuel Paine of Winslow, the Hon. William King of Bath and the Rev. John Haynes of No. Livermore as members of this Board. They have stood by the College with a laudable zeal in the days of its weakness and poverty and we congratulate them on the privilege of seeing the tender shoot which was planted

years ago, with tears and cost and prayer, now grown to a fertile tree, diffusing benefits to both church and state, and blessing a grateful community.

By such labors the friends of letters and religion embalm their own memory "and their work do follow them."

Respectfully,

Your obd't Sevt.

E. L. GETCHELL, *Secretary.*

*To the Board of Trustees of Waterville College.*

Gentlemen, — The infirmities of age and declining health admonish me that it is fit that I should vacate a seat at your board. I therefore tender to you the resignation of my membership, which I request you accept. I was elected to a seat at your board in 1827. I sat as a member 1828, since which time I have been present at every session of the Board of Trustees, which can be said of no other member except my friend the Hon. Mr. Boutelle, to whose vigilance, perseverance and devotedness to the interests of the institution it owes much of its prosperity and success. At the time I took my seat at the board, the affairs of the College were perplexed and its prospects discouraging. It struggled hard with financial embarrassment, and our meetings for some years were protracted, and attended with much anxiety and labour.

In taking leave of you gentlemen it affords me great satisfaction to contemplate the prosperous condition of the College; its growth, reputation, and future promise. Long may it continue to flourish its salutary and benign influence in the improvement of education and the best interests of our young and rising State.

With sentiments of great respect and my best wishes for your individual prosperity and happiness, I am

Your Obd't Servt.

LEMUEL PAINE.

From Genealogy, A. W. Paine.

Throughout his life he was frequently employed as arbiter or referee in matters of dispute and never failed as such to give satisfaction, for his decisions came to be regarded by both sides as exact justice and hence acquiesced in accordingly. His wit was proverbial and it was one of his agreeable pastimes to set it off in rhyme. On one occasion he rendered his decision, in a case referred to him, all in verse, including a statement of the case, the argument of counsel and his decision with the amount of damages and costs. No objection was made to its acceptance and performance. He often indulged in this propensity, to express in rhyme his censure of particular acts and persons.

*Copy of lines written in the Court House, 1809*

How various are the ways, Oh, Lord!  
 To humble human pride —  
 We read recorded in thy word,  
 And see exemplified.

When Israel's sons too haughty grew,  
 Thou mad'st them Pharaoh's drudges;  
 To us more culpable than those,  
 Thou givest fools for judges.

He was ever an active politician of the Old Federal School and "was never ashamed of his party." Of liberal Christian views, he gave no one credit for any religious character, further than it was evidenced by sincere acts of a good life.

On the 19th of July, 1852, he was found lifeless upon a bed of hay, in the calm sunshine, with a rake by his side and with no sign of suffering on his face. His wife died in 1860.

They had three children.

Ebenezer Warren, born 1808, died in 1830.

Henry William, born 1810, died 1893.

Edward Augustus, born 1816, died 1898.

The following sketch was written at my request by the Grandson of Lemuel Paine, George Stratton Paine, of Winslow:

In my boyhood, an eccentric wandering tinker called at our house, two or three times a year: he was not much given to conversation, and the only part of it that made a lasting impression was the brief story of his first courtship. "I didn't marry the woman I calculated to," he said. "She begged to be excused and I like a fool excused her."

It was not so with my grandfather Lemuel. He courted Jane Warren of Foxboro and was rejected because he was not "an educated or professional man." This seemed to furnish the necessary stimulus and as he worked at his trade of stone mason, he studied with open book before him, and fitted for Brown University, graduating in 1803. He studied law with Gen. Ripley at Waterville but began practice in Winslow, living on the farm he purchased of Ripley near Fort Halifax. Renewing his suit with Miss Warren he was now accepted, tho' it is said that the lady had been heard to express some surprise at the outcome.

They came to Winslow in 1807, doubtless attracted hither by letters from one of the Warrens who had preceded them to the Kennebec Valley and who wrote home glowing accounts of "this lovely country."

As I was only two or three years old when he died, my recollection of him is limited to a single incident, his bringing me a bit of dried fruit as I was being dressed by my father. He loved the farm, and the summer's work of raising crops and feeding stock agreed with him and he enjoyed much better health than in winter when more or less confined to the house. My other Grandfather William Stratton lived about three miles further up the Sebesticook. He was a great worker, at lumbering as well as farming, and his irregular meals away from home impaired his health and he as well as Lemuel suffered from dyspepsia. My uncle, Robert F. Stratton, says the two





JANE WARREN PAINE  
"AUNT PAINE"



old men used to get together occasionally in winter and talk over their troubles, groaning in unison, calculating the chances of their living another year.

Both Lemuel and his wife were fond of society, and it was not unusual for them to start in a sleigh for Norridgewock, thirteen miles away, or other distant points, to spend an evening. We have a mirror which grandmother brought from Massachusetts in her lap in a sleigh.

He needed the mild stimulus of travel. Occasionally a voyage by land to Foxboro was ventured and he returned with a new and interesting stock of ideas.

Their home had been in earlier days a "tavern" and a wide hall on the ground floor extended the whole length of the house. The cold north winds played through the cracks at one end so freely that grandfather, with an apparent inspiration, in the absence of his wife, battered up the cracks with shingles on the inside. On her return he pointed with pride to the achievement, but it seems that it did not strike her as any addition to the beauty of the place and she proceeded at once to tear the shingles off, an evident sacrifice of utility to appearance. — G. S. P.

There is an oration of Lemuel's about thirteen pages in length, from which I have made short extracts.

*An Oration July 4 A.D. 1807, Waterville*

I rise, Gentlemen & fellow Citizens to solicit your indulgence and candour while I address you on this interesting and joyful occasion. The custom of annually celebrating great and Splendid events has been sanctioned by the authority & practice of all nations, in all ages of the world.

We have assembled Fellow Citizens on this auspicious morning to commemorate the 31st Anniversary of American Independence, an event the most splendid in the annals of time and to us productive of the highest consequences.

The Day which we now celebrate, was not like the *present* ushered in with acclamations of joy and tokens of festivity and gladness; but amid scenes of calamity and peril, our intrepid Fathers dared to elevate their *voice*, and proclaim to an admiring world, that “these United States are and of right ought to be Free & Independent.” . . .

Persevere then Fellow Citizens in cherishing those excellent institutions which you have planted for the promotion of moral & religious improvement. Patronize men whose time & talents are devoted to the useful arts which embellish life. Cultivate the gentle virtues which adorn and dignify our nature and greatly ameliorate the condition of Man. Instruct your children in habits of industry, economy, temperance & justice & thus form them to become useful to themselves, to their fellow citizens & to their country.

Above all teach them to govern their conduct by motives that look beyond the narrow limits of time, to scenes of future life and ages of eternal duration.

A sense of the importance of these duties ought to be operative on our minds at all times. But there are duties which we owe our country to be discharged collectively & periodically. I mean the duties of suffrage. We are bound by the strongest ties that can bind man to earth to discharge this duty with integrity & fidelity. . . .

Let us swear by the blood of those illustrious Patriots which was shed in our country’s cause that we will never dishonour the Principles they died to establish. Inspired with these sentiments, while other nations bow the knee at the shrine of despotism and sacrifice their dearest rights to satiate the rapacity & pride of Kings, we will transmit to posterity not only the name but the spirit of Independence.

October, 1840, Frederic Paine writes to his son, Albert Ware Paine, in Bangor, a home letter in which he incloses some jingles of his brother Lemuel’s.

*Winslow, Oct. 28, 1840.*

DEAR SON: . . . Uncle Paine handed me the enclosed Poetry to be printed, if you think best, but he does not wish to have his name known. In the new *Kennebec Journal*, I expect to see the Production of his Pen, an address from Satan to the Democratic Party, etc.

Our prospect brightens daily respecting the new election. As to the State of Maine, we cannot but feel there is no doubt, but one thing I believe we can feel confident that Harrison will be President.

F. PAINE.

As this "Poetry" shows the political "bent" of the "brother Lemuel" at the time of the Presidency of Van Buren, I give it here.

Attention. Van repudiate  
Your arrogant pretensions  
Reduce your sordid love of power  
To reasonable dimensions.

Your despot policy abjure  
The people are in motion;  
To be deprived of blood bought rights,  
They have but little notion.

Following your predecessors steps  
In your exalted station,  
You've reckless trampled under foot,  
The interests of the nation.

No sympathy have thou for those,  
Your measures are undoing,  
You will not check your mad career —  
To stop the impending ruin.

Infatuated as thou art,  
Canst thou not feel thy doom?  
Dost thou not see the Patriot's host  
Have to the rescue come?

When such men brace their armour on  
 They will not lay it bye  
 Until they have the victory won,  
 They conquer or they die.

Inscribed on thy white palace wall  
 All good men's fears dispersing —  
 Read Heaven's immutable decree,  
*Mene-M Tekel Upharsin.*

An address of a Kennebec mechanic to his fellow workmen  
 in prospect of the November election, for electors of President  
 and Vice President.

A call of the Genius of Liberty on the laboring Classes in  
 prospect of the Nov-Election.

Labourers be true to dutie's call —  
 At next November election —  
 And help *Tip* o'er the Despot's twins,  
 Subtreasury & subjection.

Elect Van Buren president,  
 You'd surely catch a Tartar  
 His policy gives homely fare,  
 Potatoes, soup & water.

Choose Harrison and you will have  
 A bountiful provider;  
 Flour bread, roast beef your fare will be,  
 Tea, coffee & hard cider.

Say to the world, as said your sires  
 No Despot e'er shall tame us;  
 Scout Benton's plans & Calhoun's Schemes,  
 And spurn the miscreant Amos.

The following record is given me by the grandson, George  
 S. Paine:

Lemuel Paine's wife was Jane Thompson Warren, daughter  
 of Hon. Ebenezer Warren known as Judge Warren. He built

the house known as the Warren house between Foxboro and Mansfield. He died Jan 21, 1824.

The following extract is taken from his funeral sermon preached by Pitt Clarke, minister of the Gospel in Norton. Text, 2 Cor. 5: 4.

Judge Warren became a member of the State Convention in 1788. In 1790 he had a commission from Gov. Hancock to be justice of the peace and three years after he was appointed Judge of the Court of Common Pleas.

He went forth in defence of his country as a volunteer and was in arms with two of his brothers in the battle of Lexington.

He was possessed of an extraordinary memory. Judge Warren was a friend to religion. He had rational and liberal views of Christianity. He died at the age of 76 and left ten children to mourn the loss of a beloved parent.

When the contentions and illiberal notions of many in his own town forbade his continuing harmoniously with them in their religious society, he united with the congregation in this place and here steadily attended public worship for the subsequent years of his life.

## CHAPTER THREE

### HENRY W. PAINE

IN presenting his resignation to the Board of Trustees of Waterville College, in 1849, Lemuel Paine writes, "I was elected to a seat at your Board in 1827."

From this date through three generations of the Winslow-Paine families, even up to 1907, in letters and journals old and new, appear many, many appreciative and loving words regarding the college which sent so many of them forth into the world equipped for the world's best work.

The first record we have of Lemuel's son Henry is the following bill:

*Mr. Henry W. Paine*

*Waterville College*

May 27, 1828.

*To Waterville College Dr.*

To one term's tuition . . . . .	\$5.34
To " " room rent . . . . .	2.00
To " " additional room rent on account of extra expense laid out in his room . . . . .	.34
To one term's use of library . . . . .	.34
To his proportion of expense for articles used in Chemical Lectures . . .	
To " " " " " monitor and bell-ringer, 15-14 . . . . .	.29
To " " " " " repair of damages done to the College buildings . . . . .	.25
Sweeping entries 17 . . . . .	.17
	<u>\$8.73</u>

N.B. This bill is considered now due and if not paid before the expiration of one month from the beginning of the next term interest will be charged.

The next *term* will commence on Wednesday the — of — next, at which time every student is required to be present at the College and to report himself to the Officer of his Class on penalty of 25 cents per day, or such other punishment as the Executive Government shall judge proper to inflict.

Received payment of above bill.

A. BRIGGS, Agent

*Waterville College, May 27, 1828.*

The next record we have of him is the letter written while a student at the Harvard Law School.



*Cambridge, July 12, 1832*

DEAR FATHER, — As I am at leisure and as my friend Appleton is about to return to Waterville, and kindly offers to charge himself with my letters, I cannot neglect an opportunity thus favourable for writing you, and for want of something more entertaining and important, I propose briefly to sketch the character of my schoolfellows and of others whom chance has thrown under my observation.

You would very naturally suppose that the members of the same school, from the circumstances of their being frequently brought into contact by recitations, moot courts and debates, must be on terms of intimacy with each other. But such is not the fact with us. Coming as we do from distant parts of the Union, — with different manners, different habits of thought and action, not to say sectional feelings and local prejudices, — each possesses a sort of repulsive power which will not allow others to cross the orbit of his motion: and not a little time is necessary to assimilate characters in many respects so unlike. A large majority of the school are natives of this state and alumni of this University. They look upon Massachusetts as the modern Delphi and cannot conceive of any man's being a scholar without a diploma from Harvard. Of course the sons of Maine, the former attaché of Massachusetts, can make no pretensions to literary merit or lay any claims to the high privileges of their society. But so far as my limited opportunities will permit me to form an opinion of their scholarship and general character, I must say I have been not a little disappointed. I had fancied a sort of inspiration in the very name of Harvard and that no man could walk her consecrated soil without feeling his soul elevated and his spirit kindled with devotion to science and letters. I had thought that genius had been quickened and dullness

awakened by the associations of the place — that the names of Adams and Otis would incite to emulation and stimulate to effort. But alas, the same clime gives birth to the lion and the jackal.

Some of the school, it is true, are men of great promise — men of vigorous intellects and superior attainments, men who will distinguish themselves at the bar or in the Senate or in fine wherever talents and industry can ensure prominence. But these are by no means many, *rare nantes in gurgite vasto*. The great mass of the school may with justice be characterized as fellows of moderate talents and still more moderate acquirements, as remarkable only for the whiteness of their linen, the fashionable cut of their whiskers and their sovereign contempt for everybody but themselves. Reared in the lap of luxury, with high aristocratic notions and in utter ignorance of men, they are preparing to practice in that profession which more than any other requires a thorough knowledge of the world, affable manners and practical sense. If I mistake not, they will be but illy qualified for the rough and tumble of a lawyer's life. With two or three individuals I have become somewhat intimate, — with the *mass*, I neither am nor desire to be. This you may think savours of asperity but what I have written is deliberate and I believe candid and just.

And now I take leave of my fellow students to introduce you to my instructors. Of Judge Story I have seen much and heard still more. And such is the simplicity of his manner, and the unsuspecting openness of his character, that the most superficial observer can hardly fail of at once detecting his excellencies and defects — his strong points and his weaknesses. . . . By many he is esteemed the most learned judge in the Union, while the partiality of friendship does not hesitate to proclaim him the first jurist in the world. As an instructor he is patient, communicative and indefatigable and if he some-

times bewilders the student by the profession of his learning, he seldoms fails to impart valuable information.

H. W. PAINE.

Then there is this entry in my father's Journal:

*Sept. 16, 1835.* In Hallowell, I find Mr. Wells chosen Representative and my cousin Henry W. Paine. At his promotion and success I must confess my surprise being yet young, just commencing practice in the place and being a new citizen. He will, however, I predict, take rather of a high stand, considering his age and situation, tho he will not be much of a speaker. He will, probably, make one, two or three set speeches during the winter, be very careful what he says and when he says it.

The last early record is written from Augusta, Maine.

*Senate Chamber, Feb'y, 21, 1840*

DEAR FATHER, — I am here for the purpose of appearing before the committee on claims, and as they have not yet assembled, and as Eaton offers the opportunity, I thought I would drop you a line.

I have been here almost every other afternoon for the session, before the committee on Elections on division and alteration of counties, on the Judiciary and on claims. I have appeared before — and — till I am sick and disgusted. But I must get my bread. The house decided the case of Beal and Dow in my favor. . . .

I have at this moment seen him and a happier face I never saw. I have taken more pains in this case than I ever did in any I was ever retained in. It is the only case contested, gained by the Whigs. Thus far I have never lost a case of its kind.

I am going to begin next Monday writing the life of General Harrison for Glasier — to be a book of 130 or 150 pages. I know nothing about the subject as yet, was engaged yester-

day. . . . It is not a labor of love but a work for reward and as I work dog cheap, I must work with speed. I will do anything for an honest living. Better be in the tread mill than be out of it.

Affectionately yours,

HENRY.

Wm. P. Fessenden or E. H. Allen will in all probability be our next candidate for Governor. But I don't meddle with politics, but if either is nominated I shall have to take hold again. They are fine fellows.

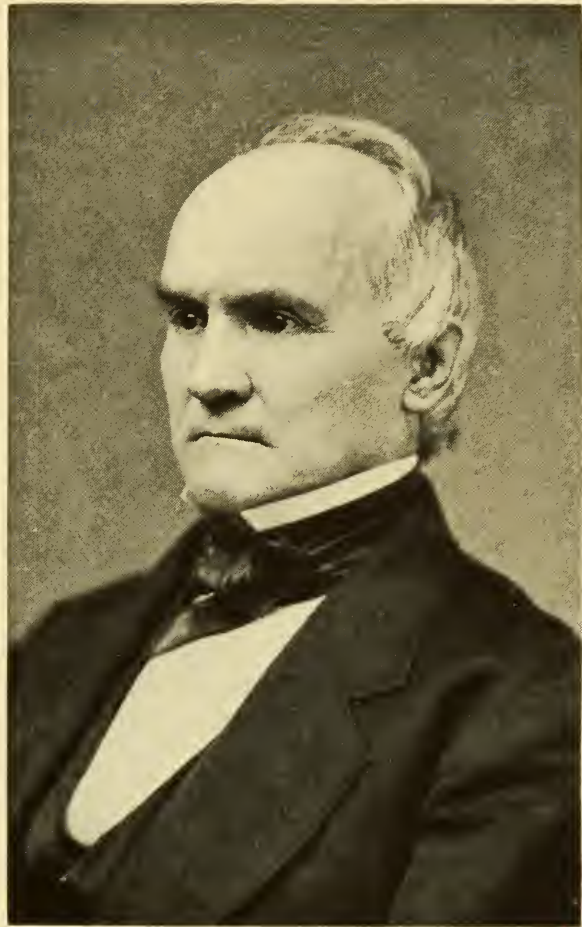
From father's Genealogy I get the following data:

Henry W. Paine, the second son of Lemuel, was born Aug. 30, 1810; graduated at Waterville College in 1830; studied law in Hallowell and for one year in the Law School at Harvard University. He practised at Hallowell until 1854 when he moved to Cambridge and opened an office in Boston. He was repeatedly offered a seat on the bench of the Supreme Judicial Court in Maine and the same office was offered to him in Boston, but he declined all such offers. In 1863, much against his wishes, he was a candidate of the democratic party for Governor of Massachusetts but was unsuccessful.

In the April number of the *New England Magazine*, 1894, there is an article written by Professor William Matthews from which I make disconnected jottings:

*A great New England Lawyer. Henry W. Paine*

. . . He enjoyed a large and lucrative practice in both State and Federal Courts and especially as Referee and Master in Chancery, in most difficult and important cases. He was ever a close student giving a great deal of time to literary and other studies, was familiar with the best old English authors, with Burke, Johnson, Goldsmith and Addison, believing that a man could not become a great lawyer who knew nothing else.



Henry W Parson

POSTAL  
POST  
1891



“The air is thin among the apices of the law as on the granite needles of the Alps. Men must find refreshment and strength in the quiet valleys at their feet.” With his brethren at the Bar, he held always the friendliest relations. He scorned all artifices and trickeries and won wealth at the Bar, “not by his practices, but by his practice.”

Few advocates have had more success with juries. The secret of this lay not only in the cogency, lucidity, and persuasiveness of his addresses but in the confidence in his fairness and truthfulness with which he inspired his hearers. In his addresses to the jury, he sought to enlighten, to clarify, not to confuse their minds. Having a quick perception and a firm grasp of the vital points of a case, he confined himself to these, addressing them with all the force of his mind and character.

He was keen of wit and quick at retort but never used the weapon in a way to wound the feelings of an adversary.

He was one of the lawyers about whom many anecdotes were told. Being one day saluted by the name of a disreputable lawyer, he told the man who made the blunder who he was. “Pardon me,” said the stranger, “I took you for Mr. D——.” “I excuse you,” was the reply, “but I hope the devil won’t make the same mistake.”

Once when making an argument in court, Judge Gray interrupted him with the remark, “Mr. Paine, you know that is not the law.” Immediately came the reply, “Please your honor, that *was* the law until your honor spoke.”

He had an extraordinary memory, so that in the court room he was able to dispense wholly with notes of testimony and memoranda of arguments to be used or refuted. It was his custom to amuse himself with mathematical problems as he rode from his home to his office. He could multiply numbers of five figures each with the greatest ease. He once won a case in a Maine court involving a question of riparian rights,

simply by demonstrating to the jury a geometrical problem. His mind was also retentive of facts of history and biography.

From his nephew George S. Paine comes this *family* "Glimpse":

In his early letters home, my uncle, Henry W. Paine, showed his fondness for the "humanities" by frequent Latin quotations, yet instead of pursuing the study of Ancient languages, he devoted a part of each day to the solution of mathematical questions, to keep his mind "fit." There is no doubt that he neglected one source of mental and physical "fitness" by ignoring all accepted forms of recreation. It was his boast that he never entered a theatre, never played a game of chance and apparently never indulged in any form of regular exercise, except as above mentioned. And the time came when his physician told him peremptorily that he must quit work and go abroad with his wife.

At Stoke Pogis, he said in the hearing of other parties, "This is where Lord Coke lived." A gentleman in hearing said, "I beg your pardon, sir, but Lord Coke never lived at Stoke Pogis." Mr. Paine repeated it with the addition, as I recall it, that Lord Coke obtained his property there by way of marriage. A short time afterwards, in the city of London, the same gentleman approached him and said, handing him his card, "You were right sir, Lord Coke did live at Stoke Pogis." Upon inquiry the donor of the card was found to be one of the leading barristers of London. In later years, on the occasion of a second visit to Stoke Pogis, Mr. Paine overheard one of the guides repeating the story of the Yankee lawyer who outwitted the English barrister.

It is an undoubted fact that our branch of the family lacked self-esteem. I recall a notable conversation between my father and his brother which will illustrate this. My uncle was a very successful real estate lawyer, with hosts of friends,



but was subject to occasional deep depression. He admitted that he had been successful, but said that his achievement had been so far short of his hopes and aspirations, that he regarded his life a failure and would not care to live it again. My father, on the other hand, said that while he had accomplished little or nothing of consequence in life, he had enjoyed it and would be glad to live it over again. These two men had a deep affection for each other and seemed in their intercourse more like father and son than brothers. My uncle was the favorite of his father, while my father seemed to have a stronger hold on his mother. The former, when he began practice of the law in Hallowell, assured his father that as long as he lived he would never leave the state of Maine, and adhered to his promise, tho' soon after his father's death he removed to Cambridge.

While in Hallowell, he was retained in important matters before the legislature. In an impeachment case, a report of certain proceedings appeared in the *Kennebec Journal*. The widely known Rufus Choate was employed and F. O. J. Smith, a somewhat eccentric character. The editor, in commenting upon it, said of the arguments, that "Paine furnished the logic, Choate the rhetoric, and Smith the slang." Upon inquiry, they found that the man who had written this was a Mr. J. G. Blaine, not long since from Pennsylvania.

My uncle married, May, 1837, Miss Lucy Coffin, a lady of rare mental endowments and endearing personality, as well as one of great beauty. His acquaintance with her began at Hallowell, when she was visiting the family with whom he boarded. At the dinner table some one made a remark derogatory to the character of Caleb Cushing, then not so well known as he was later and Miss Coffin came to his defence in so spirited and charming a manner that Uncle Henry fell in love with her on the spot. Mr. Cushing and he were warm friends and he later gave to Uncle Henry a beautiful gold watch that

had been presented to him at the time of the Geneva award. Not needing it, my uncle gave it to my father, but the family, after the death of Mr. Cushing, finding that it had passed from my uncle's hands, wished to have it returned, which was done. I had great hopes of it myself.

There was one child, a daughter, Jeannie Warren Paine. In Cambridge she was recognized as a thorough and brilliant student, especially in the languages and science. She was said by Agassiz to have the brightest mind of any young woman he had ever met. She and her mother were both interested in all philanthropic and charitable movements and were devoted members of the First Parish Church of Cambridge, the Unitarian Society of Old Cambridge. In her will, Jeannie left money to this Church "to form a permanent charity fund."

In Hallowell she and a friend acquired the rudiments of Greek by hearing a class recite and when the preceptor discovered this fact, he invited them to enter the class with the young men. This caused some disaffection, as girls had never been permitted to study Greek at the Academy.

— G. S. P.

The families of the two sons, Lemuel and Frederic, grew up together as one family and the affection between them continued throughout life. Cousin Henry was a frequent visitor at our home in Bangor, and until late at night and in the dark, he and my father would sit talking over the old home and the new interests they had in common. Cousin Henry never could understand my father's interest in Genealogy. He would say, "I cannot understand Albert's interest in this work of looking up his ancestors." He was a very handsome, courteous man, one whom we were always glad to have with us.

## CHAPTER FOUR

### *EDWARD AUGUSTUS PAINE*

The name of "Mr. Edward A. Paine," the third son, we meet with frequently in the journals and letters. He was born in Winslow, Nov. 27, 1816, and lived at the old home-  
stead engaged in the work of an agriculturist on the large farm which his father so industriously cultivated during his life. He died July 14, 1884. Nov. 27, 1848, he married Sybil Stratton of Winslow.

They had two children, George Stratton and Lucy Coffin. Lucy died March 17, 1918.

That there was a wedding party on the occasion of the marriage of Edward A. Paine, we know by the following account, taken from the Journal of the Grandmother, who was the aunt of the bridegroom.

#### *Rejoicing in the Lot*<sup>1</sup>

*Nov. 27, 1848.* Edward A. Paine married to Sybil Stratton

This is a cause of great rejoicing all about the "lot." The Bridegroom rejoices over the bride, he probably thinks she will be a *help* and *meet* her wants with wisdom.

The Bride rejoices, she is united to a man who has promised to "sustain her through life and perform towards her all the duties growing out of the Marriage relation, taking the Word of God for his rule of action," in the presence of about 80 witnesses.

The Father Paine rejoices, he has always wished for a daughter and his supposed trials are now greatly relieved by her pleasant & social society. The Mother Paine rejoices,

<sup>1</sup> From "The Sketch Book."

“old age is coming on apace and now there is one to comfort her “Isaac” after his Mother’s —

Brother Henry rejoices for said he, I am really glad that my only Brother has become determined to act like other men and has obtained a virtuous companion. His little Daughter Jane rejoices to go to the wedding for said she, “I have only a few Uncles and they dont get married often.”

Father Stratton rejoices. He has a large family and advantageous colonization is convenient.

The Mother Stratton rejoices, she has four daughters and five sons that can fill all such vacancies. The Brothers Stratton rejoice. They have always been intimate friends and now “A three-fold cord is not easily broken.” The Sisters rejoice, for said they “He is the cleverest man in Town.” So we neighbors have concluded to take hold and rejoice with them and say success to the whole Tree in its every branch and sprout. — Officiating Clergy The Rev. Albert Cole.

<sup>1</sup> From “The Sketch Book.”

## CHAPTER FIVE

### *RACHEL PAINE PRATT*

Rachel Carpenter was born Jan. 31, 1757 and died Sept. 1828. She married Lemuel Paine, gen. VI, of Foxboro. He died in 1794, and in 1797 she married Dea. Isaac Pratt of Wrentham. See page 32 (foot note).

She was the daughter of Dea. Nehemiah Carpenter, the first settler of Foxboro.

He served in the Revolutionary War, and has a long war service, Sergeant, 1st Lieut., Lieut. and Capt. Every time he is listed he has a title, and is in the list of commissioned officers.

There were two sons, brothers of Rachel, Nehemiah and Ezra "Veterans."

Among other old documents is the following letter written by the mother Rachel to the two Winslow sons, Lemuel and Frederic Paine.

*Foxborough Aug. 31st 1822*

My dear sons, after much anxiety of mind, I have at length concluded that my health will not admit of my accepting your kind and repeated invitations to visit you and I fear that so long a journey, now attended with so much uncertainty would be very injurious. I have been as it were in a strait betwixt two, for I do earnestly desire to see you all, and I know that I am unable to go, besides there are ties which bind me here.

Your friends here are all comfortable except Polly Pratt who is sick of a fever. Perhaps you have been informed of the sudden death of Shurbal Pratt. He died of a fever last month. The whole town sensibly feel their loss, but to his friends it is almost insupportable. He had been married a few months

and doubtless had as bright a prospect of living as we have, when he was unexpectedly called into the presence of God. O, my sons, shall we be found ready and waiting for the coming of the Son of Man. Let it be our first and chief object so to be, but let us understand it, we shall not be ready unless we repent and become new creatures in Christ Jesus. That this may be the case with each one of her dear children, is the fervent prayer of your Mother. There is nothing new in Foxborough, nor strange. The Baptist meeting-house is about finished and ours is so far completed, that we have with some inconvenience met in it twice. We have a young minister preaching with us now, an excellent man, we hope that we shall settle him, his name is Thatcher. Amanda is well as usual, she is very much engaged in studying. She recites twice a day to Mr. Thatcher, finds him an excellent instructor. He is a grandson of Rev. Mr. Thatcher of Attleborough, a distant relation of ours. Amanda will not write until you have answered her letters. Please give my love to your wives and children and accept the kind love of your affectionate Mother Rachel Pratt.

P. S. Do write as soon as you receive this. Your uncle Ezra Carpenter sends his love and would inform you that he has everything in abundance. All nature seems to groan under a heavy load of fruit of all kinds. He will not on any account consent to my going away. W<sup>d</sup> Susan C. Pratt is in great trouble and very earnestly desires Frederic's wife to write to her, she is deeply afflicted.

Rachel

[*Frederic's wife* is the Grandmother.]

## PART III. FREDERIC AND ABIEL WARE PAINE, THE GRANDMOTHER

- Chapter One. Frederic and Abiel Ware Paine.  
 “ Two. The Journals of the Grandmother.  
 “ Three. Stray Leaves.  
 “ Four. The Sketch Book.  
 “ Five. Daily Thoughts.  
 “ Six. The Recorder.  
 “ Seven. Old Letters.

### *Illustrations*

Frederic Paine, Gen. VII, at sixty-five, from daguerreotype.  
 Abiel Ware Paine, the Grandmother, at sixty three, from daguerreotype.  
 The old Church in Winslow.  
 Rev. Thomas Adams.  
 Timothy's Chamber, at Cloverside.

### PAINE

- |      |   |   |           |
|------|---|---|-----------|
| Gen. | I | William Paine, England — Watertown — Ipswich . . . . .          | 1589-1660 |
|      | “ | II John Paine, England — Watertown — Ipswich — Boston . . . . . | 1632-1675 |
|      | “ | III William Paine, Boston? — Malden..                           | 1664-1741 |
|      | “ | IV William Paine, Malden . . . . .                              | 1692-1784 |
|      | “ | V William Paine, Malden — Foxboro, m. Mary Bull . . . . .       | 1720-1810 |
| #    | “ | VI Lemuel Paine, Foxboro, m. Rachel Carpenter . . . . .         | 1748-1794 |
| *    | “ | VII Frederic Paine, Foxboro — Winslow, m. Abiel Ware . . . . .  | 1785-1857 |

- \*\* Gen. VIII Charles Frederic — Albert Ware — Benjamin Crowninshield — Timothy Otis.  
Daughters. Caroline Matilda — Harriet Newell — Charlotte Elizabeth — Sarah Jane.

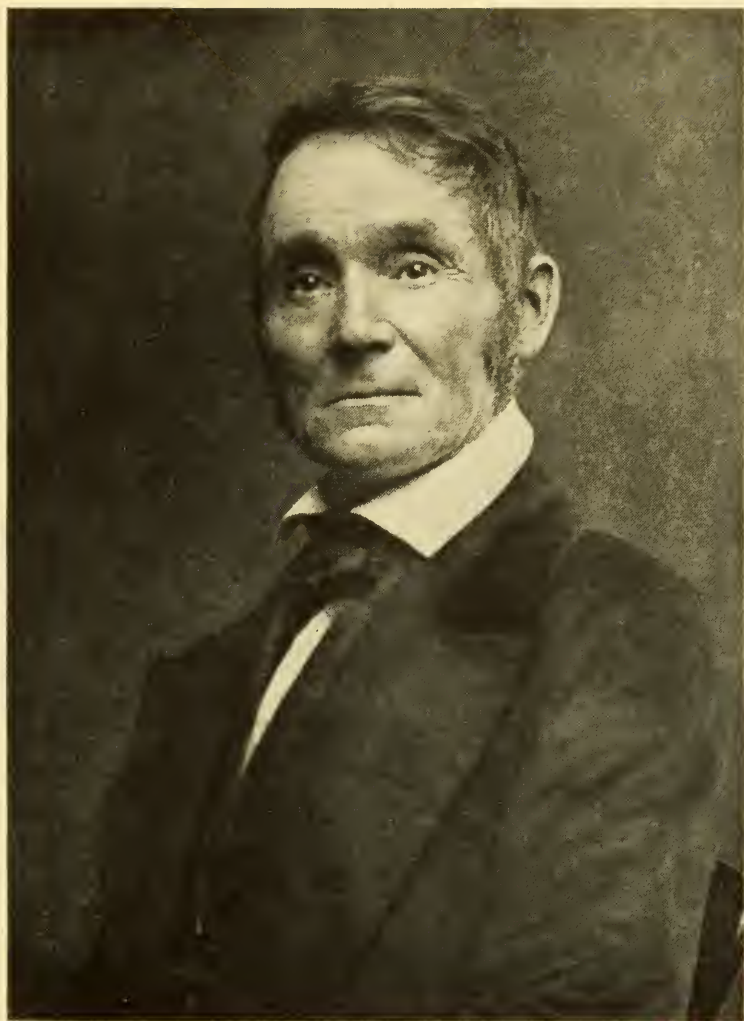
## WARE

- # Gen. I Robert Ware the Aged, Dedham, "The Immigrant"<sup>1</sup> . . . . . (?) —1699  
 " II Robert Ware, Dedham — Wrentham 1653—1724  
 " III Robert Ware, Wrentham . . . . . 1680—1731—2  
 " IV Timothy Ware, Wrentham, m. Mary Healy . . . . . 1715—1794  
 " V Timothy Ware, Wrentham, m. Abiel Ray . . . . . 1746—1798  
 \* " VI Daughter, Abiel Ware, m. Frederic Paine . . . . . 1787—1852  
 \*\* " VII Charles — Albert — Benjamin — Timothy, etc.

- 
- # Gen. VI Lemuel Paine, Foxboro, m. Rachel Carpenter . . . . . 1748—1794  
 " VII Lemuel Paine, Foxboro — Winslow, m. Jane Warren . . . . . 1777—1852  
 " VIII Ebenezer Warren — Henry William — Frederic Augustus.

<sup>1</sup> He emigrated before 1642. "He was the progenitor of a long line of moral teachers."





*F. Pomeroy*





## CHAPTER ONE

### *FREDERIC AND ABIEL WARE PAINE*

These two sketches of his parents were written by my father, the "second son," in 1876, at the request of my mother, who was very much interested in preserving all family records.

#### MEMORIAL OF FREDERIC PAINE

THE following sketches of my parent's lives and character I have prepared at the request of my wife, the dates and statistics being mainly gathered from the scrap book or Journal kept by my mother and left to me upon her death.

My father whose name was Frederic Paine was the son of Lemuel Paine of Foxboro, Mass., and was born on the twenty-first day of November, A.D. 1785. His parents had six children, four sons and two daughters. Asa died at the age of 12 years. All the others lived to be married, my father being the next to the youngest of the flock. His mother was Rachel Carpenter of Foxboro.

My father was born in a house which in my boyhood I once visited, it being a small cottage at a considerable distance from the public highway, on a stony farm and among a sparse population. He was early put as an apprentice to the trade of cooper in his native town. While thus engaged he made the acquaintance of his wife, my dear mother, then an orphan girl of Wrentham, an adjoining town. (Orphan according to the *law* but her mother was living.) Her name was Abiel Ware.

Soon afterwards on becoming of age my father joined his brother Lemuel in a trip to Maine to seek his fortune in a new home. Lemuel was some 10 years the elder, had been sent

to College and had also studied for the profession of the Law and it was probably his design in coming to Maine to practise in his profession, while my father should work at his trade and both at the same time carry on their farm. This they did. They selected a mutual home in Winslow then a border town on the Kennebec at its confluence with the Sebasticook River. The town was one which had grown up under the protection of the Fort Halifax located there at the head of navigation.

Here they selected a home and both joined in building or purchasing a house for their mutual occupation. Uncle Lemuel soon returned to consummate his marriage with his chosen bride, the daughter of Judge Warren of Foxboro and at once settled down for life in the new home thus chosen. This was in 1807. My father made a part of his family for about two years when he went back and married on September 21, 1809, he being then 24 years of age and my mother 22. The two families lived together until each had two sons when they had prospered sufficiently to allow of each having a home of his own. My father then built a new house and moved into it in 1814 in which he and my mother afterwards continued to live throughout life and in which both died, being the house surmounting the depot at Winslow Village. I can well remember the time, being then only two years of age, my own birth being on August 16, 1812.

Soon after the removal, my father volunteered and went to the war, and I can well remember the night of his leaving, altho only two years old. His military life, however was a short and bloodless one, as the enemy did not make his appearance and the volunteers soon returned home and peace came with them.

My parents then settled down for life in their new house and home, where they continued to live to a good old age and until death released each of them from the cares of earth.

My father through his whole life continued the joint occupation of a mechanic at his favourite trade and an agriculturist on his small but well cultivated farm. Between the two he was ever busy. The wet and rainy days of summer and the cold days of winter which prevented labor on the ground ever found him busy and consequently he never spent a useless hour. His farm and shop absorbed every available hour of the day, and the long evenings of autumn and winter. And if at any time a few moments were found while waiting for his meals or other employment a paper or an account book was readily accessible to drive away all idea of idleness. He was never for a moment a loafer in mother's way or out of employment for himself, but constantly finding some useful work to engage his attention and his hands. By this constant industry he ever maintained a comfortable and happy home for us all and enjoyed a good living. As child after child came to bless this home to the number of eight in all, there was found room enough for them to stay in a capacious house as well as heart of the parents and seats in abundance at a well supplied table. No demands ever were protested, nor bills allowed to be unpaid. Indeed want never that I am aware of made its appearance at our home or board, but prosperity was our lot.

In looking back from my present standpoint upon my parents thus situated I am wholly at loss to see how all this was done except as the result of a firm faith, and a kind Providence.

Shortly after or during the war, my father was appointed Post Master of the town and held the place through all the successive administrations of Madison, Monroe, Adams, Jackson, and Van Buren until the cheap postage law was enacted when he resigned his place, against the protestations of all the town-people. During all the long term of service he was the devoted servant of the public ever waiting upon

them with the faithfulness of a well tried servant. The facilities which the place gave to his family for reading the papers of the day were eagerly taken advantage of and probably did much to engender that love for reading that all the children have ever shown in life.

My father was a very honest and upright man and was extensively trusted as such. In town affairs he held for time out of mind the post of treasurer, so that his election of treasurer year after year was merely a matter of form, and his word was ever like his bond.

After the death of my mother January 12, 1852, father lived a solitary life and was at times I doubt not lonely. His married life had been a long and happy one and he had been blessed in all his ways. His children he had greatly enjoyed and was happy with them. They had however most of them gone from him and acquired homes of their own and when his wife had gone he was necessarily more or less unhappy, awaiting his time. His life was a finished one and he was ready at a moment's call to go. Like the passenger whose business was closed and he waiting for the train, is ready to step on board, so the good old man having sent forward his goods, stood ready for the signal. The signal was sounded, the train approached — he stepped on board and was soon lost to sight, leaving behind the pleasant memory of his life filled with good deeds. He died in his own bed calmly and quietly after a few days' sickness, on March 13, 1857, at the age of 71 years and 4 months.

His body lies buried in our family burial ground on the old homestead farm, by the side of my dear mother and his two children that had passed before him into the spiritual world.

ALBERT WARE PAINE

*Bangor, March 26, 1876.*

Of Grandfather, Grandmother writes in terms of great affection, and of respect and with gratitude for all that he had been to her. An Uncle writes:

“Your Grandmother Paine was certainly a remarkable woman, her influence was great. Your Grandfather, too was a good man and their influence still exists. . . .”

Among the things which we heard was this story from a neighbor who was a dealer in cattle. Among his experiences was the buying of cattle from farmers for shipment to Massachusetts, and one night darkness overtook him and he became lost. He called at a house to inquire the way to the farm he wished to reach. This house was that of your Grandfather Paine, the Winslow home, I suppose. “Why,” he said, “I can’t tell you so that you can go in the dark, but I’ll go with you.” And this he did, a long distance, miles I think.”

G. C., Jefferson, Wisc.

#### MEMORIAL OF ABIEL WARE PAINE

*Bangor, February 27, 1876*

The following Memorial of my dear Mother is penned for the satisfaction of such as may hereafter come after us and be interested in the history of our race.

My Mother’s maiden name was Abiel Ware; she was the daughter of Timothy and Abiel Ware, born at Wrentham, Mass., Dec. 6, 1787. Her father was born Nov. 17, 1746 and died May 30, 1798 at the age of 51 years and 6 months, my mother being then in her 11th year of age. Her mother’s maiden name was Abiel Ray and she was born Oct. 10, 1748 and died June 12, 1825 at the age of about 77 years. I well remember her as an object of constant correspondence on my mother’s part and once at least by her long visit at our house. My mother’s parents had ten children, six daughters and four sons, she being the eighth in the list and the youngest daughter. She lived to record the death of all the others except her sister

Eunice Hixson. Her own death took place at Winslow in her dear old home on the 12th day of January 1852, at the age of 64 years and 1 month.

Of her brothers and sisters two died in infancy and all the others lived to be married. Her youngest brother Avery Sprague Ware graduated at Middlesex College and became a minister and moved to the West, where he died at the age of 46 years.

Upon the death of her father, my mother was placed under the care of a guardian in Franklin, R. I., where she spent the most of her life until her marriage. At the age of 21 years and nine months she married my father on September 21, 1809, and immediately went to Winslow to reside, then a frontier town on the Kennebec River. He had already prepared for themselves a home at that place in the same house with his brother Lemuel. In that home they continued for some three or four years when they removed into a new house erected for themselves where they ever afterward resided until their respective deaths, it being the same house that now overlooks the depot in that village.

In that house, my parents brought up their family of eight children all of whom arrived at mature years and were married except only our dear sister Harriet who died at the age of 16 years.

In the year of 1818 my parents with another couple united in forming a church at Winslow of the Congregational order and were then baptized having at the time made a public "profession of religion" as the phrase is. These four continued for long years unseparated members of that church, its leading members, active in all its duties. I can well recollect how at the close of service on the day of their admission my parents took their three little children up to "the altar" to receive the ordinance which to their minds was evidence of our being devoted to the service of the Lord. My mother may





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*and more  
M. S. S.*



with truth be said to have been a true Christian not only by profession but also by life and practice. It was ever her especial pleasure to be active in every work which the church organization or religious principle called her to do. Attendance on church services, promptly and on all occasions, was regarded not only a duty but the highest pleasure. On all Convention occasions it was her resolve and her practice to attend, a volunteer, if not a chosen delegate. For years her parlor was thrown open for conference meetings, on every Sabbath evening, and my mother's enjoyment of every such occasion was without stint or limit. No dusty feet on her carpet or disarrangement of her furnishing in the room ever presented any objection to the complete carrying out of this custom. Her promptness at meeting was proverbial and her passing along the street churchwards was the watchword for all meeting goers to start "as Mrs. Paine is going by." Those who did not care to sit a few minutes before the exercises commenced, felt that they might delay a little longer at their book or toilet.

Living not far from the church as she did, she kept what might very properly be denominated the "Church Hotel" or rather "Free Lunch Hotel," her home being the common resort of "Christians" of the Congregational order and especially clergymen who happened along that way at any time of the day or season of the year. To all such the latch string of her door was always on the outside. Out dwellers of the congregation found in her rooms and at her table a convenient place for their noonings with something to "stay their stomachs" for the afternoon services. All were welcome.

She was, however, no sectarian in her religious views and practice but was of extremely liberal sentiments towards all other Evangelistic orders. This occasionally brought her into trouble with her more bigoted brotherhood by her espousal of other's causes outside the regular membership and com-

munion. The most conspicuous instances of this were found in her defence of different members of her own household under the ravages of Swedenborgianism. When she found so many of these among her own children she began to feel that tho she would prefer to have them all good orthodox it was not very bad to be a good New Churchman.

My mother was not an educated woman but for one with so many domestic cares on hand, she read much and was, too, very proficient with her pen. Every day found her more or less devoted to both these exercises. Her Diary is a very interesting work for her children and from it I have gleaned all the duties here gathered. "Solitude Sweetened" was her especial *vade mecum* and almost every day found her perusing at least one chapter of to her, its *sacred* contents.

Her household however was never allowed to be neglected in the least degree. Her children were ever cared for constantly and to have them rise in the world was her great ambition. She was a good mother and one whom her children ever delighted and will delight to honor. Their little bodies and minds were the constant objects of her care and that care and interest followed them through life even calling down blessings on their heads. Through her determination and resolution, two of her boys received a collegiate education, both of whom will give credit to her alone for the boon as both were sent against their own wills and have both since learned to bless her for her persistency.

Of her children, her dearly beloved Harriet was removed by death at the early but interesting age of 16, a charming and lovely girl to whom we were all unusually attached. She was a bright and intelligent child with a peculiarly winning character and we were all deeply in love with her. Her mother felt during her somewhat prolonged and severe sickness that she could not give her up. The closing scenes of her life, however, were so beautiful that all tears were dried up and

mother, as indeed all of us, felt perfectly reconciled to her removal.

But very different was the sad event of her eldest son's death by the terrible catastrophe of the Steamer *Halifax* explosion. His death she could never be reconciled to, but it was a sadness to her during all her life afterwards. This terrible accident occurred on the 23rd day of May, 1848. In September following, my own severe sickness from which for weeks death was anticipated, again plunged her into deep grief, and during three weeks she was a constant watcher for the fearful news. She lived, however, to see with joy her son alive and well.

Her own death occurred as already remarked on the 12th day of January at the age of 64 years and one month and 6 days. Her body is interred in the family burial ground on the old homestead by the side of her husband and her dear Charles and Harriet.

After her death her son Timothy took a plaster cast of her face from which he constructed a very truthful bust from which photographic impressions are taken, strikingly presenting the features of her countenance and head in a most exact manner.

This sketch is prepared at the solicitation of my dear wife.

ALBERT W. PAINE

## CHAPTER TWO

### *THE JOURNALS OF THE GRANDMOTHER*

It is my wish that these books of the Grandmother shall tell their own tales, but in some places a word may be needed for the sake of clearness. Generally, the chronology of the books will be followed, but in a few instances I have brought together scattered references to events and people, in order that the connection of thought might be more readily seen, as for instance, the two or three little stories of "Annah" and the references to "Timothy's" studies and religious thoughts.

First comes "Stray Leaves," begun in April 1824 and continued at intervals to February 26, 1843. These loose pages are tied into the back of "Daily Thoughts." On the first page is a Family Tree washed in with browns and greens.

Then follows "The Sketch Book" sent by my father and mother, which she began February 26, 1845 and continued to September, 1848.

In November of that year, 1848, father sent another blank book which she called "The Recorder of 1849."

"Lord teach my heart to think  
And guide my heart to write."

The first date was January, 1849, the last 1851.

Before beginning The Recorder, she had started another journal which she called

"A. W. Paine's Book  
for  
Daily Thoughts and Occurrences.  
1848"

The closing date of this is November, 1851, this and *The Recorder* running along together, but being quite different in character. These contain copies of poems and other miscellaneous articles of which she was fond, also copies of pages of "Stray Leaves."

In regard to the religious views found in these books, a cousin writes to me, the following words:

"Some of Grandmother's doctrines sound stern, but as they were interpreted by her loving heart and put into her active life they breathed only Divine love. It was the great wish of her heart that her children should love God and love each other. . . .

"The thought that I keep uppermost when thinking of Grandmother is that she was typical of her time and therefore a book about her cannot fail to be of value. I do not mean that every one has had such a Grandmother, but that every one of our old New England Communities had two or three such and they always had a formative influence on society. Fortunately our Grandmother had the talent and inclination to put her thoughts into writing. To your father belongs the credit of encouraging her in this." — E. P. B.

---

As her religion was the keynote of my Grandmother's character and life, I have taken from its place in the *Journal*, the account she gives of the beginnings of her religious experiences and place it here at the beginning of her writings.<sup>1</sup>

*The Religious exercises of A. W. Paine*

1817.

Come and hear all ye who fear God

I will declair what he has done for my soul.

My attention was first awakened to a source of divine things by means of an exhortation given by a pious Sister soon after

<sup>1</sup> Transcribed in "Sketch Book" in 1846.

her conversion to God in the year 1802. Some of the questions she put to me were the following, "Do you know that you have a soul that will exist after death? That there is a heaven and hell and unless you repent of your sins and the Lord forgive you you will be sent to hell and be miserable forever?" These and other like questions sunk deep into my mind, it was a subject on which I had ne'er meditated being young and very thoughtless, besides religion in that society had for a number of years been little spoken of.

From this time I thought *much*. On a future state, my situation appeared deplorable, I was sensible that all of my life-time I had been sinning against a holy God who was the seat of all perfection, and that in myself there was no good thing. I could not view it just, that God should save such a wretch as I was, I was frequently deprived of sleep, fearing to close my eyes lest I should open them in hell; not that I suspected by keeping awake it would prevent my going there, but if I were sent, would go begging for mercy. I continued under those gloomy apprehensions about six weeks, when on being at meeting one Sabbath, I was uncommonly distressed about my situation and prospects for Eternity, it appeared to me that my sins were so weighty that I was about to sink into the earth. As I sat meditating with my eyes fixed upon the floor I heard a voice (or seemed to hear) pronounce these words, "Rejoice and be exceeding glad for great is your reward in heaven." I immediately raised my head (and as I was afterward informed) with an entire change of countenance, towards the place from whence the voice *seemed* to proceed. No one was speaking, it was just at the time of administering the Sacrament, all was a profound silence. It instantly occurred to my mind that it was to me, that the promise was mine, my distress of mind was entirely gone and I had none of those former fears. On casting my eyes on the Church, but few can imagine the beauty I there beheld, I had a desire to



leave my pew and request a seat around the board, with those who love and fear the Lord.

As I returned home those words came again to mind with a doubt whether they were in the Bible, I did not know that they were for at that time I had not read the Bible but little and that little with great inattention. I made inquiry of my pious Mother. She told me they were in Matthew 5-12.

I remained only a few days in this happy frame of mind before I was impressed with these ideas, that what I had experienced was all a delusion — an idle fancy, — that Satan had power to give light, that the devils believe and tremble and that my prayers were an abomination to the Lord. But notwithstanding these impressions I at times enjoyed great happiness.

After a few months, the reformation which had been great in that Society, in a measure subsided and with grief I acknowledge that I soon began to wander into forbidden paths and by degrees was left to join in the follies and vanity of this world.

I shall now pass over fourteen years of my life which is lost, nay worse than lost as regards spiritual concerns for through that period I was sinning against a holy God and oftentimes on the point of denying Him in whom I trusted for salvation. But blessing and glory and honour be to Him for extending mercy and long suffering that I was not cut off as a cumberer of the ground and that he has again called me by his spirit and given me to hope in his abounding Mercy.

