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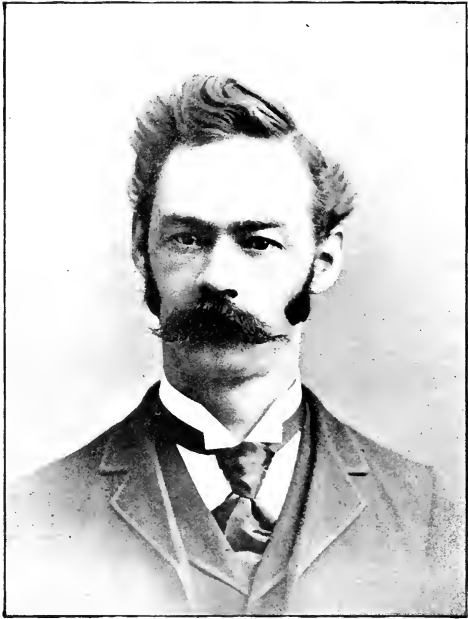
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Harry H. Cochrane

HISTORY OF

MONMOUTH AND WALES

BY

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ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

V. 1

VOLUME ONE

EAST WINTHROP

BANNER Co.

1894

1401486

PREFACE

Josephus in his "Antiquities of the Jews" says:

"Those who undertake to write histories, do not, I perceive, take that trouble on one and the same account, but for many reasons, and those such as are very different one from another. For some of them apply themselves to this part of learning, to show their great skill in composition, and that they may therein acquire a reputation for speaking finely. Others of them there are who write histories in order to gratify those that happen to be concerned in them; and on that account have spared no pain, but rather gone beyond their own abilities in the performance. But others there are, who, of necessity and by force, are driven to write history, because they were concerned in the facts, and so cannot excuse themselves from committing them to writing, for the advantage of posterity. Nay, there are not a few who are induced to draw their historical facts out of darkness into light, and to produce them for the benefit of the public, on account of the great importance of the facts themselves with which they have been concerned."

Had Josephus, in this enumeration, mentioned those whose love of the haunts and scenes of childhood engenders a desire that the events which have been con-

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nected with those resorts, and have largely contributed to their formation and development, may be saved from the oblivion that awaits all oral history, his list would have been well-nigh complete.

Not far from 1850, my grandfather, Dr. James Cochrane, jun., at the solicitation of many of his friends, prepared and delivered, at different points in the town, a series of lectures on the early history of Monmouth. These lectures, while covering but a brief period, terminating at the eighth year after the town's incorporation, contained an invaluable fund of information.

Having in his professional rounds opportunities for collecting data that few writers of local history enjoy, and being in himself a perfect hand-book of reminiscence, the brief history prepared by him, although wanting methodical arrangement, possessed many rare attributes, not least among which was that of general authenticity.

About ten years ago, while reading the interesting incidents contained in the manuscript lectures, a desire was awakened to know more of my favorite town's history. With no conception of what the task involved, or where it would end, the work was begun. The proverbial "oldest inhabitant" was interviewed, and his store of traditional lore extracted; correspondence opened with families whose fathers and mothers were natives of the town; the town records ransacked; the deeds in the court-house at Wiscasset transcribed; records in the library of the New England Historico-Genealogical Society, at Boston, copied; time-stained diaries and private account books surprised by having their musty pages opened to the light of day; old

newspaper files examined; and, in brief, every available source of information explored and its contents appropriated.

The reader whose task it is to criticise the arrangement, sneer at the diction and rave at the unavoidable errors that are presented in this volume has, and can have until he gains it by actual experience, no idea of the tremendous amount of labor involved in the production of a local history. "Oh, that mine adversary had written a book!" exclaimed the afflicted patriarch; and "Oh, that he would compile the annals of his town!" has been the most malignant desire of the author.

It is not a difficult matter to sit in a tilting chair and read, "Nathaniel Noname, who has been mentioned as one of the assessors for the year 1803, removed from Downeast, N. B., in 1797, and settled on the farm now owned by Samuel Someone, which he purchased of Moses Miserly. Many of his posterity have gained a national reputation, prominent among whom is Peter Puzzler, the author of *Puzzler's New Treatise on Hydrostatics*," and yet it may have taken the author weeks to collect the data embraced in these two brief sentences. As these fictitious names cover actual historical facts, it may be interesting to the reader to learn how the facts were secured. In the first place, among the stained and faded papers in the town clerk's hands was found a record of the town meeting for the year 1803, in which the name of Nathaniel Noname appears as one of the assessors. No one in the village had any knowledge of a family by that name. After many fruitless inquiries, a trip was made around the town and the name presented to the oldest citizens that could

be found in the different sections, each one of whom was interrogated concerning the family. At last an old gentleman was found who had some faint recollection of a Nathaniel Noname who lived on the place where Mr. Someone now lives, and who had a son who went to Arkansas. Going to Wiscasset, as nine-tenths of the deeds given in Kennebec county prior to 1799 are recorded there, an instrument dated 1789 was found which attested the transfer of real estate between Moses Miserly, of Wales Plantation, and Nathaniel Noname, of Downeast, N. B. Referring to the assessors' books, it was discovered that Nathaniel Noname was taxed for real estate in 1789, but was first assessed for a poll tax in 1797, which proved that he did not move into the town until several years after he purchased his land. Nothing more could be learned of the family until a newspaper was accidentally picked up, several months later, which contained the obituary of Nehemiah Noname, formerly of Arkansas, in Scandalville, Conn. Thinking that there might be a connecting link here, a letter was addressed to the heirs of the late Nehemiah Noname, requesting the favor of a copy of the family records. Soon the information came which identified Nehemiah Noname as the son of Nathaniel Noname, of Monmouth, and giving among his posterity the name of Peter Puzzler, the celebrated scientist.

The above is no imaginary presentation. It is an actual experience of the author's, and is given as one of many similar instances to arouse in the reader an appreciation of what has been done.

In preparing this memorial, I have, more and more,

been impressed with the importance of hastening the work. A few years hence, much that is note-worthy, much that is of incalculable importance in the line of historical data, will be forever buried with those who hold it in trust. Let ten summers sweep over the ripening fields of humanity, let ten autumns bring their shadows and gloom into the waning intellect, let ten winters draw their shroud over the fallen relics of other days, and what human power could gather from the withered residue the tissue of a comprehensive, authentic history? It would even now be impossible for the writer to collect some data that was contributed by aged citizens who have died since the work of compilation was commenced.

The preparation and publication of this history have been attended by innumerable difficulties. Although the papers prepared by my grandfather were intensely interesting, and of inestimable value as a nucleus for a more extensive historical work, more especially so since they contained the only transcriptions of the lost plantation records in existence, they were arranged simply for an evening's entertainment, and consisted of disconnected records, reminiscences, and traditions which must be connected with long paragraphs of historical matter to produce a sequential arrangement; and, as the statements concerning the early settlement, purchase of land and titles were taken from old citizens whose memories were sometimes waning, it was necessary to verify these traditions, as far as possible, by the contemporary records, and, in a few instances, correct errors. To insure accuracy, I have secured a copy of every deed given by the land-holders

in Monmouth and Wales Plantation from 1774 to 1799, as recorded in the ancient archives at Wiscasset.

Especially has it been difficult to secure complete and accurate family records. Incredible as it may seem, there are intelligent, well-educated people in Monmouth who could not furnish the names of their grandfathers, when called upon to assist in the preparation of their family histories, and there are scores who can hardly be forced to believe that anything stretching so far back toward the brink of infinitude as a great-grandfather ever had a place in their ancestry. Anyone with average reasoning powers must realize how utterly impossible it is for one with no resources from which to draw except the badly-kept town records and inscriptions on grave-stones to compile complete family records without the assistance of the families themselves. And yet there will be captious critics who, after having been appealed to in vain once and again for assistance in compiling their genealogies, will condemn and execrate the author because he has not accomplished the labor which no one but themselves could perform. It has been my desire and intention to have the family records accurate and trustworthy, but it is not claimed that that this desire has been fully realized. In the absence of written records, oral communications have been taken as a substitute, and the too prevalent desire to make one's grandfather appear a greater hero than "that other old foggy," renders it difficult to give a character his true place in the narrative. The statement of the proud scion cited by one of my historical correspondents, to the effect that his "great-grandfather came over in the 'Mayflow-

er' and fought in the Revolutionary War," was too obvious an incongruity to make it dangerous, unless, as the correspondent suggests, he may have been a direct descendant of Methuselah, but less glaring inconsistencies are quite liable to pass unchallenged, unless the historian is extremely vigilant.

The long delay following the advent of the prospectus which has caused many (the author included) to lose faith in the enterprise, can not be attributed to lack of energy or bad management. The one stroke of questionable policy is the attempt to publish a work which will not return one-half the amount it has cost.

As no account of expenditures has been kept, it is impossible to make even a fairly approximate estimate of what the cost of compiling and publishing has been; but it is perfectly safe to assert that if every copy of the edition should be taken, the net receipts will not afford anything like an ordinary laborer's pay for the time that has been consumed; and but for an appropriation of three hundred dollars which was secured from the town through the active efforts of Dr. H. M. Blake and his associates, it would have been an extremely difficult matter to complete the work.

As there has been an inclination on the part of some to question the propriety of this action of the town, it will be in order to state, in this connection, that it is customary for towns to make appropriations for such objects, and in no instance that has come to the writer's knowledge has the amount of the appropriation been less than that made in behalf of this enterprise. One Maine author of a local history received over one thousand dollars in voluntary contributions.

But for the failure of the publisher who engaged to print the book on shares, it would have long since been placed in the homes of the people; and but for the heavy financial obligations that have hung over the author it would have been issued at a personal risk at an earlier date.

The History of Monmouth and Wales is now placed in your hands. Prolonged expectancy has, undoubtedly, developed many an imaginary paragraph which a perusal of the pages which follow will dissipate. Criticise it considerably. Others could have performed the task far more creditably and acceptably, but who ventured to assume the burden?

It is not claimed that every event that has transpired within the limits of Monmouth and Wales has been recorded within these pages. The intelligent reader can not fail to realize the utter impracticability of preparing a history on such a comprehensive basis. Were it possible to secure the minute data for such a work, "even the world itself", to use the somewhat hyperbolic predication of John the Evangelist, "could not contain the books that should be written." To recall the cardinal events in the history of Wales Plantation, those events that gradually modelled from a block of pristine wilderness the sister towns as they are to-day, has been considered far more important than to state how many times John Smith shingled his barn, how many assistants he employed, and of whom he purchased his hammer and nails.

If facts of supreme importance to some individual reader fail to appear, bear in mind that the writer does not boast oracular wisdom or the power of divination.

Items for publication have been solicited for a period of above six years, and if all that is essential does not appear, it is the fault of those who have withheld the data which they might have furnished.

To all who by contributions, advocacy, and sympathy, have assisted in this arduous and wearisome task I would proffer cordial acknowledgements. In addition to those who have rendered pecuniary aid, many thanks are due to the officers of the New England Historico-Genealogical Society, Boston, Mass., and to the Secretary of State, of Massachusetts, for permission to examine records and for the use of valuable ancient documents; to the Register of Deeds of Lincoln County, for assistance in tracing land titles; to Perley Derby, esq., of Salem, Mass., for genealogical papers; to Miss Gay and Mrs. H. W. Swanton, of Gardiner, Me., for permission to copy a bust of Gen. Dearborn, and for the use of private family papers; to Mr. Andrew W. Tinkham, of North Monmouth, whose fund of historical knowledge is in exact proportion to his massive physique, for much invaluable information and encouragement; to John C. Fogg, esq., of Wales, for items concerning early settlers in that town; to Jacob G. Smith, esq., of East Monmouth and Mr. Everett Andrews, of West Gardiner, for important contributions; and to Dr. C. M. Cumston, and others whose names will appear in the body of the work, for kind council and assistance.

It would be ungrateful to close these introductory paragraphs without tendering a tribute of affectionate acknowledgement to the memory of Phineas B. Nichols, of East Monmouth, whose reminiscences were

ing the early settlers of that part of the town afforded opportunities for much fruitful research. Though not permitted to enjoy the perusal of the pages which he anticipated with such great delight, his is the far more exalted pleasure of reading from the book the seals of which none but the Lion of the tribe of Judah could break, the revelation of events which no earthly historian can unfold. May his mantle fall and abide on many!

Harry H. Cochrane.

Monmouth, Dec. 5, 1892.

HISTORY OF MONMOUTH.

CHAPTER I.

THE ABORIGINES.

THE sixth decade of the eighteenth century found the narrow interval between the Androscoggin and Kennebec rivers an unbroken wilderness. Here and there, along the shores of the ponds, the monotony of the vista was, in a measure, relieved by the appearance of groups of Indian wigwams. Game in abundance wandered aimlessly through the dense forests, unarrested, save by the native huntsman's arrow. Dusky braves paddled their canoes lazily among the islands of the Cobbosee-contee, laved their heated bodies in the cool waters of the Cochnewagan, and ate their venison and salmon on the banks of the Anabessacook.

On the southern shore of the Anabessacook, in the pasture belonging to the Frederick estate, may still

be seen deep, circular indentations, where their camp fires glowed more than a century ago. Research has been rewarded by the discovery, in these cellars, of many utensils used by the natives in their culinary employments. Stone implements and instruments of warfare have also been found in abundance, their form and nicety of finish—taking into consideration the difficulties under which they were constructed—giving evidence of that characteristic perseverance which has been transmitted to the modern American in painfully exceptional instances. And, occasionally, a school child, more fortunate than its envious companions, or a bather, tarrying for a moment on the warm sand, finds among the pebbles on the shore a flint arrow-head, where it has rested ever since the day, away back in the misty past, when a strong-armed native sent it whizzing after the bounding caribou, or, perchance, on a mission of death to some copper-hued enemy.

The glory of the red man is truly “a thing of the past.” A few decaying families, gathering at their rendezvous at Oldtown in the winter, and scattering in small groups among the resorts of pleasure-seekers during the warm months of summer, but weakly represent the powerful nation whose warriors were once numbered by thousands.

Originally, the Indians of Maine were divided into two distinct nations—the Etchekins, who occupied the lands from the Penobscot eastward, and the Abenaques, who held the territory between the Penobscot and the present New Hampshire line. The Abenaques nation was divided into four tribes; consisting of the Sokokis, who lived on the shores of the Saco river; the Wawe-

nocs, whose grounds were east of Merrymeeting Bay; the Canibas, who occupied both sides of the Kennebec river from Merrymeeting Bay to Moosehead Lake; and the Anasagunticooks, who claimed the banks of the Androscoggin and the section irrigated by the chain of lakes that unites the waters of the Androscoggin with those of the Kennebec.

These tribes were sub-divided into clans, one of which—a branch of the Canibas,—dwelling on the site now covered by the city of Augusta, was called the Cushnoc. A strange Indian custom was that of giving the tribal name to the place occupied as a camping ground, or, on the contrary, of assuming the words used to signify some peculiarity of a location as the name of the tribe. Thus Cushnoc, meaning, “the running-down-place,” became the generic name of all Indians living in that vicinity. Another of these clans was the Teconnets. Their home was near the falls of Teconnet, or Ticonic, at Waterville. Still another, was that of the Norridgewogs, whose headquarters were at Norridgewock. This clan possessed greater advantages than any other of the Abenagues nation. In 1698, Father Sabastian Rasle, a French Jesuit priest, touched with the true missionary spirit, left his home in France, and with it all that life could promise, and crossing the ocean, settled among the natives at Norridgewock, purposing to teach them the arts of civilization, and, more particularly, the Jesuit faith. That he succeeded well in the latter, the tenacity with which descendents of the tribe have held to the precepts and principles which were inculcated by him on the hearts of their fathers demonstrates. In 1724, the

English settlers, believing that Rasle's influence had much to do with inciting the Indians to ally themselves with the French, who were then conducting a bloody war against the colonies, sent a body of men from Fort Richmond to capture him. He was surprised and shot in the door of his wigwam. The story of his death is touchingly told, though perhaps with poetic freedom, in Whittier's "Mogg Magone."

The Anasagunticooks were, originally, a powerful and warlike people. Indeed, they once bore the unenviable reputation of being the strongest and most ferocious of all tribes in New England. As we daily traverse the paths that were once pressed by their moccasined feet, and till the lands they once claimed as their hunting-ground, it will be eminently proper to give such incidents as history and tradition furnish concerning the sachems and warriors of this tribe.

At the first appearance of the white man, their advances were most amicable; and, although much occurred to weaken their confidence in their new neighbors, their attitude toward them did not radically change until the opening of King Philip's war, when they became fiercer and more bloodthirsty than the wolves that howled in the wilderness about them. In the year 1615, a terrible plague, the terrors of which Longfellow has vividly portrayed in his "Song of Hiawatha," broke out among them. From an almost interminable host, their warriors were reduced to fifteen hundred in number. Later, wars and other causes brought them almost to the verge of extinction; so near it that, in the year 1726, there were only five Indians in the whole tribe above sixteen years of age.

Twenty-five years later, they could boast one hundred and sixty warriors.

The first of their sagamores, whose name history has preserved, was Chogoandoe, whose signature, resembling a cross between a Chinese character and an Egyptian hieroglyph struck by lightning, appears on an Indian deed bearing the date 1653, and conveying to Thomas Lake, of Boston, and Mr. Spencer, of Charlestown, the historic lands east and west of the Kennebec. Another deed is on record, given by Worumbo, another sachem of the Anasagunticooks, to Richard Wharton, July 7, 1684, attesting his title to the lands formerly held by Thomas Purchase, of Brunswick. Kankamagus, to whom the English settlers gave the name "Hawkins," was another of their chieftains. He had been a sachem of the Pennacooks, but joined the Anasagunticooks in, or about, 1684, living with Worumbo, whom he succeeded. Philip Will, a young Indian who was born at Cape Cod, was taken captive by the French, at the siege of Louisbourg, when he was fourteen years of age, and, living among this tribe of savages many years, finally became their chief. He was educated by a Mr. Crocker, of whose family he was, for a long time, a member. He measured six feet and three inches in height, and was finely proportioned. The Anasagunticooks were many times saved from total extinction by his efforts.

The principal encampment of this tribe was at Brunswick Falls (by them called Pejepscoot) until the English immigrants forced them farther up the river. Here they gathered from all points along the banks of

the Androscoggin and its tributaries to hold their grand councils; and here they met other tribes to plan expeditions of warfare. Jay Point, or Canton, became their rendezvous after leaving Pejepscot. Rocomoco was the name by which it was known to them. This point possessed great advantages. It was too far back in the unexplored wilderness to be easily taken by the white forces; while, from its position at the head of a system of lakes, it not only commanded a vast territory, but held the key to three distinct routes to the ocean. The first of these was down the Androscoggin in the direct course to the confluence of the Kennebec; thence, through Merrymeeting Bay to the "great waters." The second, through Dead River into Androscoggin Pond; thence, by a short portage, in what is now Wayne,* into Wilson Pond; through the connecting stream, into Cochnewagan Pond; thence, by the tributary into Sabattis Pond, and down Sabattis River, into the lower Androscoggin. The third route was like the second as far as Wilson Pond; thence down the Wilson stream into the South, or Anabessacook Pond; thence, into the Cobbosee-contee; through the Cobbosee-contee stream into the Kennebec, and down the Kennebec to Merrymeeting Bay.

At various points along these routes they had stopping places where they mended their canoes and buried their furs. One of these was on Norris Island, in Androscoggin Pond. Another, in the opinion of the writer's grandfather, Dr. Jas. Cochrane, who gave much attention to this line of research, was the site already referred to, on the shore of South Pond. In this he

*The Indian name was Pocasset.

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SKETCH SHOWING ONE OF THE INDIAN CELLARS ON THE SHORE OF ANNABESSACOOK POND

SEE PAGE 2.

was, probably, mistaken. The depth of the excavations, as well as the great number of relics that have been exhumed, certainly indicate a permanent dwelling place. But still more conclusive evidence exists. When the first settlers built their cabins at East Monmouth, they found an Indian cornfield on the shore of South Pond. The hills were then plainly marked, running in three long rows, from near the water's edge, southward, to a point two-thirds of the distance to the brow of the hill. This field has never been disturbed by the plough, and close scrutiny will still reveal the outline of the rows. A few years ago, the breaking up plough was put into the soil on the brow of the hill, about ten rods south-west of this cornfield. When the sward was overturned, a stone pavement was discovered, covering an area of above four hundred square feet. This pavement was composed of closely packed, round stones. It was nearly as level as a house floor, and was completely covered with a stratum of ashes underlying a layer of earth several inches in depth. Undoubtedly, this is where the savages held their harvest-feasts and powwows. It requires no great stretch of the imagination to picture the whole tribe of painted and feathered Anasagunticooks coming in their canoes, thousands strong, from their villages all along the banks of the Androscoggin and the sides of the quiet lakes and streams, to celebrate some important event at their feasting grounds on the shore of the Anabessacook. Perhaps they gathered here after the chase, to celebrate, with barbecue and symposium, their successful tournament; perhaps, with gory scalps dangling from their belts, to leap around the glaring

flames, with fierce yells and wild contortions, in the horrible jubilation of a war victory.*

At one time the Anasagunticooks, numbering seven hundred, assembled at Rocomoco, with the intention of attacking and burning Gosstown.† They glided down the Androscoggin in their canoes at dead of night. Before reaching the dangerous rapids of Ameriscoggan (Lewiston Falls), the chief detached a brave from the fleet with the injunction to paddle with all haste to the highlands above the falls, and there build a signal fire; seeing which, the fleet would land, make a portage around the turbulent waters, and re-embark in the smooth river below. By a timely intervention of Providence—or was it by mere chance that Daniel Malcolm, of Gosstown, a noted Indian-hunter, by them known as Surgurnumby, i. e., “*a very strong man*,” arrived on the scene just as the Indian was fanning into a flame the faint spark that he had produced with steel and flint? Malcolm’s keen perception read in this act the whole scheme. Creeping up softly, he dispatched the plotting brave, and, hastily extinguishing the flames, ran to a high point of land far below the falls, and there raised a broad, gleaming beacon. The unsuspecting savages paddled down the river in apparent security. They

*This discovery may have an important bearing on the ancient Pemaquid pavements, concerning which so much speculative history has been written. Since this chapter was begun, I have been apprised of the existence of another of these singular structures on the banks of the Sheepscott. The fact that a deep deposit of loam had formed over the stones, while a century had failed to accumulate a stratum of sufficient depth to obliterate the hills in the cornfield, is good evidence in favor of the theory that this may be a relic of an age anterior to that of the North American Indian. After all our theorizing is concluded, we can only place it on the shelf with the monuments of the Mound Builders and the shell heaps of Newcastle.

†Brunswick. — The Indians called it Pejepscoot, the first settlers, Gosstown.

saw the light, and, supposing it to be the one their confederate had built, paddled on into the very jaws of the rapids. Nearly every brave in the fleet was either mangled on the rocks or drowned in the current. And this exploit not only saved the people of Gosstown from a worse fate than that shared by the savages, but completely shattered the strength of the Anasagunticooks. It was their last expedition of warfare.

The Anasagunticooks had a burying ground on Norris's Island, in Wayne, and another at the headwaters of the Jocomunyaw stream, in Wales, on the farm long known as the Capt. Labree place; now owned by Mr. Daniel P. Boynton, of Monmouth. A great number of relics have been exhumed in both of these places. So far as is known, these were the only general burying places of the Anasagunticooks, although they must have had others.* The extensive Indian burying grounds at Winslow, Me., from which so many valuable relics have been taken, belonged to the Canibas tribe.

Although the eastern Aborigines usually had special grounds where the bodies of their dead warriors were interred, it is by no means an uncommon occurrence to find one isolated from his fellows—perhaps on account of some misdemeanor or crime; perhaps as a mark of respect, as to a chief. Not many years ago, a massive Indian skeleton was exhumed at East Monmouth, about half way between the house now owned by Mr. Frank Jones and the schoolhouse. James Nichols was the fortunate discoverer. He was shoveling sand from a

*A few of their graves have been found on the west shore of the Cochnewagan, in the pasture belonging to the B. F. Marston estate.

bank beside the road, when the blade of his shovel struck the collar bone of the skeleton. By proceeding carefully, the entire frame was unearthed. It proved to be that of a giant, measuring almost seven feet and a half in height. The skull is said to have been as large as a common iron tea-kettle. The body was buried with its feet toward the rising sun; and a complete outfit of implements of warfare, buried at its side, indicated that it was that of a warrior—perhaps a sagamore. The bones remained on the spot for two or three years. The schoolboys of that district found in this relic an infinite source of delight. Every recess found them with the skull poised on the crown of a large rock, bombarding it with the arm and leg bones of the dismembered warrior. If any one ventured to question their right to indulge in such acts of desecration, they would pause long enough to ejaculate, "Shooting Injuns!" and resume their sport with redoubled vigor.

To the Anasagunticooks we are indebted for the names of many of our beautiful ponds—Cobbossee-contee, Cochnewagan, Anabessacook, Sabattis and Androscoggin.

Cobbossee-contee, literally translated, is, "*Sturgeon many.*" Originally, the ending, "*cook,*" meaning, "*place of,*" was appended. Thus written, Cobbossee-contee-cook, it signified, "*the place of many Sturgeon.*" Dr. James Cochrane, Jr., whose opinions will be frequently cited in these pages, argues that the word, "Cobbossee," signified "*Salmon.*" Sturgeon were found in the Kennebec in plentitude, but none were known to enter the

narrow waters of the Cobbossee-contee, while they almost swarmed with salmon.*

In connection with this, a tradition, quoted by J. W. Hanson, in his history of Gardiner and vicinity, will not prove uninteresting. "When the first red men came from the distant and beautiful northwest, to which the Indian always directed his gaze, and where he fancied were the Happy Hunting Grounds, a small clan settled along the Cobossee-contee,† from its source to its mouth. Scarcely had they pitched their wigwams when, one day, one of their number, a noted brave, went down to the shore, and divesting himself of his clothing, exclaimed, "I am a Sturgeon" or Cabbassa, and plunged into the Kennebec near the mouth of the stream. Immediately a large sturgeon was seen frolicking among the waves, but though the sanups and sachems of the tribe looked long and anxiously for the warrior's return, and though his squaw and papposes mourned his absence, he was never seen again. Ever after, when one of the tribe was asked who he was he would reply, 'I am a sturgeon,' or cabbassa, or, in other words, a red man from Cabbassaguntiag. Gradually the hieroglyph of a sturgeon was adopted as their symbol, and was attached to their treaties, or deeds."

Wilson pond received its name from one Wilson, a hunter, from the town of Topsham, or Brunswick, who

*MS. Lectures, delivered about 1851.

†The name is spelled in various ways—Cobossee-contee, Cabassee-contee, Cabassaguntiag, etc. The Indians having no written language, those who attempted to reduce their words to writing used such characters as would best convey the pure sound; and, as the Indian dialect is replete with gutturals that can hardly be expressed with letters, it is not strange that different writers should use different combinations of symbols to express them. Cochnewagan is also spelled Caughnewagan, Cawnewago, etc.

was caught by Indians and drowned near the islands at the head of the pond. Another tradition says that he fell from his boat while intoxicated. The former version, being the more romantic, has the preference.

Sabattis pond took its name from a celebrated chief of the Anasagunticooks who bore that appellation. Sabattis was an Indian of keen intelligence and a skilful diplomatist. His name may be found often in the petitions and documents relating to Indian affairs, on file in the Massachusetts Archives. In 1725, a trading house was established at Fort Richmond. Two years later, Sabattis requested the government to keep stores at Brunswick, saying, "In cold winters and deep snows, my men, unable to go to Fort Richmond, sometimes suffer."

In 1717, the General Court of Massachusetts voted to pay seven hundred and fifty dollars, annually, for missions. Sabattis, ever on the alert to promote the interests of his tribe, at once presented to that honorable body a petition, in the name of the praying Indians of the Anasagunticooks, requesting "that ye Great Governor and Council would order a small Praying house to be built near the ffort the English and vs to meet in on Sabbath days." This petition, dated at Fort George, Brunswick, Oct. 3, 1717, was signed by Sabattis and two of his warriors, and interpreted by John Gyles. About the year 1757, during the French war, Sabattis captured, at Topsham, a man by the name of Daniel Eaton, who, in company with John Malcolm, was going to Maquoit for salt hay. Malcolm escaped; but Eaton was wounded in the wrist, captured, and carried to Canada, where Sabattis sold him for four dollars. The

only food the captive had to eat, during the long journey, was a partridge, which his keeper shot. Of this, the kind-spirited, but by no means fastidious, chief reserved only the head and entrails for himself, giving the more palatable portion to Eaton. More than forty years later, Sabattis again passed through Brunswick. He visited a store in the village, where quite a crowd gathered to see the noted old chief, then almost a centenarian. A lad was sent for Eaton, who left his work and joined the crowd at the store. He was immediately recognized by Sabattis, who seemed pleased to meet him. Eaton drew up his sleeve and showed the chief the buckshot that he fired at the time of his capture. Sabattis appeared to be greatly disturbed by this reminder of the days of "auld lang syne," and remarked, "That long time ago; war times too." After a brief but friendly conversation, the old warrior and his former captive shook hands and parted.

In 1775, Sabattis acted as guide to Benedict Arnold when he ascended the Kennebec river on his expedition to Quebec. It is probable that the veteran brave, whom history would have a frequent visitor to the shores of the Kennebec, watched with keen interest the building of Arnold's pontoons, at Pittston, and that the patriotic ardor that marked his youth, and now again his declining years, caused him to forget that seventy, or more, winters had stiffened his limbs when he offered to lead the party through the mazes of the wilds of northern Maine.

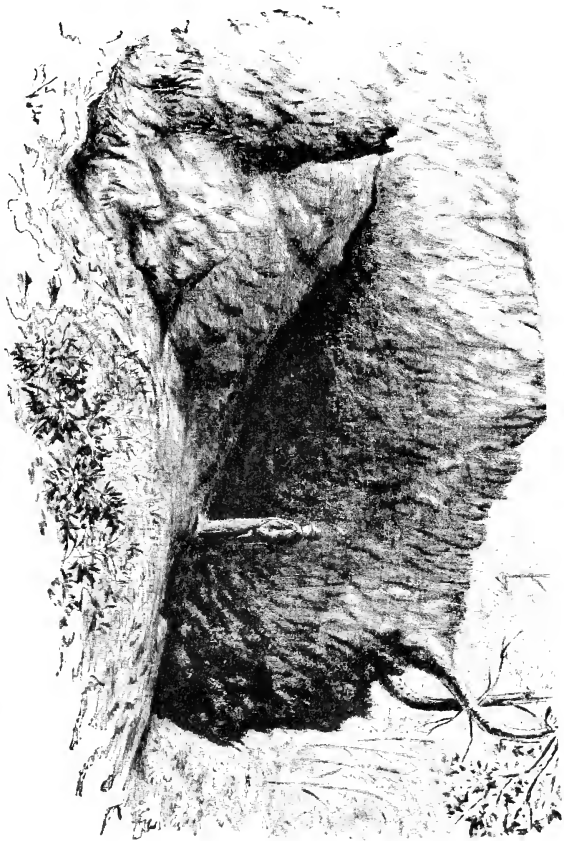
When they reached the headwaters of the Kennebec, Sabattis committed the party to the guidance of his brother, Natahnis, who lived in a lonely cabin, far back

toward the Canadian frontier. For some reason, Natahnis left the army, and disappeared in the forest. Arnold suspected him of treachery, and, after several days, sent a body of men back through the wilds to his cabin, to surround it and arrest him as a spy. The cabin was found to be deserted; but near at hand, impaled on a stake, was a sheet of birch bark, on which Natahnis had sketched a very accurate map of the route to Canada, without which Arnold could hardly have guided his army through the unexplored region of the Chaudiere.

Sabattis died at an age rarely attained by man, beloved by the remnant of his tribe, and respected by those who had once been the avowed enemies of the red man. He was buried, it is supposed, on the mountain in Wales which bears his name.

How the Cochnewagan received its name can only be conjectured. There is a tradition among the Indians that a battle was once fought upon this pond, and that Cochnewagan means "*battle*" or "*fight*." According to this tradition, the belligerent parties were the tribe living in this vicinity, and a tribe from Canada. The Canadian Indians conquered; and ever after, as the subjugated braves gazed upon the scene of the conflict, they mournfully exclaimed—"Cochnewagan!"

Drake, who is considered good authority on questions relating to the aborigines, claims that the true translation of the word is, "*a place of praying Indians*." It is strange that two definitions, which, ethically considered, are diametrically opposed, should be applied to this word, since all this occurred before the advent of church choirs.



“THE DEVIL’S DEN,” SABATTUS MOUNTAIN.
TRADITIONAL SPOT ON WHICH SABATTIS WAS SHOT.—PAGE 14.

Tradition having testified, we will now turn to history. On the night of the eighth of February, 1690, an attack was made on the village of Schenectady, on the Mohawk, fourteen miles above Albany, N. Y. The enemy consisted of about two hundred French, and a horde of Caghnawaga Indians, under the command of D'Aillebout, DeMantel and LeMoyne. Their first design was against Albany, but having been two-and-twenty days on their march, they were reduced to such straights that they had thoughts of surrendering themselves as prisoners of war. The Indians, therefore, advised attacking Schenectady. The attack was made in the dead of night. All the houses were surprised simultaneously, and before the frenzied inmates could rise from their beds, the enemy were in possession; and almost instantly, the whole village was in flames. The outrages committed by the brutal savages on this occasion, beggar description. Women were outraged, and their children either dashed in pieces against the doorposts, or thrown into the flames before their eyes. Sixty persons were massacred and about thirty made prisoners. The rest fled, naked, through the deep snow, in the midst of a terrible storm. In this flight, twenty-five of the unhappy fugitives lost their limbs through the severity of the weather. The enemy pillaged the town and went off with the plunder, which included about forty of the best horses. The rest, with all the cattle they could find, they left slaughtered. As soon as the news reached Albany, the Mohawk Indians joined a party of young men from that place, and, pursuing the murderers and falling upon their rear, killed and

captured nearly thirty of them. How far they pursued them is not known. There is, however, a tradition among the Mohawk Indians that they pursued them as far as the borders of this pond, and that the battle fought at this time gave the pond its name. It will hardly do to give this great credence. It is far more in accord with reason to fix upon a place upon the Mohawk river, six miles below Albany, called Caughnewaga, as the place where the fight occurred between the retreating fiends and the pursuing avengers—whence the name, Caughnewaga—a fight. But there is no reason to doubt that the tribe, or clan of the Anasagunticook tribe, living on the shores of Cochnewaga pond was the assaulting party at the time of this outrage. It is generally supposed that the Caughnewagas who committed this act of brutality were those who dwelt on the Mohawk river. This, the bare facts contradict. This tribe was a branch of the Mohawks, who had, as all historians know, always been on most amicable terms with the English settlers, aiding them in their wars against the French and the Eastern Indians.

The facts in favor of the supposition that the assaulting tribe was from the vicinity of Monmouth are these: the distance from here to the scene of the massacre is about four hundred miles. An Indian travelling on snow-shoes at the rate of twenty miles in a day, would cover the distance in just about the space of time which authorities claim was consumed on the journey—twenty-two days. One narrator states that the Indians came from Canada. The towns of Jay and Canton were formerly known as “Phipps Canada,”

which appellative became, in the course of time, contracted to simply Canada.* Here was Rocomoco, the headquarters of the Anasagunticooks, of which the Cochnewagans were a branch. But most conclusive of all is the fact, that, so far as is known, no other locality of the Eastern States bears the name of the assaulting horde. There is, indeed, in the vicinity of the Madawaska settlements, on the northern frontier, the lingering spark of a tribe called the Cochnewagas; but it is composed of descendants of the small tribe of natives that the first settlers found dwelling on the shore of this pond, who pushed back into the northern wilds soon after their domains were invaded. After a careful examination of all accessible records relating to this subject, the writer is firm in the conviction that the tribe which became notorious for this atrocity started from Phips Canada, having resorted there from the shores of the Cochnewagan to receive instruction from the grand sachem, and, journeying westward, met the French troops from Montreal, by preconcerted agreement, and, with them, marched against Schenectady.

The Jockmuniyaw received its name from an old hunter and trapper by the name of John Muniyaw, who made the banks of that stream his principal resort. Tradition opens its voluminous pages again with the claim that Muniyaw was a red man. Whether this be true or not, it is not to be doubted that "Jock" as he was familiarly called, was a tangible being, and that the stream perpetuates his memory.

Purgatory Pond, the greater part of which lies with-

*This tract was granted to Capt. Phipps and sixty-three others for services rendered in the Indian wars.

in the limits of Monmouth, was christened by a party of hunters who encamped on its shores to pursue their vocation. The black flies tormented them beyond the power of endurance, and they finally abandoned their camp, leaving behind, as a token of their appreciation of the delights of the locality the name it still bears.

A great deal of romance attaches to the history of the lakes and streams about us. Much of this is obviously mythical. From a mass of folk-lore and history, the foregoing has been carefully selected, avoiding everything that did not bear well-defined marks of authenticity.

In closing this chapter, the reader is invited to take a stroll over the hill that rises from the western rim of the Cochnewagan, following the old Lewiston road down from its brow, as far as the farm buildings of Mr. Kingsbury. Turning abruptly to the right, we will then follow a wood road leading through the pasture until we reach the edge of the woodland. Turning to the right again, we confront the last relic of the original forest growth. It is a massive white birch, girding, at least, eight feet, and crowned with a mass of twisted scrawny limbs that have writhed in the storms of a hundred winters, and may yet sway in the breezes of another century; for the land on which it stands was sold with the understanding that this veteran should remain unmolested until the elements level its proud form. Close scrutiny reveals the fact that it rises from the centre of a stone fire place, and that a parallelogram is described around it in traces of an old log wall.

This decayed wall measures about nine and twelve

feet on its respective sides, with the stone work and its superincumbent pile at the southern end.

Sometime during the progress of the Revolutionary war, a deserter from the American Army came into the wilderness of Maine to escape the penalty of his offence. Selecting a spot far from any human habitation, on the side of a densely wooded hill, he built a cabin of rough logs, covered overhead with hemlock bark and boughs, and settled down to reflect on his past life and probable future.

Knowing that he could never with safety return to his former habitation, he endeavored to supply himself, as far as possible, with the comforts of life. He soon had his cabin surrounded by a flourishing orchard, and was enjoying the prospect of a coming fruitage, when he heard the sharp ring of a woodman's axe in the forest, not a gunshot from his home.

Fear of detection and apprehension drove away any pleasant anticipations that the prospect of meeting another of his kind may have afforded, and this fear, it is to be supposed, drove him farther back into the forest, where again the only sounds that could greet his ears were the fierce howl of wolves and the blood-curdling screech of the wild-cat.

Down at the foot of the hill on which his cabin rested, snuggling under its sturdy sides as if for protection, lay a tiny sheet of water with a circular border, carved as if by artifice. Its smooth face, protected from the winds by the topping hills, was always smiling when the weary outcast came down to fill his birchen bucket. If a pencil of sunlight found its way down through the dense foliage, it was thrown back into his frowning face,

as if to brighten not only his features but his dreary life. And when the clouds thickened above it and darkling shadows spread themselves over its sensitive surface, it seemed to glance up with sympathy that caused the lonely recluse to feel that he was not without companionship. Then, too, its mirrored surface gave him the only sight of humanity that was afforded him in all his years of solitude.

Is it strange that he should often resort to its mossy banks? And is it not fitting that this companion of his dreary life should still be wedded to his memory? That it should ever bear his name in—Bonney Pond.

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CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST SETTLERS.

VERY early in the seventeenth century, Europeans began to land upon the shores of Maine and to ascend the rivers, as far as navigable, into the interior. At first, voyagers were attracted to our shores by the hope of discovering some mine of precious metals or jewels. Although neither gold, silver nor diamonds greeted their eyes, their anticipations of discovering a mine of wealth were not wholly blasted, for a highly remunerative traffic was established with the natives. But this traffic, although it brought wealth into the coffers of the European adventurers, proved in the end highly disastrous, and brought calamity upon their heads and the heads of their children.

Vessels loaded with trinkets as gaudy as the autumn leaves that fell in the New England forests, and possessing about the same intrinsic value, visited the new country and returned freighted with furs valued at thousands of dollars.

It was not long, however, before the natives began to

realize that they were not receiving an adequate return for their products and this source of revenue became unfruitful.

About that time gentlemen of opulence and ability attempted to found colonies upon the Sagadahoc* and Kennebec rivers. Although they found no difficulty in securing the requisite number of volunteers to the adventurous enterprise, their plans were thwarted and their hopes unrealized. Unwilling to open the vast resources that lay ready to reward the willing muscle, and disappointed in the hope of founding an aristocracy to be supported on the sinewy backs of the tawny skinned natives, the indolent malcontents turned the prows of their shallops towards the east, and set sail for the mother country.

It was not until the Pilgrim Fathers landed upon the shores of Plymouth that permanent settlements began to be founded upon the shores of New England. Soon after the principle of industry found a footing in Maine; but, alas! it came too late. Scarcely the first harvest ripened on the rich soil of the Kennebec before the germ of distrust and hatred, that had been sown in the hearts of the natives by the early adventurers, burst into full flower. Speak as we may of the cruelty of the American Indian, judge him as we may for his atrocities, we must admit that the terrible outrages which our fathers suffered only instanced the truth of the proverb,—“The fathers have eaten a sour grape and the children’s teeth are set on edge.” It is only necessary to read a few pages in the early history of

*That portion of the Kennebec below Merrymeeting Bay was formerly known as Sagadahoc.

our state, to become possessed of a sentiment that will in a measure, palliate the crimes and cruelties of the savage. Read, for instance, of a Weymouth planting the emblem of God's love and mercy upon the shores of a newly discovered territory, only to turn upon the wondering and childlike natives, and seizing some of their number, drag them shrieking to the hold of his ship, there to be placed in irons and carried far from friends who loved as we love, and who lamented as we lament, to be exhibited as curiosities, or sold for money in a foreign slave mart; read of a party of officers and soldiers, supposed to represent not only the economy but the sentiment of the English government, loading a cannon with a double charge, and then inducing a crowd of unsuspecting natives to drag it over the green with ropes for their entertainment and amusement, and as a climax to their merriment, touching a flame to the powder and strewing their innocent victims, mangled, dead, and dying, from the end of the rope to the cannon's mouth; then wonder that the savages, as we choose to term them, should rise in anger and supposed self-protection to mangle and torture the whole nation of "pale-faces."

The long series of Indian wars that marked the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, checked all progress in industrial pursuits, and came near blotting from existence the few settlements that had been commenced.

The first of these was inaugurated in the year 1675, and was known as King Philip's War, so called from its great instigator, Pometacon, a noted chieftain of Massachusetts, to whom the General Court gave, in

gratification of his request, the English title, King Philip. This war was opened by the Massachusetts Indians against the Plymouth colonists. It soon extended, however, all over New England. Of all the tribes that were engaged in this campaign, the one on which our interest centres, the Anasagunticooks, was the most active. Indeed it was at one time thought that if this particular tribe could be conciliated a treaty of peace could easily be effected with the others. The ravages, of the Anasagunticooks were chiefly directed against the settlers in the vicinity of Brunswick. These settlers, among them, notably, one Thomas Purchase, who kept a trading post, had gained a notoriety among the savages for the wrongs and abuses they had perpetrated. An early writer speaking of the dealings of these men with the natives, and particularly of Purchase, says, "It was their custom first to make them (the Indians), or suffer them to make themselves, drunk with liquors, and then to trade with them, when they may easily be cheated, both in what they bring to trade, and in the liquor itself, being one-half or more nothing but spring water, which made one of the Androscoggin Indians once complain that he had given a hundred pound for water drawn out of Mr. P. his well."* This war lasted three years, and, in that time it was all but impossible for the inhabitants of Maine to raise enough corn (that being their principal product) to sustain life. Indians lurked around every cabin, and, apparently, behind every tree in the forest. No man could step from his door to

*A hundred pounds of Beaver skins is the evident meaning of the ambiguous phrase.

draw a pailful of water with any assurance of a safe return, nor could he lie down to sleep at night with anything more than an uncertain hope of having his head covered by a roof or even a scalp, in the morning. These days of terror were followed by a period of peace which lasted just ten years. Then came another war, more terrible than the first, which lasted eleven years. This was known as King William's War, in which the Androscoggin, Kennebec, Saco, and Penobscot Indians were the assailants and the settlers between the Piscataqua and Kennebec rivers the principal sufferers. During this outbreak, forts and garrisons were established at several points on the Kennebec, Androscoggin, and Piscataqua rivers, manned by troops from the Massachusetts militia. A treaty of peace was ratified at Mere Point, in Brunswick, January 7, 1699, between commissioners from Massachusetts and Sagamores from the several tribes in this vicinity.

Peace lasted about four years, and was followed by Queen Anne's War which continued from 1703 to 1713, and Lovewell's War which commenced in 1722 and terminated in 1726. Quite a period of peace then ensued, in which the settlements flourished and broadened rapidly. The hopes of permanent peace which the settlers now commenced to entertain were dissipated by troubles that arose between England, Spain, and France in 1739. It was anticipated that the Indians would join in the contest if it should cross to our shores, and all possible means were used to conciliate them; but to no purpose. In 1745, the wave broke over this region, bringing devastation and ruin to all within its sweep. This was known as the Fifth

Indian, or Spanish, war. Brunswick, the home of many of the forefathers of Monmouth families, suffered much in these years of bloodshed, partly on account of the ease with which it could be reached from many points, and partly on account of its being the former headquarters of the Anasagunticooks, who were ready to retaliate upon those who had driven them from their homes. Peace was not declared until 1749, and then to continue a period of only five years. Then came the French, or Sixth Indian, war, which was less terrible than the preceeding outbreak only because the savages had become so reduced in number that they could do little more than lie in ambush and capture, or shoot, individuals whose daring had carried them too far from the outposts of the garrison-houses, or, at best, antagonize small parties of four or five at a time.

When this war closed, as it did in 1760, the settlers had little to fear from the red men. Their numbers had become so thinned by pestilence, starvation, and the bullet, that to declare war against the English, would have been the suicide of the race. For the first time in many years a sense of security was experienced by the colonists, and industrial pursuits received a grand impulse.

Thus far the settlers had huddled together in little groups in the vicinity of the garrison, never daring to push out beyond the reach of a voice call. But little was harvested or even planted. To exist was the ruling ambition, *to really live* and enjoy life was hardly thought of, much less expected. When the dark cloud broke, disclosing the glorious radiations of peace and security, it was as if a new world had been opened

before them. In prospect were hope and expectation, their brightness augmented by contrast with the pall-like cloud that was just disappearing.

Soon the little clearings around the block-houses became broad openings, filled with luxuriant, waving corn, and, ere long, the influx of population made it necessary to push back into the interior and found new settlements.

Thomas Gray, an old hunter and trapper, living in that part of Brunswick known as New Meadows, had, while on a hunting expedition, discovered the chain of lakes that encircles Monmouth. He returned to his neighbors with glowing accounts of the wonderful section, abounding in fine meadow grass, a product of considerable importance in those days, and so excited them that they determined to join him in founding a settlement on a newly discovered territory. In the summer, or fall, of 1774, Gray, accompanied by Reuben Ham, Joseph Allen, Philip Jenkins, and Jonathan Thompson, all from New Meadows came in to cut and stack a quantity of blue-joint and fell some trees. The following winter, as soon as the streams were frozen, Gray and his son James, a lad of fourteen or fifteen years, drove in the cattle belonging to these men, a herd of about fifteen head. The difficulty of guiding such a herd through the forest can be appreciated by those only who know something of a drover's vexations. It took but a short time to prepare a home. A few trees were felled, cut into proper lengths and rolled up for walls, the top covered with poles and shingled with evergreen boughs, and the first house ever built within the limits of Monmouth was ready for occupants.

The exact location of this rude shelter is a matter of speculation, but it stood somewhere on the meadow south of D. H. Dearborn's. All their provisions as well as cooking utensils and other necessary articles, were brought on their backs. It was not long before their stock of edibles failed, and Gray was obliged to return to New Meadows for a fresh supply, leaving James to care for the stock. No enviable position was that which this brave lad was now compelled to assume. Fierce wild animals inhabited the woods all around him, bear tracks could be seen almost any time within a few rods of the cabin door, and the shrill yawl of the loup-cervier was his nightly lullaby. And never having read a yellow-covered novel, his experience was shorn of all the charm of romance.

It was the intention of the father to return immediately; but day after day passed, and he did not come. Inside of a week, the provisions utterly failed, and James was compelled to resort to his gun as a means of sustaining life. Partridges and the milk from one or two farrow cows comprised his diet. A fortnight passed, and still his father did not appear. By this time, the dismal hooting of owls and howling of wild animals had become torture, which was by no means alleviated by his anxiety for his father. Shouldering his gun, James started to return to New Meadows, leaving the cattle to look out for their own interests. He had made his way along the line of spotted trees nearly ten miles when, to his great joy, he met his father. The old gentleman had contracted a severe cold on his homeward journey, which ended in a prolonged attack of sickness. The twain returned

to their log hut, where they remained the rest of the winter. The following year, Gray, Ham, Allen, Jenkins and Thompson moved in with their families. Gray settled on land now owned by D. H. Dearborn, and Allen, Jenkins, Ham and Thompson on adjacent lots farther south.

Two years passed before their families came to join them. In this short period those hardy pioneers performed as much hard labor as the ordinary farmer of today does in a life time. The latter groans over the labor of planting time. What would be his lamentations if he were compelled to cut down an acre or more of old growth timber—some of the trees measuring three and four feet in diameter—cut the logs into suitable lengths for piling, and roll them up and burn them before putting his corn and potatoes into the ground? To be sure, there were compensations. The soil was so rich that the use of fertilizers was unnecessary. And in addition to this the labor of ploughing was dispensed with. A stake, cut to a point at one end, was plunged into the mellow earth, the seed dropped into the hole, a little earth scraped over the top with the toe of the planter's boot, and his ploughing, harrowing, and covering were all completed. The first few years, a large portion of the provisions had to be procured at Brunswick, Topsham, and Bath. Whether the crops failed on account of dry weather, or from what cause, cannot be stated, but it is certain that these men were often obliged to make their way through the tangled forest a distance of twenty-five miles to purchase corn, and then return with it on their backs. It was no uncommon thing for one of

them to carry a bushel the whole distance in a day. Wild meat was abundant. Partridges could be shot from the door-way, and bears, moose and deer, captured without difficulty. When Thomas Gray took up his lot, there was a family of beavers living in the meadow south-east of D. H. Dearborn's. They had a large dam, the remains of which may still be seen. He set a trap for them, but when, after a few days, he returned to carry away his beaver, he found neither game nor trap. After a long and unavailing search, he cut away the dam, letting the water run out, and found his trap on the bottom of the brook, with a stout beaver between its fixed jaws. On the great bog, between Monmouth and Leeds, beaver-dams were then abundant.

The first two or three years after the Brunswick colony was established, bears and moose were killed in large numbers. The last moose killed in this vicinity was discovered by James Gray, the brave boy of whom mention has already been made, over in Sabattis swamp. Gray was out with his dogs after raccoons. The dogs came across the moose's track and gave the signal. The hunter followed with his axe—his only weapon. The deep, soft snow impeded the animal's progress, and he was soon overtaken. The dogs flew at his head, and held his attention while their master came up behind on snow shoes, and with two swift, well dealt blows severed the animal's hamstrings. Thus disabled, he was easily dispatched.

The intrepidity of these pioneers was remarkable. Thomas Gray and Reuben Ham were together one day in the forest near their cabins. Gray was armed with

an old flint-lock gun, and Ham, with an axe. They had not proceeded far when they encountered a large bear. Gray immediately brought his flint-lock into position and pulled the trigger, but the gun was having one of its frequent spells of indisposition, and didn't respond to the call. The bear at once turned on the hunter, who, not a whit alarmed, continued to advance, still snapping the old flint-lock vigorously. Bruin rushed on with open jaws and menacing snarl, until he came near enough to strike Gray a sweeping blow with his paw. In this emergency, the old man thrust one of his hands into the animal's mouth, and, notwithstanding the severe mangling it received, crowded it far down into the cavernous throat, and held it there until Ham, coming up behind, plunged his axe into the bear's back, severing its spinal column and killing it almost instantly. Disengaging his lacerated hand, and looking at the deep gash in the animal's back, Gray angrily exclaimed, "There now, sir! I say you've spoilt that hide." He thought nothing of his own wounds, although the end of his thumb was bitten off and the whole hand was so badly crushed and wounded that he was obliged to go to New Meadows for surgical aid; and, ever after, the fingers were crooked and stiff, and the hand and wrist partially withered.

At the end of two years, six other families came from New Meadows. They were those of John Welch, Ichabod Baker, Alexander Thompson, Hugh Mulloy, John Austin, and Benjaoni Austin. Welch built his cabin a few rods west of M. L. Getchell's, and took up nearly two hundred acres of wild land having for its

northern boundary the rangeway on which Maple Street was subsequently laid out, and extending as far south as the northern limit of the land appropriated by Ichabod Baker, who settled on the place lately owned by Ambrose Beale, Esq. Thompson settled on the lot now known as the "Widow Ann Blake place," a few rods north of the Academy; Mulloy, on the farm now owned and occupied by Mr. Bickford, south of Monmouth Centre; John Austin, on the Blossom place, and Benjaoni Austin, on the great bog, between Monmouth and Leeds. Benjaoni Austin was a man nearly sixty years of age. He asserted, with evident pride, that his grandfather was a brother to King Philip, the celebrated chief who figured so conspicuously in the Indian Wars of the seventeenth century. King Philip's father was the celebrated Massasoit, King of the Wampanoags or Pockanokets. He was chief of this tribe when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, and his name is never to be severed from their history. He had two sons, Wamsutta, afterward named Alexander, who succeeded his father as head of the tribe, and Pometacon, alias King Philip, to whom fell the honor at the death of Alexander, in 1657.

Granting that Austin's statement was true, the celebrated Wamsutta must have been his grandfather. "But," says one who had seen his swarthy skin and straight coal-black hair, "If Wamsutta was not his grandfather *some other Indian* certainly was."

Two years later, or about 1781, Peter Hopkins and Capt. James Blossom came in. Hopkins was an Englishman. He came from Boston, but probably stopped in Hallowell, or Augusta, several years before

coming to this town. In North's History of Augusta mention is made of one Peter Hopkins, who held no lands or real estate, but who was elected to the offices of selectman, highway surveyor and tythingman in the year 1771. As his name does not appear on the tax lists after 1780, it is probable that he settled here not far from that time. He made a clearing on the farm now known as the Johnson place, at North Monmouth, at the head of the road leading from the brick mill to the county road leading from Monmouth to Winthrop. Capt. Blossom came from Barnstable, Cape Cod. He bought out John Austin's claim, and Austin went over to the great bog and made a clearing on the farm now owned by John Plummer. The remains of the stone chimney he built may still be seen, or, at all events, could be seen not many years ago. The deed which Blossom took from Austin was about as large as a man's hand; in which the "aforesaid Austin" bargained, sold and conveyed "unto said Blossom" all right, title and interest "in the estate formerly held by him, excepting the boards on the roof of his house," the walls of which were built of logs. This house did not stand on the site occupied by the present Blossom house; but beyond the upper dam, on the north side of Cochnewagan Pond. The Blossom farm, it will be remembered, embraced all the land held by the heirs of the late Jacob Shorey.

In the course of a few months, several other families moved from New Meadows and joined their old neighbors at the settlement. They were the families of James Weeks, Nathan Stanley, Zadoc Bishop, Christopher Stevens, Samuel Simmons, William Welch,

Samuel Welch, Edward Welch, Oliver Hall, Timothy Wight, and John Fish.

Weeks settled on the J. W. Goding farm, about half way between High street and the residence of Miss Charlotte Harvey. He subsequently sold his claim and moved into the edge of Winthrop. From Winthrop he moved to Lewiston, and afterward exchanged places with Josiah Straw and moved back to Monmouth.

Stanley settled on the place where Melville M. Richardson now lives. He sold out to Joel Chandler, and removed to Winthrop, where many of his descendants now reside.

Zadoc Bishop built his cabin near the Moody stream, in North Monmouth, about twenty rods south-east of the south wing of the mill dam. When Gen. Dearborn built his mill at East Monmouth he backed the water up until it covered Bishop's farm, almost to his door-stone. "Hey," said the old man, "they've flowed me out as they would a musquash," and gathering his house-hold effects, he made a bee line for the highest elevation in the town of Leeds, where, like the wise man of old, he built his house on a rock. Whether the statement that the old gentleman made a practice of filing the noses of his sheep, that they might reach the scanty verdure that grew in the close crevices of that rock bound hill had any foundation in fact, the historian of the town must determine. One thing, however, is certain,— he was not driven from his strong-hold by the backing up of a mill stream.

Christopher Stevens settled on the corner lot at the junction of the main road from North Monmouth to the Centre and High Street, a few rods north of the

residence of B. S. Ellis. It is probable that he removed to Wayne, as the name of Christopher Stevens appears on the records of that town a few years later. The exact location of Hall's clearing is not known. The Welch brothers did not remain here long. One of them made a clearing at the head of Cochnewagan pond, near the smelt brook. He had bad luck in getting "a burn" in the spring, and it was as late as the twentieth of June before he got his ground ready for planting. He then procured five or six men and got his corn in as expeditiously as possible. His niece, Nellie Welch, afterward the wife of Benjamin Leuzader, assisted. She dropped and covered eight quarts in one day, surpassing every man in the crew, and receiving four shillings and sixpence for her day's work.

Timothy Wight settled on the Bishop place, opposite Mr. Jesse P. Richardson's, in North Monmouth. A few years later, he exchanged farms with Caleb Fogg, who, in the meantime, had settled at the head of Cochnewagan pond.

Fish settled on the place where Benj. S. Ellis now lives. He was the first tavern-keeper in the settlement, and was not, if the reports that have been handed down the stages of a century may be accredited, a strictly exemplary citizen. His house was a rendezvous for all the tipplers of the place. He purchased his liquors at Hallowell, and, as his pocket-book never carried the equivalent of more than two or three quarts of the ardent at one time, he must have been a valuable assistant in levelling the highway between the settlement and Kennebec river. To men accustomed to a "wee tip o' the finger," his return from the river

was an event of considerable import. Sometimes they would gather at his cabin and await his appearance with jest and legend. But at the first sound of footsteps on the underbrush outside, song and story would find a terminus without call for cadence or period, and before the weary tapster could poise himself for a struggle to retain the prize, his dearly-gotten "West India" would be gurgling down the throats of his greedy neighbors—and his own palate not lubricated with the rare potation.

In selecting lots, these pioneers almost invariably made choice of land in the vicinity of the meadows. When Gray and his companions were cutting grass on the intervalles, the summer before they commenced the settlement, each man chose the land on which he afterward built his cabin. Gray, Allen, Ham, Jenkins and Thompson selected the meadow east of Hobart Dearborn's. Austin, Welch, Mulloy, Blossom and Baker afterward settled near the meadow east of the Centre, and Bishop and Hopkins near the lowlands irrigated by the Wilson Stream.

The Austins and James Labree, John Austin's son-in-law, who came through the woods from New Meadows soon after his wife's relatives settled on the great bog, following the line of marks that those who had preceded him had made on the forest trees, and drawing on a hand sled all his worldly possessions, pitched their tents on the low lands near the Leeds line.

History affords but catching glimpses of the life of these hardy settlers. Now we see them hailing their good neighbor Jenkins with congratulations over the

birth of a son — the first child born in the settlement; and again bearing similar greetings when, to the wife of Jonathan Thompson, the first female child is born. We see them, too, gathering at one of the little cabins, with bowed heads and silent expressions of sympathy. Death, that unavoidable spoiler of earthly happiness, has found his way through the mazes of the forest and secured his victim. Such an occasion, bearing to each its freightage of tender memories, could not fail to bring together the whole settlement. And we look back through the gloom of a century, and watch them with peculiar interest as they gather on the little plot then sanctified as the home of the dead, but now, alas! desecrated and put to a common use, to place in its narrow tenement the first form the dark fiend has torn from among them — the child of Thomas Gray. The place where this child was buried was set apart for, and used many years as, a burying ground. In it rest the remains of Thomas Gray and wife, and many others of the pioneers; in number between twenty and thirty. In later years, as settlers began to take up lots farther north, it became necessary to have a cemetery more centrally located; and by consent of the owner, a plot of land belonging to Gen. Dearborn was used for this purpose. This burying ground was in the field on the east side of the road, nearly opposite the farm buildings of Mr. George L. King, below Monmouth Center. Not far from one hundred bodies were buried there. After the cemetery was established at the Center, in 1799, many of these were taken up and re-interred in the new ground, but a large number

still lie in their first resting place. At Monmouth Neck, on the south side of the road, opposite the school house, several persons were buried. These graves, like those in the other lots, have been ploughed over time and again, and the bodies lying there — fathers and mothers of honored families — are fertilizing the soil and giving vigor to the crops that are marketed in our village. Who among us can say that he has not eaten the flesh of man? The negligence on the part of our citizens that has permitted this desecration is a burning shame — a disgrace that reflects on every generation, from the time of our forefathers to this day.

In 1850, Abial Daley offered to give the primitive burying ground below Dearborn's Corner to the town, on condition that that corporation should provide a suitable fence for enclosing it. If the owners of these sacred lots will not relinquish them without compensation, our town officials should take measures to purchase them, and to erect suitable monuments over the desecrated graves. The plea that nothing but dust remains of those who were buried in these unfortunate localities is an abomination. Fouler than the charnel prowler, and more despicable than the body-snatcher is he who not only permits the corpse of his honored father to be outraged, but sanctions the effacing of that father's name from the tablet of memory. If we of the present generation fail in the performance of this act of civilization, not to say of Christian duty, may the ploughshare and harrow scatter our bones as widely as theirs, and may the farmer whistle as cheerily as he reaps the grain nourished by the decomposition of our flesh!

As in all new settlements, the first few years saw an eager struggle for an existence. The clearings being small, but little could be raised, and the crops harvested consisted mainly of corn and potatoes. These coarse products, with fresh fish and wild meat, formed their diet.

The ravages of wild animals were a constant source of annoyance. Sheep and small cattle could not be raised without much care and very close attention. Zadoc Bishop, who, as has been stated, lived near Gordon's Mill, had a sleek two-year-old heifer, which an edacious member of the bruin family living in the vicinity regarded with greedy eyes and finally appropriated. Bishop secured the services of an old hunter by the name of Howe, from Pondtown, (Winthrop), and set a trap for the offender. He was easily captured, and received due reward for his transgressions. In the southern part of Leeds, five bears were caught in log traps, in one night. Some years after Gray's rencounter, a bear was killed on the meadow east of the Metcalf saw mill, by a spring gun set by John Welch. As spring guns did not possess the power of discrimination, they were not always safe neighbors. Ichabod Billington, one of the first settlers of Wayne, met with a severe accident from one of these indiscriminate engines, placed in a cornfield in the edge of Leeds. Fearing that guns might be hidden in the field that lay between him and the cabin he was approaching, and, to avoid all liability of casualty, he went around the field, walking on the felled trees. But he had proceeded only a short distance, when a gun discharged its contents into one of his

lower limbs, shattering it in a frightful manner. The wounded man's cries soon brought assistance. He was carried to the camp, and a messenger was dispatched with all possible speed for the nearest surgeon, whose home was no farther distant than North Yarmouth. When the messenger, who of necessity made the journey on foot, reached his destination, he found that the surgeon was not supplied with the necessary appliances for amputating the limb. After a delay of several hours, during which an outfit of suitable instruments was obtained at Portland, the surgeon started for the scene of the accident. Three days had elapsed in the meantime, and mortification had settled in the wound. The limb was amputated in the barbarous manner in which all surgery was then performed, and, strange to relate, the victim survived.

Soon after the Blakes settled at East Monmouth, Dearborn Blake discovered a bear's den in the field almost directly opposite the place where Mr. B. Frank Jones now lives. This was in the fall, and the den was empty. The following spring, Blake happened to think of his discovery one day, and, accompanied by his younger brother Pascal, proceeded to the spot to see if Bruin had used it as a hibernal home. On the way they fell in with John Torsey, who was clearing land near his cabin, and persuaded him to join the party. When they arrived on the ground, Dearborn Blake fell upon all fours and peered into the hole. An immense wind-fall, three or four feet in diameter, lay over it, leaving a close entrance on each side, but shutting out almost every ray of light. As he bent into the dark hole his nose touched something cold,

and he darted back just in season to save his nasal organ from the jaws of the awakened bear. The something cold was the tip of Bruin's nose. A moment later, there were sounds of war under the big log, and a snarling, yelping cub crawled up into the daylight only to meet the sharp edge of Torsey's axe, which, fortunately, he had not left behind. Another dashed by and fell into the jaws of Blake's dog. Torsey had hardly dispatched the cub when the grinning visage of the maternal bruin appeared over the top of the log. One well directed blow laid her quivering on the snow. In the meantime a third cub crawled out and started for the woods. Pascal Blake picked up a rotten limb, the only weapon at his command, and started in pursuit. Torsey, attracted by the cries of the frightened animal, soon came up with his axe and dispatched it. In less than four minutes from the time that Blake and the bear exchanged greetings by rubbing noses—after the manner of the Nez Perces Indians—all four of the bruin family lay writhing in death. Torsey, who, like his son the doctor, was fond of mathematical quirks, afterward computed the amount of time that would have been consumed in killing an acre of bears at the same ratio of speed.

But little less troublesome than beasts of prey were the less sizable, but more numerous and voracious, insects. To prevent being carried off bodily by these pests, chip fires were built near the cabins every evening. The smoke of these smouldering piles drove the insects away, and but for the uncommon nerve of the settlers, would have driven them away also. The

great grandfather of the writer, Dr. James Cochrane, Sr., used to tell of an experience he had with fleas shortly after he came to the new settlement. He was called to William Day's, in Leeds, one hot night in summer. The thick woods shut out every breath of moving air, and the insects settled down like quails upon the children of Isreal. He was compelled to remain all night. The prospect of sacrificing himself to the appetites of an army of fleas was not pleasant, but there was no alternative except to provide, as best he could, for self protection. A large, heavily-built cupboard stood in one corner of the room. He climbed to the top of this, and cramped his body into the position a dog assumes when preparing for a nap. Mrs. Arnoe, the sick lady's mother, sat in the fireplace over a pile of smouldering chips. Occasionally she would rise and shake her skirts, and the crackling that followed resembled the sound of fire in hemlock boughs. The old doctor said he thought the rascals would carry him off.

In 1780, between twenty and thirty families were scattered about on lands now included in the town of Monmouth, each of which was represented by one or more members qualified by the laws of the Commonwealth to vote. As yet no bonds of unity existed between the settlers of the separate neighborhoods. To be sure, their relations were of the most harmonious nature, but individualism was the ascendant principle. Concerted action for the moulding of social and political institutions may have long been the dream of some active intellect, but it had not found a place in a diffused sentiment. About this time, however, questions

arose which required an alliance of forces. All the settlers who had thus far taken up lots had a vague idea that they could hold their lands by possession, or, at all events, by the payment of a nominal sum to the state. Indeed, the earliest of these supposed that the lands were absolutely free. This misconception had its rise in the report that William Vassal, a prominent proprietor of lands on the Kennebec, had absconded. Vassal resided at Boston. He was a member of the Plymouth Company and an honored citizen. At the commencement of the war of the Revolution, he remained loyal to the crown, and, in company with Richard Saltonstall, of Haverhill, and three hundred others, embarked at the evacuation of Boston and returned to England. The Great and General Court of Massachusetts published a manifesto declaring these individuals tories and outlaws, subject to the pains of death without the benefit of clergy, should they return. Their estates, however, were not confiscated, and, after the treaty of peace was consummated, they returned to enjoy their rights in the grants. Whatever may have been the cause of the reaction of opinion concerning these estates, it is certain that the pseudonym, Free-town, which had been applied to the settlement, was about this time abandoned, and that measures for self-protection were immediately instituted. Thus drawn together in a unison of interests, incorporation under the laws of the Commonwealth was an easy and natural sequence.

Of the first citizens' meeting, we have no record. It was, undoubtedly, held some time in 1780. The earliest warrant to which we have access reads as follows:

“A record of the proceedings of Bloomingboro’.

By the desire of a number of inhabitants of Bloomingboro, the whole are hereby notified to meet at the house of Ichabod Bakers, on FRIDAY, ye 24th day of August, 1781, at twelve of the clock, in order to act on the following articles.—First, to chuse a Moderator; 2dly, to chuse a Clark; 3dly, to see if the inhabitants will think proper to chuse one man to act as Capt. for the preasant year; 4thly, to see if the inhabitants will accept the proposals made to them by the committee of the general court; 5thly, to act on any other thing that shall be thought proper by said inhabitants—Signed—Peter Hopkins, Hugh Mulloy, Christopher Stevens, John Austin, Jeames Weeks, Oliver Hall, Timothy Wight, Nathan Stanley, James Blossom, William Welch, Edward Welch, Samuel Welch, and John Fish.’’

The clerk’s record of this meeting reads as follows :

“A town meeting of the inhabitants of the Destrict of Wales, held on ye 24th day of August, 1781.—Chose Peter Hopkins Morderator; 2dly, Chose Hugh Mulloy, Clark; 3dly, chose Peter Hopkins to act as Captain for the preasant year; 4thly, voted that this Destrict shall be known by the name of Wales, beginning at the south line of Winthrop, and running southward eight miles, or thereabouts; 5thly, voted, that whatever taxes the HON’BLE General Court shall lay on said Destrict, to be raised within ourselves; 6thly, voted, that the owners of lots from Mr. John Welch’s lot to Mr. Zadoc Bishop’s lot shall clear across their lots within one month; 7thly, voted, that every ratable POLE shall work one day on the Highways the preasant year; 8thly, voted, that William Welch, Samuel Welch, Edward Welch, and James Weeks shall be cleared from one days work on the highways the preasant year.’’

The ninth article acted on at this meeting, viz :

“Voted that those surveyors on the Highways chosen at the last meeting, to wit ;—Peter Hopkins, Thomas Gray and John Hewey shall stand for the preasant year’’

is one of the evidences on which we base the supposition that a meeting was held in 1780.

Other evidence, pointing to the same fact, is found in a receipt given under the hand of the Treasurer of the Commonwealth.

“Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
Treasurer’s office, June 24th 1784. No. 6048.

Received of Mr. Ichabod Baker of Wales, Twenty-two pounds, ten shillings on Oct. 1781 tax.—in full for ditto, committed to him to collect for the year 1780. Thomas Ivers, Treasurer.”

22—10.—

The following, differing from the foregoing only in the order in which the articles were disposed, and bearing the signature of the clerk, appears to have been added to the original record:

“Wales, Aug. ye 24th, 1781. At the above said meeting, voted, as follows, viz: 1stly that the Destrict wherein we now reside shall be known by the name of Wales, beginning at the South line of Winthrop, and running eight miles or thereabouts; 2dly, voted, that whatever tax or taxes the Hon. Gen. Court shall think proper to lay on said Destrict we levy and raise within ourselves,

Wales, Aug. ye 24th 1781. Hugh Mulloy, Clark.”

The plantation name was changed from Bloomingboro’, to Wales, as a mark of respect for John Welch, one of the most highly esteemed of the pioneers, whose ancestors were natives of the country bearing that name.

The surveyors chosen at this meeting were, for convenience, selected from the extremities and centre of the plantation,—Hopkins at the north end, Hewey at the south, and Gray in the middle. The road extended from Hopkins’, near the Winthrop line, to about one mile below Potter’s tavern, in Wales, a distance of about nine miles on the present highway.

As the old road was very crooked, the distance must have been greater, although in the report of the meeting the distance was approximated at nine miles.

This was the first attempt to construct a highway. The settlers living on adjoining lots had, previous to this, cut rough paths from clearing to clearing, but a line of spotted trees had served as a thoroughfare from one end of the plantation to the other.

The road constructed this year extended from near the place where Mr. F. H. Beal's house now stands, to a point a few rods below Gordon's Mill, in North Monmouth; but by a course that deviated considerably from that of the present highway. The Baker and Welch cabins both stood nearer the pond than the buildings that time and fashion have ordained to take their places. The road took a direct course from Welch's to the outlet of the pond, crossing the stream by a bridge that spanned it at the point where the upper dam is now located. Then bearing to the left, and sweeping around the border of the pond, it ran across the Shorey field to a point about half way between the pond and the Rev. Mr. Cliffords, thence to the Barrows house, on High Street. Crossing the line of the modern road at this point, it continued in a diagonal course to a point half way between the Academy and Miss Charlotte Harvey's. Then following a course almost parallel to High Street, and about fifty rods east of it, for a distance of several rods, it finally re-entered the course of the new road at Ellis' Corner, where John Fish, the tavern-keeper, lived. From Fish's it ran down over the hill, below Gordon's Mill, to the edge of the stream where Bishop lived.

This was then the northern terminus; but a few years later, it was continued from Bishop's, in a north-easterly course, to Robert Withington's, in the Richardson neighborhood; and thence followed the line of the new road to the Winthrop line. The road from Baker's to the lower part of the plantation crossed the line of the road now travelled at a point near the Metcalf house; thence, a few rods east of the new road, nearly the whole distance to Dearborn's Corner.

John Hewey, whose name appears as one of the first highway surveyors, settled at the southernmost point in the plantation. Whence he came is unknown. As no mention is made of him after 1781, it is probable that he removed to Lisbon, where the name has, in later years, been quite common. A number of other settlers lived in the lower part of the plantation, so far from the principal settlement that it is doubtful if they knew of any of the proceedings relating to the act of incorporation. First to be mentioned among these was James Ross, who came from Brunswick in 1778, and located on the western side of Mount Sabattis, and who was, without doubt, the first white settler in Wales proper. Mr. Ross resided on the spot he first selected as his home until his death. The farm is now occupied by Mr. Isaac Witherell, who married his granddaughter.

Patrick Keenan, who, probably followed Ross in the order of settlement, settled in the eastern part of the town not far from 1779. Nothing is known of his previous history, but his name suggests that he may have been of Irish extraction. Stephen Gray had settled not far from Keenan on the east, and Jonathan

Thompson on the line which now divides the towns of Wales and Monmouth. William Remick was living a short distance from the spot where the Baptist church was afterward erected, and the Weymouth brothers, Benjamin and Samuel, had started a clearing on the Watts place, now owned by Mr. Thompson, the carriage smith.

The next thing following the election of officers was the apportionment of taxes. Josiah Whittredge was hired to make the assessments. The labor consumed about a half day of his time, and he received a bushel of corn for his services. The correct and methodical manner in which this service was performed proves that he was a man of education.

Whence Whittredge came, has long been an unsolved problem. The manuscript lectures that have served to throw much light on other questions relating to the early settlers, refuse to elucidate the gloom that surrounds this character. A few months ago, while examining the old Lincoln County Records in the Wiscasset Court-house, papers were found, which show that Josiah Whittridge, of Danvers, Essex Co., Mass., carpenter, purchased, in 1785, a lot of land, consisting of two hundred acres, "near the Kennebec river, in the town of Wales;" designated as the westerly half of lot number twenty-one, in the first range. In 1793, Josiah Whittridge, of Muskingun, Ohio Co., Ky., carpenter, "recovered judgment" against a citizen of East Monmouth for "one hundred and twenty-seven pounds and twelve shillings, and four pounds, five shillings cost." The only inference we can draw from these records is that Mr. Whittridge came from Danvers,

Mass., and squatted on lands in the plantation of Bloomingboro'; that he subsequently purchased real estate in the plantation, but soon sold his purchase and removed to the State of Kentucky.

The third plantation meeting was held on the 22nd day of April, 1782. It was called by Capt. Peter Hopkins, who was chosen to act as captain of the plantation at the meeting of 1781. The notification issued a few days earlier was a marvelous literary production:

“Lincoln. fs (scilicet) Purfuant to a warrant to me Directed These are in the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to will and regain you forthwith to notify and warn all the inhabitants of Wales to meet at the Dwelling house of Joseph Allen in Said Wales on Monday ye 22d day of April next, at one Clock in the afternoon—then and their— viz—1ly to Chuse a Moderator, 2ly to Chuse a Plantation Clark—3ly to Chuse afsefsors—4thly to Chuse a Collector for the preasant year, and anything Els, that shall be thought to act upon.

Wales, April ye 4th 1782.

Peter Hopkins.”

The profcedings of a Plantation Meeting held at Mr. Joseph Allen's in Wales, on Monday ye 22d Day of April, 1782, then and their acted on the following articles, viz. 1ly Chose a Moderator. 2dly Chose James Blossom Plantation Clark. 3dly Chose Mr. Jonathan Thompson, Afsefsor. 4thly Chose Capt. Peter Hopkins Afsefsor. 5thly Chose James Blossom Afsefsor. 6thly Chose Mr. Ichabod Baker Collector. 7thly Chose James Blossom Treasurer for the ensuing year. 8thly voted, to Raise Eight pound to Defray Plantation Charges. 8thly to work on the Roads by way of Tax for each lot to work two days. Real and Personal Estate to be eftimated according to the Province Law. 10thly Chose Mr. Nathan Stanley Surveyor. 11thly Chose Mr. Philip Jenkins an other surveyor. 12thly voted, Men to have four shillings Pr. Day, and Oxen two, and eight pence. 13thly and lastly voted that those Lots of Land that are or may be taken up the Preasant year Nobody apear to Do the Duty on the Road the Surveyor to sell their Pof-

session to do the work and return the overplus if any their be When Called for by the owners of Sd. lots.

Wales, April ye 22d 1782.

James Blossom, Clark.

The Province Law referred to in the foregoing record dates back as far as the year 1631. The settlement of Massachusetts was first chartered by King James, as the "Colony of Massachusetts Bay in New England," in the year 1628. In 1691, it was chartered by William and Mary, king and queen of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, as the "PROVINCE of the Massachusetts Bay in New England." Under the colony charter, Massachusetts was often rendered "Mattachusetts" and "Massatusetts," and under the province charter all the territories and colonies called, or known, by the names of "the Colony of Massachusetts Bay," "the Colony of New Plymouth," "the Province of Maine" and "Acadia" or "Nova Scotia," as well as all the land lying between the territories of Nova Scotia and the Province of Maine, were incorporated into one province, known as the Province of Massachusetts Bay in New England. Provision was made in the charter for a Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, and Secretary—all to be appointed by the crown—for the holding of a "Great and General Court," or assembly on the last Wednesday of May, annually, and at such other times as the Governor deemed proper and advisable, to consist of the Governor and twenty-eight Councillors, who should be chosen yearly by the General Court, and, in addition, such freeholders as should be elected to represent the different towns. The property qualification of a representative was a freehold in land to the value of forty shillings annually, or

other estate to the value of forty pounds sterling. The councillors were to be chosen as follows: eighteen, at least, were to be inhabitants, or proprietors of lands within what was formerly called the Colony of Massachusetts Bay; four, at least, of the Colony of New Plymouth; three, at least, to the Province of Maine, and one, at least, to the territory lying between the "river of Sagadahoc" and Novia Scotia. The duties were to advise and assist the Governor.

The charter imposed upon the Great and General Court the full power to "make, ordain, and establish all manner of wholesome and reasonable orders, laws, statutes, ordinances, directions, and instructions, either with or without penalties, as should be judged for the good and welfare of the province, and for the government and ordering thereof and for the necessary support and defence of the government thereof; such laws, etc., not being repugnant to the laws of the realm of England;" and, also, among other duties, "to levy proportionable and reasonable assessments, rates and taxes upon the estates and persons of all the proprietors and inhabitants of said province, for the necessary defence and support of the government of the said province, and the protection and preservation of the inhabitants thereof." The same right to impose and levy taxes were granted in the first charter, establishing the Colony of Massachusetts Bay. Accordingly, the Great and General Court of the Colony, in 1641, passed an act which provided that every inhabitant of the colony should contribute to all charges, "both in church and commonwealth whereof he doth or may receive benefit." And every such inhabitant as

should not contribute, in proportion to his ability, to all common charges, both civil and ecclesiastical, "should be compelled thereto, by assessment and distress," to be levied by the constable or other officer of the town, the lands and estates of all men to be rated for all town charges where the lands and estates lay, and their persons at their place of residence.

They also made provision, in acts passed in 1651 and 1657, for every town to make, from year to year, a list of the polls, and a true estimation of the value of all the personal and real estates—polls to be rated at one shilling and eight pence each, and estates at one penny a pound; merchants to be rated by "will and doom;" houses and lands of all sort to be rated at an "equal and indifferent value," according to their worth in the towns or places where they lay; bulls and cows of four years old and upward, at three pounds; heifers and steers between three and four years old, at fifty shillings; between two and three years old, at forty shillings; between one and two, at twenty shillings. Every ox of four years old and upward, to be rated at five pounds; every horse and mare of three years and upward, at five pounds; between two and three, at three pounds; between one and two, at thirty shillings. Every sheep above one year old, was rated at ten shillings; every goat above a year old, at eight shillings, and all swine above one year old, at twenty shillings each. These acts were approved by the Provincial government by an act passed by the Great and General Court, or Assembly of the Province, in 1692, and kept in force by subsequent enactments until the assembling of the General Court in 1751. This

honorable body then passed an act to enable and empower the inhabitants of new plantations within the province, "enjoined and subjected by law," or that might thereafter be enjoined and subjected by law, to pay province and other taxes, to assess, levy and collect the same. The act was introduced by a preamble which read: "Whereas there are sundry new plantations in this province, by law enjoined to pay province and county taxes, that are not empowered to choose the proper officers to assess, levy and collect the said taxes.

"Sec. 1. Be it enacted, that the freeholders of every such new plantation be and are hereby required and empowered to assemble together on the first Monday of August, at the usual place for holding their public meetings, 1st., to choose a Moderator and Clerk for said meeting, 2d, to choose three Assessors to make a valuation of estates and faculties of persons in such plantations agreeable to law, and to assess such taxes as are, or shall be, set on the inhabitants of such new plantation, as also a Collector, to levy and collect the same; the clerk, assessor and collector to be sworn to the faithful discharge of their duties.

"Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, that the inhabitants of the above plantations, qualified as by law is required of voters in town affairs, are hereby empowered and enjoined, sometime in the month of March, annually, to assemble together, upon due notice given by the collector, or collectors then in office, pursuant to a warrant under the hands of the assessors, or the major part of them, who shall have been last chosen, and shall, then and there choose a clerk, three assessors,

and one or more collectors to assess and levy such province, county and plantation taxes on said inhabitants as they, from time to time, shall be enjoined by law to pay. Said assessors and collector, or collectors, being liable to all such penalties for refusing to be sworn and to serve in said offices, or in case of any default therein, as the assessors of province and county taxes for towns are by law liable, or may be subjected to."

In 1761, the Great and General Court passed another act in relation to the levy and collection of taxes in plantations not incorporated. Section first provided for the choice of a moderator, clerk, assessors, and collectors. Section second provided that the assessors so chosen and sworn should, thereupon, take a list of all the ratable polls, and a valuation of the estates and "faculties of the inhabitants of the plantation, for a rule by which to make assessments, and by which to judge of the qualification of voters in meetings of the said inhabitants thereafter to be held until other valuation should be made."

To be a freeholder, and qualified to vote in town or plantation meetings, every person was obliged by the law of 1742, which was continued in force, to have a ratable estate in the town, plantation, or district, in addition to the poll, amounting to the value of twenty pounds by the following method of estimation, viz: real estate to be placed at as much only as the rents or income thereof would amount to for the space of six years, were it rented at a reasonable rate; and personal estate and "faculty" to be estimated according to the rule of valuation prescribed in the acts from time to

time framed for apportioning and assessing public taxes.

Provision was made, in the law of 1761, for the first plantation meetings to be held at such time and place as the warrant for calling such meetings specified. Under this law the first meeting of the inhabitants of Bloomingboro' and the following meeting of the voters of Wales Plantation were both legal, and all business transacted at these convocations was conformable to provincial law.

As has been stated, it was supposed that Vassal's decampment abrogated his claims to the lands in Wales Plantation; but, fearing that they might be held amenable to the other proprietors, the settlers, in attempted self protection, drafted and signed a compact, of which the following is a copy:

“Know all men by these Prefants, that we, whose names are hereunto affixt, are jointly and severally Bound to each other by our words, our Honors, and the Penal Sum of One Hundred Pounds Lawful Money to be paid unto a Committee that shall be chosen by us for that purpose, or to either of them when Demanded, all of us Belonging to the State of Mafsachufetts Bay, in the County of Lincoln and inhabitants of the Deftrict of Wales, to which payment we bind ourselves firmly by these preafants, the same to be converted to the use of those of us who abide by this Covenant signed with our names. The condition of this Obligation is such, Firstly, that no one of us will offer to give, or give any encouragement of giving, more than three shillings Lawful money pr. acre for the land which we possess. 2dly, that if said Proprietors do refuse the offer, we will refer the Cafe to indifferent men, the said men to be chose equely by the proprietors, and the body of us. 3dly, that if any one of us the subscribers should be taken in law the said subscribers shall stand a suit, and the whole of the said subscribers shall bear an equell proportionable part of the Coft, according to what land they pofsefs. 4thly, that no one of us will make a purchase of any

land that is in possession of any other without his or their Consent. 5thly, for their better Securing this agreement made by us there shall be a Committee Chosen and impowered to prosecute the within Bond if occasion shall require, and one of said Committee shall be appointed to keep said Bond and Agreement, and he shall give Receipt for the Same to the others of said Committee.

(Signed.)

Unfortunately, the date and signatures are missing. They may have been torn off intentionally. This intimidating document produced little effect upon the land agent for whose perusal it was evidently intended. Instead of three shillings, the maximum price stipulated in the bond, two and three dollars were paid for every acre retained by the unfortunate and misinformed settlers. Had they purchased their lots when they first settled on them, three shillings per acre would have been gladly accepted by the proprietors, as it was not supposed that many could be induced to go as far into the eastern wilds to found homes, and the lands were considered all but worthless.

In the very heat of the excitement caused by the prospect of losing their dearly-gotten farms, the settlers were aggravated by events that brought them to the verge of starvation. The Revolutionary War had now closed, and companies of American soldiers were constantly pouring through the settlements on their way from Castine (then known as Biggaduce) and other eastern points, to their homes in New Hampshire and Massachusetts. In all, about two thousand passed through the settlement. They straggled along in companies of from fifty to sixty men, ragged, filthy, hungry, and insolent. Many of them stopped at Zadoc Bishop's for refreshments, his being the

first house on the line of their march. If they happened along in the afternoon, they usually forced themselves upon his hospitality until the next morning. They were almost famished and cared but little for shelter if their appetites could only be appeased.

Bishop made the best provision he possibly could for them. He cooked large kettles full of hasty pudding and gave them such other food as his scanty larder afforded. Dissatisfied with their fare, the soldiers grumbled and swore. They had money to pay for their meals and nothing was too good for them. It was not long before Bishop's store of provisions became decidedly inadequate to the demands upon it. In this emergency he began to allowance them. His wife had made a few cheeses, and to save them from the omnivorous horde concealed them in a haystack. But the hungry wretches were not long in smelling them out, and less time in overthrowing them. Before the last of the two thousand had disappeared the inhabitants of Wales Plantation were suffering the torments of a famine; and added to this the more excruciating torture inflicted by an army of vermin which the filthy stragglers had left as *souvenirs*. We may rest assured that the statement of one of the afflicted hosts to the effect that "the ground fairly moved," was no exaggeration.

After leaving Bishop's clearing, the soldiers passed by Welch's and Baker's. Baker had a yoke of steers at which some of the soldiers fired, frightening them so thoroughly that the mere pointing of a handspike at them afterward would cause them to plunge into the bushes as though driven by dogs.

The proclamation of peace was an epoch in the history of Wales Plantation. A new and brighter era was about to open; an era of toil and hardship, it is true, but one bearing the marks of progress and richly freighted with honor to the community.

CHAPTER III.

GEN. HENRY DEARBORN.

NOTWITHSTANDING the moth eaten condition of the adage, "Familiarity breeds contempt," the truth with which it was filled when it was constructed has not wholly sifted out.

To the farmers, who, in later years, have tilled the soil once swept by the battles of Gettysburg and Antietam, those historic acres have seemed like plots of common earth, except that their cultivation has been less agreeable than that of other fields on account of the bones and skulls that have occasionally risen before the plowshare.

By the commonalty of Boston, the Old South Church is recognized only as "the church that didn't burn in the big fire."

The greatness of men whom the world honors may be unrecognized by those who are familiar with their daily lives, and a name ever living in the memory of the perceptive few may find its oblivion in the minds of those to whom its natural appeals are strongest.

An ardent admirer of Emerson, visiting Concord for the first time, inquired of the first person she happened to meet, the way to the great philosopher's home. The man whom she had accosted, knew nothing of the object of her search—had never heard of him. "What!" exclaimed the lady, in great surprise, "never heard of Ralph Waldo Emerson? But surely you can direct me to Walden Pond?" "Waldin Pand? Och! fath! an ef its *auld* Emmysin ye mane, he lives beyant the hill, yander."

So the writer, on pointing at an ancient house that, fort-like, guards the junction of two well-traveled country roads about one mile south of Monmouth Centre, with the remark, "General Henry Dearborn once lived in that house," was not greatly surprised to receive from the native he had addressed the replication, "Who was General Dearborn?"

In the rooms of the Chicago Historical Society, hangs a well-executed copy of one of Gilbert Stuart's masterpieces. It represents a man a little past the prime of life, of noble carriage, firm and dignified in expression, dressed in the full regalia of an American Major-General. Accompanying this portrait is a tablet, on which is inscribed:

TO THE CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The undersigned herewith present to your Society a copy of Gilbert Stuart's portrait of

MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY DEARBORN,

Captain of a New Hampshire Regiment in the Battle of Bunker Hill;



MAJ. GEN. HENRY DEARBORN.

A Soldier through the Revolutionary War from 1775 to 1783;

United States Marshal for the District of Maine under President Washington;

Secretary of War under President Jefferson;

Collector of the Port of Boston under President Madison;

General-in-Chief of the United States Army under President Munroe;

Born in New Hampshire, 1751;

Died in Boston Highlands, 1829.

Dated at Chicago, Dec. 3, 1883, upon the Eightieth Anniversary of the first occupation of Fort Dearborn, at Chicago, by Captain John Whistler and a Company of the First Regiment United States Infantry.

WIRT DEXTER.

MARSHALL FIELD, DANIEL GOODWIN, JR.,

JOHN CRERAN, W. K. FAIRBANKS,

E. W. BLATCHFORD, MARK SKINNER.

On the occasion of the formal presentation of this gift to the society, the orator, Daniel Goodwin, Jr., prefaced his discourse as follows:

“From the earliest days of recorded history, it has been a natural impulse of mankind to honor the names of its heroes and its loved ones, those who had taken a strong hold upon the popular heart, by giving those names to the highways of public travel. In this latest of the great aggregations of human beings, are found the names of the grand founders and champions of the United States of America marking and defining the

highways thronged day and night by hosts numbered by hundreds of thousands.

"As you pass from this building, dedicated to history, where faithful hands are garnering up the records of the past and present, you will find yourselves on an avenue bearing the name of one loved by Washington, trusted by Jefferson and honored by Madison and Monroe; who not only fought with, but was the hearty friend of Lafayette and Rochambeau, of Green and Sullivan.

"I have walked along this great thoroughfare, which bears his name, for a quarter of a century, and have often asked myself what were the peculiar merits of this man, whose name keeps pace with my daily steps? When did he live, what was his work, who were his friends, what was his social life, who and what were his children, how did he die, and where now rest his honored bones? These questions traveled with me unanswered until I resolved to look up the history of that first name which marked this spot when it was known only to the government as "Fort Dearborn,"—a name antedating the birth and infancy of our great city; a name identified with the Indian massacre of 1812; a name which has kept pace with the growth of a frontier post and Indian Station from a village to a city, and now, though but a half-century old, the grand metropolis of the northwest. A name given to one of its social clubs, as well as that scientific observatory overlooking our great harbor, and which once in our own day looked down upon 12,000 rebellious sons whose forefathers fought by the side of Henry Dearborn, in the bloody field, or under his banner in the

war of 1812,—sons who, thank God, have again learned to keep step to the music of the Union.”

Henry Dearborn was born at Hampton, N. H., on the 23d day of Feb., 1751. His father, Simon Dearborn, a lineal descendant of Godfrey Dearborn, who came from Exeter, England, in 1638, was born, it is supposed, in a garrison at North Hampton, N. H. His mother was Sarah, daughter of Simon Marston, of Hampton.

Henry was the youngest of twelve children. He received as thorough an education as the best schools of New England afforded. After completing a classical course, he entered upon the study of medicine under the instruction of Dr. Hall Jackson, of Portsmouth, who was subsequently a surgeon in the American army during the Revolutionary War, and who became one of the most distinguished physicians of New England. In 1771, on the 22d day of Sept., he was married to Mary Bartlett, by whom he had two children; Sophia, afterwards the wife of Dudley Hobart, Esq., of Monmouth, and Pamela Augusta, who married Allen Gilman, an attorney of Hallowell.

Three years prior to the opening of the Revolution, Dr. Dearborn established himself in medical practice at Nottingham Square, N. H. The days of darkness which soon followed had already begun to throw out their gloomy shadows. Dearborn and several other gentlemen of the village who saw in the wrongs that were being hurled upon the colonies the omen of a critical conflict, utilized all their leisure hours in the study of military tactics. Nor were the hours thus employed spent in vain. On the morning of the twen-

tieth of April, 1775, intelligence was received of the spilling of blood at Lexington. No useless words were spoken, no moments spent in unnecessary preparation. Fifty-five miles lay between the bleeding patriots and their determined sympathizers. Before twenty-four hours had elapsed, young Dearborn and sixty companions stood before their excited brothers in the city of Cambridge, ready to sacrifice their lives in the protection of national rights.

Several days were spent in Cambridge, but as there seemed to be no necessity for remaining when there were no signs of immediate action, they returned to their homes.

The work of preparing drilled regiments for service was at once commenced, and Dr. Dearborn, then twenty-four years of age, was appointed captain of one of the companies in the first New Hampshire regiment, under Col. John Stark.

Within ten days from the date of his commission, he joined his regiment at Medford, having in that brief space of time enlisted a full company.

His company was engaged in two skirmishes for possession of the stock on Noddle's Island before the battle of Bunker Hill, as well as in action against an armed vessel near Winnisimet ferry.

On the morning of that memorable 17th of June, Stark's regiment, which was stationed at Medford, received orders to march. They immediately paraded in front of the arsenal, where each man received a gill cup full of powder, fifteen balls, and a flint. At two o'clock in the afternoon, the regiment reached Charlestown. The night before, a redoubt had been thrown

up by the Americans on Breed's Hill, and the British troops were now advancing to take it. Floating batteries on the Charles and Mystic Rivers were throwing a heavy fire of chain and bar shot across Charlestown Neck when they arrived, holding at bay two regiments. Major McClary advanced and requested the commanders to move forward, or to open their lines and permit Stark's regiment to do so. The lines were promptly swung right and left, and Dearborn, whose company led the regiment, advanced close to the side of Col. Stark, into a galling cross-fire from the enemy. Dearborn suggested to the imperturbed Stark, the propriety of moving more rapidly, to sooner escape the range of their guns. The brave old officer fixed his eyes on the young captain and replied, with apparent indifference to the danger of the whizzing shot, "Dearborn, one fresh man in action is worth ten fatigued ones," and continued with the same moderate, measured tread. The enemy were landing on the shore opposite Copp's Hill, when Stark and his brave followers arrived at Bunker Hill. The eccentric commander, calm and unmoved but a moment ago, was now wrought up to a frenzy of enthusiasm. Turning to his men with flashing eye, he shouted, "There is the enemy. We must beat them or Molly Starks lies a widow to-night." Giving three cheers, the regiment made a rapid movement towards the rail fence which ran from the left and to the rear of the redoubt toward Mystic river. In the action that followed, Capt. Dearborn and his men, all of whom were practiced shots, did terrible execution. He stood on the right of the regiment, in plain view of the whole action. He was armed with a fusée

and "fired with precision and regularity."

Every school boy has read with quickened blood the description of this battle. With the scene pictured before him, he has watched, with bated breath, the steady march of the trained Britons, bearing upwards, an overwhelming multitude, against the handful of patriots that rest motionless behind the earthworks. He hears the whispered order, "Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes." And how his blood leaps as the first volley breaks upon his ear, and he sees the ranks of the British curl, waver, and finally retreat with precipitation from the deadly fire of the patriots! And, alas! how his heart sinks within him when he sees the brave Warren fall at his post, and the minute men, with nothing left for defence but the butts of their muskets—their fifteen rounds of ammunition represented by as many hundreds of dying Britons—driven from their earthworks, conquered, and yet conquerors. A more thrilling and fascinating description of the battle than the one found in the old school readers, was never written. But one which was pronounced by leading scholars, and by military men who participated in the engagement, the best account of the battle ever published, was written by Henry Dearborn. It is to be regretted that its great length excludes it from this volume, since the reader is taken into the field at the side of fathers of Monmouth families, and sees the part that they played in that memorable struggle. Any one of historic turn of mind will find himself amply repaid for his trouble, if, when in Boston, he will step into the rooms of the New England Historical and Genealogical Society, and call for the volume

containing this narration.

The following September, it was determined to send a force through the wilderness to attempt the conquest of Quebec. Dearborn, still a captain, accompanied this expedition, which was placed in command of General Benedict Arnold. On the 19th of September, 1775, the troops, numbering eleven hundred, embarked at Newburyport Mass., and a few hours later entered the mouth of the Kennebec river. At Pittston, the ancient Gardinerstown, they stopped—that being the head of navigation for large vessels—and constructed a number of large bateaux. With these they slowly ascended the Kennebec, landing at Fort Halifax in Winslow, and at other points for rest. Their course lay up the Kennebec, to the head of Dead river, and thence over a carrying place into the Chaudiere. The hardship endured by this party can hardly be imagined, much less described. They were often obliged to cut a way through almost impenetrable thickets, laboring days to cover as many miles, without adequate covering for their bodies, or even food to satisfy the cravings of hunger; for, in forcing the bateaux through the dangerous rapids with which the Kennebec abounds, a large portion of the supplies was washed away.

Before reaching the open country beyond the Chaudiere, cold winter came upon them. But encased in armor of ice, with frozen hands and feet, and tortured by the pangs of hunger, those brave patriots pressed forward, incited by a single thought—the glory of liberty. We shudder as we read of the sufferings of the members of the unfortunate Greeley party, but their miseries were hardly more extreme than those of Dear-

born and his companions of this fruitless expedition. Certainly the hunger that first craved Dearborn's pet dog, and afterward attempted to satiate itself with shaving soap, pomatum, lip salve, and even broth made from the leather of their boots and cartridge boxes, could hardly be exceeded by that which called for the sacrifice of a human victim.

When they reached the Chaudiere, from cold, extreme hardship, and want of sustenance, Dearborn's strength failed him, and he was able to walk but a short distance without wading into the water to invigorate and strengthen his limbs. With great difficulty he reached a poor hut on the Chaudiere, where he told his men he could accompany them no farther, and urged them forward to a glorious discharge of their duty. His company left him with tears in their eyes, expecting to see him no more. Dearborn was here seized with a violent fever, and, for many days, not the slightest hope for his recovery was entertained. All this time, he was without medicine, and scarcely had the bare necessities of life. His fine constitution at last surmounted the disease, and, as soon as he was able to travel, he proceeded to Fort Levi in a sleigh, crossed over to Wolf's Cove, and made his unexpected appearance at the head of his company a few days before the assault on Quebec.

Those who had not starved, or perished in the extreme cold, arrived before the Heights of Abraham on the last day of December, 1775.* The unsuccessful result of the expedition is familiar to all. All who escaped death by the bullet were made prisoners of war.

*Among the number was the paternal grandfather of Dr. C. M. Custom.

The days that followed were among the darkest of Dearborn's life. He was daily tantalized with the report that he and other officers were to be sent to England in the spring to be tried and hanged as rebels. Added to this was the vexation of being in irons, and the terrible agony of small-pox, with which nearly all the prisoners were afflicted.

However, the following spring, Dearborn and Major Meigs, one of his superior officers, were released on parole and forwarded on a war ship to Penobscot bay, whence they journeyed by land to Portland. Dearborn was soon exchanged, and appointed major in the third New Hampshire regiment; and, soon after, in consideration of his valor at the battle of Bennington Heights, where he led the advance corps of infantry, was appointed lieutenant-colonel.

In the battle of Monmouth, Dearborn's troops acquitted themselves in a manner that extorted from the lips of Washington, words of high commendation. After driving the wing of the enemy they were ordered to attack the main body of the army. Dearborn went to the commander-in-chief for further orders. "What troops are these?" inquired Washington, as he drew near. "Full-blooded Yankees from New Hampshire, sir," was his characteristic reply.* In 1779, Col. Dearborn accompanied Gen. Sullivan into the interior of New York, on his expedition against the Indians. He was an active participant in the battle at Newton. In 1780 he was with the main army in New Jersey. One year later, he received the appointment of deputy quarter-master-general, with the rank of colonel, serving in that capacity with Washington's army in Virgin-

ia. He was at the siege of Yorktown, where he was appointed, through the death of Gen. Scammel, to the command of the first New Hampshire regiment. In November of that year, he joined the main army at Newburg, and remained with it until peace was declared in 1783. One of his biographers, after dwelling at length on his army life, says in recapitulation, "We have seen Col. Dearborn in more than eight years of war, in sickness and in health, in imprisonment, in victory and defeat, from Bunker Hill to the surrender of Cornwallis, the same ardent patriot and determined soldier. In camp, vigilant, circumspect, and intelligent; in action, determined, and always pressing into close action with the bayonet, as at Saratoga* and at Monmouth. In camp or action, always receiving the approbation of his commanders, whether Sullivan, Gates, or Washington."

In the Boston Public Library is an old, yellow, weather-beaten mass of paper which is sacredly guarded from the touch of the curious multitude, and only brought forth at the request of the favored few. In it are recorded accounts of battles, marches, and sieges, interspersed with war-songs and bits of sentiment; and here and there a passage too sacred for the eyes of dull unsympathizing humanity is scratched again and again, until the words are forever lost. Could we but look down under these faithful guardians of a life's secrets, we might know more of one of the noblest hearts that ever beat in sympathy with American liberty. It is the diary of Henry Dearborn. Under the date, Dec.

*The Adjutant General in speaking of his conduct in this action, says, "A more vigilant and determined soldier never wore a sword."

18th, 1777, he says, "Thanksgiving Day through the whole continent of America, but God knows we have very little to keep it with, this being the 3d day we have been without flour or bread, and are living on a high uncultivated hill, in huts and tents, lying on the cold ground. Upon the whole I think all we have to be thankful for, is that we are alive and not in the grave with so many of our friends. We had for Thanksgiving breakfast some exceeding poor beef, which had been broiled, and now warmed in an old frying pan, in which we were obliged to eat, having no plates. I dined, or supped, at Gen. Sullivan's to-day, and so ended Thanksgiving." This was dated at Germantown. On the 17th of the following May, he says, "I dined to-day at Gen. Washington's." Under the date, March 1783, we find these falsely prophetic words, "Here ends my military life."

Two months later we find Dearborn again on the banks of the Kennebec; now seeking a home. The beauty of this fertile valley had impressed itself upon his mind, not to be effaced by the nine years that had elapsed since he sailed up the river with Arnold. Accompanied by his body servant, Jeremiah Wakefield, the father of Henry Wakefield, of Gardiner, whom many of our citizens know, he, guided by a line of spotted trees, pushed back through the wilderness fourteen miles, to the settlement of Wales Plantation, where he held tracts of land, covering upwards of 5000 acres under deeds from the Kennebec Proprietary. He found settlers on his land, among them Hugh Mulloy, to whom he gave a note for "fifty Spanish milled dollars" for the buildings and other

improvements made on the property. The note was written on a piece of paper about the size of a man's hand, and read as follows:

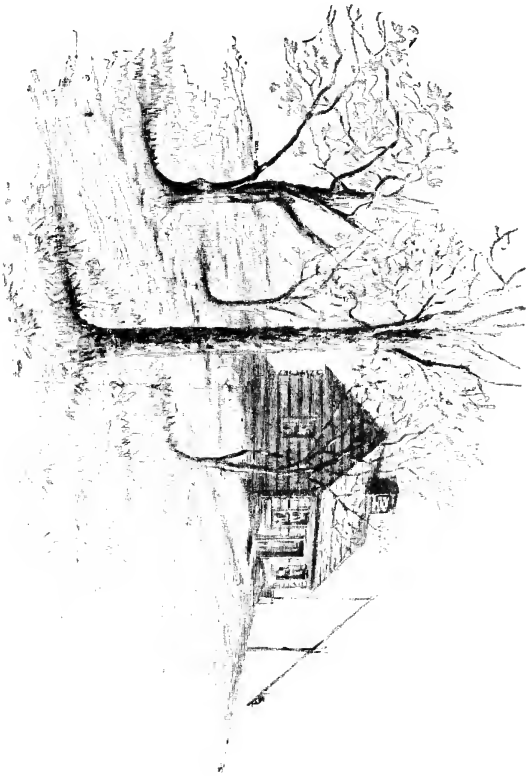
Wales, JUNE 27th, 1783.

For value received I promise to pay Hugh Mulloy the sum of fifty Spanish milled dollars, by the fifteenth day of October, 1784, with interest until paid.

HENRY DEARBORN."

On the crown of the hill south of the residence of Mr. Bickford, he erected a house. This was the first house built in the plantation. The New Meadows settlers were all contented to live in rude log cabins, and doubtless it was considered highly ostentatious in Dearborn to insist on having the timbers for his dwelling hewed square. Twenty years ago, this building was still standing—a low, black, solid structure—a fitting companion to the block houses built by the pioneers in the times of Indian warfare. When Mr. Leonard built the Bickford house, he removed the heavy timbers from the walls of this old relic, and used them in framing the ell; the sticks being as sound, apparently, as they were the day they were hewed.

The incidents of General Dearborn's life in Monmouth could not be related in a book, much less in a single chapter. A few of our oldest townsmen speak with pride of the occasion when they saw the old hero at some great political gathering, or, perhaps, when he rode through the street in his elegant coach. He was very fond of hunting and fishing, and many were the days he spent wandering around the shores of the Cochnewagan. In later years, when official duties bore heavily upon him, he could not forget the scenes



THE FIRST HOUSE IN MONMOUTH. BUILT BY GEN. HENRY DEARBORN.

MEMORY SKETCH. DICTATED BY L. S. METCALF AND HATHAWAY BROTHERS. SEE PAGE 72.

that had delighted and refreshed him in earlier life, and as often as once in a year, he might be found, fishing-rod in hand, in his old haunts.

When in his prime, the man that could stand before his strength and agility in a wrestling match was not easily found. Long after middle life he was an expert at cricket and ball, and before the exposures to which he subjected himself in his army experience had undermined his grand constitution, he never saw the athlete with whom he feared to contest. When the General raised his barn, a number of men came from Gardiner to assist; attracted in part, it may be, by the greatness of the personage to whom they rendered service, and still more, it is probable, by the anticipated treat of new rum and molasses. It was customary at raisings for all hands to join in a ring wrestle as soon as the last timber was laid and secured in its place. The moment a man was thrown he was counted out, and the residue of the gang would struggle on until but two remained. Then came a pause for breath, followed by the most exciting contest of the day—a struggle for the laurels; and those laurels, when won, could not have brought more pride to the brow of a Roman gladiator. The Gardiner crew brought with them this day a burly rowdy, who had, it was claimed, never been thrown in a wrestling match. The ring was formed, the General, of course, on account of his high social and official position, being excluded. One after another found a resting place for his back and rolled out of the circle, until only the bully and a wiry little fellow much inferior in weight remained. The Gardiner rough made a dash at his opponent, and by an unfair movement threw

him. The General at once forgot his station, and every thing else but his love of fair play, and, stepping up to the exulting bully, he exclaimed, "Now, sir, if you will take hold of me and I don't throw you in less than one minute, I will give you one hundred acres of the best land in Monmouth." No real estate changed hands that day.

Dearborn's physique was magnificent, and his face "a perfect type of manly beauty." On features differing but little from those of his superior officer, he wore the same mild, firm, magnanimous expression that we always expect to find on representations of Washington. Among his intimate friends were grouped the greatest of American statesmen. Lafayette, the devoted friend of Washington, was attached to Dearborn with the strongest ties of fellowship. Even Talleyrand and Louis Phillipe, who afterward became King of France, when on a visit to this country, left the metropolis where they were receiving ovation on ovation, and journeyed far down into the wilds of Maine to honor him with a visit. It was at this time that Talleyrand fell into the Cobbossee-contee and was saved by a little boy holding to him his fishing rod. Imagine the mighty Talleyrand on the end of a birch pole the eminent French statesman serving as fish bait!

General Dearborn was, in every sense, a gentleman. With him a man was a man, whether found in the mansion of the rich or in the most poverty-smitten hut of the plebeian; and each of the two classes could expect to be treated by him with equal courtesy. While he was clearing his farm, and later, while constructing the old road between Monmouth and Gardiner, he had

in his employ many common laborers. At meal time it was his custom to remain standing beside his chair until all his men were seated, before taking a place at the table himself.

In religious preferences he was a Congregationalist; but true religion he never discountenanced if found in the hearts of those who favored a different creed.

History, it is true, is wont to cover all defects in her subjects, and biographers are often guilty of apotheosis; but waiving all such testimony, and relying wholly on the evidence of local tradition, we cannot but believe that General Dearborn was a man of unusual purity and magnanimity, as well as of great intellectual force and refinement. Who can say that his noble influence, buried in the heart of the young community, is not felt in the lives of the latest generation? And those of our townsmen who, going out into broader fields of action and enterprise, have caused the very nation to proclaim above us the encomium that once rang against the walls of Bethlehem-Ephratah—"Thou art not least among the daughters of thy people"—could they trace through the generations the cause of their success, would find the origin in Henry Dearborn's labors for the moral and intellectual up-building of his towns-people.

As a scholar, he was assiduous and thorough. All the spare moments of the latter part of his life were spent in reading the standard literature of his day. Charles Coffin, in company with one of the most scholarly men and greatest physicians of Boston, once visited him at his home. They found him reading Scott's "Ivanhoe." Mr. Coffin, in speaking of this visit and

the versatility of his host, says, "A variety of subjects were started in conversation, and the physician repeatedly afterwards expressed his surprise at the correctness and ability with which he entered into every subject started, declaring that previously he had considered him merely a military character."

Hypocrisy and deceit had no place in his character. His opinions were never smoothed for the touch of those who desired to know them. After the close of the Revolution he met Benedict Arnold at St. Johns. His former commander was covered with confusion at the unexpected meeting. He attempted to explain the cause of his nefarious treachery, and seemed really distressed at Dearborn's refusal to listen to him, but was silenced when that gentleman informed him that he considered his conduct indefensible, and held his character in such estimation that no excuse or explanation could be made, and as his own opinion was not to be changed, he wished not to hear him on that subject. His former affection for Arnold, and respect for him as an able and courageous officer, lend force to his unswerving plainness of speech at this time.

Before moving to Maine, Dearborn exchanged some wild land with the trustees of Phillips' Exeter Academy for cash. With this he purchased a building-spot in Gardiner, near the river's bank, and on it erected a house.*

His time, during the four years following his release from military service, was alternated between this home and his farm at Monmouth; the greater part of the winter being spent in Gardiner.

*The building was taken down to make room for the Gardiner National Bank, which was built on the same site.



THE OLD GRIST MILL.

ERECTED PRIOR TO 1792, BY GEN. HENRY DEARBORN, JOHN WELCH AND CAPT. JAS. BLOSSOM.