One year ago last February I was by an alarming Providence brought to realize the vanity of all things here below and the Lord enabled me to fix in my determination to make my calling and election sure. To obtain this, I endeavoured to forsake all company and commence a daily prayer to that God whom I had offended by my wicked neglect that he would lead me in the way everlasting, and put me into a right path, — and also for one whose conversion and eternal happiness was as near and dear to me as my own soul. These prayers I trust he has answered and the endeavours blessed.

I would not limit happiness by saying that I have received a thousand fold for all the sacrifices made, because there is nothing to be compared with the smiles of God's countenance.

Sometime in the beginning of last winter (1816) these words came with weight into mind "who knoweth if he will return and repent, and leave a blessing behind him," it appeared to me that he God would return, but little did I think it would be accompanied with so great a blessing as it proved when the Saviour entered and my Husband was converted in the month of Feb. last. None but the Lord who made my heart knoweth of its rejoicing.

After a few days spent in praising our Redeemer, it came to my mind that perhaps we were not right and that we were deceived. With anxiety on the subject I took my Bible with saying to myself, it is full of precious promise, and it *seemed* to fall open at these words which were the first my eyes lit upon. "A Glorious high throne from the beginning is the place of our Sanctuary." I exclaimed it is enough and shut my Bible. Soon after I began to think much of making a public profession of religion, but it was a subject which appeared of so great importance that I feared that I was not prepared, I again had recourse to my good Bible and it opened to "I beseech thee — suffer me to speak unto the people." I thought that I might be suffered to speak and yet be unfit. Again I went to my blessed Bible and it opened to these verses, "Let us go forth therefore unto him without the camp, bearing his reproach for there have we no continueing City but we seek one to come. By him therefore let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually that is the fruit of our lips giving thanks to his name."

This my friends, by the assistance and grace of God I am determined, that for the future I will live for Him who died for me, and for the purpose I offer myself to this Church with the hope for your watchful care over and prayers for me, that I may walk worthy the profession I now desire to make.

## CHAPTER THREE

*STRAY LEAVES. 1824*

### PREFACE

IN contemplating on the making of this book I have been led to many serious reflections; Altho it is composed of but a few pages, yet I may not live to fill half of them, the all-important scenes of Eternity may very soon open to my view & I realize the worth of that religion which I profess or else receive the reward of the hypocrite, where hope can never come. How necessary is self examination that I be not deceived with respect to my soul's salvation. Should my life be spared, & if my endeavors are blessed, this little book shall be an help for proofs to ascertain which side I am on.

I will endeavor to pen down some truths with regard to God's dealings with me. The subject shall be those which dwell with peculiar weight on my mind, and which I do not often make known to any one. I do hope that the Lord will direct me in all my ways, to glorify Him, and eventually receive me where the wicked will cease from troubling. Yes, I do find that my greatest enemies are they of my own house-hold and that a thorough change in this mortal body is necessary before I enter on a perfect state. But I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness, O thou great Redeemer.

*Total Depravity**April 1824*

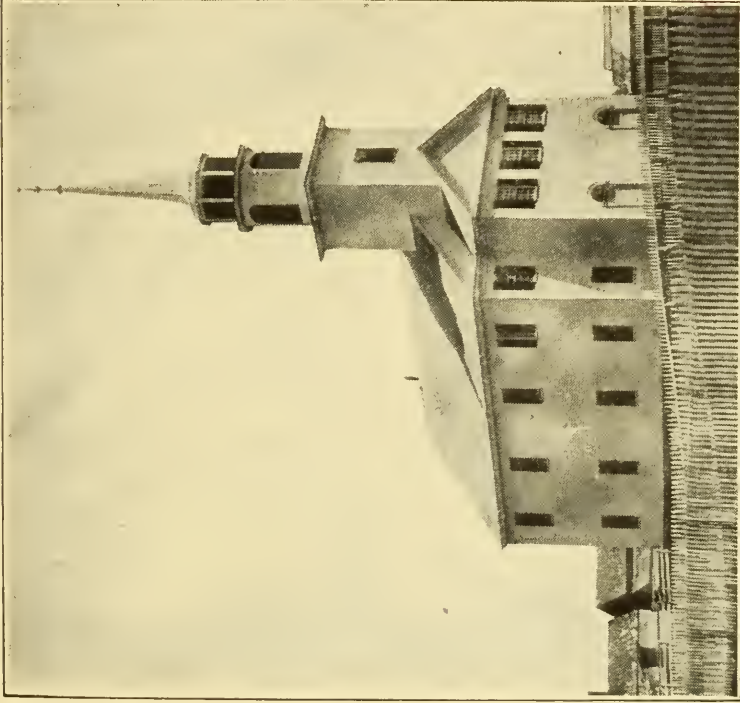
I firmly believe in total depravity, I firmly believe that all go astray as soon as they be born; the first breath of an Infant is generally attended with a complaint, their first motions are restless and uneasy, so soon as they begin to act, they begin to sin, and so soon as they begin to speak, they utter vanity; when their minds expand they show a dislike to that which is good by choosing the wrong way. Children are apt to be out of their element if confined to christian worship and do not realize the worth of *time*, the importance of Eternal things. I have become confirmed in this belief since having children of my own. How much I see of this every day but especially on the Sabbath, what a strong inclination to break the fourth commandment, how averse to restraint. O how it grieves me to behold their depravity, I do intend to lead them in the arms of faith to His throne of grace every day, it may be the Lord will have mercy upon them and change their hearts and save their souls from eternal death. They are young but not too young to die and be miserable if called away in their sins. It is a subject of continual grief to me, and whilst in a state of nature I can never be brought to say I am willing they should be cast off, no it will never be my duty to be so resigned, for it is not the will of God that they should be lost. Then O Lord I intreat of Thee to save their souls alive, and begin the work soon and all the praise shall be given to thy great Name.<sup>1</sup>

The Sabbath from the child's point of view. Extract from the Autobiography written by Albert, the second son.

*“March 21, 1886.*

“Like a good boy I was always a good meeting attendant and was seldom found absent from my seat in church or prayer meetings of which my parents had many at their house, all

<sup>1</sup> See “Calling to Remembrance,” p. 111.



WINSLOW CHURCH  
BUILT 1796



REV. THOMAS ADAMS  
VASSALBORO AND WINSLOW  
1792 - 1881

WINSLOW  
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through the years of my young life. I didn't know better than to believe what the minister preached but I can well remember how my mind revolted at the doctrines which were usually held forth from the pulpit and social meetings.

Hence I was generally among the first to get out of church into the open air and little of Orthodox doctrine accompanied me beyond the door steps."

*On much speaking*

*"In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin."*

This is the reason why I seclude myself so much from social society. I would enjoy a degree of satisfaction for the time those present and join in vain conversation and trifling amusement with apparent approbation, but all the while something within would keep speaking, these are husks, or wood, hay or stubble, I rather be at home and alone with my Bible or with my work and pondering over the promises, then no loss of time, but now where is the substance, I have let it go and sought the shadow.

In the company of worldlings, there is no place for me, because my abilities are not such as to afford them instruction; and their conversation not such as to afford me profit. Now since I am convinced of these truths why not stay at home? Why not strive to be useful to my family and improve my own mind? I want not the applause of any one, but the approbation of a good conscience toward God, a stronger faith and firmer hope, I desire to seek after. I want to devote more time to prayer and meditation, to reading and obeying the Word, and thus be preparing for the glorious change I hope for, which I know not how soon may come; Lord grant me this favour, a hope in death.

*Thought of a Revival*

*July 4, 1824*

The Lord has come very nigh unto this place in a revival of religion in Vassalboro. How it does rejoice my heart to

hear the good news, it seems to be a satisfactory evidence in my own breast that I am on the Lord's side. If I was an enemy to God I should not wish his cause to prosper, I should not feel this inward delight in reviewing his dealings to the guilty children of men, when in such a conspicuous manner he is taking them from the horrible pit of sin & depravity.

How plain I see that this is the work of the Lord, no human invention could accomplish it. Paul has planted, Apollos has watered but it is God only that can give the increase. A goodly number are already gathered into the Heavenly fold, and the work is extending and enlarging its progress; perhaps it will reach Winslow and come even to us, if so what a change it will accomplish in the situation of all things around. To see the Sabbath hallowed, the sanctuary filled with devout and true worshipers, listning ever and receiving hearts, family altars erecting, converts multiplying, sinners making the all important inquiries, closet doors open'd to receive the Saviour, and shut too to pray to their Father who is in secret. Children crying Hosanna to the son of David. This will be an interesting time when all must be awake and at their post. Lord hasten it in thy time.

*Thanksgiving*

*August, 1824*

My heart overflows with thanksgiving, as much as my eyes with tears, to reflect upon the sight I have just witnessed. Our rooms were almost filled with attentive listeners to prayer this Lord's day noon time. Two or three weeks ago it would have been impossible to collect so many together on such an occasion, but now they seemed to come with willing hearts. We doubt that some came for *one cause* and some for another, but they came and I trust the Lord will overrule it for good. Yes, it is evident that God is about to visit this people with an outpouring from on high. He has already begun a good work.



There are ten or twelve inquirers and a number more whose countenances bespeak concern.

O, it is my heart's desire and prayer to God that Israel might be saved in the midst of these days, and at this very time. Christians arise and harness yourselves anew for the race. O, Lord enable us all to come out from the work and take a decided stand. May we let out light shine and by our prayers and intercessions call down blessings upon this people.

A reformation in Winslow! what a strange thing, no wonder if some are lead to inquire what these things mean. Well, I hope that all will be pricked in their hearts and cry mightily, what shall we do. O that they may be directed to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world.

*April 1825.* Another seed time is approaching, the Husbandmen are preparing to cast seed into the earth, in hope of a good harvest. What an important lesson for the Christian. How ought I to be laying plans for Futurity. The past year has been a memorable one to me, in many respects. I have been very powerfully taught that one generation passes away and another takes their place. In October we were blessed with a beautiful Son in addition to my other three. In November we received the unexpected news of Amanda's death, she was taken in the bloom of life and in the midst of usefulness. In January, the expected information of my mother's death arrived. She had lived beyond the common age, for she was seventy six years and three months old, her last years were blessed with the enjoyments of God's people. These things with the attending circumstances render the last year very interesting to me. Besides, my temporal blessings have been uncommonly great, all the wheels seem to move to our advantage. What shall I say to these things, O Lord repair my heart aright, for every dispensation of the Providence.

[The next entry is April 1829.]

I have just been looking over past time. Four years have

been rolling over their favours since the last date, blessings too many to be enumerated. The Lord is good and His tender mercies are over all his work. I dont know how I should bear affliction, because I was never tried, but I hope I should acquiesce.

*The first Sabbath in October 1836.* In looking back I find that three years have passed away since I wrote a page in this book, which has been devoted to religious exercises. On page 13 I find this sentence, I dont know how I should bear affliction because I was never tried. But now I can say *I have been tried* and how have I borne it. Three successive trials have been laid upon me, and altho not minuted down at the time, yet they are all present in my mind. On these subjects my memory is good.

I well remember the sleepless nights, the gloomy mornings and heavy evenings I have passed through. In each three, every day witnessed a new blow which seemed to open a new vein to bleed afresh. But out of them all the Lord has delivered me, and I am this day happy and in the enjoyment of many distinguished blessings.

I have been permitted to come to the table of the Lord with many pleasing anticipations. Our dear Pastor brought to view the children of the flock, my mind irresistably turned upon all eight of my own and all out of the *Ark* of safety. My heart sunk within me, and I could scarce refrain from uniteing with David and say Oh Absalom, my Son, my Son Absalom, but I will look again toward the Holy hill of Zion where God is.

*March, 1837.* Today I have been permitted to assemble around the table of our divine Redeemer, to commemorate his dying love. While sitting in silence I thought of my children for their eternal welfare lies nearest my heart. It affords me unspeakable consolation to reflect that two of them have experienced a hope of pardoning mercy. This is surely the

greatest blessing ever bestowed upon me, but yet I am not contented, I'm not satisfied for there are my sons all out of the ark of safety, all thoughtless, careless sinners, enemies to God opposed to his will and negligent of the great salvation. But I will not despair, but endeavor to bring them to thee for pardon and acceptance. Dear Jesus wilt thou receive them and wash them in the fountain open for Judah and Jerusalem.

*A Resolution*

*May 18, 1837.*

I frequently form resolutions and as frequently break them, but I will endeavor to abide by this one. Last Sabbath our school was reorganized and I have taken 7 under my care, it is a responsible charge, if God does not assist, my labors will be in vain.

Now I am resolved to pray for them *in rotation*, one Sabbath I will converse with one and during the week will pray for that *one*, and I hope (not to the neglect of the rest) to keep that *one* in mind *during the week*. The next week I will take another and so on. It may be that Jesus will hear my petition, that the Holy spirit will be sent down upon us this year in more copious effusions than was ever known in Winslow. I wish all *we* teachers would rise and call upon the Lord and take firm hold upon the promises.

Of Grandmother's "visions," a granddaughter writes:

"As to the "visions" I would surely put in at least one, for the comfort and pleasure which it might give to such of her descendants as may inherit her habit of mind. Many of us have these visions and perhaps no one of us has taken them too seriously. I mean that we have allowed them to influence our minds for good but have never let them injure our mental balance. We have of necessity been too closely tied to material things to become "visionaries" and are too inherently honest to claim more for them than is their due. They have helped

me over many hard places and I am deeply grateful that this little bit of grandmother was bequeathed to me."

Of her own visions, Grandmother writes, January 1, 1838

It is in the silent watches of the night that I visit heaven, and converse with former friends, and when I rise in the morning I feel as tho I had seen them and sometimes I can carry forward the conversation amidst domestic affairs.

*Visionary Thoughts*

*December 27, 1837*

Twas in the silent hour of night,  
And *balmy* sleep forsook my eyes,  
Methought I left this world of sin  
And faith conveyed me to the skies.

An open door was before me, or a broad gateway toward which I directed my steps, as I advanced a beautiful form appeared at a distance, it drew near, and in a moment I recognized my dear Harriet and with a voice "not earthly" she advanced "Mother have you come?"

She did not appear as formerly when she returned from school, tired and fatigued and seat herself in her *little low chair*, or throw her weary body upon my bed a few moments. Neither was she kneeling in prayer and asking pardon for her sins and that God would bless her brothers with a new heart. No, not that, but she was arrayed in a pure white flowing robe, and on her head was a small neat crown beset with diamonds too dazzling to fix my eye upon. Something was in her *right* hand which as she extended her *left* to me, she struck upon a kind of raised platform and with these accompanying words "another ransomed sinner has arrived" and as quick as thought the echo flew, it vibrated, and was lost in the broad expanse. Again she struck a different cord and loud Hallelujahs, glory & honour, praise & power. was given to God and the Lamb, Thousands of voices joined and it was like the Sound of many

Waters, As we walked on a little distance two blessed ones were coming to meet us, it was my Father & Mother, again the sound of praise was struck and again heavenly echos repeated, — at whatever direction I turned my eyes, countless multitude of happy beings, all arrayed in glory met my *astonished vision*.

I asked my Mother if my Sister were here, at which she raised her hand which contained a shining thing and struck it upon an Altar on which stood an instrument of music, the well known *sound* soon brought my Sister.

We walked about the golden streets  
And viewed the glories of the place.

At a distance was a group of little children. *There* said my Mother in that company are your two infant brothers of whom you have heard me speak while on earth and for the loss of them you have seen me drop a tear. She spoke to them and as they raised their eyes in reply, the whole infant choir burst into one song of praise to their Redeemer. I thought of my brother Timothy who lived a sinner but died trusting in Jesus and *ventured* to ask for him. The answer was returned “yes, he is here, he trusted in Jesus and He did not forsake him.” As I turned to look towards the place from whence came shouts of glory, my dear Brother caught my eye. He extended his hand with joyful exclamation and gratitude for the happy meeting. I had not seen him on earth after he had entertained a hope in Christ. I told him that *he* had come in at the eleventh hour, “I know it” said he, “I know it but I am made equal to those who have bourn the burden and heat of the day,” and again the heavenly song was repeated.

I once had on earth a favourite Aunt a Beloved Sister of my Mother. I thought of her and spoke her name. She stood before me arrayed in glorious form. My eyes surveyed this happy company of Family friends while my mind returned to earth to compare numbers and as I stood meditating, a

rush of tender feelings almost overpowered me. I remembered *one* who was my beloved mate and Cousin. In my earliest childhood we were never so happy as when we were together, and *neither* had complete enjoyment without the other. She languished and died while young and left no evidence of repentance.

I did not dare to ask for her, but my Aunt as tho anticipating my thoughts, with a heavenly smile pointed to something which she called a *Golden Viol* in the hand of a distinguished personage; "Think you" said she "I have not prayers contained in *that* which *savor of sincerity?* Have I not brought her in the arms of Faith and laid her at Jesus feet?" She pointed to a company of young Virgins which appeared more glorious than can be described. *One* began to make towards us, and as she advanced I distinctly heard these words. "Repent ye therefore and be converted that your sins may be blotted out, when the time of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord." It was my beloved Cousin Esther Grant and as she flung her arms around my waist she asked if I did not remember the time when on earth we were walking *thus* in return from the meeting and conversing on that text which our dear Minister had been preaching from. The whole scene rushed forcibly to my mind — "Well," said she "from that time I lived a life of repentance but I did not make it manifest, and this *was my great sin*. That dear minister is here and I have seen him, and he calls me a star in the crown of his rejoicing."

I was about to ask many questions, but perchance I cast my eyes upon my own apparel and thought of Joshua who was clothed with filthy garments and stood before the Angel. *I* was clothed with *Flesh*, they were *Spirits*. I turned to go feeling unworthy of their society and quick as thought I found myself upon a wearisome bed with a violent head-ache and a mind full of disappointment.

Awake or sleep is quite unknown to me,  
Yet all these pleasant things my Vision see.

While on my couch at night I lay,  
My soul rose upward — far away.  
And to my vision, things reveal'd  
Which while on earth remain conceal'd.

Psalm 31, 32. Blessed be the LORD:  
For he hath showed me his marvellous kindness in a strong city.

*January 1, 1838.* Another year has closed and the morning of a New Year arrived, and how has it found myself and family. With regard to the former, in health and surrounded with all the blessings, heart could wish as relates to temporal things. But of my family one has gone, dear Harriet, this is her birthday, sixteen years. All the children have thought of it and many tears have fallen. Harriet, dear Harriet I love to speak your name. Last night I was awake nearly all night endeavoring to fortify my mind for the morning, as no one knows my heart but God.

*December 3, 1838.* For a number of weeks past I have been thinking much about my four sons; all unconverted sinners.

If God should make them all christians this year it would be marvelous, but he is able, he is willing, it is in his power; giving does not impoverish him nor withholding enrich him. where is the blame if they are not all righteous this month? Not on the Lord, surely, but on themselves and me. I wish I could be faithful to God for this month in *one* thing i.e. in prayer for Charles, Albert, Benjamin & Timothy. Who knoweth if He will hear and answer. O it seems to me that then I could depart in peace. The time draws near, only four weeks, there are four sons to be converted, it is a great work but it is God's work and he is great, a great Saviour. How much I desire a part of that faith which Sampson had when he extended his arm to feel the pillars on which the house rested.

*Thursday.* Last evening our Wednesday evening prayer meeting was held at Robert Drummonds, only three brethren present, but it was a blessed meeting. God gave them utterance and a spirit of prayer. There was one brother in Christ who (it was evident) God made. He has no learning, scanty natural abilities; he has a poor chance for religious education. But his prayer and remarks showed that he was taught of God and that eventually his heavenly Father will give him all things richly to possess. I should much rather that any one of my sons should be like him with his religion than to be an earthly monarch *without* an interest in Christ. O yes far, far preferable.

*Harriet's grave*

*July, 9, 1841.*

Just four years and one month since Harriet died. I have this morning visited her grave, delightful spot! How much of heaven is contained in that little enclosure, no spot on earth is so dear to me, and how many hours of heavenly meditation I have had there, none but my Father in Heaven knows. — While I am there I seldom wish my Harriet back to earth again, because I view her as she *now is*, all glorious and completely happy out of all reach of toil and anxiety, disappointment and sorrow, and in the full enjoyment of God to all eternity.

A great many roses are in *full bloom on* and *about* her grave, many more have permitted their leaves to fall off and they lie in handfuls underneath their stalk. *What a lesson for meditation.* I gathered up handfuls and strewed them over her grave and ere ever I was aware I exclaimed aloud “receive this dear Harriet as a token of love.” Shall I ever forget her? No! for when my *voice* is lost in death I shall extend *my hand* to clasp hers, being so near her.



*Trust in God*

November, 1842.

“O my soul trust thou *only* in God for my desire is to him.” These have been comforting words to me for the last week. *Trust only* I have no where else to go only to God. — A favourable breeze, a sound canoe, and a skillful oarsman are nothing without the help of the Lord, only his kind arm is my hope. This comfort was given me right from heaven, I did not gather it from the Bible, for it is not there so recorded. It was delt out to my agonizing soul at a time when I was about my work and had no time to examine Holy writ. But it was just the time when I wanted consolation and I had none to look to only to God. I have now made up my mind to trust in the Lord at all times and in all places and also endeavor to wait patiently for him that when he comes to call for me I may be found ready and willing to depart.

[Then comes the last record]

*Sabbath morn Feb. 26, 1843.*

This is the first Sabbath that Timothy (19 years old) has spent in the service of God. The second Charlotte has. They both have surrendered their hearts to the Saviour in their youth.

## CHAPTER FOUR

### “SKETCH BOOK”

#### PREFACE

IN the Autumn of 1844 my dear Albert & Mary with the precious daughter Mary Abby made a visit of a few weeks at the home-stead. Mary's health and spirits were in somewhat of a low state, and to divert the mind I read to her a few pages from my scrap book at which she appeared gratified. — The circumstance passed away with the every rolling wheel of time, and on my part was nearly forgotten.

Not so with them for on February 27 I received this valuable “Blank book” accompanied with the following letter which hereafter shall be *one* of my reasons for writing down a few of my thoughts and feelings on various subjects which come before the mind. Thus while I live they may be useful to me and after I am no longer an inhabitant of earth they will cherish recollections of *one* for whom they have ever manifested the most tender regard.

A. W. PAINE.

*Copy of letter.*

DEAR MOTHER, —

We were so much pleased with the specimens which you read us from the Stray Leaves of your portfolio that we were desirous of giving them as much permanence as possible by having them and your future cogitations more permanently inscribed.

For this purpose, please accept the accompanying *Blank book* which we presume will be agreeable to you, not only as a more substantial but more convenient vehicle in which to pen down your future “thoughts.”

Albert Ware Jones  
Sketch book.





When you shall have covered its pages, we shall be very happy to furnish you with book 2.

Very truly,

Your affectionate Children,  
Albert and Mary.

*Bangor Feby 26, 1845.*

DEDICATION

To my Children

Albert Ware, Mary Jones & their daughter Mary Abby Paine.

To you I dedicate this book with the hope that when Loves pure flame lies mouldering in the dust, and “one lamp, a mother’s love has gone out” its contents may beguile a few of your leisure moments while passing through this thorny maze. And add one feeble testimony to your faith that wherever Jesus is *there* is the happy spirit of departed Mother.

*A few thoughts at the receiving of this book*

*March 6, 1845.*

It was evening and my kind hearted son B—— stepped across the floor and handed me this book without note or comment. I opened it and under its first cover found the foregoing letter. Read with careful attention then handed it to my children who were sitting round the stand with a number of young associates who had called in to spend a social hour.

Then my mind flew off into the following train of reflections. Does Albert think I shall live to cover *these* pages, yet he has spoken of “Book 2nd.” Does he know that I have *little time* to write and *less matter*? It is a pity to spoil such a nice book with a few vague scribblings and leave it a useless thing.

A few weeks ago I wrote over the last pages of my old manuscript and was thinking whether it was advisable to *pin in* another sheet and now here comes this new bound book, surely this is something like, *New Church Doctrines*, I suppose he

is after my Visionary Thoughts! But if he gets them in this book, hope he will also get some instruction better calculated to lead his mind to the true Fountain of all good.

This and much more were my musings while sitting in the midst of Lively sociability.

The next record being out of place as to time, is confusing, but as Grandmother inserted it here, I retain her order, connecting the beginning of the book with the end. It is addressed to her son Albert.

*December 6 1848. My birthday ae 61.*

*A few reasons why I have sent this book and additional remarks*

In your recent extreme illness and at a time when I had reason to believe that I should never again hear your voice either in accents of affection or in form of request, so common from children to their mother, I pondered over what I had done or omitted to do *not* in accordance with your wishes or the divine will, so far as I had been instructed. One item was I might have sent you this book for I recollected that a number of times you had *hinted* the subject saying you should like "to look it over a few minutes." So here it comes, but it is *not* what it was when I received it from you. Altho its exterior is the same which goes to show how carefully it has been handled, rolled up in a napkin, not so the *within*, for then every page was as pure as white raiment, but now every leaf bears the mark of imperfections. May it *not* be that these scribbles shall divert attention *too much* from the *more useful reading*.

In looking it over you will find that many originals commence and end on the same page, the reason is this, my times for writing are exceeding short, besides my head nor heart do not contain *literary* enough at a time to cover only a page of twenty six lines. — You will see by the *dates* that this book contains a large part of my writing for nearly four years, therefore I do not think it duty to give it exclusively to you, beside in it is embodied a pretty full Genealogy of the four

branches of your Ancestry, beside records and items which hereafter may be interesting to your brothers & sisters.

Have patience, dear children to read another paragraph in relation to the mixed multitude of subjects it contains. Whenever you find a leisure moment to read and nothing better at hand, I would advise that you go to the *Index* for selection, then you can take such a slice as you please (if it is there) otherwise you may meet with something akin to a railroad disaster for the tears of sorrow and the baubles of vanity stand side by side.

I cannot close this communication without expressing my sincere thanks for this Book, for it has been to me a source of great comfort. Writing is sometimes called a *labour* but in this instance not so, with only one exception. In the making out and arranging the Genealogy of “The Paines” I lay awake one night till the clock struck fifty two times, but it chanced to be on a Monday after a hard day’s work and I went to bed before nine o’clock.

In the *Recorder*, there is a copy of a letter written by Grandmother in rhyme to her son Timothy. In closing she says,

“I would also inform you that  
 Our noble Time piece, useless thing,  
 Its Pendulum has ceased to swing.  
 The Artist gone, the ticking ceased,  
 The weights ne’er move to give release.  
 The hands ne’er change by heat or cold  
 To warn us that we are growing old.  
 The Tulip on its face so gay  
 Ne’er opens with the light of day.  
 For lifeless is that visage now  
 And cold as marble is its brow.”

The face with its wooden wheels was given to me in 1886.

It has been restored as a wag-on-the-wall clock and strikes as it did in 1811, and the hands *e’er* change by heat and cold. It was in the old homestead seventy-five years.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> For photograph of old clock see cut of “Timothy’s Chamber.”

In "Daily Thoughts" she writes,

*Feb. 8, 1849.* This morning Charles Paine came in in a hurry saying, you can send that book to Albert by Uncle Eaton if you will be *quick*, the stage is now against the meeting house, be quick.

Oh! how I did jump and get it *quick* and with a slightly wrap up sent it off. Success to the journey and a kind reception.

*A Manifestation of God. Sabbath*

*August, 1822.*

The Lord hath magnified himself unto his children as he doth not unto the World. This truth I have realized of late in a very singular manner. After hearing a Sermon relative to the *Great Church of Christ* I was lead to inquire of my own heart whether I was one of its members. I thought it was just as separate from the world as tho it was encircled by a wall of fire. After examining my own feelings I felt that it was within bounds. I was walking in the open field with my mind all enraptured with these meditations, there appeared to me the most beautiful bed of strawberries that my eyes ever beheld. It was on my right hand & on my left hand but none in the path. (For I was then in the path which lead to the Spring and where my family go many times in each day for water.) I stopped suddenly to behold this great sight, this uncommon appearance. I pondered aloud. It is the Lord. I thought — The place whereon thou standeth, is holy ground. I did not pull off my Shoe for fear it would be sin. I shut up my eyes, then opened them again, to find if I was deceiv'd, but they were still there, I examined whatever I thought might lead to a deception, still they appeared real. I put down my hand (tho not in the attitude of picking for I knew) — For a small circle round, they vanished — I moved my hand along, they also moved. Again I rose up and stood to meditate and adore. Again I shut up my eyes. I opened them, the



strawberries had vanished, I turned myself toward the West and the glory of the Lord shone unspeakably. Again I closed my eyes — I wiped them, but there were no tears, I did not feel like crying. I had no fear, neither did I think to ask even one petition. I looked again, all had vanished but the whole scene is so indelibly stamped upon my mind, that nothing but loss of reason will ever banish it from my perfect recollection.

It is the Lord and O what wonder that he should condescend to look upon me in mercy and place my feet on “holy ground.” In a few hours it will be one week since this extraordinary scene and all this time I have had but few fears of my eternal welfare. I desire to cherish those feelings I had when standing before God. A solemn awe pervaded my whole soul, but no agitated fear overcame me and if ever I spent one moment without sin it was at that time.

What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me? Purge me that I may bring forth more fruit to thy glory.  
O Lord my God.

*Reminiscences*

*Transcribed, 1845.*

When Albert Ware Paine was thirteen years and eight months old, it was determined by his parents that he should have a college education. Accordingly in May 1826 his father went with him to Waterville and placed him in the Academy which was then taught in the College building. As they left the house, my eyes & prayers followed hard after them. My petition was “O lord I beseech Thee make him a Minister of Jesus Christ,” and thus my prayers have been continued till this day May 13, 1832, but as yet it is like Elijah’s petition, there is no sign nor no answer, perhaps by & bye I shall see a little cloud upon his brow which will prove to be the weight of sin discovered and then I shall watch with great anxiety until

the light of God's countenance shines into his soul and sets him free.

*Transcribed 1845.* I do feel that faith revives and my down-cast spirits are cheered with hope divine. O, My Father in Heaven let me see the day when my second son shall go forth to minister in the name of the Lord. And in the end of Life's journey give him dying grace and an abundant entrance into The Heavenly kingdom; and all the glory will forever be to the great Jehovah.

*April 1845.* My mind has been so fluctuating for a few weeks past that I am perfectly tired of myself. I feel that "the fountains of the great deep are broken up." As I was sitting in the sanctuary today, I thought that my mind was like a tub of rain-water that had stood many days under the eaves. When a pail of pure water is poured into it how powerfully it disturbs the sediment and it is all commotion; just so is my mind, only I am at a loss to know whether the pail of water thus poured is pure. There is the point with me at present. How long I shall remain in uncertainty is unknown. I trust that when I get home to my Heavenly Father, then I shall understand all about the "resurrection story"<sup>1</sup> which so agitates the public mind at this day of restless uneasiness. Till then I am willing to submit my body and care of my soul to the great and mighty God.

#### *The Hebrew Language*

*March 4, 1845.*

All my dear Saviour's instructions were given in the Hebrew language. This thought added a double interest to the scene which took place, last evening. "A step light as an antelope's the threshold pressed and like a beam of light into the room entered" Timothy.

With a quick voice he exclaimed "I have commenced the

<sup>1</sup> By "resurrection story" she probably means the resurrection of *man's body* at death.

study of Hebrew, it took me about half an hour to learn the A, B, C-s and I have learned that I must look at the last of Revelation to find “In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.”

There is nothing that comes within my notice that so much interests me as T—— advancement in knowledge. He is so delighted with a *new* idea. I did not appear to much notice his remark lest he should perceive the truth of my strong attachment to him, he is daily throwing out fibres to twine around my heart.

As he has commenced the study of my Saviour’s instructions in Hebrew so I hope he will continue through life to “search and look” into his precepts and examples and thereby be prepared for a seat with all the redeemed at God’s right hand forever.

*April, 1845.*

For a few days past I have had a kind of feeling which borders on — I want to take all my children and go to my Heavenly Father’s house. One after another are going out from me in one and another direction and I feel quite lonely. . . .

Timothy is taking flight and going out from me in a different way; This also has caused me much serious meditation, my mind has been continually fluctuating for the last few weeks on account of his change of sentiment, when I get settled down into a calm repose on the subject I do not know how I shall stand but hope to feel firmer and more substantial than I now do. Were it not for his *views on prayer* and *prayer meetings*, I should feel more resigned but I have given him to God and shall I ask him back? Rather let me be thankful for the hope that eventually He will take him to himself.

*Wednesday August 20, 1845.* Today for the first time in this generation there has a New-Church minister arrived at Winslow and offered his services in the pulpit. He came up from Bath to Hallowell, this morning went on board The

Water-witch, and reached this house at one o'clock P.M. Rev. S. F. Dike after he had dined, took seat with Timothy in our little carriage to notify a meeting at seven, this evening. The result is known only to God, for my own part I view it as an important event. No doubt it will make a *Stir* and cause a *Dust*. There are a number of our Society that have been looking *toward* the subject of the New-Church doctrine for some time past, but this appointment is so sudden and the notice so short, it will avail but little, but enough to make a *talk* and *fuss*.

I intend to submit my part of the concern to my heavenly Father for I have long ago learned that He knows best how to govern difficult plans. If God is about to raise up a N. C. in Winslow how puny my own would be in defense. I look back twenty seven years ago and remember what he did at the establishment of this present church for surely it was the work of the Lord and has been abundantly blessed. I will therefore in this as at other times Trust in the Lord for Jehovah is everlasting strength.

*Timothy, to his brother Albert in Bangor*

*Winslow, Sept. 29, 1845.*

“P. S. They have at last concluded to let us go from the Church. The vote has passed; so we are free. May we and all go together towards that ‘Holy Temple.’”

*To Albert*

*Winslow, May 12, 1846.*

Sunday before last we had twenty at our meeting, *not* counting children, four were from Sebesticook, one of them is the Methodist’s Minister’s wife. Caroline and Mrs. Stratton have asked for a dismissal from the Old Church and a ‘recommendation’ to the New. It made others stare. They were suspended till July.

Many things take place worth telling; one can hardly go amiss of New-Church Books. Of these by and by.

TIMOTHY.

*July 19, 1846.* Shall attend the ‘Association’ at Portland by the permission of Providence, shall go to Bath on Tuesday; stop with Mr. Dike with whom I shall go to the Meetings he has made the arrangement for us. — Shall return, I hope in good spirits (rather among good Spirits) to my last year’s labor (in College).

We prosper well in Winslow. The New Church is as dear as ever; we hold regular meetings on Sundays at Brother Charles’s. The sisters have formed a society for aiding in the advancement of the cause of truth.

T. O. PAINE. [to Albert]

*June 7, 1848. Wednesday morning.* My dear Timothy has just left home for Boston to attend the anniversary meeting, N. C. Farewell to him, may our Heavenly Father protect you (was all I could say and that was enough) there is no one else I wish to give you up to. I feel a sweet confidence that he will protect and guide and keep and after a term return him to me again and finally gather us and those into his Kingdom. THERE will be no farewells.<sup>1</sup>

*The Reception of a letter* <sup>2</sup>

*Winslow May 9, 1851.*

Oh it does my heart good to hear such information as has reached my ears today. Timothy is again received into the church Militant and been permitted to the table of the precious Saviour of sinners. What joy it gives a mother that her children walk in the truth, the true way that leads to glory everlasting at God’s right hand, to the blessed employment of

<sup>1</sup> See Stray Leaves, Feb. 26, 1843.

<sup>2</sup> From “The Recorder.”

saints & angels around the throne of the Lamb. Happy Timothy! happy on earth, happy forever; my heavenly Father will never turn him off. — away from his presence into outer darkness. God could never have given all this light, grace, love, heavenly communion with himself if he had *not* designs of favour on his soul. How bright his path, how radiant with the joy set before him; Blessed Son I have no wish to have it otherwise with thee, than just as it is. The Almighty has led thee in a good and safe way, thou hast been kept low and nigh the earth as regards pecuniary means, and if thou hadst fallen it would have been but a little way.

Dear child, the strong arms of the Gospel are round thee on every side. Satan is too weak to break over the Eternal bounds which God has set. Whom the Lord loveth, he loveth to the end. Strive ever to live near the Altar and dont fail to cast the net on the right side of the Ship. And now, my heavenly Father I commend *him* unto thee in prosperity or adversity, in sickness and health, in life or in death, in this world or the other. Thou Lord art good and thy works are good forever and glory be to thy great and holy Name and let all the people say Amen.

It was the Sabbath day, May the fourth one thousand eight hundred and fifty one, that a Church was organized in Bangor of thirteen members under the New Church Discipline by the Rev. Samuel Dike of Bath, of which Timothy Otis Paine was one of the number.

In connection with the change in Uncle Timothy's religious views, the following extract from a letter written by my father to my mother before marriage may be of interest. From the fact that there was an interval of five years between his letter to his home and the "coming out of the church" of the Winslow brothers and sisters, it would seem as if my father must have been the first of the family to make the change and that he, probably, was instrumental in "leading the others away."

(four days before Marriage)

*Bangor, July 5, 1840.*

DEAR MARY, — I have just finished writing a whole sheet to sister Caroline. The time of my writing gave me occasion to write on the subject of going to meeting and on the subject of the New Church. I suspect they will think me almost a heathen and a heretic from my talking as I have. I thought however I might as well as not speak out and let them know what I believed. I do not know that my parents know of my staying away from meeting as I do and I presume they will take it much to heart when they come to learn the truth and the whole truth. I thought it best to tell them and in my letter to Caroline I have done so and given my reasons for the course.

ALBERT.

*Recollections of Harriet*

*June 9, 1845.*

It is now just eight years since my dear Harriet left *this* for the *eternal* world, and yet the scene is as vivid before my mind's eye as though it was but one year. It is now three o'clock P.M. and about the same hour that the family one after another went to her pillow to receive her last kiss and pleasant “good-bye.”

I had a strong opinion that she would say something worthy of remembrance and as she was very weak I knelt down that my ear might catch the soft whisper. I knew but little of what I was about to witness. All on a sudden she turned her eyes towards the door and stretched out her hand with a hand shake as tho she had met a friend and exclaimed “Abby, Abby,” evidently meaning Abby Eaton who had died a few weeks before and who was *Harriet's little favourite*.

She then for a few moments appeared to be just going, when all at once she began to sing with such an heavenly voice. Her notes were truly angelic and the words are contained in Rev. fifteenth chap. “The Song of Moses & the Lamb.” Her voice died away and we all thought her gone. —

With an *audible* voice I spoke this word “The glories of heaven open to her voice.” In an instant she opened her eyes and I said — “My dear Harriet you have come back to earth again.” Her answer was “I should not if you had not spoke” and I thought her eyes seems to have a reproaching look — I felt it and thought I would not call back again. Again she swooned away and again we thought her gone, — It was a number of minutes — As quick as thought she extended her arm directly upward and with her finger pointing upward waving her hand around and round exclaimed “good-by.” Her arm drooped — she was gone. Happy, thrice happy spirit *I would not call thee back again.*

It is Wisdom that a veil is spread over the glories of futurity.

#### *Retirement*

*August 15, 1845*

I desire to live in constant view of death and realize the uncertainty of life and earthly comforts. I dont know that I feel afraid to die for I feel an assurance that God will give me dying grace and a glimpse of that glory which He has already revealed to me at times when I was not looking for it. That this may be the case I will ever pray while reason rules.

#### *A Contest. Predestination and Free Agency*

In the summer of 1844 as the sun was lowering in the West, I thought to go to my dear Harriet’s grave where I had so often held sweet communion with my God. I therefore took a pail for water as I should pass nigh the Spring, that I might accomplish a double purpose of *allaying* the thirst of soul and body. Passing along in deep meditation I filled my pail and brought it out to the path which led to the grave and sat it down, but just as I was about to proceed the thought came with great force, “if I go and kneel at Harriet’s grave I shall



die there.” The answer was, *well* I am willing to go to God if he pleases, but the question came up was I ready? Was I prepared? Could I leave all behind without returning to the house? Yes I will go. Then it came to my mind “Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God” and was I willing to go into Eternity in direct violation of one of God’s commands? I began to consider the consequence relative to my family. I shall soon be missed in the house, they will look for me in the closet, I am not there. Knowing that I am in a habit of visiting the grave at this time of day, they will seek me there and find me dead, by the side of Harriet’s grave, What consternation and alarm will run through the family circle, and then the neighborhood, and at this lonely hour just as all nature is going to repose, am I willing to cause all this alarm?

I meditated — I reflected — I thought — I half resolved to go. “Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God” again forced itself into my mind. —

At length the answer was, I am afraid of God, I fear God, — He has put it in my power to return to the house if I please. I took up my pail and set it down in the house because I was a *free moral agent*. But I still think that if I had gone and knelt at the grave I should have been found there a lifeless corpse. —

The subject needs no comment from me, and I shall only add, it is one of those great Truths of the great Jehovah which are too high, too broad and too deep for man to fathom.

Let us all believe, obey, and adore the great and mighty God over all blessed forever more.

*A few reflections on the decay of my Bible*

Nov. 26, 1820.

When I was about eleven years old, my Father died and soon after my Mother bought this Bible and presented it to me, at that time I little thought what it contained. I scarcely thought it was the word of God and that in it was all that was

necessary for me to know with regard to my eternal welfare. — I was only pleased with its binding, its fair print and my childish disposition was gratified in having such a nice volume in my own possession. — But now how changed are my views.

In this very Bible I have learned all that I know of God, it has taught me the way to heaven and how to escape eternal punishment.

In this Bible I have learned to read (I trust) with an understanding heart. I have learned that God is a Father to the Fatherless.

I have found also that the natural heart is at enmity with God and that I must be born again. I was distressed and knew not what to do. It pointed me to Christ but my sins were so heavy that I could scarcely raise my head, when in a sudden I seemed to hear these words “Rejoice and be exceeding glad for great is your reward in Heaven.” I flew to the Bible where I found the words directly from the lips of Him whom my soul loved. In this book I have found what the life of a Christian ought to be. I can also find that he knoweth our frame and remembers that we are but dust.

But, alas! alas! how decayed is this precious volume, the binding is entirely gone, the account of the creation of the World, Adam’s fall, the first promise of a Saviour, Noah’s flood, God’s first covenant with Abram.

And now the first verse of the first chap is “And Jacob went on his way, and the Angels of God met him.” Genesis 32<sup>nd</sup> chap. What an important and comprehensive verse, volumes might be written from it.

But when I turn to the New Testament, I find it more changed. Many of St. Paul’s epistles gone, James, Peter, the epistle of John and Jude are not to be found, but what is more to be lamented is the beautiful book of Revelation entirely gone. — I sometime look forward to the time when no vestige of it will remain and say to myself what shall I do for no other

Bible appears quite equal. In any other I am at a loss to know where to find the precious promises, on what page or column they are recorded. At other times I am ready to conclude it will last as long as I shall stand in need of its instruction, therefore I am determined to embrace the last verse it now contains and apply to my own heart and say “But godliness with contentment is great gain.” 1 Timothy 6-6 verse. —

April, 1846.

The foregoing Lament on the prospect of the destruction of my Bible was made 26 years ago, and for many years last past I have experienced the sad truth that my Bible has ceased to be. Occasionally I meet a few pages among the old rubbish on some sequestered shelf.

Wherever I meet it, it is saved.

*Three Weeks at a Boarding School*

*January 1846.*

It has been said, but with no good propriety, that a young lady of nineteen or twenty has “Finished her education.” But it is not true unless at that age death takes her away and even then it is absurd, improper, there is no *finishing* to education in the Broad, neither in the shorter sense, because there is nothing perfect under the Sun.

But it is not my object to enlarge on this point it is all plain to him who will consider.

I am fifty seven years old and have recently been to a Boarding School three weeks and altho my board was Gratis, yet I paid my Tuition. The lessons I took were salutary. I found myself to be a dull scholar, hard to *commit*, but the lessons once learned will be long treasured up and will I hope, be of perpetual advantage and never failing source for meditation.

To *stand or sit* in a sick room for three weeks and know that the patient has been there for months or even years without

being permitted but seldom to leave it on her feet, to look at her confined entirely to her Bed unable to scarcely turn herself or be taken up without injury, entirely dependant on the kind offices of friends and must even die without their aid, all this and more, who would not call it a school, who would not call it taking lessons?

And now I am old I will not depart from it.

*Meditation*

*Sept. 15, 1846.*

I want to be submissive to the Divine wil and yet I have a work to do that must not be neglected, example and precept must go hand in hand. My work is to do the will of my Father and it is his will that *I take a kind oversight of my own household and study for their good.* They are young and erring, but the Saviour said "What is that to thee follow thou me." Therefore I must abide by the truth and the truth will make me free indeed. I will trust and not be afraid, relying upon divine wisdom.

My Uncle Benjamin with his children Daniel, Annah and Frederic lived in a part of the homestead.

*New Year, January 1, 1847.*

This morning before I left my lodging I was saluted with "A Happy New Year, A Happy New Year," from my dear little Daniel and Annah and accompanied with an invitation to dine with them as they said their mother would have a turkey for dinner. As they spoke they stood in the dining room. I looked out to see them, they were but half dressed and appeared so sincere and lovely. Blessed Babes! thought I, who can deny your request. A Happy New Year, a Happy New Year, was the response, yes, I will come and may you live to enjoy many happy new years and continue to diffuse joy and gladness into the New Jerusalem above.

*March 1848. Calling to Remembrance.*

*Little Annah and the Peony Buds.*

O, Grandmother! just see what I’ve got! cried little Annah as she came in from the front yard with her hand extended and in it a peony bud and her countenance beaming with animation and joy. O, Annah what *have you done now?* asked her grandmother with a look of surprise mingled with a frown. “Wy I’ve got a whole parcel in my pocket” said she, and she began to feel for her pockethole. Grandmother offered her service to *unpack* when it was found that *ten* were stored away in that receptacle. Grandmother stood a moment to reflect whether to severely blame or turn it off with a laugh while the dear child stood waiting her fate with a kind of mingled confidence with fear. I determined upon the latter thinking that before another season of Peony buds I should teach her a lesson far better than an angry one.

She turned her heel in her own natural motion and darted off to enjoy all the pleasure derived from a clear conscience and a Grandmother’s approbation. Blessed child, thought I, you shall have your wish from me were it half my kingdom.

She was a precious “bud” but now gone to that land of pure delight to bloom in eternal day.

Sweet Annah died January 18, 1848 Ae 4 yrs 3 months, after an illness of 36 hours (extreme suffering) scarlet fever & canker rash, much lamented by all who ever had knowledge of her.

*Sweet Annah*

*May 18, 1848.*

It is now just four months since my dear Sweet Annah left us for the eternal world. — Lovely child how well I remember all her little plays and interesting remarks. How pretty she would creep round my old rocking chair and be very still lest she should wake up Grandmother and then that hearty

laugh, how it would *bound* out as she watched to see me open my eyes. How precious she was when on Saturday as I was cooking for the Sabbath, she would come out to help, with her little rolling-pin and thimble to make holes in the upper pie-crust and then the doughnuts, what multitudes of little ones she would make to furnish her own table with "Brother Danny." Then there was her little tea set all washed and put away in perfect order, only the day before she was taken sick —.

How still and pleasant she would come out at meal time and get under my elbow and look up in my face with such a heavenly bewildering smile and accept of my invitation to "sit up and take tea with us."

O, my dear! sweet Annah! How can I do longer without seeing and hugging you to my bosom. These sweet kisses and pleasant remarks, the laughing "good-nights" and "happy good mornings!" The blessings bestowed on us the last six months she was with us and the strong ties which bound us together. All broken in a few short hours. [Compare with *Total Depravity!*]

*Morning Blessings*

*Sept. 18, 1847.*

I raised my head from my pillow this morning and drew away the curtains. — Another delightful day my Father has given *me*, thought I. The sun had just risen and sent out a gentle hint that if I wished to run with him through the day I must leave my bed; the soft beautiful rays reflected upon the side casement of the window and I would not resist its force. I listened a moment to ascertain if my husband had performed his accustomed office of the first half hour and the crackling of hemlock kindlings assured me the truth.

After putting my coffee boiling and preparing the spider of meat for four men, my husband brought in a large full pail of milk from our *premium* cow, a great favour thought I,

how good my Father is. I distributed it into fours not forgetting my blessed little grandchildren. I had but just completed this duty when he returned with a favour of another kind, holding in his hand an Elm tree of only a few months growth which he had taken from his cornfield on the Interval, a perfect beauty thought I. It was about six inches in height. I went directly into the fruit yard and planted it just above the Key-maple and stood a moment to soliloquize thus — When this hand is turned to dust and my spirit is with God who gave it, then may this tree throw out its long and graceful branches under which may my great grandchildren sport and play with delight while my happy spirit may look down and thereby receive an addition to perfect felicity.

After breakfast, reading and prayers which by the way is no small blessing, a horse and waggon came up to the door and as I look'd out to see the passengers, found them to be Timothy & Caroline on their way to the Steamboat, Caro to engage in a private school for no given time. I went out to give her a last Farewell and I thought that she never before appeared to be worth so much. Truly she is a dear blessing sent from God. May peace and prosperity attend you dear child.

As I returned to the house I thought never did a miser take more satisfaction in the looking over his gold and silver than I do with my mind's-eye upon my children.

But then these frequent goings away, these often Farewells — but then between each there is the happy meeting, the social rehearsals of blessings and trials and so it will continue, until we are all gathered into those Heavenly Mansions which our Father has prepared for all those who love him.

*Finishing a Job*

*Oct., 1848.*

My thoughts were called to *this subject* by a very trifling circumstance but it has opened a door for meditation. There

is more to be considered (or that ought to be considered) from these two words than most Mothers are aware of. Mothers who stand at the head — There are many little ones looking up and for why? Because the mother's head is far *above* to them.

But this finishing of jobs, let us look at it.

The mother commences a job in the kitchen, a lady caller is in the sitting room (and in every village or town there are those who have little else to do in the forenoon except to make calls) waiting to "speak a word" with dear mother. She leaves her job with orders that one of the girls should finish it and another perhaps must do such or such a thing. An half hour or hour perhaps whirls away quick before dinner time. She returns and finds that the girls are "like unto her." By this time the meat for dinner must be put down to cooking. The work presses hard upon her, the girls are off out of sight, the jobs remain as they were. The fire is getting low, the beds are not made up in stile, the dusting has not been done if the sweeping has. The sauce perhaps is brought into the kitchen but not prepared for boiling. The breakfast dishes, it may be, have been washed but not returned to their stated orderly places. The baby has waked up from its morning nap and cries hard to be taken, etc. etc. But now I see that this is more like Unfinished Jobs.

#### *Farewells*

*May 28, 1848.*

Yesterday, my dear Sarah left home for Bangor in company with Albert for a short visit. Farewell to her. Farewell to him.

As they left the dooryard, I was powerfully reminded that an horse is a vain thing for safety. He sprung like a flash of lightening and went off upon the run. May God protect them was all I could say and all I could do. I thought there were other things that were vain for safety.



In 1886, “Timo” writes his brother in Bangor a postal full of old home reminiscences. “In the lenter (pray not lean to for us) stood old Bonus who came out of your Latin Grammar. And how much comes from this lenter? The drives of Bonus; Dr. Clark’s horse; Dr.’s rides — ”

Bonus was a very important member of the family from 1820 till his death in 1850. He appears in the old family letters and in these books. There is Uncle Timo’s poem and there is the five-page “Soliloquy” of Grandmother’s, written in six parts, in “Daily Thoughts.”

In *November, Saturday 16, 1850*, is this entry:

Know all people by this page.

This morning the sun rose in a cloud, all around seemed to be gloomy & dark; why was it? There were some forebodings of a vacancy being made in the home department. A large deep hole in the earth had been seen a few days previous, on the premises, suspicions arose that by & by it would be a mound underneath which treasures would be hid. The very thought caused the heart to flutter and doleful feelings and many lonesome thoughts passed in quick succession —

Nine o’clock came, — two men were seen wending their way towards that fatal hole. I looked through a window & saw Bonus standing upon the brink, I turned around a moment — then looked again, he could not be seen for he had fallen Alas, Alas. Bonus is dead.

Farewell good old Bonus, farewell.