In 1787, he was elected by the field officers of several regiments a brigadier-general of the militia, and soon after, was appointed to the higher position of major-general by the Legislature of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Washington, in recognition of his valued services as an army officer, appointed him marshal of the District of Maine. He was next honored by being elected a member of Congress from the Kennebec district. At the expiration of his term of office, he was re-elected. During his second term, the famous Jay Treaty question came up for consideration, and here, by taking sides with the minority, he lost much of his popularity. In this, we see his independence, for he well knew that he acted contrary to the opinion and wishes of Washington, who believed the treaty to be preferred at that time to war with Great Britain. Dearborn honestly believed the treaty to be derogatory to the honor of the American people and government, and preferred war to peace on such conditions. A very great majority of the American people were then opposed to the treaty, but Washington and the requisite majority of the Senate, twenty to ten, approved it. At this time, people look back with approbation on the course taken by Washington and the Senate in this affair; but many honest and able patriots thought and acted with General Dearborn. In consequence of his vote on this occasion, notwithstanding his services in the Revolution and his great popularity, he lost his election in the Kennebec district, and remained a few years in retirement.

The democratic party gained the ascendancy in 1801, and immediately on the election of Thomas Jefferson

to the seat of the chief Executive, he appointed General Dearborn to the position of Secretary of War. When Dearborn resigned his position in the Cabinet, his department was examined by Timothy Pickering and James Hillhouse, who were politically antagonistic to him, yet they reported absolute correctness in all the details of his management. Never seeking a prominent political position, such was his worth, that his resignation had scarcely been filed, before he was appointed to the collectorship of the port of Boston and Charlestown. This office he held until 1812. War with Great Britain was now imminent and the President began to cast about him for supporters in the inevitable conflict. The most important position in the American army—that of Commander-in-Chief—was now tendered Dearborn in the following letter.

WASHINGTON JANUARY 11, 1812.

Dear Sir,—The Congress has just passed an act adding twenty odd thousand to the military establishment. It provides for two major-generals and five brigadiers. The importance of placing this, and the forces in view, under the best commander, speaks for itself. Our eyes could not but be turned, on such an occasion, to your qualifications and experience, and I wait for your permission, only, to name you to the senate for the *senior* major-general.

I hope you will so far suspend all other considerations as not to withhold it, and that I shall not only be gratified with this information as quickly as possible, but with an authority to look for your arrival here as soon as you can make it practicable. You will be sensible of all the value of your co-operation on the spot, in making the arrangements necessary to repair the loss of time which has taken place. All the information we receive urges a vigorous preparation for events. Accept my best respects and most friendly wishes.

JAMES MADISON."

The Senate confirmed this nomination by a vote of twenty-three to nine. In a letter informing Dearborn of the concurrence of the Senate, President Madison says, "In order to afford the public the benefits of your councils here, it is very important that you be here without a moment's delay. In the hope of seeing you very speedily, and with every wish for your happiness, I tender assurance of my esteem and friendship." The morning following the receipt of this communication, General Dearborn was on his way to Washington.

It is a cause for regret that General Dearborn's brilliant career—for, indeed, it was brilliant, although lack of investigation has led the general public to hold other opinions concerning it—should be so grossly stained by the misrepresentations of designing politicians. In the light of thorough investigation, it is evident that machinations were on foot from the date of his appointment, to effect his removal. John Armstrong, the newly appointed Secretary of War, aspired to the presidency. It by any means Dearborn could be proved incompetent and deposed from his command, Armstrong would, in virtue of his office, assume his duties as chief military officer. The leader of a successful campaign upon the lakes would stand before the people as a candidate for the presidency, and this honor Armstrong desired to be conferred upon himself, not Dearborn. The election of William Henry Harrison, who succeeded from this command to presidential honors, proved the wonderful prescience of the crafty secretary. Armstrong had an able assistant in his brother-in-law, General Lewis, who was one of Dearborn's chief subordinate officers. The strange conduct

of Lewis, in rankly disobeying the orders of his superior officer, challenges attention, and points to something in the form of design. On account of the attachment that had grown out of a long acquaintance, Dearborn hesitated to expose the negligence of Lewis, and suffered the blame of the unaccountable lack of achievement to fall upon his own head, little thinking that he was guarding the interest of a traitor. At length, however, in the face of outrages which even his magnanimous nature could not bear, he called the attention of the Secretary of War to the circumstances which had held him from action.

The following passage, bearing upon the events in question, is inserted not only on account of the light it throws upon the injured reputation of Dearborn, but because in it mention is frequently made of General Chandler, who was also a citizen of Monmouth.

“Upon the success of the first part of the expedition, General Dearborn sent an express to inform General Lewis what he had done, and to notify him of his intended arrival with the army at Fort Niagara, at which port the General arrived a few days after, where he learned that General Lewis was at Judge Potter’s, opposite Niagara Falls, fourteen miles from his troops. Upon further inquiry, to the disappointment and mortification of General Dearborn, he discovered that the heavy mortars were not fixed on their beds in the fort, nor the battery cannon, nor the boats to make the descent provided, and General Winder with his brigade was at Black Rock, more than thirty miles distant from the mouth of the Niagara where the descent on the Canadian shore was to be made. * * The

General, thus circumstanced, knowing the enemy would be re-inforced before the boats to be built would be in readiness to pass over the army, desired Commodore Chauncy to return to Sackett's Harbor, and, in the interim, bring up General Chandler's brigade. During this period five batteries were erected above Fort Niagara, and the boats which had been commenced were ordered to be finished with all expedition, and brought around to Four Mile Creek. The last was effected on the river, under fire of the enemy's batteries, without any loss. Immediately on the return of the fleet with General Chandler's brigade, the General issued an order, which never has been published, 'that on the next day the troops should breakfast at two o'clock, strike tents at three, and embark at four.'

"The situation and position of the country had been previously obtained by spies, the plan of landing digested, and the plan of attack determined, which was submitted to Generals Lewis, Chandler, Winder and Boyd, and met their full approbation. Excessive fatigue and exposure to storms had produced a violent fever, which, ten days previous to the attack on Fort George, had confined General Dearborn to his bed.

"The morning after the general order was announced for the attack, General Lewis called on him, and said it would be impossible for the army to embark. General Dearborn, then having some *suspicious* of the military character and *energy* of General Lewis, replied, the attack should be made as ordered, that he was prepared, and further delay would not be allowed. On the morning of the attack, General Dearborn was mounted upon his horse, by assistance, before four

o'clock, in opposition to the opinion of his physicians, and against the remonstrance of the officers of his staff. He rode to the place of embarkation—saw the troops on board the fleet and boats. General Lewis, who had the immediate command, now *first made his appearance*, and expressed his great astonishment at the unexpected rapidity with which this movement had been made. This effort had so exhausted General Dearborn, that he was taken from his horse, led to a boat, and conveyed on board the Madison. On his way to Four Mile Creek, Dr. Mann, a hospital surgeon of the army, meeting General Dearborn, said to him, 'I apprehend you do not intend to embark with the army.' The general replied, 'apprehend nothing, sir—I go into battle or perish in the attempt.' From the first dawn of day, and while the army was embarking, a most tremendous fire of hot shot and shells from Fort Niagara and the newly erected batteries, was opened on Fort George, and continued until the block houses, barracks and stores were inwrapped in flames, and the guns silenced.

The gallant Colonel Scott, with a company of eight hundred light troops, composed the advance of the army, followed by Generals Boyd and Winder, and the reserve under General Chandler. General Scott immediately made good his landing, under a sheet of fire, while the several regiments in succession formed the order of battle from right to left, in a most soldier-like manner. This landing of the army and escalade of a bank twenty feet high, similar to a parapet, has been considered the handsomest military display on the

*General Winfield Scott.

northern frontier during the war.

“General Dearborn, from his great exertions, added to his state of health, was unable to support himself more than fifteen or twenty minutes on his feet at once; but he was frequently up, watching their movements. The troops had all landed, (except the reserve) when General Lewis still remained on board. General Dearborn, exercising his usual delicacy with him, merely suggested to him, whether he ought not to land, and then retired.

“Within twenty minutes, General Dearborn again came on deck, and finding General Lewis still on board, repeated his suggestion for him to land, notwithstanding which, *General Lewis was not on shore until after the battle.* The enemy had now fallen back between the village of Newark and Fort George. After General Lewis had landed, an hour and a half passed away, and four thousand men formed in order of battle, with a fine train of artillery, were seen standing still, while the enemy, not more than twelve hundred, were manœvering for a retreat. At this moment, General Dearborn, in agony at the delay, sent his D. A., General Beebe, to General Lewis, with orders to move instantly, surround the enemy, and cut them up. Even after this order, it was an hour before Generals Boyd, Chandler and Scott, with all their arguments, could induce General Lewis to advance—and then only to the south side of Newark, three-fourths of a mile from his first position, when the line was again formed, and continued until the enemy had retreated in the rear of Fort George, and took the route to Queenstown Heights. Colonel Scott, however, pursued the retreat-

ing, broken army, without orders, three miles, and would not desist in his pursuit until four aids-de-camp of General Lewis had been dispatched to order his return. Later in the day, the ship Madison moved up the river in front of Fort George, where General Dearborn was taken on shore and carried to his quarters, much exhausted. Meeting with General Lewis, he expressed his disapprobation of his conduct, and ordered him to put the army in pursuit of the enemy at five o'clock the next morning. Instead of this he did not move until five o'clock in the afternoon. Upon his arrival at Queenstown Heights, he learned that the enemy had made a rapid movement towards the head of Lake Ontario, by the Beaver Dam, and sent back a report to that effect.

"General Dearborn, having on his part neglected nothing to secure the advantage obtained over the enemy—mortified and provoked at the dereliction of duty in any officer, and unwilling that a broken and disconcerted army should escape, sent for Commodore Chauncy and requested him to take part of the army on board his fleet, and proceed with them to the head of the lake, while the remainder would march by the lake road, and thus make certain the capture of the enemy. To this proposition the Commodore readily agreed. Orders were in consequence sent to General Lewis to return. On the following morning, Chauncy called on the General, and informed him, that on reflection, it would be imprudent in him to delay his return to Sackett's Harbor, as it was of the utmost importance that the new ship, Gen. Pike, should be got out on the lake with all possible despatch, while the weak state of that garrison

would favor an attack from a much superior force at Kingston, (which before his return actually took place) and destroy his new ship, and thus give Sir James Yeo the command of the lake. To the correctness of these remarks, and having no command over Com. Chauncy, General Dearborn was obliged to yield. Thus frustrated in his expectation of assistance from the fleet, he ordered General Chandler's and Winder's brigades to follow the enemy on the lake road, while ammunition and provisions were transported in bateaux to the head of the lake. These brigades marched, and having arrived within a few miles of the enemy's camp late in the afternoon, it was thought most prudent to wait and make the attack on the following morning. But the enemy, from their inferiority in numbers, thought it most wise to do all they could ever do before next morning. They attacked these brigades in the night and carried off Generals Chandler and Winder prisoners. How this happened, has never been satisfactorily explained;*but the captured generals have never been accused of too much circumspection on that occasion.

*The command now devolved on Col. Burns, who called a council of war. It was determined to send back to General Dearborn (forty miles distant), inform him of the event and await his orders. The express arrived at night, General Dearborn called General Lewis, Boyd and his subordinates and ordered them to set out immediately for the army and attack the enemy. The two latter generals were ready to start instantly;

*General Chandler's account and explanation of this event may be found in the chapter devoted to his career.

but General Lewis observed that it rained and was dark, and did not get in readiness until the next day. The day after these officers departed to join the army, the British fleet hove in sight, approached to take the soundings opposite Fort Niagara, and appeared to be designating a place for landing troops. In consequence of this General Dearborn recalled the army from Stony Creek.

"Commodore Chauncey was confident, when he sailed from the Niagara he should be able to get the new ship out by the tenth of June, and that, in the meantime, the British would not dare to come out on the lake. They did appear, however, in a few days after the Commodore's departure, and thereby prevented the operations against the enemy which were contemplated. The roads were such, that it was impossible to transport provision and supplies for the army by land, while it would have been madness to attempt it in bateaux by water, while the British fleet was on the lake. Thus situated, General Dearborn determined to await the return of the commodore, repair to Fort George, and be in readiness to move as soon as the fleet arrived. An express arrived from Commodore Chauncey, advising he could not move before the thirtieth of June."

General Dearborn's condition now became so critical that he was compelled to relinquish the immediate sight of the troops. Disaster after disaster followed. It seemed as though the officers in command were inspired by cowardice or some kindred principle to effect the overthrow of the American army, and for all these events so contrary to what would have occurred had

his orders been obeyed, General Dearborn was censured most severely by press and people. Had that arch-traitor, General Lewis, been court-martialed, condemned, and shot, as he certainly would have been under a less lenient and forgiving commander, not only would the campaign of the lakes, have been a series of brilliant victories, but the years that followed would have seen General Henry Dearborn at the head of our civil government. The correspondence which followed his removal would prove of great interest to the reader of this volume, and it is with regret that it is laid aside on account of want of space. General Dearborn repeatedly solicited the President and Secretary of War to order a court-martial and prefer charges against him that he might have an opportunity to vindicate himself; but even this was denied him, nor would those magnates in answer to his many letters of inquiry, give any reason for his removal. He had the comforting assurance that he was removed from his high position—nothing more. Immediately on receiving notice of the removal of their brave and respected leader, the field and staff officers of his command, twenty-five in number, presented an address expressing in most laudatory terms their approbation of his course of action, and deep regret at the unexpected and inexplicable orders that demanded his separation from them. President Madison, who had been led into error through the treachery of Armstrong, on learning the facts of the case, addressed a letter to General Dearborn in which he said, "I am persuaded that you will not lose in any respect by the effect of time and truth." So great was the confidence which the President reposed in

his integrity and ability that he afterward appointed him to the position he held in Jefferson's cabinet, that of Secretary of War. The Senate, less enlightened, failed to confirm this appointment. The President then addressed to General Dearborn the following letter.

WASHINGTON, MARCH 4th, 1851.

Dear Sir:—Being desirous for the Department of War service which I thought you could render with peculiar advantage, and hoping that for a time at least, you might consent to step into that Department, I took the liberty, without a previous communication, for which there was no time, to nominate you as successor to Mr. Monroe, who was called back to the Department of State. I had not a doubt from all the calculations I could make that the Senate would concur to my views; and if a doubt had arisen, it would have been banished by the confidence of the best informed and best disposed with whom I conferred that the nomination would be welcomed when it was decided on; contrary to these confident expectations, an opposition was declared in an extent which determined me to withdraw my nomination. But, before the message arrived, the Senate very unexpectedly had taken up the subject and proceeded to a decision. They promptly, however, relaxed so far as to erase the proceedings from their journal, and in that mode give effect to the withdrawal. I have thought this explanation due both to me and to yourself. I sincerely and deeply regret the occasion for it. But to whatever blame I may have subjected myself, I trust you will see in the course taken by me, a proof of the high value I place on your public, and of the esteem I feel for your personal, character. Permit me to add, that I have been not a little consoled for the occurrence to which I have become accessory, by the diffusive expressions to which it has led, of sentiments such as your best friends have heard with most pleasure. Accept the assurance of my great respect and sincere regard.

JAMES MADISON.

MAJOR GENERAL DEARBORN."

A number of the senators visited the President officially soon after the nomination, when he stated his re-

gard for General Dearborn, and the opinion he held concerning his ability as a military commander, and related to them the evidence he had secured that much abuse had been heaped upon an innocent person. The senators were greatly astonished at these disclosures, and declared that they would have confirmed his nomination as Secretary of War without hesitation, and with great pleasure, had these things been revealed to them previously. So great was the General's love for his country, that when the individual who had caused him such loss of reputation and merited position, ordered him to an inferior command, he, instead of resigning his commission, as an officer seeking self-glorification and less devoted to the interests of his nation would have done, gracefully assumed the duties of his position, and conducted himself so as to bring honor and esteem from that which was intended to be an overwhelming disgrace. After the declaration of peace, General Dearborn was called to assist the government in reducing the army "to the peace establishment" and to advise in the retention of the most suitable officers. Soon after the close of the war, he was nominated by his party as candidate for Governor of Massachusetts. He was opposed and defeated by General Brooks. In 1822, President Monroe, with the unanimous acquiescence of the Senate, called him to the office of minister plenipotentiary to the court of Portugal. During the two years spent in this foreign field, he won the respect and favor of the king and all connected with the court of Lisbon.

He returned to his new home in Roxbury, Mass., in 1824, never to go before the public in an official capacity

again. On the sixth of June, 1829, in the seventy-ninth year of his age, he died, and was buried at Boston Highlands.

Gen. Dearborn was married three times; first at the age of twenty-one to Mary Bartlett, of New Hampshire, by whom he had two daughters, of whom mention has already been made. His wife died in October, 1778. Two years later he married Dorcas Marble, a widow, of Andover, Mass., by whom he had two sons and a daughter. One of these sons was the illustrious Gen. Henry Alexander Scammel Dearborn, who is known not only as a most efficient military commander, but as the projector of three of the greatest enterprises in which the citizens of Massachusetts take pride—Bunker Hill Monument, Mount Auburn Cemetery, and the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. His second wife died in 1811. Her descendants by her first husband now live in the city of Gardiner.

At the close of the war of 1812, Gen. Dearborn retired to private life, as poor as he was the day he commenced the practice of medicine at Nottingham Square. In 1813 he married Sarah Bowdoin, widow of Hon. James Bowdoin, son of the governor of Massachusetts, but better known as the munificent patron of the college which bears his name, and as one of the chief members of the Plymouth proprietary. Bowdoin died childless, leaving his vast estates to his wife. She was a lady of noble character, almost prodigal in her charities and donations. Her extreme wealth and accomplishment gained for her admittance to the highest society. Gen. Dearborn, after his marriage, left his home in Maine and resided with her, first at the cele-

brated Bowdoin Mansion, in Boston, afterwards at Roxbury.

In closing this epitome of the career of our greatest townsman, it is well to impress again on the mind the magnificence of his character. This may be done by relating the following incident:

When the American troops were stationed on the borders of the lakes, they were greatly annoyed by severe thunder storms. In these storms it was difficult to find a man brave enough to stand guard over the powder magazine. Men who were never known to falter in the face of the enemy would desert their post when the lightnings were playing around the powder house, in spite of the severe penalties of a court martial. When intelligence of this came to the ears of the commander-in-chief, he, instead of forcing obedience at the point of the bayonet, waited for an opportunity to test the power of example. It soon came. Just at dusk one night, a terrific thunder-storm rolled over the camp. In the very height of the tempest, Dearborn was seen to leave his quarters and walk with measured tread towards the dreaded magazine. When he reached it, he climbed to the top, wrapped his army blanket about him, and lay there until morning, the sole guardian of the most dangerous post in the picket line. After that, the point was never left unguarded through the cowardice of the sentry.

CHAPTER IV.

THE EPPING EXODUS.

Never in the history of our country has such a change taken place as that which followed the close of the American Revolution. Liberty, absolute and untrammelled, liberty, such as no nation ever knew before, had been secured, but it seemed as if this glorious acquisition had brought absolute ruin as a traveling companion; and in the midst of their rejoicing, the people were dejected and miserable. Everything had been sacrificed to maintain the struggle against the crown. Noble men had closed their shops, and left their farms to the care of their wives and children, to give their time to their country.

The women at home had spent their time in spinning and weaving blankets, frocks, and small clothes for the men at the front, and had stinted themselves that they might send a large portion of the farm products they succeeded in raising to their starving fathers and brothers.

Men who had money, sacrificed it in the purchase of

muskets and ammunition; and those who did not go to the front in person, went by proxy in the boots and hats and saddles that they remained at home to manufacture.

When the fathers and brothers returned, they came empty-handed. They returned to farms that had been scraped bare, and to wives and mothers and sisters who had given up everything for their sakes, and brought nothing in return. Nothing but liberty! And O, how the word mocked them! Liberty to starve, liberty to perish, liberty to die! The country was ruined. Every dollar had been thrown into the hopper and ground into liberty.

When the faithful soldiers were discharged, they were remunerated for the time they had spent in the service. Each one received a number of slips of thin paper on which was printed, in rude type, the promise of the Continental Congress to pay the full face value of the slips at the expiration of a certain period, in silver coin. But who was to furnish the coin? Some of the soldiers, enraged at their disappointment and the distressing forecast, tore their money into shreds and ground it beneath their heels. No one believed that the government would be able to redeem any of this trash, and its value rapidly depreciated. First it dropped to three dollars for one, then six for one. In a short time it fell to one hundred for one, and in another year to five hundred for one. When its value depreciated to such an extent that five hundred dollars in this currency would purchase only the value of one dollar in silver, Continental money was practically out of circulation; and in another year it passed entirely out of use. The effect on

business and commerce may be imagined. There was no money in the country, except here and there a small pile of silver dollars in the possession of some old miser, who carefully hoarded it, thinking if he let it go he would never again see anything like it, and the Continental money which no one would accept at any value. The farmer who wished to sharpen his appetite with a quid of tobacco while he was putting in his spring crops must go the trader with a promise to pay in farm produce of some kind when the crops were gathered; and the trader must purchase his goods of the wholesale house with notes payable in wool, corn, wheat, rye, flax, and other farm products. Such a stagnation had never been known before. There remained but one way to support life, and that was to raise all the necessaries from the soil. Every man must raise his own wheat, beans, rye, and potatoes, grow flax and wool for his wife to manufacture into clothing, make his sugar and molasses from the sap of the maple tree, make his hats and boots from materials raised on the farm, and, in short, live a life entirely separated from the rest of the world. With no expectation of any future improvement of this condition, those who lived in well-settled communities began to cast about for homes in the less populous districts east of them, where lands, which they might hope would yield them a bare living, could be secured at small cost.

With this hasty glance at the conditions that then existed, we can easily understand why the forests of central Maine, which had echoed only to the howl of native denizens, were filled with sounds of ringing steel

and flecked with rolling clouds of smoke from hundreds of stone chimneys so soon after the close of the Revolution; and why so many young men and women left good homes in thickly-settled towns in New Hampshire and Massachusetts for the uninviting desolation of the wilderness.

When General Dearborn returned to his old home in Epping, New Hampshire, after his first visit to Maine, he succeeded in enthusing quite a number of his acquaintances, among whom were two of his brothers, to the idea of emigrating with him to the Kennebec Valley. Those who came first to make homes in the wilderness were Simon and Benjamin Dearborn, Caleb Fogg, James Norris, Josiah Brown, Daniel Gilman, Gilman Moody, and John Chandler.

It was not far from the year 1782, that the settlement, was augmented by the appearance of this party. At about the same time, Daniel Allen, Peter Lyon, Josiah Whittredge, Gorden Freas, Nathaniel Smith, and Nathaniel Brainerd also appeared, coming from various points. The Dearborns settled on land given them by the General. Simon Dearborn found John Fish, the tavern keeper, squatting on his claim. Fish had no title to the land, but Dearborn, ever just in his dealings with others, offered him twenty-five dollars for the improvements he had made, which, we may rest assured were very few. Fish refused to sell or leave the place; accordingly, Dearborn, after every other course to effect his removal, sued him for damages and attacked his cattle. On this, the irate vender of ardent spirits watched his opportunity, and when it came, drove the cattle through the woods to Mr. Lane's

in Littleboro' (Leeds) and converted them into "moose meat." This exploit raised the wrath of the other settlers and he was promptly expelled from the plantation. He found a home somewhere in the eastern part of the state.

Benjamin Dearborn settled at "Dearborn's Corner" below the Center. He was a shoemaker, as was his neighbor, Josiah Brown, who settled a few rods south of him on the Wales road, where the ruins of the chimney he built may still be seen. Mr. Brown was a young man not far from twenty-two years of age. He prepared a log cabin, like those his neighbors had erected, cleared a portion of his farm, and returned to New Hampshire for the maiden who had promised to share his fate. He found that two or three years separation had not changed her mind. She had been true to her troth, and did not hesitate to mount the horse behind her lover, and ride through the wilderness to the little cabin in the woods, to be united with him in marriage. It required some courage on the part of a girl of twenty summers to separate herself from society for such an isolated home, although her family, the Blakes, soon made a home near her. Brown was industrious, and, in this respect, as well as others, his wife found a good mate. Their extra hours of labor did not always prove truly economical, however, as an incident will demonstrate. One night Brown worked on his bench until the "wee sma' hours" his wife sitting by his side to encourage him. Finally they retired and fell into the arms of Morpheus. And such a hugging as the old god of slumber gave them! When they awoke everything seemed turned, end for end. The sun was just rising

on the wrong side of the house; and—strange phenomenon!—he ducked his head and went back into his nest behind the hills. Could it be possible? They rubbed their eyes in amazement. Astounding truth! They had slept through the entire day without waking, and now the shadows of another evening were rapidly approaching. They arose and prepared a meal—was it breakfast or supper?

Caleb Fogg settled on the farm now owned by B. M. Prescott. He was a practical joker of the keenest edge, and was at the same time the terror and pet of the community. His subsequent conversion and standing as a Christian minister held in check his exuberant spirits, and but for an occasional outburst of wit and tell-tale twinkle of the eye, no one would have guessed what he was when he first came to this town. "Old Howe," a trapper and hunter living in the edge of Winthrop, suffered much from his irrepressible outbursts, and it must have been with intense satisfaction that the poor old hermit heard of his conversion. Riding up to the door of Howe's cabin late one dark night, he banged it until the shingles rattled.

"Who's thar?" shouted the old man from within.

"I want to see you at once. Don't wait a minute for your life."

The old man drew the bolt and exposed his shivering limbs to the night air. Fogg leaned over in the saddle until his lips nearly touched the trapper's ear, and whispering, "Do your geese lay?" darted off like a meteor.

Again he was passing a cabin in the middle of the night when the spirit came over him. Riding up to

the door he loudly and urgently requested the aroused inmates to come out.

"Have you lost a meal bag?" he inquired, as a shaggy, unkempt head appeared in the doorway.

"No. Why, have you found one?"

"No I haven't found one yet, but expect every minute that I shall," and putting spurs to his brisk nag, he disappeared in the darkness.

Mr. Fogg built the house now occupied by B. M. Prescott, Esq., on High Street. In 1795 he was converted. He was then thirty-four years old. Three years later he was licensed to exhort, and in 1800 received a preacher's license. In 1806 he was received on trial by the New England Conference, and for twenty four years continued in the active and arduous service of a Methodist circuit rider. His was a work of love. The long and dangerous journeys through the woods on horseback, in all kinds of weather, to carry the gospel to the new and sparsely inhabited settlements, bore no charm to draw him from a comfortable home. Nor was his salary a considerable inducement. The first year he received from all sources the sum total of forty dollars. The second year, two dollars less; the third year it took a tremendous leap and struck the sky-raking maximum of forty-eight dollars and fifty cents; then it fell from the dizzy height to thirty-five, and so on.

After an active and effective service of twenty-four years, he located, and preached only occasionally in adjoining towns, as his undermined health would permit. He died Sept. 6, 1839.

Fogg was a soldier in the Revolutionary war. He

said he never did much mischief there with the exception of once stealing a goose.

“Mr. Fogg,” says Dr. Allen, in his History of Methodism, “was no common man. He was remarkably original. He copied no man either in or out of the pulpit. Shrewdness and wit were prominent characteristics. He was a careful student of the Bible, clear and decided in his convictions, plain and forcible in his preaching, and severe in his assaults upon what he believed to be error. He entertained a special abhorrence for the harsh points of Calvinistic doctrine current in his time, and he would usually in his preaching take occasion to give some hard thrusts at this, to him, odious system of theology. In his last sickness, a Christian brother called to see him, and, in the course of conversation, asked the following question:

“‘Brother Fogg, in reviewing your life are you conscious of having neglected any particular duty?’ ‘I am not sure,’ said the dying man, ‘that in my preaching I have been quite severe enough on Calvinism.’ His closing days were peaceful. ‘I have peace with God; all is well’ were his last words to his brethren in the ministry.”

Gilman Moody made a clearing at the head of Cochewagan pond which he exchanged in a short time with Timothy Wight for the farm now owned by Mr. Bishop at North Monmouth. He erected the house Mr. Bishop now occupies not far from 1790. Mr. Moody seems to have had a mania for making new clearings. In addition to these two farms, he partially cleared the places owned by George L. King at the Center, and Phineas Nichols at East Monmouth, on

both of which he lived for a short time and on the latter of which he died. He, also, became a member of the Methodist church and a local preacher. He was ordained deacon by Bishop Asbury in 1802, and was received into full connection at the General Conference, at Baltimore, in 1820. He received four appointments, Norridgewock, 1820; Buxton, 1821; Readfield circuit, 1822; and Poland in 1823.

Daniel Allen settled at the outlet of South Pond, Peter Lyon on the Greenleaf Smith place, and Gordon Freas on the farm lately owned by Mrs. Nancy K. Prescott, near the Academy. Freas was an expert thresher. He used to go about the settlement threshing grain for the less dextrous flail wielders. He sold his possession to Capt. Sewall Prescott and returned to New Hampshire.

Daniel Gilman settled on the place now owned by Rev. J. E. Pierce. His house stood on the east side of the road, near the site now covered by Mr. Stewart's buildings. He, like many others among the early settlers, lost his clearing, and, at an advanced age, started anew on land opposite E. K. Prescott's, where he built a house and spent the remainder of his days. Going from his house one day for a pailful of water, he fell dead as he was in the act of stooping at the spring. He was the progenitor of all the Gilmans in this region.

Nathaniel Smith settled on the M. M. Richardson place. He removed later to Norris Hill and took up land which was sold, after his decease, to John Blake, except a small portion which was purchased by Daniel Prescott in 1797. Mr. Smith, who will be mentioned later in another connection, was generally known



Gen. John Chandler.

among his friends as "the Doctor."

John Chandler bought out the claim of James Weeks, who, as has been stated, had settled on the place now owned by John W. Goding, near Monmouth Academy.

Chandler's life was an eventful one from the very first. In 1778, when he was only sixteen years old, he ran away from his home in Epping, and joined the crew of a privateer, at Newburyport, Mass. The vessel was captured by the English, the crew placed on board a prison-ship and taken to a southern port. Chandler told the captain that he would escape, and, although it seemed impossible for him to execute his threat, grit and determination overcame all obstacles, and he was soon a free man. Three others escaped at the same time. He begged his way back as far as the Middle States. When he was passing through New Jersey, on calling at a house to solicit food, he was surprised and delighted to have the door opened by his own sister, Mary, the wife of Major James Norris, who subsequently settled on the "Swift place" in East Monmouth, and who was, at that time, stationed in New Jersey as commander of troops belonging to the army of the colonies. Chandler rested here for a time, and then continued his journey toward New Hampshire, his sister having supplied him with shoes and other articles necessary for the journey. When he reached home, he had travelled, on foot, by the route he was compelled to take, over seventeen hundred miles. Two years had elapsed since he left his home.

My grandfather states that Chandler, James Norris, and Benj. Dearborn came to Monmouth together, making their way through the wilderness on foot, but

this does not agree with statements gathered from other sources.

An historical article published in the Lewiston Journal a short time ago, is responsible for the statement that he was accompanied by his mother and wife, and that the entire party crossed the Androscoggin river on a single log. If this be true the compiler of the genealogy of the Chandler family is at fault. He states that Chandler was married to Mary Whitcher in Monmouth.

A short time after their arrival in Monmouth, Chandler, Norris, and Dearborn made a pilgrimage through the woods and across the Androscoggin to Turner to buy corn. Money was an article of which they had only an historical knowledge. They had all abandoned their money-making vocations for the service of their country during the Revolutionary war, and the Continental currency with which they had been rewarded for their years of faithful service was now absolutely worthless. One thousand dollars in this money would not pay for a bushel of corn.

Nothing remained for them but the aboriginal system of bartering. Dearborn had a pair of shoes, Norris a purse—sad relic of the days of “auld lang syne”—while Chandler’s stupendous fortune consisted of—a pair of shoe-buckles. In exchange for his shoes, Dearborn received a peck of corn, while Norris and Chandler gazed wofully upon the four quarts of kernels each received for his earthly all, added to a wearisome journey of twenty-four miles. To surmount such obstacles as these resolute men had to encounter, and reach such stations as they subsequently occupied, required courage.

energy and fortitude such as but few of the present age possess.

John Chandler and his wife probably labored more assiduously and suffered more intensely than any other couple in the settlement. He was a blacksmith—the first one that opened a shop in the plantation—but it appears as if his trade did not prove highly remunerative, as he was often obliged to dine on fried sorrel while clearing his farm, a diet that was, if the statements of some of his contemporaries may be accredited, unbroken an entire season, save by occasional donations of buttermilk from his charitable, but by no means opulent, neighbors.

It was an auspicious day for Chandler when, by a clever rotation of the wheel of fortune, he obtained a cow to “double” in three years. The owner of the animal, not being favorably impressed with the appearance of the man with whom he was dealing, refused to allow it to be taken away without substantial security. In this emergency, John Welch, who was more philanthropic than judicious, offered himself as bondsman and was accepted. At the expiration of the lease, Chandler found himself unable to meet the terms of the contract, and Welch renewed his obligation to the owner. This favor he was compelled to repeat again and again, each time walking through the pathless forest to the home of the owner in Topsham. When the leniency of the owner had become exhausted and a final settlement was demanded, Welch was compelled to substantiate the bond.

It would be hardly safe to hold Chandler up as an example for the young; but there are many points in

his history which the present generation may profitably consider. Such indomitable energy as he possessed rarely enters into the character of man. When he came into the settlement he was not only poverty-stricken but illiterate in the extreme. All his spare hours he devoted to study. A travelling pedagogue was hired by the settlers to furnish instruction in the rudiments of English, and Chandler took his place beside children of six and eight years of age. He learned buickly, and soon became a very fair penman, and an intelligent reader and thinker. Meager though his advantages and acquisitions may have been, he was not deficient in sound judgment and tact, qualities that gave him the ascendancy over a majority of the liberally educated men of his day. He must have possessed a remarkable constitution, else he would have broken beneath the burden of his labors.

Wherever a dollar is to be found, there we find Chandler. His trade, as has been said, was blacksmithing, but in addition to this occupation and the diligent labor he expended on his clearing, we find him digging potatoes at General Dearborn's for every tenth bushel, and performing such other odd-job labor as it was his good fortune to secure.

His wife, meanwhile, was none the less industrious. We find her in the field, piling and "junking" smutty logs, planting and hoeing corn, harvesting crops, and, as a grand climax, assisting to shingle the first barn that her husband raised.

Chandler secured the position of census-taker at the first enumeration of the inhabitants of the plantation, and thus earned his first money. He afterward opened

a tavern, which was but little more than a private house with the addition of a sign-board and bar-room. How well he was patronized by the travelling public we can only surmise. The rapidity with which his coffers filled is evidence that he was patronized by some one.

In North's "History of Augusta" we read of persons journeying to Portland, starting early so as to breakfast at Chandler's in Monmouth. This enabled them to reach Portland in the forenoon of the next day.

It was about this time that Chandler's military career commenced in the formation of a plantation military company of which he was elected ensign. The other principal officers were Captain Levi Dearborn, and Lieutenant Jonathan Thompson. The magnificence of the uniforms worn by these officers on their initial parade caused them to be known long after as "Captain Short Coat, Leftenant Tow Coat and Ensign No Coat." Little thought the jeering wags that "Ensign No Coat" would some day ride at the head of a brigade and assist in the deliberations of the National Congress.

In a few years, Chandler had accumulated money enough to open a store. He erected a small building in the corner opposite his house, in which he traded several years. He had his goods of one Davis, of Lisbon, father of the wealthy "Jack" Davis who, in later years, was a prominent citizen of Webster. His store was the second one opened in the plantation. The building stood in the corner opposite Mr. Joshua Cumston's in the field north of the academy. It was moved from there to Norris Hill, placed on a site a few rods north of B. Frank Marston's, and remodelled

into a dwelling house. Robert Welch resided there many years. Later, somewhere in the vicinity of 1856, Mr. Alpheus Huntington purchased this building and had it removed to Maple Street, at the Center, where it has since stood as a portion of the dwelling house now owned by Benson O. Gilman. Just when Chandler closed his career as a village black-smith, it is impossible to determine. A memorandum under his own hand has been found, which places the date subsequent to 1791:

“John Chandler shod Mr. Baker’s horse, May 4th, 1791, price 0£, 1s, 4d. (Signed) JOHN CHANDLER.”

A paper bearing a charge for trucking his liquors from Hallowell has been brought to light. The crookedness of the spelling leads us to think that the writer had become “slued” by too immediate contact with his freight:

“June 1st ye 1793. To halling a barrel of rum from the River, 0£, 2s, 0d. Halling sider from river, 0£, 2s, 8d.”

In General Dearborn, Chandler had a true and valuable friend. It was an easy matter for Dearborn to secure positions of honor and trust for his favorites, and whenever an office was vacated for a moment, he had Chandler in his hand ready to jam him into the crevice. In 1801, Chandler was elected Councillor and Senator from Maine in the General Court of Massachusetts. Two years later he was called to represent the Kennebec district in Congress. This position he held four years. In 1808 he succeeded Arthur Lithgow as sheriff of Kennebec County. In 1812, he was elected major-general in the State Militia, and later in the same year

was appointed brigadier-general of the forces sent to the northern frontier.

In the chapter devoted to the biography of Gen. Dearborn, mention was made of Chandler's being captured at Burlington Heights by British troops under Gen. St. Vincent. Chandler, and not Winder, as is generally supposed, was senior officer at this time.

This statement comes from Dr. Wallbridge, of Charlestown, S. C., surgeon to the army, who was in the battle. He says, "Gen. Chandler was senior officer at the head of Lake Ontario when taken prisoner with Gen. Winder at Stony Creek. They had pitched their tents on the brow of the hill, with the soldiers spread out below and on each side. But in the night the British made a gallant sortie to retrieve their loss of a few days before, and took prisoners the two generals. A hard battle ensued. The Yankees maintained their ground during the night. But as the command fell upon Col. Wilson of the Artillery, who had never had general command, the council of war decided to retreat to Fourteen Mile Creek and await the arrival of Lewis with re-enforcements." The following explanation of the event by himself reflects more credit on Chandler than the accounts furnished by some of his subordinates: "About an hour before daylight, on the 6th day of June, 1813, the alarm was given. I was instantly up, and the 25th, which was near me, as well as the left wing, which was under Winder. Owing to neglect of front pickets or other causes the British officers say that they were not hailed until they were within three hundred yards. I ordered Gen. Winder to cover the artillery. At this moment I heard a new

burst of fire from the enemy's left on our right, and not being able to see anything which took place, I set out at full speed toward the right to prevent being out-flanked. I had proceeded but a few yards when my horse fell under me—by which fall I received severe injuries. There was a time in which I have no recollection of what passed. But I presume it was not long. As soon as I recovered I recollected what my object was, and made my way to the right and gave Smith what directions I thought proper, to prevent his right being turned. I was returning toward the center, and when near the artillery heard men who appeared to be in confusion; it being the point where I expected the 23d to be formed, I thought it was that regiment. I approached them, and, as soon as I was near enough, I saw a body of men whom I thought to be the 23d in rear of the artillery, broken. I hobbled in among them and began to rally them, and directed them to form, but soon found my mistake; it was the British 49th, who had pushed forward to the head of our column, and gained the rear of the artillery. I was immediately disarmed, and conveyed down the column to its rear. It was not yet day, and the extreme darkness of the night, to which was added the smoke of the fire, put it out of our power to see the enemy. This was all that saved their columns from total destruction, of which some of their numbers were aware."

At a Fourth of July dinner, the summer preceding his capture, Gen. Chandler proposed the toast, "Quebec: May I be within her walls!" An old Scotchman who was present remarked, "Ef ye are ye will be there a prisoner o' war." And he was.

In 1819, he was elected a member of the General Court of Massachusetts. The same year he held a seat in the convention which drafted the Constitution of Maine. He was the first president of the Maine Senate, and was one of the two first senators sent by Maine to Congress. When a senator, a rhymster, anticipating the assembling of the members in Washington, devoted to him the lines:

“John Chandler will be there,
Tough as steel and bold as Hector.”

In 1822, he was placed on the committee that selected Augusta as the seat of government for Maine. After serving a senatorial term of six years, he was appointed, by President Jackson, collector of the port of Portland. This office he held eight years, and then retired to private life.

Such a career as Chandler's would furnish abundant material for one of Alger's "Fame and Fortune" serials. Men of his stamp are multitudinous in romance, but rare in history. It is doubtful if, with the exception of Sir Wm. Phipps, the annals of Maine furnish such an example of resolution and perseverance. It is true that he had an able champion in General Dearborn, and that his promotion was largely due to the latter's influence; but to no one but John Chandler is due the credit of rising from the degradation of ignorance, and too great praise can not be accorded to one who, in an age of general illiteracy, cherished aspirations that led him to subject himself to such humiliating means to raise himself to a higher level. Had he not exhibited a purpose to help himself, it is doubtful if he would have received any assistance from Dearborn, and had

he not possessed such a purpose, the intended help would have proved only a hindrance; for any assistance that checks self-reliance debases rather than elevates.

Biographers often commit a great error in denying that their heroes possessed any faults. It is not necessary to parade a man's negative character before the public, but to deny that he had one invariably weakens one's faith in both the writer and his subject. Such an error was committed by the author of the greatest of modern political histories, who, in the face of indisputable testimony, disclaims the necessity of apologies for some of the traits of President Lincoln, and gives the lie to John G. Holland and other eminent writers, who, through an intimate association, knew the man's few faults and sought to palliate them. The result, instead of adding to the glory of our honored national hero, only led the thinking public to inquire how much of the history was authentic.

Such was the course pursued by the writer of an article published in the *Granite State Monthly*, in which Gen. Chandler was commended for his Christian virtues and devotion to his creed. While it would be a pleasure to ascribe to him this attribute, it could be done only by sacrificing the confidence of every citizen whose memory reaches back a half century. It was one of Gen. Chandler's faults that he was notoriously profane, and in two instances, at least, he received such apt and pointed rebukes for indulging in this vice that even he himself could not object to their being published. One winter, disease destroyed many of his fine sheep. Meeting Esquire Harvey one morn-

ing after the discovery of an additional loss, he snarled, "Another sheep has gone to h——"

"How fortunate the rich are," mildly responded the Squire, "in being able to send their provisions on before them."

This was not less to the point than the calm reminder he received from Sands Wing, a member of the society of Friends, who lived on Steve's hill. Chandler had a lot of lumber at the saw mill at North Monmouth which had long been in the way of the workmen, and which he had been repeatedly requested to remove. At last an order came which he could not ignore. Hiring Wing to accompany him with his ox-team, he went to the mill, loaded, and was about to leave without giving further orders, when the teamster ventured to inquire where he should drive. "Drive? Drive to h——," was the response.

"Then perhaps thee had better take the goad thyself," said the Quaker.

Trenchant as were these thrusts of repartee, they were soothing when compared with a lunge he once received from John Welch.

A Fourth of July celebration was held in Monmouth, which was honored by the presence of guests from Portland and Augusta. At the dinner, over which the general presided, he called upon John Welch, as a representative of the pioneers, for a toast. Welch, always modest and retiring, at first refused; but after repeated solicitations, he slowly arose, and holding aloft his glistening glass, proposed:

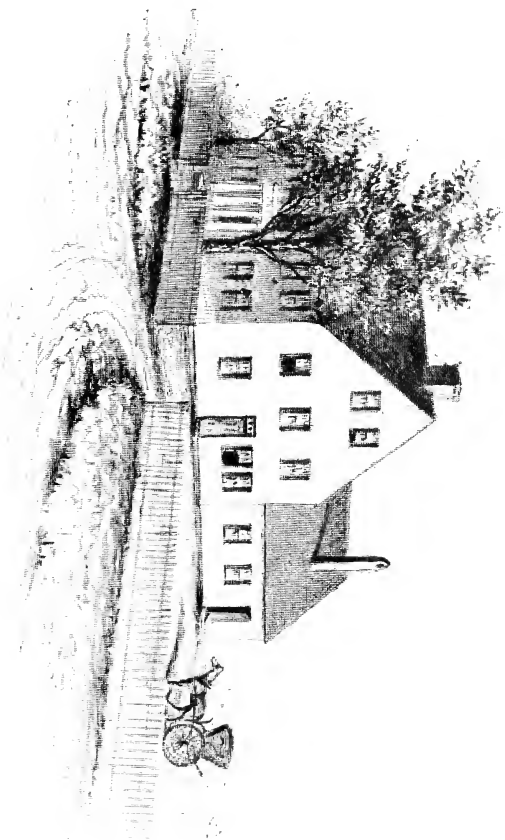
"Gen. John Chandler, the president of the day.

I was bondsman for his first cow and had it to pay."

Probably the storm of laughter that followed was harder for the general to face than all the guns in the British artillery, but he had too much nerve to allow himself to appear disconcerted. "Right, right!" he exclaimed, "and you never got your pay." He then drew his wallet and offered to make good Welch's loss; but that gentleman, as well as all the spectators, considered the account well squared, and refused to accept any further remuneration, on the ground that it was outlawed.

In my rounds among the people of Monmouth I have heard much concerning Gen. Chandler; and the prevailing opinion which exists concerning him is that he was nothing more than an acute economist with self as the point of convergence of all his plans. Without attempting to deny that he was shrewd and crafty, attributes that would naturally develop in a headstrong, runaway boy, forced by his own volition to look out for personal interests or perish, it is erroneous to suppose that he was nothing more than an adroit money-getter. An examination of accessible records will reveal the fact that no man in Maine wielded a stronger influence in political circles than John Chandler. Any office at the disposal of the dominant party was open to him. Gubernatorial honors he refused. The higher senatorial honors he accepted.

Like his friend and patron, Gen. Dearborn, he was always a firm advocate of the principles of democracy; and, extravagant though the statement may seem, he was, undoubtedly, with the exception of Dearborn, the ablest politician of his day in Maine.



RESIDENCE OF GEN. JOHN CHANDLER.

RECENTLY THE PROPERTY OF J. W. GODING, ESQ. DESTROYED BY FIRE IN 1880.

Gen. Chandler lived in Monmouth during his political career. In 1837 he purchased the residence of his nephew, Gen. Joseph Chandler, and removed to Augusta. The home in which he lived is the conspicuous stand on Chandler street, north of the soldier's monument, recently owned by the late Judge Rice.

He lived only four years after leaving Monmouth, his decease occurring Sept. 25, 1841, in the eightieth year of his age.

In closing a brief epitome of his career, a contemporary says:

"Gen. Chandler was noted for his practical common sense and sound judgment, and was much respected while in Congress, by his associates, for the sterling qualities of his mind and character."

Lieutenant James Norris, who possibly accompanied Chandler from Epping, was born in that place in 1761. He served in the Revolutionary war until the army was disbanded, when he returned to his old home, and married Ruth Dearborn, daughter of Simon Dearborn, sen., later of Monmouth. They removed to Monmouth soon after Mr. Dearborn. Mr. Norris walked the entire distance, his wife riding a horse beside him, carrying a small child.

As they circled the hill on which they afterward settled, he turned, with the remark, "Ruth, I like this." They stopped that night, at Simon Dearborn's. In the course of conversation the location that struck them as being so desirable was mentioned. "Why, Ruth," said the host, "your uncle Henry owns that land." After that it did not take long to decide where to settle.

After building a log cabin a few rods east of where the large house now stands, and getting a clearing started, Mr. Norris went to Pittston and worked in a saw mill to pay for his land. In 1801 he built the large house now owned by his grandson, Geo. W. Norris, Esq.

Mr. Norris was an industrious man. His out-buildings were as good as the ones that now stand in their places, and his farm was walled throughout. Not fifty rods of stone wall have been laid up on the farm since his day. A short distance north of his house, he erected another, for his son-in-law, Jacob Miller, which was afterward moved to a point near Leeds Junction, where it is now known as the Charles Hyde Potter place. Mr. Norris died in 1814, of cold fever.

Joel Chandler followed his brother, the General, to Wales Plantation, and purchased Nathan Stanley's claim; giving notes, and taking a warranty deed of the land, for which Stanley had paid cash. On the sixteenth day of October, only a few days after this transaction was concluded, Chandler was drowned near the outlet of South Pond, while engaged in surveying. His estate made no amends, and Stanley lost his dearly-earned land.

Joel Chandler left a son, Joseph, who, after his father's death, lived in the family of the General. He was an active, enterprising young man, with an insatiable thirst for knowledge. It was his custom to borrow the best books the scanty libraries of his neighbors afforded, and go over to the Leeds bog to camp out weeks at a time, that he might devote himself uninterruptedly to study. A natural and inevitable conse-



Gen. Joseph Chandler.

1834-1891

quence of his diligent application was a fine education. He assisted the General greatly in getting what little education he could boast. In fact, he was, with one exception, the only teacher his uncle ever had.

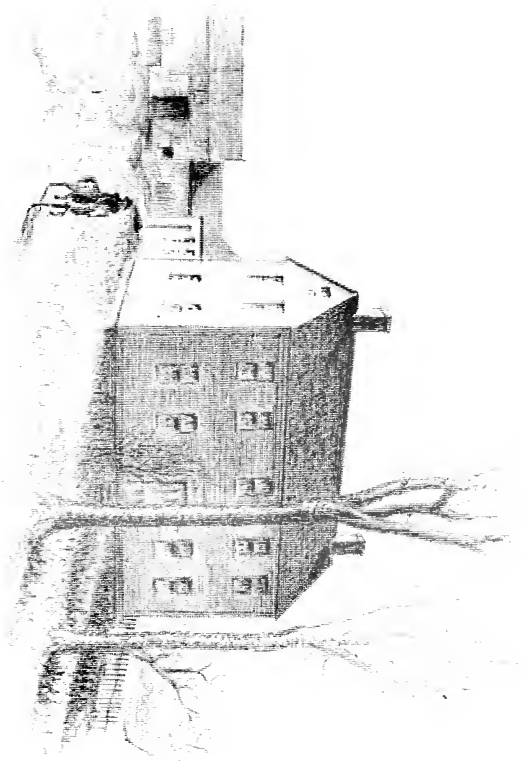
After settlers began to people the eastern part of the town, and Gen. Dearborn had built a mill at the outlet of South Pond, Joseph Chandler traded there. In 1808, he was appointed Captain in the U. S. Army, and was stationed at a fort in Portland harbor. He resigned his commission in 1809, and returning to Monmouth, erected a large house a short distance north of the academy, which has recently been taken down by the Prescott brothers to make room for the modern structure in which Mr. John M. Prescott now resides, and a store near by in which he traded. In 1811, under Gerry's administration, he was appointed Clerk of Courts for Kennebec County. He then sold his property in Monmouth and removed to Augusta, where he spent the remainder of his days, being engaged chiefly in mercantile pursuits. Soon after he went to Augusta, he compiled and published a reading book, "The Young Gentlemen's and Ladies' Museum." This book was used in the schools when my grandfather was a boy.

In 1812 the Kennebec Bank, the first banking institution in Augusta, was founded with a capital stock of \$100,000. Among its five corporate members, all of whom were federalists, in opposition to the Hallowell Bank, whose members were democrats, we find the names of John Chandler and Benjamin Dearborn, of Monmouth. Joseph Chandler was appointed first cashier of this bank. In 1828, he was appointed Major

General of the second division of the militia of Maine, and in 1830, under Jackson's administration, was appointed postmaster of the city of Augusta.

Joseph Chandler was, in every respect, an exemplary citizen, strictly temperate, moral and industrious. In 1813, fifty citizens of Augusta and Hallowell petitioned the Legislature to be incorporated as "The Union Religious Society in Hallowell and Augusta." Mr. Chandler was elected one of the officers of this society at its organization. The plan of forming such a religious body was pronounced impracticable, and finally abandoned, but the fact of its conception is valuable, showing as it did the breadth of Chandler's religious views and motives. In the midst of an active and useful life, he was suddenly seized by the grim messenger. His decease occurred Sept. 12, 1846. He was in New York on business, and was found in his room at Willard's Hotel, Park Row, with his clothing and spectacles on. He had not been in good health for several years.

In 1788, or thereabouts, Capt. Sewall Prescott and John Judkins came together from Epping. James Judkins had been here previously, working for Gen. Dearborn. He returned to Epping in the fall, remained there through the winter, and on the first of April, started, in company with his brother and Prescott, to establish a home in Wales Plantation. They journeyed on foot, with their earthly possessions bound in bundles and strapped to their backs. The travelling was very bad, and their packs weighed about thirty pounds each, but, with these hindrances, they made an average of thirty miles a day through the forest, guided



RESIDENCE OF GEN. JOSEPH CHANDLER.
RECENTLY THE PROPERTY OF E. A. AND J. M. PRESCOTT.

only by spotted trees.

Prescott took up the claim of Gordon Freas, the Scotch thresher. Freas had cut a small opening near the spot where the old gun house used to stand on High Street, a few rods south of the "Old Fort" on the opposite side of the street. He was a poor man, and had not the slightest prospect of paying for the land. He gave up his claim to the Captain, and returned to Epping, whence he came. James Judkins commenced a clearing on the "John Barrows place," south of Monmouth Academy, and his brother, John, one on the "Donnel place." These men forwarded a year's provision by boat to Hallowell, and thence through the woods to the settlement, before they started. Thus fortified, they were able to smile at the fates the first season, but the next year, to use one of Capt. Prescott's characteristic expressions, "it was sharp shearing." They purchased corn at Hallowell, when it was on sale; and when the supply of corn was exhausted, they lived on smoked and pickled herring. Herring, corn, and, last but by no means least, rum were staple commodities in those days.

The statement of Mr. J. Gordin Judkins, whose information came from an authoritative source, to the effect that his father, Jonathan Judkins, cleared the Barrows place, is apparently contradictory to that of Dr. James Cochrane, who ascribes the credit of clearing it to James Judkins. As in both cases the information came directly from the settlers themselves, it has been a difficult matter to determine which was correct. After studying the matter carefully, I am convinced that there is no discrepancy here. Mr. Judkins claims

that his father, Jonathan, moved from New Hampshire to Mt. Vernon, and thence to Monmouth. That he settled on the Barrows place, subsequently on the place now owned by Mrs. Almira Prescott, and finally, on the farm on which he died, and on which his son, Gordin, lived until within a few months. The records of land transfers deposited at Wiscasset show that in 1786, James Judkins purchased of Gen. Dearborn a tract of land in Wales Plantation. He could not have remained here long, however, as his name does not appear on the tax lists until 1797, while that of Jonathan, John, and Robert, their father, who soon followed them, are found attached to a much earlier date. The true solution of the problem, undoubtedly, is this: James Judkins came into the settlement with his brother, John, and took up the land in question. He may have returned to New Hampshire for a time, or he may have pressed on to Mt. Vernon, where his brother Jonathan had settled. Jonathan came to Monmouth from Mt. Vernon, and settled on the land which his brother had taken up, and finished clearing it. James returned in 1797, and took up another farm on Monmouth Ridge, on which Earl E. Judkins lived many years.

For a long period following the settlement of the Dearborns and their contemporaries, every year brought a stream of immigration from Epping and adjoining towns to Wales Plantation, including the Blakes, the Marstons, Cloughs, Goves, Sinclairs, and others whose names will be found in coming chapters.

Epping is located in the northern part of Rockingham County, about twelve miles from the Maine line.

On the north and east lie the towns of Nottingham, Lee, New Market, and Exeter, and on the south and west, Brentford, Freemont, Chester, and Raymond. Still farther to the north-west, are Deerfield, Northwood, Epsom and Chichester, and about twelve miles south-east on the coast, just off from the Isle of Shoals, lies Hampton. These names are all familiar to the old families of Monmouth and Wales. From them came a large percentage of our ancestors.

Mt. Vernon, a few miles north of us, was also largely settled by families from these points; and no other town in Maine is so closely related to us by blood-ties as this. Here we find families bearing the names of Marston, Gilman, Gove, Blake, Clough and Prescott whose ancestors came from Epping, and were brothers and cousins to those of the same name who settled in Monmouth.

CHAPTER V.

A NEW ADMINISTRATION.

In the two years prior to 1783, the number of families in Wales plantation had more than doubled. This flourishing condition, it is supposed, had been reported to the State officials. From a clause found in the call for the first plantation meeting,—“to see if the inhabitants will accept of the proposals made to them by the Committee of the General Court”—we infer that such a committee had visited the plantation, and from a passage in the records of that meeting, we learn the object of their visit. It is probable that the committee visited the settlers to ascertain their condition and financial standing. Evidences of prosperity and ability to assist in the liquidation of State liabilities led to the issuing of a warra, c for levying and collecting a state tax, to the amount of twenty-two pounds and ten shillings. This was not a large sum to raise, but in comparison to the amount we now pay into the state treasury, and considering the resources of the community, it was an exorbitant quota. Two years elapsed before it was col-

lected and turned into the treasury. The number of acres of land assessed under the conditions of this warrant, was 47.922, of which only 10.120 acres were assessed to residents.