*Old Mortality. Old Associations*

*Oct., 1848.*

In a book now extant designed as Man’s Fortune teller, or Woman’s chance lot, is a verse for every day in the year. The one for December 6 which is my birthday reads as follows.

Associations magic power,  
Before thy mental sight arrays  
The joys of many a vanished hour —  
The friends, the scenes of other days.

Nothing is more dear to me than old associations, old friends, old remembrances, old places & things, old thoughts called up anew and old stories of old things. There is my Father's old Rock *pasture* where we used to go and pick whirtle berrys and gather chestnuts and just in the edge of the woods were the dangle berries. And then there was the Down-under the hill where the grapes grew. Come brother Timothy just take a pail and go with Olive and me and pull down the vines for us to pick, now do, will ye? There was the Little-worth and old Bog-wall where the wine apple-tree was.

Beside all these good things, there was the Side-hill where we all could roll down and try which could go the farthest. But the very best of all was the ancient Swing which was suspended from two great sweet apple-trees call'd grant-sweeting. O how many glorious times we have all had on a Moon-light evening when the boys could come and swing 4 at a time.

Dear good old days never to return.

While this page is written in the early pages of the book it seems in place here.

#### *The old Year*

*December 31, 1848.*

There has never been a year in which I have had so much occasion to stand at the Gate of Heaven and look in as the one just closing.

At the very commencement, even the first week, sickness came into the family, precious Daniel was brought low with the scarlet fever and for two days we had reason to fear it would terminate in death.

Just at that time Benjamin had the canker and was confined to the house.

Then came that severe blow and sweet Annah lay cold in death. Early on the morn of January 18 it was said she is

dead. “Yes Elizabeth we shall have our dear Annah no more.” She was lively and singing like a bird and in thirty six hours was dressed for the coffin.

Grief and tears followed until that fatal twenty third of May when blasted hopes and fond anticipations were buried together in the grave with my blessed Charles.

“And from these chambers was the entry on the east side as one goeth into them from the outer court.” Ezekiel.

I knew that God was in this dark cloud and that I must trust in him alone for help and strength, but O how hard it is to give them up. I shall go to them, they cannot return to me. — In September and October dear Albert was brought down by sickness, just upon the edge of the grave, then again all the tender feelings of my soul were brought forth for him, days of gloomy fears and nights of wakeful anxiety until it was said his fever has turned and he is on the mending hand. Then I thought “O sing unto the Lord a new song.”

These signs in the outer court have led me to the inner chamber and taught a lesson never to be forgotten. The dealings of God in these things have no doubt been blessings behind the cloud.

Those more manifest to the senses are more in number than I can count or than could be reckoned up in order.

Among the latter is that of this book which I do most highly prize, it has been a source of perpetual comfort to me for nearly four years, but now alas it is all at an end, so far as writing is concerned for this is about the last page and quite the last day of the year and altho I have had the present of a blank book equal to what this was four years ago, and from the same author, yet it is quite uncertain whether I shall ever mar its pages with my pen.

And now farewell, kind solace of many an hour, thou hast been a friend that sticketh closer than a Brother, but thy coming fate will be to lie by the side of the old year that is

just going out and both together be bound in the same bundle with the Antediluvian pens.

Farewell old year with all thy lights and shadows.

At the close of the book are about thirty pages of copies of favorite poems and some original verses.

Then this:

All thy pages now are written  
All thy subjects now are "yore"  
All the comfort thou hast given  
All lies dormant as before.

Go and lie with older Sisters  
Go and lie in trunk or drawer  
Go and lie for want of Listners  
Go and lie till whistled for.

CHAPTER FIVE  
*ABIEL WARE PAINE'S BOOK*  
FOR  
*DAILY THOUGHTS & OCCURRENCES*

*Sabbath evening, June 11, 1848.* I have for some time past been wishing for such a Book as this that I might note down some common occurrences, that take place from day to day and from week to week, and thereby record the goodness of my heavenly Father in one strait-forward line that I may the better review and understand His dealings and see the connection of one event with another.

Many of them will perhaps appear trifling at first thought but it is trifles often-times that my mind dwells upon, and I have noticed also that great events frequently grow out of small things. I intend to be very particular in making dates of time and place and endeavour to search out causes and try to understand what the will of the Lord is, so far as my observation and experience can teach me. These things I trust will prove helps to me as I pass on the rest of my short journey through life, and will add much happiness, to my lonely hours, as now my children are so often going out from me in various ways, some by death, — some by journey, — others for months at a time. All these changes give me many hours of leisure from domestic cares and leave many solitary rooms for retirement and meditation. Sometimes all the chambers are vacated and only one 'pet lamb' in the lower bedroom, but I suppose this is all right and just as it should be, but still it seems hard to bear, I shall however endeavour to be resigned to the will of God, and trust all causes and events in his hands

for time and Eternity, ever holding on to this strong hope that eventually when all time is no more, and the righteous gather into the kingdom that my beloved children, and their partners, and all the dear grand children will be with that happy family above, to go no more out forever, and there too I shall meet various dear friends, and family connection, Grand parents, Parents, Brothers, Sisters, Cousins, and many associates, some more recently made dear by kind hearted interchanges of feelings and sympathetic love. My dear Mrs. Talbot, and Mrs. Adams, what warm friends and how well they loved the same dear Savior that I love and desire to serve, and then go and dwell eternally with Him.

*Sabbath morn, June 18, 1848.* As I entered Timothy's chamber, the first thing that caught my mental vision was a full blown rose from his 'Monthly.' O beautiful beauty I exclaimed and went to call Sarah, she had been before me to admire its splendor. It was turned directly towards the window, as tho to look out and admire the face of nature; no wonder it turned from all the imperfection within, to look out upon God's handy work, there it stands a perfect model of a perfect Creature. If Timothy was here how he would gaze and admire and bless the hand that gave it, but he is not, he is probably at Boston and his eyes must be refreshed with other's flowers not his own, other friends minister to his wants today beside a Mother or a Sister. Stay dear boy untill length of time has satisfied your anticipations, then return to be met with joy and gratitude.

*Wednesday June 21.* Timothy returned from Boston, to our joy, with improved health, and will continue to practice in the art of drawing portraits, hope he will succeed and be prospered in this undertaking.

*August 4.* Attended a Church meeting, only five members present, it was no good meeting to me, but it was not for the want of numbers, but rather for the want of spirituality, for



TIMOTHY'S CHAMBER

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good feeling among those who were there. I thought to myself that I had rather be alone with my Bible and my Saviour. It is of no use for me to attend such disputing assemblies, it gets my mind off from heavenly things and gets it on to the failings of Church members. We all go astray there is none that doeth good no not one, and why should we sit in Judgment one with the other. My mind has been exercised for the last ten weeks with the things which relate to Eternity, time affairs look of little consequence, and they have taken their stand on *back ground* in my view. Time! what an empty vapour tis; How fleeting like a shadow. But Eternity! a vast Eternity how all important that *I* should be prepared for a joyful entrance thereinto.

*Aug. 12.* My husband has purchased 25 yd copperplate for bed curtains.

*This day, 24,* have finished making them and put them up. They will be very comfortable this winter, thankful.

*Aug. 24.* Attended a donation party at Mr. Joseph Woods, spent an hour very pleasantly. It really does one good to see people so happy and thankful as they were. Mr. Woods health is very poor and his wife is a feeble woman. They have four children too young to earn their living or go out from home to work, therefore they are to be pityed, and of what use is sympathy without action. It did my heart good to see the Ladies come in with their budgets of comfortables. And then there were a number of shillings in cash, and all with merry hearts and pleasant sociability. Really, said I, donation parties are first rate movements.

*Wednesday Oct. 25, 1848.* The great celebration in Boston when the Cochituate water was let into the City. Splendid.

*Thursday, Nov. 16.* It is remarkable pleasant weather for the time of year, warm and flies troublesome; Timothy and Sarah have gone to take a walk up to Seegar's Brook.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See "Poems of the Segur."

*Friday Nov. 24.* Took a ride with Husband to Waterville to see where the railroad was going to pass, also the depo, a very pleasant ride. Called at Mathew's Book store and purchased a good letter paper pad, 26 cts, first rate, good.

*Sat. 25.* Timothy has just finished a second portrait of my dear Charles, it is small size, — perfectly good, it is in a frame which Charles purchased to place a picture in soon after Harriet's death. It was her own drawing and given to him when she was on her death bed, precious children, hope they are together.

*Nov. 28.* Timothy has purchased a coat of Mr. West for 4½ dol, think it is good enough for him this winter. How prudent he is, I prize his disposition in economy, he will get through life, easy.

*Dec. 15, 1848.* This is a warm spring-like day, the snow is fast leaving the earth and being gathered again into the great ocean. God's greatness is known by his work.

*Dec. 19.* We have had warm spring weather for a number of days, — very little snow on the ground, people are at a loss to determine which is the most proper to ride in waggons or sleigh, wet, sloppy.

*24.* Ground almost bare of snow — tremendous cold today all over cast with clouds — everybody goes upon the run, at night. Extremely cold, very little snow falling.

*25 Christmas day, Monday.* Getting to be warmer. Went over to Waterville to purchase a Christmas present for Sarah, a muff for which my good husband paid 5½ dol to Charles Phillips.

*27.* Very cold — little snow falling — pretty good sleighing. Mr. Cole has moved into Charles house today. Benj has helped him all day long.

*28.* Great snow storm last night, snow knee deep, warm and pleasant today. Much stirring about, lively. Uncle Paine has made us a call and read his poetry on Temperance &c&c&c.

29. Moderate, cloudy with very little snow falling, Timothy has moved into the spare bedroom and had a Sitter, Maria Ellen Paine.

30 *Saturday*, cloudy all day with a moderate fall of snow, weather moderate. Sabbath, very blustering, snow drifted, cold.

*Monday (January 1849) 21.* In evening had company, got a late supper and ate with them, went directly to bed, it made me sick, therefore have been confined away from my work three days, have now got nearly well by Timothy prescribing Homeopathy.

25. Rain, warm. I am able to go about my work again Thanks.

28. Cold and clear. Sabbath.

*Sat. Feb. 3.* Much snow on the ground, very windy very much — The snow blows so that I can scarcely see the meeting-house. There will be a sparce meeting of the church today.

*March 4, 1849. Sabbath.* Communion service in our church, there were very many brothers & sisters present, Judge Remington. In evening meeting at Esq Kine. Mr. Redington enlarged freely on the blessing & satisfaction he enjoyed at such a prayer meeting and hoped that a "Pillar" might be reared up here to night, that might be looked at hereafter by some of us. He then offered prayer and asked the Lord to let us come right square up to him with our petitions. I think him an interesting gentleman at a meeting.

*Thursday 8.* Spent the afternoon & eve at David Garlands, — a Social gathering of elderly friends, many pleasant remarks went round, among which Mr. Garland said he had been in "active life constantly for 7 years which called him away from home and home comforts, but he had made it an invariable rule that when he passed the Mile-brook bridge he left all his home cares and took up his line of duty lying before

him." He was asked which was the greatest to be borne. In reply advanced the sentiment that both were attended with important responsibilities.

22. Oh! we have just received the blessedest letter from Timothy, it is enough to do any sort of good to hear his expressions and *see* his inner man, what a great bundle of life is done up in so small a body. I am glad he has 'broke away' and found friends in the open field, success.

*March 31, 1849.* Did the greatest, hardest days work I have done for a long time and was so tired at night, thought it would take a week to rest. Beside baking, cleaned out all my gathering of soap grease; after a good night's rest feel quite well and in good spirits. It is cold and windy, the ice is running very thick out of the river. Norridgewock Bridge has passed by on its way to the great ocean of bridges and ocean of destruction of vessels and lives of many people.

*April 15. Sabbath.* Mr. Cole's sermon was remarkable for length and dryness. Subject Recompense of the reward. It has been tremendous cold today, every one 'runs.'

*May 9.* Timothy returned from Gardiner, to our joy, and gratitude rejoicing. He is well and in good spirits, — thanks for his prosperity for he has taken sixteen Portraits of humans and two Newfoundland dogs, since the first of March, for which he has received good pay.

*Monday morn, May 21.* Sarah has left home; to school at Waterville, her father kindly carried her over in the little carriage with provision enough to last till Wednesday. *Oil* for the light, *Books*, for the head; *Puffs* for the mouth; *Preserves* for the palate; *Pies* for the appetite. *Cookies* for the top in, *Butter* to smoothe the way, *Doughnuts* for variety sake, *Bread* to strengthen the heart, *A Cloth* for her table, a *Towel* for her face, *Bed cloths* for her comfort, *Soap* for clensing, *Knife & Fork* to divide with, *Plates* to lay them on, *Tumblers* for water. A *Trunk* with clothes, *A Bag*

with varieties, An *Umbrella* to defend the storm, a *Desk* for gratification and a number of other things not now to be named.

*June 22.* Took a delightful ride with my husband out to a back lot to see our Calf and carry her some salt, her name is Lida, one yr. old and is perfect in beauty. With all thine offerings thou shalt offer Salt.

*July 16.* Miss Nancy Hill came here from Hallowell on her way to her father in New Portland. She is exceedingly tall, weighs 143, her head and face, O, how long they are, and then her waist, — What a journey from her shoulders down, take her as a whole, I never saw such a looking female. Her general appearance in manners is rather pleasant and there is no shadow of a doubt but she is a very good girl.

*Aug. 1.* This has been quite an interesting day, at noon-time a number of gentlemen took dinner with us, they were surveying a road from the Sebesticook Bridge to Vassalborough which comes *right across* our lot cutting it into an ugly shape. Hope that the business of today will upset that of the surveyors last week and frustrate their plans, so that we can enjoy our land and retirement.

*Aug. 3.* This is fast day appointed by the President of these United States on account of the prevalence of the cholera in various places and cities of our land. President Taylor appears to be a consistent christian, hope he is in heart one.

*Oct. 31. 1849.* Have been to carry Miss Sarah Crosby to the Widow Steevens Crosbys, a very pleasant ride — On my arrival they appeared to be grateful for her company a few days. There was an old lady there, by name 'Lernard' sister-in-law to Mrs. Crosby, aged 76, this present month. I spoke of her being nigh the end of her journey on Earth and nigh our heavenly Father's house. She assented to my remarks and as I bid her farewell and gave her a kind of explanation of the word 'farewell' she said that she had ever faired better than

she deserved and hoped that she should meet with the 'well' at the end of life.

*Nov. 7.* This is a real day for *Callers*. . . . These things keep one sociable even if there were no *Fruit*.

*Tuesday 27.* Attended the famous celebration at Water-ville of cars coming in our railroad — The greatest number of people I ever saw at one time.

*Jany 25, 1850.* Rec. a letter from Albert informing us of a third daughter "born Thursday 10 inst. at 2 o'clock P.M. A hale, hearty well formed healthy peaceable little creature weighing 9 pounds, regular avoirdupois. As to her history since she has been with her mother, doing well & under the divine science of Homeopathy she will we trust rise to be in all good time a young lady of true Swedenborgian school. We all are much attached to the little innocent."

*April 2.* Tuesday my good husband has left us for Augusta, Jury man — Think we shall be lonely yet I am gratified with his going, it will be a *rest* to him and on some accounts quite an advantage. By this means he will be enabled to add a stock to his intelligence. This morning, he read the 143 Psalm which ends 'For I am thy servant.'

*June 11.* Attended the County Conference at Vassalboro. . . . Mr. Dunmore spoke of the Telegraphic wire to carry the prayers of Christians from Conference meetings, family altars, and social prayer meetings up to heaven and from thence in answer down to the Missions. Therefore he says 'pray for me in my absence and God will surely answer it in my favour.'

*June 15.* Our Church and society have been labouring long and hard to make Rev. Albert Cole a life member of the Maine Missionary society, it is at length accomplished, but we i.e., husband & I have paid into three contributions, one at the meeting house, one at County Conference and a collection to finish off with. Then there is my husband's Annuity 2 dols and

then he has advanced 83 cents with a promise of remuneration. I suppose this is the way to 'call down blessings'! It surely is the way to *send up* property for deposit.

*Dec. 31, 1850, Tuesday.* As the Rev. Albert Cole's labours closed with this people, it was thought to be both pleasant & advisable to hold a parting picnic at his house. Some few days previous Mrs. Charles F. Paine recommended it to a few confidentials & the cordial approbation soon spread like 'wildfire.' Mr. Cole's 'picnic' was in every mouth even before the where-withalls were put together. On the 31st day of December after four o'clock p.m., there was a universal stir in Winslow, Mr. Cole's friends were putting on their warm garments and *Hoods* and turning their faces thitherward, it was a Boreas cold day but notwithstanding this there were assembled at his house (i.e. Mrs. C. Paine) before seven o'clock more than one hundred and twenty five of the very cream of our society (not *all* the cream, however).

After chatting & chitchatting, passing from one room to another, & saluteing and receiving salutes till about half past seven, they were called upon to march round the long table which stood groaning under its burthen in Mrs. Paine's dining room, and the room illumined with a large solar lamp from the meeting house, suspended directly over the centre of the table. When it was thought that all had passed round and got their appetites whetted and the Elders of the company had again arrived at the table (for they took a circuit through the other room), they were requested to gather round and 'join in' and those who could not do *that* must approach as nigh as might be to the scene of action. A gentle signal was given and Oh! how still they were! Then Mr. Cole would have asked a blessing were it not that he was swallowed up in gratitude to our Heavenly Father, but by & by he got upon the blessing & received it and he never before appeared so well, so interesting, I looked at him & thought blessed man. Mrs. C.

stood nigh his elbo, I looked at her & thought good woman I so love you.

After the short prayer we all fell upon behaviour much as others do on similar occasions. It was then said that Uncle Paine would give a speech & offer a resolve, all was silent as the Sabbath, when the old gentleman brought to view the closing year, the closing service of Mr. Cole with his people, spoke of his consistant Christian walk, his faithful ministrations as a gospel teacher, his friendly intercourse with society & friends, of mankind, and expressed our united feelings in parting with so good a man. Then followed a resolve which had been previously written & he handed it to Miss Louise Stratton to read. She advanced with her usual firm gait to receive it from the old gentleman and read it off with sufficient confidence. He then remarked that if it met the cordial approbation of those present he would call for a vote. It was done and those who could not be seen to raise the hand by reason of the partition sung out 'Yea' and a copy was thereby handed to Mr. Cole. After this was done Mr. Cole addressed the company in words which are not at my command by reason of their superiority. We all then dispersed to the various rooms and after a short change of sentiments civilities and cordialities, the company began to turn their faces towards their cloaks & hoods, & their horses toward home. Thus ended a delightful evening & the last with our beloved Pastor.

Some few days before the party convened, Mr. Edward Paine volunteered his services to the Ladies and went round and collected a sum of money sufficient to purchase a very handsome cake and basket & waiter for a present to Mrs. Cole, the Basket cost 7 dol. waiter one, this basket was set in the centre of the table directly under the superb lamp on a raised platform, to make it the more conspicuous and filled with rich cake from Miss Charlotte Stratton. These two lighted up a radiance in the *outer* corresponding with the *inner* man thereby



adding much to the brilliancy of the scene. Then there was a large loaf of cake made by Mrs. Furber & frosted like a snow ball which stood in the vicinity of the centre. This cake was not cut, but kept for a carrying-away memento for Mrs. Cole.

At one end of the table there was seen a willow basket containing half a bushel of parched corn which resembled the snow drift without. Various kinds of puffs as white as a cup, some of them filled with very dark preserve, some with bright red, & other with honey looking jelly. At each end of the table there stood a rich plum cake, handsomely frosted, but it was sliced up through some misunderstanding which deducted somewhat from its importance. These cakes were provided by Mrs. Esq. Paine & Mrs. Joseph Eaton. Doughnuts were profusely interspersed as commonplace articles with one exception, a large plate full attracted notice and an inquiry as how they could be made to so much resemble a small branch of a tree, each nut was composed of many branches about as long as a pipe stem and shot out in various directions, still adhering to each other. This was brought by Miss Helen Smiley. Cookies, & cream biscuit & cheese filled up the vacancies, and two handsome plates of preserved apples & cream with a delicious flavour. Then the large, or rather plates of large apples, and great Pitchers of Water made up the amount. . . .

One other thing.

Miss Susan Hinds of Benton presented to Mrs. Cole a splendid crystalized Basket for a centre table. This was handed round through all the rooms drawing forth questions & remarks of various descriptions & imports.

After they were all dispersed and gone to their homes, several little presents were found left for Mr. Cole which were both acceptable as considered as proofs of affection & esteem. . . .

Thus closed the year of 1850 with the society of Winslow, and now we are without a pastor or any one to take the *lead*

in our religious meetings; and his place and that of his wife is vacated to the grief of many of his friends.

*Thursday, Jany. 16, 1851.* The last week a few ladies have contributed and bought a very nice rich Bay state Shawl & presented to Mrs. Pettee. It is just the right color for a lady of her age, brown with a dark brown border. Price 8 dol. there was 25 cts. left which was given her to cheer her good heart. Oh! how much sweeter it is to give than receive. When she sits in the Sanctuary listning to a good sermon, how warm her heart and body will be. Dear good Sister.

*1851. June 20.* Friday evening went to Waterville to hear an address from Dr. Babcock and others on Subject Sabbath School. Dr. Babcock is a *remarkable* man to speak before an audience on any subject, more especially *this* that engages the greatest and warmest affection of his noble heart. . . . Last evening he came into our house with Uncle Paine, spent an hour more agreeably than I can express i.e. to my own gratification; he is surely a noble work of God. When he went out and took my hand for the last time, I told him that I called such visits, clusters of grapes from Canaan, at which he laughed and gave my own a good shake.

*June 24, 5th, 6th.* Attended a Conference at Yarmouth, the longest meeting I ever attended, greatest number of ministers and the greatest amount of substantial speeches from substantial Gospel men. Prof. Stowe, Tucker, Babcock, Hayes, Clark and various others who are in the same road and only a little behind them.

We had a good *putting up place* & were made quite welcome which gave a sort of *Spice* to our enjoyment, name Asa Winslow. Pleasant ride in the cars, to and from, good company, good weather. The first Preacher Dr. Stowe, i.e. the conference sermon, text Matthew 6, 10. Thy Kingdom come. He is a remarkable man in speaking.

*Oct. 8.* Oh Dear Mercy!!! what lots & lots of company

we have had for the last few days; Mr. Shepley, his wife & four children, Mr. Barry & wife going to and from Bath, Miss Gay and Mary Worcester, three brothers to dine while bringing over Mr. Shepley's goods, — some callers on various causes. — well, by and by I shall get where the weary are at rest.

Been over to Waterville to the Fair, but saw nothing that particularly attracted notice, all was confusion and wild uproar, glad to get into this my own pleasant chamber again, hope that soon shall have time to write to my dear children.

*Oct. 11, 1851.* Forty eight meals of victuals in six days prepared for company. Dont wonder I'm tired this Saturday night.

*Nov. 5, 6.* Spent the better part of two days in writing to Mr. and Mrs. Cole at Sanford, giving them a sketch of ministerial affairs since they left in January. They are worthy friends and I love to do them honor, if my poor abilities are an honor.

The regular Journal closes here. In the back of the book are various records of plantings of trees and shrubs.

Grandmother died Jan. 1852.

CHAPTER SIX  
*THE RECORDER FOR*  
*1849.*  
*WINSLOW*  
*MAINE*

Lord teach my heart to think  
And guide my hand to write.

*Winslow, April 15th 1849*

DEDICATION

To my  
Dear Father & Mother  
and beloved brothers.  
Timothy & Avery S. Ware all now in heaven  
I would affectionately dedicate this book,  
Believing as I do that hereafter when all the Redeemed of the  
Lord are gathered into his kingdom, that family circles will be  
reunited with additional bonds of love, for love never dies,  
and as we pass along through the vista of Eternity, we shall  
have occasional rehearsals of Earth scenes and changes — our  
pleasures and our pains, and the events which are now clothed  
in darkness will then be light and plain to our angelic vision.  
For such-like causes we shall have a new song continually,  
that of praise to the great Jehovah.

I remain as before  
your daughter and Sister  
Abiel Ware Paine.

*Introduction*

It was nigh the commencement of the year 1849 that I finished a book which I called a "Sketch Book," it was about the size of this present one and contained 150 pages. *That* was given me by my second Son, Albert four years previous. At the time of receiving it, I thought it was a pity to spoil its fair pages with a few of my vain scribblings as probably I should not live to write it through therefore was unwilling to commence. After much consideration, I concluded to let my pen have its rein, and in four years every page was talkitive. Albert had anticipated such an event and in November 1849 he sent to me (by the hand of Timothy) this very *nice rich* book. I have had the same feelings over again, but have determined on this, that if he is willing to invest a share of his Capital in such an enterprise, I am not only willing but very thankful to embrace this favour with gratitude and shall repair to it as to the other old friend who is now in A ——— possession.

I dont know what will take place worthy of record but this one thing I do know, that my life is passing along very swiftly and if I can catch a few scattered thoughts and clap them on paper, they will afterward be a satisfaction to look over in my leisure moments. Therefore trusting in an overruling Providence shall minute a few thoughts at the commencement of this year.

The first record is that of the death of her son Charles of which she writes so many times. Then a page each on the following subjects: January 1849–February. A Church meeting, The Departure of Timothy in the stage, Receiving and writing letters, Sunday reading a reminiscence of her mother's reading, The Bible a Fountain, The Grandson Charles, Bible readings and meditations, A poem and writings of Timothy's, State Conference at Bath.

*Sabbath April 8 (1849).* This morning at our family reading my Lot chanced to be from 161 to 168 verses of 119 psalm. In doing which I was carried to heaven by the way of my Mother for she is there, therefore whenever I think of her I am under the necessity of going thither.

It was for this cause, for 165 verse was one that she often quoted as having received it as her own.

When I was quite a little child and my Mother would have a friendly call from some pious sister she would sometimes speak the state of her mind and this verse would be repeated 'Great peace have they which love thy law; and nothing shall offend them.' She would then speak of the peace she enjoyed and with what ease and composure she could overlook faults and foibles among her neighbors. Then she would add 'Let him who is without sin, cast the first stone.'

Well do I remember very many precepts — sentences — admonitions — which fell from her lips, but to me they were then only as a stone thrown against the wall. She neglected to press them home upon my heart, that they might have a firmer lodgment in my soul;

Some of them I remember still and have tried to practice upon. Multitudes are lost and gone.

#### *Maternal Grandparents*

Robert Ray born April 1718.

Mary Richardson August 1720     Married 1742.

Their children

---

Abiel     born October 10, 1748  
etc. etc. to the number of eight.

Timothy Ware married Abiel Ray 1769

Abiel Ware born Dec. 6, 1787, married Frederic Paine  
"names of their partners" Sept. 21, 1809.

*April 23rd 1848, Memorable for Winslow*

On Saturday April 22 precisely at four o'clock P.M. the first Steam boat was launched that was ever built in town. Owners, Railroad Company, Friend Lang and (my own) Charles F. Paine. This makes me grateful for the prosperity attending the labours and calculations of my beloved boy. His beginnings were small but God has prospered him and given him reason to rejoice and praise his great and holy name for all the distinguished favours heaped upon him.

But my prayer shall be that he may not be turned off with temporal prosperity only. May he have a true heart to worship God and have respect to his commandments. May my Heavenly Father grant unto him forgiveness of sins and acceptance with him in the great day of accounts. May he be gathered in with all the ransomed of the Lord to go no more out forever, to join with that great company round about the throne who constantly sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, saying "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty, just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints. — Who shall not fear thee? O Lord for only thou art holy." Revel. 15-34.

[A marginal note.]

"Written just one month before that dreadful event." <sup>1</sup>

### *Retrospect*

*July 22, 1849.*

There are but few out-door excursions that give me so much real comfort as a walk among the trees and shrubbery of my own dear husband's lot, and to take occasional views of the new shoots and families of plants scattered ever & anon about the yard and adjacent fields. Here I see one but just making its appearance among the grass and only a few weeks old. A stake is soon brought and put down by its side to designate

<sup>1</sup> See sketch of Charles, p. 159.

the almost imperceptible plant. *There* I see one of a more mature age that speaks for itself that it is one year old. And yet another that has known the snows of two winters.

That little enclosure of Barberry bushes, Oh how splendid they look just at this time, how luxuriant and bourn down with their rich fruits. Fourteen years ago as we were trav'ling in Massachusetts my husband stopped his carriage that I might alight and gather the seed from which they sprung. Ever since that time they have been our constant care — our yearly care for every year we have rejoiced over their progress.

And the noble grape vine, the seeds from which it sprung were gathered on the same journey. What a cooling shade it throws around, how refreshing it would be to a weary trav'ler. What a beautiful 'vine wreath lot' dear Daniel made last year under its wide spreading branches, what comfort we all took in going to see it and listening to his artless explanation of all its parts and conveniences.

Also there are three crab apple trees as straight as a plumb-line not beneath our notice, They too were brought from the west at that memorable visit in the year 1835 and were seeds —

Charlotte's oil-nut tree which she transplanted in the year 1844 and then was only a few inches high, it stands at the foot of the drain so that she should have rich oil nuts, as she said. It is now 7 feet high and has four branches, i.e. three shooting *out* and one pointing up, those *out* are about 4 feet long. It is perfect in beauty and has received its pruning from Timothy, as also the crab apples.

Then there is the high up shag bark which husband brought in his pocket from Foxboro in the year 1820. Its height is about my measurement. And what shall I say of the Maple nigh my chamber window, in the year 1844 it was nothing but a whip-stick, — now its top is far above the top of the chamber window. Various kinds of plum trees throw their



cooling shade to make the scenery more inviting. And the bower over the front yard gate is made of Timothy's that was a seed the same year that he was born — Sarah's too that is nigh the front door and of her own age; then there is the great Birch, the Fir, the Horsechestnut, the Key maple — and what shall I say more of all the out-door beauties that have been reared with so much care and watched over with continued watching.

Other plants I have that are not of this fold, them also I must bring and spread out before the mind.

They are the in-door plants that require constant and unremitting attention; of them I have a number remaining and some gone out from us not to return. Twenty-seven years ago on the first day of January one made its appearance and fell into my hands; it was a tender bud of promise. — fragile shoot, — a winter plant, therefore it required unwearied attention. All possible care was taken, and by the kind hand of our Covenant-keeping God, it prospered, it grew strong — it flourished, — such was my dear Harriet and for fifteen years her kind influence was felt wherever her name was known. But Alas! Alas! my bud of promise, — my fragile flower, — my winter plant in a few short days of pain & anguish yielded to the conqueror death. We laid her in yonder pleasant yard, all that of her was mortal. But her happy spirit winged its way to the pure reigion of bliss, with the song of Moses and the Lamb failing on her tongue. And then there was that bright forget-me-not in a china vase, who that saw her can ever forget sweet Annah, — precious granddaughter. For four short years she threw around her such a vast number of fibres that they proved as a cable to bind her to every heart. How bright her flitting life on Earth, then soared away to join the blessed company more congenial to her soul.

But how can pen and ink draw a picture of a large field — from which a noble tree standing in its centre has so recently

been removed. Far back in time memory, even more than thirty seven years ago, there appeared a slender stalk, the first to promise ancestral fruit, it was hailed with delight and nursed with care, not a day was it suffered to remain without a beacon by its side to designate its place, thereby an eye might be kept upon it.

It grew, it thrived and soon sent its long extending branches. Early it took deep root and became able to bear adverse winds and the snows of winter. By & by little scions began to spring up and beneath its shade was getting to be a garden of flowers by its kind influences. Other plants in its vicinity received of its richness, the circle grew larger and broader thus, and thus upward & onward till it had reached the height of radiation.

Who ever saw a more delightful morn than this? No youthful company of May-day worshipers, no grave age with all their preparedness for the reagon of bliss, could wish for an Earthly morning superior. See all nature around just going forth from night's repose, inhaling bright visions for the day. In the midst of all this (and more) look at that splendid wheel as it makes its steady revolves causing multitudes to rejoice. Stop a moment and learn *cause* and *effect* and with me admire that invaluable sight bearing away that idol of my heart, and that youthful one standing on yonder bow. How plain to my view these two objects distinctly seen from all the rest. Why is it so? God knoweth.

Hark! listen! what is that stunning sound so much like thunder, surely it has struck some object, it may be some valuable life is taken, some family with circle broken into —

Yonder arises a dense fog, a heavy mist is spreading over a space — Draw a little nigher and again learn *cause* and *effect*. O, I see a dreadful wreck, — mangled bodies lieing, — heart stricken groans proceeding from it as the life was going out of day tenements.

In the midst of confusion & alarm a *youthful one*, not now

standing on yonder bow but with his hands clenched around a shaft and with only strength enough to keep his head above water. He is taken up senseless and laid upon a bed on shore; thanks to the great Preserver.

The scene is heart-rending, I close my eyes and endeavor to look away. Endeavors are vain. I open them on that *large field* where stood that noble tree in its centre. It lies prostrate upon the Earth, never more to be reared up. The flower garden is left, but every leaf and bud and flower is hanging its head toward the earth, and the fountains of the great deep seem to be broken up, the garden is left to scorching rays of the Sun without its cooling shade, or its broad protecting limbs to screen it from the ills of life. . . .

Uncle Charles was the inventor of the boiler used on this steamer *Halifax*. When he died, Grandmother lay on her bed for three days, lamenting the fate of her son, as he had not on this earth joined the elect. After that time she aroused herself with, "He has never chosen bad company here and he will not there." She arose and went about her work happy.

*Half past nine, Monday. May 23, 1850.* This very day two years ago, this very hour, and the half hour, two years ago and that beautiful Steam Boat *Halifax* the delight of many hearts left the wharf at Waterville and glided majestically down the Kennebec bearing on its bosom my own, my dear Charles — Silently and softly it floated along adding joy and happiness to the Master thereof. How intent was his mind on the great undertaking and grateful for its accomplishment.

Hope nerved his arm, and promise of encouragement gave strength and vigor to the inner man. — This was his happiest morning, all other mornings for a year past had been planning and expectation buoyed up by an assurance that 'now my dear family will reap the reward of my labour and we shall all rejoice together in this achievement.'

Multitudes of pleasant thoughts rushed into mind while on the downward current. Never was there a more delightful morning, all nature promised favours, the very world around was clothed in beauty, the river never before seemed to flow so softly, the Sun even shed such a mild ray that all the shadows cast forth a splendid appearance. The Air was sweet and invigorating and all nature sent forth a gentle hue of love and happiness.

Two hours later and the Boat nears the Dam and the head of the lock. A little expression of anxiety plays over the countenance of the "Guide," a little knitting of his heavy brow as the gate is raised and he begins to lower down into the Lock. No object now diverts his mind from his treasure, all the ceremonies are past and about to be ushered out into the broad river, again, when all of a sudden the mandate goes forth from the high and holy One "Come unto me and I will give you rest" —

These have been a few of my reflections this day. The thoughts of him have been more to me today than ever which have caused the trembling hand so apparent in these few lines.

*Sept. 15, 1850.* It was an uneven morning and to my mind everything took a wrong road. The rest of the family did not seem to be wandering over Wood Hay, and Stubble, but my way was hedged up that I could not travel smoothly. I passed into my bed-room and on my bed, lay my good old Bible. I took it up with this thought running through my mind, I'll see if this will tell me what the matter is. At the very same moment it opened and my eye first lit upon these words. "Take my yoke upon you, & learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart and ye shall find rest unto your soul." Matt. 11 29.

It was enough, I shut the Bible and went out to practise there upon. —

How good the “Word” is and far  
above all Price.

Thy Word is pure;

Therefore thy servant loveth it. — Psalm 119, 140.

*Sept. 23d. 1850.*

Died in Winslow Saturday Sept. 21 1850.

at half past two morning, Mrs. Ruth Wood *ae* 75.

“There is a bright house just before me.”

and she raised her emaciated arm, pointing upward and her countenance beaming with love divine.

“That’s a bright house” repeated the aged sister as she pressed my hand and listened to the remark, They need no candle there; — All is bright & glorious there, and *I* shall soon be there was her reply no more trials, — no more tears, — no more anxieties; there are all the dear friends gone before, and the dear Saviour.

Such were a few of the last expressions uttered and the scene on earth closed; the happy spirit winged its way to the region of Eternal glory. How calm her exit. We found the pulse had ceased their motion, the breath had assumed a change, her lips which before had been closely shut, parted and we knew that the messenger of death had arrived, that the conveying angels were performing their part in the great work of man’s salvation.

God was at the top of the Ladder. — The land of Canaan was in full view. — Jordan’s stream was narrowing. — the Canaanites were fleeing, — the wilderness was all on the background. — Egypt was out of sight and long since been forgotten, — Jerusalem with all its magnificance began to appear. The City of the great King was at a short distance Solomon’s temple and the great retinue that served there-about far exceeded the fame, the wisdom and the prosperity of reports

which had come to the ears of the queen of Sheba, and she said the one half had not been told. Ezekiel's house was so spacious that naught but an Eternity of time would give space to an introduction. "Israel is redeemed out of all his troubles." Did she think of hunger, two men were seen bearing between them clusters of the grapes of Canaan, and the superb dishes of milk & honey were in profusion. Was she thirsty? There was the water of the river of life flowing out, and it was said come and drink. Did she think of being naked and wish for clothing? Distributing angels were ready at hand and white robes were given to every one and crowns for the head. Did she say I am tired of life's scenes on earth, the answer was come unto me and I will give you rest.

Did she remember the low place she had occupied on earth, it was answered, come up higher. Did she ask for an interview with beloved friends gone before, she was told to wait a little for they were on advance ground. — Such were some of the thoughts that occupied the mind for the first few moments after the spirit had fled and the clay tenement lay before us then it was said "let us pray." We all knelt down by the Well of Water and endeavoured to make our camels kneel also and then commended ourselves to God most wise —

"There is a bright house before me."

What an impressive sentence, how it nerved my very soul it is not a Scripture phrase, but purely original. A bright house, — Worcester says "Bright" is shining — full of light — reflecting light — resplendant — illustrious — how full of meaning & comprehensive is the word, — 'House' a shelter from the heat & storm — and rude blast of winter, a habitation of peace for life's happy scenes, and an encompassing wall to protect from danger, is a House.

A bright house, may my memory ever retain the sentence.

*January 4, 1851.* I stood near a pleasant river, and as I

watched its blue waves curling to the breeze & listened to its gentle murmurs, a lulling influence came round me.

One by one my senses closed on all externals, — the air seemed set in motion by the fanning of soft wings and raising my eyes I saw descending borne on clouds a bright winged company whose low sweet strains and gentle converse revealed their heavenly Mission.

Softly down they came, and as I traced each spirit form *one* seemed familiar in whose lineaments I saw a dear companion of my childhood; *one* who early went to rest. — She gave a sweet smile of recognition that inspired me with confidence to speak and ask tho' tremblingly, whence she had come, and wherefore God had sent them. — In tones of melody she told me they had come direct from God at his command to minister to trembling spirits in their disembodiment and bear them disenrobed unfettered up to his holy courts. — It was her peculiar Mission thus to introduce a spirit of a much loved Brother and this errand done to hasten with him back to minister to a company of mourning ones that should ere the setting of our Earthly Sun assemble in the home left desolate. It was hers thus to pour in the Oil upon the Mother's bleeding heart once torn for her — now rent afresh — and rent as ne'er before, — thus to apply a balm of spirit strength from Him who "all our sorrows bore" to her the bosom friend whose wound tho' healed must leave a scar.

Others there were smitten by the same stroke to whom that ministering band bore balm and Oil, whose pain that balm and Oil alone could cure.

Still we talked on and their sweet looks of love and sympathy made my heart burn within me.

But hark!! a stunning crash that almost called my senses back to earth burst on me, — All the shining wings were fluttering, — A faint sound of groans and dim sight of mangled limbs came to my mind, but plainer far I saw the struggling

of strong spirits with mortality while angelic forms hovered round administering strengthening influences. Soon I beheld that angelic Sister fold its wings around a new born spirit and breathing tones of sweet assurance bear it gently up, up till I could see no more.

Another and another followed clasping its treasure till I was left alone.

Sad thoughts were stealing over me and I wept that the fetters of mortality excluded me from angel-joys and angel-companionship when again they came swelling the strains—"Glory to God and Hallelujah to the Lamb." With just one smile on me, they plumed their shining wings anon and parting took their separate course to hearts & home-circles broken —

Again I stood alone and gradually from my senses broke away the mist.

The fields arose again before me, the pleasant river too, but oh! heart-rending scene, over its bosom, scattered here & there with mangled bloody forms, lay a *black wreck*. Then I knew there were the forms of those whose spirits I had just seen bourn to God. And I rejoiced that every stricken desolate bleeding heart was ministered to by Angels, and that there was balm in store for every wound.

*Transcribed, Feb. 4, 1851*

*from the original.*

*Fast Day. April 10th. 1851.*

*Perfect Purity*

When a saint first enters the region of bliss, it will be with joy unspeakable and full of glory but yet how far short of Moses and Miriam. The Book of knowledge is just opened to the angelic vision and the unfolding mystery that adorns the first page excites to an advance which at every step calls forth new



expressions of holy joy and praise and the eternal song is begun never to terminate —

I have treasured up in my memory a sentence of an old friend of mine (Grandsire Craggin) speaking of eminent gifts, he made this remark “Well,” said he “If I can just get my feet within heaven’s door, I shall be just as happy as my limited capacity will allow and that will be enough to satisfy *me*.”

I cant say that I have the same view of the supposed case, for I often think that I shall want to push my way “till I can catch a view of my dear Harriet and sweet Annah, for I desire to be ‘bound in the same bundle with them.’ ”

*Thursday May 22 1851.* My dear Charlotte was married to George Sumner Leavitt by Rev. S. Gay of Bridgewater Mass.

Dear child I never saw her look so beautiful and appear to be worth so much as on the day of her marriage. Indeed she was never worth so much before for she is one of those blossoms which grow brighter & richer as the Sun rises and shines upon it. May she live many year to be an ornament to the society in which she moves; and as now a “new family is formed” may she be assisted to diffuse light, joy and happiness in her household and be found among Solomon’s virtuous women, having Strength and honor for her clothing, and rejoice in time to come. Think that George will find her to be a help-meet indeed in truth and have reason to feel that he has chosen a good half.

Throughout the book are many poems written by Uncle Timothy when in Bangor, one on Thomas Hill, another on Harlow St., etc. There are many favorite bits of poetry copied and sermons showing Grandmother’s tastes and interests. There are also transcriptions from earlier books of hers.

The last date that is surely hers is October, 1851. Another hand adds some notes and the following Obituary.

*Obituary of Mrs. Abiel Ware Paine*

Died in Winslow, Me. Jany 12th 1852, Mrs. Abiel Ware Paine, wife of Mr. Frederic Paine, aged 64.

Mrs. Paine was born in Wrentham, Mass., Dec 6, 1787; married Sept 1809; moved to Winslow in what was then the Province of Maine where she resided till her death. She was the mother of four sons and four daughters, one son and one daughter have died.

She entertained hope at the age of 15 years, made a public confession of religion, Nov. 1, 1818 at the commencement of Congregational Church in Winslow. Herself and husband with two others composed the whole number at that time. She ever felt a deep interest in the prosperity of the Redeemer's kingdom, at home and abroad. She ever welcomed to her house the ministers of Christ as many now living can testify, whilst many more whom she entertained have gone to their reward. In her death not only her family but the Church & Society have sustained the loss of a warm friend.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

### *SOME OLD LETTERS*

I CANNOT close these records of Grandmother without referring to one incident in her life. Unless in one or two places one can read between the lines, as I fancy I can, there is no allusion in her Journals to the "feud" existing for several years between the wives of the two Foxboro-Winslow brothers, Lemuel and Frederic. We had heard this mentioned as a tradition, but now there is no one to tell the tale as it should be told. There are references to it in two old letters from which I give extracts, the one written in 1841 by Henry W. Paine to his Cousin Albert in Bangor; the other by Grandmother herself to her son Albert, written in 1843.

*"Hallowell, Aug. 25 1841.*

*Dear Cousin,*

The family estrangement you advert to has been to me as it evidently is to you, matter of deep regret. While we were boys at home the most perfect intimacy existed between the families — it is painful to find on our return that all intercourse is suspended. I feel this the more keenly because I have received *personally* no cause of affront. The relations between your family and myself were always of the most friendly character. Towards your father and his children I still entertain the feelings which become a near relative — feelings which I am happy to believe are fully reciprocated. May it never be otherwise.

You seem to think it in my power "tantes componere lites" but in this opinion I think you wrong. Both parties believe themselves to have been deeply and wantonly injured. Mutual confidence and mutual respect are gone, I fear forever.

Family feuds are proverbially bitter and incurable. Time may soothe the irritated feelings of the parties and enable them to view the unfortunate affair in its true light. I am afraid that the interposition of third parties (however good the intentions) instead of effecting a reconciliation would tend to widen the breach.

It is not necessary for me to express my opinion as to who is chargeable with the first offense. It would be most surprising if to the eye of a disinterested observer either party had been entirely without fault. I claim not for my mother exemption from the frailties and infirmities of human nature, nor do I mean to incriminate your mother whom I am glad to believe you dearly love and respect. I would not if I could diminish in a single iota the filial affection and veneration which you are bound to cherish towards her. I know for I feel how strong are the cords which bind a son to his mother. . . .

Had your mother asked an explanation she would have found that her suspicions were groundless and that the stories in circulation did not originate where she supposed.

But I will not rake open the embers of this controversy, I would rather smother them. . . .

Write often — give my love to your wife and believe as ever

Your affectionate Cousin & sincere well-wisher

H. W. PAINE.

*Winslow, May 8, 1843.*

My dear Children. (Albert & Mary). . . .

But to be short and comprehensive in my remarks on family affairs, I vouchsafe to say that there was never a season in which we enjoyed more *real* happiness than during the past winter and it has been derived principally from the fact that “the Lord has visited his people.”

In the Autumn and early part of Winter, God was pleased

to grant us a revival of religion and the Church seemed to feel that it was time to arise and call upon God who has all the good gifts in his own hand. In February we began to enjoy all the blessings of a reformation but knowing your mind as I do, I am convinced that *very particulars* will not be interesting, therefore I shall only name some of its fruits. — Your kind hearts formally *did* and I believe ever *will* rejoice in that which is substantially good and of this kind is the *fruit* above referred to.

Many hard and adamant hearts which were opposed to God's holy and righteous law, have become recipients of his grace and are now humble followers of Jesus. Perhaps you would like to know who they are, I will mention only a few. . . . Timothy and Charlotte Paine, and I could go on with the list until it would exceed twenty and then as many more that attend the inquiry meeting, but the very thought that the *subject* does not interest you with *deep feeling* has again caused a tear to fall upon both of the glasses of my Spectacles & truly I must stop and take them off. Timothy wishes me to say, he is getting along well with his studies, very well, read Cicero nearly through, commenced reviewing Eclogues, also he is delighted with Greek study. In addition to his own information I would say I do feel not a little anxiety on account of his close application to study, early & late, through the day and evening, his eyes are on his books, study at home P.M. until half past eight morning, then to the Institute to recite his well-committed lesson. If you should spend twenty four hours in this house, you would not wonder that Timothy does not write you a letter. We dont put any dependence on him for a pail of water, even. Altho he frequently goes to the Pump for it, he gets his whole supply for drink without suffering it to come through the spout of a Tea kettle. For a year past he has slept on nothing better than a straw bed, he seldom knows *what* he eats and does actually forget whether he has

eaten his appointed meal or not. He is in the habit of *standing* at the Bureau while studying, but as the Air-tight affects his head and free breath, we find him in various parts of the house, sometimes a kind of platform cobbled up over the sink and if his lessons are Cicero's orations or Aesop's Fables that I used to read in Webster's old spelling book, he studies loud and this calls my mind to by-gone days. I have fears that I am placing my hopes too strong upon him. . . .

I must once more bring to view the reformation so as to inform you *that reconciliation has been effected between Aunt Paine and self*. We are now on calling terms and shall soon visit. Your Uncle has made many calls, opens his mind freely and meets a kind response. As we pass & repass to meeting he embraces the opportunity to extend his hand with the hearty "How do you do Aunt Paine."

Do give us the response that you will endeavour to seek the Lord and his salvation. I should be glad to write more, you can easily perceive reasons for a close.

A. W. PAINE.

"Jan. 1 1841. [to Albert and Mary]"

*My dear Children,*

It is New Years day & I scarcely need tell had our dear Harriet been living it would have been her birthday, many tender recollections have come into memory since I rose this morning, early my eyes turned towards the little enclosure that contains all that is mortal. Her graceful form, her slender and delicate appearance & impressive eyes, all and much more, rushed involuntarily to mind and it was not without much effort that I got away from earth and followed her up to heaven 'through liquid telescope of tears.' But enough of this, very many days of clouds and sunshine will alternately beam upon your path before you can by experience know the pangs of such a separation. . . .

“*Friday 4 o'clock.* All faces begin to be turned toward Mr. Jos. Eaton's, a great party this eve about 100 invited, even Bonus is being put in requisition to go for Caroline. Your father and self have an invitation, but do not accept. I am afraid you will be impatient for the articles that Benjamin will bring you, but we have been so busy. Been getting up wood the most of the time for 3 weeks, Jos. Wood to cut in the woods. Have a large pile at the door, wish he could haul a load to you.

“With true affection,

“I remain A. W. PAINE.”

“*Saturday morn.* The splendid party has passt and the time is flying after the years before the flood, and now it remains as Doct. Chace said on a former like-occasion “each one must return to live upon his own resources.” There were about 100, many from Waterville, Benj. Tim. & Carol.”

*To Caroline*

Mch 6/46

“I was very thankful when Tim informed me how good Ann is. Give my love to her and tell her that by the side of her “Patience tree” she must plant one of perseverance, good resolutions well performed and a variety of other useful performances and dont forget to thank her Heavenly Father for all good received from his kind hand. Hope she will be contented and happy.

“Tim thinks that he has left his old shoes, please bring.”

*From Frederic Paine to his son Albert*

*Winslow, Me. May 10, 1843.*

*Dear son.*

I had seated myself to write you, at the time that Timothy's letter arrived. He was at Waterville, did not come home until noon. After perusing the letter he wished me to say that

he had made up his mind not to study the Testament he had sent for. Your caution is very good, respecting his studying too hard. He is very industrious.

As to the freshet in this place we have been very highly favoured, *although* very high, we had to Ferry from the House to the shop. Grass looks well, the farmers have begun farming.

So far as it respects worldly concerns; but what are temporal compared to spiritual things. My mind has of late been more directed to things not seen than for years past. When we view this short life compared to that which is to come, the honours & riches of the world vanish in a moment. Much reason I have to rejoice in the goodness of God, in bestowing the riches and blessings on some of my children,<sup>1</sup> Timothy, Charlotte & Sarah as we hope — could you visit us you would witness a great change in them. Timothy takes an active part in meetings, in exhortation & prayer and he speaks to the point, commands great attention. The girls appear very different, pleasant and are agreeable. Charlotte appears much like Harriet, sometimes it almost seems she has returned. We ought to make it our first concern to prepare to leave this world of sorrow for that rest that remains for the people of God. Charles & Benjamin remain as yet opposed to the only way provided for their Salvation. Could I feel that you were building on the Lord Jesus Christ as your only hope, I could rejoice, but I do fear you are deceived. My earnest prayer is that you will carefully examine the subject in such a manner as at last you may not be wanting, but be prepared with your Dear Consort for happiness unspeakable and full of glory. There has been a great change in this place, the work has been still and solemn.

I remain your affectionate Father,

F. PAINE.



July 17; 1844.

(Waterville, now Colby)

Dear Brother Albert.

Things happen on the College premises — President Sheldon in front of his house spreading hay with both feet and both ends of the pitch-fork at the same time upon the full run, ha, ha, ha. One of the students has mown a place in front of S. C. about a rod long and given it up for the day. We set out seventy trees last fall which are now thriving well. Across the road three or four acres of corn & beans planted by the students look pretty good. The great locust tree in front of my windows is in a green state making a beautiful shade for the disputants. We get along very peaceably. President & faculty give good satisfaction, are very familiar with the *Students*. I have got almost through my first year in College. It has been the shortest year of my life and I may say with truth the most pleasant one. Our examination will take place in about two weeks. But I do not fear to have it come much. The sitting on the seats so long is the worst part of all. Albert, I cannot be thankful enough to you for inducing me to take the course which I am now pursuing. As it was by your influence that I am here.