Wild land to the extent of 37.802 acres was taxed to non-resident proprietors.

This tax disturbed the settlers considerably. They were not prepared for such a burden, and experienced some difficulty in meeting it.

In addition to this, there were local expenses which called for an additional tax. The warrant for, and record of the meeting in which this matter was considered, are interesting relics:

“A WARRANT FOR PLANTATION MEETING.

TO ICHABOD BAKER, COLLECTOR, GREETING.—These are in the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to Require you, as soon as may be, to notify and warn the Freeholders, and other Inhabitants of the Plantation of Wales Qualified as the Law Directs, to meet together on thursday, the 20th Day of March Next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, at the Dwelling House of Mr. Ichabod Bakers, in said Wales, then and their to Act on the following Articles, viz., 1stly to Chuse a moderator, 2dly, to know the minds of the Town, whither they will Reconsider that vote that was past Last March, Conserving a Plantation Tax and see what they will do in Regard to it, 4thly to know the minds of the Town in Regard to High-ways, and to act on anything els they shall then think Proper. Given under our hands & seals this 28th day of February, A. D., 1783.

JAMES BLOSSOM.)
 JONATHAN THOMPSON.) Assessors.”

“Pursuant to A Warrant to me Directed, these are to notify all Inhabitants of the Plantation of Wales to meet Together on Thirsday the 20th Day of March, 1783, at one of the Clock, in the after

Noon, at the House of Ichabod Bakers in sd Wales, then & thire to act on the Following articles—1stly, To Chuse A Moderator to Regerlate sd Meeting. 2ndly, to Chuse Town officcers, for the year 1783 and 1784. 3dly, to know the minds of the Town, whether they will reconsider that vote that was past last March concerning a Town tax, and see what measures they will take Conserving it. 4thly, to know the Towns mind in Regard to Highways. 5thly, and Lastly to act on anything els that they shall think proper.

ICHABOD BAKER, Colector.

Wales, Feby. ye 28th, A. D. 1783.”

“The Proceedings of a Plantation Meeting held at Mr. Ichabod Bakers in Wales the 20th day of March, 1783.

1stly, Chose Capt. Peter Hopkins moderator. 2dly, Chose James Blossom Plantation Clark. 3dly, Chose Mr. Jonathan Thompson Assessor. 4thly, Chose James Blossom Assessor. 5thly, Chose Samuel Simmons Assessor. 6thly, Chose James Blossom Treasurer. 7thly, Voted to Raise six pound to Defray Plantation charges. 8thly, Chose Mr. Philip Jenkins Collector for 1783. 9thly and Lastly, Chose Mr. Thomas Gray Collector for 1784. Afterwards Excepted of Mr. Gray to collect the whole.

JAMES BLOSSOM, Clark.

Wales, March ye 20th, A. D. 1783.”

From these records we learn that the officers elected at the annual meeting of 1783, were to serve two years. Consequently it is not probable that any business meeting of the tax payers was held in 1784. The sum total of all that is known of the proceedings for this year is found in two orders:

“WALES, DECEMBER YE 5TH, 1784.

Sir:—Please to pay Ichabod Baker nine shillings, four pence and two farthings out of the Plantation treasure, and his receipt shall be your security for the same.

SAM'L SIMMONS)
JONA. THOMPSON (Assessors.

To James Blossom, treasurer.”

“WALES, FEBRUARY YE 21ST, 1785.

Sir:—Please to pay out of the treasure of this Plantation, unto Ichabod Baker, one Pound, three shillings and ten Pence, and charge the same to said Plantation.

per us, SAM'L SIMMONS } Assessors."
 JONA. THOMPSON }

The records of the ensuing year shared the fate of those of 1784. For some purpose a meeting was held on the 21st of September, as is shown by a private memorandum:

“the men that Attend the meeting in Wales, on the 21st of September, 1785 are as Followith viz. Capt. James Blossom, Jonathan Thompson, Ens. Benjamin Dearborn, Lieut. Levi Dearborn, John Welch, Daniel Gilman, Elexander Thompson, Peter Lyon, John Chandler and Joseph Chandler.”

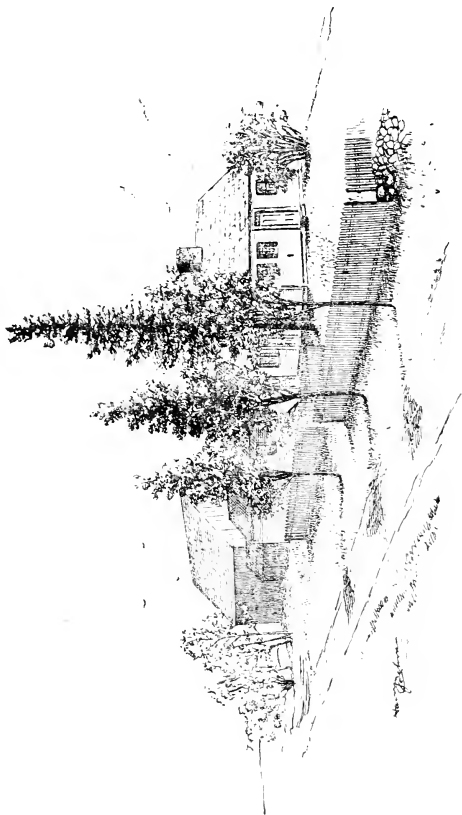
It is probable that Samuel Simmons, Jonathan Thompson and Capt. James Blossom were assessors this year, and that the latter was also treasurer, and Ichabod Baker collector.

The above memorandum shows that the Epping Colony was well represented in this meeting. A revolution in local politics was about to take place. Those who had for four years managed the affairs and borne the petty honors of the plantation government were, from this time on, to have little voice in public matters. The New Hampshire settlers now assumed almost complete control. They “made up the slate,” and were strong enough to carry it. The New Meadows pioneers were just about as strong numerically, but they were not bound together as closely by family ties, and were more ambitious to secure a competency by strict attention to their farm work than to worm them-

selves into the small honors of local affairs. With the men of Epping, it was different. John Chandler was born a politician, and he never sold his birthright. No office that was a stepping-stone to something higher was beneath his notice; and whatever he wanted, he generally managed to secure. The men from Epping were nearly all related by marriage, which added to the strength of the bonds that would naturally exist between those who had been neighbors before coming to the new settlement; and, in addition to this collective power, were individually influential, on account of the relationship which existed between them and Gen. Dearborn, who was highly respected by the pioneers, both as a supposed wealthy proprietor of land in the plantation, and as a military hero.

Of the proceedings for the year 1786, we have very meagre knowledge. From an article in the plantation warrant for the year 1789, we learn that Joseph Allen was elected collector. The purport of this article was "to see if the Plantation will vote to sink the taxes of several persons that are taxed in Mr. Allen's tax bills for 1786, which taxes cannot be collected of said persons." It was "voted to sink eight pounds, five shillings and five pence, it being several persons' taxes in Mr. Allen's tax bills for 1786, viz., George Miller, Reuben Ham, Jr., Andrew Norris, Mayberry Evans, Gail Coal, Nathaniel Smith, Holman's heirs, and Mary Thompson, and bear the Committee harmless that was appointed to lay out the taxes, as by order of the Court, for not laying out the money as per order of Court, and free the Committee from all, and any damage on the account."





Richard Thompson came from Brunswick in 1786, and settled in the north part of Wales. Two years later, in the month of March, Stephen and John Andrews removed from the same place and located near Thompson. Still another year, and Richard and James Labree attached themselves to the same neighborhood.

John Ham and his four sons, John, Samuel, Clement and Reuben, came in and took up farms in the west part of the town, on the Pond road. John settled on the farm now owned by Joseph Wight, resided there a short time, then removed to the place now owned by O. A. Bronson. Clement settled first on the farm afterwards owned by William Fogg, now by B. S. Fogg. Reuben settled in the northwest corner of the town, and was killed by a falling tree about 1803.

The earliest existing assessors' list possesses sufficient interest to warrant its insertion:

NAMES.	ACRES.	NAMES.	ACRES.
Daniel Allen,	100.	James Blossom,	100.
Widow Thompson,	150.	John Chandler,	100.
John Fish,	200.	Alexander Thompson,	100.
Peter Lyon,	100.	Caleb Fogg,	100.
Ichabod Baker,	175.	Gorden Freas,	100.
John Welch,	175.	Nathaniel Smith,	200.
Simon Dearborn,	200.	James Norris,	103.
do. do.	80.	Timothy Wight,	150.
Gen. Henry Dearborn,	4426	Zadoc Bishop,	100.
do. do. do.	799.	Thomas Stockin,	60.
Nathaniel Brainerd,	60.	Josiah Brown,	50.
B. Dearborn,	80.	Daniel Gilman,	104.
Josiah Whittredge,	100.	Gilman Moody,	108.
Thomas Gray,	150.	Jonathan Thompson,	150.
Joseph Allen,	150.	Philip Jenkins,	150.

NAMES.	ACRES.	NAMES.	ACRES.
Reuben Ham,	150.	Richard Thompson,	150.
John Andrews,	150.	J. Labree,	150.
R. Labree,	150.	Stephen Gray,	150.
Joseph Remick,	150.	Patrick Cannon,	150.
B. Weymouth,	150.	S. Weymouth,	150.

The annual meeting of Wales Plantation for the year 1787 was held at the house of Ensign Benjamin Dearborn, on Monday, March 11. Major James Norris was chosen moderator; John Chandler, clerk; Jonathan Thompson, Levi Dearborn and Ichabod Baker, assessors; Jonathan Thompson, treasurer and collector; John Chandler, Philip Jenkins and Daniel Allen, surveyors of highways; Gilman Moody, Alexander Thompson and Daniel Allen, surveyors of lumber (this is the first time that surveyors of lumber were admitted to the body of town officers); Major James Norris, Lieut. Levi Dearborn and Ensign Benjamin Dearborn, committee for fishways; Captain James Blossom, Benjamin Dearborn and Alexander Thompson, committee to examine accounts against the plantation. At this meeting it was "voted to raise ten pounds to defray Plantation charges; voted, to raise thirty pounds to lay out on the road. Voted, that the above thirty pounds be laid out at four shillings for a day's work; voted to choose a Committee to hire Mr. Smith three Sabbaths, and the same Committee to see what conditions Mr. Smith will settle in the place upon, and consult Col. Dearborn, to see on what conditions he will convey the land he will give to the minister; voted, that Joseph Allen, Capt. James Blossom and Levi Dearborn be a committee to agree with Mr. Smith and Col. Dearborn."

As Mr. Smith did not continue to preach in the plantation, it is evident that satisfactory arrangements were not effected with that gentleman and Col. Dearborn.

The second meeting for the year 1787 was held at Ichabod Baker's house, on Monday, the 20th day of April. Capt. James Blossom was chosen moderator, and Levi Dearborn, James Blossom and Ichabod Baker, a committee to consult Col. Dearborn in relation to securing a title to the "burying-place." The meeting was then adjourned to the 23d of April, 1787.

At the adjourned meeting, held April 23, it was "voted that Benjamin Dearborn be overseer to keep the obligation that shall be drawn and signed to fence and clear the burying-place, and see that the work is done. Each man subscribes his name, and the meeting is dissolved. JOHN CHANDLER, Clerk."

The burying-place referred to is the one mentioned on page 37 as being on land nearly opposite George L. King's, south of Monmouth Center. As has been stated, many bodies were interred there, and a large number of them still remain in their first resting place; among others, the first wife of Robert Withington. There is no evidence that Gen. Dearborn ever gave the plantation any title to this land, nor that the obligation to clear and fence it was ever fulfilled.

The third meeting of the plantation for the year 1787 was duly warned to be held at the house of Capt. Levi Dearborn, on the 27th day of August, "at two o'clock in the afternoon, to act on the following articles, viz., 1st, to choose a moderator; 2d, To choose three meet persons to take a valuation of the Plantation, agreeable to a resolve of the General Court, July 7th.

1787; 3d, To consider something concerning the extent and bounds of the Plantation; 4th, To give in their votes for a separate State."

The warrant was signed by Levi Dearborn and Ichabod Baker, assessors, and directed to Jonathan Thompson, collector. At the appointed time, the voters of the plantation met and "chose Capt. James Blossom, moderator; 2d, Chose Capt. James Blossom, Major James Norris and John Chandler a Committee to take the valuation to the order of the Court; 2d, voted to return as far south as Richard Thompson, and easterly, so as to take in the neck; 4th that the article concerning a separate state be referred for the Committee to get a copy for each man to sign, Yea or Nay." The meeting was then dissolved.

This was one of the most important meeting in the history of the plantation. The plantation bounds had been very loosely defined, and even now the phrase "easterly so as to take in the neck" seemed to allow considerable expansion or contraction of the bounds in that direction.

The article concerning a separate state was in reference to the separation of the Province of Maine from Massachusetts, which had, even at that early day, been agitated.

This year the first county tax was assessed against the plantation. Its quota reached the amount of four pounds, sixteen shillings and nine pence.

The annual meeting for the year 1788 convened, on the third day of March, at the house of Levi Dearborn. Capt. James Blossom was chosen moderator; John Chandler, clerk, and Lieut. Jonathan Thompson, Capt.

Levi Dearborn and Major James Norris, assessors. It was "voted that the office of treasurer be vested in the assessors." It was also voted to adopt the method of choosing a collector by "vendue", or auction, and that the man who bid off the collectorship should secure bonds. Prior to this date, the collectors were elected in the same manner as the other officials, and no bondsmen were required. The custom thus inaugurated has seldom been broken. Gilman Moody bid off the taxes at one shilling and tenpence on the pound. Capt. Levi Dearborn was his bondsman. Daniel Gilman and Nathaniel Smith were elected surveyors of lumber; Ensign Benj. Dearborn, John Welch and Daniel Allen, a committee to keep the fish-ways open; and Capt. Levi Dearborn, John Chandler and Ensign Benj. Dearborn, a committee to examine the accounts against the plantation. It was voted to raise ten pounds to defray plantation charges. No surveyors of highways were chosen; therefore it is to be presumed that the roads cared for themselves the following twelvemonth.

The annual meeting of 1789 was held at Capt. Levi Dearborn's, on Monday, April 6th. Lieut. Simon Dearborn was chosen moderator; John Chandler, clerk; Capt. Levi Dearborn, Lieut. Simon Dearborn and John Chandler, assessors. The collectorship was bid off by Capt. James Blossom, at one shilling and sixpence on the pound. John Welch was his bondsman. It was voted to vest the office of treasurer in the assessors. Capt. Peter Hopkins, Joseph Allen, Capt. Levi Dearborn, Maj. James Norris and Jongue Booker were elected surveyors of highways. It was "voted to comply with the Resolve of Court with regard to the back

taxes, prior to No. 6; voted, to work out the sum granted by Court for us to work out on the Roads, at four shillings pr. day for man, and three for oxen." Capt. Levi Dearborn, Lieut. Simon Dearborn and John Chandler were elected a committee to expend the money granted by Court "to be laid out in schooling and preaching and on roads," and to procure a minister and school-master; "voted, to raise ten pounds to defray Plantation Charges the present year." Major James Norris, Capt. James Blossom and Ensign Benjamin Dearborn were chosen a committee to examine the accounts against the plantation. It was, also, "voted, that the Committee lay before the Meeting next April the accounts against the Plantation." Daniel Allen and Capt. Peter Hopkins were chosen surveyors of lumber; John Welch, Benj. Dearborn and Daniel Allen, fish committee.

The population must have increased greatly during the previous fiscal year, as the voting list exhibited a numerical gain of almost seventy per cent. In voting for governor, John Hancock received forty-five votes; for lieut. gov., Adams received the same number; for senator, Daniel Cony received thirty votes and Samuel Thompson seventeen.

The second meeting for 1789 was held at Capt. Levi Dearborn's, on Monday, the 21st of December. Capt. Peter Hopkins was chosen moderator. It was "voted, to petition the General Court for incorporation. Voted, to petition to call the town Wales. Voted, to reconsider this vote, and petition to call the town Monmouth." This name was selected as a tribute of respect to Gen. Dearborn, whose gallant conduct at the

battle of Monmouth, N. J., won from General Washington warm commendation, and fixed his name in inseparable connection with the spot. Simon Dearborn was selected to forward this petition to the General Court. The meeting was then adjourned, to meet at the same place the following Monday. The object of this meeting, in the words of the notification, was "to make preparations for incorporation by calling to an account and settling with all the Assessors, Treasurers and Collectors of the Plantation, from the first act as a Plantation to the annual meeting of 1789, and to settle with any other officers or persons that have had any of the money or property of the Plantation committed to him or them; also to settle with any persons that have any demands against said Plantation, and adjust the accounts between all creditors to the Plantation and the Plantation, in order to know whether the Plantation is in debt or not. For the accomplishment of this purpose, a Committee shall be chosen, said Committee to report to this meeting the standing of the Plantation, and lay before it the accounts they have settled." The collector was also required to "notify all persons that had any accounts open with the Plantation, or that had been Assessors, Collectors or Treasurers, or any other persons concerned in the matter" to attend this convocation, warning them that if they neglected to attend to their business at this meeting, they might not expect to have any accounts allowed thereafter. At the appointed time, the voters of the plantation assembled at the place of adjournment. Capt. James Blossom was placed in the chair, and Ichabod Baker, John Chandler and Capt. Peter Hopkins were chosen a committee to

settle the plantation accounts. It was "voted that this committee be empowered to discharge Thomas Gray from sixteen pounds, eleven shillings and a penny on his tax bills, which he paid in orders drawn on him by the Treasurer." The meeting was then adjourned. The tax payers convened again, a few days later, and voted not to recall the plantation tax bills committed to Mr. Allen to collect, and adjourned without further action. The tax bill in question was the one committed to Mr. Allen for collection in 1786. "Allen," says Dr. Jas. Cochrane, in his manuscript history, "was a very clever man, and too easy for being a smart collector." Being naturally tender-hearted and sympathetic, he probably was not inclined to force a settlement with the poor and unfortunate, of whom there were many in the plantation, consequently quite a portion of the bills committed to him for collection remained unpaid. He was allowed an abatement of eight pounds, five shillings and four pence.

The petition to the General Court was presented in due time, but that august body, instead of granting an act of incorporation, passed a resolve that the officers of the plantation should define the bounds of the contemplated town, make a plan of the same, and take a valuation of the real and personal estate of the inhabitants. These requirements deferred the incorporation until the year 1762.

CHAPTER VI.

NEW ADMINISTRATION,—CONCLUDED.

While the settlers in the center of the plantation were talking and thinking of nothing but the incorporation, there was one man in the territory who cared but little whether he lived in a town, plantation or unincorporated wilderness. Sometime while the events of which I have been writing were taking place, Gail Cole had wormed his way along the narrow water-shed between the Cobbossee-contee and Annabessacook, and, finding a spot where he fancied he would be content to spend the remainder of his days, built a cabin and began to clear away the heavy forest. It was a wild and dreary life. No path had been cut through from the settled district to that part of the plantation, and it is doubtful if he knew anything of the men who were his nearest neighbors on one side. Occasionally an Indian, attracted by the smoke from his cabin, called at the door, and by going to Winthrop, which was probably the only settled point with which he had any communication, he could catch a more agreeable

glimpse of humanity. When his house was ready and he had his family with him, he was a happy man. And why should he not be? Had he not the first choice of lots? And with youth and vigor in his favor what a beautiful home he could prepare for his old age on that hill overlooking the sparkling Cobbosseecontee! Alas for his hopes! Ten years more would find other hands gathering the harvest for which he had prepared the soil; while the pines which he fancied he would some day fell and erect into a commodious dwelling, would silently guard his lonely grave.

Cole was, undoubtedly, the first settler on the Neck, and with the exception of Daniel Allen and Reuben Brainerd, who had entered the forest a long distance below him on the pond, was the only person living in what we now term East Monmouth. Allen and Brainerd were professional hunters. They built their log cabins on the shore of the pond, where the remains of stone chimneys may still be seen, but did not immediately take up lots and begin clearings, as was the custom of the pioneers. Their purpose was to gather harvests of furs from the unexplored banks of the Cobbosseecontee, rather than corn from the untilled lands. Like all hunters and trappers, they were sturdy, courageous men, inured to every kind of hardship, and dauntless in the face of any danger.

Daniel Allen was born in the vicinity of New Vineyard, Mass. He was one of many children, one of whom married Reuben Brainerd; another, Timothy Foster of Winthrop; and a third, William Rice, who cleared, and settled on, the Geo. Macomber farm. When Daniel was about twelve years old, his father

moved to Hallowell and took up a farm at the point now called Manchester Forks. While living there he became acquainted with Sarah Delano of Winthrop, whom he married and by whom he had nine children.

As soon as the battle cry from Lexington penetrated the Maine forests, Daniel and all of his brothers shouldered their flint-locks and marched for the seat of war. The long and wearisome journey through the pathless wilderness was made entirely on foot. Although constantly facing danger in his hunting rounds, his greatest adventure and most miraculous escape from death was connected with his army life. The regiment to which he belonged was one day divided into sections and ordered to prepare for a drill. It was known that the enemy were not far distant, but no immediate action was expected, and it was with the utmost sense of security that the officers led their men into a field, which, from its being flanked on two sides by heavy woodland, and bordered on a third by a soft meadow, would hardly have been chosen for the drill-ground had it been known that, even then, the British troops were lying in ambush watching their movements. All at once, while engaged in their evolutions, they saw a company of cavalry charging down upon them from the open space. They immediately assumed a defensive attitude and awaited, with fixed bayonets, the result. The horsemen had almost reached them, when out of the woods rushed a large body of red-coated infantry. The sight of such an overwhelming force was too much for American valor, and the overpowered troops broke ranks, and, confused and frenzied by the sudden surprise, rushed about excitedly, or

crouched and huddled together, in either case only to fall on the swords of their exultant antagonists. Allen made his way toward the meadow brook, which he leaped at a bound. A horseman just behind was swinging his sabre and urging his steed alongside for the fatal blow, when it occurred to the fugitive that his gun had not been discharged. "I'll never die with a loaded gun in my hands," said he, and wheeling, he discharged his musket at his pursuer's breast, killing him instantly. In speaking of this exciting episode, Mr. Allen used to say he did not know that he ever killed a man. He always took deliberate aim, and the man at whom he aimed always fell, but he could not say that he killed him. Out of the whole company, or companies engaged in the drill, only Allen and one other escaped. It is claimed by some of our citizens that Mr. Allen never settled permanently in Monmouth; that his home was always in Winthrop, and that as soon as game was scarce, he returned to that place, where he spent the remainder of his days.

While it is undoubtedly true that he returned to East Winthrop, it is erroneous to suppose that he did not have a fixed residence in Monmouth. Before me, as I write, lies a copy of a deed which I found at the Wiscasset Court-house, giving the bounds of the land he purchased, and at my right hand are transcriptions of records which show that he was more than once elected to office in the plantation—an impossibility unless he was a resident and "freeholder" in lands.

His son, Luther Allen, settled on Monmouth Neck, and at one time had charge of Gen. Dearborn's saw and grist mills at that place. He married Clarissa

Shaw, daughter of John Shaw, who settled on the Til-
lotson Chandler place.

The annual meeting for 1790 was held at the house
of Capt. Levi Dearborn, on Monday, the 5th day of
April. Capt. Peter Hopkins was chosen moderator;
John Chandler, clerk; Capt. Peter Hopkins, Lieut.;
Simon Dearborn and Ichabod Baker, assessors. Capt.
James Blossom bid off the collection of the taxes, at
one shilling and ten-pence on the pound. Lieut. Simon
Dearborn was his bondsman. Capt. Levi Dearborn
was elected treasurer; Joseph Allen, Benj. Dearborn
and John Chandler were chosen a committee to examine
the accounts, and William Titus, Dearborn Blake and
Daniel Allen were chosen a committee on fish-ways.
Capt. Hopkins was vested with authority to "settle with
Esq. Cony" for assistance received in apportioning the
taxes. "Agreeably to order of Court" it was "voted
to raise fifteen pounds to defray plantation charges;
voted not to raise any school money; voted to comply
with the Resolve of Court and raise the bounds of the
town petitioned for to be incorporated by the name
of Monmouth." John Chandler, Daniel Gilman and
Ichabod Baker were accordingly chosen a committee
to "raise" the bounds of the town. It was voted "to
empower the said Committee to employ a surveyor to
raise the bounds; also, take the valuation and make
return thereof to Court; voted to buy a Plantation
book." Previous to this the records had been kept on
sheets of paper stitched loosely together, which ac-
counts for the loss of the valuable records of the years
1785 and 1786. Next it was "voted, that all sledges
within this Plantation be four feet wide, within boards:"

and following this it was "voted, To choose a committee of three men to cut all ox-sledges under that width to pieces." Levi Dearborn, Gilman Moody and Nathaniel Smith were appointed to serve on that committee. Doubtless the object of this movement against narrow sledges was to secure a wider road. It is apparent that uniformity of guage would conduce to a better condition of the roads, especially as breaking out the roads was then an unthought-of occurrence. At the annual election, thirty-two votes were thrown for John Hancock, Esq., candidate for governor; five, for Samuel Adams. For lieut. governor, Samuel Adams received thirty votes; For senator, Daniel Cony, Esq., received thirty votes, and Samuel Thompson, Esq., seven.

Daniel Cony, Esq., the candidate for senator, was the well-known Doctor and Judge Cony, of Augusta. He was a man of great executive ability and keen insight; he was an officer in the Continental Army, where he was conspicuous for his bravery, and after the declaration of peace, served in many prominent civil appointments. He represented the towns of Hallowell and Augusta in the General Court seven years before the incorporation of Maine as a state; was a senator in that body, and a member of the Executive Council; a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and Judge of Probate for Kennebec County.

After he was appointed Probate Judge, it was his custom to visit Monmouth once a year to hold a session of court at Capt. Prescott's tavern. He usually appeared, riding in a chaise drawn by an old yellow mare, about the first week in July, when strawberries,

of which he was very fond, had commenced to ripen.

Cony's native egoism, a characteristic as prominent as his long pointed nose, was augmented to an alarming degree by his association with men of eminence. The pomposity and ostentation that he assumed made him an object of ridicule. He considered it a breach of dignity to speak to a person in ordinary standing, especially in the presence of others. Once while riding from Augusta to Waldoboro' to attend court, he overtook a poor neighbor who was journeying toward the same destination. The Judge was in an affable mood. He chatted and joked with his companion with evident zest until near the village of Waldoboro'; then his manner underwent a radical change. Turning to his companion, he informed him that it was not in keeping with his station to be seen in company with a common yeoman, and that he would favor him by falling to the rear. The man complied, and the judge assumed his most dignified attitude preparatory to entering the village. But what was his discomfiture, and the amusement of the spectators, to hear a voice from the rear constantly calling, "Be I fur enough behind ye, Judge Cony? Be I fur enough behind?"

A turkey gobbler, for whom official position had no terrors, attracted by a large, bright-hued bandanna that graced the Judge's hand as he pompously paced the length of his veranda, ventured to join him in his promenade.

Ruffling his feathers, and spreading his tail to its full extent, he strutted back and forth the walk in perfect pace with his companion, occasionally arching his neck and emitting a gobble that denoted complete

self-satisfaction. At the completion of two or three rounds, the Judge turned on the presumptuous gobbler, and haughtily exclaimed, "Begone vile beast." But the "vile beast," perhaps realizing that a promenade with a real U. S. senator was a privilege of infrequent occurrence, continued his stately march, and, after futile attempts to rout him with his cane, the Judge retired precipitately, vanquished on his own ground.

Mr. North, the author of the admirable history of Augusta, speaks of seeing him come into church arrayed in a bright colored dressing-gown and gorgeous smoking cap, and carrying a cane over his shoulder in such a manner as to show the silver head.

Samuel Thompson, the opposing candidate for senator in 1790, resided at Little River village in Lisbon. He was generally known as "Brigadier" Thompson. He owned the ferry way at Little River, and traded there. He was a favorite with the settlers who came from New Meadows. Here is an account between Ichabod Baker and the "Brigadier":

"WALES, JULY, YE 10, 1787.

Credits to Bridger thompson.

		£	s	d
	To one fearridge	0	0	8
July 12.	" " "	0	0	8
	" 1 gill of Rum,	0	0	4
Aug. 5,	" one fearridge,	0	0	8
	" one half gill of Rum,	0	0	2
Sept. 1,	" one fearridge,	0	0	8
	" " "	0	0	8
Nov. 22,	" One half a pound of tea,	0	2	0
	and one fearridge,	0	0	8
	" one pint of Rum,	0	0	9
		<hr/>		
		0	7	3

About this time a potash manufactory was established by Peter Hopkins. In connection with this he opened a store. It is uncertain whether the enterprise was started in 1789 or 1790. As he purchased large quantities of ashes, it is probable that his object in starting a store was to gain a percentage on the cost of his purchases, by paying in staple supplies. An account drawn by Hopkins against Ichabod Baker, contains the following items:

Ichabod Baker to Peter Hopkins, Dr.

		£ s d
April 23d yr 1790	to a half a pound of tea	0 2 6
	to one quart Rum	0 1 6
	to two ounces Snuff	0 0 8
June	to one Bushel of corn	0 5 0
July 14	to two ounces of Snuff	0 0 7
“ 15	to one penknife	0 1 6
“ 19	to one bushel of salt	0 4 0
Aug. 26	to one gill of Rum	0 0 4
Dec. 10	to one quire of Paper	0 2 0
	to one pair of Spirs	0 1 6

“February 23d 1791. this day Reckned and All our acountes from the dae hereof and found due to Peter Hopkins ten shillings and four Pence, this from our hands—Ichabod Baker—Peter Hopkins.”

“Wales, December 28th ye 1791. A account of Peter Hopkins to Ichabod Baker to hauling Goods up from River 0£ 4s 0d”

Ashes were then a lawful tender, and were considered the best of pay. Here is an order and a note establishing the fact:

“Friend Baker—be please to pay Peter Hopkins ten shilin it beign for valiur reseaved by me—John Grey. April 3d 1789. Please to pay Ashes.”

“For value received I promise to pay Nathaniel and Jeremiah Dummer, or the order, Twenty-two bushels and three pecks, good

merchantable Ashes, by the first day of February next—also three bushels more.

ICHABOD BAKER."

Hallowell, 11th Nov. 1790.

The "potash", where ashes were converted into "pearl-ash" and "soda-ash" was an industry of considerable importance in all the New England towns where, from burnt timber-land and large, open fireplaces, a vast amount of ashes accumulated. It did not cease to exist until within the recollection of generations now living. The process of manufacturing was simple.

A wooden vat was filled with ashes, to which a small quantity of quick-lime had been added. Water was poured over this, and the mixture stirred thoroughly. After settling a few hours, the liquid was carefully drawn off and evaporated in large pans until it became a hard, dry substance. This was potash. When a sufficient quantity had been evaporated to fill a barrel, it was melted by heat, and poured into the cask, where it solidified by cooling, and, in this form, was shipped to Boston, New York, and other ports, to be used in the manufacture of soap. A refining process, which consisted of calcining the crude potash in a reverberatory furnace, then mixing it with water, and, after filtering through straw, evaporating it again to a dry substance, produced "pearl-ash," and a further refining process, "soda-ash," which was used for making bread, as saleratus is used by modern cooks. Pearl-ash and soda-ash had a high commercial value. Not only were they used in making bread, but in medical practice, the fine arts, and everywhere that the presence of a mild alkali was required.

In 1790 Nathan Gove Prescott, of Epping, N. H.,

purchased a tract of land containing about 100 acres of General Dearborn, in the new Boston district, where he settled. Mr. Prescott was a brother of Capt. Sewall Prescott. He married a lady by the name of Wells.

Not far from this time, Asahel Blake came from Epping, N. H., on horseback, bringing a bag full of bricks with which to top out his prospective chimney. Of Mr. Blake's career very little is known. He was accompanied by his son, Asahel Blake, jun., who settled on the place where his grand-daughter, Mrs. Clarence Thompson, now lives. Asahel Blake jun., was a farmer and shoe-maker, and probably was the first tanner in town. His tan vats stood a little north of his house, near the road, and his bark mill, directly in front of it. Later it was moved back and to one side of the house. The old Morrill store that stood in the corner east of M. M. Richardson's was joined to it afterwards.

Mr. Blake bears the reputation of being a man of more than ordinary ability. He, like a majority of the men of his day, lacked the advantages of a good education, but possessed great freedom of speech and a good insight. Although he fostered characteristics that won him enemies, yet even those who were at variance with him were free to confess that nature designed him for a higher calling than that of a tanner. Said one of his opponents, whose good judgment the people have attested by placing him more than once on our board of selectmen, "Asahel Blake's native endowments ought to have placed him in Congress." He was quite zealous in religious work, and sometimes entered the pulpit as a lay preacher.

The first annual meeting for the year 1791, was held at the house of John Welch, on Monday, the fourth day of April. Capt. Peter Hopkins was chosen moderator; John Chandler, clerk; and Simon Dearborn, John Chandler, and Matthias Blossom, assessors. John Welch bid off the taxes, naming Capt. James Blossom as his bondsman. Joseph Allen, Benjamin Dearborn, and Robert Withington were chosen a committee to examine the accounts against the plantation, and Benjamin Dearborn, Daniel Gilman and Nathaniel Smith, fish committee. It was "voted that Captain Peter Hopkins shall settle with Esq. Cony." It will be remembered that Hopkins was authorized at a previous meeting to effect this settlement. "Voted to raise twelve pounds to defray plantation charges;" "voted not to raise any money for schooling;" "voted not to raise any money for preaching."

The second meeting for this year was called to convene at the house of John Welch, on Friday, the 27th day of May, for the purpose of consulting in relation to having the plantation incorporated, and to act upon the question of having the District of Maine incorporated as a free, separate, and independent State. Simon Dearborn, Esq., was chosen moderator. It was "voted to appoint a man to get the voice of the inhabitants between Bowdoin and what is petitioned for to be incorporated into a town by the name of Monmouth, whether they wish to be incorporated with said Monmouth or not." John Chandler was appointed to visit and ascertain the minds of the people on this question. It was furthermore "voted to appoint a committee and get the voice of the people of the plantation with re-

gard to a separate State, and get their yeas and nays signed to a paper drawn for that purpose." John Welch was appointed to act as this committee.

The "inhabitants between Bowdoin and what is petitioned for to be incorporated into a town by the name of Monmouth" were the settlers in what is now Wales. Bowdon originally comprised, in addition to its present limits, the entire townships of Webster and Lisbon. The fact that Monmouth was incorporated without this territory is a conclusive demonstration of the fact that "the inhabitants between Bowdoin and what is petitioned for to be incorporated by the name of Monmouth," had too much sense to fall into the trap that was set for them. They were separated from the nearest settlement in Monmouth by a belt of solid forest not less than three miles in width, at its narrowest point; had never taken any part, or received any nominations, in the annual meetings, and from the course that had been pursued in relation to them while the territory was numbered among the plantations, they had no reason to expect any recognition as citizens of Monmouth, except when the tax collector made his annual rounds.

In 1791, Joseph Small and Bartholomew Jackson settled in the center of the territory now comprised in the town of Wales. They were both from Limington. Mr. Small took up the farm now owned by Thos. W. Ham. He had eight sons and five daughters. He was a prominent man in plantation and town affairs, and often held places of trust in the gift of his townsmen. Thirteen years he held the office of plantation clerk and nineteen, that of town clerk.

He was followed in about a year by his father, Daniel Small, and Ebenezer Small, the former of whom settled on the lot next to his son's, on the south. Daniel Small's life had been one of more than ordinary interest. At the age of nineteen, while living with his parents at Castine, he was taken by Indians, and held in captivity eleven months. He was then sold to a French Colonel at Quebec and remained there until its capture by Gen. Wolfe.

Joseph Day, another immigrant of this period, settled on the Levi Butler farm, near Monmouth Ridge. He is described as a person of questionable character, smart and industrious in the extreme, "with a big, short body, held up on a pair of stilt-like legs, a round red face, dark eyes and all 'tee hee.'" His wife was a character worthy of more than passing mention. Her familiarity with the "black art" made her a prominent and much-sought person in the community. And many were the shekels that rolled into her private exchequer in exchange for her predictions. Young men and maidens, old men and matrons, love-cracked cranks and money seeking misers, sought her advice, and hung with intense expectancy on the slowly drawled, "Ef nothin' happens more'n we raly specs," that invariably preceded her prognostications. She had lived with a former husband whose name she found it difficult to drop even after her marriage to her second and third consorts; and by his name she was known to the day of her death. This husband was not less of an anomaly than his help-mate. In appearance he was half Indian and half something that scientists have never been able to classify. On a knoll about thirty

rods south of the trotting park, the cellar of his cabin may still be seen. It stood in Phineas Kelly's pasture, and was as nondescript as its owner. His cow—he called it a cow, and, as it resembled nothing else in nature, it was generally conceded that it was, or had been, one—was the most useful functionary of his household; and, indeed, she was as much a member of his household as his wife and cat. She furnished milk for the family, she ploughed the garden, she drew limbs from the neighbors' woods for fuel, and harnessed to a sled with old ropes and elm-rind thongs, she made as safe a steed as one would ask to ride after.

Benj. Clough of Deerfield, N. H., was born Oct. 7, 1764. At a very early age he was left alone in the world by the death of his parents. Although a mere boy, he enlisted in the American army sometime during the progress of the Revolution, and faithfully served his country. The termination of the war brought him back to his old home. A little later, we find him starting on a long trip through the wilderness to visit an uncle in Readfield. It is probable that he was accompanied by Samuel King, who was coming to found a home in the edge of Winthrop. A large portion of the route lay through dense forests in which neither signs of road nor path was to be seen. From Lewiston to Winthrop was an almost unbroken stretch of woodland. With the exception of Zadoc Bishop's, neither cabin nor clearing appeared in all the twenty miles that lay between these points. The Epping men mentioned in the last chapter had not yet appeared. They skirted the west shore of Cochewagan, passing near the spot where Mr. Clough subsequently erected

his house. Soon after, darkness fell upon them. Anxious to gain the settlement, they passed on until not a mark could be discerned on the trees about them. There was no alternative. Stretching themselves on the ground, they slept as well as owls and fear of wild animals would allow. In the morning, the first sound that greeted their ears was the shrill crow of a rooster apparently a mile away. Although it came from a point away from the line of their journey, it was a welcome sound. It probably came from John Welch's, a mile south-east of the point where Capt. Prescott afterward settled, and on the latter spot they evidently bivouacked. A half hour brought them to Zadoc Bishop's clearing. Here they breakfasted on parched corn and milk, and pushed on to their destination. Mr. Clough soon returned and started a clearing on Norris Hill. All alone, with no human being within the distance of a mile, he toiled away through rain and shine, week in and week out, until he had made an opening of considerable size. He then returned to New Hampshire for a wife. On the 13th of March, 1791, he married Mary Marston of his native town, and soon the happy couple struck out on horseback for their new home. In 1794, he purchased the land, which he had taken up, of Gen. Dearborn. A portion of his first house is still standing in the ell of the large house owned by his grandson, Geo. M. Clough.

Mr. Clough was appointed justice of the peace by Christopher Gore, Governor of Massachusetts, in 1810. He received later appointments under John Brooks, in 1817, and Albion K. Parris in 1824. A document is shown, given under the hand of John

Chandler, Lieut. Colonel, appointing him sergeant in the 30th Regiment, Second Brigade and eighth Division of the Militia of Massachusetts. He was commissioned ensign of the same company, in 1801, by Gov. Caleb Strong.

Asa Clough, son of the above, was born March 5, 1793. He received as thorough an education as the institutions of the town afforded, and devoted a portion of his early life to teaching. He was naturally very methodical, a characteristic which was of great benefit to him in his pedagogical pursuits, as well as in the business transaction of his later life. He married Mary F. Griffin, the daughter of a sea captain of Massachusetts. Mr. Clough by diligence and good calculation, added quite largely to his inherited property. He was several times commissioned in the militia.

Shortly after Mr. Clough came from New Hampshire, John Blake settled on the ascent of Norris Hill, a few rods south of G. W. Fogg's. He, also, was an Epping man. He served in the Revolutionary War, and after his discharge from the service, moved to Hallowell and thence to Monmouth. Later he purchased the farm on which G. B. Pierce Esq., now lives and moved from the lot on which he first settled. The "old Blake house" was for many years a picturesque land mark on Norris Hill.

Mr. Blake was a tanner and currier. He is described as a large framed man, robust and round-favored. He drove the first line of stages that was run between Augusta and Portland by way of Monmouth. When he came to Wales Plantation he was not far from thirty years of age. After Gen. McLellan re-

moved to Bath, he persuaded Blake, who was his most intimate friend, to settle near him. He subsequently removed to Gardiner, Me., where he died, Jan. 20, 1848.

Mr. Blake was a man of great moral worth and considerable ability. He was prominently connected with the M. E. church both in Monmouth and Bath. In the latter place he was the leading male member, and assisted far beyond his means in building the first M. E. church edifice that was erected in the city.

The third meeting for 1791 was, like the last meeting of the previous year, deferred until the first of the year following. It was held at John Welch's, Tuesday March, 20th, 1792. The object of this meeting was to choose a committee to settle with all the collectors and treasurers, and any other persons—debtors or creditors to the plantation—from the first act of the plantation to the date of the warrant. This committee was to report at the following April meeting the standing of the plantation. Capt. Peter Hopkins was chosen moderator, and Lieut. Jonathan Thompson, Ichabod Baker and Caleb Fogg were appointed to serve as the committee referred to. This was the last meeting of the plantation. A new era was about to open. From the time when the first settlers came in until now, the name of the plantation had undergone three changes. It was first known as Freetown, then as Bloomingboro', later as Wales Plantation, and now it was to receive its final christening, and be promoted to the rank of an incorporated town.

CHAPTER VII.

A LEGAL SEPARATION.

On Monday, the second day of April, 1792, an eager and somewhat excited throng gathered at Monmouth Center. Two weeks before, John Chandler had walked down the road with an unusually important tread, with a paper roll in his hand. When he reached John Welch's house he stopped, unrolled the paper, fumbled in his waistcoat pocket a moment, picked out some sharp pointed brads that he had fashioned on his own anvil, and with them nailed the paper to the side of the house. What did it mean?

Passers-by noticed the glaring white object on John Welch's house, and drew near to examine it. Horsemen reined up, and dismounted to satisfy their curiosity. Resting their hands on their knees and tipping their chins up toward the hand-shaved shingles, they read:

Lincoln Ss. To John Chandler of Monmouth, said County, Greeting:

In the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, You are required forthwith to notify and warn the Freeholders and other

inhabitants of the town of Monmouth qualified to vote in town affairs to meet at the house of Ichabod Baker, in said town on Monday, the second day of April, next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, there and then to act on the following articles, viz: 1st To choose a moderator, 2d To choose a Town Clerk, Select-Men, Assessors:—Town Treasurer: a Constable, and such other town officers, as the towns within this Commonwealth are required by law to choose in the months of March or April annually, 3d To grant such sum, or sums of morey for the purpose of supporting Schools, repairing the Highways and other necessary charges arising within said town the current year, and to act thereon as the town shall think proper. And you are further required to notify and warn the Inhabitants of said town, qualified according to the Constitution to vote for Governor, Lieut. Governor and Senators, to meet at the place aforesaid, at one o'clock in the afternoon of said day, for the purpose of giving in their votes for a Governor, a Lieut. Governor and a Senator, for the counties of Lincoln, Hancock and Washington.

Hereof, fail not, and make return of this Warrant, with your doings, unto myself or to Simon Dearborn of said town, on, or before the time for holding the first meeting. Given under my hand and seal, this sixteen day of March, in the year of our Lord, One thousand, seven hundred and ninety-two and pursuant to an act of the Legislature passed the 12th day of January 1792, incorporating the said town of Monmouth.

DANIEL CONY, JUS. PEACE, RETURN.

Persuant to the within Warrant, I have notified the Inhabitants of said town qualified as therein expressed, to meet at the time and place, and for the purpose within mentioned.

Imagining ourselves back in 1792, standing about three rods south of the spot on which the residence of F. H. Beale now rests, confronting the large, two-storied house of Ichabod Baker, let us watch our grandfathers as they gather in little groups all over the yard to form plans for this most interesting episode of their pioneer life.

Over in one corner we find a little knot of middle aged men and boys gathered around a deter-

mined looking fellow in rough dress, who is earnestly gesticulating with a limp, claw-like hand. We instantly recognize him as Thomas Gray, the hero of the bear fight. He is urging the claims of the pioneers over the asserted rights of the Epping usurpers. The New Meadows men listen to him respectfully, because they keenly sympathize with him in his antagonism against the new party. Nowhere else do we find so many gray hairs. Nearly all the groups are made up of young men under thirty years of age.

A horseman is seen approaching from the north. The boys who have been listening to Gray's uncombed oratory, run to meet the new comer, and gather around him with expectant grins as he dismounts and ties his nag to a tree. It is Caleb Fogg, and the youngsters are on the alert to catch the jokes and witticisms that are always flying broadcast when he is on the field.

A middle-aged man of stately carriage and military bearing, dismounts, and leaving his horse to the care of a boy, approaches the house. As he passes along, the groups of men standing in the way silently open and salute him with raised hats. This is Major Norris, the Revolutionary officer, who, next to Gen. Dearborn, is most greatly esteemed. He is not here to seek honors for himself. John Chandler is his brother-in-law, and it may be that he will use his influence in his behalf.

Standing somewhat apart from the groups so earnestly engaged in discussing the situation, and taking no part in the conversation except to acknowledge the pleasure of a new acquaintance as he is presented to one and another of the New Meadows settlers, is a

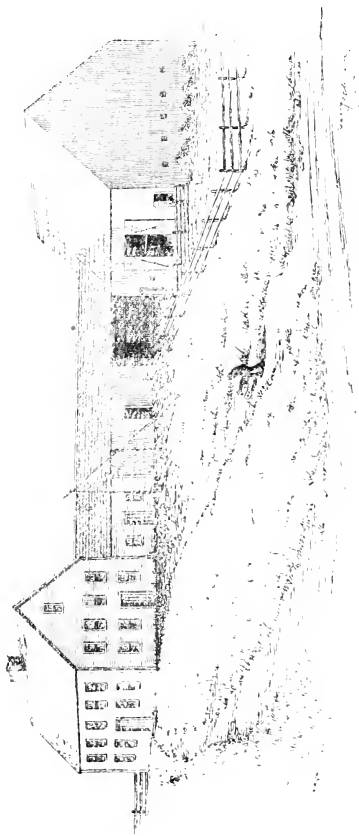
young man of about twenty-eight years. This is Benjamin Clough who has recently taken up a residence on Norris Hill.

A little aside from the others, is another young man whose glossy knees and wax-stained hands mark him as a shoemaker. He is engaged in conversation with a firm, sober looking man of a little more than fifty years, who is inquiring about his wife and children. It is Josiah Brown and his father-in-law, Phineas Blake. Near by are Dearborn Blake, now twenty-eight years old, and Phineas, jun., who although he has paid a poll-tax four years, will not be old enough to vote until the next annual meeting.

A man a trifle below middle life, has gathered a small crowd around him, and is earnestly haranging them in a tone and manner that mark the natural orator. If his hearers do not agree with him, they listen willingly, charmed by his rough eloquence. It is Asabel Blake; and near by stands his distant relative, John Blake, a man of large, noble physique, ten years his junior, quiet and unassuming, speaking only when spoken to, and then with a low tone and pleasant smile, that instantly win him friends.

Another conspicuous figure is that of a man nearly sixty years of age, dignified in bearing, and of firm, grave cast of countenance. He moves quietly about, never seeking to join in the discussions; but wherever he goes he is followed by men who desire advice and patronage. This is Esq. Simon Dearborn, Monmouth's first Justice of the Peace.

But more conspicuous than any of these is the spare young man, clothed in coarse, ill-fitting garments, who



The Jehovah Baker House
B.A. 1849 - THE FIRST TOWN-BUILDING IN WASHINGTON

has been dogging about from one group to another. He button-holes one man, and with a suave smile wins his attention for a moment, pats another familiarly on the shoulder, and whispers a word in the ear of a third. He is scarcely thirty years of age, yet anyone can see that he is mowing a wide swarth through the ranks of those rugged pioneers. Young though he is, he is getting a firmer hold on the strings that run the machine than any other man in the crowd. It is John Chandler, the political prodigy, and we shall hear from him before this day closes.

As the sun rises higher, and the snow begins to soften and work through the seams of their tallowed boots, the men begin to turn away from the electioneering groups, one by one, and to ascend into the loft of Ichabod Baker's house. The upper story has never been finished, and here we find abundant room for the fifty or sixty men and boys who have come to attend Monmouth's first town meeting. Behind a rude table, or bench, sits Capt. Peter Hopkins. On it are an hour-glass and a dish for the ballots. The sand in the hour-glass is steadily sifting down into the bottom. At last all is out. Peter Hopkins has been watching it sharply. He now rises, turns the glass, and calls the meeting to order.

"Gentlemen of the town of Monmouth (how he must have swelled up with the importance of the words) bring in your votes for moderator." Here we must stop. Thus far we have leaned over the lapse of a century and watched the founders of our town without any fear of transgressing the bounds of true history; but now the imagination of the individual reader must

picture the proceedings that followed. Jonathan Thompson was placed in the moderator's chair. Who would value the price of this book if it contained his opening speech? The man who would not rise to the pinnacle of log-cabin oratory on such an occasion must have been tame-spirited.

Notice the result of the two following ballots—for town clerk, John Chandler; for first selectman, John Chandler. John Chandler, a citizen of Wales Plantation only six years; farther down in the ranks of poverty than any other man between Winthrop and Lisbon; so illiterate that he was just learning at the age of thirty years to write his name—he, the first selectman of Monmouth! Oh! the native genius of John Chandler! What subtle powers, what perseverance, what prescience! He did not always remain unknown, and poor, and illiterate. It will not do to say too much in his praise, for there are many in town who will shake the head at the recollection of the treatment their fathers received from his hands. It must be confessed that he was often unfair and treacherous in his dealings, and these grave faults we will not attempt to cover; but forgetting, for a moment, if we may, his failings, we must admit that John Chandler was by far the smartest man who ever trod the soil of Monmouth; and we may go farther and say, or breathed the air of Maine; for who can cite an historical character of the past century who has risen from so degraded a level to so exalted a position?

Lieut. Jonathan Thompson and Capt. Levi Dearborn were placed beside Chandler, on the board of selectmen and assessors; Capt. Levi Dearborn was

elected treasurer; and Robert Withington, constable, to collect for two pence on the pound, with Capt. Peter Hopkins as his bondsman. Capt. Peter Hopkins, Matthias Blossom, Ichabod Baker and Daniel Allen were chosen surveyors of the highway; Asabel Blake and Daniel Allen, surveyors of lumber; Nathaniel Smith and Ichabod Baker, fence-viewers; Philip Jenkins, Gilman Moody, Daniel Allen, Daniel Gilman, and John Arno, fish wardens; Zadoc Bishop and Joseph Allen tythingmen; Robert Withington, sealer of leather; John Judkins and Josiah Brown, hog reeves; Simon Dearborn and Timothy Wight, field-drivers; Capt. James Blossom, Capt. Peter Hopkins, Daniel Gilman, Joseph Allen, John Blake, Daniel Allen and Simon Dearborn, Esq., committee to divide the school districts: It was "voted to excuse Daniel Allen and Daniel Gilman from serving as Wardens; Chose Robert Withington, Field-Driver; voted to raise thirty pounds for support of schools, to be paid in Corn and Grain, Corn at four shillings, Rye at five shillings, and Wheat at six shillings the Bushel; voted to raise one hundred twenty-five pounds for making and repairing Highways; voted to reconsider the last vote in the meeting; voted to raise one hundred pounds to lay out on highways in work at four shillings per day; voted to raise fifteen pounds for preaching, to be paid in Corn at four shillings, Rye, five shillings, Wheat, six shillings per Bushel; voted to raise six pounds, to defray town charges." Simon Dearborn, Esq., and Joseph Allen were chosen a committee to procure a minister.

The record of this meeting possesses great interest. Hitherto an apathy had rested on the voters. No money

had been appropriated for repairing the highways, or for religious or intellectual instruction. New life seemed now to take possession of them. Spurred into action by the burden of fresh responsibilities, and perhaps awakened by the novelty of a change in the local government, measures were advanced which had too long remained in the background; or, if for a moment brought to the front, had been spurned as unworthy of consideration.

According to Williamson* the town was incorporated the 20th day of January, eight days later than the date assumed in the warrant.

The boundaries, as given in the act of incorporation, were as follows: "Beginning at the south-easterly corner of Winthrop, on the west side of Cobbosseecontee Great Pond: thence running south-south-west six miles to a large heap of stones erected for a corner: thence west-north-west about five miles to the westerly line of Plymouth Patent: thence northerly, on the westerly line of said Patent about six miles, until it intersects a line running west-north-west from the south-easterly corner of Winthrop, aforesaid: thence east-south-east by the southerly line of Winthrop to the first mentioned bound."

The valuation for the year 1792 shows the number of ratable polls to have been seventy-two, while the entire voting list enumerated only sixty-two. This is accounted for by the fact that every male inhabitant above sixteen years of age was reckoned as a poll, subject to taxation, while all voters were required then, as now, to be at least twenty-one years of age.

There were, according to this appraisement, only ten

*Williamson's History of Maine.

framed houses in town, owned respectively by Peter Hopkins, Simon Dearborn, Esq., Caleb Fogg, John Judkins, James Norris, Esq., James Norris, Jr., John Chandler, John Welch, Ichabod Baker and Gen. Henry Dearborn. All the other dwellings were log houses. There were no shops, but several barns, owned by the following persons: Peter Hopkins, two; Simon Dearborn, Esq., one; Caleb Fogg, one; Sewall Prescott, one; John Chandler, one; and Gen. Henry Dearborn, one.

There were two mills, one owned by Thomas Stockin, at North Monmouth, the other, by Gen. Henry Dearborn, John Welch and Capt. James Blossom. Of tillage land there were twenty-two acres; of mowing land, one hundred and thirty-three acres. Gen. Dearborn owned fourteen acres of the latter; the others owned from one to fourteen acres each. Of meadow land there were ten acres; of pasture land, eight and one-half acres, ten acres of which belonged to Gen. Dearborn. Many held but one acre of good pasture ground. The number of acres of wild land taxed to resident proprietors aggregated five thousand and fifty-seven. The smallest amount, forty acres, was taxed to Robert Smart. Gen. Dearborn held four hundred and thirty acres, which was the greatest amount taxed to any individual. Thirteen thousand two hundred and sixty-nine acres of wild land were taxed to non-resident proprietors. The sum total of taxable estates amounted to eighteen thousand five hundred and seventy-two and one-half acres.

There were twenty-two horses of three years and upwards; five three-year-old colts, and two yearlings. Twenty-eight yokes of oxen four years, and above, old;

thirty-eight neat cattle above three years of age; twenty-six two-year-olds and thirty-nine yearlings. There were seventy-nine cows. Of these Philip Jenkins owned six; Joseph Allen, three; Thomas Gray, three; Josiah Brown, two; William Allen, three; Levi Dearborn, two; Timothy Wight, two. Thirty-nine of the settlers had no oxen, and twelve had no cattle of any description. Philip Jenkins owned the largest stock, in all sixteen head. Peter Hopkins came next with thirteen head. The number of swine was sixty-three. Philip Jenkins had three; Benjamin Kimball, three; Jonathan Thompson, three; Capt. Levi Dearborn, three.

There were only from fifty-three to fifty-five families in the entire town. On Norris Hill there were eight families: Nathaniel Smith's, Robert Smart's, Eliphalet Smart's, John Blake's, John Arnoe's, Benj. Clough's, James Norris, Jr.'s., and Benj. Kimball's. John Blake lived where G. Boardman Pierce now lives; Clough on the farm now owned by his grandson, Geo. Clough; Kimball where John McCulla now lives. The Smart's lived at Smart's Corner, on opposite sides of the road. The houses were long ago destroyed.

In the Richardson neighborhood lived Peter Hopkins, Geo. Hopkins, Jonathan Thurston, Robert Withington, Zadoc Bishop, and Timothy Wight. William Hopkins and Eliphalet Wight had taken up lots in that neighborhood but were not married. At North Monmouth proper, there was but one family, Nathaniel Brainerd's, living at the outlet of Wilson Pond. Thomas Stockin lived in that neighborhood, but he had no family except a large white cat. Stockin used to claim that he kept the cat to wash his dishes, but never

having seen the operation performed we are prone to doubts. On High Street there were John Chandler, Caleb Fogg, Simon Dearborn, Simon Dearborn, Jr., Matthias Blossom and Abraham Morrill. Capt. Sewall Prescott was then unmarried. On the road leading from the Center to North Monmouth, between N. M. Nichols's and Ellis's Corner, were three families: Robert Judkins's, Asahel Blake's and Peter Lyon's. John and Jonathan Judkins had taken up lots, but were unmarried and lived with their father. In East Monmouth and vicinity were Phineas Blake, Edmund Allen, Woodward Allen, Daniel Allen, James Norris, Esq., Gail Cole, Samuel Titus and William Titus—nine families. Nathaniel Norris, another resident in this section was not married. At the Center were Capt. James Blossom, Ichabod Baker, John Welch and William Allen. Allen lived on the land now owned by Dea. C. B. Bragdon in the back field across the railroad from the M. E. parsonage. He had as fine a section of land, and as good prospects, as any of his neighbors, but relinquished all to gratify his love of strong drink. For one hundred dollars's worth of rum he gave a mortgage on a lot that in a few years was sold to Samuel Brown for one thousand dollars in cash, and failed to redeem the mortgage. Between Ichabod Baker's and Dearborn's Corner lived three families: David Smith's, Daniel Gilman's and Gilman Moody's. Smith lived in Gen. Dearborn's house and Benj. Dearborn at Moore's Corner. From his house eastward toward Gardiner there were the families of Capt. Levi Dearborn and Joseph Day. Dudley Dearborn also lived in this vicinity but he had no family. From Dearborn's

Corner southward were the families of Alexander Thompson, William Thompson, Philip Jenkins, Joseph Allen, Thomas Gray, Benj. Kimball, Josiah Brown, Lieut. Jonathan Thompson and Thomas Gray, Jr. From the outlet of South pond, and from Capt. Levi Dearborn's to Purgatory Mills, including Oak Hill, where it is now thickly settled, there was practically no break in the wilderness, for the clearings were small on all the lots that were taken up.

The second town meeting for the year 1792 was held at John Welch's house, on Monday, the 7th day of May, to act on the following articles: "1st, to choose a moderator; 2nd, to give in their votes either for, or against, the separation of Maine from Massachusetts; 3rd, to see if the town will discharge Mr. Allen from a certain part of the taxes committed to him to collect, which he says cannot be collected; 4th, to see if the town will let hogs run in the woods of said town, or a part thereof, during the year." At this meeting Jonathan Thompson was chosen moderator. Thirty-seven votes were given in favor of separation; against it, none. Philip Jenkins, Daniel Gilman and Benjamin Dearborn were chosen a committee to inspect Mr. Allen's tax-bills, and discharge him from such part thereof as they thought proper. The fourth article was dismissed, and the meeting dissolved. The hogs were left in the hands of the hog-reeves, John Judkins and Josiah Brown. Hogs in these days were professional racers. They were long-legged, long-nosed, and flat-ribbed, and were built principally for speed and heavy squealing. To fatten one was the zenith of the impossible; to get one in fair condition was almost the work of a

life-time. Noah Sampson, who lived some years later on the Nathan Randall place, had one of these hogs bred from the stock of the first settlers. He kept him year after year in the hope of getting him fat. Sampson had neither barn nor pig-pen and the lazy old porker used to occupy his time in rooting about the fields with two or three hens on his back. In the course of time he became quite generally known among the jokers as "Sampson's hen-roost." At last, discouraged and disheartened, Sampson sold the hog to Capt. Thomas Kimball. Kimball had better facilities for fattening the time-honored porker than his former owner possessed, and by perseverance and an enormous expenditure of corn and meal, he succeeded in making tolerable pork of him. Shortly before old age came to claim its victim, Kimball plunged the knife into him, dressed him, and sent him to the Bath market by John Blue. Pork was then high, and Blue was congratulating himself that he would get at least ninepence a pound; but, unfortunately for him, Capt. Judkins happened to be in Bath at the time, appearing just as Blue was about to close a bargain. "Godfrey knows," exclaimed the Captain; "Godfrey knows, Blue! Faithful! You've got the old Sampson hog here, hain't ye? Sampson's hins have roosted on that hog's back years and years to my sartin knowledge. Faithful!" Blue's countenance and the price of pork received a simultaneous fall.

In early years the election of hog-reeves was attended with much sport, and even more recently when no duties have been incumbent upon the person honored with that official position, it has not been without interest. As a rule, recently married men were com-

pelled to serve in that capacity. Sometimes, however, individuals would be nominated for the office by persons desiring an opportunity for revenge. And who can imagine a keener revenge than to watch an enemy in his frantic and vain efforts to secure a stubborn porker who has chosen the public highway for a promenade?

Tything-men, also, were officials vested with greater authority than those elected in recent years at our town meetings; or, if vested with no greater, they exercised more. Their duties were to keep people orderly on the Sabbath; to prevent traveling, laboring, and all acts inconsistent with a due and respectful observance of the day. The office generally fell to those who were religiously inclined—friends of sobriety and morality. Zadoc Bishop and Joseph Allen, the first tything-men in Monmouth, were of this character. They always respected the Sabbath, and expected all within their domain, and especially within reach of the long poles they carried at all religious gatherings, to follow their wise and just example.

The sight of one of those grave guardians of the peace reaching over three or four pews with his badge of office, to give some frolicsome youth a gentle rap of admonition, or some indifferent sleeper a poke in the back, would ruffle the risibles of anyone with as keen a sense of humor as a tired ox; but woe to the one who dared to smile! Perhaps it looked a trifle war-like to see men armed with long poles guarding the entrance of a church, and it may have been a bit annoying to a man driving with furious haste for the doctor to have one of those faithful functionaries catch his horse by

the bridle and set it back on its haunches to inquire whether he was not desecrating the Sabbath by riding for pleasure; but, all things considered, it is an open question if the exit of the tything-man was not a day for lamentation rather than for rejoicing.

One of the laws of the commonwealth provided that no person of poor circumstances should enter a town with the intention of settling without first obtaining the consent of the selectmen. All who ventured to come in without consent were warned out by process of law. In the year 1792 Hannah Abbott, who was afterwards a charge of the town of Wales, made an attempt to settle in Monmouth. Below are given copies of the warrant and return that were issued in this case.

“LINCOLN SS. To Robert Withington, Constable for Monmouth,
GREETING:—You are in the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts directed to warn and give notice unto Hannah Abbott, late from Greene, in said County of Lincoln, who has lately come into this town for the purpose of abiding therein, not having obtained the town’s consent, therefore that she depart the limits thereof with her children, if any she has, within fifteen days, and of this precept with your doings thereof you are to make return into the office of the clerk of the town within twenty days next coming, that further proceedings may be had in the premises as the law directs.

Given under our hands and seals at Monmouth, this 27th day of Aug., 1792.

JOHN CHANDLER,) Selectmen of
JONA. THOMPSON.) Monmouth.

RETURN.

“Pursuant to the above precept I have notified and warned the above named Hannah Abbott to depart the limits of said town by reading the same to her.

ROBERT WITHINGTON, Constable.

We have cause for pride that when Maine began to make her own laws, this as well as many other unjust

statutes was laid aside. Here, perhaps, was an honorable woman who could not find employment in her native place, and not wishing to become a town charge, came to Monmouth where there was a better chance for her to gain a livelihood. To meet her in the highway, and drive her back as one would head off a wandering animal, may have been policy, but it is difficult to make such an act seem compatible with a Christian civilization. Yet that is what was done in our own town one hundred years ago. Thank God that in the midst of many retrogressions from the firm Christian principles of our fathers, we do occasionally find some slight mark of improvement.

A third meeting of the voters of Monmouth was held at John Welch's, Friday, Nov. 2, 1792. The only noteworthy matter that came before this meeting was the question whether or not the town would agree to let a certain part of the school money of the upper part of the South district, lay in the treasury, to be expended in a women's school the following summer. But no action was taken in relation to this proposition. There were then only two school districts within the limits of the town—the North and South districts. The North district included all the territory north of the Center; the South, all in the other portion of the town. The Cochnewagan stream was the line of division. Capt. James Blossom and William Allen living on the north side of the stream were included in the upper district. For convenience's sake, they were soon transferred to the other. In 1793, the report of the committee appointed at the general meeting of the previous year to divide the districts was accepted.

Under the provisions of this report the two districts were to be divided into five—one at East Monmouth, Daniel Allen, agent; one on Norris Hill, James Norris, Jr., agent; one at the Center, James Blossom, agent; one including all the territory from the Center district to the north line of the town on both roads—the direct road to Ellis Corner, and the one now known as High street. This was called the North district, and boasted the first, and at that time the only, school house in town. This house was built on the ledge about five rods east of the residence of B. S. Ellis. It was destroyed by fire. Gilman Moody was the agent of the district. The last district provided for was the old South district, with its limits intact, except for the severing of a small portion from the north end, which was merged into the Center district. Philip Jenkins was agent. Several years passed before other school-houses were built, and, in the meantime, schools were held in private houses.

The life of a school boy one hundred years ago was as unlike that of to-day as anything that can be imagined. The stern discipline, based on an expanded interpretation of King Solomon's sage advice, the methods of instruction, the form and furnishings of the school-room—all are changed. The lad who forgot to remove his hat when the "master" appeared could count on an intimate and protracted association with a birch switch, a far preferable form of punishment to the "stool," which consisted of standing the victim on "tiptoe" with his knees bent as if sitting on a low stool, and at the same time not allowing the weight of the body to rest on his upturned heels. Any one who will try the experiment will see that this posture can not be

retained five minutes without causing intense pain; yet for some trivial offence our grandfathers were sometimes obliged to hold it an hour at a time. The penalty for spelling "cat" with a "k" or two "t's" was to sit on a bench in sight of the entire school with a high, conical paper cap inscribed with the word, D-U-N-C-E, on the head. The first school-rooms were built with an aisle through the center, from which a slightly inclined plane rose to the wall on each side. On these inclined platforms the benches were placed, running parallel to the central aisle. At one end was an enormous fireplace, which was kept roaring and sputtering with a green wood fire in the winter, and was filled with fragrant pine boughs in the summer. No books were used in the early schools. The master prepared all the lessons on huge sheets of foolscap, and passed them around. One of these sheets, which has been carefully hoarded by one of the pioneer families, is now before me. It is embellished with heavily shaded titles, which resemble the frequently-mentioned autograph of John Hancock. With many a flourish and a superabundance of capitals the following problems are propounded:

"How many shillings, sixpences, 4 pences, 3 pences, 2 pences, pence, half pence and farthings, of each a like number will discharge a debt of £335—8—4?"

"A General of an Army (consisting of 5000 men) after a very Sharp engagement, lost 2380 men: but coming off victorious, he for their gallant behaviour gave 1000 guineas to be equally Divided among them, & the remainder (if any,) to be given to a little errand boy: how much did each man receive?"

"In 26 Ells english how many quarters and nails?"

"In 217 Square yards, 5 feet, how many Square feet, Inches, and square quarters?"

“A Farmer agreed with his Servant to thrash all the corn he had. And the servant was to receive a guinea for every 7 quarters: now, he thrashed in all 15 loads 1 quarter, and has received of his master at different times, by cash and goods 9 guineas; I Demand how the reckoning stands between them?”

The obsolete terms employed in these examples are explained by tables from the same sheets:

CLOTH MEASURE.

2½ Inches make		1 nail.
4 Nails “	1 quarter of a yard.	
4 Quarters “		1 yard.
3 “ “	1 ell Flemish measure.	
5 “ “	“ “ English “	
6 “ “	“ “ French “	

LONG MEASURE.

3 Barley-corns make		1 inch.
12 Inches “		1 foot.
3 Feet “		1 yard.
2 Yards “	1 fathom.	
5½ “ “		1 rod.
40 Rods “	1 furlong.	
8 Furlongs, “		1 mile.
3 Miles “		1 league.
20 Leagues “		1 degree.
360 Degrees the circumference of the earth and sea.		

DRY MEASURE.

2 Pints make		1 quart.
4 Quarts “		1 gallon.
2 Gallons “		1 peck
4 Pecks “		1 bushel.
8 Bushels “	1 quarter of a load.	
5 Quarter or 40 bushels		1 load.

The annual meeting for the year 1793 convened at the house of John Welch, on Monday, the first day of April. Simon Dearborn, Esq., was chosen moderator.

John Chandler, clerk. At this meeting it was voted to allow the Selectmen's accounts sums as follows:

	£	s	d
John Chandler's account,	1	15	1
Lieut. Jonathan Thompson's account,	1	12	0
Capt. Levi Dearborn's, as Selectman and Treasurer,	2	9	0
Capt. James Blossom as Treasurer for years past,	0	18	0

Matthias Blossom, Major James Norris and John Chandler were elected selectmen and assessors; Ichabod Baker, treasurer; Robert Withington, constable. The custom of selling the collectorship at vendue was again broken, and it was voted to give Mr. Withington four pence on the pound for collecting. The following surveyors of highways were chosen: For the north district, Simon Dearborn, Esq.; for the Norris Hill district, John Blake; for the Center, Ichabod Baker; for the South, Philip Jenkins; for the Neck, Daniel Allen. The surveyor of the Center district had charge of the road from Daniel Gilman's, where Rev. J. E. Pierce now lives, to Morrill's (Ellis's) corner, and thence back, by way of the Academy, as far as Gen. Chandler's. Dearborn's district comprised all the north part of the town, where there were roads. John Blake took all from the Center to, and over, Norris Hill; Philip Jenkins, all south of Daniel Gilman's, and Daniel Allen, all the roads in East Monmouth to the Winthrop line.

To protect the crops of the more thrifty farmers from the ravages of cattle which their slack neighbors allowed to run at large, it was determined at this meet-

ing that a pound, forty feet square, should be erected on the land of John Welch, and that Welch should serve as keeper.

James Harvey, James Blossom and Benjamin Clough were elected a committee to examine accounts against the town, and to settle with all persons, officers and committees who had "been entrusted with the town's or, heretofore, plantation's, money, and to discharge them, on settlement." "Voted that the Town Treasurer be instructed to buy a selectmen's book."

The chamber of John Welch's house had long been used as a place of public gathering. It was, of course, unfinished and unfurnished. At this meeting it was voted to give him eighteen shillings for the use of his house the ensuing year, "he fixing the same with floors, and seats to raise." The sum of one hundred and fifty pounds was appropriated for the improvement of the highways. This was to be paid in work. Six shillings per day were to be allowed for labor during the months of June and July, and four shillings per day, from the first day of August to the tenth day of September. "All of said money to be laid out by the tenth day of September, 1793." "Voted to allow for plows 4 shillings per day, and carts 2 shillings per day." "Voted to raise 30 pounds for schooling." "Voted to accept the road laid out from Benjamin Dearborn's barn to Winthrop line." This road led from Dearborn's Corner down through East Monmouth and over the Neck to Winthrop.

"Voted to raise six pounds in corn at 4 per bushel to defray town charges for the year." Ichabod Baker and Caleb Fogg were allowed 4 s. shillings each for one

day's service on the committee elected the 20th of March, 1792, "to settle with the treasurer, collectors and all other persons, creditors or debtors to the plantation of Wales preparatory to acting under the incorporation." Simon Dearborn and Joseph Allen were allowed four shillings each out of the money appropriated to provide for the preaching of the gospel, for services as "minister committee last year." Four shillings were allowed Timothy Wight for services rendered in laying out a road. The road referred to lay between Dearborn's corner and the head of Cochnewagan Pond where Wight had then settled, having exchanged his clearing at N. Monmouth with Gilman Moody for this. It was furthermore voted to exempt Wight from a highway tax until the road leading to his house was completed and to give him the portion of his preceding year's tax which he had not worked out, amounting to about one day and a half. Capt. James Blossom was also exempted from a highway tax "until he has a road laid out, and from last year's tax." Blossom lived, as has been stated in a preceding chapter, in the field lying between the "upper dam" and Mr. Clifford's. He had a large orchard in the vicinity of his house, but it is stated that not a vestige of it remained nearly half a century ago.

Joseph Allen and James Blossom were chosen a "minister committee." Ministers were not as plentiful then as they are to-day, and sometimes the office of "minister committee" was far from being a sinecure.

The valuation for 1793 showed that nine framed houses had been erected in the previous fiscal year. Five barns had also been built, and seven shops.

Another mill had been added to the list of taxable property. This was the saw mill on the Cochnewagan stream at the Center. It was built by Ichabod Baker, William Allen and John Welch, on the site on which the present mill was afterward erected.

The voting list showed an increase of nine, and twelve new names had been added to the list of taxable polls. The number of families had increased from 55 to 62.

The new citizens were Col. Seth Fogg, Abner Bingham, Dudley B. Hobart, James Harvey, John Johnson, John Morgan, Joseph Hoyt, James Brackett and Robert Niles.

Col. Seth Fogg was the father of Rev. Caleb Fogg. He could not have been a resident of Monmouth a considerable length of time, as his name does not appear on the assessors' list at a slightly later period.

Abner Bingham came from Epping. His wife was Abigail, daughter of Phineas Blake, sen., who, after her first husband's decease, married James Nichols. Bingham lived in a house that stood on the "heater" piece between Fred K. Blake's and Rufus A. King's, at East Monmouth. He made a clearing on land now owned by N. M. Nichols.

John Morgan was the first settler in North Monmouth. He took up the place now owned by Henry Norris, near the Wayne line. His cabin was in towards the pond several rods farther than the house now occupied by Allen. It is not known when he came into the town, but it was undoubtedly earlier than 1793, when his name first appears on the tax-book. He was very poor, owning nothing but a cow and pig. As he lived

away in the woods by himself, the town voted, in 1794, to absolve him from taxation.

Hoyt settled, it is supposed, in the northern part of the town.

Dudley Bradstreet Hobart, of Exeter, N. H., married Sophia, eldest daughter of Gen. Henry Dearborn. In 1793, soon after their marriage, they came to Monmouth and settled on the General's farm. Mrs. Hobart, it is claimed, had, prior to their marriage, made the journey from Exeter to Maine sixteen times on horseback. Mr. Hobart was elected to a place on the board of selectmen, which shows that he was not lightly esteemed. After a few years he removed to Gardiner, Me., and engaged in mercantile pursuits. He was moderator of the first town meeting of Gardiner, a member of its first board of selectmen and its first representative to the General Court. In 1804 he was appointed collector of the port of Bath, in which city he died in 1806. Mrs. Hobart died May 19, 1814. Our citizen, and last representative of the Dearborn family, Dudley Hobart Dearborn, commonly known as "Hubbard" Dearborn, was named for Mr. Hobart. The military tone of the Dearborn blood was not lost in the veins of the Hobarts. Of eight children six were sons. Four of these died at an early age, leaving only two, William and Thomas J. The former was an artillery officer in the war of 1812, and was killed at the battle of Fort George; the latter was colonel of an Illinois regiment in the civil war, and acquitted himself in a manner to win distinction. Sophia, the younger daughter, married Eben Blake, who settled in Winthrop.

James Harvey came from Nottingham, N. H. He married a daughter of Robert Judkins, who lived in a large, two-storied house on the farm now owned by J. D. Donnell, one mile north of Monmouth Center. This house was, in later years, moved to the "Blake-town" road, and cut down to a one-story building. It was destroyed by fire about twenty years ago, while the property of James Cullinan.

Mr. Harvey lived, it is supposed, in a part of the house now owned by Miss Charlotte Harvey, whose father, John Harvey, Esq., also came from Nottingham, but was very distantly connected with James Harvey.

Although he remained in town only about five years, Harvey secured, in that brief period, a grasp on the hearts of his townsmen that few men gain in a lifetime. Nature had endowed him with attributes that were calculated to win respect and esteem. He was above six feet in height, of noble physique, and possessed of a native grace of manner that was captivating and blinding. Every honor that could be bestowed by his admirers was lavished upon him. He was elected second captain of the town militia, and having a decided military turn, was not long in making his way to the head of the regiment, with the title of major. His company was placed on the right of the regiment and acted as light infantry.

With a blindness unprecedented, the voters, in 1798, allowed the office of town treasurer and the collectorship to fall to Major Harvey; and to add to the temptation, no bondsmen were required. Too great confidence in an individual's honor does not always prove an incentive to honesty. Thus indulged and tempted by

opportunity, Harvey became a defaulter to quite an extent. Disgraced by his lack of principle, and despised by those who had placed the temptation before him, he soon left the town, and settled in the town of Bradley, in the eastern part of the state, where he died. Some years later his brother-in-law, John Judkins, visited his sister at her new home. When he returned to Monmouth, he remarked that he "had the pleasure of walking over Major Harvey's grave" during his absence. This trivial remark was but a voicing of the popular sentiment toward one who might have remained an honored citizen and a leader of the masses, but for that curse of civilized humanity—the love of money.

John Johnson settled first on the "Kincaid farm," in the Lyon district. He appears to have remained there but a short time. We next find him living in a log cabin on the farm now owned by the Ricker heirs, on Pease hill. This cabin was built, it is supposed, by the father of "Jeff" Southard, the wealthy ship-builder of Richmond, Me. Southard moved over the line into the edge of Litchfield.

Johnson left the Ricker place, and settled on the farm now owned by Wilbert True, in the Lyon district. One winter day, while living in this place, he drove across Cobbosee-contee pond to Manchester, on the ice, with a load of shingles. Late that evening, John Plummer, who lived on the farm lately owned by his son, Joseph, heard a scream from the direction of the pond, but, as it was not repeated, gave it no attention. In the morning Johnson's wife, who was greatly alarmed by his protracted absence, called on Plummer to assist her in searching for him. Plummer went immediately

to the shore of the pond. Off a little distance from the land, he could see a pair of mittens; and as he approached them, he caught sight of an object at the mouth of the outlet that proved to be Johnson's horse. Summoning help, he drew the horse and sled out, and found the dead man clinging to the shafts with his bare hands. He had taken a wrong course and driven over the tender ice near the stream.

CHAPTER VIII.

GLIMPSES OF CABIN LIFE.

The pioneers worked hard, and fared harder. The women often assisted their husbands in the performance of out-door tasks. Doubtless, planting and hoeing corn, junking and piling logs, and harvesting crops were as distasteful to the ladies of that day (for many of them were ladies) as they would be to the average female of to-day. Our grandmothers were, to use a trite aphorism, "helpmeets as well as help-eats." If they were obliged to work hard, they were highly compensated in having no time to spend in littering their homes with "air-castles," "scratch-my-backs" and "crazy patchwork." Blessed period! O, era sublime! The men, too, were well acquainted, and, unlike some of their posterity, on the best of terms, with honest toil. Thanks to the rough condition of the roads, they could not trot horses, it, indeed, they had any. Nor could they spend their time in assisting trains to arrive at, and depart from, the railway station. And being deprived thus of many of the privileges of the present generation, they had no

way of killing time, but in laboring. It is said that every deprivation has its compensation. If the fathers were compelled to deny themselves every indulgence to secure a competency, the sons can live sumptuously—until the mortgage is foreclosed. If the fathers worked wearily, with aching limbs, to fell the massive oak, the son finds the stump a restful seat while discussing politics.

With what keen satisfaction would the rugged pioneer, looking down into the nineteenth century to see his posterity smoking the fragrant "Colorado Maduro," or masticating imported "fine-cut," have returned to his "cob" of sweet fern and his quid of slippery elm!

The women of that day did not sit in lounging chairs and read novels. They were women of the pristine mold, concerning which God said "It is not good for man to be alone; I will make him a helpmeet for him." While they were not at all deficient in the qualities which mark the true lady, they considered the development of muscle by manual labor no discredit, and were by no means backward in giving exhibitions of their vigor when put to the test. Dearborn Blake's wife, Hannah, whose wonderful bravery is mentioned later in this chapter, was as powerful as she was fearless. As a clinching argument in a discussion which she and Ruth Torsey, the doctor's mother, were holding with Phineas Blake, Jr., the women playfully threatened to deposit his mortal remains in the hog-pen. "You can't do it," he boastfully exclaimed. The words were scarcely out of his mouth before he was struggling to free himself from the iron grip of a pair of resolute

females, and a moment later he wofully picked himself out of a bed, soft, indeed, as a king's couch, but in no other respect bearing the marks of royalty.

Probably the most marked example of diligence and bravery was furnished by Mrs. John Chandler, who used to walk alone through the forest, in which wild animals were constantly roving, guided only by a line of spotted trees, to John Herrick's, in Lewiston, to get tow to spin on shares.

The settlers at first lived in log houses. Their furniture consisted of a few kitchen chairs, bottomed with split ash or elm-rind, and a square plain table and bedding. And in many instances the chairs were substituted by benches hewed from a split log. Nothing more was needed; nothing more wanted. Utility had not yet become the slave of ornamentation. Turkish rugs, plush-covered parlor suits and marble-topped chamber sets were not known even by name. Neither was bankruptcy.

Their dress was as plain as their household furnishings. The men wore knee-breeches buckled over long stockings, and long frocks, except on full dress occasions, when the frock was exchanged for the continental "swallow-tail." The material from which these garments were made was raised in the field, and was spun and woven by the good house-wife. After sheep were introduced into the plantation, woolen cloth was quite generally worn. And such cloth as it was after it had passed through the indigo pot and received a final dressing we unfortunates who have to wear mill-woven goods know only by tradition! The working clothes of both men and women were made of coarse tow

cloth, a fabric something like a very closely woven burlap. The women wore petticoats and loose gowns. In summer they wore no stockings except on special occasions. It is said that General Chandler's wife attended religious meetings without stockings, and her best suit was simply a loose linen gown and petticoat. Occasionally an aristocratic dame, or a would-be belle, indulged in a "print" dress. Calicoes were then but one grade lower than silks and were sold at a dollar, and upward, per yard. Home-spun for the kitchen and calico for the ball-room in 1780. One century later, Home-spun sits on a brocaded plush patent rocker and sneers at Calico hanging over the wash-tub. How fickle is Dame Fashion! It must not be imagined that our grandmothers had no eye for the beautiful, and that the garments woven and worn by them were always plain uncouth affairs. Many of them were adept weavers, and from coarse material often produced fabrics that were ornamental, and sometimes artistic. Daniel Allen's wife once made a linen cloak woven with alternate fine and coarse threads, which gave it a ribbed appearance. This served as a best outer garment many years.

There were dudes in those days. Among them was Eliphalet Smart, "a very smart feeling Smart," in the words of the one who began this work. While all his neighbors were content to wear coarse tow shirt fronts, Smart strutted around the clearings with a ruffled bosom. When General Dearborn raised his barn, all the men in the settlement were invited and quite a number came from Gardiner. "Life" Smart, as he was generally dubbed, appeared, as usual, arrayed in a

profusion of starchy ruffles. If there was anything in the world the General hated it was ostentation, and to see this sprig of the backwoods swelling around was more than his unpretentious nature could stand.

He thought he saw a way to drop him a few degrees from his loftiness, and was not slow to improve the opportunity. The day was as warm as the timber was heavy, and the General ordered the men to remove their coats that they might work to greater advantage. Every man in the crowd instantly obeyed except "Life," who tried hard to appear as if he did not hear the order. The General repeated his words and added, "I won't have a man around this frame who won't take his coat off."

Under the fluffy ruffles of "Life" Smart's shirt-front a terrible struggle took place; but his fondness for the coming treat of rum and molasses finally conquered his pride and dignity, and with reluctance he removed his coat, exhibiting a snowy-white ruffle, starched and polished with evident care, basted to a black tow shirt that showed signs of intimacy with the labor of piling smutty logs.

The shouts of the spectators by no means alleviated poor "Life's", discomfiture; and a committee appointed for the purpose of deciding which of the two, the shirt or its wearer, exhibited the most streaked appearance, would have awarded one the first preference and declared the other worthy of honorable mention.

The means and opportunities of communication with the outside world, and with friends even at no great distance, were painfully limited. Occasionally a letter from loved ones at the old fireside, brought by a new

immigrant, would gladden the hearts that knew little of life's joys, and still less frequently an opportunity would be found to send tidings back to the ever anxious ones at home. Dr. Cochrane is responsible for the statement that the following is a copy of the first letter ever written in, and sent from, the plantation:

“WALES, April Ye S. 1786.

These few lines may inform you that I am well, at present, and the rest of the family the same, for which I desire to bless God, hoping they will find you as they left me. We arrived here the 18th of October, and I like the place and nabours very well, and the family are very well contanted. We had no news from Barnstable since we latt it. Since we come here a sade axcident hapnad. As I was falling a tree near the Houce, Asenath [his wife] was coming to call me to Diner, and before I saw her was within retch of the tree, and it fall on her and hirt her vary much and brock he left arm—but she hath got about again, and in a likely way to dow wall. I would have you wright back again by Mr. Fuller and other opportunities. This from your Frinde and Brother,

JAMES BLOSSOM.”

The penmanship of this letter was very good. As there were few opportunities for correspondence, the settlers did not provide themselves with writing materials, nor could they have done so without considerable trouble, had they used such articles never so frequently. This communication was written on the back of a piece of paper which bore this singular narration:

“An account of a Famine in Alexandria, A City in Italy, By a Letter Dated Sept. ye 15th, 1777. I am sorry to acquaint you with the news that for 12 months Past, there has been an uncommon Scarcity of Provisions in this City, insomuch that the Poor hath been Reduced to the gratest Extremities Imaginable, and the whole Garrison, Consisting of 6000 men, were sent over to Milan. All the Dogs, and Cats, that could be found, were eagerly devoured, which brought on such a sickness, or Rather Plague, among the Inhabi-

tants, That in A Few weeks, no Less than 1200 of them Died, and many were found lying Dead out of the City with grass, herbs, etc. in there mouths. Prayers were offered to the Living God and not to Images three times a day. On the 10th, Instant, the morning appeared very Cloudy, and in a Short time after, it seemed as dark as night, but it soon Cleared up With a Shower of A small Sort of Round Grain, Like Cortander seed. which fell so fast that in Less than an hour It was four Inches deep on the Ground: and on Tryal it was found to make as good Flour as any Wheat in the world, which timely supply saved the Lives of many Thousands."

Such an accident as the one mentioned in this letter must have been not only "sade" but perilous. A broken limb is not longed for in these days, when a physician can be called almost at a moment's notice. How greatly aggravated the pain and danger must have been by the absence of all appliances for reducing the fracture we can easily imagine.

People living in the present era, when the mails come rolling in several times a day, can little appreciate the joy with which the establishment of the first regular mail route was hailed by these isolated people. After the government mail route was established as far east as Portland, an association was formed by twenty-six men, living in the vicinity of Monmouth and Winthrop, to carry the mails between that point and the Kennebec river. There was then no road east of North Yarmouth, and the journey as far as that point was made on foot, snow shoes being used in winter. The members of the association took turns, making the trip once in a fortnight. As it was often impossible, on account of deep snows, to reach a settler's cabin in Lewiston, where the first night was usually spent, the carrier was always provided with a

hatchet and blanket to use in constructing a shelter for the night in such an emergency.

In 1794 a mail route was established by the government between Portland and Wiscasset, via the Kennebec river. The route lay through Gray, New Gloucester, Greene, Monmouth and Winthrop to Augusta; thence down the Kennebec to Gardiner, and across to Wiscasset. Matthias Blossom, of Monmouth, contracted to carry the mails once a week. The contract was made the 10th of September, and Blossom made his first trip the first day of the following October. The journey was made on horseback. By the first arrangement, the mails left Portland at 6 o'clock, Saturday evening, arriving at Pittston at 12 o'clock, Monday noon. Returning, the departure from Pittston was made the same day, and the arrival at Portland was accomplished the following Saturday, at 3 o'clock P. M. On the 4th day of August, 1795, the time was changed. By the new table, the departure from Portland was made on Wednesday morning, at 6 o'clock, arriving at Pittston at 6 o'clock Thursday evening. The return was made immediately, arriving at Portland the following Tuesday, at 6 P. M. Both of these schedules gave Mr. Blossom much time at home. He brought the mail from Portland to Monmouth. His boy, James, then took it to Winthrop, where it was delivered to Joseph Allen, an employe of Blossom, who carried it to Pittston, and back to Winthrop. Blossom received for his services the quarterly salary of \$53.13. In addition to this, he realized something from the sale of newspapers, which he was allowed to carry for his personal emolument. The mail was car-

ried over this route ten years before any route was established between Brunswick and Augusta.

In all cases of sickness that could not be treated with "pennyrial," the settlers were obliged to go to Pondtown (Winthrop) for an old lady whose knowledge of, and long experience in administering, roots and herbs led her to be honored as a veritable M. D.

In the winter, sickness was anticipated with much dread, as the deep snows and absence of all roads rendered it all but impossible to go from one settlement to the other, except on snow shoes. Mr. Joseph Allen was once compelled to go for the old lady in the dead of winter. He provided himself with a hand sled, on which he dragged the dispenser of "yarb tea" the entire distance of ten miles. It took him all night to perform this feat of pedestrianism.

The summer months were spent in toiling diligently from the break of day until dark. But little time was spent in visiting, for the women were as busy with their spinning-wheels and looms as their husbands and fathers were with their axes and hoes. But as soon as the long evenings of Autumn appeared, the harder tasks were suspended, and all hands entered heartily into scenes of pleasure and hilarity.

The ripened corn, bleached by the early frosts, was brought in from the fields and stacked in the middle of the barn floor. On each side of the main floor were the tie-ups, and above, the mows of fragrant hay and meadow grass. Pitchforks were stuck into the mows horizontally, at short distances apart, the entire length of the floor, and from these the lanterns were suspended. These lanterns, borrowed from all over the settlement,

consisted of a tallow "dip" set in the center of a perforated casing of tin. The light they afforded was about as brilliant as that of the proverbial white-eyed bean.

The barest intimation that a "husking" was to be held on a certain evening, was considered a personal and urgent invitation to be present. As many as could find sitting, or even standing, room on the cleanly swept barn floor, would crowd around the rustling stacks, and in the midst of a perfect bedlam of laughter, singing and shouting, not to mention the short, crisp sounds that occasionally issued from the corner where the young men and tittering maidens were gathered, the corn would lose its weather-beaten coat and accumulate in a huge, conical pile of golden bronze in the corner. Sometimes a red ear would appear, and then the crispy sounds referred to would become general. The lucky possessor, hiding his treasure in his coat sleeve, would steal cautiously up to his favorite lassie, and, suddenly presenting the challenge-ear, catch a hearty smack and be off in quest of another fair damsel before the first blushing maiden had recovered from her happy and long-hoped-for surprise. Doubly happy was the maiden who caught sight of the red ear in season to run. She could then dart off into some dark corner and cover her ruddy face with her hands until two or three hearty smacks had been stolen from her cheeks before presenting her lips for a final settlement.

As soon as the last ear was thrown on the apex of the golden mound, the husks would be cleared away, the lanterns hung a trifle higher, the singers seated on a pile of corn stalks in the corner, and sets formed to

“trip the light fantastic toe.” During an intermission, a treat would sometimes be served consisting of brown bread and beans and pumpkin pies, baked to a tempting brown in the brick ovens, flanked in the later season with beechnuts and flat English turnips—the pioneer’s apple. Sometimes the revelry began before the work of husking was finished, with unhappy results, as was the case at a husking held in the vicinity of Norris’s Hill. The farmer whose barn was the scene of the merriment, had raised an unusually large crop of corn—between three and four hundred bushels in the ear. In addition to the usual treat, the enterprising yeoman had provided a large quantity of rum for the felicitation of his guests. Had the corn received as much attention as was paid the tankard and mug, the owner would have been the richer by many dollars. Forgetting the main object of the gathering, many of the men gave themselves up to a perfect carousal. Others, becoming disgusted with the turn matters had taken, went to their homes, and a large portion of the corn was left untouched. It soon heated in the pile and became utterly worthless. This was only one of many temperance sermons that were preached in those days.

The most friendly relations existed between the settlers. In winter they spent a large portion of their time in visiting. These visits were made in a body. A man living at one end of the plantation would yoke his oxen to a sled, and taking on his family, would drive to his neighbors, and calling at every cabin on his way, take one family after another until he arrived at the house where the visit was to be made. Settlers



Mrs. Ruth Norris.

WIFE OF LIEUT. JAS. NORRIS AND NIECE OF GEN. HENRY DEARBORN.

at the other end would do the same, and thus the entire population would be gathered at one cabin. It was customary for each family to furnish a portion of the edibles, making a sort of winter picnic. One would carry a turkey, another, a spare-rib, another, vegetables, and so on; and when the donations were all prepared, it was necessary to issue no second invitation to surround the "festive board." After the viands were duly discussed, and the supper table cleared away, the remainder of the evening was spent in playing "Blind buck and David," and other games, and in dancing. They had no fiddler to inspire the thick tapped cowhides to action, but quantities of good singers who could perform a similar service. Capt. G. K. Norris's mother was one of the best of these.

At one of these public gatherings several of the men got outside of the cabin, and while the women were chattering and laughing over their cooking, arrayed Caleb Fogg in the most frightful costume which their ingenuity and limited resources could supply, fastened a rope to his body, and, creeping softly up to the ridge-pole, removed a portion of the covering, and let him drop into the midst of the startled women. How they screamed and scattered! It was a grand joke, and Fogg enjoyed it hugely. And so did the women a moment later; for Mrs. Ruth Norris took in the situation, and, seizing the first weapon that came to hand, pounced upon the human scarecrow, as he lay tangled in the rope and his unmanageable habiliments, and pounded him until he cried for mercy.

It must not be forgotten that a large portion of the pioneers were young people. They married and came

into the woods to get a start in life, when they were scarcely out of their "teens," and such boyish pranks were excusable in young men who had no other form of amusement and diversion.

Whatever the occasion, or wherever the place, if there was an opportunity for a practical joke, Caleb Fogg could be counted in every time. Before his conversion, it was his custom, in company with others, to spend quite a portion of his spare time at Chandler's tavern, which was a general rendezvous for the settlers, evenings and stormy days. One evening a number had gathered, as usual, to chat, smoke and "tip the flowing bowl." Chandler had been building a fire-place and laying a hearth that day, and the floor was covered with mortar and broken pieces of brick. Among the number was the lively progenitor of one of our leading families, whose name will be withheld for the sake of his posterity of the present generation.

The old gentleman had patronized the tap-room too liberally, as was his wont. His limbs began to feel the vigor and elasticity of youth, and the spirit of Terpsichore, or other spirits equally as potent, urged him to action. Calling on his associates to furnish music, he sprang into the floor and began to dance a spasmodic breakdown. There was no fiddler to inspire him to rapidity of motion, but the mellowed loafers were willing to waste their last breath in performing a similar service. After the old gentleman became thoroughly excited, he was persuaded that he made too much noise dancing in his shoes, and that the heavy cow-hides were a clog to his nimble feet.

If he would only remove his shoes and stockings!

Of course he complied, and then the fiends struck up one of the liveliest of melodies, and kept the poor wretch kicking and pattering about on the ragged floor until he had worn the skin from his feet and tracked the boards with blood.

Between Chandler's and Sewall Prescott's was a slough hole, which Fogg, Prescott, Smith and others passed every evening as they returned to their homes. One evening when they left Chandler's, the humor-loving rogues planned to get Smith, who was dubbed "the Doctor," immersed in this puddle. One proposed that they take turns walking backward. They were all sufficiently felicitated to consider any boyish sport the wittiest thing imaginable, and the proposal met the hearty approval of the entire company. One after another they turned their backs upon their course and performed their respective allotments. At last "the Doctor's" turn came. He wheeled and started on the fulfillment of his part of the contract with all confidence, but had proceeded scarcely a rod when the ground beneath him seemed to cave into the bowels of the earth, and he plunged head first into the deep mire. Oh! how sorry they were! And how singular it was that they didn't remember that that place was there!

Caleb Fogg was generally near enough to gather a report of the chief incidents when any mischief was perpetrated; and it would not be a difficult matter to convince a few of our older citizens that some of his boys were "chips of the old block." In the early days of Methodism, a minister representing that denomination was living in a part of Mr. Fogg's house. His wife, who was so rigidly religious that she would not

allow her lady callers to play with her baby, or cause it to laugh, was also "spleeny" to an aggravating degree. If the boys were at all noisy, she complained bitterly of the injury to her nervous system. At last the young rascals determined to test the strength of her nerves. So one evening they strapped the cow-bell to the bull and shut the old rooster up in the cellar. The bull was full of business all night, and a little past midnight the rooster began to pour forth his morning melody. As the serenade produced no visible effect on the good lady's physical condition, the boys decided that, in her case, noise might possibly be conducive to strength of nerve, and governed themselves accordingly.

Difficult as it may be to imagine them in a different role, we must not think that our great-grandmothers always sat in the corner, with long-drawn faces and neatly-tied cap-strings, taking snuff. Some of them, at least, were up to snuff of a different nature. Among the unclassified inhabitants of East Monmouth was a love-cracked beggar by the name of Brown. Like all other mortals whose hearts have been treacherously toyed with, he had a genius for falling in love with every new face he met, to the great annoyance of the objects of his adoration.

Seven girls, whose names will be withheld because of the shocking effect the disclosure would have on the nerves of their sedate posterity, got their smoothly-combed heads together one day, and offered Brown the heart and hand of his choice from the group, if he would submit to being carried across a bridge, which was then in process of building, on a rail. Although

Although the terms were somewhat humiliating, as well as unique, the smitten simpleton mounted the rail and allowed them to proceed. The bridge over which this ante-bridal tour was conducted, consisted merely of the beams, or stringers, on which the covering of planks or corduroy was to be laid. With daring as wonderful as their conduct was abominable, the girls grasped the ends of the pole and cautiously walked out on the narrow timbers. When they reached the middle of the stream, at a given signal, all hands dropped the rail simultaneously, and down went the love-sick booby to cool his passion in the refreshing current of the stream.

Brown was the butt of many a cruel joke. He rode a horse that, to all appearance, had been fattened on sawdust, with an occasional feed of barrel-hoops. Leaving this attenuated specimen of the genus *equus* attached to a hitching post at Hallowell one day, he was greatly surprised to discover, on his return, that his steed, which had always exhibited a marked degree of willingness to stand, had actually moved away. After a long and diligent search, he finally discovered a semi-transparent object suspended about fifty feet in the air from the yard of a vessel that lay at the wharf, which close scrutiny revealed as the object of his search.

In the early days of the settlement meats of all kinds, with the exception of wild meats, were high. Even veal was sold as high as twenty-five cents a pound. Sometime after the road had been cut from Monmouth to Greene, General Chandler drove to Sprague's mill after a load of boards. While he was loading, a

sow, with a litter of pigs, belonging to Sprague, got in front of his team, and, in starting, he ran over the maternal porker, killing her instantly. Sprague demanded payment. The General swore that if he must pay for "that old sow" he wouldn't lose her, and, true to his word, he piled her on top of his load, carried her home and dressed her for the pork barrel.

It was not long, however, before all kinds of domestic meat and produce were as low as they had been high. As soon as the land was well cleared and English hay produced in considerable quantities, a large amount of stock was raised, and as there were no facilities for taking advantage of anything but the local market, where the demand was exceedingly limited, the prices rapidly declined.

If domestic meat was scarce in those days, wild meat was sufficiently abundant to supply all demands. Several years after the eastern part of the town was settled, bears were exceedingly troublesome. One day, while Phineas Blake and Nathaniel Nichols were visiting at Captain Kelley's, they heard cattle bellowing in the woods. Being satisfied that the commotion was caused by wild animals, they seized a gun and ran as rapidly as possible in the direction of the noise. When they came on the herd, they found a large bear grappled to the rump of a fine heifer, making a good meal from her living flesh. Nichols, who considered himself quite a marksman, said to Blake, "Here, let me take the gun." "No, sir," said Blake, "I'll shoot him myself." He raised the gun and fired, but missed his mark, and the bear escaped unharmed. He always claimed, when joked about it in after days, that, in the

excitement of the moment, he must have shut up the wrong eye.

One evening a party of hunters treed a bear on Reuben Brainerd's land, not far from the Cobboosee Pond. It was so dark they could not take sure aim, and after firing several shots into the tree with no apparent effect, they retired. The next morning, on visiting the spot, they found a trail marked by the entrails of the bear, leading to the shore of the pond. Whether Bruin suicided by drowning, to close his uncomfortable existence, or whether he swam to the other shore and sought surgical aid, will never be known.

As late as 1810 or 1815, a bear was no uncommon sight. Some of the oldest people of our own day can recall scenes in their lives in which Bruin figured more or less conspicuously. Mrs. Nancy Prescott, recently deceased, stated that as late as 1813, she was standing near the door of her father's house (where John McCulla now lives), when a large bear came from the woods and crossed the road near where her little sister and some other children were playing. Not far from the spot where the children were grouped, was a deserted house that had been occupied by John Blake. Mrs. Kimball, Mrs. Prescott's mother, was standing in her doorway at the time, and seeing the danger to which her children were exposed, called to them to run into the old house. They were not tardy in obeying her order; and one of them was so terrified that she crawled into the ash hole.

A bear was killed on the meadow near the saw-mill at Monmouth Center by a spring gun set by John

Welch; and one was shot nearly opposite the residence of B. Frank Jones, at East Monmouth, by Daniel Allen.

The last bear killed within the limits of Monmouth was shot one Sunday at the head of the Leeds road, opposite the town-house. The exact date of this "positively last appearance" of Bruin is not known.

Nor were bears the only annoying features of pioneer life. Many years after the advent of the white man, a small band of Indians hovered around the ponds and streams at East Monmouth. A short distance up the stream from "the mills" is a large rock known as "Indian Rock." Not far from this, on the banks of the stream, were the wigwams of the tribe. Among this broken tribe was a converted Indian by the name of Lews, who acted as missionary and spiritual adviser to his fellows. John Mitchell, a massive brave of bad repute, was another of this number. Tradition says that the latter threw one of his squaws over the dam at the mills. Whether this be true or not, it is quite certain that he cut the throat of another of his dusky consorts with a knife. Dearborn Blake's wife, Hannah, was a woman of great courage. John Mitchell came into her house one day, while she and her neighbors were holding a spinning bee. As he was the only male in attendance, and entered in a state of mild intoxication, his presence created considerable consternation among the timorous ones. Becoming incensed at Mrs. Blake's refusal to furnish him *ockaba* (strong drink), he began to disturb the women about their work. Mrs. Blake, not at all terrified, but considerably irritated, deliberately ordered him out of the house. He refused

to go. "If you don't go, I will split your head open," exclaimed the gritty woman, and, as he still refused to obey, she seized a long shovel and fairly forced him from the premises.

The whole tribe of which Mitchell was a member was for a long time a constant source of annoyance. Two squaws visited the home of one of the settlers where there was an infant only a few days old. Before leaving, one of them asked permission to take the child. The mother, with no thought of what would follow, placed it in her arms. The squaw held the squirming bundle for a moment, and then darted out of the door and down to a brook that ran near the cabin. Plunging it into the cold water until it was drenched from head to foot, she returned the child to the frightened mother with the remark, "Neber sick, neber die." Although it received no injury from its unceremonial baptism, the pledge of mundane immortality was not fulfilled.

Before dams were built across the streams, salmon, shad and alewives came up into the Cochnewagan from the Kennebec river by way of the Cobbosee-contee and Annabessacook. It has, undoubtedly, been noticed that at nearly every annual meeting for several years a committee was appointed to keep the fish-ways open. Their appointment, however, ended the fish-way question until the next year, when a new set of officers would be appointed for the same purpose.

About fifteen years before the settlement of Monmouth, Dr. Sylvester Gardiner, one of the wealthiest and most influential members of the Plymouth Company, commenced to found a town on his Kennebec lands.

The lower part of Cobbosee-contee river was selected as the site on account of the superior water-power which that stream afforded, and the ease with which larger vessels of commerce could land their stores on the adjacent Kennebec. He built a dam across the Cobbosee-contee and erected several mills on its banks. This dam was a source of great annoyance to the inhabitants of Wales Plantation, as by it the salmon and alewives that had sported in the upper tributaries of the Cobbosee-contee were prevented from ascending from the Kennebec. The settlers in Winthrop early saw the necessity of taking action in relation to providing means to prevent this infringement on their rights. In 1771 they chose a committee to wait on Dr. Gardiner, and request him to open a way through, or around, his dam, for the passage of fish, but to no purpose. Each year the matter was agitated at the town meeting, and, at times, legal action was proposed, and a committee appointed to prosecute at the expense of the town. This continued until about the opening of the new century. A fish committee was appointed each year in all the towns lying upon or about waters flowing into the Cobbosee-contee, whose duty it was to endeavor to procure an unobstructed passage for fish into the ponds. I am not aware that this question of rights ever went to the courts, although the law of the Commonwealth would have sustained the settlers in a suit; which is evident from the fact that, in 1806, a petition was before the General Court to have the Cobbosee stream exempted from the fish law of the Commonwealth, which petition the representative to the General Court from the town of Winthrop was instructed

to oppose

Dr. Gardiner did not trouble himself to provide a way for fish to ascend into the ponds, and, although the fish-way committee could enforce a compliance to the demands of the settlers on the local streams, it was to little purpose, as long as the main stream was closed at its junction with the river.

"Smelting time" was observed in those days very much as it is now. The seasons of hilarity that are enjoyed nearly every spring are but repetitions of scenes that were then enacted. Smelts were first discovered in the tributaries of Cochnewagan Pond by Alexander Thompson. Shall we not erect a monument to his memory? He was exploring on the shore of the pond, when he came upon a brook that was literally black with small fishes. He had never seen anything like it. Those who are familiar with the habits of the Cochnewagan smelt—and what person living within a distance of five miles is not?—can imagine the surprise that the sight must have caused. Here was an army in solid rank and file, reaching from bank to bank, and moving steadily upward with almost the precision of drilled troops. He caught a few of the strange objects with his bare hands, and carried them over to his uncle Thomas Gray's to exhibit them as curiosities. It was proposed to cook them and try their flavor, but the women feared that they were poisonous, and refused to touch them. Finally Gray decided to risk his life by tasting one. With much dreadful apprehension the women prepared the fish. He ate it. It reached the right spot and he duplicated his order.

In vain did his friends endeavor to dissuade him from

his rashness. He calmly informed them that in the event of their being noxious they would kill no one but himself. He ate heartily of them, and finding himself alive the next morning, went over to the brook and caught five or six bushels to salt down. From that day smelting time has been an annual festival.

In late years, they have been caught in comparatively small quantities, but the early settlers caught them by cartloads and salted and dried barrels of them at a time. It is claimed that Gen. Dearborn once ate six dozen smelts at one meal, with a proportionate allowance of Indian bannock and coffee. He had been off in the woods exploring, and returned very hungry. He stopped at John Welch's and called for something to eat. Mrs. Welch hastily baked a corn cake, of which the General was very fond, cooked the smelts, and prepared some strong coffee, and the General pitched in like a man on a wager. He afterward said he never ate as good a meal before in all his life. It is claimed by scientists that the Cochnewagan smelt is, in some respect, unlike any other that swims. At the solicitation of the U. S. Fish Commissioner, the writer caught a few specimens, packed them in damp moss, and sent them to the Smithsonian Institute. Commissioner Atkins is responsible for the statement that they differ from all others.

A few years after the settlement of the plantation, John Chandler, of Winthrop, built a grist mill. This was a great convenience to the inhabitants of Wales, and saved them long journeys to Gardiner, and Topsham, where they had been obliged to go with their grists. Some little time elapsed after he commenced

grinding wheat before he could bolt the flour. He then procured a hand-bolter. This primitive arrangement was liberally patronized. There was, at the time, no other grist mill in a region of many miles. Col. Butterfield, and other early settlers of Farmington, visited this mill twice every winter, drawing their grists on hand-sleds over the crust. Two or three days would usually be consumed on the journey, and as many bushels of grain and flour generally formed a load. This amount was intended for a year's supply.

Indian corn, pounded by hand in a large mortar, formed the principal ingredient for bread. The mortar was often a maple stump, dug out in the center, and the heavy pestle was sometimes hung on a swaying limb overhead, the spring of which acted as a sort of balance wheel to keep up the motion.

Nearly all the pioneers owned one or more cows, and milk, combined with the broken corn in the form of hominy, composed a large percentage of the table supplies in summer. Pumpkins were raised in large quantities, and these, baked, and eaten with milk or maple syrup and sugar, entered largely into their bill of fare for winter. The modern pampered and petted palate would revolt at such fare, but our forefathers were thankful for even this.

When John Judkins was cutting his clearing, he lived on pickled fish and water; and the water was so full of wrigglers that he could prevent swallowing them only by brushing them away from his mouth with his hands.

His was no exceptional experience. Almost every man who settled in the plantation prior to 1800 had to

encounter difficulties which one of anything weaker than an iron nerve, would consider well-nigh insuperable.

After the first year, the obstacles were less enormous, but by no means wholly removed. The ground was rich and yielded readily to the touch of the husbandman; but the clearings were small and closely surrounded with dense woods that held the snows until late in the spring, and kept the soil heavy and clammy.

If the spring happened to be unusually early, and the frosts somewhat considerate about the date of their appearance in the fall, the corn crop, which was the main dependence, was usually good, but it often happened that nature reversed these conditions.

The year 1787 was especially unproductive, on account of the intense cold of the summer season. On the first of July, ice formed an inch thick, and the fourth of the following month a severe hail-storm mangled almost everything that the farmers had ventured to plant.

It was at just about this time that Wales Plantation received its greatest influx of settlers, and those were days of actual suffering.

In 1791 the grasshoppers came to Maine with a view to settling in the new country; and settle they did, and not only settled, but demanded a quit-claim deed of all the tillage land on which they squatted. It was a fearful scourge. They devoured everything that was green to the very ground, and in many fields not so much as a bushel of potatoes was raised. The unfortunate pioneers must have thought that the wrath of the Fates was upon them. The cold season of 1787 was suppl-

mented the next year by a freshet that inundated all the low lands and swept everything before it; and only three years later the grasshoppers came. This was apparently a sufficiency of that kind of fortune; but the crows were not satisfied with the part they had played in the tragedy, and in 1802, they bore down upon the crops with such destruction that in some towns near us a bounty of twelve and a half cents was offered for each head.

Nor were the inhabitants of Wales Plantation the only ones who were in straightened circumstances. When Joseph Bishop moved from Gardiner and settled in Winthrop, his household effects might have been represented by a long row of ciphers. He had no chair, nor so much as a board from which to construct a seat. He did have a cow, however, and from her his family got nearly all their living for several weeks. Checkerberries were quite plentiful, and formed quite a relief from a steady milk diet. In the latter part of the summer the black flies pestered the cow so badly that she ceased to give milk, and then it was no easy matter to sustain the union of body and spirit.

It was customary, when intelligence was received that a cargo of corn had entered the Kennebec, for the settlers to go after a supply. The roads were in such condition that it was impossible to drive a team through, except in winter, when the deep snow and ice covered the rough places, and all transporting was done either on horseback or "pick-a-back."

Capt. Sewall Prescott and Caleb Fogg owned in common an old Canadian horse. Prescott said that when it became rumored that a vessel had landed at

the river with corn, either he or Fogg would take the "kerunck" and start. If they failed to get corn, a load of fish would be substituted; and with this, and a gallon of rum for each owner, they would lade the weather-beaten animal and return, walking the entire distance both ways.

The first horse brought into the settlement was owned by Thomas Gray. He was wintered the first year on "blue joint." Doubtless he had as many fine points about him, the following spring, as Mark Twain's mule. All the English hay the early settlers used they purchased at Pondtown, until they got some land seeded down. None of them were able to buy much at a time, and the supply was very limited. Their main dependence was on the meadows.