TIMOTHY.

*Timothy to Albert*

*Winslow, Maine July 19, 1846.*

. . . They are doing strange things in Waterville College, expelled one of my classmates for blowing a horn Fourth of July, and one of the class below me; if they are not taken back, I do not know what will take place. The Sons of Temperance had a fine time on the Fourth, there were about four hundred of us. I belong to the Ticonic Division No. 13; there are 140 members enrolled.

I have made a very important change in my diet; eat no meat, not even a fowl, veal or lamb and am of course as far

from eating *pork* as light is from darkness; no butter not even on my potato and bread; no milk; nothing that has any poison in it, but bread made of flour or meal and milk; (I wished to have it mixed with *water*) eat potato *clear* with vegetables of all kinds (when I can get them), beans cooked *clear* with a very little molasses (no butter); but custards, pies and sweet cakes of *every* kind. I not only do not desire but do not like to see them. I use the shower bath very early in the morning and that too, *every* morning and when it is warm weather, at evening also. The result of all is that my countenance is more healthy, body much stronger and mind far more clear and glad. Can use a rake as well and as strong as any one. You may see that I am pretty strong from the fact that the walk of 47 miles (rode 3 miles) gave me no trouble. I have been thus particular from the fact that you and my other dear friends at Bangor have spoken so often about my health. So you will pardon the frequent use of "I." I send you my first printed piece, "Paine's Patent Hay Press."

In reference to Uncle Timothy's food and baths, the following bit may be of interest to those of the family who have the family trait.

Aunt Charlotte used to say "my mother used to tell us girls that our little finicky notions came farther back than from the Wares. It was the Rays who were fussy about everything that concerned food or cleanliness."

My father said "I expect to eat my peck of dirt but what I object to is the eating it all at once."

For Ray Genealogy see page 134.

PART IV. "THE WORTHY PORTION.  
THE BLESSED CHILDREN"

- Chapter one      Cloverside, the Old Homestead.  
 "      two      Charles Frederic  
                  Sketch by his brother Albert.  
                  Thirteen Half Dollars.  
 "      three      Benjamin Crowninshield,  
 "      four      The Daughters.

*Illustrations*

Cloverside, The Old Homestead.  
 Charles Frederic Paine, gen VIII, from daguerreotype.  
 The Home Lane.

*From "Sketch Book." 1845.*

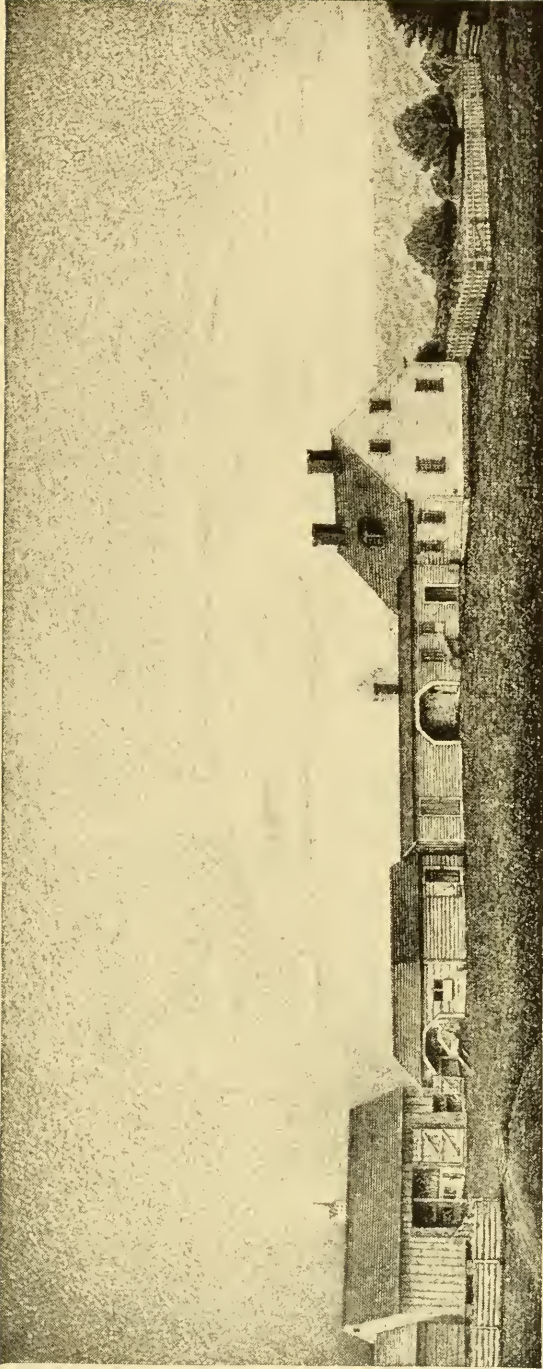
Frederic Paine born Nov, 21st 1785.  
 Abiel Ware born Dec 6, 1787.  
 Married Sept 21, 1809.

The Worthy Portion of  
 Frederic & Abiel Paine.  
 Blessed Children.

Charles Frederic born . . . . . June 18 1810  
 Albert Ware . . . . . Aug 16 1812  
 Benjamin Crowninshield . . . . . March 10 1815  
 Caroline Matilda . . . . . Nov 2, 1817  
 Harriet Newell . . . . . Jan 1 1822  
 Timothy Otis . . . . . Oct 1 1824  
 Charlotte Elizabeth . . . . . Feb 13 1827  
 Sarah Jane . . . . . Jan 10 1830

Harriet's happy death, June, 1837  
 aged fifteen ye, five months, nine days.





CLOVERSIDE, THE OLD HOMESTEAD, 1812

Oh, Clover, thou shalt never die!

A soul of immortality

Is in the ground where men have grown —

The souls of men whose forms have flown.

1886

T. O. P.



## CHAPTER ONE

### *CLOVERSIDE, THE OLD HOMESTEAD*

WHEN ninety-two years old, my father writes to a Winslow cousin, in response to an invitation to visit him:

*Bangor, 1904.*

Geo. S. Paine Esq.

My dear Cousin,—I hope I shall be able at least by Commencement day to visit my old home and enjoy the promised ride around town which you so kindly promised. I sincerely hope I may at least once more view the scenes of my youthful days for which I entertain such lively and loving remembrance. There is no place on earth that so completely absorbs my soul's earthly life as dear old Winslow.

With kind regards to your wife and sister as well as yourself, I am and remain,

Your affectionate Cousin,  
ALBERT W. PAINE.

In 1883 Uncle Timothy made a drawing of the old homestead sending copies of it to his brothers and sisters. From his brother Benjamin, ten years his senior, came this immediate response:

*Winslow Homestead Me. Sunday eve, Nov. 11/83.*

More than kind brother T'O. — One thing we would like to know how under the sun, moon, and stars you have completed so *perfect* a picture of the place as it was, is more than any person living can tell. You surely must have visited the spot many times for the years gone by, and the question comes how did you come and go so many times and no one see you

with pen and paper taking so many measures and angles &c. It surely was not done while the Sun or Moon or Stars were shining, but you must have done it when all was still and *dark* and before light, taken wings for your pleasant home.

— B. C. P.”

This bit of “reminiscencing” was written on a postal by “Timo” to his brother Albert in Bangor, in 1886, just after the death of the brother Benjamin and when the house was being dismantled.

*Postal*

Sheephouse, barn floor, overhead scaffold, “lenter,” hen-house, barnshed hogpen, cornhouse, woodhouse, open part, set-kettle-room, sink room, kitchen sitting room, keeping-room, up-stairs, skylight, downstairs, dark bedroom, front-entry, up to the spring, down to the brook, down to the river, over the brook, the ham house, the oilnut trees, in the post-office, the bridge, Eaton’s store. I am doing a great deal of nothing. Next year shall I be hard at work again?

What does it mean that our memories retain such a mass of simple things wrapped up in homely words? How long would it take you to write out all that you could say on each word on my list?

In the “lenter” (pray not leanto for us) stood old Bonus who came out of your Latin Grammar; and how much comes from this lenter? The drives of Bonus; Dr. Chase’s horse; Dr’s rides — I want to see old home when I die; to ramble through it with father and mother, Hatty and you — Premature youth seems to be coming on fast. No roguish sister will put a potato in my stocking now.

TIMO.

*Elmwood, Mass. Dec. 22, 1886.*



## CHAPTER TWO

### *CHARLES FREDERIC PAINE*

THIS sketch of the oldest son was written by his brother, Albert, in 1876.

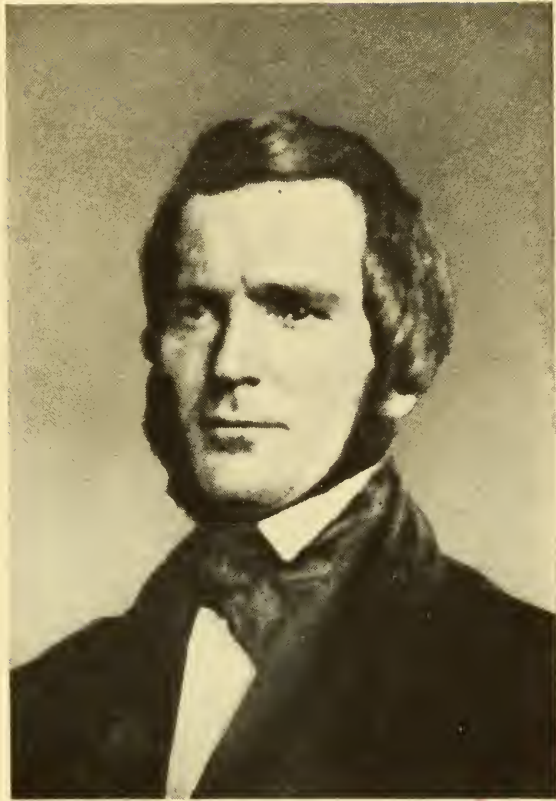
#### CHARLES F. PAINE

My brother Charles Frederic Paine was born at Winslow, County of Kennebec, Maine, on June 18, 1810. As a scholar at school he was a good Mathematician and had in boyhood a remarkably active and business character and inventive genius. Our father being a mechanic, Charles early acquired the knowledge and use of tools and was always making some piece of ingenious mechanical work. Sleds, wagons, carts, houses, machinery, mills and other work were constantly exhibited as new fruits of his skill and industry. In later life he invented a hay press which was patented under his name and which has ever since had a high reputation and extensive use, not only in his own neighborhood but in other states and on the cotton growing plantations of the South. His taste early led him to indulge in the various arts of water craft nature, water mills, water wheels and in river navigation and among the very earliest of his mechanical employments was the making of miniature boats, canoes and ships and afterwards those of a larger class for the accommodation of business. Living on the margin of two rivers which had their confluence by our home, a very favourable opportunity was afforded for the cultivation of his taste in this direction and for its practice in useful ways. So that quite early in his more mature life he engaged in the business of navigation upon the Kennebec between Waterville and his native town at the one extreme and the towns or cities

below as far as Bath at the other. This indeed became the business of his life, carried on for many years by means of the large flat boats, then well known to the region. This being at a time long before Railroads were even thought of in that region or even indeed any where, these boats afforded the only means of conveyance for all freights or merchandise from the head of ship navigation at Augusta to all towns and villages further North upon the waters of the Kennebec. Hence the species of navigation was a very important one and a severe competition existed for its profits.

In the year 1847 the erection of the Dam at Augusta by which the waters were made to flow back as far as to Waterville, caused a new era in the business of the River. Steamboat navigation thus became practicable and Charles was among, if not *the very* first to take advantage of the new facilities which it afforded. With the aid of others he at once commenced the construction of a steamer which was finished in the early part of the succeeding year. To it he gave the name of "Halifax" after that of the Fort which had its location in the town of Winslow. The vessel was launched from his "Shipyard" and got ready for service and a trial trip made to Hallowell on the 22nd day of May, returning at evening. On the next day he started upon her regular course, as a freight and passenger line, a small excursion party including three of his own children having taken passage with him. In passing through the lock in the dam at Augusta the boiler exploded and he with six others was instantly killed. His remains were brought home where they lie deposited in our little family cemetery where lie the precious remains of our dear sister and parents.

The tragical death of her son caused to his mother an intense and lasting grief from which she never freed herself. Her scrap book often bore testimony to its violence and it ever after was her constant theme of thought and anxiety for his family.



CHARLES FREDERIC PAINE





This short sketch of my dear Brother I have very hastily drawn up at the request of my dear wife.

ALBERT W. PAINE.

*March 19, 1876.*

In 1834 at the age of 24 years, Charles was married to Miss Esther Loring the daughter of Dea. Loring of Norridgewock and three sons and four daughters were the result of the union.

### THIRTEEN HALF DOLLARS

In 1849, about two years after the violent death of her oldest son, Grandmother began a series of twenty letters to *his* son Charles, the oldest grandchild. The first entry is Sept. 16, the last Aug. 1851, with intervals of perhaps some days and then again of some months.

These were written in the fullness of a grief stricken heart. The same purpose runs through them all, the underlying thought being that the son should know and love the character of the father so tragically taken from life.

The blank book was without doubt made by her as were the account books she mentions making for the son Charles. "The  $\frac{1}{4}$  ream of paper" was cut into half-leaves which were sewed together with a coarse linen thread and bound in a cover of the old marbled paper.

The penmanship is often elegant in appearance and the signatures and addresses often decorated with scrolls, lines or dots. (See Frontispiece.)

### *Dedication*

*To my dear grandboy Charles Paine,*

I would lovingly dedicate a few lines of information regarding the early history of his excellent father who by a sudden and unexpected Providence was removed from this to the ETERNAL world May 23, 1848. Before his death you were

too young to think much or make inquiries about your father's boyhood; or how and what he did at the early age of commencing in life. You only learned some little incidents relative to his mechanical genius, his love of watercraft and economy in "taking care of the cents" and he ever remembering that fifty of them make a half dollar and that a half dollar was a "pretty large piece of silver." You remember that your grandmother told you that when your father had collected thirteen half dollars he commenced trade — began to do business for himself with that capital stock, and that he had kept working *upon it* and with it up to the day and hour of his death.

But as the town Church bell summons to the house of worship, I will lay down my pen and go with the confident hope that after list'ning to words from my respected pastor, I shall be better prepared to continue my narration in the spirit of the gospel.

Yours in love,

A. W. PAINE.

*Sabbath morn*

*Sept. 16th, 1849.*

*Sept 19th, 1849*

*Letter 1st*

*To my oldest grandchild*

On closing my dedication, a preparedness for writing in the spirit of the gospel was hoped for; and while list'ning to it, the preacher brought the following sentiment to view. That, however much knowledge we possess, ability to communicate, or gift for instruction, of what use if we kept it all locked up in our store-houses? of what avail to others? This thought is quite seasonable to me considering the subject which for a few previous days had occupy'd my mind. So here I am seated in my happy chamber with all the conveniences for writing, and a heart devoted to that employment when I can

feel that I am about to contribute a morsel of food to the mind of any friend, and how much more now that I am about to give a few items of information and may be instruction to one who since the death of his worthy father, has fallen into my affection with a two-fold weight, thereby in a measure filling up the void, and narrowing the breach so recently made in the death of my oldest Son, your father.

If I attempt a sketch of his early history for you I must, of course begin with his beginning and say that he fell into my arms as many other first-born sons do, a precious bud of promise.

In writing the following narrative for you, my dear boy, you must not expect dates of time nor age at their occurrence nothing was further from my mind than that they should ever be repeated with any particular interest, and if at all remembered, they would only be related as little incidents to gratify a childish freak, or to the calling up of Maternal fondness.

And here I would say that perhaps no place in my communication will be more proper than this to recommend to you and your Sisters the keeping of a journal, or Sketch-book to which you can repair whenever anything of consequence comes up before the mind; or any either kind or adverse Providence overtakes you, or the members of the family who are so closely knit together by the bonds of love and sympathy: more especially since that fatal twenty third of May. If you should conclude to comply with my wish, I would say let your book be such as you can purchase at a book-store for about fifty cents, and when it is all covered over with your little records, it will be the richest fifty cents that you possess, more especially if your life should be spent much away from home and as you are the oldest of the seven it would be a rich gift to the home-brood, and how much more so to the lonely mother. Be very particular to make dates of time, the day, the month and year &c. &c.

*Sept. 20.* It is forty years this day since I changed my

name by inheritance to that of Paine, and through all this time the Lord has been my guide my guard and sustainer. In Him I shall continue to trust my hope that eventually all my dear family and those precious grandchildren, will at last be gathered into his peaceful fold, never more to be separated; so now I must lay down my pen, leave my chamber and assist in taking care of dear little Frederic who came into this *world* twenty days ago but now it appears is about to leave, he is my thirteenth grandchild.

Farewell for the present.

*Letter 2nd*

*Sept. 23 1849*

Childhood and youth are vanity. So said a wise man, truly; therefore I shall omit many incidents relative to your father's extreme childhood and only say that the inexperience of his mother was the cause of his receiving very many falls and hair-breadth escapes, such as, from the bed, the table, from the window, out at the door and down stairs, but thanks to the great Presence, none of these ever deprived him of an excellent memory, which will be the first subject I shall treat upon.

During the winter after he was two years old, his lot was to sleep in the trucket-bed in the same room where we spent the evening, and it was the usual practise of his father to put questions to him, after his face and hands had been washed and put into bed. Those questions for the most part related to the Officers in the United States, beginning with the President, Vice President, Secretary and so on down to those favours issuing from the Capital. Then the Governors of the different states and those holding high office under them, more particularly Massachusetts & Maine which at that time composed one state. Then the home county of Kennebec would be brought up to view with its great men at the head of affairs. Next our own town, selectmen, town clerk, treasurer and so on and down to the Post-master's assistant? "My papa."



Perhaps you think this quite a tedious lesson for a child not yet three years old, but not so indeed, it was not every night that he performed the pleasant task; then it might have been a burthen. Besides you must consider that the lesson was not so very long as might be supposed, for your grandfather was not of a slow speech and a slow tongue, neither did he train his children so, but more like the pen of a ready writer.

And here I would mention the first cent that your father ever worked to earn, it was for carrying a little jug of drink, and a tin pail of luncheon to your grandfather at work on the Interval back of Uncle Lemuel's barn. He was unwilling to go so far alone, but the promise of a cent on his return inspired his courage, and it proved a source of lasting consolation to him. Altho he picked together many cents to put into his 'Box' yet none of them were so valuable as the *earned one*.

Adieu.  
for the present.

I am monarch of all I survey.  
My right there is none to dispute.  
— Crusoe.

*Letter 3rd*

*October 1849*

My dear Grandson.

Perhaps you will ask why the title of this book is "The thirteen half dollars," or a few 'Items in the life of my father', you may say that you understand the *latter* but the *former* is kept hidden. Have patience, dear child, it will explain itself by & by, besides I have already touched the subject in the conclusion of my last letter, i.e. the 'earned cent.' I will now tell you where he put it. It was in the Autumn of the same year spoken of in my last, that my own dear mother made me a visit of a few months, from New Hampshire. In this time she knit two money-purses, one for each of the two

little boys, i.e. Charles & Albert; Charles' was of various colors, and in that respect like Joseph's coat of old, for you must know that your father was somewhat of a favourite, besides he was the oldest boy. Now I really think that Albert's was the handsomest, but it was all buff color. Charles' was the very same you have now in your possession; look at it and see if it is green, red, black and white. I have not forgotten how his countenance brightened up when he came down in the morning and received in reply to his question 'yes, the purse is done.' His box was brought and the contents put in, they were all black cents for he used to say they were 'just as good as any & better because they filled his box quicker.' But altho his purse was small yet it was not full, and he set about devising ways and means to fill it up, this was soon accomplished and when it began to run over, he laid the plan to give six or twelve cents to his father and receive in return a silver piece. We will now leave him for a time filling his purse and give a sketch of the situation round your grandfather's house; for it was this same season that we moved into it from Uncle Lems'.

This sketch has much to do with your father's early life, for there is scarce a foot of land belonging to the home lot but what his 'early feet have trod.'

When I commenced this letter, I intended to have given this view, hence the two lines of "Crusoe" at its head, but the other matter has crowded it out and I shall take it for my next.

*Yours in love.*

*A view of the scenery around the home-stead 36 years ago.*

*Letter 4th*

*October 23, 1849.*

My dear Grandchild.

It was a very large old decay'd White-Oak stump about three rods from the front door, just on the brow of the hill, *that* was the centre of all out-door sports for your father for a number of years, even down to the time within your aunt

Caroline's remembrance, for she said 'well do I remember the *good run* I used to have from the front door down to the old stump to see & enjoy all the pleasures it afforded.'

Here with his hatchet, his hoe, his jackknife & various other tools he would make all sorts of things, together with a house, a box, or pig-pen which could be easily dug out of the famous edifice; and what ever was lacking to make all complete would be obtained from his fathers shop, the back pasture or from his mother's kitchen, and it really became a proverb whenever anything was missing, to guess it was down at the old stump. From that point and all along where the Orchard is now, and so on to the Interval, was also brush and swamps.

There was one small spot that had been cleared up, and previously there had been a patch of Rye, this was where the house stands, and so round the pump and where the garden and out-building now are.

Now you have a pretty full description of the scenery, and I trust you will readily believe my remark in letter 3d, i.e. scarce a foot of land but what his 'early feet have trod.'

This is a pretty long letter, and my hand is getting to be cold, therefore shall say good morning

to my dear boy.

A. W. PAINE.

*Letter 5th*

*November 17th, 1849*

My dear grandchild.

As my *last* letter was a ground scene of our lot, *this* is intended as a kind of history of by-gone days; yet the object will be to show your father in a prominent place as is the design of this entire book.

In the year 1814 your grandfather was appointed Post-Master, where upon the Post office was moved up into the front entry. You will perhaps smile at the idea of the Post office moved into the entry, but so it was, as I shall make plain.

At that time our house was quite unfinished with the exception of the sitting room and bed room directly out of that. A rough partition separated the Entry from the North room and it was somewhat larger than it now is, into this the Post office was moved which consisted of the following articles i.e. a huge old fashioned desk, — but stop, let me consider this statement, it surely was not old fashioned, I presume there was none such before it, neither has there one come after it. On the top of this stood a row of pigeon holes as they were call'd — better had they been call'd hawks nests, for those days were 'war-time' and very much more was thought and done about Mail than now. No sooner than your grandfather had got all the papers and letters arranged in the said pigeon holes, than the town's people would flock in to devour with unabated thirst.

These two departments stood upon a kind of frame-work resembling a cloth horse, and they three one on the top of the other occupy'd a prominent place in the entry.

There was one other thing to make all complete, it was a long broad board painted white with large capital letters of black, read POST OFFICE, this was screwed up just under the eaves of the house on the North corner and might be read at the main road.

After all these things were arranged, your father received an appointment, or had an office given him which was the first he ever had the honor of filling, but *well* do I remember that he filled it in with fidelity. It was that of "Watcher" or "Reporter," his duty devolved upon him four times per week. [four years old].

It was to "watch and see" when the Mail Stage was coming from Augusta, or when it was far off on the Point, from Waterville, he must run and report to his father that he might be ready to receive it. When it was Winter your grandfather would throw on a handful of shavings and a parcel of dry wood

on to the fire, for you must know that he worked at his trade in one of the unfinished rooms, and in the Summer he must be called from the farm and get ready to wait upon the Mail. In those days the mail was brought in two and sometimes three bags like meal-bags. They were empty'd upon the sitting-room floor. Each package taken up separately and if read "Winslow" laid aside, if not returned to the 'bag.' This occupy'd about fifteen minutes; this gave the Passengers time to come in to the house and talk about 'war' a few minutes, — these were social times, if not of the most pleasant nature.

The following item, you must consider as taking place within a few years next after the last mentioned time, but without any particular date, as that has partially escaped my memory, but the *acts* are all plain to my mind's eye.

Your father was in the habit of spending his winter evenings in drawing but his accommodations were not as young people have now, but rather consisted first of a huge pair of Bellows that had formally lived in my father's family, and in ancient time had been painted red, I say *lived in* for what could avoid life, that was capable of containing and sending forth so much breath at one pressure? Their being once *red* made the chalk marks appear the brighter, therefore the more valuable. *These* with his little chair and a basket of shavins by his side, made him the Master of happiness for an hour or two before going to bed, and nothing was more common than to find them, the bellows, in the morning drest in a new garb. This drawing would vary according as the scenes met his eye during the day; carriages of various kinds, from a Stage down to a wheelbarrow, farming tools, house frames, well sweeps and wicker-work corn-cribs & & . . .

*The method we took to get him to School, the winter after he was four years old*

The School was taught in the house where Mr. Ayer now lives and your father thought it a great way to go alone, there-

fore his mother would go with him about half way down the lane and then in walking slowly back again get to the house about the same time that he got to the main road, in which time he would look back a number of times to see if I was in sight, then I would go in and stand at the front door where he could see me till he had passed the 'Tavern' then I would go to the back door and by wav'ing a white cloth he could ascertain that I was *there* and so feel that he had company all the way to the school door. But notwithstanding all this he nibbled the cuff of his great coat nearly off because he was 'lonesome' as he said.

I now bid you adieu for the present, with the renewed assurance of continued love and affection

from your Grandmother.

*Letter 6th*

*Dec 11, 1849*

So now I shall tell you how your father's ingenuity manifested itself in the making of a Grist-mill when he was about six years old. I cannot give a very definite description of its parts, but will speak of four or five prominent ones and you must conjecture the rest. The frame-work were crotched sticks driven into the ground, which probably he cut with his hatchet & jackknife from the brush pasture on the West, before spoken of and which was a perpetual consolation to him. But to the Grist-mill. There was turning of a crank, a wheel with floats attached thereto somewhat like those in a steam boat. This process was so fixed as to hit the hopper and cause the meal to run out on to a board set slanting to convey it into a trough on the ground. The whole establishment might have been covered over with a bushel basket. It was erected very nigh the front door and was such a good model that passengers from the stage would recognize it at once as being a Grist-mill.



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THE HOME LANE





*Letter 7th**January 1850*

In letter third of this narrative we left your father filling his purse; we will now take a peep into it and see how much it contains. Perhaps you will guess it is full by this time, for that was a number of years ago, but not so indeed, why? Look, there are only four quarters of a dollar and about twenty black cents & when he has got twenty five he will give it to his father and receive another silver quarter; that was the way he worked it for a number of years, but the reason why it did not increase faster was this; he was never taught the principles of a miser to hoard up all his money to be looked at & counted over & over. No! not that! but was instructed to lay out his money for such things as would make life more pleasant in himself or contribute in some way to the happiness or welfare of others, thus he purchased all his own tools to work with and here I would say that he made for himself a kind of model work bench nigh his father's and endeavoured to have it furnished with various tools like unto his; and for the lack of the *harder material*, he could whittle them out of wood; all his Jackknives which in a few years amounted to quite a number, for we used to say that the brushes & the brook were very good places to hide knives, occasionally a pound of nails, Spelling books, slate & pencil, also little books that pleased his fancy etc. These things kept the contents of his purse low, and at the same time made him happy. . . . With these good principles linked together with the thoughts of my dear Son, I must lay down my pen until the climate of my chamber is more congenial with that of my heart.

*Letter 8th**March 20 1850*

The design of this letter will be to speak of your father's temperament of mind and conduct relating to him as school-boy — at meeting — among the neighbors and in his mother's

kitchen, in the last mentioned of which, his mild demeanor and unaffected kindness shone with peculiar prominence. He seemed to delight in taking a kind of fraternal care of those coming after him.

No sooner than his two brothers (Albert & Benjamin) were old enough to go to school than his unwearied attention was turned toward them from home quite to the school, and then again on their return warding off all danger. But his joy and usefulness was redoubled when an accession of a sister was added. By that time he had become old enough to make for himself a Waggon & Sled for the purpose of hauling her out abroad. Each of these vehicles had a box attached with the back somewhat higher than the sides, so that he could "run down the hill and through the gate, over the snow-bank and yet be safe." —

In Winter he would bring the Sled into the kitchen to receive the "precious charge" of a Sister that mother might fix her in & tuck her up and having learned the lesson in the kitchen, would practise upon it at the school-house and be able to say at his return, "there is Sis just as I found her."

It was not as a superior scholar, that your father shone the brightest of the twain, no — he was seldom heard to speak of being at the head of the spelling-class or of making special attainments in any of the common branches in the district school and *that* was the only school he ever attended. But in one particular he *was* superior i.e. in manly deportment while at school and among his playmates and if all boys were like unto him we should not see so many broken windows and whittled seats and flying snow-balls in & about our school-houses as at the present day.

His attention to meeting, is to be my next subject and this I cannot well perform without giving you a sketch of Church history as it was in Winslow in those days.

At that time there was no Church nor Congregational serv-

ices, but there were a few individuals who would like to be united with that Sect. In the Spring of 1818 the Massachusetts Missionary Society sent a missionary to Vassalboro by name Rev. Thomas Adams. Maine at that time was a part of Massachusetts and called "The District of Maine." Very soon after his arrival, Dea Talbot called upon him to let him know our state, and invite him to visit us, accordingly in July he came to our house and he was the first Congregational Minister that ever had passed our threshold. I well remember the day, it was a very hot one and your Grandfather was getting hay just over the brook. Mr. Adams rapt at the front door, I met him — he told his name and added "I have come to see how you do." He walked in with an elastic step, passed directly across the room and laid a bundle of Tracts on the Bureau, making the enquiry 'are you well supplied with such reading? read those and then circulate them among your neighbours.' In a few moments your grandfather joined us and we enjoyed a kind of 'angel visit.' He was young, but his heart was warm in the cause of Christ, blessed man, I have loved him from *that* moment to this and 'Love never dies.'

I have, my dear boy been thus particular because *that* was the first planning ever made in Winslow for the gathering of a Church; In due time and after all preliminary steps necessary for such an accomplishment, on Sabbath day, November 1st 1818, a number of the Vassalboro Church came to Winslow to receive us as a branch church with them, for they belonged to Hallowell church at that time.

Mr. Adams text on that occasion was Ecclesiastes 5 chap, 5 verse 'Better is it that thou shouldest not vow, than that thou shouldest vow and not pay.' After sermon, Mrs. Talbot and myself received the ordinance of baptism and as I was the oldest, I received it first, then with our husbands we were admitted to the church agreeable to the Congregational form.

The sacrament was then administered, and a number from other churches communed with us.

In the afternoon, Mr. Adams text was Luke 17 chap 21 "Behold the Kingdom of God is within you." Then the children were given up in baptism i.e. Charles Fred', Albert Ware, Benjamin Crowninshield, Caroline Matilda Paine, and Mary Talbot; thus closed a delightful day of heavenly enjoyment, the first of the kind ever in Winslow.

One circumstance I must not omit mentioning that of Mr. Adams Ordination at Vassalboro August 26, of the same year, otherwise he would not have been qualified for such performances. "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." By the Rev. J. Cogswell.

Here I would just mention that your father was the first child baptized into this church, as also the first that ever received it from Mr. Adams' hand. You will see it was only about nine weeks after his ordination.

When these things had passed by, and knowing that my Charles was a thoughtful, meditative boy, now eight years old, I thought to explain to him what these things meant, accordingly and at suitable times I told him how it was, and the way in which to bring up children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. How far those lectures had their restraining qualities remains yet to be known. From these days and onward no one could excel his apparent love for meetings.

We had preaching in this place only every fourth Sabbath, on the other Sabbaths, he would go with his father to Waterville, to Clinton or to Vassalboro which was nine miles with greatest cheerfulness and many has been the time when he would fix off in a cold November or December breeze or the scorching Sun in July in an open Waggon to attend meeting and without making a word of objection.

To confirm this I will relate one little anecdote. At a time

when I had so many domestic cares as to prevent my making all the boys new Caps that week, I said on Sabbath morning Charles dear, You cant go to meeting today for I had not time to finish your Cap, at which he looked up with his own peculiar look and said "why! ma'am I always take my cap off when I go into meeting." He went and as he came into the meeting house a few moments after me, I noticed that he clapped his cap under his arm. . . . As we had preaching only once in four weeks it was not always convenient to attend meeting every Sabbath and on those days, his time and attention would be wholly occupy'd within the house with his books, his pen or pencil and slate or in taking care of the Baby of which we were never destitute.

EXPLANATORY NOTE. When I first thought of writing these letters to you, I had in view only a few prominent items which in the recital would be gratifying in which the thirteen half dollars held a conspicuous place, I therefore gave a name to the work corresponding with my intention but as I took my pen under the direction of a kind Providence I was carried back and set down at the threshold of a mother's first responsibility.

I have been led to admire the good hand of my Father in the bringing up of many distinct recollections which had so long lain dormant. Aside from this I have been encouraged by warm friends to proceed with particulars however minute. Hope you will keep up good courage and be assured that the thirteen half dollars will be handed out by & by with interest,

Yours in love  
as before, A. W. Paine.

*Letter 9th*

*April 3rd 1850*

In these days when our heavenly Father is showering down so many blessings upon us, meetings and *sabbath* schools stand

so nigh together that we can scarcely approach *one* without rubbing against the other and as my *last* was the *first*, so this will be the other.

Our first Sabbath school was collected in the summer of 1819 by the advice and assistance of Rev. Thomas Adams and in accordance with your grandfather's views & cooperation, but as there were at that time only two male members in the Church, and one of them lived four miles from the meeting house, the whole care fell upon your grandfather both as Teacher & Superintendent. Somewhat of aid was given by Mr. George W Osborne of Waterville, and after a while from Students of the Charity school, from which institution has sprung up all those College buildings, so rich and convenient for the requisition of knowledge, and the great amount of science within its walls which is like unto the River upon whose bank it stands.

The manner of conducting Sab School was different from what it now is, *then* the pupils were obliged to commit to memory — but stop — obliged to commit conveys a wrong idea, rather they had the privilege of committing to memory as great a number of verses in the Testament as they pleased, thus the number committed was governed by circumstances, i.e. their age, — their ability or their home privilege, which last mentioned has very much to do with the prosperity of the Sabbath school.

Some of the children would repeat fluently 125 verses, others some 100 or 80—50 or 10. Then a few general remarks from the Minister or Superintendant & closing with singing.

Your father's rule was to look over his lesson for the next Sabbath, on Sunday after meeting and by a little assistance from his mother get the Story. Then by talking about it and asking questions during the week he would get very correct ideas about it. So nigh as I can remember his common rule was about 25 verses which I still think is better than a very great number.

After a few years it was concluded that the school should take the book of James and go through with it on close examination and it was only a few years ago that your father told me he could repeat the whole of that book with a very little prompting, and in my mind there remains not a doubt that those heavenly principles so well calculated to aid and direct a young man through life were his peculiar treasure.

Blessed Sabbath School, would that all children loved it as well as my own dear Charles used to do.

One circumstance relating to him as he appeared among the neighbors when he went on errands, I will here bring to view which will go to prove a sentiment often expresst to me. Being in company one day with a number of mothers, the subject as usual came up respecting our children when one of the company remarked to me as follows. "I never saw such a boy as your Charles, when he comes to my house he raps at the door — comes in — takes off his cap and makes a bow — then he does his errand — gets his answer, makes his bow — puts on his cap and goes out, I never saw such a boy."

This was a common testimony from friends and shall ever remain a truth that in going out on business, he was correct, quick and punctual to a letter.

There is quite a snow-storm without and it is getting dark, sufficient to say good night.

*Letter 10th*

*April 27th 1850*

You will see by this date that it is a number of days since I laid down my pen. The reason is, I came to a place where I was in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to write many things unto you. But upon consideration have thought that it would be too much like the "Pie" that was made of almost nothing, and yet quite palatable by reason of the "much spice." I shall therefore pass over many little incidents now brought out and made plain to my mind's eye which would add much

to the *number* of these LETTERS without *materially* enriching this work. I will however touch upon a few things which will go to show his ability & tact to divert the minds of the young group counting up under his eye, and thereby prove two truths, first, the train of mechanism in which his mind was continually led and second his turning it to enhance his usefulness while confined within the bounds of the house & dooryard.

Of the Saw mill which made its appearance only a few feet from the door, I shall say but little as it was but just capable of sawing a Potato or soft Apple, but of father's Turnpike roads of which he cast up many I will give you a short description.

An unexpected event calls me down stairs and I must lay down my pen and dismiss all thoughts of Turnpike roads until a future day, *then* hope to be able to beguile a few of your moments with gone by scenes connected with your dear father's youthful amusements and recreations. Till then know me to be your affec

friend    A. W. Paine.

*Letter 11th*

*May 1st, 1850*

Dear Boy,

The subjects of Turnpike which is to compose a part of this letter has long since been to a great extent superseded by Rail-road so that it is too far on the back ground for your personal knowledge, but I intend that my short sketch shall *enlighten* you somewhat thereon. This "enlightening," you must gather from an evening's amusement of which your father would act the part of "Principal" and thus divert the attention of a whole brood of children through a long evening.

Directly after the supper table was cleared off, the question would come up — "let us play Turnpike." Accordingly one of the first movements would be to make sufficient money for the evening. This was done by taking a piece of stout



paper doubled many times and held very tight between the pairs of tongs and held in the fire untill they burned round, then these were distributed to the traveling community among which mother received a share, for no one might pass that evening without money.

The next thing done was cast up the road, this was by drawing two heavy chalk marks length ways of the kitchen, far enough apart to admit a foot passenger or carriage, or man on horseback. The carriage was a little chair with a baby tied thereon, the man on horseback a boy riding stride a stick.

Then there was the Toll gate which was made with a chair on each side the road, and the broom laid across from one to the other.

The next arrangement was to put all the moveables into that end of the room where the doors were that led into the bedroom — entry — sink room but especially the cupboard. Then all the people were cooped up into the vacated part which was much the smallest and the Toll gatherer would take his seat on a *stool* nigh the gate, that the little chairs might be left for riders.

All these things done — then commenced the hour of action when every body wanted something that was in the other part of the world, and it would often happen that even the baby would wake and want mother's care or seem to have a premonition that it could have a ride in the Turn pike.

Perhaps you will wonder how it was that your father understood all these affairs? In reply I would say that your grandparents had traveled much in Massachusetts where there were many such roads, and on our return had related many such like histories, that our children at home might in some small degree partake of the like happenings.

This relation will go to prove the remark in former letters i.e. unaffected kindness — peculiar prominences etc. etc.

P. S. As all my writing moments are in a great measure

mixed in with household duties, it is only by scraps & bits that I pen any thing. It is now half past eleven of the clock, and altho this is a very short letter, shall abruptly say Farewell until a time in the day more convenient for retirement; in the intermediate time, hope to select a better pen, for really this is a very poor wornout thing and powerfully reminds me of the decay of life's scenes and enjoyments.

Yours in love,  
Grandmother.

*Letter 13th*

*May 12, 1850*

To my ever dear grandson.

The other day in looking over some stray leaves of an old Manuscript I found the following which I have thought proper to copy. It is dated 1823. "I have just parted with my dear Charles to go on a visit to the West and altho I have four children left, yet there is a great vacancy, for he is my first born, consequently my dear beloved." . . . In my last letter we left my dear boy just entering the door of his Uncle Timothy Ware's at Boston. His arrival was expected for altho the letter tax was eighteen and three quarter cents, yet it never retarded our correspondence with relatives & friends and in these goosequill days, when as yet a steel pen had never entered the heart of a Kennebecer, and the great foolscap paper which would contain a volume, all the people at the West could know about our plans.

Now while he is rejoicing at Boston we will turn aside as it were and take a look into his Trunk and see the result of the last Winter's work so far as relates to this journey. And by the way I would say it is a hair trunk with brass nails marked C. P. and now it stands in my Chamber occupied by your third Sister Esther Matilda Paine.

The contents of the trunk together with what he had on. First there were two full suits of clothes, all new with the

exception of the dress coat which was made of his father's wedding coat and cost 23 dollars. It was made all over again and "just as good as new." Better—a good quantity of under clothes, Stockings, Handkerchiefs of various kinds. Hats, boots, shoes and gloves, most certainly he had gloves.— Then in the right hand corner snug down at the bottom lay a little package of money which his father let him have and in a pocket under his arm the Purse of which you have had a description containing about four dollars of his own picking together.

Then there was a memorandum of every article which he had with him that he might know to pick them together when he returned. One other thing which he carried in his vest pocket, was a perpetual advantage to him. It was a Directory, but at this day of improvements and new names it might be called a "Pathfinder." It contained the names of all the relatives that he would visit, and on which side they were connected, whether on father's or mother's.

I will give you one specimen, which will go to show how it read, and how it proved, quoting the language as it there stood i. e. "When you have made your visit at your Uncle Timothy Ware's ask him to put you into a Stage that runs from Boston to Providence, when you have rode about three hours the Driver will probably sing out "Walpole-Half-way house," and in about a minute his four or six horse stage will whirl up into the door-yard of Polly's Tavern; here you must pay your "Fare" which will be just one dollar, then pass directly across the street to a large two-story house; *that* will be your Uncle Harry Partridge's and his wife is your father's Sister." This is "how it read" and the following is how it proved. On the same day that Charles went from Boston to Walpole, his grandmother chanced to be with her daughter Mrs. Partridge and was looking out at the Window as the Stage came up. "There" said she "is a youngster jumped out of the Stage,

he has whirled round upon his heel and darted off toward our door, wonder who it is? He looks like a student." She met him at the door and he looked up with a pleasant smile and said "My name is Charles Paine, Frederic Paine's son of Winslow." How he was received need not be told. This fact I learned from his grandmother.

*Extract from a letter from Charles F. Paine*

*Foxboro July 4 1823*

Dear Parents.

I have now been to most of the places where I was to visit,—Have not been homesick since I left home but enjoyed my time *well*, have set no time to return, grandmother will come with me when I do,—I want to see my brother & sister, tell Albert to write me a letter. I am at Mr. James Paines and can hear the cannon guns from Franklin it being Independant day.

"Mr. Paine is hoeing his corn the second time.

P. S. I have been to Mr. Pratts where Charles F. Paine, pa'pa learned his trade, and to Dr. Paul Metcalf at the same time; I have been to Dea Pratts and found it a lonesome place to me.

The long contemplated visit now closed up and he returned home August the third as you will see by an extract on the second page of this letter. His grandmother and cousin Angeline Partridge came with him and resided with us one year. Angeline was about nine years old. . . . And now I have finished the history of the "Visit at the West." . . . This whole story reminds me of a mustard-seed pent up in a glass bottle, but by reason of much warmth the bottle has exploded, the seed has burst its calyx and now assumes a tree which for a few days past has stood out on the foreground of my heart. . . . I have had a number of sittings for this letter, but am determined to not have another.

'Love never dies,' therefore believe me as ever,

A. W. PAINE.

Letter 14th

To my grand Boy.

Winslow, May 30 1850

Presuming that by this time you have wearied through my last letter, I shall endeavour to commence *this* where *that* left off and say that at your father's return from the West he found that your grandfather had made an agreement with a Mail-contractor (Mr. Peter Gilman) to carry the Mail from Winslow to Fairfax (now Albion) thirteen miles twice a week. This agreement was made in view of its being carried by your father at his return. Accordingly about the first week he went in company with your grandfather that he might learn where the Post Offices were and the way and the *how* to manage affairs connected with the rout. At that time we owned two good horses & a waggon which was very much given up to the care of your father. As a compensation of his own labour he was to have the amount of all the errands & passengers on the rout and whatever business he could do not to interfere with the United States law i.e. punctuality in his arrivals at each end of the way; keeping this in view he always had his *waggon* and *horse* in good trim & 'fresh.'

To favour the principle his mother never failed to have his good warm breakfast with hot coffee in season for him to start off *at* or *before* the appointed moment which was four o'clock morning, *this* in Winter was no small sacrifice for a boy thirteen years old, to fix out in a December snow storm taking his Shovel to dig through the drifts then there was the cold and chilling winds of March & April and not unfrequently hoisted up in a waggon; and then to economize he used to carry his dinner, for his return was not till afternoon.

One other thing to be considered, those days were not times of Buffalo robes for men to wear, *one* to put over or round him was all that he had or expected. Then there was the heat of Summer with its scorching Sun, together with thunder and lightning which seldom if ever retarded his progress.

Your father followed the business of carrying the Mail nearly four years constantly, i.e. from Aug 1823 to May 1827 and in those years of patient endurance I dont remember to have ever heard him complain of his lot, but was the same *then* when in his teens, as in after life when a Man & father, patience and endurance were ever prominent characteristics through his life.

“Every several gate was of one pearl.”

I have said that the avails of Mail rout relative to errands passengers & business were to be your father’s *fee* for his own advantage, therefore your inquiring mind will wish to know something about the success he met with in this branch of labour. This will lead me right into the thirteen half dollars which shall be the subject of my next communication, till then as ever yours, A. W. Paine.

*Letter 15th*

*Winslow June 2nd, 1850*

In compliance with my encouragement I avail myself a few moments this pleasant second day of June to tell you about the  
 Mail Rout

that your father performed, and the success he met with. So soon as he commenced (and as nearly as I can recollect) about the first *trip* he had some little errand to do for a neighbor, this reminded his mother that a book would be necessary to minute down such little affairs as would come under his care so that his mind might not be burthened and thereby prevent his observations on the way, or if he pleased to admire the works of nature and be led (it might be) up to nature’s God. Aside from this advantage it would be carrying out the principal of punctuality in the performance of small affairs with neighbors as well as United States in general, for you must know that he was put under oath to the United States law by the holding up of the hand & bow of assent to be faithful n the performance of the duty herein devolving. — This book

was a sheet of paper doubled so as to number sixteen pages and entitled "A memorandum book for errands." These errands were of various kinds & shapes and the amount of pay of necessity must be submitted to your father's good judgment, notwithstanding this he seldom omitted bringing the subject before us at his return and we were ever pleased with his conscientious scruples. His prices were from fourpence-halfpenny to twenty or perhaps twenty five cents. Occasionally he would have a passenger and this carries my mind back to the first lady passenger.

Application was made the evening before, which *might* if necessary have given him an opportunity to study his lesson for the next day, but be that as it may, I presume that he had never before waited upon a lady with better grace and his reward was about two shillings.

All these little bits of money were carefully put into that same Purse, and after a few months he chanced to think that he would get his money into half dollars, accordingly whenever he got fifty cents, he would give it to your grandfather and receive a silver half dollar. Thus commenced, or rather thus progressed the subject that has called forth so many remarks in your father's history, that of "The thirteen half dollars."

In the Autumn of the next year (1824) Deacon George Rigby who owned a tannery about half a mile from Albion Post Office, furnished your father with money to buy hides and bring them to him, for which he allowed him a small compensation per hundred. This he could well do and not infringe upon his obligations for *that* was the end of the rout for him and ample time was granted to refresh the horse and rest before starting for home. He continued this for something more than one year, during all this time he practised exchanging his *little* bits of money for *silver half dollars*, but yet they did not increase very fast in number for he still purchased many things for his own gratification & comfort, such as Boots, Skates, Books etc. etc.

About the beginning of November, 1825 the 'Plan' came into his mind that he would buy hides for *himself* so far as his means would allow, and all the rest he would continue to carry for the before stipulated premium. Accordingly one day he came down stairs with *elastic step* and presented himself before his mother with that same *money purse* and held it up, before my face and said "doesn't that look good?" It was full of half dollars lying one flat upon the other and the Purse was just about full (you know it is a small one) and being a knit one it sat tight round the money. I answered him out of the truth of my heart.—"Well" said he "I am going to buy hides for my self and a neighbor has killed an ox and I am going to night to get the hide and pay for it out of these half dollars and when I have carried it to the Deacon I shall have nearly half a dollar more and then I can buy two hides and so on and I think that will be a good plan."

With his mother's consent and blessing he darted off to perform his new scheme which worked very well. *This* was ever considered as the commencement of business for himself, for it was of his own planning and his own executing.

In my next letter I shall tell you how I went to your Mother the other day, when you were down the river and to your father's Chest where his papers were and among them found many old account books, some of which were of my own make, but I shall not wait till another letter to tell you how I was obliged to look through my tears when my mind was carried back to the making of those books and the putting of them into the hand of your dear father with this petition to my heavenly Father. Let no unjust charge ever be entered upon these pure leaves, to stain the character of my dear boy.

The glorious Sun has set in  
the West, and it is now much darker  
*without* than within the heart  
of your affectionate,  
Grandmother.



There are five more letters. In these the grandmother reviews the various steps in the business life of the son.

“As I have now put you into the narrow lane of your father’s prosperity, I shall lay down my pen and tonight when the great Architect of the Universe draws around us the curtains of His care, and all nature is reposing in silence, I will endeavour to recollect the *time* & the business that your industrious father stepped into after laying aside the Mail & buying hides.”

*June 14, 1850*

His life with boats began at this period, from the running of boats for others to the building of them for himself, first small and then large. One invention succeeded another. There was the water wheel “which he calculated would work well, in the mode of raising & lowering tide & current water wheels with the rise and fall of the water.” Then came his marriage and the changing of the homestead so as to admit a second family. Grandmother embraces this opportunity to instil the principles of a true marriage into the grandson.

“This, my dear child, is one of the greatest changes which takes place in a young man’s life, altho often entered into in a thoughtless careless manner without sufficiently counting the cost of such a step, and in doing which many, very many couple are disappointed and their happiness impeded through life. But on the other hand if the subject is well digested and maturely planned and wisely chosen, it affords the recipient the greatest enjoyment of any other institution in the world. But my object is not to write on matrimony, but to tell you how your modest father made his mind known to his mother on this subject.”

The last of this series of letters which she began Sept., 1849, is dated August 19th, 1851. It ends abruptly and is without signature. The Grandmother lived only five months longer.

## CHAPTER THREE

### *BENJAMIN CROWNINSHIELD PAINE*

UNCLE BENJAMIN, the third son, appears in the books as “my kind hearted my noble hearted son” and the mother longs for him to “enter the fold.”

*May 1838*

Deuteronomy 33, 12: “And of Benjamin he said The beloved of the Lord shall cover him all the day long and he shall dwell between his shoulders.” God grant that this may be the happy lot of my dear son

Benjamin C. Paine.<sup>1</sup>

In 1842 he married Elizabeth Hayden and together they lived in the old homestead for forty-three years.

Their three children, the Annah, Frederic and Daniel of these pages, died either in early childhood or young manhood.

In May 1885, there came to his brother Albert this touching note:

1885, Homestead, Thursday 11 A.M.

Homestead do I call it and no Elizabeth on this side to nurse and care for me.

But she is in the better world no more to suffer.  
Breathed her last at 7 this morn, funeral at 2 P.M. Saturday.  
But my head is heavy to write.

Truly B. C. PAINE.

In the summer of 1886 his brother Timothy in Elmwood awoke about five o'clock and saw his brother Benjamin lying on his bed in Winslow, in the well known chamber. At the foot of the bed was “Elizabeth” beckoning to him with the words “Come Benjy.”

Uncle T aroused his wife that she might bear witness to the

<sup>1</sup> Stray Leaves.

account of the wondrous vision and began to pack his bag. Later in the forenoon came the word of the death of Benjamin. I think that nothing had been known of any illness.

He was 71 years of age which was the age of both his father and his brother Timothy at the time of their deaths.

“Home was to him the most beautiful spot on earth and he tried to make it a delightful spot not only to the members of his own family but to all others. He saw the work all around him to be done for others and was glad and willing to do it. He could and *did* get *outside himself* and could think and plan for others. He loved his church and was generally there. He could not be shut up within the walls of one home or one church or one place of business but was interested in the prosperity of them all.” (*From “Waterville Mail,” July 1886*)

Dear Uncle Benjamin! How I wish it were in my power to to give even a faint idea of his keen, shrewd and homely wit, unsurpassed by that of any other whom I ever met. We were very, very fond of him and of dear Aunt Elizabeth.

In those early days of railroading, the only dividend given to the stockholders of the Maine Central was a free ride to them and to their families, on the occasion of the annual meeting in Waterville.

Some of us always took advantage of this opportunity to visit the old place, where the same hearty welcome was given us as we were wont to give to them in Bangor. I had one long happy summer there rambling about the fields and leading their lives with them. It was the custom of Uncle Benjamin to send us about Thanksgiving time a big box full of the nuts from the oft-mentioned “oil-nut” tree.

The little house stands on the top of the hill, a landmark to us as we travel back and forth between Bangor and Boston. The station is at its foot, but the greeting he ever gave us as the train stopped at it, is gone —

My Father, the second son, and Uncle Timothy, the fourth son, we shall follow into the homes of their choice.

## CHAPTER FOUR

### *THE DAUGHTERS OF FREDERIC AND ABIEL WARE PAINE*

CAROLINE the oldest, married late in life, Dr. Preserved B. Mills of Bangor. Of her, her mother writes, "I should think that Caroline would be tired of study, study, study!" There are records of various schools in which she taught, but apparently not for any great length of time. For a pastime she wrote short articles and poems for the papers of the day, often giving very pleasing little touches to the incidents about her. She died in 1898.

Of Harriet, the second daughter, there is little left to be written. Her name was a household name with us, and throughout his long life my father never ceased to speak of her in terms of the very greatest affection. His own early letters are almost as full of the subject of her death as are Grandmother's Journals. Her parting gift to him was her Bible, which he preserved with the greatest care.

Charlotte whose marriage to Mr. George Sumner Leavitt is mentioned a few pages back, died in 1882. She went back to the old home place, Foxboro, where she lived for many years.

Sarah, the youngest of the family, married Mr. George Copeland of Bridgewater and moved later to Jefferson, Wisconsin. She died in 1908.

Of her he writes:

"Your Aunt Sarah was always interested in all the children with whom she came in contact and she was Lady Bountiful to many, some of whom had no possible claim upon her excepting their own worthlessness. She used to tell me of the family of dolls which she used to play with before she began mothering the neighboring children, until she was about twenty years of age. These she kept up stairs in the detached building at the

Winslow home used for storage. These were not all of the same family — not even of the same social scale. There were prince and pauper, as well as bourgeois and they were dressed in various degrees of elegance and squalor.”

That she was sent to boarding school, we know by Grandmother’s enumeration of the articles that went with her.

Four of the children, two sons and two daughters, became devoted to the New-Church and the mother lived to feel that “it was well with them.”

As I came very little in personal touch with the aunts, my cousin Edith Paine Benedict has written for me a few intimate “Glimpses” into the lives of “The Daughters.”

### *The Daughters*

I find that my chief apology for this little volume lies in the fact that we can hardly have too many truthful and detailed records of the old-fashioned “father and mother home,” upon which our country is founded.

No one can study the faces of Frederic and Abiel Paine and find it possible to separate them in his mind. The life that they lived was one life. Together they reared eight children to reverence their Maker and to seek above all things to do His will.

Each respected the other. The wife was honored by her husband and recognized as queen of the home, and the husband was honored by his faithful wife.

It was no accident of fate that made each one of the four sons a model husband and father. Three of them selected wives who were never robust in bodily health and had always to be tenderly cherished, but each was a companion and helpmate.

I am certain that no one of these eight children could for a moment consider a marriage that was not founded upon mutual love and respect.

Only one of the daughters was to know the blessing of motherhood. Little Harriet died at fifteen. Caroline married late

in life and Sarah was also childless. Only Charlotte had the fully rounded life with which her mother had been blessed and yet each one of these girls gave proof of the blessed heritage that had been hers.

I remember Aunt Sarah as a merry playmate and the maker of nearly all of my toys. Her hands had made my big rag doll Lizzie with her whole wardrobe, and Aunt never came to see me without bringing new paper dolls. These she actually played with as if she had been herself a child. All her life she made friends with as many children as she could gather in. Our village Christmas tree bore a paper doll for every little girl in Joppa. She saved bits of silk, lace and shiny paper for her little friends and taught them how to make wonderful things.

She hated to sew although she could do it beautifully but she loved to make "drawn-in rugs." I remember a wonderful one with a central design of a bush on which grew all sorts of flowers of unbelievable shapes and colors. "They are not *meant* to be natural, they don't *have* to be natural," she defended herself, "that's one great advantage of a drawn-in rug." She made a little table bib for her pet cat and also a cape and bonnet. She was always bubbling over with happiness and fun.

She was not pretty — perhaps no one ever called her so — but she was the daintiest of little ladies. Her shoes were no. 1 and I dare not say what gloves she wore. There was never a speck of dust or dirt in any corner of her house.

Even the youngest of her child friends must obey her rules — such as stepping from rug to rug to preserve the polished brightness of her pumpkin-yellow kitchen floor and picking up the tiniest thread or scrap or crumb that one had dropped. But she made a bright little game of it all. No one loved her less for her little ways.

She was always fond of writing and in her girlhood her brother Timothy had greatly enjoyed her little verses and encouraged her to write them, but she soon gave it up and

contented herself with short articles printed in daily or weekly papers, usually in regard to the care and training of children.

Sarah and her husband were ideal comrades. Their table was always covered with the best magazines and papers as well as with good books. A whole book could be written of their quiet influence for good throughout their long and happy life together. Every one whom they knew came under the sphere of their influence.

Aunt Charlotte was in many ways very like her sister Sarah. The two were always very intimate. Charlotte was nearly as tiny and quite as dainty as Sarah but was also very pretty with the brightest of dark brown eyes.

She would have enjoyed a family of daughters but had only her four sons. How she managed it no one could ever understand, but each one of those four boys helped his mother with the housework as a matter of course. They seemed as much interested as herself in neatness and order and yet each was a hearty, natural, manly boy.

Remembering my father's stories of the way in which he worked with his mother in dairy and kitchen, I am sure that Charlotte was carrying on her mother's traditions. The labor next at hand was work to be done and all necessary work was equally honorable.

The time gained by her household methods was given by Charlotte Leavitt to the community in which she lived. Every worn out garment was carefully ripped and pressed and made over into garments or quilts for poor people and for overworked mothers. The whole village was deeply bereaved when she died.

My father being so very much younger than his brothers was a great favorite with his sisters. He was close to Charlotte and Sarah in age and had been a very intimate companion. His sister Caroline, eight years older, had a strong big-sister

love for him and all three felt deeply hurt when after securing his beloved Agnes he seemed inclined to forget that he had any sisters at all. Mother sympathized with the sisters but her eyes would not allow her to write letters and therefore it became my task, as soon as I learned to write, to keep up correspondence with my aunts. With Aunt Caro and Aunt Sarah I therefore grew to feel very intimate. Aunt Sarah had lived only a mile or two from my home until she moved to Wisconsin when I was thirteen years old. Aunt Caro I could dimly remember from a visit made in Winslow when I was four years old, but we were drawn together by our love for writing. She had the sense of belonging to the public and of owing the world a share of all her thoughts and feelings which came to her mind, a sense which seems to have impelled so many of us to "take pen in hand." But (like most of us) she, having taken pen in hand, had really not quite enough to say. At any rate the world did not seem eager to listen.

Perhaps it is only one manifestation of the creative impulse which every human being must have in order to really live.

If Aunt Caro had met her true knight in her girlhood she might have become a very happy useful wife and mother, but she had not the sunny disposition or the saving sense of humor with which her younger sisters had been blessed. She fed too much upon her own fancies and had not the faculty of forgetting self in work for others, and so I always think of her with a certain tender pity and am glad to find from these blessed journals that Caroline's mother appreciated her worth and had taken comfort in her eldest daughter.

E. P. B.

In closing this part of my work, I am not saying good-by to the Grandmother whom I discovered and with whom I have lived this twelvemonth, for her influence and her presence will follow the two sons to the new homes and we shall meet her at many crossings and by-paths.



## PART V. BANGOR. ALBERT WARE PAINE

### “MY SECOND SON.”

- Chapter One From Boyhood through College.  
The Journal — Aspiration.  
“ Two The Country under Jackson, 1835–6.  
“ Three Bangor in 1835–6.  
“ Four The Young man and Lawyer in 1835–6.  
“ Five Extracts from Auto-Biography — Realization.  
“ Six Letters.  
“ Seven Mary Hale Paine — Selma Ware Paine.

#### *The Country under Jackson in 1835–6*

Slavery	Bank Charter
French War	Deposit Bill
Texas — Mexico — Indians	Pres. Election.
J. Q. Adams	

#### *Bangor in 1835–6*

The City  
Amusements  
Clubs, Associations, etc.  
Churches  
The Young Man in 1835–6  
The Lawyer in 1835–6

#### *The Auto-Biography*

Law Reform  
Religious Experience  
The Author  
A general Review of work accomplished.

#### *Illustrations*

Albert Ware Paine, at 80, gen VIII  
Inscription on monument at Lexington, from copy by A. W. P.  
at age of twelve, facsimile.  
The Home, 88 Court St —  
His Garden Mine of Health  
Mary Hale Paine, at 75  
Selma Ware Paine, gen IX

## “INTRODUCTORY”

FOR material for “Glimpses” into the home and life of my father there are the “Journal,” the “Auto-Biography hurriedly written,” the various publications of his and the many public notices of his work for the community.

The Journal was begun when he was yet but twenty-two years old, Aug. 1835 and continued to Aug 31 1836. With the exception of two interruptions, the one caused by a visit to his beloved home, and the other by a visitation of “scarlet fever and the canker rash” of two weeks duration, there are daily entries, some of which consist of but a single word “ditto” while others cover two and three pages of his 250-page book. In this we see his surroundings, the conditions of the country, the city, and his home; we see his guiding principles, his interests and his aspirations.

In the Auto-Biography, we see these principles consistently carried out in his long life; these interests increased in number and strength and the aspirations realized to a greater extent than even *he* could have anticipated. At the earnest request of his daughters, in 1886, he began the Auto-Biography, just fifty years after the close of the Journal, and he continued from time to time to add a bit here and to bring up to date there, the stage of the developments of his efforts to reform the statutes of court, state and country.

His interests in these reforms remained with him to the end and he frequently sent letters to Washington, where he had many friends in Congress and in the Senate, and to Augusta.

His last book was published just after he left us, at the age of 95 years. It was the “History of Mt. Hope,” written at the request of the Mt. Hope Corporation. Among other records in the Journal will be seen that of the dedication of this Cemetery and of the sale of the lots.

As I can find no words that will so well serve as an introduction to his life, as a poem written by my sister Selma, I insert it here, and will leave the telling of his life story to his own words.

### *Dear Father's Eightieth Birthday*

Four score, four score! The darling years  
I love them every one,  
From that which kissed his baby face  
To that which crowns it with the grace  
Of eighty summers' sun;

And strengthens it with eighty times  
    A winter's bracing cold.  
How faint the traces of the care,  
The labor and the sorrow there  
    The Psalmist has foretold.

“What is the mystery,” they ask,  
    “Why does he not grow old?”  
And speak of temperance, a heart  
Of happy cheer and so a part, —  
    A little part is told.

They say with nature hand in hand  
    He gained her pristine wealth,  
In that he balanced legal toil  
With loving labor on the soil,  
    His garden mine of health.

But still the master mystery  
    The words do not define  
For that which drives the shadows hence  
Is his abiding confidence  
    In Providence Divine.

If sorrow rises in his cup,  
    He knows it should be quaffed.  
He drinks it, names it not, forgets  
And, hoping unabated, sets  
    His lips to sweeter draught.

Sustaining still his happy home,  
    And turning eager glance  
On thoughts and deeds of humankind  
He helps with word and pen and mind  
    And joys in man's advance.

So lightening life for all around  
    By humor's happy play,  
And working daily as in youth  
And following his idea of truth  
    He goes his blessed way. — S. W. P.

*August 16, 1892.*

## CHAPTER ONE

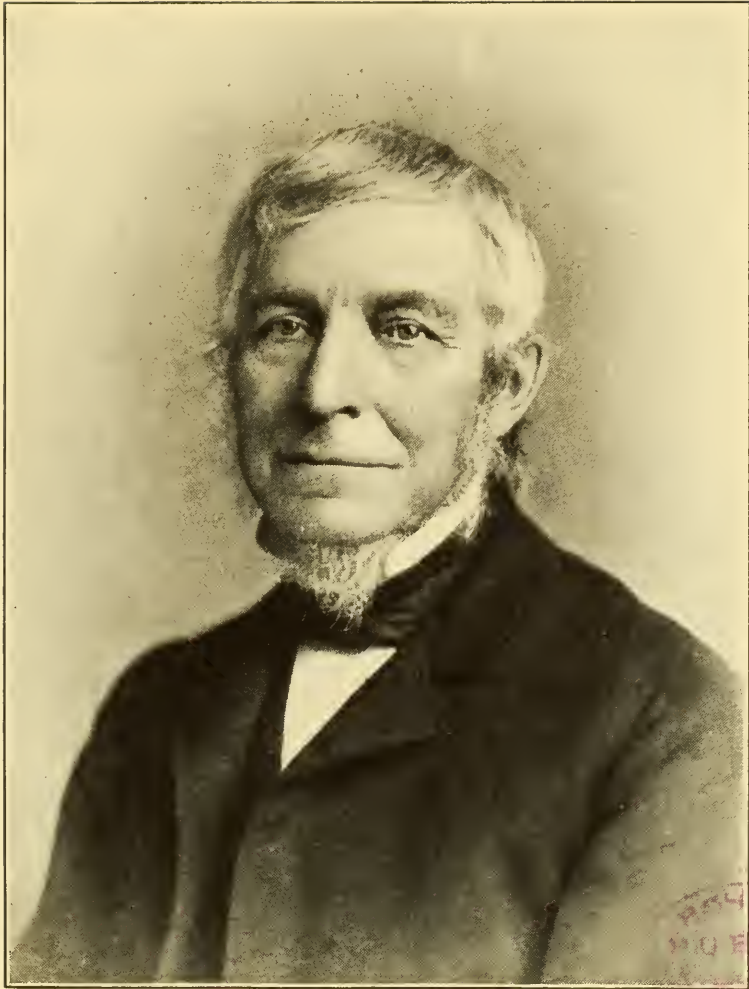
### *FROM BOYHOOD THROUGH COLLEGE*

#### *From Auto-Biography*

MY early life through boyhood had of course nothing to distinguish it from that of the great mass of boys of the same age and time. My early education was that of the common summer and winter country school, kept in that little school house still standing (1886) opposite the Village meeting House on the bank of the Kennebec. There I learned to cipher, read, and write and gain some smattering of grammar, the ordinary country school course.

I became quite a proficient in the arithmetic line and was always happy to work out its puzzling sums. Indeed all through my early educational course mathematics was my favourite study. I was what they called in those times in school a good scholar and generally gained the good will of my instructors.

In other respects than my school exercises I spent my boyhood as most boys did working in my father's mechanic shop with the idea of sometime becoming a mechanic myself and at other times, but rather unwillingly, on the farm which my father owned and cultivated. Planting and hoeing, haying and harvesting were pursued in their season but never with any great love or zeal. It was rather a necessity than a love for such employment that prompted me to duty. Hence I very naturally earned the reputation of being a lazy boy and gladly would I impose any duty off upon one of the other boys of the family.



*Albert W. Paine*  
— 4 —



A sister of his told me that when he was asked to do some little thing about the house or farm, his invariable response was "Cant Benjy do it?"

My parents were a very loving pair and exceedingly indulgent to their children and both of them were of a character which would lead them to do a chore or work themselves rather than impose it upon one of their unwilling children. Never had children kinder or more affectionate and lenient parents, hence their memory has ever been held dear by us all and always will be. Such a fact as bodily punishment or chastisement hardly ever was practised upon their errant boys or girls. We had a happy home and one we all have ever enjoyed to visit. . . .

In my boyhood days there existed no children's books so that the advantages which the present generation of children enjoy were not known to us. A few religious tracts or leaflets were all there was of child literature and as these were fully impregnated with good orthodoxy such as we heard preached from the pulpit, they did not afford a very great luxury in the way of reading. Hence we had not the means now afforded for general information adapted to the youthful mind. Fortunately my father was postmaster of the town during the whole period of my boyhood and youth from a time anterior to or soon after my birth until some years after I entered my profession. We were thus afforded a good opportunity for reading such publications as came to our office. This gave us a love for that pursuit and as one result all my parent's children have ever had a passion for reading if not for study.

While a boy a child's paper was invented and began to be published, it was of the religious order, of course, but contained interesting matter for the young. Mother became a subscriber and so we had the benefits of the issue. This was the *Youth's Companion*, a paper which has been published ever since some three score years without growing old or show-

ing any signs of age. It was published at the office of the Boston Recorder, a paper which my parents took all their lives after their marriage.

This and the Missionary Herald were my dear Mother's meat and drink as it were, for she was deeply interested in all the subjects which they patronized.

How well can I recollect the history and the scenes and the persons which these publications embraced. The Owhyhee Mission, as it was first established, how it did interest her all the way up to the island becoming a nation to be represented as such under the denomination of "The Sandwich Islands." Then there was a boy in college the son of the editor who used to write poetry for the poet's corner of his father's newspaper. The boy afterwards became a man famed as Nathaniel P. Willis. And then there was Harriet Newell the distinguished missionary and Christian to whose memory she dedicated one of her own daughters. [The Harriet of the "Journals."]

During all these years nothing that I now think of occurred to make my life different from other boys, but we lived along during the first decade with little to note save that we were happy boys and girls living in a happy home.

During the winter of 1825-6 when I was past my 13th year, our village school was taught by Abraham Sanborn then a sophomore in Waterville College. I of course attended his school and was a good scholar, I suppose, especially in arithmetic, in his estimation. He was during the winter a frequent caller at our house and very naturally talked with mother about her boys. Albert, he thought, ought to go to college and so completely did he possess her mind with that idea that the ensuing spring was not allowed to pass before this boy was sent off unwillingly to study the Latin Grammar.

After two years study I entered college at Commencement of 1828 and continued until 1832.

I claim for my Alma Mater the good old name of Waterville



Sacred  
 to  
 Liberty and the Rights of Mankind:  
 The Freedom and Independence of  
 America:  
 Sealed and Defended by the Blood of her Sons.  
 This Monument is Erected,  
 by the  
 Inhabitants of Lexington,  
 under the patronage, and at the expense of the  
 Government of Massachusetts,

to the Memory of their  
 Fellow Citizens;

Ensign, Protest, Mervin, Jonas Parker,  
 Samuel Hadley, John Harrington,  
 Isaac Hussey, Caleb Harrington,  
 John Breese, of Lexington; and  
 Abner Potter, of Woburn,  
 who fell on this Field,  
 the first Victims to the Sword  
 of British Tyranny and Oppression,  
 on the morning of the ever memorable  
 nineteenth of April, 1775. The die  
 was cast! the Blood of these Martyrs was the ce-  
 ment of the Union of these States, their colo-  
 nias; and gave spring to the Spirit, Firm-  
 ness, and Resolution of their Fellow-  
 Citizens. They rose as one man,  
 to revenge their Brethrens  
 Blood! and at the point  
 of the sword, to  
 resist and De-  
 fend their

Native Rights!

They nobly Succeeded to be Free!  
 The Contest was long, Bloody, and Afflicting!  
 Righteous Heaven approved the solemn appeal!  
 Victory Crowned their Arms,  
 and the Peace, Liberty, and Independence of the  
 United States of America,  
 were their glorious Reward!

Written by Albert W. Fairbanks

April 1825





College, never having in heart been able to recognize "Colby University" as her real name. My feeling probably being the same with that of a good sensible boy whose mother chooses to change her name by a second marriage.

My four years were very industriously employed, it being my determination never to be absent from recitation. And this resolution was so well kept that during my entire term there was but one exception. I was present at every recitation of my class except the one which occurred during the funeral services of my cousin E. Warren Paine, which of course I had to attend. As connected with this college history I well remember the progress of improvements about the college grounds. There were then only two college buildings, the North and the South, the former only finished in part. The grounds wild and uncultivated, few trees and nothing ornamental. The triangle in front of the South College and the path to the road was the work mainly of our little class in our Sophomore year. The semicircular plat at the North College and the path thence was wholly the work of our class in our Junior year, all the sods, just as they now exist (1886), having been laid by the same hands, the fingers of which (*quoad unum*) now hold the pen which indites these lines. The large willows which ornament the path from South College to the River were planted as little whip sticks in my Senior year, 1832, but not in any part by me. I had nothing to do with it.

During my college life it fell to my good luck to be selected to ring the College bell, by means of which employment I was able to satisfy my college term bills. And after my freshman year I found schools to teach, the receipts of which paid for my clothing, and by boarding at home  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles away I was thus able to fill my mother's resolve that I should have a college education.

Out of college and ready for something the great problem was next presented, What next?

*THE JOURNAL INTRODUCTORY*

## "THE NEXT."

*Bangor, Maine. Aug 12th 1835.* I have long been convinced of the utility of keeping a journal or common place book and aware of its importance but never till this evening have I persuaded myself to overcome the reluctance which I have ever felt to undertake the work and to buy a book in part fulfilment of the task. Having overcome at length that reluctance and now commenced, I now form the resolution to persevere if life shall last until I shall at least fill the blank pages of this book. The advantages resulting from this course and the practise of writing daily in some form are mainly two. First it gives a more ready manner of committing our thoughts to paper, improves our style and gives a command of language. Secondly, it serves as a memorandum book of the future, the present and the past which may often be useful as a book of reference and afford pleasure in the review as being a short history of whatever has happened which has in any considerable degree affected us.

Man's life is filled up with a great variety of events and continually changing scenes, many of these afford instruction and others are productive of profit as well as instruction and pleasure. It is too, of much importance to one in business especially since the various incidents and acts of life are so closely connected with each other, to keep along with a history of these various incidents to which he may refer — and this is the object of such an undertaking as I have now commenced.

I have now as it were just commenced life. Tho in years almost advanced to middle age (22 years) my pupilage has just expired and I have just entered upon the more active business of the world. For nine years have I been preparing myself for this situation and for so many years been accustomed to a

continual series of expense and expenditures. And now I hope I shall reap, in some small degree at least, some benefit from the long course of study and labor.

I have now been engaged in the practise of the law about two months. My business thus far has been less than from existing circumstances I had reason to expect. The dullness of times for lawyers in general and the absence of my partner, myself a stranger in the land, must be principally I suspect the cause of my disappointment. . . . As I wish to keep a short memorandum of the more important events of my past history, no better place do I know of than here, in the first part of this my first journal.

I commenced my preparatory studies for college, May 22'd 1825, under the instruction of T. P. Ropes at Waterville College. At the age of 16 on the 26th day of August 1828, I entered college of which I continued a member until the 14th April 1832 when I left and commenced the study of the law with T. Rice Esq. of Winslow, May 4, 1832. With him I studied until March 4 '34 when I commenced with Sam'l Wells of Hallowell with whom I finished my studies and was admitted in this city to practise with the high and dignified title of Atty. May 1835. On the tenth day of June 1835, I entered into partnership with my present partner Theo P. Chandler. And here I am now all alone while he is on a journey to Kentucky. Our business is rather limited and thus far not very lucrative. . . . I hope, however, for an increase and have little doubt we shall have it before long, if not *before* at least *when* he returns.

## CHAPTER TWO

### *THE COUNTRY UNDER JACKSON, 1835-6*

#### *Slavery*

*Aug. 17, 1835.* The most exciting topic of the present day in our republic seems to be that of slavery, a subject which now is awakening the attention of every one at the South as well as at the North. The public mind is fearfully aroused and an alarming degree of excitement prevails. The direct cause of it is the late active and misguided exertions of the abolitionists of the North. This class of our citizens tho influenced undoubtedly by the strictest notions of right and morality seem entirely regardless of the consequences of their rash and imprudent acts and determined to go forward in the wild scheme of immediate emancipation disregarding entirely the nature of their undertaking, the character of man and adaptation of means which will directly not only injure their cause and counteract their efforts for the promotion of the desired end, but such means as will alienate the southern from the northern part of the union and lead if not to mutual war, at least to a separation of interest and feeling and thus sever one of the strongest ties which have thus far kept us together.

Large quantities of incendiary publications have lately been sent into the southern states by them and the slave holders have determined that such things shall not be longer permitted, at least with impunity. The post office has been violated and these publications removed and burned. The P. M. G. has been addressed by the Charleston P. M. and he has returned a singular equivocal document which amounts to a license to

do what he pleases either to destroy or distribute these incendiary papers which are thus accumulating in the office. The consequence will be that the Department is no longer independent, but the power is usurped by its head of stopping whatever he thinks of dangerous tendency. Surely the power given and assumed in this singular document is one of an alarming kind and should be frowned upon by every citizen. What will be the issue of the present exasperated state of the public mind we cannot predict, but if the abolitionists do not abate somewhat of their zeal and impudence we have reason to fear that evil may come.

*Aug. 29th 1835.* This evening a large portion of the citizens of this city met agreeably to a previous call by about 200 to take into consideration and to express their opinion on the subject of slavery and the causes which have produced it. The abolitionists of the North assisted by a Mr. Thompson from Scotland have of late been making great exertions increasing their efforts and means of enlightening the public mind as they call it, but in reality of effecting their desired end and sending their prints and publications into all parts of the union. Many of them have been sent to the South and not infrequently been found in the hands of the slaves. The consequence has been to excite in them an insurrectionary spirit and of course in the masters a spirit of resentment and anger. Meetings have been called at the South to take the matter into consideration. The result has been addresses and resolutions made up with entreaties and threats, now asking us to desist from these violent measures, to regard our constitutional rights and urging us as we regard their lives, their happiness and the union to respect their claims and privileges as their own exclusively, and now warning us by threats to beware how we interfere with their domestic policy and relations. . . .

These proceedings have given rise to an excitement such as

has hardly existed since the formation of our govt. The South declares emphatically that a crisis has arrived and *something must be done*. The North must desist from interference with the slave question of which they, the South, have by right sole cognisance. Meetings have been called in most of the large towns of New England to denounce the action of the abolitionists and to express to the people of the slave holding states their determination to preserve the constitutional rights of the various portions of our common country in accordance with the expressed wish of their southern fellow citizens. . . .

This subject of slavery may be one of the exciting topics which may help in our overthrow, one of the rocks on which our bark may yet split. I am however of opinion that the present state of things will turn out for good and that its tendency is the ultimate removal of this stain, this darkest stain from our national escutcheon. Man, and especially an American is of such a disposition as not to be conquered in such a context by threats, they only make him more fierce and less conquerable while at the same time he is so avaricious as not to be overcome by kindness or to be induced to give up his wealth and means of gain by any acts of persuasion or argument alone. . . . Thus the zeal of the abolitionists, the moderation of their opponents and the respect of the slave holders themselves are I trust all working together for good and will ultimately effect what is so much desired. Thus in the natural world it is the heat of the sun, the showers and dews of heaven and the other genial influences of nature that causes vegetation to increase, ripen and produce its fruit. All these must be, however, combined to preserve life, let any one be suspended and death is the result. While the existence of one would wither and burn, that of the other would cause the plant to moulder and rot. And as nature has arranged all things aright, so do I believe all things are so conducted by an over ruling Provi-



dence that the present state of things in our country is so far from being of a lamentable character as to be promotive of the great and necessary end of general emancipation.

*Sept. 4, 1835.* The "Friends of the Union" or in other words the "Anti-Abolitionists" met again this evening by adjournment from the 29th ult. A preamble and resolutions denouncing their opponents and establishing their claims to the name they have assumed were adopted after discussion. What was the precise nature of them I am unable to say, not having been present, having been detained by a meeting of the "Cui Bono."

*Sept. 8, 1835.* This is Anniversary week. We, of course, are blessed this week with a great number of literary, religious and moral performances. We have had this p.m. a lecture from Mr. Greeley (undoubtedly, Mr. Horace Greeley) agent of the Colonization society, on the appropriate subject of slavery. He was followed by Rev. Mr. Wilson a colored *gentleman* from Liberia where he has been for some time past resident. He was a free negro in the South and being desirous of fixing a residence in some congenial place he set out from the place of his birth in search thereof. The South he surely could not longer inhabit, that was the place he wished to escape from. He visited the North and soon found it was no place for him. Equality which alone makes freedom what its name imports, was far from existing there so far as to embrace the black man. He visited the West and the prospect was no better. He then went to that land of boasted privileges to the negro, St. Domingo, but soon found that no place for him. Then he proceeded to Liberia and there he found a home, the appropriate home of those whose forefathers were dragged from her shores into American slavery. Here he found everything desirable just as he wished. Having remained there about a year, he has now returned to take his family resolving to spend the remainder of his life in that desirable country.

His description of the colony was very flattering and such if true as ought to make every man rejoice and every man a colonizationist. In my opinion the Liberia colony holds out the only means to effect the abolition of slavery among us peaceably. The abolitionist may effect the object by the destruction of our country, its institutions and its privileges but the only practible means of accomplishing the object amicably, peaceably and without civil war and bloodshed, is I believe thro the intervention mediate or immediate of the colonization plan.

In the evening attended the anniversary of the Rhet. Soc. of the institution. Address by Rev. M. Bloomfield on "Intellectual Qualifications of the Minister of the Gospel."

*Sept. 10, 1835.* Attended this evening a lecture on Astronomy by Mr. Wilbur in which he spoke more particularly of the Comets and especially the Hally Comet which is more perceptible by the aid of glasses.

Returning from there I called in upon the Colonization Meeting. This was called at the suggestion of Mr. Greeley and was addressed by him, the Rev. Mr. Wilson and other gentlemen of the place. Resolutions approbatory of the object of the society were passed and also that an effort be made to increase its funds in this city and to revive the old society.

#### *French War*<sup>1</sup>

*Oct. 26, 1835.*

One of the most exciting subjects of the present day is the probability of a French war. The indemnity bill passed the French chambers cumbered with a proviso that an acknowledgment or rather retraction of the obnoxious parts of the President's last message to Congress should be made, previous to the money being paid over. Our President is too jealous of our high character as a nation to humble it by any act of his and hence keeps aloof from any mean action or dishonorable re-

<sup>1</sup> See Pres. Messages, vol. III, page 227.

cantation. What is said is said, is his motto. Water spilled on the ground can not be gathered up. His language in effect is pay us without any of your reservations what you acknowledge our due, or prepare to pay us in the honorable style which nations have established in such cases. While the Frenchman by his words and louder speaking actions, says no recantation, no cash, our republican and high notioned president responds "as you like", "tis your play next—and we follow." What will be the consequence remains to be seen. A sensation is produced at the Tuilleeris and Washington, rumours are rife with warry words and fighting French. Curiosity and trade are now excited to learn the issue. The French in case of a rupture have at present decided advantage over us as we are far from being ready for a war. While their navy is far before ours in number we have an immense number of merchantmen, oilmen and traders in all quarters of the globe, on every sea and in almost every river with nothing but the Star Spangled Banner for a protection. Tho this is enough in all times of peace yet the French privateers would find little resistance from it, but would make an easy and general conquest. May God avert so dire a calamity as a French war but the greater calamity of a disgraced flag.

*Nov. 16, 1835.* The French question continues to excite a very deep interest in all parts of the union and too an interest which daily increases. Affairs have arrived at such a crisis that the apprehension of a war has become general and it indeed seems now to be inevitable. The Globe the organ of the Administration and which speaks its will, is by its communications preparing the public mind for the worst event and distinctly intimates that our Government has done all it will. The French on their part seem equally determined and resolved not to pay without the required explanation being given. Such being the state of parties the President's message is looked for with great eagerness as it will contain the views of

the Executive upon which depends wholly the question of peace or war. The present state of the French Govt. renders it very probable that the Executive dept will make no effort to save the country from a war, as that is the only event which can for a time secure to Louis Philippe his power and throne. The attention of his subjects must be diverted from his domestic relations and actions in order to preserve his peace and unless something of the kind is done his power will shortly be at an end. He will not then make any effort to conciliate our government, but desirous of some event to attract and absorb the attention of his subjects he will rather hasten on the crisis. On the other side, our President will be equally averse to any measure which may in the least compromise our honor or reputation. The result *must* then be inevitably war with France.

*Nov. 19, 1835.* The time having almost arrived for the meeting of Congress much speculation is indulged in, in respect to the character of the President's Message which will be delivered at its opening. . . .

These subjects of interest are many and important in addition to such as usually exist. Among the number the most interesting is the subject of our French relations. The Texican and Mexican difficulties have considerable importance. The subject of slavery as it exists here will probably receive some attention. The surplus revenue may be touched upon, tho if a French war is the result of the present difficulties, that is a subject which will not very imperiously force itself upon the attention of Congress or the Government. [See Deposit Bill.]

*Dec. 9th, 1835.* Tid Bits — The President's message is now probably making rapid progress, thro the various parts of the United States, with almost the rapidity of the wind. It is expected here by day after tomorrow.

*Jan. 25, 1836.* . . . Special Message. . . . This long ex-

pected, looked for message has at length made its appearance and is of such a character as to disappoint every one. On the one hand it is milder than some imagined in not recommending war or what is the same, and on the other more violent than for various reasons might have been expected.

*Feb. 4th, 1836.* Rumours of the proposed mediation of England to settle our difficulties with the French are current at the present time at the Capitol and thro the country. A ship of war (English) has arrived at Newport lately which is the bearer of despatches from the English Govt. containing the proposed mediation. If these rumors turn out to be true and the good offices of the English are accepted, we may expect no further difficulty from this long vexed question.

*Feb. 6th, 1836.* Peace — News of the acceptance by our government of the proposed mediation of the English Govt. arrived in this city this evening. Despatches have been forwarded to the two govts. of France and G. Britain containing information of the acceptance. . . .

*Feb. 16, 1836.* News has today arrived of the reception of the President's Message at London. The impression made by it there is favorable and produced a favorable effect on the stocks.

*Feb. 18, 1836.* Further advices from France rec'd today bring the cheering intelligence of the acceptance by that gov't of the President's message as a full and complete explanation, such as required and of the arrival of a messenger to our government charged with the information that the French are ready to pay over the amount of the first instalment due under the treaty of 1831. As there is no doubt of the truth of this information the French question may now be considered as finally and definitively settled. The reception of the Special Message by the French *may* be rather unpleasant to them but as their action on the subject already can not be ascribed to anything contained in that message it will probably not affect their

action, especially not after the reception of the 2'd special message sent by the President to Congress. This success of our citizens in thus gaining their long sought rights can not otherwise than render very popular the administration under which it has been effected and make the name of Andrew Jackson no less popular and famous than even that of Washington and Jefferson. How much credit he deserves in thus having this perplexing question settled during his *reign* is doubtful as much of the difficulty from which he has apparently extricated the country is of his own making and nought but the proper action of other branches of gov't has kept him from plunging the country into war and thus perhaps into the danger of losing our case.

*May 18th, 1836. French Indemnity.* — At length this perplexing question which has been agitated for 20 years and which in its turn has fearfully agitated the country for a few years past causing if not wars at least rumors of wars, has been brought to a happy and final issue by the actual payment of the stipulated sum. . . . This act will undoubtedly redound infinitely to the credit and honor of him under whose administration it has been effected and have no little influence in handing his name down to posterity as one of the greatest American patriots and statesmen and as entitled to a part in the front rank of her sons of renown and worth. Probably under the administration of such a man as his predecessor the object would not have been effected. But then it has been a combination of circumstances which has produced the result rather than the existence of any single fact or the action of any single man, or body of men. The true cause of the success of the measure must be found not in the head-long precipitancy and persevering energy of the President of the people. It has been a combination of many circumstances, the energy of the Executive, the moderation of the legislature and the promptness of the people which has undoubtedly effected the desirable result.

*Texas and Mexico*

Nov. 18, 1835

One of the many interesting topics of daily news at the present time among us is the contest which is now going on between the inhabitants of Texas and its parent country, Mexico. Texas has lately declared itself independent of its former government and the consequence has already been a war which is now raging thro'out that country. Two or three battles have been fought which have resulted favorably to the independents or insurgents. An appeal has been made by them to their brethren of the United States and they have received some succor from this quarter. The expediency or right of the people of our States thus to interfere is however doubtful. The latter is however less so as our laws expressly prohibit any such interference against any nation with whom we are at peace. We can but hope that the efforts of these friends of liberty will be successful in their present attempt against the force and oppression of their rulers. It is, however, worthy of our consideration whether we ought to interfere and thus give to the Mexican a just cause for war against us.

Not that indeed that we have aught to fear from a war with that nation but we ought so to demean ourselves with every other people weak or strong as to gain their affection and regard as an honest and friendly nation.

*April 27, 1836.* Among the items of news at the present day which possess any particular interest is the Texan war which is at present time carried on with a great deal of vigor and courage by both parties. To me it has always appeared an unwise act for the Texans small as they are to take the part which they have seen fit to take, for it is almost fighting *against hope* when so great disparity exists between the combatants as there does in this case. On the one part, a small and weak band with comparatively few means, while on the other the whole force of a strong and rich government is brought to

bear against these asserters of liberty. What will be the issue is to be sure doubtful tho the chances seem much against the Texans. A crisis is probably near at hand and then we shall know.<sup>1</sup>

*May 6, 1836.* War seems to be the order of the day in America. The Texans and Mexicans are now contending arm to arm in bloody contest, one for freedom, the other for dominion and a continuation of power. In our own country, Florida is laid waste thro its whole length and breadth by a savage warfare. Arkansas is, too, now witnessing the massacre of the whites by the ruthless Indian. The Comanche, the Greek and the various other tribes which are found upon our frontiers are all rising and a savage war seems to impend from every quarter. Surely the signs of the times are ominous. Rumor, too, proclaims that Mexico is preparing to attack us and that Santa Anna is already at the head of a band approaching with hostile intent towards our borders. How this rumor will prove is doubtful tho too good reason exists to doubt seriously the truth of the report.

#### *Indian Warfare*

*May 23, 1836, Monday.*

The present is surely a fearful time for our brethren of the South and West. A general Indian War seems about breaking which threatens to be one of extermination, at least so far as it extends. The failure of the past campaign on the part of our army seems to have given the enemy new courage and they now seem determined to carry the war into the very houses and beds of their enemies. A general rising of all the Southern and Western Indians has either taken place or is apprehended. Very many of the tribes are now already in the field carrying on their fearful work of death and extermination. Something immediate must be done or the people

<sup>1</sup> Pres. Messages, vol. III, pages 237-265.



of the South will suffer severely. Time alone can decide what will be done or what will be the result of the war.<sup>1</sup>

*June 3rd 1836.* The Texan news which arrived some days since and which excited so much suspicion and doubt as to its truth seems now to be abundantly confirmed, so that no doubt now remains that Santa Anna with his army and principal officers have been taken and Texas thus gained her independence. Such being the case it requires no little prudence and care on the part of our government as to what is the proper course to pursue in relation to the new State. On the one hand as the inhabitants have declared and fought for those very privileges which are the foundation of our government, ought we not to immediately recognize them as an independent people entitled to all the privileges of a free and separate State, and on the other hand as we are on terms of friendship and comity with the parent country of Mexico, ought we not to regard the rights to dominion over the Texans as sacred and such as should be exempt from our interference. . . . Situated as we are in respect to both parties it requires much sagacity and prudence to fix upon proper measures to be adopted. As however we pretend not to interfere in the domestic policy of any other nation it may well be asked whether we are bound when a free and sovereign people cast themselves upon our notice, to ask how they became so or how they have been differently situated in times past. Are we bound to look into the various steps either of negotiation or of force which may have brought about the result, or rather to presume, whatever we may individually know to the contrary, that the separation had been amicably or justly effected and to adapt our measures conformably to such an innocent presumption.

*Aug. 6th, 1836. Saturday Eve.* Quite an important movement has lately taken place by our govt. or our military force which will undoubtedly result in a most important if not hazard-

<sup>1</sup> See vol. III of Pres. Messages, pages 227-228ff.

ous issue. I refer to the invasion by our army under the command of Gen Gaines of the Mexican territory. This act as yet bears no evidence of an authorized one tho undoubtedly authority was given by superior powers. What will be the result of this act of aggression is of course as yet uncertain tho we have serious cause for fear and apprehension that a war with our neighbor Mexico will be the consequence. May such a result be prevented and all evil effects be averted. Sure I am that the act will meet the disapprobation of all northern men, at least, and as I hope of all parts of the country. Reasons may however appear hereafter to justify this action, but I can not as yet imagine what they can be.

*J. Q. Adams*

*Feb. 21, 1836.* Considerable sparring has lately taken place in Congress of a nature differing in a great measure from any thing which has ever before taken place in Congress. The debate was occasioned by a disrespectful allusion by the President in his message to the action of the Senate last Winter on the appropriation bill which appropriated \$3,000,000 for purposes of a National defence and Mr. Webster in the Senate taking a favorable opportunity ably defended that body from what he considered the unjust imputation and threw the whole blame of the loss of the bill upon the House, interspersing remarks of man-worship which prevailed at the time and with severe censures upon the conduct of those who so pliantly bend their wills to that of the Executive. No one in the Senate seeing fit to defend the conduct of the House in derogation of its own dignity and right action, Mr. Adams (J. Q.) rose in his place in the House and after having introduced a suitable resolution proceeded in a lengthy and able speech to take up the gauntlet thrown down by the able Senator and to defend that branch of which he was and is a member upon what he considered unjust charges preferred against it by his

former friend of the upper house. It was the ablest effort ever made by him and called forth what no other effort ever did in either hall of Congress, a burst of applause and hissing. Cheers were given from all parts and for the first time in our history, our commons adopted the mode of proceeding so common in that of our mother country and cries of approval and disapprobation were heard all around.

Suffice it to say Mr. A. effected, or at least, made show of another great political evolution — denounced his former friends, announced his adherence to the executive which he had so ardently before labored to defeat and overthrow and completed his somerset which he has been for a few months past endeavoring to turn. The boisterous debate continued for a number of days and is not yet closed. A debate which will be long remembered as one of an important and most interesting character.

*Veto of Charter*

*March 4th, 1836.*

This day consummates the victory of our President over the Monster Bank in the war of extermination which he has for six years past been carrying on. It is, however, but such a victory as death gains over the unseemly caterpillar, a victory which is but an introduction of the conquered into a more beautiful, profitable and lasting existence. It is the *natal* day of the bank tho the day to which the combatants in the six years war have continually looked forward as doomed to be its mortal one. Today she puts off the trammels and body which she has worn for a period at the sufferance of the General Govt and puts on the irresponsible and more lucrative as well as more lasting one presented by an inferior jurisdiction. The day would probably have been in some manner noticed on account of the event which has thus signalized it, was not this event in so close a contrast with one of such a contrary character and tendency. As it is the *present* has probably passed in the same style as *other* days unless it is rendered rather melan-

choly to the *conqueror* and joyful to the *conquered* and these respective and reversed states of feeling produced corresponding modes of action. As much as I have desired the recharter of the U. S. Bank or rather the charter of some other national Banking institution and tho I am glad of the success which has attended the application of the institution to state liberality, still I much regret many features of the bill thus giving it new life and would that they had been stricken out from their charter. The most obnoxious feature I believe is the want of a supervisory power in the Legislature. As it is I see no check to the Bank becoming an institution of the most corrupt and oppressive character which a power of supervision would have entirely prevented. Another objection is the long period of its chartered existence, 30 years. In an institution of this kind wielding so much influence by vast capital and extensive loans over the currency and over the politics of the country, in an institution so liable to perversions as are monied ones of this kind and especially when a power of supervision and correction does not exist, as in this is wanting, the incorporating power can not be too careful in so granting their favors as to make the institution dependent in a measure upon its own good acts for its existence and hence to provide for a frequent recurrence of the power granted into the hands of the grantor.

Such a course not only has a tendency to restrain the corporation from any illegal or unpopular acts into which it might otherwise be led, but also would serve as a safeguard against all those other evils which come to attend all great monied institutions. Such corporations ought always to be guarded with a jealous eye and watched with greatest vigilance and care. And most of all ought they not to be made independent of the people especially for such term of time as will serve to take away the idea of responsibility to the people or remove those restraints which have a dire tendency to keep them within proper bounds by a subserviency to their own interest.

They ought to be so regulated that their own interest shall be the public's.

*Deposit Bill*

*Bangor June 29, 1836*

A very important event has just taken place at the Capitol and one which I, for myself little expected. I refer to the passage thro both houses of Congress and the approval by the President of the Deposit Bill so called which provides for the distribution of the surplus revenue. This has been an exciting subject and caused a great deal of discussion in all parts of the country as well as at the Capitol. Contrary to the expectations of almost everyone it passed both Houses by very great majorities and was sent to the President with the knowledge on the part of every one that it was decidedly averse to his wishes. Altho the sentiment has often been advanced that the President would not *dare* to veto the bill I have still continued to believe that he who has never shrunk from responsibility and always persisted in having his own will in everything, would even dare to follow his inclinations in this respect and refuse his signature to the bill. The majority however in each house has proved too strong in this instance and I believe his approval has been effected solely from the fact that he knew the bill would be one of the laws in spite of him and he had better keep on the right and safe side. It is fully evident, however, that his approval was forced and he would gladly have avoided it. At least so intimates the official Globe and so voted the General's particular friends. The expediency of this measure may perhaps be well doubted, many being the arguments which can be advanced on each side. — As the money was on hand, however, this disposition perhaps was the best that could be made and some disposition was necessary. The next great question is what shall the States do with it. Ay here's the rub. The Legislature will spend half in settling the question.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See Pres. Messages, vol. III, page 239.

*July 8 1836.* Among the memorable events which have of late seemed to give character to the age is the death of the venerable Ex-President, Madison. And what is somewhat remarkable he too finished his course almost in sight of that day which gave birth to his country (died June 28). It is a fact very remarkable, apparently providential that three of his predecessors paid their last debt to nature on that memorable day and he too had advanced so near that it might well be said it was already in sight. One Ex-President now only remains, tho another will probably soon be added to the number.

*Presidential election*

*Aug. 22, 1836.* These are party times and parties are beginning to buckle on their armor for the coming battle. Important elections are close at hand among which are those of all our State and County officers and President and V. P. of the U. S. As yet everything has gone on quietly and calmly and indeed as yet everything continues to wear the same pacific aspects. What I like best at the present political era is the application by the democrats of their loudly proclaimed principle of rotation in office. Heretofore this principle has been exercised only when political opponents were the objects. Now however the principle seems to be acted upon at home and the loud cries of those who are suffering under its application show full plainly that with them their loud professions meant nothing more than that such rotation should be known or practised as in its revolution should pass them or hoist them higher. A fig for such professions and glad am I to see the long praised doctrine made to apply with force where it is most professed and too I think where it is most needed. Glad am I to see the sincerity of the dominant party tested by that best of all tests, personal experience. (Martin Van Buren was V. P. and became President after Jackson.)

## CHAPTER THREE

### *BANGOR IN 1835-1836*

*Aug. 14, 1835.* Oh! Oh! The mud. This is emphatically the city of mud and clay and in this respect probably no city or town in the country can vie with it. A dew is almost enough to render our streets slippery and a shower enough to make them impassable for aught that is neat or has a regard to his personal appearance so far at least as respects his pedal parts. The streets of the city are now undergoing a complete reform. A system of graduation has been commenced which from the present prospects bids fair to be thorough. The true democratic leveling principle is adopted, the low places are exalted and the high places brought down or in other words the hill fills the hollows adjacent. And too this system is carried out apparently without any regard to consequences or without consulting in the least the intent or wishes of the livers on the way side. While the process leaves some houses elevated some 8 or 10 feet above the ordinary and former height and leaving the cellar wall bare and exposed, other houses find their lower rooms suddenly converted into cellars and their houses hoisted in the Irish method, one story lower. Some houses are actually left in this unpleasant situation and access can be had to the doors before ascended to some 3 or 6 feet, now, only by a flight of descending stairs of some 10 or 15 steps. Bangor house is elevated some 6 or 7 feet while City Hall is buried almost up to the windows. Much opposition is made to this measure as one imprudently and unnecessarily undertaken — but time will show their improvements wisely planned and executed. At least so I predict. We hope that as soon as the graduating

system shall be completed a side-walk policy will be adopted which shall in a measure, at least supersede the necessity of wading over shoes in mud as is now too truly the case. At present no side walks can be said to exist here, the only ones which can bear that name being what a few persons have laid down before their own doors, and which of course are continually interrupted by perhaps the intervening land of another and less accommodating proprietor. Whilst the workmen are engaged on the roads they are peculiarly muddy especially after a shower. And this is what we have been enjoying thro the day. Oh! for a side walk.

*From an old letter written to his Uncle Lemuel in Winslow*

*“Aug. 10th 1835*

“One house I observed was *sunk* almost a whole story and another is to be raised about 14 or 16 feet from the level of the way — \$50,000 are appropriated this year to road purposes which when expended will, I trust leave the city little less like the ostrich proud of her plumes but ashamed of her feet.”

*Aug. 19, 1835.* One of the principal characteristics of the people of the present day especially in our own state appears to be a spirit of speculation, a spirit which appears to be general and to pervade every class and almost every member of each class. The members of the Clerical as well as of the legal and medical professions, the trader, mechanic and farmer and too the hostler and logman and perhaps the loafer all seem not only infused with the same all pervading sentiment, but all seem if not equally, at least in some degree successful. . . . The effect of this state of things has been peculiarly seen in this city and has been such as to raise the citizens to a condition in the good things of this life perhaps above those of any other place in New England. . . . The consequence of this great amount of wealth and the rapid increase of it has been to make those who have thus on a sudden accumulated for-



tunes to be liberal therewith in works of public improvement, utility and ornament. To this cause is probably owing very much of the spirit of improvement, now going on displaying itself in the erection of elegant and commodious public and private edifices, in the amendment and opening of streets and avenues and in fine in every thing which serves to adorn and honor the city.

*Sept. 17, 1835.* Today has been sold the lot of land in the Corner of Hammond and Central Streets, now covered by a Tavern stand with stables and the usual accompaniments thereof. The removal of these large wooden buildings of too such dangerous kind and the replacing them with brick stores has long been a desideratum with all the business part of the city. The owner has, however, held on in hopes to get more for his property till it has increased in value from 8 or 10,000 dollars to 80,000 at which price it is bonded. The obligor has sold at the aggregate at auction of \$72,000.

*Sept. 22d, 1835.* A short view of the present state of the city I have thought might be very interesting some years hence, especially if it continues to increase as it has already, for years to come. A very few years have advanced this place from a small country village to be one of the most thriving places in New England, from a place of so little note that people of places almost adjacent could hardly fix its locality, to a city of distinction scarcely less than the largest in our Union. From a population of only 1221 in 1820 and of 2868 in 1830, a population which ranked it in size the 17th town in the State, it has now become 2d only to Portland and fast rising to be rival even of that population as it is already in trade, bustle and activity. Its present number of inhabitants is about 7500. There are now in the city five houses of public worship, one just commencing and three contemplated to be built this or next season. There are six houses of public entertainment in addition to which one or two others might be added

but hardly deserve the name. Two daily and four weekly papers with a Magazine are published. Six banks and an institution for Savings and one Insurance office are found among our monied institutions. The Theological Seminary has now a large brick tenement and a wooden one, other buildings for its accommodation are contemplated. There are now 2 Profs. and about 25 students.

Other public buildings here are the Court house, gaol and city hall. This latter is the old Court house and is a small concern and but for the newness of our city a disgrace to it.

There are at present two steam packets which run semi-weekly to Boston and also a number of regular packets between the same places. The streets of the city are now undergoing a thorough repair, the leveling or cutting down system having been now but a short time commenced and under way. There are two bridges across the Kenduskeag in the main village and one about a half mile up and another is going over – Such is a bird's eye view of the city of Bangor. A very few years will I venture to predict very materially vary the scene. The park has just been laid out and fenced but as yet no buildings are built upon or around it. Mt. Pleasant has also been laid out into building spots but are yet wholly unoccupied. Thomas's Hill has been street-ified and lot-ified and there that rests. All these parts of the city it is predicted will shortly be taken up and buildings will soon be erected in various parts of each. While I can hardly say I disbelieve the fact, I must say I believe there is reason at least to doubt.