Mrs. John Welch once said that the first man she saw with a horse, after she came into the woods, was Howe, the hunter and trapper who has been mentioned in a previous chapter. He was mounted on a relic of the historical past, with a bridle and strings made of bark, had a blanket girded about him, after the manner of the Indians, and, with his strangely equipped horse, cut a singular figure. Howe had a regular route, which included all the ponds and streams in this vicinity, and made hunting his sole employment.

Mrs. Welch has the credit of making the first garden. In it was the first sprig of clover that was grown in the plantation. Whence it came is an unsolved problem. Possibly it was dropped by a bird. Suffice it to say that Mrs. Welch found it, transplanted it in her garden, and guarded it with jealous care. Notwithstanding her vigilance, a hired girl at Ichabod Baker's found an op-

portunity to steal it. She was not permitted to enjoy her treasure long, however, for Mrs. Welch speedily traced the theft, and, finding the clover on Baker's premises, again removed it to her garden, where it was afterward allowed to grow unmolested.

The first sleigh in the settlement was built by Ensign Allen, son of Joseph Allen. He sold it to Capt. Sewall Prescott.

The first carriage was a two-wheeled chaise in which Capt. Arnold came to town. The roads were then in an almost impassable state, and men turned out with their oxen to help the Captain through the slough-holes. The first carriage mentioned in the tax lists was "Jinral Chandler's shay."

The first English hay raised in the settlement was started from seed purchased of John Gray, of Winthrop. Gray furnished seed in large quantities. The following is one of his orders:

"Winthrop, 9 December 1785.

Mr. Ichabod Baker, Sir.—Please to pay Isaac Bonney Nine shillings lawful money, which is my due, from you, for hay seed. In so doing you will much oblige your friend and Savant, John Gray."

The first grass that grew by the roadside between J. W. Goding's and B. M. Prescott's, on High St., was started from chaff which Capt. Sewall Prescott sowed.

The settlers had no pastures. The cattle, after receiving a slit in the ear, or some other mark of identity, were all turned into a common herd and allowed the freedom of the meadows. Occasionally a member would stray away from the rest of the flock and become mingled with the stock of another community on an adjoining meadow. When the stock was taken up in

the fall, the truant would be found, at a distance, perhaps, of several miles from home. In such a case it was the duty of the one who discovered the stray animal to enter a description of it on the town records. As soon as the loss was discovered by the owner, he would visit the town clerk, and, unless it had fallen a prey to wild beasts, would easily recover his animal. It sometimes happened that animals would stray in from adjoining towns. In such a case, if the owner did not appear within a limited season, it was the duty of the town clerk to record a description of the animal at the county register's office. The following, taken from the Lincoln folios, at Wiscasset, is a specimen record:

JNO. CHANDLER'S LETTER.

SIR :

These are to inform you that Nath'l Norris of Monmouth has notified to me that he has found and taken up, within two months past, one Ox of the following colour and marks, natural and artificial, viz: red colours with some white in his face and a white spot on his rump, appears to be nine or ten years old. Artificial marks are some letters on his horn, but much defaced, and two holes in his right horn, all of which I have made an entry of as the Law directs. Monmouth, October 15th, 1793.

JOHN CHANDLER, Clerk.

To Thomas Rice, Esqr.

Rec'd October 24, 1793, and entered and examined

by Thomas Rice, Reg'r.

It was customary (and the custom was concordant with statute law) to record the different artifices used to identify ownership in horned cattle and sheep. An examination of these records of "legalized cruelty," as one has termed it, affords amusement, even if it excites indignation.

John Chandler's artificial mark was "a crop off the

left ear;" Matthias Blossom's was "a crop off the left ear and a slit in the same;" Capt. Blossom's, "a crop off the right ear;" Ichabod Baker's was "a happeny under the right;" Simon Dearborn's, "a notch under the left ear;" James Norris's was "a swallows-tail cut out of the right ear;" James T. Norris's "a swallows-tail cut of each ear;" Joseph Norris's was "a hole cut through the left ear;" Wm. P. Kelly's, "a swallows-tail cut in the end of the left ear;" Capt. Levi Dearborn's was "a crop off the left ear and a slit in the same;" Samuel Prescott's "a half-a-crop off the left ear;" James McLellan's was "a crop off both ears;" David Marston's, "a hole punched through both ears." This will suffice to show how the ears were lacerated and mutilated.

The modern custom of marking sheep with paint is a mark of civilization. Sheep were first brought into the town in the fall of 1792, by John Chandler and Matthias Blossom. The sheep of that period were of native stock. Their wool was "as coarse as dogs' hair," and very little longer. It was nearly twenty years from that time before imported sheep were introduced. Then the Merinos came in. The fever that raged over this new breed of wool-and-mutton-producers was as contagious as the Asiatic cholera, and the fabulous prices paid for breeders are not exceeded in this era of "fads" and fancy specialties. One man paid one hundred dollars in cash for a young ram, and a few years later sold the same animal for the cutting of six cords of wood.

The youth who celebrated Monmouth's centennial with a game of lawn tennis, while privileged beyond his ancestors in the variety of pastimes and amusements

that the age supplies, can but desire the resuscitation of ancient customs, when the vision of an old-fashioned "raising" plays on his mind. Framing a house means but little, now that timbers a trifle longer than friction matches are used instead of the ten inch sticks that our grandfathers considered necessary. Imagine the consternation that would seize our ancestors could they but watch the construction of one of our modern dwellings; and imagine the difficulty of persuading them to risk their necks beneath a roof supported by a "balloon" frame. Imagine, on the other hand, a carpenter of the present day using timbers large enough for the ribs of Noah's ark, in the construction of a building a trifle larger than a well-planned bee-hive. Many of us have assisted in raising barns and other large buildings requiring heavy frame work, and have thought, while erecting the sticks, one at a time, and raising the heavy mortised plate to its position, that we were doing as our grandfathers did in the days of "auld lung syne," when "raising" was a synonym of frolic, and sometimes, alas! of debauchery. But we have deceived ourselves. In the "good old times," the "broadside," as it was termed, was built upon the ground. Every timber was mortised into its proper place, and the whole firmly bound together with hard wood pins. This broadside, with its intricate net work of braces, must be erected on the foundation, not one stick at a time, as now, but with "a long pull, a strong pull and a pull all together." Often the assembled force would not be sufficient to bear up the weight of the heavy frame, and occasionally the pick-poles would slip, with serious, and sometimes fatal, results, as was the case when the frame of

the old meeting-house at Winthrop fell, killing and injuring several men. Once in place, and firmly pinned, the frame was ready for naming. In selecting a person to perform this service, ready wit and a genius for rhyming were essential points. Armed with a bottle of spirits, the rhymster would ascend to the top of the frame, and stand at one end upon the ridge-pole. Another man would take a similar perilous position at the other end and call out, in strong tones, "Here is a very fine frame, and what shall we call it?"

The rhymster would then extemporize an encomium, setting forth, in the rankest of doggerel, the good qualities of the timbers beneath him, emphasizing his last word by smashing the bottle and baptizing the frame with its contents. The performance always closed with a ring-wrestle, in which all, both young and old, were supposed to join.

Rum was considered not only essential, but absolutely indispensable, and the man who, from conscientious scruples or illiberality, would not furnish it, ran the chances of having his frame lie on the ground until it decayed and fell to pieces.

It has been stated that Chandler built the first framed house in the settlement, and that it afterward became the ell of his mansion which was destroyed by fire in 1880. This statement, although generally accepted as true, is erroneous, as are nearly all the opinions concerning the first framed building.

The same genus of pride that leads the average American lad to claim that his great-grandfather took part in the action at Bunker Hill (how thoroughly would the British have been routed were all these state-

ments true!), is manifested in the Monmouth citizen, in the claim that his father, or grandfather, built the first framed house. To the certain knowledge of the writer, not less than six of these "first framed" houses were erected by as many different individuals.

It is fully authenticated that the first framed house built within the limits of Monmouth and Wales, was erected by Alexander Thompson, on High St., near the spot where the small yellow house now stands. John Chandler lived in this building the year after he came from New Hampshire, which gave rise to the suggestion already mentioned. The evolution of the statement "Chandler lived in the first framed house," into "Chandler built the first framed house," will be readily understood by any one who has stopped in town over night. The building was sold to Reuben Bassford, who used it for a joiner's shop. Gen. McLellan, and his partner, Clements, who purchased Bassford's place, used it for a similar purpose. After McLellan moved to Bath, Master Patch, the schoolmaster, lived in it, and, later, it was occupied by Aunt Sukey Smith, a well known personage of half a century ago. Another occupant, Mrs. Arnoe, was the widow of John Arnoe, who settled on the B. F. Marston place, and mother of the wife of Wm. Day, who lived on the John Keene place in Leeds. Before her marriage to Arnoe, she was "the widow Molly Thompson."

In giving this house the "first preference" it is only fair to make "honorable mention" of the buildings erected by Josiah Brown, John Welch and Ichabod Baker. The Welch and Baker houses were raised the same day. The first barn was built by Ichabod Baker.

It was moved to the Shackley place, where it now stands.

From the few private accounts of our forefathers that have escaped the omnivorous clutch of the junk collector, we glean ample evidence of the systematic manner in which all their business affairs were transacted. Nearly every torn and yellowed paper that has fallen into the hands of the writer, bears items which a majority of the present generation would consider too trivial to commit to writing. It may be that we who despise the day of small things, can find here a partial solution of the question why the farms which brought wealth into the coffers of a former generation, bear nothing but tax-bills and heavy mortgages to the present owners.

In the absence of currency, a large portion of the exchange of value was accomplished by means of promissory notes, payable in produce. Occasionally a little specie would be brought in by some outside sale to oil the wheels of commerce, but generally a purchase of commodities would result in the issuing of papers of which these notes against a settler on Norris Hill are types:

Monmoth, march 22d yer 1799

for valey received I Promis To Pay levi Smart or his orDer seven
tan Dolars by the furst Day of June In the yer 1800 with Intris til
paid

attest E. Smart

What more could the advocate of a phonetic system of spelling desire?

february 4 1811 for valey received I Promis to Pay Samuel
hoit or his order nine Dolars the furst of nex January with intrist
as witnes my hand

The note would generally be liquidated in farm produce, or some home manufactured article, and if the article in question was valued above the face of the note, another note to cover the balance would be issued by the other party.

This accounts for the fact that of all the papers that have been discovered among the effects of the pioneers, fully one-half are promissory notes.

Occasionally the butter would just fit the bread, and an event of this kind would call forth a paper of which this was the usual form:

“Monmouth april 4 day yer 1747 then Recoved and received five Shilens of John Parsons In ful of all acount to this Dat as witne my hand

Frequently we find the phrase “from the beginning of the world unto this day” as in the following, which has a two-fold interest:

“april 5, 1780.

This day sattled all our a Coumps with Benjamin Dearborn, from the Beginning of the world to this Day, and found Due to Mr. Ichabod Baker, two shillings and ten pence Lawful money, on the Books, as witnefs our hands.

Benjamin Dearborn,
Ichabod Baker”

In all business transactions, they were very precise, and were generally governed by the strictest sense of honor. Their accounts, notes, orders and receipts were plainly worded, and, as they had no lawyers to search out, and haggle over, infinitesimal technical discrepancies, but few disagreements occurred. Unless other articles were to be given in payment, their notes were generally written to be paid in “Spanish milled” dollars, or in “lawful money.” Baker’s note to Gen. Dearborn will serve as an example:

“Wales, June 27, 1783

For value rec'd. I promise to pay unto Henry Dearborn, or order, the sum of thirty-three spanish milled dollars, by the 15th day of October next, with lawful interest until paid.

Ichabod Baker.”

Sometimes men who had no means to pay for one took a cow of some more prosperous neighbor, and kept it a term of years, turning over to the owner a heifer, at stated periods, in payment.

Here is a malicious attempt on the fair name of Benjaoni Austin, which probably terminated a transaction of this kind:

“Wales, April ye 8, 1786.

Mr. Banj a ouey afston plesse to Daliver Padey Linch Cow to Mr. Daniel Gilman & youe will oblige me.— John Lamons.”

Although the orthography generally took a decidedly original turn, their accounts were usually arrayed as systematically as the ledger of a professional book-keeper.

“June 20 yer 1802

Jonathan Marstin Deter

to my oxen three Days	2 00
to myself one Day folen treas	67
nowvember 28 one Days work helping you	50
to my oxen one Day to Plow	67
to tapen and Puten on new heals for David	25
September 15 1803 to halen out clabboards for you	67

A bill made out by the same person is very similar to dozens of others that have passed through the writer's hands:

“Aprill the 28 yer 1808

Mr. Seth Bilington Deter

to ———

to myself and oxen two Days to haror wich he agreed
to giv seventy fiv cents per Day

3—0”

Nearly all the religious meetings and important gatherings were at first held in Ichabod Baker's barn. This continued to be both temple and forum until John Welch's house was built, when his chamber was used as a place of public assembly.

The Pondtown people were accustomed to walk out to attend the Sabbath services. With praiseworthy economy they would place their shoes and stockings in their pockets, and travel barefooted. When they reached the barn, it was an easy matter to slip behind it and dress their feet. They all wore leather aprons, made of dressed sheep skins. One of our good old dames remarked that she "should think them Pondtown folks might leave their aprons ter home, an' not come pokin' out here with them things on."

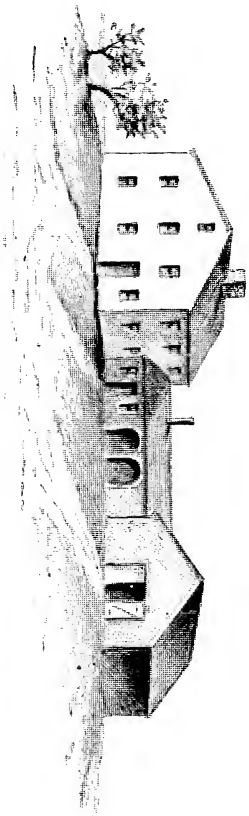
Although they were generally men of sound sense and good judgment, our forefathers were, like all the people of that day, exceedingly superstitious. There were exceptions, to be sure, but as a class they believed in dreams and divinations, and even in ghosts and supernatural manifestations. Nor can we blame them for these absurdities. It was the result of the teaching of their fathers, as conscientiously and vigorously inculcated on their minds as the truths of the Scriptures. The terrible tragedies that were enacted at Salem under the Puritanic rule were the legitimate outcome of a firm and deep-seated faith—false and ridiculous though it may have been—and opinions so deeply grounded and rooted could not be easily overturned. Sullivan, our own noted and respected historian says: "Nor have we any reason to doubt whether there was not some extraordinary cause from the state of the atmosphere, or

from something else, which operated on the nerves of the judges, and on the people at large, depriving them in a great measure of their rational faculties." Whatever the cause of the hallucination, its taint was strong and lasting, and we find the early inhabitants of Wales Plantation imbued with this delusive faith in witchcraft.

As this history was first projected by my grandfather, and but for the material he collected, could not appear in nearly as complete a form, it is only just that once in the volume he should be allowed to speak in his own characteristic language; and perhaps no part of his manuscript is better suited to show his peculiar style than the following account of the reign of witchcraft in Monmouth:

"Among the Hogleaves chosen in 1797, I have mentioned Aaron —. He was the son of — —, one of the first settlers. Aaron made a beginning and lived on the Ridge near where Deacon — now lives. About the year 1811, he left the town and moved off to the 'Holland Purchase' in Western New York. While living here he had the good fortune of becoming an Ensign in the Militia, and ever after went by the name of Ensign —. When he was elected, the news spread in the settlement forthwith that Aaron was chosen Ensign, and one of the neighboring women made a call on Mrs. — to congratulate her on the great honor that had fallen upon her of being an Ensign's wife. "Yes," said she, "there is some honor in being an Ensign's wite, but there ain't much profit in it." She spoke wisely. But Mrs. — was not fully aware, at that time, of the great amount of honor which was to be showered upon her, in being an Ensign's

wife,—for after this the Ensign immortalized his name, and proved to the world that he was a valiant officer, whose courage, when put to the test, knew no fear. With sword in hand he fought witches, and came out of the fight without a scratch or a scar. The story runs in this wise:—There was a girl by the name of Sarah —, who lived down in the settlement where Allen, Jenkins, Ham, Gray and Thompson lived. She was a great strapping, corn-fed looking girl; but she became bewitched, or be-deviled. She carried on such rigs that the people said she was bewitched. They sent for all the old ladies, and all the Doctors, but they couldn't start the witches. They then thought they would see whether the young men, any of them, could start the witches. Mr. John Sawyer, the present Collector of Monmouth, was quite a smart, good-looking young man, and they sent for him. He tried it with the Spirits all one night, and how much longer is not known, but he couldn't start them. Sarah said, "John Sawyer wa'n't the fellow she took him to be." She thought he wa'n't much on Witches, anyway. Finally all the young men in the settlement had a try at Sarah's Witches, but they hung to her like shoe-maker's wax, and what to do the people didn't know; they had tried the old ladies, who were supposed to know everything; they had tried the Doctors; and they had tried all the young men, and still the witches were torturing Sarah at no slow rate. 'She would sartin die,—poor critter, if they couldn't be started.' At last the joyful news came to them that there was a sure way to drive off the witches. It was to hang a great kettle over the fire, fill it with water, get it to boiling, and then for



The John Welch House.

REMODELLED BY CAPT. DANIEL G. TOWLE IN 1865.

one person to stand with a live rooster, and another person with a drawn sword, and as soon as the water was scalding hot, to chuck the rooster into the kettle, and, if he attempted to fly out, for the person with the sword, on the instant, strike a death-blow, and cut the rooster's head off, while in the kettle. If this was done, and the rooster was slain without escaping from the kettle, the witches would be driven out of the soul and body, and all the premises and appurtenances of Sarah —. She would be clothed and in her right mind, and as happy, as happy as the man—Legion, who had a herd of devils cast out of him. As soon as this piece of news was received, the neighborhood was in a ferment. Old men, young men, old ladies and maidens were on their taps (they that had any, shoe leather was very scarce in these days) to see the witches started. They held a sort of meeting to confer upon means and measures, and it was unanimously resolved that Ensign — should be the sword-holder; another person was selected to hold the old rooster, and, at the proper time to do the chucking in. On went the kettle; it was quickly filled with water, and the fire set to roaring under it. The water was soon scalding hot. Now was the time, the time of all times, when an old rooster was to be sacrificed, and the witches made to flee out of Sarah —'s fleshy domicile. Are you all ready? In with him! Chuck—Kersouse! went the rooster into the boiling water. The Ensign was ready to strike the fatal blow. The rooster made his last spring to get from the kettle; down came the Ensign's sword, and the rooster was dead. The Ensign performed his part with valor; his heart quailed not; no

tear was in his eye; his courage was proved, and it was the talk of all the old ladies "how bravely, how nicely the Ensign acted." Whether the witches were started as quick as it was said they would be, I do not remember. At any rate, Sarah got rid of her witches, sometime. She is now ——'s wife, and is living down in the town of Plymouth. Some may be disposed to disbelieve this story, but they need not, for it is an absolute fact. Every circumstance happened as I have related it, and I have not made the story so bad as it really was. Sarah was never bewitched. All that ailed her was hysterics. The devil was in her, into the bargain."

There is something noteworthy, if not remarkable, in the fortune of the pioneers of this vicinity. Almost without exception, they were miserably poor when they left their old homes for the rough fields of the wilderness, and, with as few exceptions, they accumulated a fair property, and were enabled to spend their last days in comparative comfort. It demonstrates what energy and perseverance, coupled with economy, can do.

CHAPTER IX.

A RELIGIOUS REFORMATION.

Of all the changes that have accompanied the flight of an hundred years, none are more marked than those that have taken place in the growth and development of religious sentiment and its manner of expression.

Nothing could more aptly illustrate the proverbial attempt to make a square plug fit a round hole than the religious economy of one hundred years ago. While the iron-bound rigidity of the Puritan church had so far relaxed as to allow the reading of the Scriptures and singing in connection with the delivery of the Sunday sermon, the minister was still worshipped instead of God. It is not strange that the solemn-looking individual in long, straight coat and spectacles, who could speak words that no one could understand, and who, because of his ability to read Greek, could tell more about what Paul meant in certain passages of his epistles than Paul himself ever knew, should be highly respected, and even revered, in a community made up wholly of uneducated people. It is but little more than a hun-

dred years since there was not a liberally educated person east of Portland, outside of the ministry. The minister was supposed to know everything, and why should not omniscience be worshipped? With his long face, and longer sermons, the "parson," as he was usually denominated, was not always an exemplary personage. The thread-bare joke about the dignified prelate who imbibed freely, that he might be filled with the *spirit* on the Lord's day, rested on a substantial foundation. A teetotaler among them was the exception, rather than the rule. And as long as they could preserve their equilibrium, and maintain a proper decorum, they saw no harm in taking "a little wine," and a little brandy, and a little "West India" "for the stomach's sake."

Theirs was an educational, rather than a spiritual, birthright. They were called to the priestly office by their earthly, not their heavenly, father. If, at the age of ten years, a boy exhibited a fondness for books, he was marked for the ministry. And woe be unto him if he tried to rub the mark off! If he remonstrated, he was sternly rebuked; and, if he persistently refused, he was flogged. If nature had blessed him with spiritual tendencies, happy was it for both him and the people over whom he was subsequently settled for life; but if the carnal nature predominated, fearful was the struggle to accommodate his deportment to the vocation into which he had been driven. Once graduated from college, and thoroughly drilled in the principles of orthodoxy, he was prepared to guide sinners in the way to—the meeting house; and once settled as pastor of a church, nothing but death could remove him, unless

charges were preferred against him for immoral conduct, or he was proved guilty of the more grievous offence of departing a trifle from the doctrinal grooves that the Mathers and their followers had carved.

If a man did not like the minister, he could stay at home one Sunday; but if the offence was repeated, he was fined. If he got mad, and refused to pay his proportionate part of the preacher's salary, his property was attached for the amount.

Every voter was taxed for the support of the minister, and it mattered little to the officials whether he met his obligation with pleasure or profanity. Come it must, and come it did. Of course he did not pay money, no one did that. He could pay in corn, rye, buckwheat, potatoes or ashes.

To simmer the facts down, it was forcing a cold, dry, formal and languid form of religion on the people, at the point of the bayonet, and occasionally a subject would be found who did not like to take it in that way. There were some redeeming features about this kind of religion. About the only preparation a man needed to make him a fit subject for admission to the church, was the ability—gained by long practice—to keep awake on warm Sundays in July, until the minister had preached all the sinners to sleep—which he usually succeeded in doing inside of three hours—and to preserve a calm and saintly expression while his feet were freezing, in the bitter days of December.

It was on this sort of a religious atmosphere, that a storm burst, in the closing days of the last century, with a force that rivalled the days of the Reformation.

Not only in Monmouth, but in the towns surround-

ing it, also, a religious awakening started, without any assignable cause. The germs of contagion seemed to fly in the very air. People who had attended no religious services in years, suddenly became imbued with a spirit of scriptural research, which terminated, as sincere study of God's truth always will, in the conversion of the individual. It seemed as if a double portion of the hallowed spirit was being poured upon the people, in compensation for their lack of opportunity.

The ecclesiastical history of Monmouth is not confined to the archives of the town. Throughout the state, wherever Methodism has gained a foothold, the name of Monmouth is a household word. It is to the Methodists of Maine, what the Cave of the Nativity is to all Christendom. It is more; it is not only the birth-place of Maine Methodism, it is the cradle in which it was rocked.

If religious sentiment was generally at a low ebb in the closing years of the eighteenth century, it was particularly so in Monmouth and Wales. In all the nineteen years that had passed since the first settlers appeared, no steps had been taken to organize a religious society, and but little pains had been taken to disseminate the gospel. Meetings were held occasionally in private houses and barns, when preachers could be secured; but this was not of frequent occurrence.

In 1783 James Potter, of Litchfield, held a series of meetings in the settlements, and attempted to awaken a religious interest. He found the people attentive, but "disposed to cavil," and no fruit resulted from his labors; although seed may have been sowed for the reaping of the Methodists, ten years later.

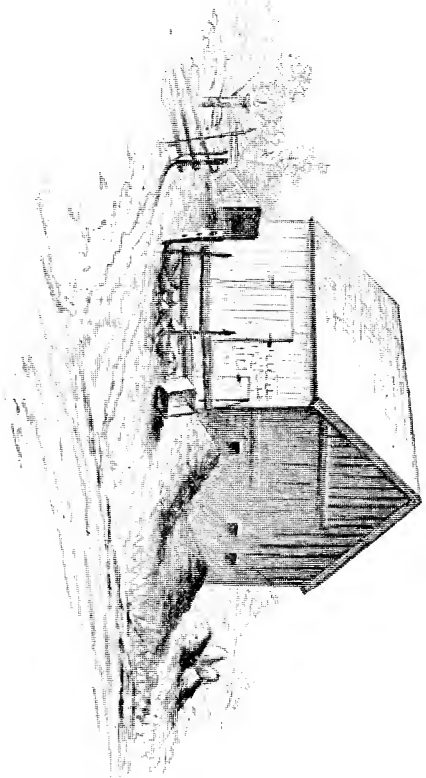
Mr. Potter became converted at his home, while meditating on the wonderful attributes of God. He first united with the Congregationalists at Harpswell, that being the nearest church, and subsequently with the Baptists. His was the last effort to arouse religious sentiment, except as floating preachers flashed upon the settlement for a moment, and disappeared, leaving no fruit, and but little influence toward a coming fruitage.

On the twenty-second day of October, 1793, a remarkable figure appeared in Monmouth. Riding a superb, spirited horse, and accompanied by another animal of similar description, loose, and following like a well trained dog, he called from house to house, bearing the announcement of a religious service. He was a man of unusually striking appearance, above two hundred and fifty pounds in weight, square built, with no show of superfluous flesh, and extraordinarily symmetrical and beautiful both in countenance and physique. He was dressed in full Continental costume, knee breeches, triangular hat, long skirted coat, and waist coat. Strapped to the saddle was a pair of saddle-bags containing a Bible, hymn book, and a change of clothing. Occasionally he would stop and speak to the loose horse following in the rear, when, with wonderful intelligence, the animal would come to his side and stand patiently while he dismounted and removed the trappings from the other, and having received its master's cumbersome weight, would start off at a brisk gallop while its relieved companion would frisk and caper along behind. Should any one attempt to divert the loose animal from its course, a savage showing of teeth and heels would convince him that

his business was elsewhere. Sometimes, as the wondering inmates of a cabin flocked out to watch the strange horseman and his intelligent travelling companions until they disappeared in a turn in the road, a strain of song would come floating back, rendered in a voice so rich and sonorous that the listeners could hardly wait until the hour of service to hear more of the wonderful singer. Such was Jesse Lee, the circuit rider, the founder of Methodism in New England.

It would be over-reaching the bounds of a local history to furnish any details concerning the remarkable career of Jesse Lee. That he was a man of eminent talents is demonstrated by the fact that a few years later he was appointed chaplain of the House of Representatives at Washington, where, after three years' service, he was called to a similar position in the Senate. These honors were tendered in recognition of his public worth. He never sought, or aspired to anything more honorable than preaching the gospel from house to house.

In all his travels through Maine, Lee found no region so promising as the western half of the Kennebec Valley. There was not a member of the Methodist church east of the New Hampshire line, and it was with wonderful faith in the power and promises of God that he described the limits of a tract extending from Hallowell to Farmington, and named it Readfield circuit. The next year Philip Wager was appointed to take charge of this circuit, in the capacity of what was termed by the early Methodists a "circuit rider." It was his duty to visit the various towns and plantations included in the circuit, converse with the



Ichabod Baker's First Barn.

BUILDING IN WHICH THE FIRST RELIGIOUS SERVICES WERE HELD.

people, teach them the essentials of God's truth and the principles of Methodism, preach wherever an audience could be secured, and form classes for mental conference and spiritual admonition wherever he found converts.

About the first of November, 1794, Wager had the pleasure of gathering in the first fruits of his labors in the organization of a class of fifteen members in Monmouth. This was the first permanent foothold that Methodism gained in Maine. The names of only a few of the members have been preserved. Gilman Moody and wife, Phineas Blake and wife, Daniel Smith and wife and Nancy Nichols are the only ones with whom history has dealt kindly.

On the 12th of November, Jesse Lee again visited the settlement. He lodged at Simon Dearborn's, and the next day preached at Peter Hopkin's "tavern." He was greatly gratified to find this oasis in the desert the scene of a revival. To use his own words, as recorded in his diary, "the Lord moved upon the hearts of many of the people" at this meeting. "Bro. Wager," said he, "exhorted with freedom." As was his custom, he met the recently-organized class, whom he exhorted and encouraged to continue in the faith. The following Saturday, Mr. Lee rode to Readfield. Thence he turned toward the Sandy River Valley, and across to the settlements in the upper Kennebec. After an absence of about five weeks, he returned, and crossed over to Mr. Lane's in Littleboro (Leeds), where he held a service at two o'clock, on the 23rd day of December, preaching from John 1: 1-3. Mr. Lee's description of this meeting is a picture of an old-time re-

vival. "I had," writes he, "a crowded congregation, and the melting presence of God was among us. Many of the people could hardly refrain from weeping aloud. After I had dismissed the people and went into another room, a man came to speak with me, and burst into tears. Another came in with tears, and begged that I would preach again at night. I could not refuse. Some of the people then went home, but soon returned. One man, being in deep distress, began to cry aloud to God to have mercy upon his poor soul, and thus he continued to cry with all his might, until some of the people were much frightened. I talked, prayed, and sang; and while I was singing a visible alteration took place in his countenance; and I was inclined to think his soul was set at liberty. He afterward spoke as though he believed it was so. About this time another man was seized with trembling, and he began to pray the Lord to have mercy upon his soul, and cried aloud for some time. I then took my text and preached on 1 Pet. 8: 7—"Casting all your care upon Him; for he careth for you." It was not long before another man was taken with violent trembling and crying, so that my voice was almost drowned. I was forced to stop. I then prayed for him, and he became more quiet. I then went on with my sermon. There was great weeping in every part of the house. It appeared as if the whole neighborhood was about to turn to God."

Thursday, the 25th, Lee returned to Monmouth. A large congregation gathered at Capt. Peter Hopkins's to meet him; as many, perhaps, led by a desire to see and hear the wonderful preacher as by a desire to learn more of the way to God. It was the day commemo-

rating the birth of Christ; a day when the most sluggish heart could but feel a touch of the joyous solemnity that pervaded the atmosphere; a day of inspiration and quickening; a day when there came, rippling up from the great evangelist's soul, a melody more stirring than the peal of Christmas bells, or the song of a thousand trained voices. He selected his text from Isaiah 9: 6—"For unto us a child is born; unto us a son is given." The beauty of the lines, blending with the sweet solemnity of the hour, caught and bound the attention of every listener; and, as the orator impressed upon them the grand interpretation of the prophet's words, hearts melted down like wax in the hottest flame. There were few dry eyes in the house. Deeply impressed himself with the truth he was uttering, he wept over his audience like a child, and was compelled to stop in the middle of his discourse. Philip Wager followed with a spirited exhortation.

For the first time, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered. After the service was concluded, Mr. Lee conversed with the class members about building a church, and gave them, on this subject, some strong advice. He remained in the town, and the adjoining settlements, until the next Thursday, when he turned towards the Androscoggin, and departed for a tour through New Hampshire and the West.

Mr. Lee's advice, in relation to building a church, will be better understood after reading the records of the town for the year 1794.

The annual meeting for this year was held at John Welch's house, on Monday, the 7th day of April. Simon Dearborn was chosen moderator and John

Chandler, clerk. The men elected to serve as selectmen and assessors were Major James Norris, Matthias Blossom, and Dudley B. Hobart. Ichabod Baker was elected treasurer and Simon Dearborn constable, "to collect for five pence on the pound." John Blake was his bondsman.

One hundred and fifty pounds were voted to be raised "to lay out on the roads." The sum of nine pounds, the equivalent of a little more than forty-three and a half dollars, to be paid in produce, was appropriated for the support of gospel preaching. This measure indicated either the weight of the religious interest of our forefathers, or the attenuated state of the minister's digestive organ. If the good man had no other means of support, he could have realized only a portion of Paul's experience, "I know both how to hunger and to abound." Forty-five pounds were appropriated for the support of schools, and fifteen pounds to defray town charges. Five roads, which had been previously surveyed and constructed, were accepted. The first of these was a short road leading from Benjamin Dearborn's to Timothy Wight's—the now abandoned road at the head of Cochnewagan pond. Another was a road from John Arnoe's house (where Miss Maria Marston now lives) down to the road leading from Monmouth Center to North Monmouth. This road was identical with the Clifford, or Blue, road to a point about half way between Mr. Clifford's and the Fish place. It then bore to the left, and took an almost direct course to the B. F. Marston place. The discontinued portion of the road is still plainly marked in the pasture of the Marston estate. The third was that por-

tion of the road now called High St., lying between the junction with the Center road and the Gen. Chandler place. This road had been used sometime as a highway, but had not been accepted as a town road. The next was one "beginning about twelve rods northerly of the school house in the north school district and running to Stockin's Millyard". This was the road leading from Ellis Corner to Samuel Robinson's via Rev. J. B. Fogg's. The school-house stood on the ledge in the lower part of the Ellis orchard next to the pasture. The naked ledge, upon which the building stood, may be seen as the traveller comes up the hill from Gordon's mills. This schoolhouse—the first one in town—was burned. The distance from Ellis's corner to the company's mills, as given in the report of the surveyor, was 312 rods. The hill having been cut down, the distance must be a trifle less now. The last was the road leading from Geo. Clough's to George Rowell's. All of these roads, as well as all other highways within the lines of Wales Plantation, were surveyed by Jedediah Prescott of Mt. Vernon. He was an old and experienced surveyor. After accepting the roads, the long pending account of Joseph Allen appeared for the last time. It was voted to exempt Mr. Allen "from collecting the bills committed to him to collect for 1786." The next act was "to exempt John Morgan and John Johnson from taxation at present."

Mr. Johnson has been mentioned, in a previous chapter, as being drowned, a few years later, at the outlet of Cobbosee-contee pond. That he was a man of religious tendencies is implied by the next clause in the record—"John Johnson, Simon Dearborn, James Blos-

som, Joseph Allen, Capt. Levi Dearborn, Phineas Blake and Gilman Moody were chosen a minister committee." The school committee was filled by Daniel Allen, Benjamin Clough, Matthias Blossom, Levi Dearborn and Joseph Allen.

The assessors' books for this year show that there were eighteen houses, eighteen barns and seven shops. John Blake plied the vocation of shoe-maker and tanner in one of these. John Chandler had two shops; he traded in one, the other he used for black-smithing. His smithy stood near the spot where Mrs. O. W. Cumston's house now stands. It is not known just when Chandler abandoned black-smithing, but probably it was not far from 1798. His brother, Jeremiah, had then moved in, and it is thought that the General gave the business up to him. Jeremiah Chandler lived on the place now owned by Dr. C. M. Cumston. In 1800 he had a shop of his own, which stood on the site now covered by C. M. Cumston's stable. Unlike his illustrious brother and esteemed nephew, this member of the Chandler family did not contribute to the town's development, and little is known concerning him. Benj. Dearborn's shoe-making shop was fourth on the list. Dearborn was the first shoe-maker among the pioneers. He was soon followed by Josiah Brown. Peter Hopkins had a shop. Probably this was the potash which has already been mentioned. Sewall Prescott built a blacksmith shop this year, which was recorded in the enumeration. This shop, which stood a little south of his house, was burned seven years later. Robert Withington had a shop where he made reeds for looms. The number of taxable polls for this year was

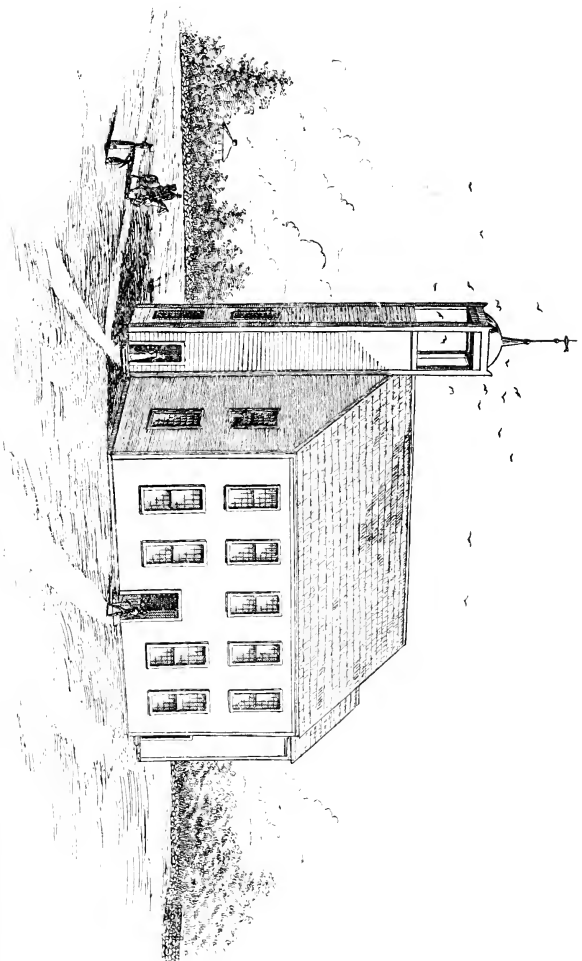
eighty-three the number of voters seventy-four, representing sixty-one families.

The second meeting for 1794 was held at John Welch's house, on the 29th of September, to act in relation to the address of the convention which set at Portland, the previous June, to make arrangements for the separation of Maine from Massachusetts, and to appoint a delegate to meet the convention at their adjourned meeting the October following. Simon Dearborn acted as moderator, and John Chandler was chosen the delegate in question. Other business in relation to roads and building a meeting-house, was passed over.

Almost twenty years had passed since the first settlement of the plantation, and, as yet, no house of worship had been erected, nor had much been done to support gospel preaching. Social services were held at the houses of those most religiously inclined, and services of a more public character were held at Ichabod Baker's barn and in the chamber of John Welch's house. The rapidly increasing population and the growing interest in religious matters made it necessary to provide a more commodious place of worship. A meeting was called December 1st to consider the expediency of building a meeting-house, building school-houses in the several districts, to see if the town would make any alteration in the school districts, accept a road running from Phineas Blake's to the county road leading to the Center and abate "all, or any part, of Timothy Wight's taxes." Capt. James Blossom was chosen moderator. The religious element of the plantation, earnest in their appeals for a suitable audience room, were doomed to disappointment. Their appeals were

ignored, as was the petition of those who desired better educational advantages. It was voted to give Mr. Wight his poll tax, and all the other articles were simply passed over. But so important a matter was not to be extinguished without a greater effort. Another meeting was called, twenty days later, to consider the propriety of building "a meeting-house in the center of the town, or as near the center as the land would admit, also to determine the location of the center and to see how much money the town would appropriate for the purpose of building a meeting house." The question of a division of the two southern school districts was also to be considered, as was the acceptance of the road mentioned in the report of the last meeting. Another article in the warrant called for a vote in relation to building school-houses in the several districts. After choosing Capt. Levi Dearborn moderator, the question relating to school-houses was discussed, resulting in a vote not to raise any money for such purposes.

The other, and more important, matter received more favorable consideration. It was voted to build a meeting-house, and to place it "on the west side of lot No. 27, joining William Allen's, on the north side of said lot." It was furthermore "voted to raise the meeting house by the last of June, or the first of July, next." The dimensions decided upon were sixty feet in length by forty-five in width, the posts to be twenty feet high. The sum of two hundred pounds was voted to be raised to defray the expense of building the house, to be paid in as early as the 25th day of December, 1775, in corn at three shillings, rye at four shillings and wheat at five



Old Yellow Meeting House.

ERECTED IN 1795. TAKEN DOWN IN 1844.

shillings per bushel. Simon Dearborn, John Welch, Gilman Moody, Joseph Allen, Ichabod Baker, Caleb Fogg and Daniel Smith were appointed to serve as building committee. The vote to raise two hundred pounds was reconsidered, and amended by a decision to raise thirty pounds in cash, to be paid as early as the first of the following June; thirty pounds in produce, at the rates named in the original vote, and the balance to be paid as at first stipulated.

After thoroughly discussing the meeting-house project, it was "voted to accept the road as laid out from Phineas Blake's to strike the county road leading from N. Monmouth to the Center, coming out in the center of lot No. 28" This is the road commonly known as the Blaketown, or East Monmouth, road.

Coming as it did, almost on the verge of a new year, the decision to build a house for the public worship of God was, undoubtedly, engendered by the spirit that prompts the many good resolutions during the holidays. The result is proof that it emanated from the same source, for on the 12th of the following month, just twenty-three days from the date when the plans were formulated, at a meeting held at John Welch's for the purpose of seeing if the town would "reconsider the proceedings of the last meeting in regard to building a meeting-house," it was "voted to reconsider those proceedings in every respect." Ensign Benj. Dearborn acted as moderator at this meeting. Among other matters to be considered, was one concerning a survey and plan of the town, which had been ordered by the General Court at its last session.

In the spring of 1795 the meeting-house question was

resuscitated. This time it was desired to "see if the town would agree to build a meeting-house in the center of the town, or as near the center as the land and other circumstances would admit." It was "voted not to act on this article." The action of the town on this matter seems strange and bewildering. It must be remembered that a large portion of the religious element of the town, at this time, was Methodistic in persuasion. From the time that Wager formed here the first Methodist class in the state, conversions and additions to the membership of the church were almost incessant. The religious element, although not wholly, was largely represented by this denomination. At the first proposition to build a church, a unity of purpose existed among the religious people. Indeed, this sentiment extended in wider circles, and embraced many who had no denominational preferences, but who recognized in the overt worship of God, not only a principle of justice, but a social and political safeguard. Thus united, it became an easy matter to secure an appropriation for building a house of worship. All preliminaries concluded, it is possible that the question of ownership arose.

It has been claimed, even in recent years, that the rules of the Methodist Episcopal church require that all houses of worship erected by members of the denomination and all church property shall be deeded to the bishop, and that this was the "bone of contention" that delayed the building of the church.

Those who really believe this to be true, are referred to the challenge published by the Rev. Peter Cartwright, in his autobiography, some thirty-five years

ago. Such a requirement does not, and never did, exist. Two union churches have been erected in town in which the denomination in question was largely interested. Were either of them deeded to the bishop? It is, perhaps, unnecessary to say more on the subject, but to show the absurdity of this excuse for the strange conduct of our grandfathers, I will state that a copy of the deed conveying to the Methodist society the land on which its first house of worship was erected, only one year later, is in my possession, and that it is entirely free from any reference to the bishop, or any other officials, except the local board of trustees.

It is highly probable that the question of ownership may have been discussed. The proposition was for the town to build the church, which it finally did. This did not imply that it was to be a union church. It was to be a town institution, controlled by the annually elected officials. Outside of the recently organized Methodist society, there was no religious organization in town, nor, for that matter, in any of the surrounding towns, and Methodists, in those days, were, if possible, less highly esteemed by the general public than the Salvation Army is now. If the boisterous Methodists were to occupy the house, the conservative and the irreligious element did not favor its erection, and if they could not occupy it at least half of the time, the Methodists were not inclined to put much money into it.

The third meeting for 1765 was held on Monday, the 14th of September, Maj. James Norris in the chair. The first act of the voters was to raise four pounds to defray town charges. The first article to be consid-

ered, as given in the warrant, was in relation to a survey of the town, which had been recommended, if not demanded, by the officers of the Commonwealth several months before. It was voted to "omit taking a survey." The inevitable "meeting-house" question presented itself, and this time received the attention it deserved. By a series of votes, it was decided that a building fifty by forty feet on the ground plan, should be erected at a cost of two hundred pounds. This amount was to be paid in as early as the middle of the following March. The spot chosen for the site of the building was "on the north side of lot No. 27, by Wm. Allen's."

The exact location was left to the option of the building committee. This committee consisted of Joseph Allen, Dudley B. Hobart, John Chandler, Ichabod Baker and James Harvey. It was noteworthy that the Methodist society was not represented. The money appropriated for this purpose was to be paid to the committee, "the committee to be accountable to the town." The three following articles, viz., "to see if the town would vote any money to purchase their quota of ammunition," "to see what the town would do about building a bridge over Stockin's mill stream," and "to see whether the town would vote any money to lay out on the roads in the winter season," received no consideration. The assessment for the meeting-house fund amounted to \$692.18. Of this amount \$183.15 was assessed to non-residents. Raising the balance made an addition of \$2.25 per capita to the poll tax. A few citations will give an idea of the extra financial burden that it placed upon the property holders. Gen. Dearborn's tax for this one object was

\$16.01; Peter Hopkins's, \$15.29; Philip Jenkins's, \$14.44; Nathaniel Norris's, \$12.23; James Harvey's, \$12.61; Ichabod Baker's, \$11.90; John Chandler's, \$11.79; Caleb Fogg's, \$10.04; Capt. Prescott's, \$8.82; Thomas Stockin's, \$9.19; Robert Hill's, \$6.10; Eben Thurston's, \$3.21. This enlargement of the taxes was felt grievously by some of the poorer inhabitants, and all the more so when it was reported that the sum appropriated was insufficient to complete the building, and that the pews, which were to be free, must be sold to raise the necessary amount.

Five years passed before the house was finished on the inside. In the meantime, the doors were left open to the elements and to stragglers. Sheep found it an excellent protection from the burning heat of the summer sun, and a refuge from the pestering flies. The attic was inhabited by a colony of bats. It may be advisable to remind the reader that bats were very numerous in newly settled districts one hundred years ago, before venturing to record, as a historic fact, the statement of a veracious citizen, to the effect that he sometimes visited the place in company with other boys, each of whom would go away with a hat full of the curious trophies, leaving many untouched.

CHAPTER X.

A RELIGIOUS REFORMATION, (CONTINUED).

The year 1795 opened auspiciously for Methodism in the Kennebec Valley. Philip Wager's labor had been abundantly rewarded. Returns exhibited a total membership of three hundred and eighteen in Maine, and of this aggregate two hundred and thirty-two lived within the limits of the circuit of which Monmouth was a part. The work in this field had now become too great for one man, and with Enoch Mudge, the new circuit rider, came Elias Hull as a colleague. Far better would it have been for Methodism in Monmouth if Mr. Wager had been returned; but such a thing could not be in those days of perpetual itineracy. Enoch Mudge was the first native Methodist preacher in New England. True as steel, and devoted to his mission, his ministry here must have been eminently successful, had he not been flanked at every turn by the bad influence of his associate. Although only nineteen years old when placed in charge of this circuit, he had already gained considerable experience in

other fields, and was possessed of that clearness of judgment which, a few years later, won him, twice, a seat in the Legislature of Massachusetts, and membership in the convention which revised the constitution of the Commonwealth. Of his colleague, Elias Hull, but little need be said. He apparently cared nothing for his work, and left the field before the close of the year, the vacancy being supplied by Aaron Humphrey, who afterward joined the Episcopalians, and became the rector of Christ church, Gardiner Me.

In 1796 Cyrus Stebbins, whose name is still borne by children of Methodist families of that period, took charge of the circuit, with John Broadhead as an assistant. Mr. Stebbins was a man of only twenty-four years, but even at that early age was a preacher of great ability. His sermons, it is claimed by his biographer, were often remembered for years, and quoted by able ministers of the next generation. Speaking of one founded on the text, "These mine enemies, which would not that I should reign over them, bring hither and slay them before me," one of those eminent preachers says: "The whole assembly stood appalled at the declarations of divine wrath against all ungodliness; trembling spread throughout their midst, and many went home to call on God, and prepare for his coming retribution." Under Mr. Stebbins' pastorate, the advice given by Mr. Lee at his last visit was carried into effect. Stimulated by the precedent of their Readfield brethren, who, the year before, had dedicated the first Methodist church erected in Maine, the Monmouth Methodists began to cast about for a starting point.

The apparent hostility of a certain faction of the

townspeople toward them, while it shut them out from their scheme of uniting with those of other denominational preferences in building a meeting-house, and, for a time, bent their spirits earthward, was, viewed in the retrospect, a providential dispensation. Like every other society that proposes to join in erecting a union church, theirs was suffering from an attack of delirium. A union church, in a complete sense, never did, and probably never will, exist. While true Christians of any and all names may clasp hands above sectarian barriers, and trample them in the dust until they are all but ground to powder, there is usually, in every church, some individual, or clique, robed in the garments of Christ's followers, and armed with the weapons of the devil, who will scrape up with zealous care the disappearing particles, heat them at the forge of some petty controversy, weld them into bars, and rear them so high that no friendly hand can over-reach them.

Baffled in their attempts to unite, the Methodists began to plan a house of their own. The thought of building a house alone was stupendous and staggering, but impelled by necessity that was strongly tinctured with faith in God, or by faith flavored with necessity—it matters not which—they grappled grappled with the task. If the burden the town assumed in erecting the meeting-house on the common was considerable, the one these people stooped to lift was far greater. They were few in number, not abundantly blessed with means, and were already bearing a proportionate share of the expense of building the town church, for which, it would appear, no appropriation could be secured until they had decided to build

for themselves. On the twenty-eighth day of Oct. 1795, a building lot on the west side of the road near Ellis's Corner, was donated by Major David Marston, with the proviso that it should always be used as the site of a church edifice. Hammers were beating a lively tattoo on the town church, one mile south of them, when the workmen began to lay the sills for the Methodist meeting-house. And all through the autumn the frosty morning air carried the sound of ringing steel back and forth like a continuous echo, as work on the competitive buildings progressed.

For twenty long years the founders of our towns had lived without a meeting-house, and now they must build two at once!

On the last day of May, 1796, the building, closed in and shingled, but unfinished inside, was dedicated by Jesse Lee, who returned to his favorite field about the tenth of that month, it is supposed, and remained until the middle of June. As has already been stated, up to that date, only one Methodist church had been built in Maine, and that but one year earlier. Thus, in addition to the honor of furnishing the state its first organized Methodist society, Monmouth can claim almost as great distinction in regard to church edifices.

The following year a change was made in the Maine district. Jesse Lee, who had so ably discharged the duties of presiding elder since the introduction of Methodism in this State, was to be the colleague of Bishop Asbury, in a general supervision of the American branch of the church. He presided at the conference, and appointed Joshua Taylor presiding elder of Maine, with this circuit as his distinctive field of labor, and

Robert Yallalee, a native of England, who had seen service in a foreign mission field, co-worker.

Under the ministry of these young men, the church was greatly prospered. In addition to what came in the form of an enlargement of membership, this conference year was to be a "season of refreshing" to the Monmouth church. Jesse Lee was coming again to visit them in his new and loftier capacity, and with him was coming that greatest of all Methodists in America, Francis Asbury, the "Pioneer Bishop." No child could look forward to an audience with the President, or one of the crowned heads of Europe, with greater expectancy than these fathers and mothers of the church looked forward to this meeting with their bishop. In all respects a great man, Bishop Asbury had, by extensive travel on this and the other continent, as well as by his precedence in the church and oratorical gifts, gained a reputation that was not confined to narrow limits. Wherever the new church had found followers, his name was written with those of Whitefield and the Wesleys. Born near Birmingham, England, and converted when but little more than a child, he entered immediately into ministerial work, and by his rapturous eloquence magnetized the vast audiences that crowded to hear him. After serving the church ten years on his native soil, he came to this country; and now, in the twenty-sixth year of his ministry in the American colonies, he is about to visit, for the first time, his church in Maine, and to conduct the proceedings of the third New England conference at Readfield.

It was far into August, 1798, when Asbury, worn

with excessive labor, and suffering the intense penalties of exposure to all kinds of weather, came beating through the woods, guided by the indefatigable Lee. In Asbury's journal, under the date Wed., Aug. 22, is this entry: "We rode through the woods to the Androscoggin river, thence to Lewiston, where our appointment for preaching had been made at 2 o'clock, and another at 4 o'clock. No one attending at 2 o'clock, we came on to Monmouth, Thursday, Aug. 23d. I was at home at Brother Fogg's.* He and his wife are pious souls. Such, with an increase, may they live and die! I preached in the open meeting-house, to a congregation of people that heard and felt the word. My subject, Ephesians, 6: 13, 18—Wherefore take unto you the whole armor,' etc. I was raised a small degree above my feeble self, and so were some of my hearers." Raised above his feeble self, indeed! No one who found a place in the congregation that damp, sultry August day, ever forgot the wonderful eloquence and power of the preacher's words. If he was raised a small degree above his feeble self, what must have been the strength of his discourse! Early that evening he left Caleb Fogg's, weary, faint and sick, but urged on, as ever, by an unremitting zeal and purpose. They reached Winthrop, where an opportunity had been made for an evening service at the Congregational church. Here the bishop's strength utterly failed, and he was obliged to lay on Lee the duty of conducting the service. Resting one day, he pressed on to Readfield, finding a passage, as he assures us in his diary, "as bad as the Alleghany Mountains and

*Caleb Fogg.

Shades of Death." Here he rested until the next Wednesday, when the conference—the first held in Maine—opened, with hundreds in attendance. At the close of this conference, which undoubtedly was, as an able writer has claimed, the most wonderful gathering that had ever been held in Maine, Bishop Asbury turned back toward the western states to complete his annual round of thousands of miles, and the ministers, nine in number, hastened to their respective fields, Taylor returning to this circuit, assisted by Jesse Stone-man.

In 1799, John Broadhead was appointed to the circuit, with Nathan Emery as co-worker. The field was not a new one to Mr. Broadhead; he had been here three years earlier as colleague of Cyrus Stebbins. Broadhead was a remarkable man. Of his native ability nothing more need be said than that, notwithstanding the unpopularity of the sect to which he belonged, he was, after his removal to the State of Massachusetts, elected to represent a district in the legislature, placed in the executive council, and sent to Congress for a term of four years, and, as a climax, was offered the nomination for Governor of the Commonwealth, by the leading party, which he refused. His associate, Nathan Emery, a youth of nineteen years, was the son of the first settler in Minot, Me. The following year found Epaphras Kibby, for whom Dr. E. K. Prescott, E. K. Blake, Capt. E. K. Norris and other descendants of the primitive Methodists were named, on the circuit, with Comfort C. Smith, who, six years later, withdrew from the conference and settled on a farm at North Wayne, assistant. Mr. Kibby came to this field greatly

depressed in spirits. He was only nineteen years of age, and separation by so great a distance from his home in Connecticut, brought about strong symptoms of that highly disagreeable, but never fatal, malady—homesickness. It was Bishop Asbury's custom to send his young men into this wild field to test their loyalty and inure them to the hardships of an itinerant life. If their zeal was unabated at the end of a year's service here, they could be trusted with any pastorate. Kibby was converted in his sixteenth year, and was almost immediately urged into evangelistic work, and now, after two years' service near home, was sent to the ordeal for a thorough test of the metal of which he was composed. Weary, faint and sick at heart, he sat one day in the high pulpit of the old Center meeting-house, which was completed that year, and occasionally occupied by the Methodists, almost ready to give up the field and return to his home. He had preached every day in the week except Saturdays; had travelled alone in the severest weather through almost impenetrable forests; slept in log cabins, barns, outdoors, anywhere that night found him; had traversed hundreds of miles of territory, praying and conversing with people of all classes, and, as yet, could see no favorable result, or even indications. He was about to preach a funeral sermon. The mourners were already in their seats, and the congregation fast assembling. All at once the spirit of God seemed to descend upon him and the entire congregation. It was a veritable repetition of Pentecost. A young couple, fashionably attired and genteel in appearance, entered the room and took seats near the door. The lady appeared to be mentally dis-

tressed, and trembled noticeably as she sank into her seat. "Without an audible expression," says a writer who recorded the event, "her countenance and demeanor exhibited unutterable feeling, and the whole audience seemed to share it." The young minister, a moment ago discouraged and filled with fearful apprehensions, now arose, filled with the power of the spirit. "As he advanced in his discourse," says the same writer, "exhibiting the mercy of God, the feeling of awe, which had hitherto absorbed the assembly, seemed to change; a glad and grateful emotion spread through the congregation; a bright and glorious expression shone in their faces. The lady, with streaming eyes and overflowing heart, found peace with God, and seemed transfigured before them. When they arose to sing, she united with them, and as they were rendering the last words of one of Charles Wesley's hymns,

'Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
But let me find them all again,
In that eternal day,'

said the lady, 'I sung myself away, and should have fallen, had not some one set me down.'