*Nov. 23, 1835.* . . . The winter of the city has truly come. We are now shut out from the commercial world and have intercourse with it only over 13 miles of snow road. Our trucks are now our ships manned with truckmen for their sailors, with reins for her rudder and keep, with horses for winds, hills and hollows for tides, harnesses for rigging, and wheels and shafts for the hull and a long road and snow for

the ocean itself. So then good luck on a thanksgiving ride and success to Bangor winter-shipping.

*Sept. 23d, 1835.* Today has been the day of military training and of course we had the motley crew of ragamuffins parading the streets, this afternoon serving as an apology for a regular militia, but a most meagre one it is. Of all the folly and tom-foolery which meets our eyes from one end of the year to the other, this foolish military display seems to me to be the greatest. It seems to be an occasion when the law compels a man to stultify and render himself ridiculous.

*July 18, 1836.* We have today had a touch in the M Court of the military law or rather of an application of law to the military system. . . . The militia law is however capable of being quibbled upon about as much I believe as all other laws together and no one certainly can afford so many points to raise.

#### *Muster*

But oh! the Militia system, one exclaims, is the bulwark of our liberties and it is upon this we have to depend for the existence and perpetuity of our republican government and free institutions. If these are to be saved by such means surely we are doomed to descend very low. Our country and we have got to debase ourselves exceedingly. I want no better answer to such an apologist than a glimpse with him who uses these arguments, at this burlesque of that system which in our country is at best but a mimicry and a foolish display. I was duly notified to appear among the rest in the throng but chose not to be found in such small business. I am willing now and then to act foolish and probably do, but to behave so extremely ridiculous as to be a militia man one must, and to do it, too, openly, publicly and before the eyes of all men, this is too much, as Crockett says "I cant go it." I am also duly notified to appear on the 25th inst at Orono for a muster, but shall undoubtedly be found among the missing men. The

consequence of this course is to subject myself to a prosecution — I shall, if it comes, exercise a bit of my trade and try them. So go ahead. . . .

*Sept. 25th.* . . . Let there be a depot of arms provided by the general government in every state and at every convenient and advisory station. Let these be kept in good repair and well provided with ammunition and the accoutrements of war, ready at call for any emergency. Let us then have such a military system as our war department has now the charge of, a military school, such as we have to raise up officers, then when occasion calls and invasion happens or the enemy threaten, let the people be called in to take up the arms provided for them and we should see such men as our revolutionary fathers were, rising up and becoming victorious, ten to one I believe we should be more sure of success than we should now. . . .

*Nov. 12th, 1835.* From what has been disclosed in evidence in many land cases which from time to time originated here of late, it appears that on the 5th day of March A.D. 1801 the legislature of Mass. at the solicitation of the inhabitants of Bangor passed a resolve granting lots of 100 acres each to all who were actual settlers prior to the 1st July 1784 on payment of \$8.45 and to all who were settlers between that time and Feby 17, 1798 similar lots on payment of \$100. In conformity with this resolve such lots were afterwards assigned and most or all of the land on which the city now stands, was thus appropriated, the lots being one mile in length generally and extending back from the river and of course 50 rods in width on the river and stream. Under these grants all or almost all the present proprietors hold. As land became more and more valuable these large lots were cut up into smaller and these too continually subdivided till they have arrived in the process of subdivision to their present scanty dimensions. Very many plans embracing larger or smaller portions of the city have been made, and

to these reference has almost unvariably been made in conveyances of property here. These have frequently been very indefinite and uncertain and hence have given rise to dispute and litigation. In other cases land has been bounded by perishable monuments as stumps and stakes or by moveable ones as stones all of which have long since disappeared and hence a new source of litigation to settle the location of the monuments. From all causes titles here are now quite uncertain and fluctuating and no man can look upon his as certain till a law suit has settled it or the mantle of the peaceful statute of limitations is thrown over it.

*July 22d, 1836.* Today have taken place the exercises of the consecration of the cemetery which the shower of yesterday prevented from being proceeded with according to previous arrangement. After the performances of the consecration, lots were sold at public sale at the minimum price of \$30 per lot, choice of lots being bid for. The lots sold at high price and beyond expectation. If the same enthusiasm continues which at present pervades the citizens in respect to this enterprise there is little doubt that Mt. Hope will be all that the plans will admit of its being, a beautiful place. [Later father was treasurer for 50 years.]

*Aug. 11, 1836.* Today has been opened the Globe Bank and commenced operation. This is the ninth bank now in operation in this city each with a capital of \$100,000, making almost \$1,000,000 of banking capital in the place. Notwithstanding this amount the supply is not half equal to the demand for bank accommodations and business men are obliged to go to various parts of the state to procure loans. . . . Bank charters here are in fact but little more than private monopoly, bestowing favors only upon those who have the direction of them.

#### *Railroad to Oldtown*

*Sept. 19th, 1835.* A new improvement for this place has been just commenced here and one too which bids fair to be of

great public utility and importance to the city and community. I refer to the rail road to Oldtown. As yet there are no roads of the kind I believe in the state. This is the first that has commenced. Considering the much that is doing in almost every other state in the Union to expedite travel and accommodate the traveling community by means of railroads and canals it is surprising that the State of Maine during all the time to the present has not exerted herself in the same way and gone on with her sisters in like works of public improvement. . . . I venture to predict that this railroad which the present week has been commenced will be followed by many others till within ten years we may travel thro the state from this city to Boston by land steam carriages. I should not be surprised if in 1845, Maine would embrace 500 miles of rail road.

*Nov. 24th, 1836.* This day may with truth be said to form an era in the history of our State. Today has the first Rail road car been put in motion by steam. Today witnessed the completion of the first rail road in our Commonwealth. The Bangor and Piscataquis Canal and Rail road Company have done the first work of the kind and in persuance of their plan have presented us with a Road to Oldtown. The cars have today made the first trip.

The road was a perfectly *level* and *straight* road, so that when bicycles were first introduced it was a *boulevard* for them.

#### *Amusements*

*Aug. 8, 1836.*

New sources of attraction seem to be continually coming upon us and thrusting themselves upon our notice and their hands into our pockets. Not only is Sutton cheating us of our money and of the right use of our senses, by his magical illusions and Poyen (Mons) collecting his halves by magnetic influence and Mons. Schaffer by his French dialect but at length the famous O'Connell of tatoored appearance and East Indian

memory throws in his claim to be heard in the distribution of our surplus revenue, then to cap the climax the boxing Ottignon offered himself to the amateurs of the sparring world as ready to receive his fifty cents per head from every one who is fool enough to pay that sum to see another man knock his neighbor down in a scientific way.

*Aug. 27, 1836.* This evening for the first time a theatre has been presented to the good people of Bangor. This edifice has just been completed and playing is to commence on Monday evening next. This evening *ad captandum* display was made of the beauties of the place, preparatory to its dedication on the opening evening. . . .

*Aug. 29, 1836.* This evening the city has been honored with its first regular theatrical exhibition. The theatre opens with the play "She stoops to Conquer," with an after piece or two.

There were concerts, for June 6, 1836, he writes:

"Tonight have I so far broken in upon the monotonous routine of my life as to have attended a concert of music, and paid my quarter for the privilege. I must however acknowledge that music has not such charms for me as it has for many, perhaps the greater portion of mankind."

Then there was the Fair gotten up by the ladies for the object of building a "Female Orphan Asylum" and for this the public went to the Bangor House Hall. The system of conducting this did not appeal to the young man.

"The system which is pursued there, a system of the most perfect shaving and cutting, of keeping all money which may be handed them without returning what subtraction would easily and readily dictate, all have a train of evil which it would be well to avoid. It is giving to the "fair" too much license, I think, to cheat the other portion of creation. Then too, it is such perfect boy's play that nothing but the fashionableness of the thing would, I believe, continue in vogue such an institu-

tion among those who pretend to call themselves *gentlemen* and *ladies*.”

There was the reception to Daniel Webster.

*Sept. 28, 1835.* We have had the privilege not only of seeing Mr. Webster but of hearing him also. Agreeably to previous arrangements a public dinner was given him today at the Bangor House. Upon a sentiment being given him, he stepped from the hall on to the piazza or sidewalk in front of the house and addressed the people, concluding with a sentiment — theme “Civil Liberty.” Then turning to the chairman (Mr. Kent) thro him addressed the crowd upon his favourite topic, the constitution, a topic the discussion of which more than any other has raised him to his present high standing in the eyes of the world.

*Sept. 29, 1835.* The functions of the eye and ear have not alone been exercised towards Mr. Webster, but the sense of touch has been gratified by an acquaintance with this great man. We all went last evening to his levee and were introduced to him. . . .

#### *Clubs and Associations*

Among the records of Bangor affairs, are those of attendance at various clubs and associations. There was the

“Cui Bono, an association of ladies and gentlemen whose object is mutual improvement which is effected by weekly meetings together, reading an original dissertation on some literary or scientific subject and conversation and discussion on the subject of the lecture or dissertation read.”

There was the “Union Female Ed Soc, a society lately organized whose object is the education of young indigent female children between the ages of 4 & 12.” [Mostly “Irish emigrants.”]

There was a lecture from “the agent of the American Education Society, the object of which was to show the course of



conduct we ought to pursue towards members of other religious denominations and sects."

There was the "Soc of Inquiry, a society composed of members of the Theological Seminary in this city."

Then there was the Seminary itself with its lectures and meetings, its anniversaries and its appeal to city and state for an endowment fund of \$100,000, an appeal which led to subscriptions amounting to over \$80,000, but which were never all collected.

Then the Lyceum which seemed very dear to the young man's heart regarding which he was forced to make this entry, March 1st, 1836.

"I have tonight attended to the last services due to the Lyceum, witnessed its expiring agonies and heard its dying groans. We have now the melancholy satisfaction of saying that a Lyceum cannot exist in Bangor and that there is not sufficient literary spirit pervading the city to warrant the attempt. It ought certainly to be told in shame but such is the fact."

Then last came the meetings of the Temperance organizations.

#### *Temperance*

*Feb. 23, 1836.*

This day being fixed upon for simultaneous Meetings of the Temperance Societies thro'out the U. S., the two societies in this city met in the afternoon at which time an address was delivered and also in the evening when speeches were made by several individuals on various subjects connected with the temperance reformation.

After the meeting had finished its business the President announced 100 members as having joined during the evening. The friends of the cause in this city are at present making efforts to establish a Temperance House and for this purpose have opened books for stock to the amount of \$20,000, the sum for which the society has a bond of the Franklin House. \$18,000

have already been taken and the remainder will probably find a proprietor. We shall on the 22d May next, we hope and trust to have the pleasure to announce to the public that Bangor has one place, at least, where a traveler and abider may have to lay his head and eat his meals without meeting the offensive breath of rum drinkers or brandy bottles *et omne genus*. "That this hope was probably realized we see by this entry of July 14, 1836."

"Among the visitors at present to our city is Chancellor Kent of New York. He arrived in town two or three days since and took up lodgings at the Franklin Temperance House."

*March 15th, 1836.* Tonight I have engaged to deliver a Temp. address before our Association. This subject in truth has become so hacknied I know not what or how to write. I shall as I must, try, however, and whatever my lucubrations result in shall be brought forth to the audience which may on that occasion be called together.

*July 19, 1836.* I have this evening made an effort to deliver a temperance address before the Temperance Association of this city. After cutting down the address in length some 10 or 15 minutes, I proceeded to the house where I found it filled almost to overflowing with gentlemen and ladies of the city. Most excellent music was engaged for the occasion so that so far as that part of the performances went, the exercises passed off well. As to the address, being a party interested I am not of course a competent witness to testify. Being aware of the hackneyed nature of the subject and the almost thread bare materials of which such addresses must of necessity be composed, it was my desire and effort to strike out a new path or at least one which had not been before trodden by the same kind of vehicle. I consequently filled up an address by a soliloquy put into the mouth of the ruler of the empire of Tartarus and a dialogue which took place between him and one of his principle agents in respect to the present appearance and

prospects of the temperance cause. Many of the points which the cause admitted of were in their turn passed in review, tho the greater part of the address was appropriated to the discussion of two points upon which great diversity of sentiment seems at present to prevail in the temperance community. I mean the expediency of legal enactments prohibitory of the trade in ardent spirits and of introducing "cider and all other intoxicating drinks" into the temperance pledge, with ardent spirits and wine, as proscribed articles of use and traffic. On both these points I am and was aware that I was rather in the minority, at least of those who were willing to proscribe wine. And not only so, the society before whom the address was delivered had adopted a pledge embracing that prohibitory clause. I do not know but that I was wrong in thus taking ground against the society to which I belong and whose organ I might on the occasion be presumed to be, in thus attempting to disprove the pledge or a part of it which they have adopted, but then I was selected to speak my own sentiments and not those of others, as I made myself believe. Some dissatisfaction undoubtedly will be felt at the promulgation of such doctrines, but then as they are in accordance with my sober convictions and my experience with human nature, I repent not the stand which I took. What will be the result I must wait to know.

#### *Churches*

*Sunday, Sept. 13, 1835.*

There are meetings held here by four religious protestant denominations, Congregationalists, Baptists, Methodists and Unitarians. A Catholic meeting is held weekly here tho they have as yet no church or public house of worship. The signs of the times indicate a change in this respect and that we shall have all the religious variety of older and larger places. Thus far all the minds of the people have been too much engaged in secular concerns to be over attentive to those of eter-

nity. They are now, however, awakening and beginning to act. The Episcopalians are already at work on a splendid Church for Worship. The Universalists are too at work and will probably before long proceed in a like undertaking. In addition to these denominations, members of various others are found among us too few and weak to show themselves in the erection of public places of worship or perhaps indeed in any particular organization. Among these are found a few devoted followers of the doctrines of Emanuel Swedenborg. They are as yet few and scarcely noticed as such. . . . This doctrine I believe is destined to become extensively adopted and believed, not so much perhaps by sudden changes and departures from the other societies and creeds but by a silent change unobserved as it advances in its progress towards universal reception.

*Oct. 23, 1835.* . . . I also find the Unitarians are at work and the foundation of their church is laid and ready for superstructure which I understand is to be of granite. The church is intended to be the largest in the state and from what I can judge from seeing its foundation I should suppose such must be the case. . . .

#### *New Church*

*Bangor, Maine. Sunday, July 10, 1836.*

I have for a number of months past been a gradual receiver of the doctrines of the New Church, till one by one they have almost unconsciously to me, become incorporated as a part of my religious belief. It has, however, been entirely without any effort on my part and hence am I more confident of their truth. I at first opposed them as the doctrines of an imposter or enthusiast and commenced reading merely from curiosity. But doctrines which address themselves with so much force to the understanding and reason have so entirely and imperceptibly convinced me of their truth and of the falsity of my precon-

ceived notions that I find myself almost insensibly impressed with the strongest conviction that the doctrines are what they are represented to be by their propagator and as such entitled to full credence.

Tho I have from youth been continually under the instruction and influence of orthodox doctrines and had them instilled into my mind from earliest infancy as the only true creed, still I have always felt a reluctance to giving my assent to them containing as they do, as they have appeared to me, wrong notions of our future state and erroneous views of nature, character and attributes of Deity. . . .

*Aug. 21, 1836, Sunday.* We have this evening for the first time in this place had a meeting of the receivers of the doctrines of the New Church for purposes connected with the reception of the doctrines. . . . There are now in the city 10 or 12 known receivers or readers of the truths imparted by Swedenborg. . . .

The Journal, written continuously, ends with the entry Nov. 24th 1836. The next is June 12, 1837, after his return from the death bed of the sister Harriet, so frequently mentioned by the Grandmother. Then the last.

*July 15, 1838.* This has been truly an era amongst us. Today for the first time public services of the New Church have been performed in this city. The Rev. H. A. Worcester having occasion to visit Houlton, on his way afforded us the pleasure of a visit and the privilege of attendance on public worship on the Sabbath. The meeting was held in Smith's Academy which was filled with a very highly respectable audience.

## CHAPTER FOUR

### THE YOUNG MAN AND LAWYER IN 1835-6

#### *Aspiration*

*Aug. 27, 1835.* Much of our time is lost from a want of method in its disposition and from absence of rules in its distribution. Hence it is of the utmost importance especially in a business man to have fixed rules in regard to the disposal of his time, and the arrangement of his business affairs. How much time is lost from a loss to know to what next to turn our attention when one thing is disposed of and too, how much more from the delays and hindrances occasioned by a want of order and regularity in ones affairs, from a want of proper arrangement in books and papers and whatever else regards our business. Regularity and order are almost necessarily accompanied by despatch while a want of them is almost necessarily accompanied by delay, mistakes and confusion. I have thought a compliance with a few established rules such as the following would be advantageous and greatly promote ones facility of doing business resulting from a proper disposition of time and labor.

- 1 1st — Divide the day into certain parts and assign to each part its appropriate duty and let this arrangement be strictly complied with so far as business will allow.
- 2 2d — Always attend to business when it offers itself, not put it off or delay it when it can be as well done *now*. We shall thus please those who offer it to us, accomplish more and give ourselves more time for other pursuits.
- 3 3d — Never delay business for friends. It is a false modesty and an imprudent respect which causes us to neglect that which is the calling of our life, to chat with a caller or a friend, a mere collateral affair.

- 4 4th — When business and pleasure interfere choose the former. This is a natural consequence of the preceding one. Consider the occupation we have chosen the principle, all other as pleasurable affairs merely ornamental or expletives.
- 5 5th — Keep a complete file of papers and in such an order that every paper shall have its appropriate place. “A place for everything and everything in its place.”

*Sept. 3d, 1835.* “Evil spirits work best during a storm” observes the worthy Antonia Agapida and the experience of the world and society proves the assertion. It is when there is the greatest confusion and tumult that evil to the greatest extent prevails, when the greatest excitement, the most corruption, fraud, and deception, when the greatest and loudest talk the least reason and most error. It is in the calm that good spirits have their influence, in gentle intercourse and moderate action that reason’s dictates are heeded, when the mind is so far from being hurried tempestuously onward, it has time to deliberate and choose when calm reason is not restrained and driven out of its course but has its full sway. It is in such a time when the calm serenity of a sunny day prevails, when every step is heeded and taken with deliberate care, that right action is the consequence, that good spirits seem to rule. But on the other hand when the turbid and tempestuous darkness of the storm prevails, when society is convulsed with intestine commotions, and hurry and bustle take the place of cool deliberation and calm reflection, then it is that error is imbibed, wrong action the consequence, and when evil genii may with truth be said to bear rule.

*Oct. 14, 1835.* Rec’d a letter this evening informing me of the return of my parents from the Western tour, on Friday last. They have been gone about 7 weeks, having visited in the remotest corner of Vt and from there as far as Plymouth & the Cape in Massachusetts. I am really glad to hear of their return. Tho’ absent from the family I feel of course an

anxiety similar to what I should feel were I there. And never do I feel so confident that things will go right as when the masters are present.

*Oct. 20, 1835.* My old coat! Yes, my old coat! It is one of the evils which poverty has obliged me to commit; a misfortune which the old jade has compelled me to encounter, to be prudent in the external appendages of my body corporate, or in other words to avoid tailor's bills and hence to wear clothes which perhaps others in my situation would cast aside or be ashamed to wear. But poverty like fate compels us to do many things which our wills are averse to and do not keep company. Such has been the case with me. Being not of a very foppish disposition and somewhat inclined to bend to the weight of circumstances and do what I must do, I have been rather inclined to look upon this appendage as a leetle too good to dispense with and have hence worn it until it has, I find, attracted in some considerable degree the attention of many by its peculiar tints of faded claret. I am or have been too frequently reminded that some other color would do as well and hence I am obliged nolens, volens to give it up.

So good bye old coat; thou hast served well tho thou hast turned somewhat in thy colors. Good bye, a truce to you till some son of Israel's fated race may take thee to his embrace.

*Dec. 15, 1835.* For a few days past I have recreated myself occasionally by solving a proposition in Algebra. This is a study with which I am much pleased and was in College my favorite study. The study of mathematics has a tendency, I think, to enable its student to abstract his mind and to apply it with more success to any particular object. Hence the study is advantageous highly to one engaged in the pursuit of the law or any abstruse science.

*Feb. 25th, 1836.* I yesterday commenced an idea for the purpose of relating a bit of my experience but my subject then soon unconsciously assumed a form which I little thought of



when I commenced, and an importance which forbid my modesty from introducing my name under the same date. I was as I am now going to say that since I have commenced practise, I have frequently been placed in situations in respect to business which was put upon me to transact, and which I could not with honor or profit reject, which in an entire state of freedom I would have gladly avoided and deemed myself incapable of supplying. Placed in such circumstances and aware of but one course to pursue, I have ever as yet pursued that course (so far as I can judge) with satisfaction both to my client and myself. This has been particularly the case with many writings of various kinds which I have been frequently called upon to make since commencing my practise here. Drafting was entirely a new business with me and hence I could not but strongly distrust my own abilities in executing professional business of this kind. I have however never shrunk from any business of the kind as yet, but have uniformly undertaken and performed it, whether to the satisfaction of my client or not I know not. But this I know, I have succeeded far better than I could have imagined and derived great benefit from being frequently placed in circumstances of quandary and doubt.

*March 10, 1836.* Today, if I reckon correctly, another of my brothers (Benjamin) finished the days of his minority and approaches upon the years of his majority. So we one by one leave the care of our parents and begin world for ourselves. This finishes the first class of boys and three of my father's family are emancipated. Really time flies fast. 'Tis but a day it seems since we three were boys at play upon the grass or were called in perhaps to rock the cradle of an infant sister now almost arrived at womanhood, since we together sported by the brook which ran thro our paternal domain, dammed its falling waters or sailed the tiny boat; since acting the miniature picture of manhood we drove our little stages, kept our little

storehouses and made our infant speculations in fictitious lumber, buttons or apple. But a day seems to have elapsed since meeting with our neighboring boys, we took delight in flying our kite and prancing our horses on the green or engaged ourselves in the more active sports of "playing ball" or "goal." But now how changed. From boyhood and youth we have arrived to manhood and exchanged the sports of youth for the similar labors of middle age. We are however now but boys of larger growth as we were then men of younger growth. We now but engage in the same occupations and take but the same precautions that we then did, we engage with no greater ardor and pursue with no greater tenacity our object than then. The only difference is we, now dependent upon our efforts, turn our labors to the account of supporting ourselves.

*July 11, 1836.* Again am I about to be turned out to seek a new dwelling abode. . . . But I want to live with one who feels an interest in my welfare and will act the friend and host from other motives than that of cash and who is now and then willing to do a favor without required pay. Life is not half worth living for, if ones treatment is to be squared by his purse. . . . I care not so much for my maw or my palate. I am content with simple fare and can sit down to a table without variety and rise contented. I can sleep on straw and rise without complaint, but to be met with cool neglect or with bought smiles and favors, this is not sincere friendship and I can not bear; away with it.

*July 23d, 1836.* I can not make up my mind as to the proper and best mode of spending and disposing of my time. So much to be done I hardly know when or in what order to do it. On the one hand is an infinite number of books cumbering the law library which a lawyer must read and which I am desirous of becoming acquainted with and to do so requires not only the time but undivided attention of the student. But then it will not do for the lawyer to be nothing else than a law heap

or a law student. He must know more. And to make him that more ten thousand works of every class, rank and kind of writing are presented. Now what is to be read of all this mass. For there is indeed no class of literature of which he ought to be ignorant, not even excepting the fashionable literature of the day as embraced in works of fiction, imagination, travels and voyages and wonderful achievements and narrow escapes from nature, from savage beasts or still more savage men.

What a wide field there is open to the student for selection and too how diligent and industrious does it become him to be, yea *must* he be to become what the profession of law requires him to be. And when all this is taken into contemplation, at the same time that the thought of a large portion of the time being taken up in business, and that continual interruption renders the remaining portion of the time far less available, rises in his mind. Surely it is almost enough to make one despair, as having engaged in a business of which he can not become master, as having entered a grove from which he can never emerge.

*The Law Business*

*Aug. 13, 1835.* This day is somewhat notable as being the first time on which since commencing practise I have rec'd anything for that incorporeal part of a lawyer's ware, advice. It is not the first sin of the kind I am aware of, for my memory is burdened with the consciousness of having been guilty of the absurdity of taxing a client fifty cents for a like article of legal merchandise during my apprenticeship.

*Sept. 2d, 1835.* Today for the first time I had something to do in court besides making motions. Two actions for trial came on, one for Plff. and the other for the Deft. both of which are gained.

*Oct. 3d, 1835.* . . . My business has not thus far been

sufficiently profitable to afford me much change over and above my expenses. . . .

I have patience however to continue without complaint, hoping for better times and more lucrative business. . . .

*Oct. 5, 1835.* . . . Little things I am aware trouble me, much, perhaps too much and hence if aught goes wrong in practise, any blunder is made to the prejudice of a client, I generally feel sensitive and blamable, a feeling which ever strongly tends to diminish the pleasure of a young practitioner, is I am aware strongly felt at present by myself and hence an additional source of uneasiness.

*Oct. 10, 1835.* Today for the first time have I argued a case to the jury and to my great sorrow have been unsuccessful. I was on the defence. . . . Tho this part or performance is one which has often haunted my mind as requiring a great share of fortitude and firmness, yet when the occasion offered I cared and thought no more of it than of any other performance in which I have frequently engaged. There is indeed nothing trying in the attempt to address a jury or public assembly and nothing to be much dreaded or feared. We have only to forget that any one else is attending or listening to us and all goes off well. I have now fairly broken the ice and am "in for it."

*Oct. 17th, 1835.* Calls for cash arise from every quarter and too with an earnestness which requires immediate satisfaction. These frequent calls almost make me despair, sometimes, especially when I look at the other side of my ledger which finds hard times in keeping up with its neighbor on the right. In view of the result I should perhaps be melancholy did I not practise upon the rule of "hope for the best" and were I not determined to bear whatever may happen with as much fortitude as possible. I find it an excellent rule to turn everything to one's advantage and if any thing happens the expediency of which does not readily appear when viewed in

respect to ourselves and which is not as we would have it, consider it as working for our advantage and designed for our good.

*Jan 18 1836.* Health gaining gradually, able to get out. [After scarlet fever.] Blues disappearing, weather mild, poverty staring, money none, wants pressing, I here pushing along slowly.

*May 9, 1836.* Law business begins now to be considerable lively and pretty good compared with what it has been. . . . I have but little fear that I shall ultimately succeed here and wait with patience the coming of the day when —

*June 8 1836.* The court still in session and consequently myself quite busy — Little leisure to study as the most of the business of the office devolves upon me.

*Aug. 9, 1836.* At this term of the court my first law argument will appear before the court tho it will not of course *appear in my name*. The argument is in the case of Bussey and Page, Adm. The action trover for the conversion of timber cut by the Defts intestate upon land mortgages to the Plff in part bonded by Plff to the intestate.

*June 24, 1836.* I have today been making some examination as to the right to sustain an action against the city for damages occasioned in digging down and filling up the streets in furtherance of the leveling system which has been adopted for a year past by our city authorities. The face of the earth is so uneven within the settled portion of the city that the leveling process has greatly injured many buildings and in some cases almost totally destroyed them. While some are left elevated some ten or more feet above the plane of the street and thus exposing the whole wall of the house, others are buried to the windows or even deeper. — Such being the case and the reform continuing still to go on, it has become quite a serious question with many what can be done in such cases and we have been frequently appealed to for advice in the premises. Today I

have spent some time in the search for cases and am convinced at least that the claim for damages is a doubtful one tho I should judge an equitable one — In Mass and N. Y. decisions are against the right to recover such damages but in a case in England lately, similar to this the claim has been held good and this decision Justice Story thinks entitled to superior credit over the American authorities. Cheap as it is going to law at present, I should at least deem the cause sufficiently good to risk a suit. — and think I shall so advise. That the decisions of Massachusetts are not good law I think is very clear and have little doubt they will be so pronounced by American authorities at some future day, tho it is quite doubtful whether our court would have sufficient independence to over rule the decision of so respectable a court as that of Mass or New York.

## CHAPTER FIVE

### “THE AUTO-BIOGRAPHY HURRIEDLY WRITTEN”

#### *Realization. Law Reform*

BUT chief among the acts of my life has been my interference with Statute Law. I early began to find fault with the Laws of my own state as found on her Statute Book.

My first effort was the year after my admission to the Bar, when I found that altho I then had already two cases to argue before the Law Court, I could not be allowed to do so for three years, as an atty. in the Court of Common Pleas could not practise as Councillor until after 3 years in the Municipal Court below and then by paying a new fee of \$30.

I started out in the work of reform and during the two subsequent sessions of the Legislature procured an act to be passed doing away with the wrong. . . . After that at Law terms I was able to appear before the full Court and argue my causes in *propria persona*. And so the law has ever since stood and will forever stand.

My next effort was to cause the law to be enacted for the protection of private burial grounds. The idea was suggested to my mind by our having selected a private cemetery for our family at Winslow on our old homestead upon the death of our dear Harriet. On looking over the law I found that the ground might be even attached and set off on Ex'on or go to heirs who might have no regard for the grounds and thus a sacrilege be legally perpetuated. The result was that I procured the enactment of the law for the protection of private burial grounds, by the Legislature of 1839.

Another act of importance which (in connection with a non-professional friend) I caused to be enacted was that now embodied in the R. S. Chap 36, Sect. 37, on Corporations. As the law had stood for all years in our State, all members of Corporations were made liable for its debts to double the amt. of their stock, that is the amt. subscribed and then for just as much more. So the law stood until after our Railroad was perfected to Waterville. The Co. failed and we were called upon to "double up." Many suits were commenced and I found myself and our city liable to a very large amount. In company with my friend J. W. Veazie we started out on the work of reforming this deformity, one which lay at the very foundation of all evil by preventing all future success in the way of public improvement. We went to work with zeal and before the Legislature rose we effected our object and the state was thus relieved of the greatest incubus which lay upon it, fatal to all future advance in enterprise in the way of public improvements, and especially of rail-roads. I thus became the originator of the law that has ever since freed from taxation the stocks of all corporations, incorporated under the laws of Maine, the corporations being taxed instead of the stockholders.

After entering upon the duties of Bank and Insurance Examiner, I found that I had nothing to govern me in my work. There was no law regulating the business either of Insurance or of Savings Banks. How great a deficiency this was in our Code I at once resolved, and set myself about the work of reform. I made the subject one of a great deal of study and investigation and at the first Session of the Legislature after my appointment I was ready with my drafts on both subjects.

My Savings Bank law at once met the support of the Bank Committee but was violently opposed by members, one of the committee joining in the opposition. Encouraged by the



support thus offered I stood firm and before the legislature rose I had the pleasure of seeing my Act passed and become a law with scarcely a word of alteration.

In my Insurance Law I was not so fortunate at first. After a hard fight all winter, the matter was voted down, no single person coming to my support and the Committee reported adversely. Nothing discouraged I tried it again the second winter and week after week I appeared before the Committee. I stood all alone until Gov. Williams gave a half support, the first and only word of favor during all the two years. This however ended the fight and the Committee put an end to all further discussion by voting an unanimous report of my law, subject to such slight changes as a Committee consisting of myself and two opposition agents might make. These were very slight and the Bill was enacted substantially as I had drawn it except the taxation section. That, as I before stated, was struck out but found favor afterwards.

Closely connected with the main Insurance Law were several others. Among these was the Act now in force providing for Fire Inquests. A law had been enacted on the subject but was too imperfect and ineffective to be of any practical use.

While engaged in the business of Insurance I found a great evil existing in our Law and by the Bankruptcy Law of the U. S. whereby Life Policies of Bankrupts were treated as their property and subject to be administered upon as such. This I regarded as a great evil and I determined to have it changed. Being then a member of the Ins. Convention, I accordingly introduced an order and procured its passage to represent to Congress the propriety of exempting Life policies from the effect of Bankruptcy. Congress took the subject in hand and adopted the law so far as to exempt everything, including Life policies which the state law exempted from attachment. This answered for Maine, for I had already seen to that in my law already enacted. So that my object was thus effected so

far as Maine was concerned and many were the cases which afterwards occurred when blessings were the result to the poor bankrupt's family.

But the principal and perhaps most important of all the improvements made by my efforts in the way of law reform, before committees and the Legislature is that of the Statute allowing a person accused of crime to testify as witness on his own behalf on trial. Up to that time this right was nowhere enjoyed nor had even been except for a few months in Conn where a Statute had been passed which the Court construed gave that right. As soon as the Court had so decided the Stat. was repealed at once, leaving the right nowhere existant.

I had resolved on amending the practise and accordingly persuaded my old student A. G. Lebroke, then a newly elected member of the House of Rep. to introduce the measure. At my earnest solicitation he consented to do so and acted accordingly. This was in July 1859. As the result a law was passed allowing such parties to testify in certain small affairs such as assault, assault and battery, trespass, etc. This was a good entering wedge and gave me encouragement. This I followed up and for five successive years caused the matter to be brought before the Legislature until success crowned my efforts by the enactment of the law of 1864.

Following up my success at home I commenced work in Mass and by some 3 or 4 communications to the Boston Daily Advertiser called attention to the subject. The articles had the desired effect and the last was the means of accomplishing the desired object. This last was the report which I wrote of a trial of a poor negro barber of our own city who in darkness of night had killed a big Irishman and the fact of his doing so was patent tho done secretly. The poor little negro was put on

trial and by his own testimony alone, his innocence of murder by killing in self defence so fully established, as to ensure his instantaneous acquittal. The report which I made was so conclusive an argument in favor of the law, that the Leg. at once adopted it at the motion of J. Q. Adams. Happening to be in Boston on the day of its introduction I called on Mr. Adams at the State House and at his request wrote out the law. This was before its introduction. During the same days session he introduced it and procured its passage and it thus became the law of Mass.

Its subsequent success was astonishing, having like wild fire gone over the union and back to Congress and is now almost everywhere practised among English speaking people and with some modification in France.

I more than half suspect that I have had much to do with certain Post Office improvements in the law regulating the Department. The law for a few years after the introduction of postal cards was such that no postal could be forwarded to the owner who had left town as *letters* might. The only favor in this line was that a new postage stamp must be affixed. Unlike the treatment which letters recd which might follow the person addressed all over the Union, postal cards could not be so forwarded.

Another defect in the P. O. service I found in the case of postal boxes the contents of which were required to be carried to the P. O. and there mailed. I thought of the conversion of the plan of letting the train P. M. open the box and take out the letters thus facilitating the forwarding of them. Being at Washington in 1876 during the session of Congress I applied to the Ch. of the Post Office Committee to have the proper amendment made, but he dissented and would do nothing. Soon after a Committee was appointed by Congress to revise the P. O. laws when I took advantage of the opportunity and

addressed the Com. on the subject. Both recommendations were adopted and are now the law of the Department. Whether it was my recommendation that effected it I can not say however, but I suspect my suggestions were the real cause of the enactment.

*Filius Nullius*

Since the foregoing was written I have during the session of 1887 procured the enactment of the very important statute regulating the descent of estates to and from illegitimates and the amendment of the Divorce law of our State. This unfortunate class of our citizens are everywhere treated with ignominy and cruelty as the children of nobody, *filius nullius*, and that without any fault of theirs. In my practise I had met with cases of great hardship and I resolved to do away with the ignominy and after a great deal of care I wrote out the law and then went before the Leg. and procured its enactment.

*Voting by Proxy*

The subject of "Voting by Proxy" at Public Elections is now my hobby and so long as I shall live to have the power to work I propose to push the matter until success crowns my efforts. It is a great improvement on the present system and can not I believe fail of ultimate success. I have already had it presented to the Legislature for enactment, of course without success and have caused it to be noticed several times by the public press. The measure is slowly gaining favor and is bound at last to succeed. Once in practise in a single state it will pass like wild fire to all. . . .

*Jury System*

Another scheme or project which I should like to engage in effecting if my life should continue is the reformation of the Jury System, in the trial of Civil causes. I have long regarded the present system of twelve men drawn heterogeneously from

the masses for the trial of causes in court as a gross libel on the cause of justice and a most bungling as well as unsafe mode of arriving at the true merits of any cause. . . .

Another scheme now (July 1888) before Congress have I been active in introducing and promoting, to amend the Constitution of the U. S. in the matter of Presidential Elections. I found out by reading the Constitution one day, some two years ago, that there was no provision of law to meet the contingency of a President Elect dying before his inauguration. By a communication in the Boston Herald I called attention to it and then sent copies of the article to various members of Congress and Senators and to the Pres. Cleveland. Every person acknowledged the favor and thanked me. Amendments to meet the want were proposed to the Act then on its passage, but they were voted down. Indeed the defect could not properly be provided for by statute. The matter is now before a Committee of the Senate who are neglectful of it but will ultimately see that the proper amendment is adopted.

1889. I have made further efforts by letters recently published in the Boston Daily Advertiser and N. Y. Independent calling attention to the subject and these have been duly commented on by the Press favorably in different parts of the U. S.

1904. The matter has since been twice considered by the Senate on motion of Senator Hoar. At first the subject was brought before the Senate on the 4th day of May 1898 and was discussed principally as to the *form* of the amendment, and was as the amendment was made to read, finally adopted by the Senate by unanimous vote as reported in the Congressional Record of 55th Congress, voted May 4, 1898, pages 5056 to 5062. The House took no action and the matter of course passed over. The House, however, received the act as passed by the Senate and on May 5, 1898 referred it to the Judiciary Committee who failed to make any report.

At a Subsequent Session, the subject was again presented to the Senate by Senator Hoar who after having made a few remarks on the subject cited the argument as presented by me and begged to be permitted to read the same which he was permitted to do and the proffered Act was thereupon unanimously adopted. The House, however, neglected to consider the matter and so the proper amendment fails thus far to be adopted and awaits future action. The proposed amendment was defective and needed an important amendment.

Mr. Hoar having since died an important question remains for the future to settle and quere, who shall be the man to prosecute the case. The propriety and the necessity for the suggested remedy to be adopted is admitted by all and we await further action of Congress.

Among the files of father's letters are many bearing on this subject, written by Congressmen and Senators. I have selected five to give here.

In 1888, Senator Hoar wrote a long letter to Rep. Boutelle, on this subject. His stand at that time is shown in these extracts.

MY DEAR SIR, — I have read the two letters from Hon. Albert W. Paine of the Penobscot Bar, which you enclose. They relate to a very interesting subject. The Committee on Privileges and Elections considered it very fully when the bill to regulate the presidential succession was framed. I consulted not only the members of the Committee but other Senators and all were of opinion that it was not practicable to make any provision for the subject either by legislation or by amendment to the Constitution. . . . The prevailing opinion of those whom we consulted was that the necessity supposed by Mr. Paine did not exist. Those who think it does exist agree that the danger is now confined to a very short period of time. . . . It is quite likely that before many years pass there will be an amendment of the Constitution changing in

some respect the method of the election of the President and Vice President. Whenever that shall happen there ought to be and probably will be a clear provision for this case.

I am, yours faithfully,

GEO. F. HOAR.

To Hon. C. A. Boutelle  
House of Representatives.

That further consideration changed Senator Hoar's opinion is shown in this letter to my father.

Committee on the Judiciary, United States Senate,  
Washington, D. C.

*Worcester, Mass. Nov. 28, 1899.*

MY DEAR MR. PAINE, — I am much obliged to you for your letter and for the enclosed letter which, however, I had already seen and read with interest. If one influential man in the House of Representatives will take hold of the matter I can take care of it in the Senate. But I am naturally somewhat tired of getting valuable measures through the Senate, with a good deal of labor and pains, and then having them get no attention whatever in the House. Now you are entirely right in your opinion as to the gravity of the situation and the need of a remedy by Constitutional amendment. I should think your Congressman, Mr. Boutelle, who is a very vigorous man of great influence might be made to see the importance of the matter. If some member of the House of Representatives would take the initiative so that he would get whatever credit belongs to the introduction and successful accomplishment of an important measure, I shall be very glad to see after the thing in the Senate. I have got too old to care much about the pride and glory of such things.

I am, with high regard,

faithfully yours,

Albert W. Paine Esq.

GEO. F. HOAR.

There are several other letters from him, the last is dated Dec. 1901.

*Worcester, Mass, Dec. 23, 1901.*

MY DEAR MR. PAINE: I have received at Worcester today your letter in regard to the Constitutional Amendment.

Your suggestions on the subject have always been exceedingly wise, and I shall be glad to give this communication full attention. I hope the proper Constitutional Amendment will be reported by the Committee on privileges and Elections promptly.

I am, with high regard, faithfully yours,

GEO. F. HOAR.

Albert W. Paine, Esq.,  
Bangor, Maine.

There are several letters from Senator Frye.

*Washington D. C., January, 18, /98*

Mr. Albert W. Paine,  
Bangor, Maine.

MY DEAR SIR, — It is impossible for you to intrude upon me. I have such a profound respect for your opinions that I am always pleased to hear from you. I shall present your Constitutional Amendment this morning and have it referred to the Judiciary Committee, together with your reasons for its adoption.

I am,

Yours very truly,

WM P FRYE

United States Senate

Hon. Albert W. Paine,  
Bangor, Maine.

MY DEAR MR. PAINE, — I have yours of March 5. The Chairman of the Judiciary committee appointed a sub-committee on your Constitutional amendment. I repeatedly called their attention to the great importance of the matter, but about



the only reply I could get was that we had gotten along for over a hundred years and, as this short session was so taken up, they did not think it best to report the amendment favorably. They all admitted that the charges you made were true and that great danger exists. I called their attention to the fact that Senator Hoar was very warmly in favor of your amendment, but it did no good. I think if an amendment is proposed very early in the next session that it may receive favorable consideration.<sup>1</sup>

I am very glad that you are still in good health, and that your life is spared.

Sincerely,

WM. FRYE.

*Washington, D. C., March 8, 1907.*

I have selected two other letters written by two of our prominent Maine men. This one I like to give as one of many, showing the friendly esteem in which my father was held in *Maine*, the State:

*Senate Chamber, January 2, 1904.*

MY DEAR MR. PAINE, — Your letter of the last of the year has just been received. You will, I hope and believe, live for years in both enjoyment and usefulness.

There is no such record in Maine as yours for eminent service at the Bar and in the business world, where good lawyers give so much of direction to business.

All the good wishes of the season go with this letter, and I hope I shall keep writing them at the beginning of many years in the future.

Sincerely yours,

EUGENE HALE.

Hon. Albert W. Paine.

The other I give because of its historical interest. Father had evidently written to Mr. Reed regarding his famous ruling of the "quorum."

<sup>1</sup> But before the "next session," father had gone.

*Speaker's Room,  
House of Representatives,  
Washington, D. C. 19 Feby, 1890.*

BRO. PAINE, — I am glad to have such approval from the regions of pure law. Your argument cannot be answered. Nevertheless you can hardly appreciate what a shock it was to old traditions and to use and wont it was, to count a man as here simply because he was here. But the world do move and with mighty little jar after all.

Sincerely yours,

A. W. Paine Esq.

T. B. REED.

*Religious Experience*

In a sketch of one's life such as this is, it would be a great defect to pass over what is usually called ones religious experience or sentiment.

I have already alluded to the fact of my parent's orthodox belief and religious views and practice. They were good old fashioned Congregationalists and with one other married couple formed the entire church. . . . As to myself I could never find any pleasure in the contemplation of the Orthodox creed and Catechism. I always had the feeling when a boy that its teachings made anything of the future rather than what I would have for a heaven and as I heard the preaching of hell fire and eternal torments and the doctrine of election and predestination and all that system of absurdities I used to wish that God was as good as I was & such things would not be. My mind and heart rebelled against the whole creed and all the pulpit utterances of the kind and the hope was ever fresh in my mind that at some time I should find something that I could love to believe. My boy days and college years passed without the sight however and I was fast inclining to infidelity when during the last year of my professional studies at Hallowell in June, 1834 I made the acquaintance of the doctrines of the New

Church as given to the world through the agency of Swedenborg. I was but a day in their reception.

They so strongly commended themselves to my reason, to my intellect, to my heart and brain, the whole world and all its parts physical natural mental, moral, and spiritual and so full of the most convincing evidence that I could no more help believing than I could the fact of my existence. So I have ever been and shall ever be, both in this life and the future a full believer of the truths, the glorious truths of the New Dispensation. They are to me the great comforter of my life, my support and foundation. When the time comes as soon I expect it, I go with firm faith and undoubting trust to that other state which is as real and certain as is this I now live and enjoy. It is for my family alone that I have any regrets or any reluctance at going.

Our life here is like the College life of youth, a mere state of preparation for the future after graduation. Successive states only in each case, the one the consequence of the other, following it at once and affected in each case by the state which precedes. [1886.]

*Author*

In addition to other work of which mention has been made I have had more or less to do in the way of using the public press as author or contributor. I have always from my admission to the Bar been more or less a scribbler.

My first published article was a letter from Bangor published in the Philadelphia Gazette, written at the request of the Editor in Nov. 1835 giving an account of our City. From that time forward I have been an almost constant correspondent for the Boston Daily Advertiser for all the 50 years past. During the Aroostook War I was the only correspondent and my letters were very extensively published all over the country and some went to England. [A complete file of these papers was given to the Bangor Public Library in 1917.]

Contributions on different subjects to our Dailies in Bangor and to the Advertiser have been frequent and numerous generally over the signature of A. W. P. Occasional Magazine articles and two for the Maine Historical Society have also appeared. The Territorial History of Bangor and Vicinity was one of the contributions thus proffered which has since been printed forming a small volume of much interest.

As Bank and Insurance Examiner I made two annual Reports containing not only the statistics of the Dept. but large amounts of information of an historical or instructive character connected with the subject such as the history of Savings Banks and the general principles controlling and governing them as well as other subjects.

During the three subsequent years of my Insurance Commissionership my three annual Reports contained in like manner a large amount of information of a like character touching the subject of Insurance of different kinds. I have been pleased to find that the doctrines which I adopted have ever since been held to by my successors and by the Legislature.

As Tax Commissioner my Report on Taxes generally received wide favor and general adoption.

As a member of the Insurance Convention at its origin, I assumed the role of an active member and its two large volumes of proceedings bear evidence to the work done there by me, to perfect the system of Insurance practise in its various departments of Life, Fire, Accident and Marine.

During the last eight or ten years I interested myself largely in hunting up my ancestry and establishing the genealogy of our family. The work was an arduous one and one where at the start I had nothing to start with. I knew nothing of my family, back of my own father the *name of his* father not being known. But by perseverance I went on my way and

what I at last accomplished is made evident by my published work, "Paine Genealogy, Ipswich Branch." The family was so little known that it had no distinctive name and it was left to me to name it as I did, "The Ipswich Branch."

Having accomplished so much I could not bear to have my labor lost and so concluded to perpetuate it by publishing the work as I did. This is all I have to say about it. The Book tells the rest. The book was published in 1881.

More recently I have published "The New Philosophy" which is a work intended as the book shows to be an introductory work of what I call the new system of philosophy or system that is bound to take the place of the old or antiquated system that is in many respects and especially in matters of a mental character so utterly defective and unreasonable, illogical and absurd. . . . Published in 1884.

*Sept. 21, 1892.* I have recently had the curiosity to review the acts of my profession or rather my professional life more especially so far as relates to doings in Court.

In reviewing the scenery I find that I have had trials before every Judge of the Court of Common Pleas and District Court during their whole existence from the organization of the State. Also before every Judge of the Supreme Judicial Court who held office after my admission which embraces every Judge of that Court since the State of Maine was a separate State except Judge Parris, Preble and Mellen. But I have tried cases with the last two having had several cases against Preble and one with Mellen. All but Parris have I thus been familiar with in practise.

In addition to these I have tried cases before every Circuit Court Judge of the U. S. for First Circuit except the present one, also before every District Judge of the U. S. for Maine District including Judges Story, Woodbury, Curtis, Clifford, Lowell, Ware, Fox and Webb.

In looking over my Law Dockets I find on them more or less cases at every Law term since I was admitted beginning with 1836 and continuing to 1892 (4) or 59 consecutive yearly law terms with one exception and that in all I have had some 525 cases for Law argument before S. J. C., some more than 300 being reported in the Maine Reports making about 3 vols out of the whole 83 vols of the Law Reports of Maine.

Besides the cases already mentioned I have also argued three cases before the Supreme Court of the U. S. at Washington and more or less cases in the Courts of Mass., N. H. and Minn. In New Hampshire I succeeded in procuring a decision which had been rendered more than 50 years before and constantly receiving the practise and support of the people and the Court ever since, to be overruled and annulled. It was a case involving the title under the tax law of N. H. It involved the title of almost the whole township which was thus saved to my client (Coe). It was a hard work but I succeeded having procured the assent of a majority of the Court.

In one of the S. C. of U. S. cases which was that of Moor and Veazie the question was finally established settling the extent of the U. S. jurisdiction over the rivers, a matter that had never before been fixed. The law was thus for the first time decided to be that the jurisdiction of the U. S. government over the navigation of Rivers extended to the farthest navigable point from the ocean and no farther without any regard to the flowing of the tide.

Among the pleasant duties performed I had the pleasure of representing my State in the Insurance Convention which brought me in contact and acquaintance with very many distinguished men of other states and thus helped make life happy.

On another occasion I was sent to Fredericton, N. B. to represent my State before the Legislature there with reference to certain water rights where certain proposed improvements or

interference with the waters of the St. John and other streams interfered with the use of the same waters in our State. I was successful in procuring the arrangement desired but the matter never amounted to anything as the whole scheme was abandoned by the Province.

On another occasion I was appointed by the Governor of Maine under a resolve of our Legislature suggested by myself just before, to procure from Mass. Leg. the various documents and records pertaining to the lands in Maine, then in the Land Office of that state at Boston. In this I was successful having procured from the Committee a favourable report and from the Legislature a Resolve granting the desired gift.

After being thus successful another Ex appointment sent me to Boston to explore and find out and receive the documents sought for. A day or two of vigilant work through the various rooms of the State House and its closets resulted in my obtaining almost the entire body of all the papers and records, maps, and documents desired, some of the most important being found thrown into the waste closets of the Capitol, covered with dirt and ready to go with the next spring cleaning into the brush heap of the dumping ground.

One who visits the Land Office of Maine and sees how elegantly and conveniently are now arranged the whole history of our public lands, its maps and plans, field notes and deeds of conveyance and other material may gain some idea of the great value of the work thus done.

The reason of my appt was the oft repeated idea that for years I had suggested to our Land Agent that these records should be thus secured. How little do people in general know of the value of such old records and papers and oh! how few care to know anything about them. It is well that now and then there is one exception. I am glad to be one.

*Dec. 1, 1904.* During the last twelve years which have

expired since my last date I have still continued to live, having recently celebrated my 93d birthday. Tho during the last two years I have been more or less at times afflicted with disease in addition to my defect in hearing I still regard myself as a member of the Bar and in professional practise which has been continuous since May 1835 thus making me the oldest lawyer in continuous practise in the United States as my reputation exists, being now in my 70th year of practise. I now daily (generally) visit my office and pay my rent for same tho I find comparatively little to do. How long I shall continue to do so depends upon the gift of Providence in the prolongation of life.

During the time above stated my dear Wife left her earthly home for the better home of eternity on the 12th day of April 1901 after some sixty-one years of happy companionship on earth. That we shall soon meet each other again to enjoy an eternity of fellowship is and affords a complete compensation for the brief deprivation of mental connection on earth.

I have recently dissolved my connection with several corporations after a long service in each, by resignation as follows, — on account of my deafness and age.

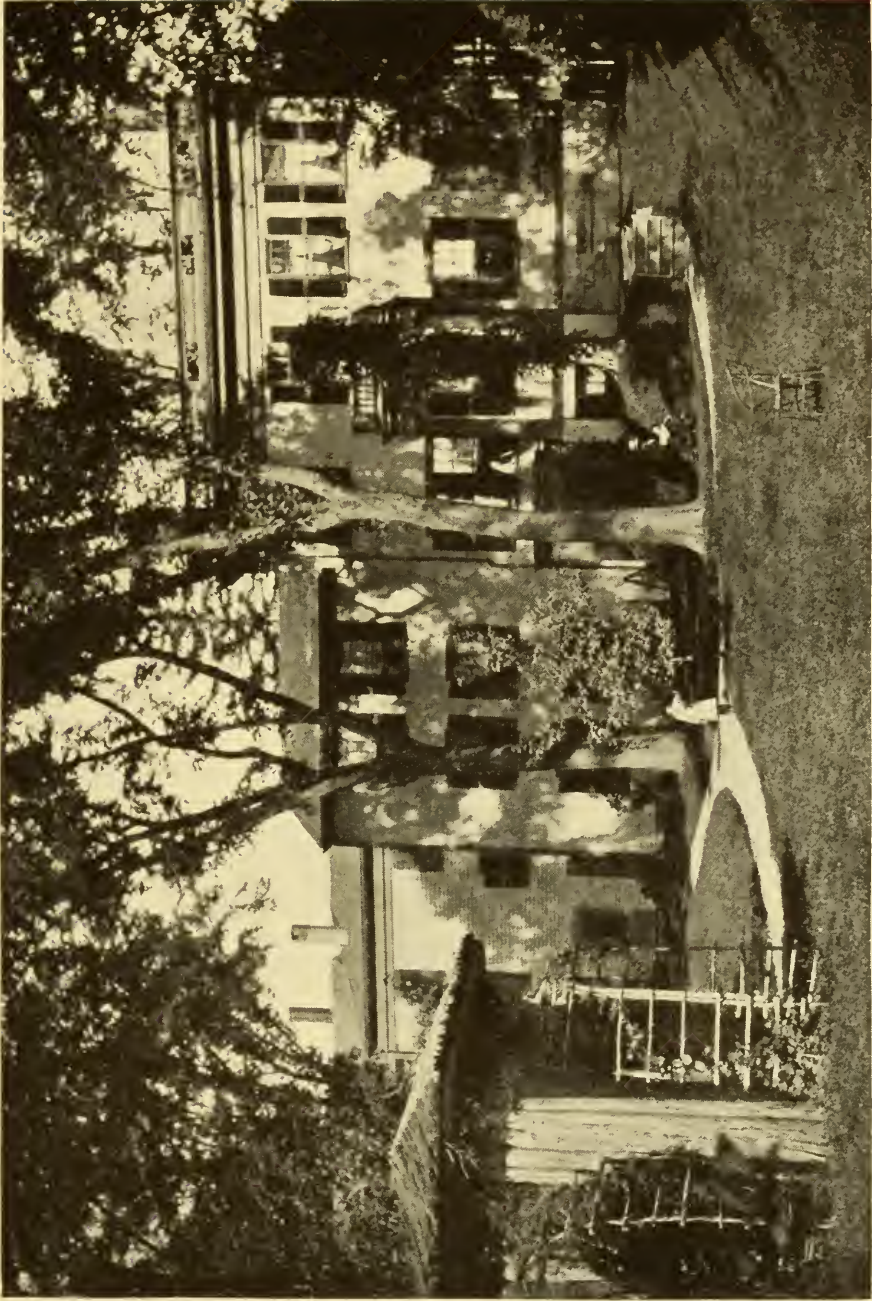
As Librarian of Penobscot Bar after 60 years service I resigned in 1899 and at same time I also resigned the office of Treasurer which I had held for 50 years.

A few weeks ago I also resigned the office of President of the Bar after about twenty years service as such.

In consideration of my services as approved, the Bar did me the honor of having my portrait painted and hung upon the wall of the Bar Library in our new Court House. Appropriate services were performed, including those on my resignation, reports of which were duly published in the city papers.

As Treasurer of Mt. Hope Cemetery Corporation I served for the period of 50 years, when I declined the proffered election for another year. Appropriate resolutions were passed by the





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Corporation with a vote appropriating \$100 per annum as a gift for the consideration of the services which I had performed during the half century of its favor. The appropriation being for the years of my life.

Last year after some 20 or 30 years service as President of the Maine Telegraph Company I declined a reelection when a vote of thanks and gift of \$100 was passed, my position as Director of the Co. ever since its organization some 60 years ago being also repeated for the coming year. On account of my age and accompanying defects from deafness I regarded it as rather a duty to free myself from the responsibilities of the several offices thus surrendered and declined.

During all the years of my residence in my home on Court St. being about 55 years, I have constantly, every year, personally performed the work of cultivating my garden almost every item of work from the planting of the seed until the gathering in of the crop having been performed by my own hands. The work has been the source of great interest and happiness to me, as I have all the while enjoyed the work and realized the benefit bestowed thereby on my bodily health and strength.

I have just now within a few days commenced a new effort to influence Congress to enact a statute pledging the good faith and power of our Government to grant to the Phillippine Islands their independence as soon as in the opinion of Congress they are fitted for such privilege. I have accordingly published in the Boston Daily Advertiser and in *our* Daily papers an article on the subject and sent copies thereof to President Roosevelt and different members of Congress. What will be the result remains to be seen.

Father died Dec. 3, 1907, three years after this last entry. His interests in the various activities of the world and in the various reforms remained with him to the end.

He was able to do a great deal of good in the world because he was ever ready to take the initiative in any new movement

that appealed to him and because he was also ready to take the full responsibility for its accomplishment.

For many years it had been father's duty and privilege, as President of the Penobscot Bar, to give the memorial addresses before its members; it had now come his turn to be honored.

Mr. Franklin A. Wilson, one of father's most esteemed friends, succeeded him as President. It is a pleasure to me to give extracts from his address, Jan. 25, 1908.

May it please your Honor:

The sad yet not distasteful duty has been imposed upon me as president of the Penobscot Bar in succession to the Hon Albert W. Paine, to call the attention of the court officially to the fact so well known to your honor already, that on the third day of December last Brother Paine died at his residence in this city at the age of more than 95 years having been born on the 16th day of August 1812, and having been admitted to this bar on May 28, 1835, thus having covered over 72 years of professional connection with the bar of this county. Truly a wonderful record if it was a record of honest, conscientious professional work.

How then has our deceased brother impressed himself upon his professional brethren. If we were compelled to rely upon memory, few contemporaries are alive to tell the tale, but for three-score years and ten, volumes of law reports issued annually bear evidence of the immense amount of labor performed by Brother Paine and of the varied learning displayed by him in the conduct of his cases. I am not sure that he ever engaged in trials upon the criminal side of the court, but upon the civil side every department of legal practice seemed to have enlisted his aid. He always believed implicitly in the justice of his cause and in the integrity of his client and so gave all his powers unreservedly to his vindication. It was customary to say amongst the lawyers that Brother Paine was lucky, but the truth was that indomitable industry and a

sound mind in a sound body brought him clients and secured success for himself in legal contests.

As have so many other men, a very few of whom are now at the Bar, I passed a portion of the time devoted to legal studies prior to admission to the Bar in Brother Paine's office as a student.

That was in the year 1854-5. Brother Paine was then in the prime of his manhood, and every hour of his business day was absorbed by the best class of clients, both individuals and corporations. I wondered how he could do the work he did and maintain his splendid condition of health and came to the conclusion that temperate habits, combined with the physical exercise of caring personally for his large garden and grounds, conduced to good health and appetite, yet freedom from worry was the chief cause of his physical and mental health. He dropped his professional cares at the office and carried to his home and his family, and his garden a body and brain open to the influences of social recreation and healthy rest.

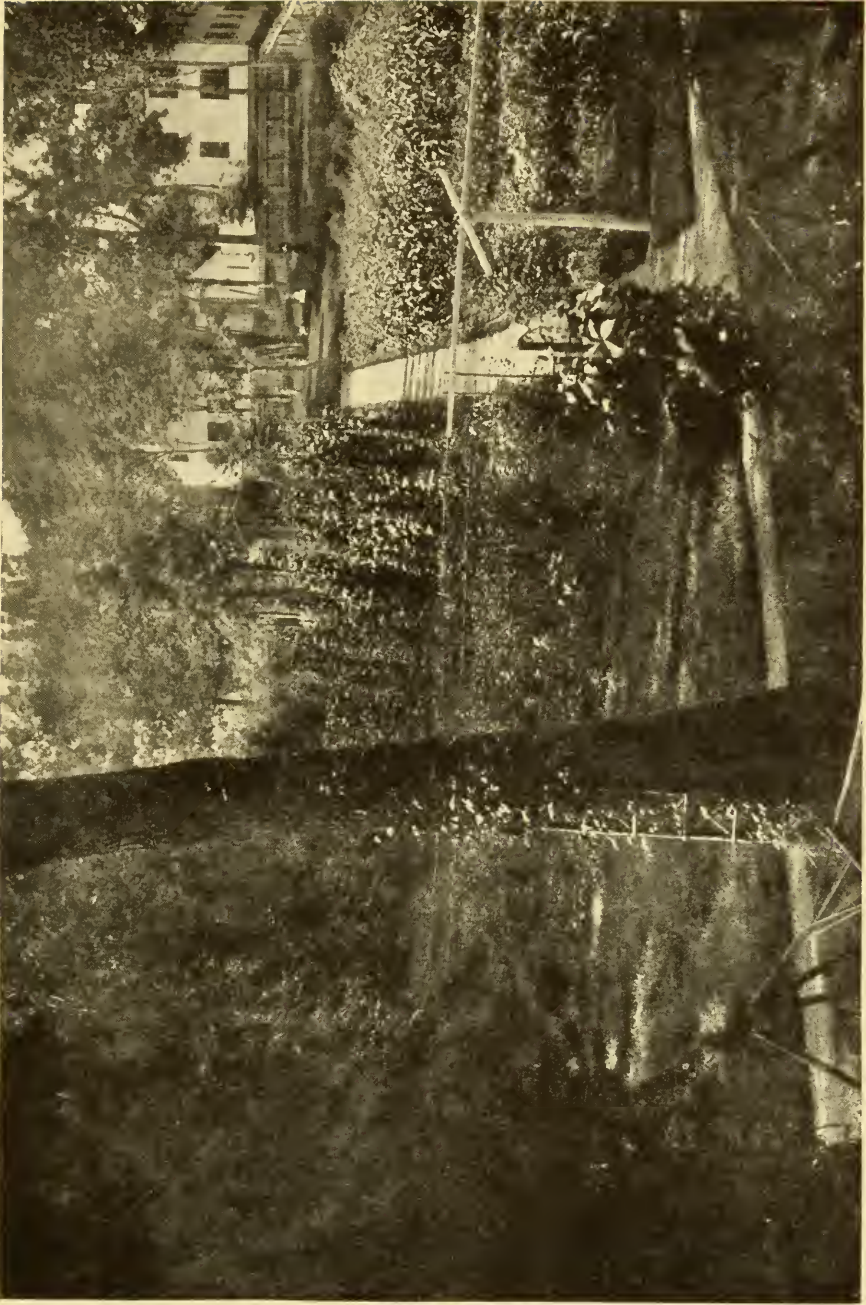
The records of our Public Library would disclose the fact that he was a most constant reader of the best of general literature, whilst his private library was well selected and extensive. He early became interested in the life, experience and teaching of Emmanuel Swedenborg, and to the last day of his life derived the keenest enjoyment from the contemplation of the spiritual tenets of the sect known generally as the Church of the New Jerusalem. . . .

There was nothing of the meteoric about Brother Paine's professional practice, whether before the courts or juries. He never called to his aid the blare of trumpets or the beating of drums, but aimed to know the law, to array the facts and to make the plainest possible statement of his case, hoping to convince the intelligence and reason of the tribunal before which he appeared. . . .

After a half century of the practice of law, experience

teaches me that if I were a litigant in search of counsel, I should not choose a so-called "genius" who "ties his chariot to a star" but rather the counsellor who knows the law and has the power of imparting it clearly and concisely to the court or jury, quite regardless of the galleries and who possesses integrity of character in the circles in which he moves unimpeached and unimpeachable. Such a one will be of the greatest assistance to courts and juries in elucidating the truth and promoting justice, the worthy objects for which courts exist, and will achieve success.

We place brother Paine in this category. By common consent he was an honest, honorable man, an upright member of society, a model head of a family, a loyal citizen of this Republic, of simple tastes and high ideals. We do well to study his life and emulate his virtues. Thus shall the good that he accomplished in almost a century of activity be perpetuated long after his passage to another sphere of action.



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## CHAPTER SIX

### LETTERS

*Bangor, Sunday, P.M., Aug. 2, 1885.*

The weeks fly by so rapidly that I can hardly keep the run of them, much less to gather up anything by the way to send to another. The history of the day is with me the history of my life and in the one you have the other and no detail hardly is necessary. The days history is shortly told in the eating of breakfast, dinner and supper, two or three hours in the garden, 7 hours sleep and 9 hours professional work. There you have it save as a little reading of the daily news and a few trifles come in as condiments to season the dish.

My garden enjoyment daily increases as the crops are maturing and their rapid growth exhibits itself. Never was I aware of such rapid progress made in all kinds of vegetation. My pole beans are almost passing off from the tops of the highest poles and are now starting off for Sirius or the Sun. How near they will come to their mark I dont know. If they keep on as they have thus far, they will be nearer to it a good deal than when they started. . . .

*Bangor, Sunday, P.M. Sept. 3, 1899.*

MY DEAR G.,— I have just been informed that my to-days letter must be sent to the Isle of Shoals where you propose to find yourself on Tuesday next. Do you know where you are going or in what State of the Union you propose to make your stay? The mention of the name reminds me of so important a matter in the history of Maine's criminal practice that I cannot help mentioning it and thus at the same time

help fill my sheet and your interest in your visit. When Gen. Plaisted, my old student, was Attorney General of the State, a murder was committed on one of the Islands constituting the group and the defence set up was that the locality of the crime was in N. H. and the Court in Maine had no jurisdiction of the trial. This put the General to his wit's end to prove that the place where the crime was committed was in Maine. The matter was one of very much importance, it never having been known where the line between the two States passed after leaving the mouth of the River between Portsmouth and Berwick. On the one side it was alleged and proved to a certain extent that it passed out to sea to the right and the other to the left of the spot. The Genl spent a vast deal of time and ingenuity in proving his side of the case, that the island was in Maine and thus gained his case. Please find out what State you propose to visit.

I submitted the problem to Mr. Leighton, the long-time owner and landlord of the islands. His reply was this.

“Since this trial, this Island (the Appledore) has paid taxes in Maine, prior to that time it belonged nowhere, paid *no* taxes. The Star Island is a part of the town of Rye, New Hampshire.”

During the Revolutionary War, the Isles of Shoals, occupying a position of great economic importance on account of their domination of the cod fisheries in Ipswich Bay, were able to accumulate considerable wealth by catering to both sides as opportunity arose. The sentiment of the Islands was very friendly to England, so that after the war they were, to a large extent, left to themselves and more or less forgotten by the people of the mainland.

*Bangor, July 6, 1902, Sunday P.M.*

MY DEAR G., — Were it not that the habit of writing you every Sabbath has become so imperative for its continuance, the present would be allowed to pass without a repetition of the foolish custom, for I have nothing to say worth the Govern-

ment imposition of the 2 cent postage stamp to communicate. But the Spirit says "write" and "obey your old experience" — and so I *obey*, tho I have nothing to *say*.

The week past, tho of no importance to your especial friends here, has been a vastly important one in a public view. Congress has bid us good bye, much to my joy, as having freed us and myself in particular, of the grave duty of keeping close watch of its important and, in many items, its very foolish work. I feel much relieved of a very grave duty which for seven months has been imposed upon me by the daily perusals of its proceedings. But the President has very markedly in many respects taken its place and, to the extent of an almost daily reading of his speeches, the grave importance of which imposes the duty of these being read and adjudged.

Roosevelt is truly a distinguished man and one who is proving himself a person of great importance in the government of his country's best interests. He is truly a very important personage and has if ever, very seldom found himself equalled by any of his predecessors. I find myself bound to read his frequent speeches and as often find myself informed of the true sentiment to be adopted in the consideration of the country's best interest in the decision of the many very important schemes now prevailing respecting the action of the Country. Cuba and the Phillipines, Porto Rico and the Danish West Indies, The Isthmian Canal and Irrigation propositions, Trusts and Tariffs, and Presidential succession, Bryanism and Clevelandist doctrines and the hundred other minor schemes and subjects of Presidential and Government importance, all have *so much* importance, as coming within the presidential scope that a citizen's duty seems imposed upon us for consideration and the President Roosevelt keeps us all fully informed on the subject. I am glad to be relieved of Congressional consideration of all these and other subjects.

We are having one of the brightest of Summer days, the sun

being out, shining in all its glory of brightness. But our summer has been so indulgent of its rains that all at once in the brightness of sunshine the usual daily shower is beginning to impose itself on our Sabbath enjoyment. Many are the victims that are umbrella-ized not.

In spite of my having nothing to say, you will notice that I have covered my usual sheet with ink, for which you will give me due credit and pardon, with love from

*Burn it.*

PAPA.

From father's last letter written ten days before he went from us.

*Bangor, Sunday P.M., Nov. 24, 1907*

MY DEAR G., In taking my pen to perform my accustomed Sabbath day duty in your favor, I am entirely at loss to know how to do it. I have no news to send you and nothing else of any importance worth the ink that I am wasting in letting you know it. During the past week our city & the world about us & our dear family are in about the *statu quo* that we were in during the last Sunday.

Personally my experience in various particulars is adding daily to the knowledge of the fact that I am an old man, & constantly growing older, as one Sabbath takes the place of its predecessor in time. . . . During the past week I have finished the garden work usually devolving on gardeners to perform & all things of that character seem to be well done. Professionally I find much to do to repel the anxiety which our Minnesota neighbors are seeking to impose on us & more or less of each of the passing days finds me employed in the endeavor to meet some of the many points which the facts of the law governing the same present. . . . How shall Minnesota law & facts be treated in the Maine Court of an entirely different character & especially when the Minnesota Law & facts are of such a peculiar character. But for an old

man so nearly a centenarian in age to have imposed upon him the duty of managing cases of so much importance is a fact but little known in the professional world. . . .

I am very frequently personally troubled with certain characteristic namesakes of the *Paine* connection, one of which is now being inflicted on my side.

With love from  
your dear old  
PAPA. —

## DEATH AT NINETY FIVE

## TO FATHER

How he bereaves and blesses who has gone  
From lofty height of useful years as thine,  
Believing death to be but parting line  
Between the uses here and farther on;  
And joying still in living here or yon;  
Who, wise and simple, faithful and benign,  
Beholds the past and seeming ill combine  
In greater good that is forever won!

As one who climbs the mountain top can see  
A larger lighter view than they below,  
Yet turns and smiles its meaning from above,  
Thus "climbing life" on earth it was with thee.  
Dear father, climbing still, now, even so,  
Smile back on us, bereft, thy strength and love!

SELMA W. PAINE

## CHAPTER SEVEN

### *MARY HALE PAINE*

My mother, Mary Jones (Hale) Paine, was born in North Yarmouth, Maine, May 8th, 1816. She was the daughter of Captain John and Mary Jones Hale who was the daughter of Dr. David Jones Jr. of revolutionary history, in turn the son of Dr. David Jones Sr., of Abington, Mass. (formerly of Weymouth), whose colonial history embraces resolves in committee against the oppressive acts of the British Parliament.

On the Hale side, she was the direct descendant of Rev. John Hale, the early pastor of the church in Beverly, Mass. who had so much to do in dispelling the Salem witchcraft delusion.

An accusation was brought against his wife, "whose distinguished virtues had won for her a reputation which superstition could not sully nor shake." "This broke the spell by which they had held the minds of the whole colony."

My father mentions as a curious coincidence the fact that one of the Ipswich Paines, Robert, was the foreman of the impeaching grand Jury, although probably not one of the active prosecutors. The two, John Hale and Robert Paine were both ministers of the same faith, residing in the same neighborhood and both graduates of Harvard University, in college together for three years.

Her childhood was passed in Portland and her young girlhood in Foxcroft. Here came my father to make legal calls and soon to make social calls on this Miss Hale. Between the two there was a strong tie in a common interest in the New Church to which my mother had been led by her friends the Chandlers, one of whom was the partner of father. They were mar-



*May Jones Hale Paine.*





ried on the 9th day of July 1840, by Rev. Henry Worcester, a New Church clergyman of Hallowell.

In 1847, they moved into the home on Court St., in Bangor, where they lived for the rest of their lives and where the unmarried daughters lived until 1917 when there was only one left.

The life of my parents together continued for nearly sixty-one years, they having celebrated by gatherings of friends, both the silver and golden wedding anniversaries.

My mother died after a lingering illness of four years.

A little son was born to them but did not stay, but four daughters came to form a quiet and happy home.

As an invalid her life was lived almost wholly within the four walls of the house and in the garden, secluded from public gaze by hedges and trees. She lived for us, thought and worked for us far beyond her strength, was ever a companion in our pleasures and interests as well as a guide in our education and in our higher life. The plans for us were hers, but the father was ever ready to help in their execution.

To my father's love and appreciation for the good in literature, she added a great love for art and music, being herself a proficient pianist.

*Ever Listening*

by MARY J. PAINE

Listening, listening, ever listening  
For the quiet breathing near;  
For the gentle Voice saying  
"I am here."

We have the letters written by father and mother to each other before their marriage in 1840. While there are many interesting bits of family news and happenings, the bulk of the letters is made up of an interchange of thought given them by the new religious teachings that had come into the lives of both of them, to father first. I give some extracts from the long, closely written four-page letters. The first one written by Mary Hale to Albert Paine, was in April, 1839, about five months before their engagement. This begins —

*Foxcroft.*

MR. PAINE, — It is a sweet hour in which to begin a correspondence, the sun of the natural world has just illumined my pen with his mild and clear light e'er he departed for the night. Not the smallest shadowy cloud intercepted his rays, and may we not hope that the sun of the spiritual world will shine upon the interchange of thought and feeling and will give light and heat from his own pure source?

And now as I look from the window *one* bright star comes forth, it speaks and it says, the sun has but left us to darkness, to appear more bright and gloriously in the morning, but I must stop for my natural eyes want natural light. An artificial light is provided and I will now tell you how very much obliged I am for your prompt compliance with my wishes in sending the books, few things and perhaps nothing besides could have given me so much pleasure. . . .

MARY J. HALE.

[no address]

*Sebec, June 9th, 1839*

I will devote a part of the afternoon in writing to you. I do not think it will be desecrating the Sabbath and I am quite sure it will be of more use to *me* than to attend the meeting here. I suppose you will be surprised to receive a letter from me dated at Sebec. I have taken a school here, and I am very happy in endeavoring to perform the duties of it.

Is not the Providence of God a delightful subject on which we may dwell? It seems strange that we can *ever* repine, *ever*

be unhappy, while the Lord watches over us, a Being infinite in love, in wisdom. From childhood, I have seen that what were considered afflictions, were real blessings and am quite sure that I have been thought either heartless or "very nervous" when I have almost rejoiced at those things about which so many mourned. Please excuse me for saying so much about myself, I should not presume to do so were you not of the N. Chh. It is a pleasure to be *able* to express my feelings and I fear I shall weary you. The truth is that *here* all that I love most is as a sealed book and it is very much so in Foxcroft except to Miss Everett. I feel that were I to express my own peculiar ideas *here*, at present, they would be profaned and it seemed to me a week since that I *could not* remain another day in this place. I am quite surrounded with strong Orthodoxy, board in the family with the minister, they do not realize yet, how widely I differ from them, but they will soon feel it more, for I was on the point of telling Mr. Sewall, the minister, today, that he might take away my sabbath school class for I could not teach them what he wished to be taught from their lesson. I did not tell him today, but expect I shall be obliged to soon, and I only dread the argument he will want to have.

I said the Providence of God was a peculiarly delightful subject to me but I am *not reconciled* to being so alone, it seems as if I could not breathe freely. I am like a child whose parents have found it *necessary* to place in confinement, he cries and knocks about to get release but when he finds his feeble efforts of no avail, he sits down quietly and *waits* until his parent shall think it proper to open the door. So I think it *is*, and *will be* with me. I am very sure that I shall be permitted to inhale the pure air of Heaven just so soon as my kind Parent sees that it is best for me. Strange then thinking so, that I should be in the least disposed to repine. I am not *willing to wait* but I expect to be before long. Thank you for mentioning your sister Harriet, I love to hear about her. The doctrines of

the N Chh are certainly full of consolation to those who mourn for departed friends.

M. J. HALE.

*Foxcroft, April 19th 1840.*

MY DEAR FRIEND. . . . I have been thinking today and in fact I have frequently thought of it before, how little I have ever thought of your external. I have sometimes endeavoured to remember *how you looked*, to bring your *person* before my mind, but I have scarcely ever been able to do this with any tolerable degree of distinctness. When it has seemed to me that I could see *clearly* the internal and spiritual man, I have hardly known a feature of your face. Perhaps this arises *in part* from our having written so much and seen each other so little, but whatever the cause, I would not have it otherwise.

I did commence the Psalms at the time I proposed and I hoped you were pursuing the same order, though I was not *sure*, of this until the reception of your last letter, it is pleasant to think you are reading the same portion with myself. Last evening I read the sixteenth Psalm, did you?

MARY.

*From Albert W. Paine to Mary J. Hale*

*Bangor, Me. 15 July, 1839*

. . . I am glad to hear that you enjoy yourself as well as you do in your present situation for I can not help thinking it a very lonesome one — to one thoroughly imbued with NChh. doctrines, no one can be lonesome in this world. And this, I have often thought, is a consideration which of itself is worth a world of fortunes for one's earthly happiness. How completely do these doctrines, if really received in their true spirit, dispell all feelings of disquietude, anxiety and care and make one contented with his lot whatever it may be. On the one hand the believer is fully assured that he is under the special guidance and protection of a holy and all wise God not subject to the fluctuations and accidents of blind fate

and that whatever happens to him, if he is in order himself, is for his good; and on the other hand he is continually confirmed in the pleasing and consoling belief that however he may be in respect to worldly friends and companions, he is still surrounded with a higher and holier order of beings and existence. Now under such a belief, do accidents and mishaps (as they appear externally) assume the character of good and wise providence. It is however, important for us in order to a proper reception of the divine influences to give ourselves up to a proper state of instruction and guidance and make use of all those means which are given us in the word and in nature, to introduce us into a state of orderly reception and action. We are not to sit listlessly down and say the Lord reigneth, and he will guide us aright. We are to enlighten our consciences and minds by all those aids given us. I cannot help believing that I every day become more and more confirmed in the *internal* belief that we are under such a special providence in all things and that we have no need of despondency and gloom or discontent and uneasiness in relation to our worldly state and condition — I think I become continually more fully convinced that *things do go right* and that we shall be provided for not only according to our deserts but far above them. And is it necessary to say that entertaining such a belief I think I daily grow more happy and enjoy the world the more.

A. W. P.

*Bangor, Feby 25 1840*

My dear Friend, Our Court has today blown its last blast and we are again at liberty. Our school is dismissed and we are beginning to enjoy the pleasures of another vacation. On the whole, however, I have enjoyed this Court much and have found little to regret or to complain of in its progress towards adjournment. I have got along much better than I feared and with all success and good luck that I could have

asked for. • The practice of law in Court is becoming every term more and more pleasant and at the same time less perplexing and troublesome. And need I say that this becomes so in proportion as the rules of law and practice are made subservient to the true rules of order by which we should be governed. The whole world is strangely out of joint and disordered and no where is the disease more evident than in the practice of law and in the disclosures to which it leads. It is then a noble place to exercise ones ingenuity as well as honesty in putting these rules into active practice and due execution.

YOUR ALBERT.

*Bangor, May 28, 1840*

My dear Friend.

I have just returned from a lovely evening walk which I have been taking all alone thro the beautiful field. The delightful character of the weather, together with all the beauties of nature which are now put forth in the greatest splendor, renders a ramble at such a time as this, one of peculiar interest and value. How can one help feeling himself elevated towards a communion with Him who is the author of what is everywhere meeting him, when he goes abroad on such a lovely day and how can his soul fail to receive a kindly influence of light and love as he breathes in the refreshing and enlivening air of the pure heaven about him? The man must be bad indeed who, on such an evening as this, does not feel himself *spiritually* better for the *natural* influences around him.

ALBERT.

[It was always father's custom to take a late Sunday afternoon walk.]

## SELMA WARE PAINE

My sister Selma Ware Paine died in the winter of 1917, after a short illness. She had great strength of intellect and an unusually keen appreciation of all that was beautiful in the world of nature, art, music and literature. Hers was a gifted nature, one of rare beauty of character with the spiritual side predominant.

I have written much of father's interest in the New-Church teachings. With him these were a matter of intellect, a sure belief, and his whole life was guided by them. With her, these teachings became spiritualized and she breathed them in her poems and in her life. She never allowed her very frail body to limit her service for others. Her own happiness depended upon her ability to show some delicate attention to others, especially to those in sorrow and sickness, as well as to those in health and happiness.

Could I select one word that would represent the strongest element in her character it would be loyalty. She was loyal to *things*, loyal to friends, loyal to her home, loyal to her family and above all loyal to her church, but her keenness of appreciation for all that was beautiful must be emphasized.

When a mere child she began expressing herself in rhyme and was called upon to write verses for many a celebration, public and private, and never a family festival but brought with it offerings from her pen.

She passed nearly three years in Europe, studying music and the languages, afterwards adding to the latter during her life at home. She was one of the first to feel the power of Peer Gynt and to translate parts of it from the Danish. One of her latest treasures was a small, quaintly illustrated Bible written for our Penobscot Indians in their own language. Of this she made a very careful study.

Perhaps her greatest delight was in the study of Dante and this delight she shared with others, for she was an inspiring teacher to her friends, giving them many new thoughts by her interpretations of the Divine Comedy. "Terza Rima" shows her study of the construction of this work. For finish she considered it her best poem.

In 1907 we published a small volume of her poems "Fugitive Verses."

## POEMS

## TERZA RIMA

Thou, Terza Rima, never art completed.  
 No circled sonnet thou, in one compounding  
 Thy sense and music duly mixed and meted,  
 Within itself, itself so sweetly rounding.  
 Thou rather art a jeweled chain. Behind thee  
 Thou ever, though in concord so abounding,  
 Dost leave a waiting link of rhyme to bind thee;  
 And whereso'er thy lovely way may wander,  
 Before, there waits another link to find thee.  
 O, Terza Rima, happily I ponder  
 How truly thus our tale of life thou chimest  
 It, too, awaits completed rhyming yonder  
 As time into eternity thou rhymest.

## RONDEL

*Translation from "De Charles D'Orleans"*

The weather now has laid aside  
 Its coat of wind and cold and rain;  
 Has clothed itself with robes again  
 Embroidered and in sunshine dyed.  
 No beast or bird that has not tried  
 In its own tongue to sing or plain;  
 The weather now has laid aside  
 Its coat of wind and cold and rain.  
 The fountain, brook and river wide  
 To wear a livery are fain  
 Of silver drops and jewelled train.  
 Each man in new attire has vied.  
 The weather now has laid aside  
 Its coat of wind and cold and rain.





*Selma Ware Paine*





## AN EVENING FANCY

When heaven holds Orion forth  
No belted hunter it appears;  
It is an instrument of light  
That leads the music of the spheres.

From Rigel to Betelgeuse strung  
Across the gleaming central three,  
My fancy draws the shining chords  
Too far away for us to see.

And thence the sweetest numbers swell  
That tune the circling nights and years,  
But all too grand the mighty strain  
To enter in at mortal ears.

## OLD BOOKS

A thresher prime is father Time,  
When harvest loads his wain  
He beats the hollow husks aside,  
And hoards the golden grain.

A winnower is father Time,  
The chaff he blows away.  
The sweetened seed he treasures up  
For many a year and day.

Oh, very wise is father Time,  
His flail is tried and true!  
I love the garnered pile of books  
He's winnowed through and through.

## TO A VERY HAPPY CHILD

Oh, happy baby boy,  
In verse could you express  
One half your perfect joy,  
Your radiant happiness,  
All poems ever made  
By any bard of old  
Beside that verse of yours  
Would be but poor and cold.

Oh, happy baby boy,  
If you could put in songs  
One half the perfect joy  
That to your smile belongs,  
The masters of the world,  
From Paestrum down  
Would to your melodies  
Award the victor's crown.

Could singer take a draft  
From out that well of joy  
You drink from every day,  
Oh, happy little boy,  
And could he, also, be  
Endued with highest power  
To sing it truly — then —  
Aye, in that very hour  
The listening world would lie,  
Enraptured, at his feet,  
Holding breath to hear  
A strain so heavenly sweet.

RANDOM THOUGHTS

The body's rôle;  
To serve the soul.  
If it usurp and master —  
What disaster!

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If the soil of the soul is fallow and fit,  
The suitable seed will be wafted to it.

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A grief did Youth betide,  
He rent his garments, weeping sore  
And laid him in the dust and cried  
“ I never shall be happy more.”

A sorrow came to Age,  
He slowly bowed his stricken head  
As do the winds when tempest rage,  
“ This, too, will pass away,” he said.

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JUST ENOUGH

Between Too Little and Too Much  
Just Enough suspended swings  
If we give it but a touch  
Lightly backward, forward springs.

Yet, undaunted by rebuff,  
Hope is always trying still  
To catch and hold the Just Enough  
And believes at last she will.

## SQUIBS

## THE DIFFERENCE

There was a man, there was a man  
Who hated meddling so,  
He saw his neighbor's house burn down,  
And closer drew his dressing gown  
And let the building go.

There was a man, there was a man  
Who always lent a hand.  
Whate'er his neighbor did, he'd try  
To have a finger in the pie.  
They drove him from the land.

An old Diogenes remarked  
The difference to hit  
Twixt meddling when you do no good  
And bravely helping when you should,  
Requires a pretty wit.

## THE TEASING TYRANT

I cannot clip the wings of fancy,  
So she flutters where she will;  
Brings me tales of fair Elysium,  
And I listen, listen still.

Till my soul arises; "Fancy,  
What you tell me is not true."  
"I never said it was," she chuckles,  
And is off to pastures new.

She will come again, — I know her, —  
Sweetly lying as before,  
And my soul will sit and scorn me  
While I listen as of yore.

## LIGHTNESS OF HEART

Lightness of Heart! Lightness of Heart!  
 Why have you left me, Lightness of Heart?  
 In the morning of life we were seldom apart,  
 You and I, Lightness of Heart.  
 But now I must call you and bid you to stay,  
 And often I call when you do not obey.  
 Why do you leave me, Lightness of Heart?

Then Lightness of Heart, pirouetting, replies;  
 "I am merry and thoughtless. I cannot abide  
 The dull afternoon and the evening tide  
 With its thronging of thoughts for the future and past,  
 With its loving and longing for all that will last.  
 There's a Gladness of Spirit, serene and more wise,  
 Who is friendly to sunset and stars in the skies;  
 I am fair, but they say she is fairer than I.  
 Call *her*. I dance to the sunrise. Good-bye."  
 "Oh, Lightness of Heart!" — I sigh —  
 And turn to the beautiful sunset. "Good-bye."



PART VI. ELMWOOD. TIMOTHY OTIS  
AND AGNES HOWARD PAINE

Chapter One	The Home The Mother
Chapter Two	The Pastor A Sermon
Chapter Three	The Scholar
Chapter Four	The Poet
Chapter Five	Extracts from Journal and Letters
Chapter Six	Poems of the Segur.

*Illustrations*

Timothy Otis Paine at 38.

Agnes Howard (Paine) at 22, from daguerreotype

The Temple, from drawing by T. O. P.

To the Chickadee, from manuscript of T. O. P., facsimile.



## INTRODUCTORY

For the interpretation of my father's inner character, his interests and his aims, we have the Journal written in his youth. For that of his brother Timothy, "My Fourth Son," we have the Journals of his mother. From the pages of these, we can picture the details of his inner and of his outer life, from birth to the age of twenty-seven. There seems to be a particularly close bond between the mother and *this* son. In 1824 his birth is recorded, the only one of the eight. "In October we were blessed with a beautiful Son in addition to my other three."

She gives us glimpses of him in his studies, in the beginnings of Hebrew. We see him in his social life, in his rambles through the fields in search of precious things; we see him at work on his portraits of man and animal. We see the rose in his chamber window. We have many glimpses into his poetical nature. Then we find recorded in 1843, "This is the first Sabbath that Timothy has spent in the service of God." The one longing of her heart that her "sons might be converted and redeemed from sin" was realized in him. Later in 1851 she rejoices in his entrance into the New-Church, and although the special theology does not follow in the lines of hers, still she is happy.

Very interesting letters passed between my sister Selma and my uncle Timothy. After his death she sent a few extracts from them to Rev. Theodore F. Wright, President of the New-Church Theological School at Cambridge. These he published in the New-Church Messenger with an introduction of his own. As this introduction shows such an appreciative recognition of the character of Uncle Timothy's varied genius, I place it first in this, his part.

Rev. T. O. Paine, LL.D., was a man of marked genius. Those who remember his intensely bright eyes and the quickness of his thoughts and actions will class him among the few people whom they have known to whom the term "genius" seems applicable. From his eager, impressionable boyhood all the way through his long and honored life, he was unlike the average man. His mind seemed always to leap to its

conclusions. While others were laboriously studying obscure inscriptions, for instance, he was at once informed of their meaning. It may not be known to our readers that he began life as a sculptor, but such was the fact. He was always deeply interested in ancient languages, and was at home in several of them. He chose Hebrew at first, he once said, because no one seemed to care for it, and he felt that he might make the study of it useful to others. When the doctrines of the New-Church came to his knowledge, they met his every want, and his active mind rejoiced in them as affording him constant instruction. He was especially fond of selecting from Swedenborg sentences of great significance and of repeating them wherever he went. The power of a passage seemed to penetrate every fibre of his being, and he could scarcely sit still and speak calmly about it.

When his mind was attracted to the study of the sacred structures, the ark and the temple, he found what was for him an ideal object of study. He possessed remarkable accuracy as a draughtsman, and in making drawings of the buildings, used measures of the utmost nicety. He may be said to have been more powerful with his pencil than with his pen, for his drawings never left the student in doubt as to the least particular of his meaning, while his conciseness in writing sometimes obscured his meaning, to less perceptive minds.

He spent more than thirty years as the pastor of a rural congregation, preaching on Sundays all the year and sending forth his sympathy to every one who needed it. He loved his people, and they loved him. Toward them he was never censorious, and they did not stoop to criticise the eccentricities of genius, but viewed with proper pride his eminence in his chosen studies.

It was not of the order of Dr. Paine's mind to make long arguments. It may be said without disrespect that he could not do so. His thoughts came forth like flashes of light. His

first words contained the gist of what followed. To his intuition truth presented itself immediately, and without a long process of induction. His sermons therefore often contained sentences of marked significance, and they were always brief and pointed.

How strongly his affections were fixed upon his family and flock was well known to all, and his kindness was never known to fail. He loved to write little notes of friendship and to put in one pearl of thought, as may be seen in the extracts sent by a near relative and constant correspondent, in the belief that they might serve in some degree to give to others a share in his swift and incisive utterances.

T. F. WRIGHT.

## CHAPTER ONE

### *THE HOME*

1859-1864

THESE Glimpses into the Home, into the life of the Mother and of the Father as Pastor, as well as the two short sketches of the Artist and the Student, were written at my request by the oldest daughter, Edith Paine Benedict.

It may seem strange to judge a man by the recollections of his little child, but I have always felt that I knew my father better during the first seven years of my life than through the years that followed.

My mother was a beautiful princess — a fairy queen — a wise and true counselor who was always right. He had taught me to see her with his eyes.

He himself was but a faulty human being. His judgments were hasty and must often be forgiven but mother lived so close to our Heavenly Father that she always knew the truth. All this came to me through childish intuition from his mind.

Father almost never admitted that he had judged hastily. He never apologized to us in words. It was his aim to be for us a true guide and a noble example but he was very temperamental. His voice was like sweet music. So was mother's. Loud high tones caused him almost physical pain. So when he was disturbed by sounds of childish altercation the child with the loudest and most insistent tones and who uttered the most picturesque denunciations was the one instinctively pounced upon and sternly rebuked. That child was almost always myself. As a matter of fact I was often in the right. I loved my little brother far too well to be mean or selfish to him. Mother always understood and with a few gentle words



Timothy O'Spaine.





would lead Howard to stop teasing me or to play nicely. Then father would come through the room again and lay his hand on my head with the words "Eddie is a good little girl." I was not at all flattered, but I was instantly comforted. I knew that I was not a good little girl. Father only meant that he was sorry.

My earliest memory reaches back to the summer of 1859 when I was twenty-six months old. Mother has told me that then occurred my only sickness.

I lay in father's arms by the open window in our sitting room. It was in the night and the room was almost dark. He offered me milk from a tin cup but I could take but one sip for I was very sick, although I did not know it. I only knew that father's arms felt much better than my crib and that I did not like to be alone.

After a time his eyes closed and his head fell forward, then he opened them with a start. This happened several times till the thought came to me (though perhaps not in words), "Father wants to go to bed and go to sleep." Then I thought that I would close my eyes and pretend to be asleep so that he would lay me down. Next I wondered if it would be wrong and whether it were better to pretend, so that Father could go to bed, or to keep my eyes open for the mere sake of being honest. Probably kind nature settled the question by bringing real sleep.

Do parents of the present day succeed in awakening conscience at such an early age? Perhaps so — I have never been sure, but mine surely taught us when mere babies that our loving Heavenly Father watched over us at all times and that the one thing He cared most about is that we should do what is right.

Our home was in the little village of Elmwood which was then called Joppa, my father being the pastor of the single church. We lived in one of the little white cottages which

stood quite closely along the shaded streets, each with its neat door yard in front and apple trees in the rear. In those days each yard was surrounded by a substantial fence and entered through a latched gate. Ours, however, had also a graveled driveway and a small piazza. There were four or five large, square houses whose yards were bordered with hedges of evergreen. There were several families of culture and refinement whose homes breathed the air of other-worldliness common to New Church households of that generation but there was absolutely no aristocracy in the little village. We were all taught from infancy to feel respect and consideration for everyone. Character was the only criterion, and even that was not rigidly applied. We never heard sharp or unkind criticism of any kind. Riches and poverty were terms found only in books. The words meant nothing to us. Intemperance was probably very common in the village but was almost never forced upon our notice.

Our home was a refuge and fortress. No one ever entered its door without knocking. Callers were to be expected only between the hours of three and five. Nothing interrupted the regularity of our lives.

We were out of doors at six o'clock each morning, our glad new day begun. We played almost without hindrance or obstruction all the long forenoon. The neighbor's children came over freely and we never stopped to wonder why we so seldom returned their visits. Neither were we conscious of the study window which overlooked our garden and playground, except to be vaguely glad that father was so near. Our yard was the best in the village and all the children knew it. The man who brought our wood was given extra money to unload it in such a way as to make a safe, strong pile in the yard which might serve us as a mountain, a ship, or a fort at will. We might set our little ladder at the foot of the apple tree and climb up to sit among the branches. We were even

allowed to run about on the woodshed roof, for a ladder stood always ready. We might make mud cakes with plantain seeds for raisins and our collection of broken crockery was respected.

After dinner there was another nice long play. My mother has often told me that she never in her life heard a child of hers ask "what shall I do?" I cannot remember a day of my life that was long enough for the things I had planned.

But at three o'clock came the inevitable washing and brushing and "getting ready" for afternoon. My dark print was changed for a light French calico with tiny flowers dotted over it and I sat in my little blue round-about chair and learned my lessons and did my stint of sewing — never patchwork but some useful garment — for my doll or baby sister, while Howard whittled with his jackknife which he was allowed to do at the age of four or five.

Our sitting room had a little fireplace down whose chimney Santa Claus used to come on Christmas night and a closet in which our toys were kept, for the room was our only nursery. Three times a day we put our playthings back in the closet and Bridget moved out the table (under which on rainy days and afternoons we always played), removed its woolen cover, replaced it with one of white damask and the place became a dining room. A blind staircase led to father's study, a pleasant east chamber with sloping walls. It was a treat to visit the little place for the window was filled with choice flowering plants, the homes of the fairies. One lived in the little monthly rose bush, another in the tiny orange tree. Under the window, in our back yard was a tiny box-bordered garden, filled with polyanthus, ladies delights and all old fashioned posies. This looked much more beautiful when seen from above. So did the wood pile and the orchard. Near the garden stood an arbor covered with jessamine which had been built for mother and in which she sat for hours on summer days while father read aloud from beautiful books. We children seldom listened

to the reading but we loved to watch our mother's face while father read. It was very good fun to read to mother for she always laughed delightedly at all the funny parts and was breathlessly excited in the tragic places, deeply serious, with tears in her eyes when the book called them forth. And so we knew long before we could read for ourselves that the world of books is real and wonderful.

For years mother had not been able to use her eyes for reading or sewing but her father had read aloud to her for hours each day and she had been accustomed from childhood to commit to memory beautiful poems. These she repeated to us in her low sweet voice while I was busy with my daily sewing. Some of the poems were only little rhymes and songs for childhood and all through the day there were delightful bits of Mother Goose, but the regular sewing hour was usually made wonderful by the magic pictures from *Marmion*, *Lady of the Lake*, *The Prisoner of Chillon* or best of all *Young Lochinvar*.

Father was likely at any time to come down from his study and give us whatever was in his own mind at the time. It might be the grand Bible poetry, like the Song of Deborah or quite often half a dozen verses from Tam O'Shanter or a scrap from Wordsworth or a grand strain from Homer in the Greek which he would translate for us afterward. We were familiar with Ulysses and his wanderings as well as with Robinson Crusoe and the Arabian Nights.

Father always took us seriously. He respected our individualities. We were never forced to make embarrassing confessions or exploited for the entertainment of friends and our property rights were held as sacred as those of our grown-up neighbors. If father had taken one of my books or toys without permission I am sure that I would have been surprised and yet he felt that he had a perfect right before presenting us with a book to paste together a pair of leaves, blot out a probably most interesting word or otherwise expurgate it for our use. We

never knew that our favourite book of verse contained a picture of a heathen woman casting her plump baby to the crocodiles or that another showed a cat with a bird in her mouth.

When we were very tiny it was father who saw to it that we were out of doors on a part of each fine day.

We had a sled called *Reindeer* upon which he tied us wrapped in warm quilts and took us for delightful rides and coasts. Or he would sink a tub in the snow of the back yard, put a bit of carpet in the bottom and give us each a big iron spoon with which we could dig in the beautiful snow until hands and feet were chilled. Then he would patiently take us into the house, warm our feet by the cheery fireplace and let us go out again and again.

In warm weather there were wonderful walks with father in the woods and fields by "Apple Tree Pond" over "Moss Hill" and by "Cleft Rock" to "Rocking Horse Woods." The other names were father's but this last was given by Howard after he had climbed a fallen tree, shaped roughly like a horse with lifted head and found that it would rock most wonderfully. In warm summer weather mother came too and sat in some charming spot while father and we children wandered in search of treasures to bring to her.

During these early years mother was so delicate and weak in body that I have often seen her faint away. But for her husband's loving care she might have been an invalid or would have died leaving us still tiny children. But he realized that freed from household toil, she had strength to be a perfect wife and mother. So there was always Bridget in the kitchen, an adoring and faithful Bridget whose love and respect for her kind, cheery, happy-hearted mistress knew no bounds.

By the time that I was ten years old mother had grown so strong she could "do her own work" like the other village ladies.

I cannot remember the time when father's home in Winslow did not seem real to us. We visited it when I was barely four

years old and Howard less than three and father would never let us forget it. Clover Brook with its tiny fishes which we had fed with crumbs of bread, the little room in which he had slept throughout his boyhood, the beautiful rolling hills where grew wild strawberries were often in our thoughts. The many little poems he wrote about them were often recited at first to his own little children. I think now that the spirit of our grandmother was never far away.

Heaven was very near us for it was there that our baby sister Miriam lived. I remember the day when father took me on his knee and told me that the angels were upstairs in the spare room taking little Miriam to live with them in Heaven. I wanted to run upstairs and see the angels but he held me close and told about the beautiful place called Heaven with its flowers and lambs and its other little babies. We had loved to hold our faces close and let baby sister stroke our cheeks so I asked, "Will Minnie's pats be very gentle on the little Heaven children?" Father shed no tears for Miriam; he thought it would be wrong. It would have been better for my mother if she might have wept, but she never did, even when we talked about the baby, as we did every day. I never forgot her and she never seemed far away.

When I was seven years old we moved to a house shut in closely behind the church and divided from the woods and fields by several village streets. My brother Howard played almost wholly with the village boys who in those days scorned to play with girls. The next year he began at his urgent request to go to school. After a lonely heartbroken year I followed him, a sober little citizen of the workaday world, — no longer a dweller in Paradise.

For the younger children the new home was the only one and father gave it a beauty of its own with flowers, fruits and grapevines. It was the birthplace of Bertha and Herbert.

E. P. B.

## THE ARTIST

There may be no one now living who can tell about father's artist days, he avoided the subject. It was not because it was a time of poverty — he would not have minded that if it had not been also a time of disillusion. He told me once that he found nearly all the young artists whom he met were corrupt in their lives and in their imaginations and that he concluded that the moral influence of the study of art could not be good and so burned all his beautiful drawings which had been studies from classic sculpture, and decided to enter the ministry. But his reverence for the work of great artists must have remained with him intact, for he several times during my childhood took me with him to the Athenaeum where he often went to study and while at work he let me wander freely among the plaster casts and marbles which then had their home on Beacon Hill.

He probably saw by my rapt expression that they taught me nothing but good and he would sometimes come and give me a few words of explanation, the story of Laocoon, the legend of Romulus and Remus. He would call my attention to the beautiful lines of a crouching figure. I am afraid he felt afterwards that it had been wasted time for I could not put what I felt into words and yet the memory of those times has been priceless. They comprise almost all the art-instruction that I ever had but have been sufficient to lead me to love only the best in art. I never filled my house with monstrosities even in the awful "eighties."

E. P. B.

## THE STUDENT

I have always heard my father say that during the civil war, he had had no heart to study. That was the reason he spent so much time educating his children. That was why he chiseled inscriptions on rocks and wrote so many poems and studied literature. All these things were as a relief from the strain of preparing each week a sermon which would help the suffering parents of the village during those cruel years.

After the war was over and his children were established in the public schools, he gave more and more time to study and research. Every year he bought expensive books. He had a table and steel rulers made to order for the drawings. He often arose at four o'clock and had two hours work in his study before the family life had begun. On such days, he would come to breakfast filled with enthusiasm for his latest discovery or achievement. He always believed that what he was doing was of great importance and we all took it for granted that it must be so, and yet I fear, he had but little satisfying sympathy except from mother.

I was married at the age of twenty-one and in all the years that followed, my home visits were infrequent and my little children always the center of attraction. That is why I wanted to leave this chapter to Bertha who lived with him until she was twenty-nine years old, when the family was small and father found his household more at leisure to listen appreciatively to his discoveries and to his poems.

E. P. B.



## AGNES HOWARD, THE MOTHER

Father was married on his thirty-second birthday, Oct. 14, 1856. The officiating minister was my grandfather, Adonis Howard. His wife had died early in their married life, leaving him two children, Agnes, aged three, and Herbert, two years younger. When the following year little Herbert followed his mother, Grandfather was for a long time a brokenhearted man. He felt that he could not live many years and so gave up the study of medicine and became a New Church Minister. My mother was a little Boston heiress, as fortunes were considered in those days. Her maternal grandfather had left her fifty thousand dollars. Adonis Howard would not touch a cent of this money for himself and preached in a little country church, but he boarded little Agnes in one of the good New Church families on Beacon Hill and sent her to the excellent New Church school there. Rev. James Reed was her schoolmate for the last few years of her stay, being about three years old when he entered it.

Her first home was in Myrtle Street. Agnes was brought up with a strictness that seems to us like severity. She was a merry little creature bubbling over with fun and mischief. Once at the age of four or five she cut off her eyebrows and lashes (which she could ill spare), and was condemned to eat all her meals in solitude until they grew again. This seemed to her an endless time for she was a sociable little creature. One morning when she was eating her solitary breakfast, Mr. Harrington Carter came into the dining room on purpose to see *her*. He had a big breezy, cheery way with him and he had in his hand a little pile of "gift books" made for children. They had gay little covers of shiny paper, all different and he scattered them in a rich shower over the table cloth. The

little tot already knew how to read and the fairy gift taught her what a refuge and delight books may be.