She then told the people what the Lord had done for her soul. Her husband, near her, was smitten down and dropped upon his seat. The presence of God seemed to overshadow the place, and the assembly was overwhelmed. * * * The influence of this remarkable meeting spread like a flame through the town and neighboring villages." A young man in the congregation from Hallowell invited Mr. Kibby to preach in his town, and this led to the establishment of Methodism

in that place. By this demonstration of the divine presence "the sinking heart of the young minister was established forever."

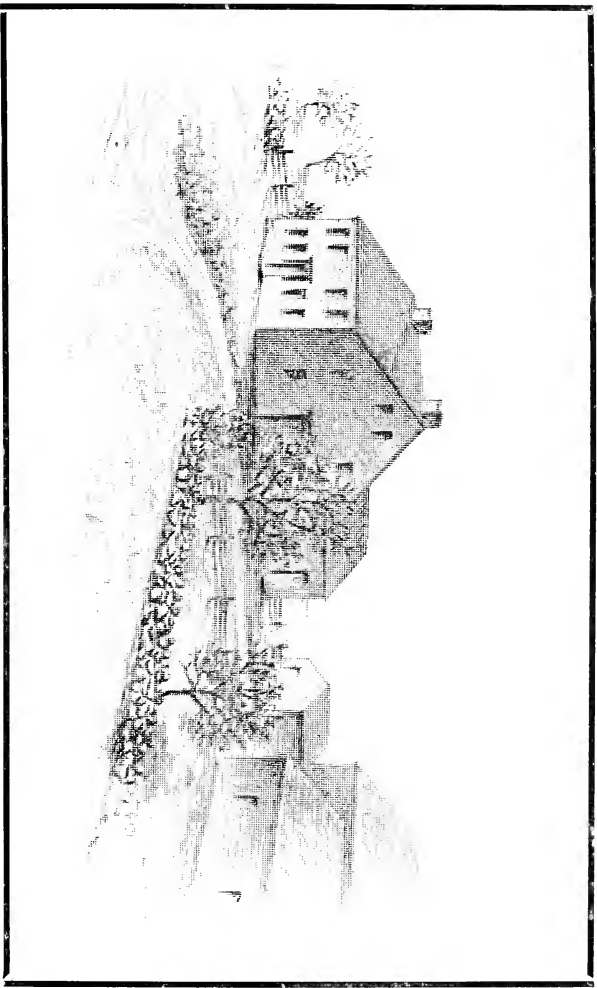
The lady whose conversion was accomplished by this remarkable manifestation of spiritual power was Mrs. Lydia McLellan, a lady who was destined to occupy a more prominent place in the history of Maine Methodism than any other person of her sex; and the man who, under the touch of God's hand, exhibited such signs of weakness, was Gen. James McLellan, the noted millionaire.

Mr. McLellan was born in Gorham, Me., May 15, 1777. He was the son of Elexander and Margaret (Johnson) McLellan, and a direct descendant of Hugh McLellan, the bold Scotchman who settled in Gorham when it was known as Narragansett No. 7, and whose name has been made immortal in history and romance as the hero of the war with the Narragansetts.

He married, Dec. 19, 1797, Lydia Osgood, daughter of Stephen and Mary Osgood of Tewksbury, Mass., and settled in Monmouth immediately after his marriage. On the brow of the hill a few rods south-west of the residence of Mr. Joseph Given, he erected a large house in which he resided until 1806, when he exchanged places with Capt. Ephraim Wilcox, of Bath, and removed to that city. He there engaged in West India trade and ship-building, and amassed a large fortune. In the war of 1812, several of his vessels, of which he built forty-six, were captured by British men-of-war, involving him in a loss of half a million of dollars. From this loss he soon rallied, and became one of the wealthiest and most influential citizens of Bath. He

was appointed Brigadier-general of the State Militia, a position well fitting one of his fine physique and dignified bearing. Although not in youth a professed Christian, he, in later years, when burdened with the care of a large commercial business, saw that "one thing was needful," and although raised almost to the highest eminence of social and military greatness, sought God as one who recognized the truth of the teaching "there is no respect of persons" with Him. Said one of his enthusiastic brothers, "General McLellan sought God like a little child." He was greatly assisted in his religious life by his wife, who, after removing to Bath, remained true to her God and her elected denomination. She was, with one exception, the only person in the vicinity adhering to the principles of Methodism. In company with her faithful colleague, she conducted class-meetings and social services with unremitting regularity, in the face of opposition and apparent barrenness of results. Years passed before her labors were rewarded in the conversion of a single individual; but the reward came; and to-day two towering pinnacles resting on the edifices that her influence founded, attest her fidelity, and point their slim fingers to the mansion that she now inhabits.

They had eleven children, three of whom were born in Monmouth, and one of whom (Peter O.) married the lady who, after his decease, became the wife of Prof. Packard of Bowdoin College. Another (Hannah Eliza) married Rev. J. B. Husted of the Methodist Conference, a third (Louise H.) Col. Edward Harding of Bath; and another, Dr. Henry R. Rogers of Dunkirk, N. Y. Their youngest daughter, Nancy Osgood,



The Gen. McLellan House.

DESTROYED BY FIRE IN 1866

married Sylvanus W. Robinson, of Litchfield, and another died in New Orleans, of cholera. Gen. McLellan was a cousin to Rev. Elijah Kellogg, the famous writer of books and stories for youthful readers.

On Thursday, Aug. 5, 1800, Jesse Lee again visited Monmouth. At eleven o'clock he preached "at the house of Mr. Blake," and at the meeting-house at 4 o'clock. "The large congregation," writes he, "was deeply affected." It is generally supposed that the Mr. Blake, at whose house he preached, was Phineas Blake of East Monmouth; but no evidence exists to prove that it was not John Blake, who lived on Norris Hill, and who was, also, a zealous Methodist. Admitting that the distance from the church to the eastern part of the town made it inconvenient for the people of that settlement to attend regular services, and that the sermon preached at Mr. Blake's was for their benefit, we have no very conclusive evidence, when we consider the fact that in those days people thought nothing of travelling ten miles to hear so noted a preacher as Jesse Lee. In the opinion of the writer, the service was held at neither of these places. The old Methodist meeting-house was never thoroughly finished, and in bad weather it afforded about as much protection against the elements as an umbrella frame stripped of its covering. At such times the people resorted to the nearest house—that of Asahel Blake, who was another member of the church and a lay preacher. The inference to be drawn from this record in Lee's journal is that a shower drove them to seek shelter at Mr. Blake's in the forenoon, and that the afternoon being clear, they repaired to the church, only a few steps away.

The year 1801 brought Asa Heath and Oliver Beale to the circuit. As one of these men, in later years, became a permanent citizen of Monmouth, and reared a family which was for many years connected with the leading institutions of the town, it is in keeping with the arrangements and object of this work to devote here a few paragraphs to a consideration of his career.

Rev. Asa Heath was born in Hillsdale, Columbia County, New York, July 31, 1776. He was of English descent. His parents were members of the Congregational church, and from them he received a thorough Christian training. When he was thirteen years old, he was led, through the influence of a brother who had been converted under the labors of Freeborn Garrettson, to give his heart to Christ, and make an open profession of religion. Three years later, we find him apprenticed to a blacksmith of Cornwall, Conn. At the age of twenty-one, he had served his time, acquired a trade, and was ready to make a start in the world. His master, having found him honest, faithful and industrious, offered him fair wages and good prospects to remain in his employ. He accepted the proposition, and settled down to his old forge and anvil. But here he was not to remain. A broader field lay open before him, and a higher calling was to be given him. After a long struggle to repel the conviction that haunted him, he finally yielded, and, in 1798, committed himself to the Conference held that year in New York, on trial. He was accepted and assigned to the Pomfret circuit. How little he thought, while journeying towards his appointment, harassed with a sense of weakness and fears of failure, that before leaving his first appointment

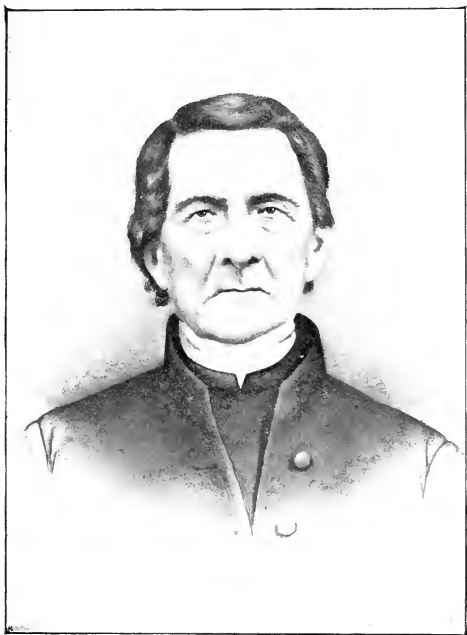
he would, in God's hands, perform a work worthy of a life of patient toil. On the 27th of December, 1798, he spent the Sabbath with Rev. Joseph Mitchell of Stockboro, Vt., and preached a part of the day. It was well for him, as it is well for us all, that he could not fathom the depths of futurity. Had he known the influence of that sermon, his whole future life might have been spoiled with pride and self-conceit. A half century later the venerable and celebrated Bishop Hedding arose at the opening of a session of the Maine Conference, over which he was presiding, and said that as this was probably the last time he would be called to preside in the state, he wished to say that he had always been pleased to visit the Maine Conference, for it was by one of its venerable members that he was led to seek Christ; and pointing to Father Heath, he exclaimed, "He is the man." As an unconverted man he had listened to that sermon at Mr. Mitchells, and had yielded to its influence on his mind.

In 1799 Mr. Heath was appointed to the Kennebec circuit in Maine. In 1800 he was ordained Deacon, and appointed to Portland. In 1801 he was assigned work on the Readfield circuit as auxiliary to Oliver Beale. He was married this year to Miss Sarah Moore, daughter of Hugh Moore of Buxton.* In 1802-3 he was appointed to the Falmouth circuit. In 1804-5 to Scarboro. Here he remained twelve years as local preacher, only preaching occasionally. The pay he had received for his services did not meet the wants of his family, even while practicing the most rigid economy. Often

*Three of Hugh Moore's daughters settled in Monmouth—Jane, who married Dr. James Cochrane, Sr., Mary, who married Daniel Boynton, Sr., and Sarah, who married Rev. Asa Heath.

the Methodist preachers did not receive one hundred dollars per annum, for their services. They did not enter the ministry for the emolument or advantages it offered. Nothing but love for Christ and pity for the unsaved led them to abandon every comfort, and subject themselves to taunts, ridicule and hardships for the itinerancy. It was with many misgivings that Mr. Heath returned for a time to his trade, to support his family and provide means for their sustenance while he again engaged in ministerial work. He did not allow himself any rest in all those years, but, in addition to his work at the forge, taught district schools and singing schools, and preached at Portland, Saco, Scarborough and Buxton. In 1812 he was chaplain at one of the forts near Portland. Having secured, by diligent application to these diversified pursuits, a promise of support for his family, he made application to the Conference in 1818 for re-admittance. He was received, after which he was returned to Scarborough, where he remained until 1823, when he purchased the farm in Monmouth now owned by Sanford K. Plummer and again located. After this we find him agent of Maine Wesleyan Seminary, in 1830; appointed to the Fayette circuit in 1832; Milburn circuit (now Skowhegan) in 1833; Industry circuit in 1834; Sidney circuit in 1835; Windsor circuit in 1836; East Hallowell in 1837, and Gray in 1838. In 1839 he received a superannuated relation, and retired to his farm in Monmouth. As a citizen of this town he enjoyed the fullest confidence, respect and good will of his townsmen.

Mr. Heath was a man of prepossessing appearance. He was rather short, but symmetrically built, and inclined



REV. ASA HEATH.

to be handsome, and had, when young, a charming voice. His sermons were models of clear, instructive, logical thought. He was a Methodist minister of the primitive type; but, unlike many of his contemporaries, was quiet and unexcitable. He always wore the broad-brimmed hat and long cut-a-way coat of the Quaker, a costume that many of the early Methodists adopted, and one that was singularly adapted to his unassuming manner and mild, genial disposition. In the pulpit he was calm and moderate, but always pointed and convincing. During his last years, having devoted his life to a nobler purpose than the accumulation of wealth, he was largely dependent on his children for support. The loving hearts of his daughters prompted them to assist by making coats for a wholesale house, at a mere pittance each, sewing them entirely by hand. The old gentleman, knowing the temptation to perform the work hastily under such circumstances, admonished his daughters to do the work as carefully as though they were receiving an adequate return for their services, saying, "You don't know, girls, what poor man may buy that coat." He removed from Monmouth to Standish in 1844, where he died Sept. 1, 1860, aged eighty-four years, sixty of which had been spent in the ministry. A short time before his death he preached in the vicinity of his home, with unusual interest. On returning to his home, he remarked to his family that he never enjoyed such a day before, and should never expect to enjoy such another season this side of Heaven, and that this was probably his last sermon. On the following Tuesday, he was prostrated by sickness, and after seventeen days of great suffering, passed away

with words of rapture upon his lips. "All bright, shining," were his last words.

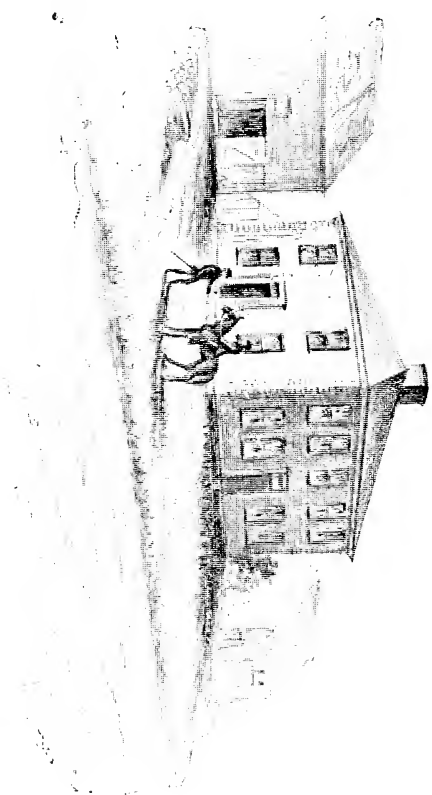
He left seven children, one of whom was Jonathan, who, for many years, was secretary of the Monmouth Mutual Fire Insurance Company, a sketch of whose life will appear in another chapter, and another the grandfather of Hon. H. M. Heath of political fame.

And now we come to the year 1802, a date memorable in the history of the town and the history of Methodism as well. The New England Conference, which then embraced, as its name implied, the entire association between Nova Scotia and New York, came to Monmouth to hold its annual session. Bishop Asbury, the pulpit orator of more than national fame, had for weeks been working his way along, on horseback, from South Carolina, to attend this assembly of his young ministers and circuit riders in the Eastern states. He was joined in Baltimore, it is supposed, by Bishop Whatcoat, who had been ordained as an assistant to the rapidly failing "pioneer bishop" only a few months before. For a long time, preparations had been going on for the reception of guests. Since the conference of 1798 the church had been growing in all the Eastern states, and there was every reason to expect a large attendance. Capt. Sewall Prescott's house, the building on High St. now commonly known as the "Old Fort," was selected as the place of meeting, rather than the meeting-house, because there were more houses near it where the preachers could be accommodated, and more particularly on account of the unfinished condition of the meeting-house. The house was a new one, built only the year before. In the second story

was a long hall running the entire length of the building, and occupying one half of its width. On three sides benches were built into the wall to accommodate spectators, and the main floor gave abundant room for dancing and other amusements. In this room was conducted the New England Conference of 1802. In Bishop Asbury's journal we find this entry: "District of Maine, Tuesday, June 29, 1802. We stopped at Falmouth, and within sight of Portland. Although we rode thirty miles, I was obliged to preach; my subject was 2 Timothy 4: 7,—'I have fought a good fight,' etc. Wednesday, 30th. We had a racking ride of about forty-five miles to Monmouth; our breakfast we took at Gray, and dinner with Mr. Bradbury at New Gloucester. Thursday, July 1. Our conference continued three days. We had fifteen members and nine probationers. The married preachers who came deficient to our conference received about one hundred and twenty dollars; the single brethren, about sixty-two dollars, and the probationers a small donation of about two dollars each, which came from far. We had three sermons. The whole of my doing was to read two letters, exhort a little and examine the deacons. Samuel Hillman, John Gove, Gilman Moody and Joseph Baker whom Brother Whatcoat ordained. The business of our Conference was concluded in great peace and order. I can rejoice that by supplies from Baltimore and New York Conference, added to those of the District of Maine and Boston, we have a goodly number of faithful, zealous young men.'

Sunday, July 4th opened serene and beautiful. At an early hour the roads were filled with men, women

and children, all bending their steps up the hill towards Capt. Prescott's. Dust-covered horsemen, sometimes alone, sometimes accompanied by a wife or daughter sitting on a pillion behind, and clinging with both arms around the driver, emerged from the woods in all directions, and came cantering up the rough road with a pace moderated to the sanctity of the day. Men dressed in long, straight-cut coats buttoned close to the throat, and wearing broad brimmed hats, joined the procession from houses adjacent to the Captain's. These were the preachers and circuit riders; some of them having ridden hundreds of miles to be present. Here and there among the throng appeared a huge, plain bonnet of the "shaker" species, surmounting, to the utter obscuration of the wearer's face, a "meekly folded shawl," or kerchief, and a Quaker-styled dress. These were the mothers of the church, conservative of the form and custom, as well as of the spirit, of Methodism. As the morning expanded, and the sun lifted toward the point of turning, the groups became larger, and the space between them less, until the road was well filled with the moving multitude. But for the unusual quietness of demeanor, and the deep solemnity that seemed to rest on all, and even to pervade the inanimate objects of nature, an observer might have supposed that a Fourth of July celebration was to be held at Capt. Prescott's new house; and, indeed, it was such a celebration as the day demands. Far better were it for our people, our institutions and our country if the day we celebrate by burning powder and blowing fish-horns could be set apart as a day of national thanksgiving and praise to Him who gives us our



Captain Prescott's Tavern.

liberty and preserves us in its enjoyment.

Arrived at the house, as many women as could be accommodated, found seats in the hall and in rooms below, while nearly three thousand persons stood outside, intent on hearing the word.

Five sermons were preached during the day; and all the time the eager thousands, protecting themselves as best they could from the penetrating rays of the sun, waited to hear and see more of the eloquent preachers. How like the sermon on the mount it must have seemed! The services concluded with a love feast, the administration of the sacrament, and the ordination of five elders, Comfort Smith, Epaphras Kibby, Daniel Webb, Asa Heath and Reuben Hubbard. Kneeling outside the door, in the presence of that large concourse, they bent their heads to receive the imposition of hands by the venerable Asbury, and arose to go from this "season of refreshing" into the hardships and dangers of new, and in many instances barren, fields, carrying into effect the parting prayer of the bishop, "May they open the door of the church of God in discipline, and the way to Heaven by preaching the gospel."

To Joseph Snelling and Samuel Hillman was committed the care of the local circuit. Mr. Snelling was a native of Boston, and was the first preacher sent out by the Methodists of that city.

Rev. Samuel Hillman was born at Martha's Vineyard, Mass., in 1769. When nineteen years old, he removed to Livermore, Me., where he was converted four years later. His conversion was not the result of excitement. All alone in the woods, two miles from any human observer, in the midst of a violent thunder

storm, he sought and found peace with God.

One year later, Jesse Lee came through the wilderness bringing the truths of the gospel and the tenets of Methodism. Mr. Hillman heard him preach, recognized the similarity of their experience and faith, and accepted Methodism as his creed. "He was married to Miss Jane Norton and removed to Monmouth; joined the Methodist church, and soon received license to preach," says Dr. Allen, in his History of Methodism. The facts are acknowledged, but the sequence questioned. Mr. Hillman's name does not appear on the tax list until 1809, and it is not probable that he made this his permanent home before that time, or that he removed to this place before receiving a license to preach.

There are papers in existence which show that he was licensed as a local preacher in the Methodist church at a quarterly conference held in Monmouth, Sept. 9th, 1796, and that his license was renewed in the same place, June 6th, 1798, and these points have been presented as proofs that he was a resident of Monmouth prior to 1809. Admitting that this is good evidence, a habit of carefully digesting and comparing data, which if formed at an earlier date, would have prevented some slight errors from creeping into the first part of the book, prompts the presentation of the other side of the argument. In those days it was not at all unusual for a man to connect himself with a church several miles distant from his home. It will be remembered by those who read the last chapter carefully, that Mr. Potter of Litchfield, soon after his conversion, joined the Baptist church at Harpswell, that

being the nearest organization of the denomination. Monmouth was the banner town (if the expression is allowable in this connection) of Maine Methodism, and it would not be at all singular if Mr. Hillman placed his name with this society, even while residing at Livermore, where a Methodist church was not organized until 1802. This was, undoubtedly, the nearest point which supported a regular organized society, the Methodist converts in Leeds having been "spoiled in the hands of the potter," as Jesse Lee facetiously remarked, in referring to their being led into the Baptist communion through the influence of Rev. Mr. Potter.

It is hardly conceivable that a man could become a citizen of a town in those days, when the commonwealth was so eager to secure support that even minors were taxed after attaining the age of sixteen years, without having his name placed on the assessors' books.

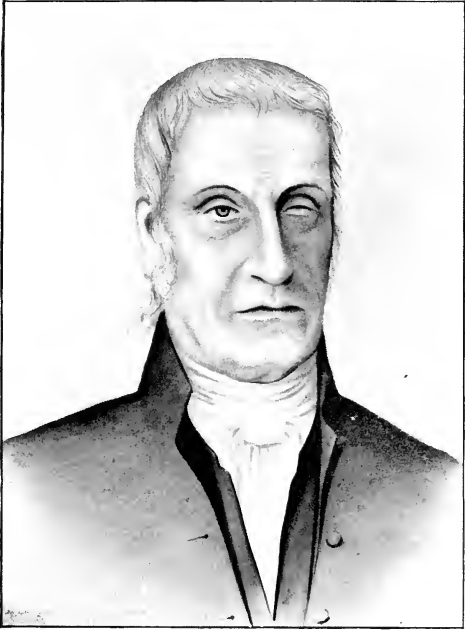
While the exact date of his selecting Monmouth as his home may be of small moment, except to the student of history, to whom even trivial events are freighted with intense interest, the fact of his becoming a citizen of this town is a matter of great value, giving to Monmouth, as it did in his posterity, her idol son and eminent representative.

In 1802, as has already been stated, Mr. Hillman was received on trial at the session of the New England conference which convened at Capt. Prescott's, ordained travelling deacon by Bishop Whatcoat, and appointed auxiliary to Rev. Joseph Snelling on the Readfield circuit. Subsequently he was ordained travelling elder by Bishop Asbury. His later appoint-

ments were Hallowell, Bristol, Union, Falmouth and Scarborough'. In 1809, or earlier, he purchased a farm in Monmouth, but continued in active itinerant service, having for his field of labor the same year, Poland, and for the two following years, Livermore and Hallowell. His motive for making Monmouth his home during these years of itinerancy, evidently, was to secure for his children the advantages afforded by the academy, which was then an institution of more than local fame. In 1811, the year of his appointment to the Hallowell circuit, his name disappears from the Monmouth records, and it is probable that he removed his family to Hallowell, where there was another academy. After two years of service on the Hallowell circuit, he was appointed to Pittston, and in 1814 was returned to the Readfield circuit. The following year he was appointed to the Livermore circuit, and in 1816 he located in Monmouth, on the farm now known as the "Kingsbury place," near the brow of Norris hill, where he remained until his decease in 1849.

Mr. Hillman was a man of marked ability, strong, self-reliant, original and of great depth of character. He was highly esteemed by his townsmen, and was in great demand as a preacher, a sermon by "Father Hillman" being considered an intellectual feast. It is stated that he preached in this and other towns, after locating, not far from two hundred funeral sermons.

His intellectual strength was supplemented by a grand physique and a commanding presence, which augmented, in no small degree, his popularity. He was formed much like his grandson, Rev. J. R. Day; his height—six feet and seven inches—being greater,



Samuel Hillman

but holding the same well-moulded proportions. His sermons were able productions, logical, pointed and unsparing, and were delivered with absolute freedom from sensational and oratorical artifice. In fact, utter disregard of conventionalities was the one thing that prevented his rising to the level of a pulpit orator. When he became thoroughly enthusiastic in his discourse, nearly every phrase was punctuated by drawing in his breath with a suck, as if to bring into place an erratic false tooth, and every point that required additional force was emphasized by rising on tiptoe, an attitude which, considering his natural height, attracted as much attention to the preacher as to the point he desired to enforce.

He was strong in his decisions and bold in his manner of speech. This boldness was not confined to his pulpit utterances. Whatever he said, in public or private, came straight-cut and square-edged. This trait was not due to a brusque disposition, as some might be led to suppose, but was a result of his unequivocal honesty.

His cogency in argument were transmitted in a marked degree to his descendant. On one occasion, at least, he was floored by one of his children.

His son, Samuel, yielding to a boyish impulse, had thrown a thistle against the bare ankles of a spinster who was working at her wheel. She complained of the disrespectful act to the lad's father, who immediately instituted a court of inquiry. The defendant was found guilty and ordered to apologize. He attempted to evade the humiliating obligation by claiming that he did not know what to say. The father gave him a

form of words which he repeated in a very indifferent and unsatisfactory manner. "Samuel," said the punctilious judge, "I am afraid that that is not a very sincere confession." "It is one of your own make, sir," was the startling and irresistible reply.

"Mr. Hillman," says Allen's History of Methodism, "was a decided republican. While preaching on the Hallowell circuit, in 1811 and 1812, the people were divided in politics. The embargo and the declaration of war with great Britain were subjects of bitter controversy. It was not easy for a preacher of such decided opinions as Mr. Hillman to be silent on the exciting questions of the times. Some of his hearers were federalists and were not a little offended that their preacher should meddle with politics. His congregations were considerably thinned by his strong utterances. The Congregationalist minister at Augusta, being invited to preach before a company of soldiers quartered at that place, had given great offence by preaching from the following words of Scripture, 'This year shalt thou die, because thou hast rebelled against the Lord.' The indignant soldiers sent for the Methodist preacher (Mr. Hillman), who cheered on the band of soldiers, rousing them to the highest pitch of enthusiasm by a spirited discourse from the words, 'Go in this thy might, and thou shalt save Isreal from the hands of the Midianites. Have not I sent thee?'"

Mr. Hillman was strongly attached to the Scriptures, and the Bible was his constant companion. When he was well advanced in life he received a fall which fractured a limb. Thus disabled, he improved his time by studying the Bible, and finished reading it in course

eighty-eight times.

Nothing noteworthy is found in the history of the church until 1809, except the final visit of Jesse Lee in August, 1808. His journey through the scenes of his former labors was "a continuous ovation." Arriving at Monmouth, he preached in the meeting house at half-past ten, Sunday, Aug. 7. with uncommon power. In the afternoon he preached again from James 1:12 to a congregation so large that many were obliged to stand out doors. In the evening, he met the people at Caleb Fogg's in a social service. Taking an affectionate leave at the close of this meeting, he departed never to return. His mission on Readfield circuit had been well fulfilled. Like Paul parting with the elders at Ephesus, he could say, "I am pure from the blood of all men. For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God."

In 1809 the New England conference again convened at Monmouth. No account of the proceedings have been preserved except a few lines in Bishop Asbury's journal. The bishop was rapidly succumbing to the inevitable laws of Nature and required a traveling companion to assist him in his work. He says, "We passed through Berwick, Monday morning, and continuing on, stopped and supped with one Wells. We were here two years ago. We then prayed earnestly for, and with, the kind family. It was not a forlorn hope it seems; the young woman who waited on us was brought out last August. We rode on through Kennebunk to Saco. Lodging in a tavern we were opposed, but persisted in having prayers night and morning. Asa Heath gave us our breakfast, and we pushed on to New

Gloucester, making about eighty-four miles in two days. On Thursday we opened our conference and sat closely at work. Sunday, July 18, I preached to about three thousand deeply attentive people from Isaiah 44:23, 'Sing, O ye heavens,' etc. It was an open season."

In the meantime, ten new preachers had served on the circuit—Thomas Perry, as associate with Joseph Snelling, in 1803; Joseph Baker, in 1804; Aaron Humphrey, William Goodhue and John Williamson, 1805; Dyer Burge and Benj. F. Lambard, 1806; David Batchelder and Henry Martin, in 1807, and Ebenezer Fairbanks with James Spaulding, in 1808. From this time up to 1827, when Monmouth was set off from Readfield circuit having Leeds and Wayne as class towns, we have a list of eighteen preachers. In 1809, David Kilburn was the preacher in charge. The next year Caleb Fogg was placed over the circuit with E. Hyde, assistant. Zachariah Gibson came in 1812, with T. F. Norris for a helper. The next year brought Cyrus Cummings to the field, with David Hutchinson as an auxiliary. David Hutchinson was at this time a remarkable figure in the church. Fresh from the sea, which he had followed as captain of a ship, without any training, he plunged immediately into the work of the ministry, yielding to a conviction which had followed him ever since his conversion two years before. He was a trifle above thirty years of age, stalwart and commanding in manner, a natural consequence of his former vocation, and the possessor of a clear and logical mind.

In 1814, Samuel Hillman, formerly a colleague of

Joseph Snelling, and now a resident of the town, was placed at the head of the circuit. Following him, came Daniel Wentworth, E. W. Coffin and Ebenezer T. Newell. In 1817 Daniel Wentworth was returned, and after him came Philip Munger. Mr. Munger's home while in town was a small house that stood in the heater-piece south-east of the residence of Fred K. Blake, in the eastern part of the town. Two of his sons, Cyrus and Charles C., became able ministers of the gospel, and John W. is a member of the Cumberland bar. While living in Monmouth, a servant girl became enraged at some childish prank of the latter and threw him into the open fire-place. Although terribly burned, he recovered, but has ever since borne the marks of that terrible moment. As if this unfortunate episode was not sufficient to keep Monmouth ever fresh in Mr. Munger's memory, another of his children was killed during his stay here by the fall of an old-fashioned clock.

In 1821, Aaron Fuller, who the same year was taken into the Conference on trial, supplied the circuit. Mr. Munger had it the next year with Gilman Moody, and for the next two years Caleb Fogg had the pastoral charge. Then came successively, Eleazer Wells, 1824; Benjamin Burnham, 1825 and Aaron Sanderson, 1826.

Aaron Sanderson was a member of a ministerial family. His father was Stephen Sanderson, who removed from Littleton, N. H., and settled in 1788, in Waterford, Me., where Aaron was born, Oct. 4, 1802. Of his seven brothers and sisters, Stephen and Moses became, like himself, Methodist preachers, and Sarah,

the wife of a Methodist preacher. Aaron was educated in the district schools, where, meagre though his advantages may have been, he secured an education that, coupled with his strong native genius, gave him eminent standing among the preachers of his generation. At the age of sixteen he was converted, and six years later he received license to preach, Durham circuit being assigned as his first pastorate. In 1828, he married Catharine Howard of Winthrop, a lady whose noble character and steadfast piety especially fitted her for the life-companion of a Christian minister.

Mr. Sanderson was appointed presiding elder of the Augusta district in 1844, and at the close of a term of three years, was appointed to a similar position in the Gardiner district. In 1850 he rented a place in Monmouth to which he removed his family. The next year he was appointed pastor of Chestnut St. Church, of Portland, and in 1852 was placed at the head of the Portland district. His subsequent appointments were Saco, 1856-7 and Augusta 1858-9. For the three years following 1864, he presided over the Readfield district, and from 1867 to 1870, over the Gardiner district. On being returned to the Gardiner district, he purchased the Norris stand on Norris Hill and again became a resident of Monmouth. He sold the farm to Geo. W. Norris in 1875, his appointments being such that the location which had been a very central and desirable one, was not at all suited to the requirements of his work. In 1878, on account of failing health, he received a superannuated relation, and removed to Monmouth, where he remained until his decease, which occurred Feb. 9, 1886.

“During the last eight years of his life.” says Dr. Allen, in his History of Methodism, “Bro. Sanderson was unable to take work, and made his home with his children in Monmouth. His health continued to decline. On the 25th of Oct., 1884, the great sorrow of his life came to him in the death of his wife; this was a crushing blow.

The nature of his disease led to seasons of mental depression, which, however, were succeeded by radiant hope. His last utterance was a few lines of a favorite hymn:

‘Lord Jesus be our constant guide,
And when the word is given,
Bid death’s cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.’

“* * * Bro. Sanderson was of spotless life and conversation, popular on every charge and faithful to every trust. He had a modest estimate of himself, a high sense of honor, and a remarkably buoyant and cheerful disposition; a delightful companion and a true Christian gentleman.

As a preacher he was animated, ready, accurate in quoting Scriptures and hymns, and apt in illustration, and remarkable for point and brevity.

He was thoroughly orthodox in doctrine, strongly conservative in his views of church polity and deeply interested to aid the enterprises of the church. He was greatly beloved by his brethren in the Conference, and by his neighbors.”

Mr. Sanderson remained on the circuit only one year following his appointment in 1826, and the next year his brother, Moses Sanderson, who was his senior by

three years was placed in charge.

Moses Sanderson was the first settled preacher on the Monmouth circuit. This circuit, formed in 1827, included, as has been intimated, the towns of Wayne and Leeds. The history of Mr. Sanderson's life is confined to the Conference minutes, in which we find him registered first in Monmouth, then in Gray and Friendship successively, and in 1830 transferred to the New Hampshire Conference. Late in life, he removed to Wisconsin. His widow, Jane Randall Sanderson, died in Glidden, Iowa, Dec. 30, 1892, at the advanced age of ninety-one years. A grandson, through whom the information came, is studying for the ministry, which demonstrates that the religious vitality of the family is not yet exhausted.

O. Bent came in 1828, and was returned in 1832. D. Crockett came in 1829, and was followed by Rev. D. Clarke whose name appears later in the minutes of the Fast Maine Conference. Rev. M. Davis had been in service at two appointments in Oxford county, before his pastorate here in 1831. He died four years later.

Mr. Tripp preached here a portion of the year 1832. Rev. D. Stimpson came the next year and Rev. B. Bryant took the charge in 1834. Rev. E. Withee, who came in 1836, was a man of marked genius, broad versality and unlimited eccentricity. "I don't believe in giving the devil all the best tunes," said he at his first prayer-meeting, and starting a lively air, he rattled the demi-semi quavers in around the unwilling syllables of one of Charles Wesley's hymns in a way that would have caused that sedate personage to throw

up his hands in holy horror. It was, without question, an innovation for which he could claim the whole credit. It amused the young folks, aroused the sleepy ones, and caused the fathers and the mothers of the church to shrink and writhe like rushes in the northern blast. Remonstrances and rebukes availed nothing. Sometimes a good sister on the alert to vindicate the honor of the old hymnology, would get a chance to sandwich old "Turner" or a particular minor in between "old Zip Coon" and "Hail Columbia," but usually Withee led off, and such a shaking up as those astonished old "pennyrials" got in his hands! If any one questioned his allegiance to the institutions and doctrines of the church, he soon established it. The plain costume worn by the primitive Methodists had been abandoned by the women of the society, and one more in conformity with the idea of the times substituted. Mr. Withee proceeded at once to bring them back to the less agreeable customs of former days. With the skill of a professional milliner he constructed bonnets of the old standard type, and enforced their use. The old meeting-house still remained in an unfinished state. The rough beams, festooned with fantastic cobwebs of many an ancient day, were an eye-sore to the whimsical pastor. Selecting a rainy day for the application of the text, he preached to them from Haggai 1: 4 "Is it time for you, O ye, to dwell in your ceiled houses, and this house lie waste?" The monied men of the congregation flinched a little at this thrust, and they flinched still more as volley after volley of untrimmed oratory came pouring down from the pulpit. The rain commenced to drip through the leaky roof: mix-

ing with the dust of the cobwebs, it formed dirty little puddles on the seats, and played with indiscriminate fondness on many a polished shirt-front. "You might have the droppings of the sanctuary instead of this dirty water," cried the preacher, as his congregation commenced to huddle up into the dry places. He had taken sure aim. The church was repaired without delay.

It was originally, like the old yellow meeting-house on the common, a two-storied building. In the forty years that had elapsed since it was erected, church architecture had undergone a marked change. The high pulpit from which the minister looked down on the heads of his congregation like a hawk preparing to descend on a brood of chickens, was no longer considered an essential feature, and with this removed, there was no call for the immense height which was a leading point in the construction of all churches built in the last century. A cutting-down process, by which it lost at least one-third of its altitude, reduced the building to about the proportions of a modern church structure.

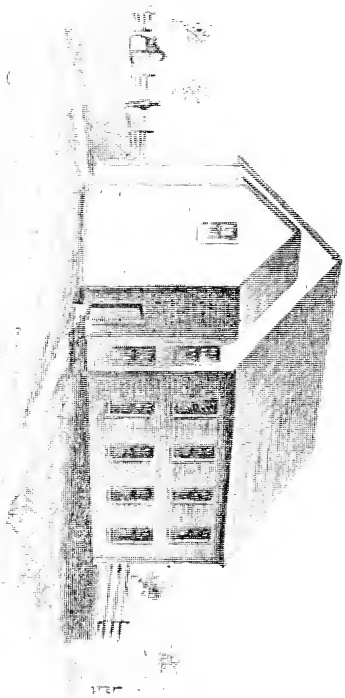
After Mr. Withee, came a man equally as eccentric, though of an entirely different turn—"Campmeeting John" Allen—a sketch of whose life it would be superfluous to give. He had then just entered on his work in the Christian ministry. Obadiah Huse followed him with this as his first pastorate. He was transferred to the East Maine Conference, and died in 1887. S. S. Hunt came next. For unknown reasons he was removed, and Rev. I. Downing supplied the rest of his term and was retained the following year. Richard H.

Ford was next in turn, and 1840 found Ezekiel Robinson the father of Mrs. Dr. Torsey on the charge.

In 1842 David Hutchinson, the sailor preacher, who came as an auxiliary to Mr. Cummings in 1813, returned, now a venerable man twice honored with the office of presiding elder, and bearing the culture which an association of nearly thirty years with educated people must bring. Marcus Wight took the charge the next year. He was an honest, blunt preacher, holding a very modest estimate of his own abilities, but forcible and fluent, and, above all, thoroughly committed to his work. The church was destroyed by fire this year and for the two years following, meetings were held in private houses. Just how the fire caught will never be known. A singing school was held in the building the night before it was burned, and it is supposed by some that a stick of wood, which for some reason was taken from the stove and placed under a bench in the back part of the house, committed the mischief. Rev. J. Higgins came in 1844, and remained two years. In the first year of his pastorate a new meeting-house was built on the lot now owned by Mr. Wheeler at the juncture of Main and High streets. This building was removed in 1866, with considerable opposition on the part of some of the pew holders, to a site near the Center. Rev. B. Foster, a preacher of considerable merit, afterward transferred to the East Maine Conference, held the pastorate in 1846-7. He was relieved by Rev. Rufus Day, who married a daughter of Dr. James Cochran, and who is the father of Rev. J. W. Day, for many years presiding elder in the East Maine Conference. From the year

1850, the pastors have been: S. P. Blake, 1850; I. Lord, 1851; R. H. Stinchfield, 1852-3; S. M. Emerson, 1854; J. Mitchell, 1855-6; Dudley B. Holt, 1857-8; E. Martin, 1859-60; W. B. Bartlett, 1861-2; N. Hobart, 1863-4; J. C. Perry, 1865-6; D. B. Randall, 1867-8; P. Hoyt, 1869; (Mr. Hoyt died Sept., 1869.); J. O. Thompson, 1869-70; E. K. Colby, 1871-2; F. Grosvenor, 1873-4; D. Waterhouse, 1875-6; R. H. Kimball, 1877-8; True Whittier, 1879-80; O. S. Pillsbury, 1881-3; G. D. Holmes, 1884-6; E. Hewitt, 1877-8; J. H. Roberts, 1879-91; F. W. Smith, 1892 and W. B. Eldridge, 1893.

About 1858, a parsonage was purchased at Monmouth Center. The house now owned by Mrs. Almira Prescott having been used as a parsonage several years. Through the effort of Rev. F. Grosvenor a vestry was erected south of the church in 1874, and during the pastorate of Rev. O. S. Pillsbury, the auditorium was frescoed and a fine-toned bell hung in the tower.



The First Methodist Meeting-house.

ERECTED IN 1795. DESTROYED BY FIRE IN 1843.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CLOSE OF A CENTURY.

The period from 1793 to the close of the century, although one of continued growth, was, aside from the occurrences connected with the religious reformation, uneventful and devoid of marked historic interest.

New families continued to pour in; hardly a month passing without an increase in the number.

On the 28th of April, 1794, Nathaniel Smith sold his clearing and lands in the vicinity of Ellis Corner to David Marston of North Hampton, N. H.

The farm on which Mr. Smith made his last clearing is now a portion of the well-known "Dr. Day place." The house was taken down nearly a half-century ago, and the one erected by his son, James F. Smith, to take its place has been destroyed by fire in recent years. It stood a little south of the farm buildings of Rev. Dr. Day, on the opposite side of the highway.

Mr. Smith reared a family which, like many others of the sterling, pioneer stock, has entirely disappeared from among us. One of his sons, J. Alden Smith, oc-

occupies the position of Professor of Geology in the State University of Colorado.

David Marston was a descendant in the fifth generation of William Marston, who came to America in 1634, settling in Newbury, and afterwards removing to Hampton, N. H., where the generations intervening between him and the subject of this sketch resided, and where David was born Sept. 4, 1757. David's father was captain of a company of the heroes of the Revolution. In 1780 he married Mary Wadleigh of Epping, N. H., and after the close of the war, worked at his trade of tanning and shoemaking until he removed to Monmouth.

Mr. Marston was a man of great energy and considerable ability. In the militia he gained the title of Major, a title most fitting to a man of his dignity and firmness.

When the Methodist society first contemplated building a church, Major Marston donated a lot to the trustees for a building-spot. In later years, after the structure erected on this land was burned, it was proposed to build again, nearer the center of the town, and the old lot was offered for sale. "No," said the Major, "I sold that lot for a meeting-house, that they might preach and expound God's Holy Word," and notwithstanding all attempts to take the land by prescription, he held it to the last. This incident not only illustrates his great exactness, but smacks of the eccentricity that marked his declining days. He attained the rare age of ninety-three years. His last sickness was long and wearisome; during which his mind wandered back over the scenes that had deeply impressed themselves

on his youthful memory, and many days were spent on the battle-fields of the Revolution and in wandering over plains strewed with the mangled corpses of his youthful companions until, at last, the aged body, racked and wearied in its attempts to keep pace with the still vigorous, though aberrant, intellect, sank back into its final rest. All this time, through weeks and months, the Major insisted on wearing a soft, white hat for which he had a particular fancy, day and night, never suffering it to be removed from his head for a moment. It was his last whim, and those who watched over him in those days of feebleness never regretted that it was gratified.

Lewis Marston, son of the above, shortly before his decease, which occurred in 1810, when he was but 27 years of age, was engaged in trade at the store which stood on the ledge south of his father's house. He was a young man of more than ordinary ambition and ability, as is attested by the fact that when only twenty one years of age he had accumulated considerable property in his own name. The store where he traded was moved, not far from 1850, to Greenleaf A. Blake's, and is now one of the buildings owned by Mr. Thompson.

James and Nathaniel Nichols settled not far from 1794 in the eastern part of the town. They were twin sons of James Nichols, a veteran of the American Revolution who emigrated to this country from the north of Ireland with the Scotch-Irish Protestants who settled in New Hampshire. They were, like their father, blacksmiths. Their anvil, an unshapely block of hammered iron which was brought from Ireland, is now in the pos-

session of S. O. King, Esq., of Monmouth Centre.

James settled on the farm now owned by Mr. Gowan. He purchased the land in a wild state and cleared it. Nathaniel, who was an officer in the Continental Army, took up and cleared the adjoining farm, now known as the "Tillson place." He afterward exchanged farms with Nathaniel Hawes, who owned and cleared the one now occupied by Mr. Frank Jones, and later purchased the Gowan farm of his brother, who removed to the eastern part of the state. Late in life, Mr. Nichols erected the brick house which now stands on the place. His wife was Nancy Blake, daughter of Phineas Blake. She was a most devoted and enthusiastic Methodist, while her husband was equally as strong an adherent to the Universalist creed. Strange to say, their children were equally divided in religious opinion, one half following the example of the mother, and the other half clinging to the theological tenets of the father.

Joseph Nichols, a brother of the above, came from New Hampshire some years later than his brothers, and settled directly opposite the school-house near Frank Jones's. His wife was Nancy Bryant of Meredith, N. H.

Another immigrant of the same period was Capt. William P. Kelly, who came through from Meredith, N. H., dragging his household effects through the cow-paths on a four-ox-team. His wife rode behind on horseback, carrying a child in her arms, and following her was another horse on which were mounted William and Sarah, their oldest children. They found a home on the crest of Stevens Hill where Mrs. Rhoda A. Prescott now lives. Capt. Kelly was in the Revolutionary War. He enlisted on a privateer, was captured and



Residence of Fred K. Blake.

F. K. Blake

carried to Dartmoor prison, where he was held about fourteen months. To kill time, he joined a school which the better educated prisoners instituted, where he secured nearly all the education he ever boasted. He was Captain of the "foot" company in 1804, and probably gained his title as commander of this local military organization. He was an energetic, industrious man with a keen eye for business, and owned mills at East Monmouth which brought him a good revenue.

When Capt Kelly began his clearing on the top of hill, there was, just below him on the north, a large farm which was already in a fair state of cultivation. For eight years Phineas Blake and his sons had been cutting away the forest and preparing the way for a settlement in that part of the town. Phineas Blake, in selecting the spot on which the "George Riley Blake house" now stands for the location of his home, did a very curious thing—something that not one of the pioneers who preceded him had ventured to do—built his house at the foot of a hill. He was the first of the New Hampshire colonists who settled in the eastern part of the town, and undoubtedly his acquaintance and association with the settlers in the western portion served to unite them with those on the banks of the Cobbosee-contee below him, who were all, from former associations, connected with the people of Winthrop. Mr. Blake was a tailor and farmer. He enlisted, Apr. 27, 1758, in Capt. Gilman Somersbee's company, under Col. John Hart, for Crown Point, the seat of Indian warfare, and, after performing signal service, was discharged Oct. 20th following. His wife was Ruth Dearborn, daughter of Simon and a sister of

Monmouth's foremost citizen, Gen. Henry Dearborn.

Mr. Blake reared a large family, the youngest of which was seven years of age when he settled in Monmouth, and he was exceedingly fortunate in having them all select homes near the old nest. His oldest daughter, Sally, married Capt. Wm. P. Kelly, who has already been mentioned, with whom she lived in Meredith, N. H., about nine years before removing to Monmouth. Dearborn, the oldest son, settled on the farm now owned by Charles Merrill; Molly married Josiah Brown, and came to this town one year earlier than the rest of her father's family; Phineas, jun., settled on the farm now owned by his great-grandson, Fred K. Blake; Pascal remained on the home place; Abigail married Abner Bingham; Anna, Nathaniel Nichols; and Ruth, John A. Torsey; all of whom settled within a half-mile of the paternal roof.

Phineas jun. and Pascal married sisters, Betsey and Nancy, daughters of Benj. Kimball, and sisters of Thomas and Benj. Kimball, jun., who settled on the farms on Norris Hill known as the "Blue place" and "Kimball place" respectively. Benj. Kimball, sen. came to this town about the time that the Blakes took up their land, and settled near Josiah Brown. All traces of the house in which he lived have long since disappeared.

Phineas Blake, jun. appears to have been a man of activity and ability. Before he was of age, he had taken up and cleared the farm on which his descendants have since resided and erected the large barn that still stands as a monument of his youthful energy, and at the early age of twenty-two he, in company with his father and

brothers owned mills at East Monmouth. He was one of the members of the first Methodist class organized in Maine, and ever held both heart and purse open to the church to his election.

The same year that the Nichols brothers and Capt. Kelly took up a residence in town, Philip Rowell came from Salisbury, Mass., and began clearing the farm near Norris Hill on which his grandson now lives. He had purchased the land at an auction sale in Boston, at a shilling an acre. The purchase included the lot now owned by Mr. Hamilton. His son Joseph, who accompanied him, and who was a man with a family, made the clearing on the latter lot. They boarded with Benj. Clough. The next season Joseph, who had been residing in Amesbury, moved in with his family, which consisted of a wife and one child.

Joseph Rowell was a young man, a member of the society of Friends, correct in habits, industrious and intelligent; qualities that won him a hearty welcome to the little settlement. His young wife, Mary Colby, whom he married in Amesbury and brought with him, was deprived of looking into the face of another woman for more than six months after she moved to her new home. The first female she met was Bethany Ham, an old, roving lady, who later became a town charge. Her joy at meeting one of her sex was almost unbounded.

Benj. French, a pedagogue whose wonderful attainments in writing "round hand" and "figgerin" won him the reverential *sobriquet* of "doctor," was another of the immigrants of 1794. "Doctor" French purchased a portion of the field north west from the town

common, and built a house about where the cheese factory now stands. His home was surrounded by a flourishing orchard, which became decayed with age and was cut down by Nathaniel Blue after the land came into his possession.

Although the town had been divided into five school districts, it would appear from the records that Mr. French was the only teacher employed in 1794, and that he spent nearly half of his time with the school in the center district, which convened at the house of Daniel Gilman, near where Mr. Stewart now lives.

The valuation for the year 1795 shows an increase of seventeen houses and fourteen barns. Among the many houses that had been built in the preceding year were those of Thomas Stockins and Robert Hill. The number of shops however had decreased from seven to four. Capt. Prescott's blacksmith shop was burned; the fate of the others is not known. There were five mills; one at the outlet of South Pond, owned by General Dearborn, Nathaniel Norris and others. This was a saw-mill and grist-mill combined. At the Center was a saw mill owned by William Allen and Ichabod Baker, and a grist-mill owned by General Dearborn, John Welch and Capt. Blossom. At the outlet of Wilson pond stood the saw-mill of Robt. Hill and the grist-mill of Thomas Stockins.

Another saw-mill was built some time during the year on the Wilson stream by George Hopkins, Caleb Thurston, Dudley Thurston and Jonathan Thurston. The latter owned one-half; Hopkins, one-fourth; and the others one-eighth each. This mill stood near the spot where the shovel and hoe shops were subsequently



Thomas Blake.

erected, and was the first mill built on the Wilson stream below Stockin's. Capt. Hopkin's wife being dead, he sold all his property to his son George. George seems to have been a man of enterprise, for in addition to assisting in building the above mentioned mill this year, he enlarged the potash works that his father had established many years before. In 1795, John Huse, a joiner, came into town. He lived in George Hopkins' house until the year following. By this time he had a house and shop of his own on the west side of the road near Hopkin's, and about twenty-nine acres of land. He was an industrious fellow, and carried on an extensive business, employing a number of assistants and apprentices.

The number of voters had increased in 1795 to eighty-five, a gain of eleven. Only ten had been added to the number of taxable polls, while the list showed an addition of fifteen to the number of families. The settlement at North Monmouth had received quite a reinforcement. Ebenezer Thurston had settled where Cyrus E. Towle lives, and Dudley Thurston had made a beginning near the farm owned by Charles Robinson. Welcome Bishop had cut a clearing on the farm now owned by James Packard and George F. Bishop; and Jesse Bishop, one at the junction of the road leading to Henry Norris's and the Leeds road.

An equal division of the money appropriated for the support of schools this year among the several districts seemed unjust to those who lived in districts where a large portion of the assessments fell, and it was voted at the annual meeting that the several districts should "enjoy the privileges of their own district money". The

sums of forty-five and one hundred pounds, respectively, were appropriated for the support of the schools and for improvements on the highways.

It has been stated that all the schools except the one kept in the North district, were held in private houses. The following bill shows where the winter term was held. "The town of Monmouth to Daniel Gilman, Dr. To the use of my house to keep school in six weeks, ten shillings. Daniel Gilman, Monmouth, April 1. 1795."

The appended certificate from the committee demonstrates the fitness of the gentlemen composing it for the position they held:

"We the Commicy have inspeked the Count and have found it Rite

ICHABOD BAKER,

JAMES HARVEY."

As many of the farmers were not particularly anxious to keep their cattle within the limits of their own domains while the sides of roads afforded superior pasturage, it was considered expedient to build a pound, where erratic animals could be confined. Accordingly it was voted at a meeting held at John Welch's on the 6th day of May to build this pound of hewed timber, thirty feet square. It was to be placed on William Allen's lot, and that gentleman was to act as pound-keeper. To defray the cost of building this enclosure, seven pounds and ten shillings were raised.

William Allen, Asahel Blake and Robert Withington were chosen a committee to keep the fishways open or, as the record has it, "a fish committee".

This year saw the death of the old English form of reckoning values. Dollars and cents took the place of

pounds, shillings and pence as standards of value.

Among the persons who became residents of the town about this time was William Lowney, a schoolmaster who plied the birch and performed the other less important duties of the ancient pedagogue in the public schools of Monmouth many years. He settled on the "Morrill place," where Mr. Smith had been living. Like nearly all the schoolmasters of those days, he was an old man; but, unlike some of them, was well educated. His only drawback to success as a teacher was the brogue he brought from Erin, unless his extreme littleness of stature and general inferiority of appearance might be added. He was well known as an efficient educator throughout this portion of the state. His brogue, which was quite marked, was the cause of considerable confusion among his pupils. One day while drilling a spelling class he gave out the word "thumb." The one to whom the word was given, led astray by the old gentleman's peculiar and original pronunciation, promptly responded, "T-u-m, tum." "Naw, nixt!" "T-o-m." "Naw. The nixt!" "T-e-u-m." "Naw. naw, an fath! can't ye sphell tum?" "T-u-m-m." "Naw. The nixt!" "T-o-m-m". "Naw, naw! An fath ye can't sphell it at all, intoirly." After "tum" had gone the rounds of the class two or three times, the old gentleman became exasperated, and spreading his hands out before the puzzled class, he yelled "Tum, *tum*, TUM,—the tum on ye hand, an fath can't ye sphell *tum* now, shure?" A young upstart among his scholars said, "Won't you take a jig with me Master Lowney?" "I swear to ye I will," was his reply, and suiting the action to the word he applied the birch vigorously.

Mr. Lowney removed from this town to Belfast in 1804. Among the other early pedagoguees were Masters Smith, Lyford, Crossman, Patch and Kinsley. Smith and Lyford were the first who taught in town. Old Master Kinsley was found dead in the road just below Smart's Corner one winter day. He was supposed to have died in a fit. There was another noted school-master who lived in town in later years. Like Master Lowney, he was a son of Hiberna. Master Magner wore a long-tailed coat, and velvet breeches that fitted his limbs so closely as to make them appear about as large as a man's wrist. Like Master Lowney he was fond of a drop of "the good crayther". At the first election of artillery officers, held in Capt. Prescott's hall, Master Magner was at his best. The finest liquors that could be procured were served as freely as water, and, by some, drank with a freedom that would put water to the blush. Master Magner rose to the spirits of the occasion—or was it the spirits that rose? Under the circumstances a toast would be eminently proper; and who was better qualified to propose it than Master Magner? Thus soliloquizing, he raised his glass far above his head proclaiming, "Here the cup goes round an—." Alas for human calculation! It was Master Magner's head, and not the cup, that was going round. He staggered a little, and before he could regain his perpendicular, found himself lying at the bottom of the steep stairway leading from the hall, slightly sobered and considerably injured.

The following article concerning Master Magner, evidently from the pen of that able writer of historic sketches, Mr. A. W. Tinkham, of North Monmouth,

was copied some three or four years ago from the Winthrop Budget: "About one hundred years ago the first John Magner made his appearance in New Hampshire. He ran away from Dublin, Ireland, and came in no small degree of pomp for he was dressed in a white linen suit with silver buckles and black silk stockings which reached to the knee. He had with him several of these suits for a change, all white linen, and as some of our grand-mothers of the first families have told us, a half bushel of gold and silver coin. After marrying the widowed mother of Samuel Harvey, and having four children of his own, he took both families and came all the way to Monmouth on horseback. Here by his smartness in school-teaching he received the title of "Master" Magner, by which name he was called until his death. I have been told of late that he taught the first school ever taught in Greene. His only son that lived—James Magner, settled in Wayne."