She lived a part of the time on Mt. Vernon Street and once in Louisburg Square. Best of all for several summers with her grandmother Holman in Joy Street.

In summer she had delightful vacations with her aunt, Mrs. Whiting, in East Bridgewater or with Deacon William Harris in the same town.

She often saw her father and had a most adoring love for him, but as he was very deaf and somewhat absent minded and also perhaps rather afraid of growing too much attached to her, he noticed her so little that she grew to fancy that he did not love her. Her dearest wish was that he should marry again and live in a little white cottage with green blinds and that she should have "ever so many little brothers and sisters."

She clung to the hope that when she was sixteen he would let her keep house for him, but he preferred always to board.

When she was sixteen she spent a year or two in Gardner, Maine, and while there taught the little village school. I am quite sure that her father lived with her at the time and boarded at the same place. At any rate there was a N. C. convention there, when she was seventeen, and it was there that she first met father. She had recently had her head shaved, in the hope of making her hair thicker and it had grown out in childish little curls all over her head.

Father thought her the most beautiful and wonderful little creature in the whole world. As for her, alas! she saw nothing interesting in the bashful country boy of nineteen and when his hostess asked her to walk in the garden and try to entertain him, it seemed a heavy task. She must have managed very well for she was a graceful little lady with simple manners and a kind heart. She admitted after the interview that he seemed a very good boy but I'm afraid she forgot all about him. But



*Agnes Howard*



as for poor Timothy the vision never left him. He clung to it through twelve discouraging years. When mother lost nearly all of her property through the treachery of her Grandfather's partner, the matter was of no interest to him, her lover. When her eyes failed, so that she lived for a year in a dark room, he must have been filled with grief and sympathy for her sake but was only the more anxious to make her his wife. One could hardly blame her father for standing guard over his poor afflicted child. They were then boarding together in a delightful and congenial home, that of her Uncle, Oliver Holman, in Medford. His wife Charlotte was more like a big sister than an aunt to Agnes and the four sweet little children were like brothers and sisters

Other people have told me that mother had very many suitors, some of them exceedingly eligible, and Grandfather must have chosen that if she were to leave him at all it would better be to go to a comfortable and well-appointed home such as she had all her life enjoyed. Her rare visits from the shabby artist, T. O. P., were met with little favor and the touching poems which he sometimes sent to her either directly or through some friend did not appeal to the mind of the future father-in-law, although they finally began to affect the lady for whom they were written. After six years she was sure that she loved him very much, but she had so much respect for her father's judgment and felt herself such a very poor bargain either for a rising young artist or later for a young country minister, that the lovers were separated for six years more.

One summer they all met very often in the country, for Mr. Paine had accepted a call to Joppa Village and Mr. Whiting's home was only two miles distant.

One day when father was leaving, he asked an important question which mother answered with "Perhaps" and Grandfather remarked "a great deal may be included in that word,

perhaps." Father instantly understood that the paternal blessing was ready to be had for the asking. In less than an hour the lovers were engaged. In six months more they were married and Grandfather could hardly have loved his own son Herbert more than he loved his son Timothy during the rest of his life. In fact he regretted very bitterly that he had made him wait so long. Yet mother always felt that it had been for the best.

E. P. B.

## CHAPTER TWO

### *THE PASTOR*

FATHER'S day began early — often at sunrise on a Summer morning and he remained in his study almost constantly till midday. But after a little doze on his study lounge, he usually spent a part of each afternoon in making short neighborly calls among the village homes.

I do not think that he thought of these as “pastoral calls.” He went because he loved to go. He felt the need of companionship. He was interested in every life that was lived in Elmwood and was helpful in a thousand little ways. He would offer to regulate a clock that would not go or to adjust a stove pipe that leaked. But the topics that he chose for conversation were seldom of commonplace things. He never dwelt on sordid cares. His own life was lifted above such things and he took it for granted that his neighbors would rather speak of the things of the Spirit or hear some new truth that he had discovered in his study. All of his own gaining was for the sake of giving.

Perhaps few pastors would assume that feeble Mrs. Blank who had spent all the morning over her kitchen stove and whose afternoon was devoted to mending, whose whole life had been lived in that little village and whose only education had been gained in its small school, would enjoy a new translation of an old Egyptian prayer, or an interpretation of a chapter in Ezekiel. But father was right. She *did* enjoy it. It gave her something new to think about. His language was so simple that she felt that she understood it all and had a delightful sense of being not as ignorant as she had supposed herself to be.

Father's voice! Father's eyes! His was a presence good

to remember! Perhaps even if he had spoken in Hebrew or in Syriac his visits would have brought a measure of blessing.

He never called the villagers *his* people — as if they belonged to him. He felt rather that he belonged to them. We children felt in no way distinguished by being in the minister's family, but we knew that for Father's and Mother's sakes everyone was very kind to us.

Father's democratic spirit carried him to extremes. He found something to admire in every one and would never allow a word of unkind criticism in his presence.

When I was quite a small child I heard a man severely rating an absent neighbor as a "miserable shiftless drunkard" (doubtless a true bill) but Father's response given with his own eager enthusiasm was, "I never knew a man who could spread manure as evenly or as thoroughly as Mr. C——. I always hire him to do it for me in the spring." Thereafter I felt a certain respect for Mr. C—— as an artist — of sorts.

Because he so persistently refused to see evil, many people have told me that Father believed every one in Elmwood to be a saint. This was not at all the case, as many an old time sinner could testify. He was very clear-cut and uncompromising in his advice to those who had done evil but he taught them to accept God's forgiveness and to "go and sin no more."

It was his effort to create a village atmosphere of courage and good-will, in which the morally weak might thrive and grow strong. Lives have been broken and also redeemed in Elmwood.

I think that even after a quarter of a century some of the influence of that forty-years' pastorate of peacemaking must yet remain.

E. P. B.

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Mr. Albert G. Boyden, the principal of the Bridgewater Normal School, advised his students to listen to the sermons of Rev. T. O. Paine for their pure Anglo-Saxon.



*A Sermon by Rev. T. O. Paine.*

“Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” Matt. xi: 28.

If we come and receive rest from Him, we can impart rest to others. One way of coming to the Lord is to come to others: for He is with those who are about us; and when we come to them, we come where He is, and come to Him. We come to each other, not merely by making ourselves personally present, but when we bring our spirits into sympathy with each other. We come unto each other and at the same time to Him, when we have His spirit within us. All in heaven are filled with His spirit; for they have their Father’s name written in their foreheads. Whatever of His love they have is Himself in them; and whatever of truth they have is Himself in them; and whatever of life they have is Himself in them; for they live and move in Him, that is, in His life and love and in the light of His countenance.

It is entirely possible for us to be, in our measure, like those who have left us and are now in heaven. It is quite possible for us to live and move in a degree of His life and love and light, and so, possible to be, in our degree, as angels. When we are as they, we shall be likenesses of Him, and shall be to each other somewhat as He is to us: for there are two rills of life from Him to each one of us. One rill flows into our inmost souls directly from Him; and the other rill flows into us from Him through others. These two rills start from Him as one, but branch off when they come to us. He has two ways of reaching us; one, with His right hand, and one with His left. With His right hand he reaches directly; with His left, he reaches us through those who are about us. He has two ways of watching over us: He watches over us directly Himself, and He watches over us through others, by imparting to them a love of watching similar to His own love of watching. He has two ways of

hearing our prayers: one way is by hearing us in heaven His dwellingplace; and for the other way, He tries to open our own ears to the cries of those who need help in body and in soul. And so He has two ways of coming to us; in one of His ways He walks upon the sea, when our souls are in trouble, and calms that sea when the waves thereof arise about our spirits. In another of His ways he fills another with His spirit; lightens the footsteps of the nurse, man, woman, or child; screens the light from the sick face; and brings peace and rest to all the house; and herein is it true, that He has two commandments for us, that while we love Him, we should love each other also.

Hereby we shall know that we are His disciples, if we come to Him and come to each other also. And by this also others will take knowledge of us that we have been with Him, if they can come to us for a part of their needed help while they come to Him for another part of it. Even while He was yet with us on earth, the people came to the disciples for the same things that they came to Him for; and through the disciples who wrought in His name they received divine aid; and before he left the world He committed unto us His disciples powers similar to His own. By this he showed that we ought to be such that others can come to us as we come to Him. Here is a new direction which we are to give our lives. His life all comes this way; and while we never cease from directing the rill of our own life so that it shall flow back to Him, we are to fall into the great current of His life flowing forth to others. Our lives can become such as to invite the confidence of others. While He was with us His life was such that it invited approach. We are His disciples, and are members of His kingdom which is not of this world, only so far as we bring into our lives what He brought into His. We cannot do as well as He did, because we have so little to work with, and because we are such poor creatures in ourselves. But we can make good use of what He gives us and we shall grow better with practice.

Good-will to others often prevails in our hearts when it is not expressed to them: but the good-will becomes better-will as soon as we express it. The angels at Bethlehem were heard singing good-will to men; and their good-will grew warmer as they gave it expression in song. Our streets would be filled with new light, if good-will were more fully expressed, even, than now. Even our own good ways can be improved. Each one of us can do just as much as another. Above all things else let sincerity abound, that each one of us may fully enjoy the good words of our lips. If our words are good and true they come from Him who is the truth and is good; and when we speak truly and in His spirit, then it is His spirit which breathes upon us, and, through us, upon each other. Each one of us may be a half-way-house between another and Him — between some other one and heaven; a shady rock by the wayside; and a place of rest in the day. We need the sound of the human voice, as well as the thought in secret. He does not depend wholly upon our coming all the way directly to Him. He sends out horses of fire and chariots of fire to bring us into heaven. He sends messengers before His face to prepare his way before Him. He sends into the highways and hedges and compels us to come in unto His feast: sends forth messengers who are men, as we are.

We cannot only help one another to Him, but can come between, and make the way difficult. We can sadden those about us. In this we do not suffer the little children to come unto Him: we offend the little ones. The little children of the mind are those tender thoughts and affections which make us children of God and lead us to Him. We may so speak and do as to hurt these little ones which believe in Him. If we can hinder, so can we help. We should so live, that, while we are seeking to come ourselves unto Him, we should help others on their way also. We can find many little rough

places which we can bridge over. It is easier to see the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world, when some one stands near us and points towards Him. It is easier to believe that there is such a Lamb, and that He is near, when we hear His voice through a messenger, and see His life and spirit breathed into the homely duties of employments and home.

Many have gone from us; and when we think of them and come to them, we seem to come to Him also: for it is His will that they should be where He is. What could He have thought of effecting when He made so great a promise and so broad! What was He going to do with all the world, if all the world had come unto Him? for all the world have times of laboring and of being heavy laden. He is not going to take away all labor and lading, but is going to give us rest, as He promises.

If we would be like Him we shall turn away from no one; shall be patient with the unjust and those who do wrong; shall be planning how we can lighten others' burdens: we shall be patient with ourselves also; be merciful to ourselves as He is merciful to us — be hopeful and waiting until death. We cannot be greater than our Master, but we can be as He, and be servants. We cannot give rest, but can do what will bring rest. And in yet this also we can be like Him, that we can will to do good where we can not do it. He employs children to help his children, and to help them come to Him.

And the Spirit and the Bride say Come. And let him that heareth say Come. And let him that is athirst Come. And the only way in which we can say Come, to others, is to go on silently and patiently, doing whatsoever our hands can find to do, making our narrow footpath seem pleasant and inviting to those who see not its thorns but only the hopeful promise of harvest.

## CHAPTER THREE

### *THE SCHOLAR*

In the Journals of Grandmother, we find the source of inspiration for Uncle Timothy's Bible study, especially of that part which came to be his life study, as will be seen in these extracts taken from "The Sketch Book."

#### *The Middle Bar*

*March 1846.*

Today as I was reading the Bible by course, my hap was to fall upon that part which gives a description of the Tabernacle which Moses made by the command of God while in the wilderness, contained in 25, 26, 27 chap. of Exodus. I was delighted and entertained even to a charm. To contemplate its richness, its beauty and splendor, the minute exactness with which all the directions were given.

"And the Lord spake unto Moses saying"

"And look that thou make them after their pattern which was showed thee in the mount." How awe struck Moses must have been to receive such a command from the most high God. "And Moses went into the midst of the cloud and got him up into the mount," and there Jehovah spake with him. I never read it when it appeared so solemn before. It is all a reality.

As I was reading, meditating and admiring its hidden truths which *to me* are yet unrevealed I came to the twenty eight verse of the twenty six chapter which reads thus. "And the Middle bar in the midst of the board shall reach from end to end." I stopped suddenly to inquire what that could mean. At the very first glance it was evident that it meant *something* which to me was never explained. To my mind it is evident

that it refers in some way to the Saviour, at least I can conceive it to be so and this circumstance revives my soul with hope that e'er long I shall arrive at that happy land where all darkness dispels and the true light shines upon every verse of my blessed *Bible*.

*Sudden Impulse*

1847

I have just finished the reading of the last eight chapters of Ezekiel "The description of the Temple." It was all dark to me, I had no understanding thereunto. It grieved me much but I groped my way through like one with no eyes knowing that I ought not to pass it in reading by course. When I came to the last verse, a sudden impulse pervaded my soul and all was explained to my entire satisfaction, I was happy and resigned.

Ezekiel 48 chap. 35 verse.

And the name of the City from that shall be —

The LORD is there.

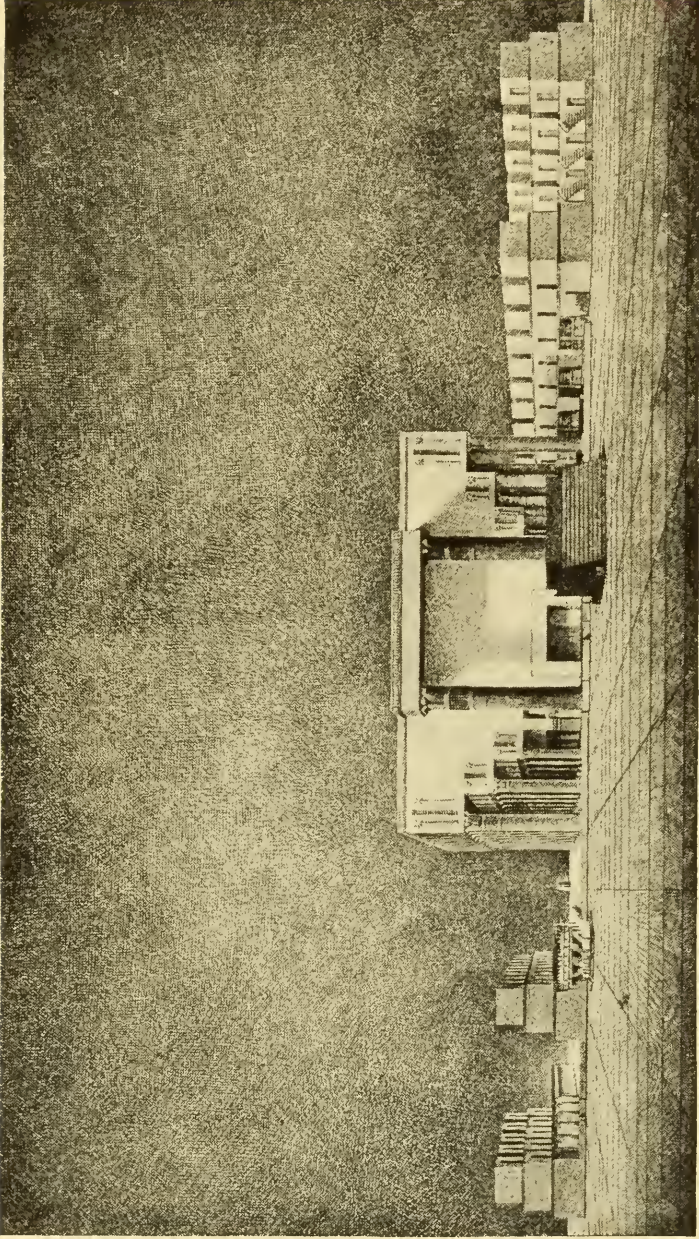
The Sketches of The Scholar and of The Poet were written for me by the youngest daughter, Bertha.

THE SCHOLAR

My father's interest in the form of the Temple built by Solomon was first aroused by his mother, who often read aloud to him those chapters in Ezekiel wherein the measures of the Temple are given. The seventh verse of the forty-third chapter especially aroused her wonder: —

"And there was an enlarging and a winding about still upward to the side chambers; for the winding about of the house went still upward round about the house; therefore the breadth of the house was still upward and so increased from the lowest chambers to the highest by the midst."

One Sabbath afternoon, December twenty-sixth, eighteen hundred and fifty-two, father first made a sketch of the Temple



“Our holy and our beautiful house, where our fathers praised thee.”

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in his Journal, representing the overhanging galleries supported by pillars. This was at his home in Winslow.

The work then begun was continued after his marriage and removal to Elmwood. He made a profound study of the Books of Ezekiel and Kings in the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures, and other Oriental languages; also studying perspective. For five years he worked with increasing enthusiasm, and in 1861 a book was published by George Phinney of Boston, containing twenty-one plates of sixty-six figures accurately copied by the lithographers from careful drawings made by the author, giving the form of the Ark of Noah, the Tabernacle, First Temple, House of the King or House of the Forest of Lebanon, idolatrous High Places, the City on the Mountain (Rev. xxi), the oblation of the Holy Portion; and the last Temple. Four of the plates were colored, three of the Tabernacle and one of the high priest.

In his introduction, the author says:

“The House of Jehovah, built by Shelomoh, commonly called Solomon, was seen in vision by Ezekiel and the Angel fourteen years after its destruction, Ezek. xl: 1.

“The first particulars of a description of the Temple are given in the first Book of Kings, a few more are added in the Second Book of Kings and in Jeremiah. The parts wanting in these three are given in Ezekiel and nowhere else in the world. It is as if the writer of the Kings and Jeremiah and Ezekiel had examined each what the other had written and then each supplied what the other had omitted. Thus, in Kings many inside measures of the house are given but no outside ones; while in Ezekiel the outside measures are supplied, together with some inside measures which were omitted in Kings; and when all the measures are put together, they perfectly agree, and make one house.

“In general it is a truth which will be established by a hundred examples that parts which are fully described in Kings are

only mentioned in Ezekiel and those which are only mentioned in Kings are fully described in Ezekiel. Finally, both Ezekiel and Kings often describe the same forms, as the holy of holies and the nave, giving the same dimensions with other particulars in common.

“Accordingly Exodus is the only authority on the Tabernacle, the description there being given by Moses who saw it in Heaven on Sinai; Josephus knew no more about it than any man at our day, aside from the description in Exodus.

“Kings, Jeremiah and Ezekiel are the only authorities on the first Temple; Josephus never saw it. But Josephus was the eye-witness in respect to the last Temple and he is here the only authority noticed in this work.”

After the books of this edition were sold, the author began on a second edition and to work out details more fully, studied the Chaldee, Syrian, Samaritan, Septuagint, Coptic and Itala (N. Africa) Scriptures, Josephus, Talmud and the Rabbis. With infinite patience and enthusiasm new drawings were made with a fine pen and India ink, under a microscope. Yet such was his care that in twenty-five years of his work, no plate was marred.

In 1886 Houghton, Mifflin and Co. published this second edition of Solomon's Temple and Capitol, Ark of the Flood and Tabernacle or “The Holy Houses” with forty-two full-page plates and one hundred and twenty text cuts, these being photographic reproductions of the original drawings made by the author. Like the subject of which it treated, the book was massive and dignified. The pages were fourteen and a half by eleven and a half inches, with gilt edges and with large type made especially for the purpose. The work has been submitted to architects and civil-engineers who said it could be built. In the original description the temple is called the House of Jehovah and the House, not Solomon's Temple. The Holy Houses include the Ark of the Flood, the Sanctuary

of Sinai, or Tabernacle, the House of Jehovah or Temple, the House of the King or Capitol, together with all the square and rectangular portions of city, suburbs and land round about the temple, called the Holy Enclosure, the Holy Oblation, for the Prince, for the Priests, for the Levites, the possession of the city, the suburbs of the city of Jehovah Shaminoh, "The Lord is there" and the holy city of the Revelation.

In 1869 my father began the study and reading of the hieroglyphic texts of Egypt, in search of new materials; he also obtained old and rare texts from the Bodleian Library, Oxford, Astor Library, New York, the Public Library and Athenaeum of Boston, and the Library of Harvard University, Cambridge. He deciphered many hieroglyphic inscriptions in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, and delivered lectures on the meaning of the hieroglyphics. He proved that the ancient Egyptians had a belief in the immediate resurrection of the spirit and continuance of life in the spiritual world.

His poem on "The Wheat of Amenti" illustrates this teaching. He delivered an illustrated lecture on Hieroglyphics at Andover Theological School before an audience whose faces were "lighted with the hope of immortality."

In addition to his pastoral duties, father was Professor of Hebrew, Greek, and Latin in the New Church Theological School, until 1884, when he retired on account of ill health and was given the title of Professor Emeritus.

In 1886 he sent a paper to the Victorian Institute of Great Britain on his work on the Temple.

BERTHA PAINE.

## CHAPTER FOUR

### *THE POET*

IN writing to a dear old friend, Rev. Joseph Worcester of San Francisco, father says: "I have composed poems since about 1840, when I was sixteen years old; have worked very hard and steadily, hoping to make a small volume of songs, ballads, idyls, etc., almost all homely, simple farmer and forest things; but all having one end in view, without everywhere putting the end into words, — the end of making simple life seem lovable and good to live."

And again, writing to Mr. J. E. Mills of Quincy, Cal., he writes: "Since about 1843, I have been trying to write a volume of poems that shall be peaceful and good to read in good moods; little bits on little things, close about those who have no money to spare for journeys, trying to bring down sweet life into poor homes, longer poems also, but with the same end in view. I much love poor things and try to make others love them more, the ninety and nine are well off."

To his wife he writes this "little bit":

#### *The Waters of the Meadow*

The water on the meadow's breast  
Is moving slowly, as I look;  
She cannot yet be called a brook  
But water seeking rest —  
Her level and her rest.

She is not seeking greater height,  
But willingly is moving slow  
And going where the ground is low;  
And yet her face is bright —  
Her face is calm and bright.

To his daughter Isabel, in her marriage service, he writes,

*Sweet Memories*

I think sweet memories will not die,  
 But live and die not ever.  
 I think the hearts sweet memories tie  
 Will bounden be forever.  
 I think sweet memories will awake  
 That long have slept and slumbered.  
 I think the longest night will break  
 In dawn, and joys unnumbered.

It was his aim to do for New England what Burns did for Scotland. "It is best to keep in open sympathy with nature," he writes, "because nature is a child always at peace." He bids us "Come, take an interest in simple things. See how much work He puts in all He makes."

In some respects there is a resemblance between the poets. Both were born amid rural surroundings, and not far removed from grand scenery, high hills, spreading fields and rushing rivers. Both felt and lived intensely — their dark eyes glowed with the fire of genius. Whenever their natures were deeply stirred the feelings found expression in poetic form. Burns had his "Bonny Doon" and father his "Segur's Brook." To him this was the inspiration of his earlier poems. The Segur is a woodland brook in Winslow, named for Sergeant Segur of Fort Halifax, who made a bridge across it. The Indianized name of the brook is "Segagus." It was surrounded with "shaws" or open woods and coppices which clothe its sloping banks; with natural walks carpeted with short green grass, and here and there beds of fragrant wild flowers and violets, or "braes."

"Nature always is in tune,  
 Nature always hath a rune,"

"Nature is renewed every instant out of heaven, and if all good things in Nature are in order, why are not Nature bits of song good for us to love?"

He was a close student of Nature. When in college he made a book of pressed specimens of all the wild flowers of Maine, each analyzed and marked with its botanical name. He could imitate the call of the birds so perfectly that they answered him. In his poem the adjectives are scientifically as well as poetically descriptive, and are carefully chosen.

Within his simplest poem lies an inner meaning, often suggested in the closing lines, as in that of "The Swallow."

"Dost come down from a heaven serene,  
 Into a place dark and unclean,  
 Think'st thou? Then thou canst lead the way  
 For thy young brood up back into the day."

The getting ready of the soul for heaven is imaged in the changes of the trees in autumn.

"Nature dresses her children best  
 Just before they fall to their rest."

His love poems were inspired by the meeting with his first and only love, my mother.

"Separation stern and strong  
 Had filled an age of love with tears."

For some years before her marriage, mother lived at Medford, on the banks of the Mystic River, often alluded to in his poems.

Both his teachings and his life bore witness to the sacredness of marriage love.

In the leisure moments of the last ten years of his life, father wrote many poems, some of which revived memories of his old home in Maine. He wandered by the banks of the Matsfield River in Elmwood as in the days of his early youth and composed songs which he wrote in a tiny leather bound volume, carried in his pocket. A pile of logs with a cedar post for back served as his rustic seat while the poems were written with the same extreme care that characterized his drawings.

His friends recall with delight the musical, rhythmical reading of these gems of song, in his mellow voice. The long poem "Measure" was written for the Golden Wedding of his life-long friend Samuel Darling, the maker of the steel rule that measured  $1/1000$  of an inch. These rules were used in the drawings of the "Holy Houses."

"The Lost Sheep," written to be sung to the tune of "Rock of Ages," was written near the close of life when the way began to seem long. For the last few months after his resignation of the pastorate in Elmwood he suffered much in body and mind. As he lay in pain on his couch, he was heard to repeat those words of triumphant anguish in Isaiah:— "Who is this that cometh from Edom with dyed garments from Bozrah? This that is glorious in his apparel traveling in the greatness of His strength. I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save."

He entered the other life December 6, 1895.

He had prepared in a clear round hand, a manuscript of his poems, containing two hundred pages with notes, under the title of "The Songs of the Segur." One long poem "The Woodlanders" was verified by letters from a friend who had known the life of the lumber camps in Maine.

The poems were never published as prepared and indexed by him, but after his death selections were made from them by his niece Selma Ware Paine, who wrote a charming preface, describing his threefold life as pastor, scholar and archeologist, and poet. The volume was edited by my mother and published under the title, "Selections from The Poems of Timothy Otis Paine."

BERTHA PAINE.

## CHAPTER FIVE

### EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL AND LETTERS

*Journal 1852.*

BE thankful that you can do as well as you can; this will enable you to do better.

*A dew drop on a pine tree Fort Hill, Sept. 16 1852.* Standing up (morning 7 o'clock) it was brilliant *blue*, stooping *yellow*; sitting, *red*; each color exceedingly brilliant. The drop was between me and the sun. These are the simple colors of which all others are derivatives.

*Remarks on poetry.* 1 That words should be used in their primitive sense. 2 That poetry should be but little adjective e.g. 'On the roof the sound of rain,' you know just what that sound is — the adjective is already in your mind, then why express it? And more, that adjective is more perfect than any word can *express*, but the words 'sound of rain' suggest it fully — as fully as you know what that sound is. Of the first remark, the primitive sense is generally the physical one, hence its meaning is felt soonest and deepest. The expression, the sun shines is clear; we learned the meaning of the expression in infancy and consequently its meaning is felt the soonest and deepest. Phoebus was heard in later years and of the sun, and must be translated into sun before we can feel it at all. In poetry I would use the word sun when speaking of the sun, and Phoebus when speaking of that ancient divinity.

*The sun shined from the East;* and 'shined' instead of 'shone' for although 'shone' is not the same as 'shown,' still it sounds



like it and hence does not suggest 'shine' so forcibly as 'shined.' The sound 'shon' suggests 'sho,' while the sound 'shined' suggests 'shin.'

Bluebirds, robins, sparrows, Winslow, *March 20, 1853.* Phoebe or pewee Apl 2, frogs 6 large red butterfly 3: wood thrushes Apl 17. Barnswallows 22; in great numbers all at once and fill the barn, May 13. Bobolinkhorns May 3, 13 and cherry birds May 24, on blossoming trees. A yellow bird is lining her nest with the white blows of the dandelion. This bird fastens her nest very firmly to the limbs so that it will stay over winter; the tree sparrow on the contrary does not confine her nest at all so that it generally blows off in the first strong wind. She does better to build in a bush or grapevine.

Flowers order of coming: Apl 20, bloodroot, hepatica, May flower (*epigea refens*) lurzula compestris, blue violets two kinds, not the common large ones and the white violet, also adders tongue and venuspride, saxifrage. All these are in full bloom May 3 in the valley of Segur's brook, but they appeared in the order which I named. Dandelions have blossomed all at once, today everywhere, May 13, Horseplum trees in full bloom this warm morning (shower in the morning) Buttercups all at once (warm) June 5. Lilacs in their prime May 30 fading June 5, first blossoms May 20; As a general rule flowers have one week (7 days) of prime, each side of this week there are a few blows only.

Sparrows — tree and ground — line their nests with hair; robins with withered blades of grass; barn swallows with feathers.

There is no bird so choice as the blue bird; A single pair build in a hollow log or post or in a small box near a house but that pair will not allow any other blue birds to come near their home but will fight all day and renew the fight the next day until the intruders are driven off. They are entirely faithful

to each other and do not mingle with other birds. It requires a long time for their young to fly after they are hatched.

Ground sparrows nest in a thornbush, the top of the bush having the appearance of being the continuation of the mound near.

*Song*

Now Dingley's field is white with snow,  
In flocks the snowbirds chirping go;  
Their little feet around the weeds  
Have patted down the snow for seeds;  
At night they'll fly to Dunbar's wood  
And cedar trees are shelter good.

If as much rain was falling as there seems to be in a shower, the ground would be flooded. 1) Each drop looks like a stream. Compare a carriage wheel in motion. 2) Besides the drops are much further apart than they seem to be for we see all the stream-drops within a considerable distance. Similar remarks apply to falling snow. Looking directly up into the storm, the drops and flakes lose the appearance of streams and white lines, although from the 2d cause above mentioned there seem to be more drops and flakes than there really are. Examine the air within a few feet of you and the truth will be evident.

Do not say bitter things, there is not so much nourishment in a bitter apple as there is in a sweet one.

*The Lord.* He is perfect and was complete from eternity, but He did not do all things at once and complete all things at once. He created first of all the material universe and placed man on its earths and then commenced a heaven from them. He sustains the Universe created and thus perpetually creates it anew. Among all the things which He did successively, He created Himself into the Universe which He had before created. He did this to save man, and that He might be everywhere fully.

The faith of the New Church, universal is this; Jesus of Nazareth transfigured and glorified is the only God of the Universe. The knowledge of this doctrine is the pearl of great price. By Father understand the Divine Soul and by Son understand the Divine Human Body and the Trinity can be understood. It is usual in the Word to give a general view first and then to resume, often and to give particulars.

Extracts from letters written to his niece, Selma Ware Paine.

I have not seen the article, but I suppose your words indicate the nature of the new reading. It is my opinion that when they touch the letter of the Scriptures, they pull out all the fastenings of a train of cars at high speed and let the whole train go to crash. The old original sense is *always* best. That sense is the massive, unflinchable gravel-bed; the imbedded ties; the steel rails; the solid cars; the omnipotent engine; the noble, wise, faithful engineer, whose motto ever is, stick to the machine. You come to the desired haven with this. Tender and loving interpretation is the oil at every joint — every joint unbreakable, but beautifully playing in oil. Let the solid work alone. The Scriptures in their rugged letter are a cube, always right side up. You set the fire to where I blaze at once.

Oliver Wendell Holmes has just made himself dearer than ever in "Over the Tea-Cups," but he is naughty to write this libel; — "My friend I hope you will not write in verse. When you write in prose you say what you *mean*. When you write in rhyme, you say what you *must*." —

If I could find one single line that does not say exactly what I mean, I would toil over that line five years till I made it say what I mean — work over it ever and again, all the rest of my life. I am in most thorough earnest. But B—— says "Holmes is in fun." But I will allow nobody to be in fun about poems. Poems begin where prose ends.

A poem is rich according as it is filled with truth; not dead fact but truth that is alive and full of tender warmth. What say you? But busy all-day work is the best press for best wine.

You know my way of working — a plodding, beating, banging, chipping, fitting, toiling, bothering, tiring everybody out — kind of way. Please fill out the list.

Plymouth is the new town or city of Massachusetts. The resurrection of her oldness is the vigorous soul of her newness. Plymouth is the most beautiful thing we have to show.

I never knew a neglected road or street to lie idle. It goes to work like a child to get beautiful things together. Everything bears a flower. I heard the word “frame” sung by the choir, and almost laughed with delight. It is a sweet old word for “mood of the spirit”; and a heavenly frame of mind. A small flower is precious if we are in the right frame of mind.

The profane name, “Solomon’s Temple.” It was the Lord’s Temple. I am doing all I can. —

Think of me as among the lilies, for I am working right under them; and drawing the final figures of my last work; final, that is press — figures. They are more beautiful than anything that I have ever prepared, — for the press hitherto. Among the hieroglyphic drawings is a large picture of a white lily, and out of the lily is written in most ancient hieroglyphic text; “I am the pure lily that springeth up in the meadows of God.” He who speaks is a meritorious youth who once lived on earth and passed upward before the days of Abraham.

Every pillar of Egypt was crowned with a lily either in bud or in bloom.

Oct. 20, 1895. [Uncle Timothy died Dec 6, 1895.]

“A little piece with seven “ests” in it.

*Getting Ready*

Nature dresses her children best  
Just before they fall to their rest;  
Puts on every beautiful vest  
Ere they pass to the fields of the blest;  
Every fruit is fairest drest,  
Every leaf is beautifullest.

S files exception, however, to the superlative of “beautiful” in the form of “beautifullest.” I think, dear, that you will quite agree with me that “most beautiful” and “beautifullest” do not make the same impression on the mind. When on *choice and rare occasions you wish to wrap up* in one word all that it can be made to hold, you must begin with that word and hold upon it as long as you can. You begin with beautiful and “beauti” — expresses the leading thought. The “ful” adds fulness to that. Then “est” gives the idea of the highest of that. But “most” in “most beautiful” steals away something by coming too soon. You dwell on two words. In “beautifullest” you begin, go on and end with the thought of the beautiful. It is the closing word of the little song of the soul and was intended to gather up the whole soul of the lay into its one single self. Each syllable should be pronounced slowly. What think you? Do I think too nicely?

Good evening.

Wordsworth teaches us — tells us — that it is enough if the *reader* likes anything he has written — It is of little moment who the readers may be. You see I am trying to find out whether I shall have any readers.

CHAPTER SIX  
*POEMS OF THE SEGUR*

To my Uncle Timothy, his poems meant more than did the Temple Studies; his whole heart was in them. The following extracts are taken from letters written to my cousin Bertha, by Prof. George Herbert Palmer.

What a beautiful gift you have sent me! I had never seen these poems before. But when I opened the little parcel this morning and began to read, I was so fascinated that I read the book from cover to cover and with increasing delight. "The Woodlanders," "Measure," and the bird poems especially pleased me, but everywhere I found the keen eye, the tender heart, and the venturesome phrase. Poetry so fresh, direct and unconventional is unusual. I shall do my best to make the precious little volume known.

I hear beautiful accounts of the life of Mr. Paine, which make me wonder less at his remarkable verses. These have the originality and innocent directness of the best poetry of the English William Blake.

All I get from him exhibits the same traits — an elevated and unworldly mind, keen observation, vigor of language and a disposition to come at things directly without intervening tradition. This inner veracity gives to my mind its chief value to his work.

Indeed it makes it unique. I know no other among our American authors who has been able to commune as freshly with facts and to state what he has seen with so sweet a simplicity. His range is not large, and neither man nor nature is to his mind complex or problematic. But what he sees he

To the Chickadee.

Ho, thou little Chickadee,  
Flying round from tree to tree,  
Gathering food, I know not how,  
From the snowy bole and bough!  
Thou hast often sung to me,  
Trusting, merry Chickadee,  
As I've walked by Osgood's line  
'Neath her oak and sounding pine.  
How like thine is my glad way!  
Food is given us day by day;  
Through the woods we wander free,  
I with thee and thou with me.  
But in this we differ wide -  
Thou art ever with thy bride,  
Whilst your friend must walk alone  
With the soul of one unknown.





sees as if no one had ever seen it before, and it is uttered in words that are entirely his and with a tender airy grace which makes a kind of springtime pervade all his pages. It is amusing that publishers thought the book was "not literature." Yet they were perhaps right. It stands so outside the manners and customs of ordinary writers that I doubt if the public would purchase. All the more important shall I consider it to call the attention of those who are capable of appreciation to the exquisitely chosen selections which you have kindly sent me.

## SEGUR'S BROOK

*Segur* always sweet and good,  
Tumbling through the piny wood  
When the snow is melting fast  
And the coldest days are past!  
Thou art never to be gone  
But to stay and live right on.  
Thou art never to be gray  
But to live in youth for aye;  
Summer sun and winter snow  
Find my Segur always so.

## THE MYSTIC

The violet blows by Mystic side  
 When all the leaves are tender,  
 And on her fells, a day in June,  
 The honeysuckle slender.

The violet blooms in Segur Dell,  
 And there I wander early  
 To guess if honeysuckles blow  
 By one I love so dearly.

The common ocean gathers in  
 The Mystic and the Segur,  
 And where the stormy petrel flits  
 Unites their waters eager.

They rise in mist, they fall in rain,  
 In dew and sunny showers,  
 And glide as one in Segur Dell  
 Beneath the spreading bowers.

But little hope is there for me  
 That I may meet the maiden  
 Who looked at me and spoke to me  
 Then left me lone and laden.

## FREE AND LOOSE

I will sing where I light  
 And alight where I may,  
 As the birds in their flight  
 That go singing away.

Not a foot of the ground  
 Do I own, not a hand;  
 I go trespassing round  
 For the flowers of the land;

Not to pick anything,  
 But to see them in bloom  
 And to hear the birds sing  
 Where there's plenty of room.

TO THE BLUEBIRD

Oh dearest birds that ever sang,  
That ever sang and made a nest,  
Ye bluebirds, flying round in pairs,  
I love you, faithful bluebirds, best.

From early spring to autumn snow  
In hollow post or rail ye build;  
Or, on the corner of the barn  
Your little box with straw is filled.

Oft, going for the pastured cow,  
I've turned me to the old stump fence  
To see your blue eggs in a root  
Of if the young had fluttered thence.

Ye turtle doves of northern homes,  
Of northern homes on either hand,  
Your simple note, so soft and deep,  
Will soon be heard out o'er the land.

HOME LAKE

I'm like a fish of the ocean,  
This rustling autumn day,  
Remembering with emotion  
The lake of infancy,  
Where now the painter, October,  
Oft looks and turns to me,  
With face upraised and sober  
From her palate in the tree;  
And up the river of childhood  
My thoughtful way I take,  
And up the streams of the wildwood  
And back into the lake.

## ROBIN SONG

The robin sings at dimmy dawn,  
 At any time all day,  
 And when the twilight cometh on  
 You hear the robin-lay.  
 All while the robin is awake,  
 With time for leisure wing,  
 He'll sit and sing for singing's sake,  
 Nor sigh if he can sing.  
 And when a grief is over past  
 He'll seek the topmost bough  
 And sing as he would sing his last,  
 As he is singing now.  
 To-day he loves the sunny sun,  
 To-morrow loves the rain,  
 In autumn loves the winter run,  
 And loves the spring again.  
 He thinketh not if he may die,  
 Or mourneth the unknown,  
 But feels the moment going by  
 And maketh it his own.

## THE RAINBOW IN THE SPRAY

Another present from Heaven,  
 Another perfect day;  
 Like a dew that covers the dryness,  
 Like a rainbow in a spray.  
 And this is all of my lifetime,  
 And this my only day  
 That I need to think of or care for,  
 With its rainbow in the spray.

MEASURE <sup>1</sup>

'Tis measure leads straight on to perfect fit;  
 And perfect fit is perfect perfectness.  
 Who marks the perfect rule helps read the stars,  
 The slightest fault on earth is great in heaven;  
 The line that deviates will never reach  
 The targe where Truth, the Revelator, stands,

'Tis accuracy of guidance and of aim  
 That swings the planets of the universe  
 In wavy lines without one accident.  
 'Tis perfectness of work makes silence reign  
 Among the myriad stars.

Our souls, like planets, know not where to go,  
 But follow on in floating, curving lines,  
 Now up, now down, to left, to right, but on;  
 Our safety certain only as we yield.  
 But as we yield, the Great Astronomer  
 Of souls, with joyous calculation, sees  
 The peaceful path through which he can us lead.  
 Our path is holy ground. By step and step  
 Is meted all our way.

But who shall find the measures I have lost —  
 The measures of a man? The length and breadth  
 And height must equal be. Length is a line,  
 A hair, a viewless thread. The largest plane  
 Is but a surface that no thickness hath:  
 The length and breadth and height alone, a cube.  
 We must all measures have, and equal ones.  
 The sculptor measures in the marble block  
 And finds a man. The architect will seek,  
 With rule exact, and find a living shaft.  
 But oh what sculptor, architect, shall search  
 With line and reed, and beat away the chips,  
 And find a worshiper, or living stone,  
 To fit in somewhere in the holy fane!

<sup>1</sup> This poem unifies the scholar and the poet as well as the minister.

THE WOODLANDERS

*A Lament over them*

Ho, come, stand with heads uncovered  
And hear the story told growing old!  
How men went to war as to pleasure  
As they go to seaside and mountain!  
How died they like flowers of the summer  
That appear for a day and are gone!

I saw, out of Maine's pine forest,  
The wood-camp crew on dead heavy tread:  
Not marching from schoolhouse to common,  
From common to schoolhouse returning,  
But forward and onward and southward  
To the banks of Potomac away.

Old mates crossing o'er at Fairfield  
The Kennebec's proud wave, to the grave  
High travelling, musket to shoulder;  
I saw them in columns unsorted,  
In ranks like the tips of the pine tops,  
Short and tall arm to arm, friend to friend.

Oh men, share my aching sorrow.  
Bow down with grief profound to the ground.  
They never marched back again homeward;  
They died on Virginia's borders;  
The boughs of their bunks from the hemlock  
Shed their leaves and dried up and decayed.

. . . . .  
No more. Went they on and onward.  
I heard the cannon sound; and the ground  
Was always in opening her bosom  
And folding them mustered from battle.  
And off were their wraiths to the wildwood,  
Their freed manes were back in old home.

Even now, when the snow is going,  
And logs are hauled no more to the shore.  
And axes no longer all talking,  
Their shades wander down over State St.  
And into the city of Bangor  
With the sturdy old stepping of yore.

Like beeves, free of yoke and loosened,  
Together keep they still down the hill,  
Along by the Bridge of Kenduskeag,  
To Elder's, the Alleyway Cellar,  
And eat of the meal they had promised  
Far away in the fields of the South.

#### THE EVENING PRIMROSE

The primrose blooms at eventide,  
And, where I go, the highway side  
It lights up with its yellow blow:  
What else it does I do not know, —  
Except, all day, with dust of road  
The leaves are gray, and, until blowed,  
The bud is gray, with slight perfume,  
Till eve unfolds a clean sweet bloom.  
It grows there in the short green grass  
Between where foot and carriage pass:  
Where wheels might crush it, should one ride,  
And the horse startled sheer aside.  
It sprang up there, and there hath grown  
And made the narrow green its own:  
Chose not a place by nature fair,  
But made one so by growing there.  
And when the August days are hot  
It quitteth not the chosen spot,  
But there at evening may be found  
Because the root is deep in ground.

I often pick one for my wife;  
'Tis so much like her own dear life  
To stay right here where she but must  
And be a flower though there be dust.

THE LOST SHEEP

Hear, Good Shepherd, hear my cry;  
Lost among the hills am I.  
Leave, for me, the ninety-nine;  
Find me, find, and make me thine.  
In the mountains, strayed from thee,  
Come, O come, and seek for me.

Where the wilderness is dry  
Seek for me before I die.  
Where the mountain-side is steep  
And ravines are dark and deep,  
Where thou hearest one low moan  
Seek me starving, lost and lone.

Lay me on thy shoulders, lay,  
Weak and weary of my way.  
All my strength in wandering spent,  
Take, and bear me to thy tent.  
Let me hear thine own dear voice,  
And thy friends, with thee, rejoice.

[ Written at the close of life. ]



PART VII. THE PATRIOTS OF  
THE FAMILY

1775-1812-1846-1861-1914



## THE PATRIOTS OF THE FAMILY

One of the great-granddaughters, Mrs. Carrie Stratton Howard, was the Organizing Regent of the Fort Halifax Chapter of the D. A. R. in Winslow. In cordial response to my request, she has given me the Patriotic Records of the Family.

### COLONIAL DAMES

The Colonial Dames of America is a society composed of women who are descended in a direct line from an ancestor who rendered distinguished services in the colonies prior to 1776. He must have been an officer in the Colonial Army, a member of the Colonial Legislature, a deputy Governor or Governor, or a member of the Governor's Council. I feel very sure the descendants of William Paine and of his son John Paine are eligible.

*1775-1783*

In the War of the American Revolution, we have three ancestors. Timothy Ware, the father of Abiel Ware Paine, was a private and served at Lexington, April 11, 1775. He served on a secret expedition from September 25, to October 30, 1777; from July 26 to August 26, 1778. Lemuel, the father of Frederic, Abiel's husband, was a private in Capt. Theophilus Lyons Co., enlisted March 1, 1778. The company marched to Castle Island. He was discharged April 5, 1778.

Both of these records have been certified and are on file in Memorial Continental Hall, at Washington, D. C.

Nehemiah Carpenter, the father of Rachel, wife of Lemuel Paine, was at the first alarm, marched from Foxboro to Concord, on the 19th of April, 1775. He served at three other times always as an officer. He had two sons "Veterans," Nehemiah and Ezra.

*1812-1815*

My father writes that his father Frederic Paine (this in 1814) "volunteered and went to the war" but that "his military life, however was a short and bloodless one as the enemy did not make his appearance and the volunteers soon returned home and peace came."

Grandmother, in one of her letters, written of 1814, mentions the "time of war."

*1846-1848*

Charles Frederic Paine, the oldest son of Frederic Paine, was drafted for the Mexican War in 1846-7, but was never called.

*1861-1865*

Charles Frederic Paine had two sons who served for a short time in the Civil War. Otis Frederic, at the age of twenty-one, enlisted, July 15, 1864 and was mustered out November 30, 1864. William Loring, at the age of eighteen, enlisted May 1864 and was mustered out Aug. 5, 1864.

C. S. H.

*1914-1918*

In the great World War just brought to an end, it seems invidious to mention a few as patriots, when all were patriots. Those too young or too old to go to active service across the water, found work for money, hands and brains at home.

There are those in the family who had the privilege of being in close touch with the great strife.

The first record of service is written for me by Edward W. Paine, M. D., son of George S. Paine of Winslow and Great-grandson of Lemuel Paine.

Before America cast her lot in with the Allies, there were several organizations in France financed by Americans doing what they could for the cause. One of the most active of these was the American Ambulance, which maintained an ambulance service on the French Front and in addition supported a large hospital at Neuilly-sur-Seine just outside of Paris.

When I decided to offer my services, it was to the American Ambulance that I made application, and early in July, 1916, I found myself on board the French Line Boat, "Rochambeau" en route for the scene of action. On landing in France I had expected to go at once to the hospital at Neuilly, but instead was sent to a smaller hospital at Juilly, a town about twenty-five miles East of Paris. This hospital was entirely financed by Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney. It provided accommodations for some three hundred wounded and was later on taken over by our government.

The town of Juilly where the hospital was situated was on the very edge of the Marne battlefield and French and German graves dotted the landscape everywhere.

The hospital occupied most of a very old and at one time rather famous school building. No less a celebrity than Jerome Bonaparte attended school here, and the bed in which his brother Napoleon rested for a few hours is still in active service.

We received our wounded from the front by train or ambulance and when we had done what we could for them returned them to the front again, or to their homes. I worked here nine months; towards the last of my stay I was granted a two weeks leave to study at Dr. Carrel's hospital at Compiègne. Here Dr. Carrel and his associates, through the Rockefeller Foundation, were able to study and perfect a technique for the treatment of war wounds that was one of the most brilliant achievements of the war.

In February, I received an offer from an English organization, the "Croix Rouge Française," having a temporary hospital at Arc-en-Barrois, an interesting little town in the Haute Marne. The French government through the courtesy of the Duc de Penthièvre had turned over to them the Duke's hunting lodge, a tremendous stone Château situated in a beautiful park and surrounded by one of the most extensive forests in France.

Here I spent twelve pleasant months, very busy but with time to enjoy the lovely climate of this little visited section of France.

Both this and the Juilly hospital were far enough back from the front to be out of range of shell fire and the sound of guns came to us only as distant thunder.

In March, 1918, I underwent a surgical operation in the hope that I would then be eligible for a commission in our own army, but was rejected and returned to America in 1918.

EDWARD W. PAINE, M.D.

*May 8, 1919. Winslow, Maine.*

The second record was written for me by Edith Paine Benedict, several of whose children served in France.

Florence Benedict Hedin sailed for France in March, 1914, as her husband had been appointed head of the "Eagle Paris Bureau," 53 rue Cambon. They made this suite of rooms a social center for wounded soldiers throughout the entire war and did much to keep New York friends in touch with Brooklyn soldiers.

Florence also worked with Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Shurtleff in the relief work, begun almost at the very opening of the war. They worked especially for blind artists and musicians thrown out of employment by the war, and later for the refugees. Florence was in charge of the layette department, distributing baby clothes to needy mothers.

After the armistice, Mr. Hedin was one of the reporters at the Peace Conference, representing the "Universal Press."

Miriam Benedict had finished her training and become a graduate nurse in May 1916. She joined a "Harvard Unit," sailing Aug. 1916 and served as nurse in a British Army camp at Camiers, France, from Sep. 1916 to March 1917, Hospital 22. The following summer, she entered a Red Cross Hospital

in Paris which was later taken over by the government. She then united with the U. S. Army and served until the close of the war. Military Hospital No. 2, 6me Piccini, Paris.

Rev. H. Hawthorne Benedict tried repeatedly to join the army but was rejected for defective hearing. In September, 1918, however, he was accepted by the Y. M. C. A., took a training course at Springfield, and sailed in December. He had charge of a Y. M. C. A. foyer du Soldat at Cazean, Gironde, France. His work was for French Aviators. In August, he was transferred to Warsaw and has signed for six months in Poland to establish, with others, Y. M. C. A. huts.

There were other grandsons of Timothy Otis Paine who had a part in the war, the sons of the daughter Isabel of Cincinnati.

Ernest H. Grant, a Chemical Engineer, was in the service of the U.S. at Washington throughout the war.

Richard E. Grant was in active service in France during the last year, as a private of the 29th division.

Otis Paine Grant joined the navy, served as an officer in a training camp but did not go to France.

E. P. B.





My aim in beginning this work was to give to my *kin* the records of the family, but a most unexpected result has come to *me*. The Grandmother brought with her other discoveries scarcely less precious than was the first.

There is my uncle, "My oldest Son," whom I never knew and who now seems a part of my past and of my present. There is "My Fourth Son," whom I ever knew and whom I had ever wondered at, but who now with these "Glimpses" into his intimate home relations, seems a new discovery; and there are my four cousins who have helped make these records possible.

Then there is my father, "My Second Son," whom I thought I knew and for whom we all had the greatest regard and affection, but whose early life, with its strong interests and aspirations, was an unopened book until the Journal revealed him to us.

But perhaps the most surprising Discovery these Glimpses have brought to me is that of the close kinship in *thought* and *expression* existing between my sister Selma Ware Paine and my Grandmother, Abiel Ware Paine.

It is my pleasure to close this book of mine with the closing words of my father in his Genealogy.

"This book is respectfully presented to the many members of the family and others interested, with the hope that its perusal may afford, at least, a passing pleasure, if not a permanent benefit to them from knowing who were their fathers whose blood now flows in their veins, and whose spirit controls or influences their lives. At the same time, the writer cannot hesitate to express the sentiment that all members of the line may justly realize as applicable to them, the truth of the adage with which this history begins,

'The Glory of the Children are their Fathers.'"

L. A. C.

1919





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