This was published in the heat of the excitement caused by the announcement that a large estate had fallen to the Magner heirs of this country. Whatever may have been the value of the property, none of the Monmouth heirs have yet seen their shares.

William Getchell came from New Meadows in 1795, and settled on the farm now occupied by Cyrus Wyman, Esq. The house that he erected was purchased by Wm. H. Potter several years ago and moved to his farm, where it was occupied by him until his decease. Benjamin Getchell, a younger brother of William, settled on that part of the Wm. Henry Potter place which was for many years owned by William Jordan. He moved to Wayne years later. He was the father of Hiram and

Alec. Getchell, who reside near Leeds Junction.

William Getchell's wife was Rebecca Springer. He reared ten children, the oldest of whom, Sophia, married Prince Palmer, who came from Nobleboro and settled on the farm now owned by Barzillai Walker, Esq., at South Monmouth. His oldest son, Alanson, who married Pamela Getchell, sister of Elder Mark Getchell, took up the farm now owned by John Hinkley. A fish-peddler by the name of John Bickford afterward lived on the place. Bickford's wife erected a store on the spot where Wm. H. Chick's house now stands, in which she traded several years. The building was moved to Wales by Andrew Hall and attached to the buildings now owned by Mr. Seward. Susan, another child of Wm. Getchell, married Dr. Josiah Burnham of Lawrence, Mass., who resided and practiced medicine for a short time in Monmouth.

James Jewell came in 1795 from Fox Island, Me. He took up the Dr. Daly farm, near the Wales line, now owned by Mr. Caswell. His son, Abraham, who was, probably, a boy of about eight years when he came to this part of the State, inherited the property. The latter married first a Miss Lane; second, Hannah Jenkins. After the property came into his possession, he sold it, and, moving across the line into Wales, settled on the farm now owned by his son, Nelson Jewell, Esq.

Another immigrant of this period was John Parsons, or Persons, as we find it on the town records. Where he first settled is not known. He remained but a short time on this place before taking up a new lot beyond Norris Hill, where he spent the remainder of his days and reared a family, all the members of which have

found homes in other states. Mr. Parsons was, like many of his neighbors from New Hampshire, a shoemaker. Shoemaking and blacksmithing were occupations that furnished large numbers with employment before the days of shoe shops and edge-tool manufactories. The papers and private accounts of Mr. Parsons which, through the courtesy of Mr. D. P. Boynton, have been placed in the hands of the writer, have served to verify dates of considerable importance. The Parsons house which was moved and remodelled by Rev. Dr. Day a few years since, was not, as many suppose, the original Parsons house. The old building stood on the opposite side of the highway, near the well on Highmoor Farm.

The annual meeting for 1796 was held at Ichabod Baker's, on the 4th of April. Capt. Peter Hopkins was chosen moderator, and John Chandler elected clerk. Dudley B. Hobart, John Chandler and Simon Dearborn, Jr., were elected selectmen and assessors, and Simon Dearborn, collector, "to collect for four pence on the pound."

The highway surveyors appointed were Robert Withington, John Chandler, Benjamin Clough, James Harvey Levi Dearborn, Josiah Brown and William Kelly.

We find surveyors of brick mentioned the first time in the report of this meeting. Another innovation was a "general school committee," consisting of Dudley B. Hobart, John Chandler and William Lowney, in addition to which was the regular school committee, to which board James Harvey, William Titus, Joseph Allen, James Blossom and Benjamin Clough were appointed. The first act after electing the officers was to

vote "to pay Mr. Case for preaching two dollars of Town money, for 1795." Fifty dollars were to be raised to pay town charges, and the sum of "one hundred sixty-six dollars and sixty-seven cents, for schooling. No money was raised to pay for the services of a preacher for 1796.

It was voted to accept two roads which were designated as follows: "one beginning at a maple tree at the north-west corner of Philip Jenkins' land: thence E. S. E. 72 rods to Jenkins house.

The western portion of the road leading from the Warren district to the Ridge was the one herein designated. It was built for the accomdation of Philip Jenkins and Joseph Allen, the former of whom lived on the north side of the highway, the latter, on the south.

The other road accepted at this meeting began at a "beech stump" between Thomas Gray's and George Leighton's land and ran W. N. W. eighty rods to where Ezekiel and Thomas Arno lived.

Ebenezer Straw removed from Epping to Monmouth in 1797, arriving, as we learn from his private journal, on the 14th day of February. He purchased the Gen. Henry Dearborn place, which has several times been noticed as the farm recently owned by Mr. Bickford.

Dudley B. Hobart, the General's son-in-law, had been living on the farm about four years. In 1816, Mr. Straw exchanged places with James Weeks, who has been noticed as the first settler on the J. W. Goding place, and removed to Lewiston.

Mr. Straw appears to have been a man of great versatility.

Whatever any one wanted his hands and his wife's

could evidently furnish. His day-book, now before me, bears charges against nearly all of the first settlers, especially members of the Epping colony. We find him working at the cobbler's bench, manufacturing goad-sticks, running a cider-mill, setting a coal-kiln, butchering, doctoring, pressing hay, making trousers and waistcoats, and weaving cloth for the local market.

He had a flourishing orchard, and so'd large quantities of apples and cider. His was the first cider-mill in town of which we have any knowledge.

Jerah Swift settled the same year on the Neck, on the farm owned by H. T. Leach, which had been taken up and partially cleared by his father-in-law. His first wife was a daughter of Maj. James Norris; his second was Widow Averill, by whom he had four children, one of whom was the wife of John Gale. He is spoken of as a good citizen.

John A. Torsey, who settled at East Monmouth the same year, was the son of Dr. Gideon Torsey, who came to America from France as surgeon in the army during the French and Indian war. Dr. Torsey married Rebecca Morgan, and settled in Gilmanton, N. H. Mrs. Torsey died Feb. 14, 1809, aged seventy-five years, seven days. They had five children, David, Elizabeth, John Atkinson, Moses and William. The last was the progenitor of the Winthrop Torses. John Atkinson, the subject of this sketch, was born Feb. 7, 1771. At the age of seventeen he left his home in Gilmanton, N. H., and with a travelling companion walked to the Kennebec river. He married Ruth Blake, at Monmouth, March 29, 1800. Mr. Torsey was a man of extraordinary character and range of genius. Encouraged by oppor-

tunities, he might have gained a name among men, unless eccentricity, that almost inseparable companion of genius, had proved a barrier to his advancement. As a mathematician he had few equals. It was his pastime, his recreation, to wrestle with problems that would have discouraged one less in love with the study. Pedagogical pursuits would have seemed far more in keeping with the man than the cobbler's bench, but he chose the latter. He was a practical land surveyor, and was for a time in the service of the Plymouth proprietary, running lines. It was during the troublesome period known in state history as the "Malta war" that he was engaged in this service. The life of a surveyor in those days was far from pleasant, if not in constant jeopardy. While surveying a tract of land in Litchfield, he was fired on several times by free-booters disguised as Indians. The first, second and third shots went wide of the mark, and Torsey paid them no attention, supposing they were intended to intimidate him; but when a bullet whizzed by at a saucy distance, and lodged in a hard wood stump just back of him, he gathered his instruments and departed for a more congenial clime. The last years of his life he devoted much of his time to writing. It would be gratifying to be able to decipher the contents of his manuscript, if only to appease curiosity, but, alas! a system of short-hand devised by himself guards faithfully the words that were conveyed to paper only to refresh his decaying memory, or to satisfy an impulse for literary work.

He settled first about opposite the Hiram Titus place on Monmouth Neck; later on a lot near the Blake homestead. He erected a house in what is now the

orchard of Rufus A. King, which was subsequently moved to the brow of the hill several rods eastward, where it is now occupied by H. H. Thompson. He spent the last years of his life in the house now owned by Rufus A. King, which he purchased of Simon Otis.

While Straw, Torsey and Swift were forming new acquaintances in their several neighborhoods, another new comer was adjusting himself to the inconveniences of forest life near Dearborn's corner.

Josiah Towle, in common with all others of the name in New England, descended from one of three Towle brothers who come from England early in the eighteenth century, and settled in New Hampshire, having received grants of land from the crown. One of the brothers, Benjamin, settled in Chichester. He participated in the Indian Wars. His son, Benjamin jun., came to Monmouth in 1800, and settled on the place where Frank Rideout lives. He was accompanied by his wife and seven children. One son, Josiah, as has already been stated, preceded him by three years, and settled near Dearborn's Corner, having married Sarah, daughter of Levi Dearborn. He was the father of nine children, only one of whom, Elizabeth, who married Wm. G. Brown, remained in Monmouth.

Another son of Benjamin Towle jun., was Joseph, who came to Monmouth in 1804 and settled on the so-called "Pinkham place," on which Mr. Perkins now resides. He returned to New Hampshire after a short residence in this town.

Benjamin, a third son of Benj. Towle jun., and the father of our citizen, Capt. Daniel G. Towle, came to Monmouth in 1800, to work for Capt. Wm. P. Kelley,

whose daughter, Sarah, he soon married. He remained with the captain seven years, and of him, in the meantime, purchased the farm now known as the Hiram Foster place. While clearing the latter place and preparing his home, it was his custom to work for his father-in-law from daylight to dark, and then, shouldering his axe he would walk through the woods to his own lot, and, all alone in the darkness, entertained by hooting owls and screeching loupceviers, toil away far into the night, felling the heavy pines and piling them for a burn. Such was the metal of which the pioneers were composed. Is it any wonder that, almost to a man, they secured a competence?

In 1798 a change was effected by which the town was divided into four districts—north, south, east and west. The west district was to contain all the land from the north to the south lines of the town, “beginning at the mouth of Intervale Brook at Wilson Pond, keeping the course of said brook southerly to the south side of McLellan’s and Clement’s land [now J. M. Given’s]; thence a southerly course to the west bank of Cochnewagan pond, keeping the bank of the pond to the south end of said pond; thence a south course to the south line of the town and to comprehend all between that line and the west line of the town. The east district to begin on the east line of the town on Cobbossee Pond, keeping Cobbossee road to the crotch of the road leading to Capt. Dearborn’s [Chas. Moore’s] and Ensign Kelley’s [Nathan F. Prescott’s] thence a west course to Intervale stream, thence keeping the westerly bank of the pond to the north line of the town, and to comprehend all the land between the last-men-

tioned line and the north and east lines of the town. The north and south districts to contain all the rest of the town, the dividing line between the north and south districts to be a line run west-north-west and from the east to the west districts, half way from the north to the south lines of the town." At the same time it was voted to raise six hundred dollars to be expended in building school-houses.

Hitherto the valuation tax-bills and collector's warrants had not been recorded on the town books. Seeing the necessity of keeping these for future reference, a vote was taken which resulted in the choice of John Chandler as engrosser, with instructions to copy all such papers used since the incorporation of the town into a book to be provided for that purpose. Capt. Levi Dearborn, John Chandler and Ichabod Baker were chosen a committee to run the lines and raise the bounds between the north and south schools districts. A further vote determined that each district "shall have what money they pay towards building school-houses, and the Proprietors money to be divided equally between the four districts, to lay out on the school-houses in their respective districts."

The valuation lists show that seven houses, nine barns and four shops had been erected since the previous year. Another "potash" had been established at East Monmouth by Phineas Blake. The taxable polls now numbered one hundred fifteen against one hundred one for the last year. The voters had increased from ninety-three to one hundred two. There were ninety-eight families in town, an increase of thirteen.

A committee of one was appointed in each of the

new school-districts, to act as agent and general supervisor. Lt. Simon Dearborn was chosen for the north district, Wm. P. Kelley for the east, Capt. Levi Dearborn for the south, and Benjamin Clough for the west. Orders were issued to the several committees of the four school-districts for sums aggregating \$620.37, to be expended in building school-houses. The sums were disposed of as follows: To the north district, \$248.77; south, \$179.81; east, \$108.32 and west, \$86.47. In compliance with an order from the General Court, issued the previous year, a survey of the bounds of the town was made in 1798 by a practical surveyor by the name of Davis, assisted by Capt. James Harvey and Gilman Moody. This survey could not have been very thorough as the total expense was only nine dollars and seventeen cents. In addition to this, the sum of three dollars was drawn by Jedediah Prescott, Esq., for assisting in making a plan of the town. In 1798 as many as six or eight new families took up a residence in the town, and it is a singular fact that of all these families not a male descendant bearing the name now remains to represent them. A few years hence but for the records contained in this history the names of Loomis, Wickwire, Gove, Starks, Hawes, Arnold, Avery and Johnson would be unknown to the citizens of Monmouth.

Adna Loomis settled on the farm where George Perkins now resides. He came from Connecticut, and it is supposed that he, Capt. Arnold, Ezekiel Wickwire and Samuel Avery, Capt. Arnold's son-in-law, who settled on the farm where G. W. King lately lived, and who, it would appear from the inscription on the brown, moss-

covered tablet near the south-west corner of the yard, was the first person buried in the cemetery at Monmouth Center, all came together.

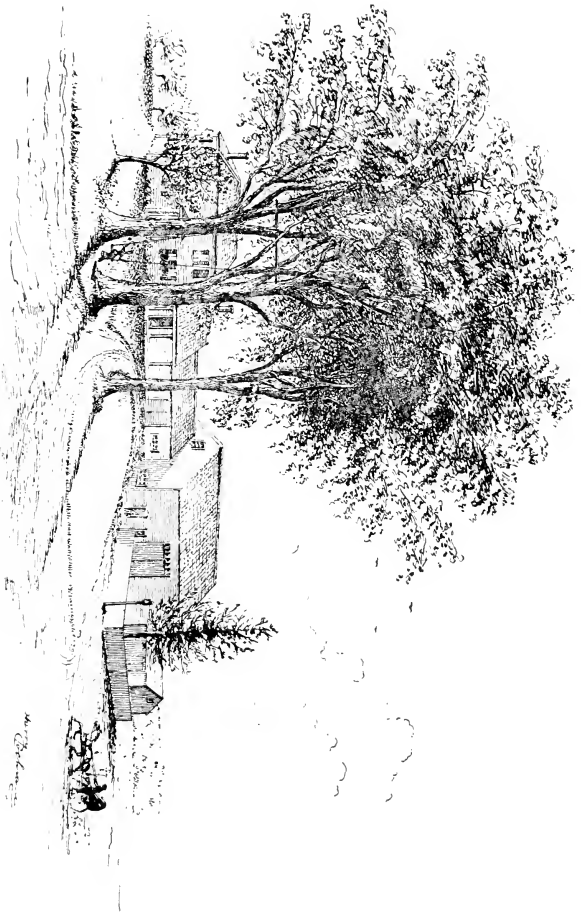
Capt. John Arnold was born in Connecticut in the year 1754. He married, in his native state, it is supposed, a lady by the name of Barrell, who bore him eight of his ten children. The other two were sons of the mother of Stephen Sewall of Winthrop, whom he married after the decease of his first wife.

His title was gained on the seas as commander of merchant ships. By degrees he gained ownership in vessels until, prior to the French Revolution, he became exceedingly wealthy. This war resulted in the loss of his shipping, and blasted the enterprises in which he was engaged. He then turned his mind toward the Kennebec Valley. Landing in Hollowell in one of the closing years of the last century, he came thence to Monmouth. As early as 1801, he was taxed for one-half of a mill and other property. But it is doubtful if he made this his permanent residence before 1807. Capt. Arnold died at the home of his son, Ebenezer, in Monmouth, Sept. 5, 1847, at the unusual age of ninety-three years.

Ezekiel Wickwire was born in Lebanon, Conn., April 4, 1766. His boyhood and youth were spent at sea with Capt. Arnold. In 1798 he came to Monmouth and purchased of Gen. Dearborn the farm now owned by the heirs of the late W. H. Tilton. After making a small clearing and building a house about two rods north of the spot where the main house now stands, he returned to his native town for his family, having married, March 19, 1794, Cynthia Torrey of that place, whose father was

a sea captain. In the fall of 1799 he returned with his wife and one child, and as his house was not furnished with windows and doors, very essential features in a northern climate, he went to Capt. Arnold's to spend the winter. After getting his farm well started, he spent three summers at his trade, butchering. In 1800 his younger brother, Elisha, a lad of sixteen years, came to live with him. Elisha received from his brother the gift of the Eben Loomis farm. It was then wild land. He made a clearing and built the house that still stands. He married Sally, daughter of Timothy Wight. Later in life he sold his farm to a Mr. Hunt and removed to Augusta, where he served as jailor. From there he removed to Windsor, where he died, in 1840, leaving no children.

The annals of the town furnish few more melancholy episodes than the brief connection of Samuel Avery with its history. Of his life before moving to this place we have no knowledge. When he came from Rockwell, Conn., he was a man of only twenty-five years, vigorous, energetic and active. His young wife, who accompanied him, was the daughter of Captain John Arnold. One mile south of Monmouth Center they built what, in those days, was considered a mansion, a building that was then far more stately and imposing than any other residence that had been erected in the town. Unless human nature has undergone a great change in the past century, it is perfectly safe to say that the young men of the settlement all envied their new associate. Living in the best residence in town, the father of two children, the husband of a young lady whose family was the acknowledged stand-



Residence of Geo. W. King, Esq.
SHOWING HOUSE ERECTED BY SAMUEL AVERY IN 1799.

ard in wealth and social eminence, his was a position to invite envy. On New Year's Day, 1799, many a young man would have eagerly exchanged with him his life-prospects. What followed is told by a simple inscription on a brown slab, with a trilobate top, in the village cemetery:

IN MEMORY OF
MR. SAMUEL AVERY,
WHO DIED
8TH JUNE, 1799,
IN THE 26TH YEAR
OF HIS AGE.

To the left of this time-defaced slab stands another, of the same peculiar form, on which is inscribed beneath the lichens:

IN MEMORY OF TWO
CHILDREN OF SAM'L
& JERUSHA AVERY:
SAMUEL DIED 1ST
MARCH, 1799, AGED
1 YEAR & 11 MONTHS,
SALLY DIED 17TH
FEB. 1799, AGED
8 MONTHS & 19 DAYS.

Elijah Gove settled on the well-known "Henry Day place." He was fourth in a family of sixteen children, and was born in Nottingham in 1773. He married Mary Herrick, of Lewiston, whose family was well known in political circles in the first of this century, and reared a large family, the members of which will be noticed in a later connection. Mr. Gove was a respected citizen and was once honored with a place on the board of selectmen.

Ebenezer Starks took up a residence in the eastern

part of the town. The traveller on the "Neck" road will notice on the side of the road near the house occupied by the Misses Tilton a large flat rock. This was the door stone of Ebenezer Stark's house, and although all other traces of it have been removed, this solitary relic stands today on the identical spot where it rested when the graded and turnpiked road was nothing more than a cow path through the thicket.

Mr. Starks was the father of Hon. Alanson Starks, an honored citizen and for many years the treasurer of Kennebec County.

Ichabod Hawes settled in the New Boston district. He had two sons, John and Charles. John, who was a blacksmith, came to Monmouth and built the house near the moccasin shop, now occupied by Andrew B. Pinkham, and a shop which stood where the Grange store now stands. Just above this shop stood a house built by Daniel Witherell, a blacksmith, who occupied the "Cannon shop" that stood on the W. W. Woodbury store lot some years before Mr. Hawes established in business here.

William Johnson purchased of George Hopkins, the Capt. Peter Hopkins place, and Hopkins and Jonathan Thurston removed to Belfast. John Huse followed soon after. Hopkins had an opportunity to become one of the richest men in Waldo County. He owned a large property in the heart of Belfast, including one square which is now the most valuable portion of the city. But Huse through some means came into possession of all this property and Hopkins died in poverty. The former soon after his removal to Belfast, opened a tavern, and shortly after was appointed deputy sheriff.

His large property fell to the noted Williamson family, a prominent member of which married his daughter.

Among the permanent settlers of Monmouth whose names first appeared on the tax-list in 1799, were John Sawyer and Samuel Brown.

John Sawyer came from Cumberland county. He was one of five boys, the sons of John Sawyer of North Yarmouth, an extensive ship owner and merchant.

John, jun. followed the seas when a young man. After his marriage to Mary Hannaford, he settled on a farm in North Yarmouth. In 1799, or possibly the latter part of the previous year, he removed to Monmouth, and settled on the farm north of the Capt. Basford place. The house in which he lived, which was erected by a former proprietor (probably Thompson), was afterwards purchased by Daniel Allen, and removed to Monmouth Ridge.

After a few years' residence in town, Mr. Sawyer moved to Durham, Me., where, he remained until his decease. He had six children; only one of whom, John, settled in Monmouth.

John Sawyer, third, who was a lad of seven years when his father moved to this town, married Philena Allen, daughter of Joseph Allen of pioneer fame, and settled on the farm adjoining Washington Warren's on the north, which he subsequently sold to Samuel Beal, and removed to the farm now owned by Mr. A. L. Walker, at North Monmouth. After remaining on this farm a few years, he sold it to David Moody, and purchased of Capt. John Arnold the place on which his son, J. Augustus Sawyer, now resides.

Samuel Brown was born April 11, 1786. He re-

moved from Chester, N. H. with his wife, Dorothy Gove, of Nottingham, and settled first on wild land in the Lyon district. This farm, now owned by the heirs of Chase Brown, he cleared. The work must have proved congenial, for he had hardly got the place into a good state of cultivation when he sold it to Chase Blake, who married Mrs. Brown's sister, Eleanor, and again struck his axe into the solid "old growth" on the Pinkham farm, now occupied by Mr. Perkins. Even this did not satisfy his desire for solid manual labor, and he went over to the Trask farm, Day's corner, and made a clearing and built the house that now stands there. He exchanged this place with Andrew Pinkham, who lived on the Ichabod Baker place. Later he purchased of General Chandler the farm now owned by his son-in-law, Dea. C. B. Bragdon.

Mr. Brown was in trade a number of years in the store, that in course of time evolved into the Cochnewagan House. He died April 12, 1876. Nine years after Samuel Brown came to Monmouth, his brother, Abraham, followed him and settled on the farm where George Gilman lives. He married Mrs. Eleanor Gove Blake, the widow of Chase Blake. Mr. Blake lived on the place he purchased of Samuel Brown only about two years, when he was stricken down with a "cold fever" from the effects of which he died at the age of twenty-six, leaving a young wife and two little girls, Olive and Mary, the latter of whom married True Woodbury of Litchfield. Mr. Brown settled on the Blake farm and succeeded in amassing a considerable property.

Although, as has been stated, the closing years of the

century were, in the main, uneventful, some changes were effected in the routes of travel and transportation, which added considerably to the convenience of the citizens of Monmouth.

The new route, opened in 1793, from the Kennebec river to Portland, by way of Monmouth, was considered far superior to the old one, which led by way of Bath. Two days were required to make the journey by the old way, while "by starting early, so as to breakfast at Chandler's, in Monmouth," Portland could be reached in the forenoon of the next day. The roads were still too rough to admit of the use of wheeled vehicles and all journeying was done on horseback. The old route was inconvenient on account of the many rivers that ran across it. In 1790, Gen. Dearborn and Gen. Sewall, of Augusta, in going from that point to Portland, to attend the district court, "swam the river at Abbagadasset and crossed the Cathance and Brunswick rivers in a ferry boat."

In 1794, when the mail service was established between Portland and Wiscasset, the new route by way of Monmouth was adopted by the government. As is stated in another chapter, Matthias Blossom, of Monmouth, was the first mail agent between these points. With a large pouch containing through mail strapped to the horse's back behind the saddle, and a smaller one in front containing local mail matter, he rode through the settlements blowing a long tin horn to warn the people of his approach, and to give those who were expecting letters time to get their shillings ready; for in those days a letter might be carried a thousand miles without the prepayment of postage, and the full

amount—a matter of dollars, sometimes, instead of cents—collected of the receiver. Letters were not inclosed in envelopes, but were folded and sealed with wax, and the rates of postage depended on the number of sheets and the distance over which they were carried. For a single sheet, the postage was from six and one-fourth cents to twenty-five cents; an additional sheet, no matter how small and light, doubling the rate.

It is with a keen sense of regret that I now draw to a close the final chapter of what may be termed the pioneer period. Whether I have succeeded in interesting the reader or not, the life I have lived during these months of intimacy with the founders of our town has been one of constant infatuation. In visiting the sites of their log cabins and standing before their stone fireplaces; in poring over their musty account books, and familiarizing myself with their crude chirography; in handling the implements with which they gained a livelihood and, surveying the fields that blossomed in response to their sturdy blows, I have become one of them, and, in a large measure forgetful of present surroundings, have dreamily lived in another age. However much I may have failed in carrying others with me into those scenes of the past; however far short of a success this work may prove from a literary as well as financial standpoint, the satisfaction with which I now survey in the retrospect the months which have been spent in what a stricter utilitarian, would pronounce a thankless and wasteful task, is greater than that afforded by the accumulation of gold.

Much that might, and should, have been said concerning these men whom we have learned to respect

for their strong, manly self-reliance has, of necessity, been withheld. Investigation is constantly bringing to light some fresh and interesting fact, which, if used, would necessitate either the abandonment of the plan of arrangement, or a revision and reprint of much that has already been issued. It may be that the most important of this matter will be used as an addendum to the chronological chapters. What, for instance, could be more interesting than the well-authenticated supposition, revealed by recent research, that Samuel Simmons, the pioneer, mentioned on page 33, was the great grandfather of Franklin Simmons, the celebrated sculptor of Florence, Italy.

The eastern part of the town is preeminently rich in relics of the pioneers. All along the shore of the Cobosee-contee may be found the cellars and fallen stone chimneys of their log cabins. The native who has spent his boyhood and early manhood within an hour's walk of these interesting remnants of another century without having visited them, can hardly spend a half-day more profitably than by taking a stroll along the rim of this beautiful lake, beginning at the Winthrop line, where, at almost his first step, he will stand before two well-preserved cabin cellars in the "Benson orchard." Here William and Samuel Titus, at some time prior to 1790, made their clearings and built their primitive homes. The Titus brothers were born in England. Their first settlement on reaching this country was at Attleboro', Mass., whence they came to this town by way of Hallowell, coming up to "the Forks" by land, and thence across by boat. William, not far from 1796, removed to the place now owned by Robert Ma-

comber, and Samuel to the one now owned by Mrs. Rogers, at East Monmouth.

Near the lower end of the pond, at the terminus of an abandoned road, is a large pasture and wood-lot where stone fire-places and other well-preserved marks of the pioneers still stand. It is not easy to believe the statement that almost a hundred years have passed since smoke ascended from these ash-covered hearths, and but for the evidence of the massive trees which interlace their gnarled roots around the foundation stones it would pass for an error. Here were the houses of the Allens—Daniel, Woodward and Edmund—the clearings which they so laborously cut out of the wilderness now again covered with a heavy forest growth. Here is food for reflection over the mutations of time which is spiced and seasoned when one stands in the foot prints of those whilom citizens with whom we have become so well acquainted.

Although space which should be devoted to other matter cries out against it, it is impossible to draw the thoughts away from these scenes of the exploits of the "mighty hunter." Daniel Allen, without rehearsing a narrative for which our veracious citizen, Jacob G. Smith, of Monmouth Neck, who heard the story from the old man's lips, is responsible.

It probably was a bear that had never heard of Allen's wonderful marksmanship, possibly a wanderer from some distant clime, that climbed a tree on the hill on which the Wm. Woodbury house now stands and playfully scratched his ear at the unarmed hunter below. Allen's gun was in a crippled condition, and the stock had been sent away for repairs, but the barrel

was in a cabin near by. The truth of the adage, "Necessity is the mother of invention," if not the adage itself, is older than this anecdote. Allen loaded the barrel with a heavy charge, grasped it firmly with both hands, and held it unflinchingly while Woodward touched it off with a live coal—and killed the bear.

CHAPTER XII.

A DECADE OF DEVELOPMENT.

The meeting-house, which was built in 1795, had remained unfinished through all these years. It was first used as a place of public gathering in 1799, when the town meetings were held in it. With inexplicable blindness, the committee selected to make the necessary preparation for, and superintend the construction of, the house had failed to secure a title to the lot on which it was placed. On the first day of July, 1800, an effort was made to effect a purchase. By a vote of the inhabitants, John Chandler was appointed a committee to purchase a piece of land twenty-five rods square, beginning at the south-westerly corner of the northerly half of lot No. 27, if he could get that quantity, if not, to purchase as much as possible within the stated bounds. At the same meeting it was "voted that the meeting-house be finished according to the plan; the lower part of the house to be finished with pews, the gallery to have one tier of pews around it, and the rest of the gallery to be finished with seats."

The house was to be finished to such an extent as the funds accruing from the sale of pews would allow. A committee of three, consisting of Simon Dearborn, jun., John Chandler and Matthias Blossom, was appointed by special vote to sell the pews at auction, make legal conveyance, and expend the result of the sales in finishing the house.

Mr. Chandler proceeded immediately to negotiate for the land. It was a part of the non-resident proprietors' estate and was taxed to James Bowdoin, jun., of Boston, who, with his sister, Lady Elizabeth Temple, owned about one tenth of the entire Plymouth Patent. Mr. Chandler, in writing to Mr. Bowdoin, stated the object of the purchase, and received, without delay, a donation of the land in the name of his sister, Lady Elizabeth Temple, and the promise of a bell for the tower if the town could provide a settled pastor.

Mr. Bowdoin descended from Pierre Bowdoin, a Protestant physician, who fled from his home in Rochelle, France, with his wife and four children, on the revocation of the edict of Nantez. He landed at Falmouth (Portland) in 1688, where he remained until May 16, 1690, leaving just in season to escape the destruction that fell upon that town from the hands of the Indians, the next day. He took refuge in Boston, where he remained until his death, which occurred two years later. Among his children was one son, James, who became wealthy in mercantile pursuits, and died in 1747, leaving his great acquisitions to two sons, James and William. James, born in 1727, and graduated from college in 1745, became governor of Massachusetts in 1785-6, having served previously as representative to

the General Court and member of the executive council. He had two children, James, jun., the patron of Bowdoin College, who has already been mentioned as proprietor of lands in Monmouth, and Elizabeth, who married Sir John Temple, consul general of Great Britain to the United States, and who has been mentioned as Lady Temple.

Lady Temple's daughter married Lieut. Gov. Winthrop of Massachusetts. Of this union came Robert C. Winthrop, the distinguished statesman of Massachusetts, and Elizabeth Temple Winthrop, who married the Rev. Dr. Tappan, many years the pastor of South Parish Congregational Church in Augusta.

James Bowdoin, jun., was graduated at Harvard College in 1771. He read law about one year in the University of Oxford, in England. Later, he traveled quite extensively through England, Italy and Holland, returning to this country shortly after the battle of Lexington. He married Sarah Bowdoin, a daughter of his uncle William, his father's half-brother, and settled in Boston, where he held prominent positions in the government of the Commonwealth. In 1805 he was appointed minister plenipotentiary to Madrid. During his absence he visited, and resided for a term of months in, Paris, where he purchased a large library of books and a collection of well-arranged minerals and fine models of crystallography, all of which he afterwards presented to Bowdoin College, to which he had previously donated one thousand acres of land and \$3,500 in other property. Shortly before his death, which occurred Oct. 11, 1811, he deeded 6000 acres in the town of Lisbon to the college, and in his will be-

queathed it a large and valuable collection of paintings and several articles of philosophical apparatus." He died, without issue, in the sixtieth year of his age. His widow married Gen. Henry Dearborn, who had left his home in Maine and settled in Massachusetts. Mrs. Dearborn, at her decease, also left, to the college which her husband had patronized, a considerable sum of money and a collection of family portraits.

Perhaps nothing that has been published concerning the career of Gen. Dearborn is more interesting than the romance connected with his marriage with Mrs. Bowdoin.

Robert Temple, a brother of Sir John Temple, whose wife, Elizabeth, the daughter of Gov. Bowdoin, was the Lady Temple who donated the land to Monmouth for a meeting-house lot, was, during the revolutionary war, a resident of Medford, Mass. He was a tory, and was suspected of being in correspondence with the British in Boston. Gen. John Stark, whose troops were stationed near Temple's estate, held a vigilant watch over the movements of the latter, and kept a guard stationed on his private grounds. On the 8th of June, 1775, Gen. Dearborn, who had then risen only to the rank of a captain, was ordered to go with one sergeant and twenty men to relieve the guards. From a line in Dearborn's hand, written across the back of this order, which is still preserved in the family, it appears that this was the first time he ever "mounted guard." After posting his guards, the young captain, relieved of his responsibility, threw himself upon a settee, and, gathering his military cloak about him, indulged in a nap. Miss Sarah Bowdoin was at the time visiting

her cousin, Margaret Temple, the daughter of the celebrated tory whose mansion was kept under such strict surveillance. The young ladies had been out for a walk in the garden, and, as they entered the mansion, passed the spot where Dearborn lay. One glance at his handsome features and superb form conquered the heart of the wealthy heiress. The "splendid young rebel officer," as she termed him, would never have the audacity to seek her hand, and Miss Bowdoin, who was, if the phrase is allowable, "completely mashed," determined to do what, under other circumstances, would have been considered unwarrantably bold. Opening her heart to her uncle, who was far from sympathizing with any project that would involve him in a family connection with a rebel, she persuaded him to act as mediator. Alas for her shattered heart! Dearborn coolly informed her ambassador that, although he was only twenty-four years old, he had a wife and two children. Miss Bowdoin drowned her sorrow by marrying her cousin. Three years later, Mrs. Dearborn died, and, in the course of time, Dearborn married again. In 1810 his second wife died, and, one year later, Mrs. Bowdoin buried her husband. Thirty-six years had passed since she met her first-love, and the handsome young rebel had become the stalwart American general of sixty-years, loaded with honors. Who proposed this time we do not know. Suffice it to say that, like the lovers in a novel, they were finally united.

Encouraged by this unexpected assistance, the committee hastened to complete the building. Moses Basford and James McLellan, who has been mentioned in connection with the history of the Methodist church,

contracted to do the finishing, and plans were furnished by Daniel Rand, an ingenious workman who settled in 1795 at East Monmouth, and who, while living in the "Pierce house," was accidentally killed at a shooting match. The grief of his faithful dog, which could not be persuaded to leave his master's body, has been touchingly referred to time and again by our aged citizens.

Basford came from Mt. Vernon. He lived on the Joseph Given place, which he sold to McLellan and a Mr. Clements. Clements sold his share to McLellan.

Although the season was well advanced before the work was begun, it was completed before the first of September.

On the third day of September, 1800, the pews were sold at "vendue" and conveyed by deed to the purchasers. The highest price paid for a choice of seats was \$44.00. It was the bid of Capt. James Norris. Old Master Lowney offered the next highest price—\$42.00. One other pew, purchased by Wm. P. Kelly, brought the same price. Major Marston's cost \$41.00, and the others were sold at various prices, terminating at \$11.00. Nearly six years had elapsed since it was first proposed to build a meeting-house, and six more were counted with the past before the building was accepted by the town and the bond which had been taken from McLellan and Basford by the building committee released.

The "old yellow meeting-house" was for many years the pride and glory of Monmouth. For miles around nothing could be found which equaled its stately exterior. And the interior—what pen can present it as

it appeared to the wondering and admiring eyes of the youth of its day, with its broad aisles, through which the lace and plume-bedecked officers led their harmless warriors on muster days; the high pulpit, which seemed almost like one of the upper rungs of Jacob's ladder; the huge octagonal sounding-board, suspended by a chain so slender that the minds of the young were constantly filled with terror lest it might fall and telescope the parson.

Although the primary object of the builders was to provide a house for religious gatherings, the building was always very appropriately known as the "meeting-house." And such meetings as were held there, especially on election days, when the party that could supply the greatest quantity of the "ardent" was the one to which the "doubtful" element gravitated! The scenes that graced that assembly-room were not always such as would command our pride, but they were novel enough to command a place in history. One, at least, must not be omitted.

It was an election day when politics were running very close. A thorough canvass had been made by both whigs and democrats and it was evident to both parties that, unless immensely high bids were made for votes, neither one would be at all sure of a victory. The moderator of that meeting was a man of great ability. He prided himself on his strategic powers and determined that, come what would, his party should not suffer defeat. As the votes came in he carefully kept tally and was greatly gratified to discover, when what he supposed to be the last vote was placed in the box, that his party was one ahead. As the time

for closing the polls approached, a straggler from the opposition deposited another vote. This made a tie. It was a death-blow to victory, but did not bring the mortification of defeat. Another straggler from the opposition approached with his ballot. This was too much. Grabbing the ballot box, the moderator started down the broad aisle with the voter and the opposition at his heels. If he could keep the box out of their reach until the minute for closing the polls, he would save his party. - Round and round the meeting-house he ran, his coat-tails fanning the faces of the nimblest of the opposition. Dodging his pursuers, he made for the door, reached it, and was out in the open air, with a hundred howling men at his back. Panting like a fox before hounds, he ran and leaped and dodged and twisted, all the time holding the treasure hugged close to his breast.

It doesn't matter which party won, nor how many black eyes and bandaged heads appeared on the streets the next day. The entire performance was one of the dignified proceedings that the advocates of a license law may place to the credit of the days when good liquors didn't make men crazy.

Although stealing the ballot-box was not an oft-repeated occurrence, scenes in which black eyes figured were the usual accompaniment of election days, if all the statements concerning them are to be accredited. Buying votes was an established custom, some slight traces of which may remain at the present day, and the purchasing power of "Old Medford" was so great that a few dollars judiciously expended would sometimes work marvels. When an individual exchanged his in-

tegrity and manhood for two gallons of "tanglefoot," it was tacitly agreed that there was to be only one sale in the transaction; but it sometimes happened that two were sold instead of one. The complacency with which one leading politician contemplated a bargain between himself and an honorable citizen, who, in consideration of an advance payment of a certain equivalent, agreed to carry a vote for the leading politician, was slightly jarred when, several weeks after the election, the honorable citizen pulled the vote out of his vest pocket and coolly enquired if he had carried that vote for him about long enough.

Nor were these political wrangles the only scenes of debauchery that disturbed the sacred character of the old yellow meeting-house. Muster days could hardly be classified as melancholy occasions, and once, at least, as a result of the combination of exuberant spirits and ardent spirits, a horse was locked into the sacred edifice, where he was discovered, the next day, composedly surveying his palatial quarters.

Notwithstanding the manner in which it was abused, there were many sincere mourners when the old church was sold to Nehemiah Pierce, in 1844, and taken down to be rebuilt as a barn; and even now there are those who carefully keep some souvenir of the building in the form of a cupboard or closet constructed from its high pew doors, with the original lead-colored coat well preserved.

Abraham Morrill, whose name first became identified with local politics in 1800, held for the ensuing quarter of a century a leading place in town affairs. Mr. Morrill was born in Brentwood, N. H., Oct. 1,

1766, according to the statement of his posterity, who place his birth four years earlier than the date inscribed on his gravestone in the "Richardson" cemetery. He married Mary Prescott, the daughter of Nathan Gove Prescott, who, in 1789, purchased of Gen. Dearborn the south half of lot No. 37, on High street, which seems to be identical with the land purchased later by Capt. Sewall Prescott. The exact date of Mr. Morrill's removal to Monmouth is not known. He was certainly here as early as 1792, and possibly much earlier. In 1800 he was placed on the board of selectmen; and from that date until 1825, there was scarcely a year that did not find him acting either as selectman, treasurer or representative to the general court. In 1810 he was elected trustee of Monmouth Academy, and, later, president of the board. When Mr. Morrill first settled in Monmouth, he selected a lot near Norris Hill. In 1804, or thereabouts, he moved to the place now owned by M. M. Richardson, where he spent the remainder of his days. In 1817 he established himself in trade near Ellis Corner, in a building which has already been mentioned in connection with the buildings erected by Asahel Blake.

Abraham Morrill has the reputation of having been a staunch citizen, sound in principle, firm and unwavering in judgment and quicker in thought than in either speech or movement. In appearance he was thick set and firmly moulded, of florid complexion and prominent features. He died Jan. 21, 1845.

During the closing months of the year 1799 and the opening ones of 1800, the tide of immigration rolled in with a strong swell. No previous year, and but few

later ones, brought such numerical prosperity to the town. Of twenty-two of these families there is not a male descendant living in town to perpetuate the name. Some of them belonged to that roving class which strikes a town only to get a foothold for another spring; and others, like Ebenezer Delano, who settled near our famous trout brook and gave it its name, have long since been forgotten.

Among the permanent settlers who came into town at this time was Joseph Neal, who purchased the place now owned by Mr. A. M. Kyle. The land was then in a wild state. Mr. Neal cleared it, and erected a house which was taken down many years ago. Later, he took up a lot on Maple street and placed a house on it. The lot is the one now covered by the residence of Wm. K. Dudley, Esq., and the house, after being removed to the lower end of the street and remodeled, is now occupied by Earl E. Judkins. The larches in front of the Dudley house, that have long been a conspicuous feature of Maple street, were set out by Mr. Neal's sons. Not far from 1823, he moved again; this time to a farm on the road leading to East Monmouth, where he built the house now occupied by Mr. Rolfe. His last years were spent with his son, B. A. Neal, at the Center. Mr. Neal was a shoemaker. He had a shop near his house on the Rolfe place, and another on the heater-piece between B. A. Neal's and C. L. Owen's; at the Center.

Another new resident was John Cushman, who took up a lot in the Warren district. In the corner near D. H. Dearborn's, Mr. Cushman had a store, which was occupied later by Mr. Willard. His son, whom some

of our oldest citizens remember as an early occupant of the H. S. Smith place, in a fit of mental aberration, raised his hand against his own life. The sad event was more shocking and terrible to the people of that generation than it is to those who cannot take up the evening paper without reading the headlines of a similar occurrence; and the terror and sympathy that the act inspired were something unknown to those who have been hardened by the frequency of corresponding events. The tree to which he attached the rope that ended his earthly existence is still standing, in the pasture of Rev. J. E. Pierce, and time has hardly obliterated the initials of his name, which he carved on its trunk a moment before the act was committed, as a monument of the event. So far as is known, this was the first suicide of a Monmouth citizen. Would it had been the last!

Although the deeds were not given until two years had passed, it appears from the town records that Simon Marston, of North Hampton, N. H., took up the farms on Norris Hill, now owned by his posterity, in 1800.

Simon Marston was a major in the Revolutionary army. He served during the entire war period and witnessed the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown. His sword, an English blade with a solid silver hilt, is now in the possession of his great granddaughter, Miss Ann Maria Marston. The major's sojourn in Monmouth was brief. His object in coming here was to make homes for two of his sons, Jonathan and Simon, jun., and when his mission was fulfilled, he returned to his North Hampton home. The land was a part of

the Temple grant, and the deeds were subscribed by Lady Elizabeth, the patron of Monmouth Academy and donator of the town common. Simon, jun. took up a residence on the north half of the lot, the farm owned by his son, the late B. F. Marston, in 1800. He was a man of twenty-nine years, married to Peggy Ham, of Epping, at the age of twenty-five, and the father of two children, Ann and Daniel, the rest of his family of ten being natives of Monmouth. Jonathan, his brother, came one year later. In 1805 he purchased of his father for \$1000 the farm now owned by his grandson, David Marston.

Jonathan Marston was born Oct. 30, 1777. At the age of thirty years he married Mary Jane Patten, by whom he had six children. He was a man of considerable prominence in the community. In 1817 he was elected to membership on the board of selectmen, a position which he held for three successive terms, and one year later was commissioned colonel of the 3rd Reg., 1st Brigade, 2nd Division of Maine Militia. He was for fourteen years one of the trustees of Monmouth Academy, during a portion of which time he served as treasurer of the institution. Col. Marston was a man of unqualified integrity, positive and unswerving in his convictions, and a leading member of the Christian church, to the support of which he contributed with a willing heart.

Micah Barrows of Middleboro, or Bridgewater, Mass., became a resident of Monmouth in 1800. He had, like a majority of the Massachusetts people who came to this town, lived a short time in Winthrop, where it is supposed his oldest child, Deborah Morton,

was born. Mr. Barrows selected one of the most pleasant locations in town for his home—the crown of the hill south of the one on which the academy was soon placed. The land had been cleared by James and Jonathan Judkins, the latter of whom, it is supposed, built the house which still stands as one of the few existing monuments of the pioneers. Here Mr. Barrows and his wife, Lucy Miller, of Middleboro', lived happily with their three children, Deborah, Anna R. and John Miller, until 1814, the year that brought bereavement to so many families on account of the ravages of "cold fever." First their babe, Elizabeth, died, at the age of three months. Ten weeks later the father followed, at the age of forty-five years, and, before the summer had closed, Deborah, the oldest child, a girl of fifteen years, was placed in the grave beside them. In after years the widow married Capt. Kezer, of East Winthrop. John and Anna, the surviving children, both became permanent residents of the town. The latter, born Oct. 23, 1809, became the second wife of Augustine Blake, Esq.; the former, born March 13, 1811, married Ruth P. Gove, daughter of Elijah Gove, and settled on his father's farm. With the exception of a few years' residence in Massachusetts, where Mr. Barrows plied his trade of carpentry on the famous Pemberton mill and other corporation buildings, the entire life of this couple was spent in Monmouth. They never had any children to bind them down to home duties and much of their time was spent in visiting and caring for the sick. It is doubtful if to any other couple the people of this community are so deeply indebted for assistance in times of sickness and be-

reavement as to John and Ruth Barrows. May this monument to their memory stand when the marble that marks their graves has crumbled to atoms! Mr. Barrows died April 8, 1879, and his wife was placed beside him on the 20th of July of the following year.

The year 1801 found but little more than one-third as many new names on the assessors' books as had been entered the year before, but the ratio of permanent settlements was considerably larger. The Frosts of Monmouth are descended from William Frost, a drummer in the Revolutionary army, who came to town this year. As this father of freedom rattled the snares to inspire his compatriots to action, his blood must have become surcharged with the ardor of his service, for a majority of his descendants have been born with a pair of drumsticks in their hands. Mr. Frost settled at North Monmouth; just where is not known, nor is it a matter of great moment, for he could have remained here but a short time before removing to Winthrop. He was the father of five children, William, jun., Noah, Moses, John and Lydia. William married Betsy Billington, and removed to Wayne, where his son, Nathaniel, and his grandson, William, both of whom have served on the board of selectmen of that town, now reside. Noah also settled in Wayne. His descendants now reside in Peru, Me. John married Esther Swift, and settled near Mt. Pisgah, which was then the property of his father-in-law. Lydia married a son of Capt. Peter Hopkins, and moved to Belfast, Me. Moses married Abigail French, daughter of Josiah French, and settled on the farm at North Monmouth now owned by the heirs of the late Mr. Bishop. He was, like many

of his posterity, a house joiner and a man of considerable ingenuity. For a time he operated the saw-mill at North Monmouth for Gen. John Chandler, and in 1814 we find him taxed for a mill in his own right. He suffered the experience of many of his townsmen in being defrauded of his farm by his employer, and, when well along in years, settled at the Center, on the Horace C. Frost place. He had ten children, the oldest of whom, Betsey, married Dr. Francis Caldwell and settled in Skowhegan. One of her sons married a sister of the wife of the late Eben S. Pillsbury, the prominent political leader. After the decease of his first wife, Dr. Caldwell married her younger sister, Rachel. Josiah, the oldest son of William Frost, married Mahalay Moody, a daughter of Capt. John Moody, of East Monmouth. He and three of his children were drowned in Cochnegagan pond, by the capsizing of a sail boat, on the last day of May, 1838. His two surviving sons, George and Abel H., are now prominent men in the West. Moses, jun., married Clarissa, daughter of David Moody, and removed to Winthrop; Lydia married Simeon Paine and removed to North Anson; Abel died in Louisiana, while Theodore, Hannah, Isaac and Oliver all settled in Monmouth. The two latter were, like their father, carpenters; and on Oliver and his sons, three of whom are drummers, fell a double portion of the spirit of his grandfather. Isaac moved to Wales in 1848, and, thirteen years later, returned to North Monmouth, where his wife, Mary S., daughter of Asabel Blake, died, in 1862. The following year he purchased, of Benj. S. Ellis, the Simon Darborn farm, where his son-in-law, Howard Stetson,

Esq., now resides. Here he died, Mar. 27, 1876, having lived a quiet, unassuming and godly life. Two of his daughters, Mrs. Joseph Given and Mrs. Howard Stetson, are still residents of the town. Oliver, the youngest of Moses Frost's children, married Cornelia A. Richardson, daughter of Josiah Richardson. That he was a master of his trade, much of the neatest joiner work in town bears silent testimony. He reared a large family, to which his ingenuity has been transmitted. Oscar F., the oldest son, to whom more extended notice will be given later as a literary man, possesses marked inventive ability, and has secured patents on some of his devices. He also possesses what is a stronger mark of his lineage—a passionate fondness for the snare drum. His younger brother, William B., to whom this trait also descended, served in the late war as drummer-boy.

Daniel Prescott, whose name appears on the town records for the first time under the date 1801, must have been a citizen of Monmouth at least three years prior to that date. He was born in Epping, that incubator of Monmouth families, May 13, 1766, and bore to Capt. Sewall Prescott the relationship generally known as "double" cousin. About ten years before coming to Maine, he married Molly Towle, and settled in New Hampshire, where three of his children were born. On coming to this town, he selected a lot near the base of Norris Hill, and in the shade of the large willow that swings over the highway a short distance south of G. Boardman Pierce's, he built his house. * Mr. Prescott was a tailor, and if he was as nimble with

* This house was burned about forty years ago.

the needle as it is claimed he was in every other movement, he must have been in a fair way to break the record of a modern sewing-machine. His diligence is spoken of as something remarkable. A neighbor states that he has seen him sit in a chair to chop wood after he became too feeble to stand at his work. Of his eight children, those best known to our citizens were Solomon and Epaphras Kibby. Solomon purchased a farm in the "New Boston" district, now owned by A. H. Blake, on which he lived until about 1860, when he went to California to spend the residue of his days.

Epaphras Kibby Prescott was born in Monmouth, June 29, 1801. After a course of study at the town schools and Monmouth Academy, he applied himself to the study of medicine, under Dr. James Cochrane, sen., and was graduated from the medical department of Bowdoin College Sept. 5, 1827. He immediately entered on the practice of his profession in his native town, and two years later married Almira Berry, of Minot. About 1843, he purchased of Rev. Jedediah Prescott the stand now owned by his son, O. K. Prescott, and removed there from the home of his father, where he had resided. Dr. Prescott always held a good share of local practice, and, on account of his success with fevers and malignant sores, was by many considered a physician of extraordinary ability. He was a man of firm judgment, and, in the capacity of justice of the peace, was often called upon to settle legal questions between his townsmen. He died Sept. 17, 1876. His son, Otis Kibby Prescott, who resides on the home place, has read medical works extensively but has never taken the degrees necessary to become

an established practitioner. Nathan Prescott, who came from New Hampshire not more than three years later than his cousin, Daniel, made himself a home in the "New Boston" district. He was a brother of Capt. Sewall Prescott.

It is supposed that Stephen Prescott, another member of this numerous family, and the father of our lately deceased citizen, Nathan F. Prescott, was not far behind Daniel and Nathan in finding the way to Monmouth, although he must have been very young at that time. Two brothers, David and Joseph, accompanied him when he came to this state, both of whom settled in the vicinity of Dexter. Stephen secured what he considered a good bargain in a lot of land on Back street, now the west end of the Cumston farm. Here he made a clearing and built a house, which was taken down many years ago. At the age of twenty-four, he married Mary Leavett, of Buxton. Miss Leavett was a niece of Moses Boynton, who, with his brother, Daniel, settled in the western part of the town a little earlier than 1810. In 1815 Mr. Boynton was visiting his relatives in Buxton, and Mary returned to Monmouth with him, riding the entire distance on horseback, behind her uncle. She became acquainted with her future husband while on this visit, and married him one year later.

In about two years after their marriage they left their home and went into the house on Norris Hill which has been mentioned on page 106 as the former store of John Chandler, having lost the farm through the treachery of the man of whom the land was purchased. This crushing blow to his youthful hopes ruined Mr. Pres-

cott for life. The rest of his days were spent in moving from place to place. He died on the farm now occupied by Mr. Rolfe.

Mr. Prescott was a ship carpenter. He worked at his trade in Bath, Pittston and other river towns, and assisted in constructing the Kennebec dam. Habitual working in perilous places made him perfectly fearless, and marvelous are the feats of daring which are told of him. There are many who can recall the thrill of apprehension which ran through the crowd that assisted in raising the steeple of a church at the Centre when they saw him climb to the pinnacle and stand poised on one foot. Of his eight children only one, Nathan, remained in Monmouth.

Nathan F. Prescott was born Apr. 21, 1822. In early life he began working with his father in a shipyard. He married Rhoda O. E. Titus, daughter of Dea. David Titus. In 1854 he purchased of Sands Wing the Capt. Kelly farm on Stevens Hill, one of the most beautiful locations in town, on which he resided until his decease in the summer of 1893.

Mr. Prescott was one of the few men who have, through persistent industry and good management, found farming in Maine a profitable employment. He was quiet and unobtrusive, but was regarded as a man of sound judgment. William E. Prescott, his only son, was born May 23, 1860, and graduated from Bates College in the class of '86. After graduating, he taught several terms in high schools and academies before learning the drug business, in which he is now engaged.

Gilman Thurston settled, this year, on the place now owned by Wm. H. Gilman. He afterward exchanged

farms with Capt. Wm. P. Kelly, who lived on Stevens Hill, and still later moved to the Lyon district, where he died. He remained a bachelor until late in life, when he married Elizabeth, daughter of Ebenezer Starks. In 1812 and 1813 he was elected to the office of selectman.

John Gilman, son of Daniel Gilman, who came from New Hampshire with the Epping colonists, was taxed for the first time this year. He married Mary Straw, daughter of William Straw, and settled on a lot of wild land which is now known as the Daniel Whittier place, in the Lyon district. After partially clearing this farm, he sold it to Dearborn Blake of Epping, who was always known as "Newcome" Dearborn Blake, to distinguish him from Dearborn Blake, the son of Phineas, who had been a resident of the town several years. Mr. Gilman then purchased of the Sawyers the farm on which his son, Alvah Gilman, resided until his decease. This farm had been partially cleared by Abial Bedel, who held a squatter's claim. Mr. Gilman paid him for this claim, and Bedel removed to the eastern part of the state, where he subsequently became a minister of considerable note in the Baptist church.

Like his father, Daniel, the pioneer, who has been mentioned on page 100, Mr. Gilman had nine children, of whom all but one of those who reached maturity settled near him. Daniel William Gilman, his oldest son, settled on the farm now owned by his son, Henry Oscar Gilman. This farm was cleared by Jonathan Hoitt, who came from New Hampshire, and whose daughter, Dolly, Mr. Gilman married. Mr. Gilman lived at one time on the Besse place; subsequently in

Litchfield and Richmond, whence he returned not far from 1860 to the Hoitt farm, where he died, in 1881, at the age of seventy-six.

John Orin Gilman, the father of Benson O., J. Henry and George E. Gilman, was the second son of John. He was born Dec. 22, 1812, seven years later than his brother, Daniel W., and was married at the age of twenty-three years to Hannah A., daughter of Eliphalet Folsom. Alvah, the father of our citizen, William Henry Gilman; Josiah, who died at the early age of twenty-nine, and Augustus, who left the farm and engaged in trade at the Center with J. S. Noyes, shortly before his removal to Lewiston in the seventies, were the youngest sons of John. Alvah and Augustus both married daughters of Phineas Kelly. The former was born Feb. 24, 1815, and the latter, June 2, 1828.

It is doubtful if any other family in town has clung so closely to Monmouth throughout all its generations as have the Gilmans. Of fifty-five descendants of Daniel the pioneer who have reached maturity only twelve have sought homes outside their native town. This family dates back in history as far as the year 1066. The name is of Norman derivation and members of the family accompanied William the Conqueror from the Province of Maine, in France, to England. The first to settle in this country was Edward, who came to Hingham, Mass., in 1638. John, his son, settled in Exeter, N. H., in 1650. He was councillor in the time when New Hampshire was a British province, and from him, it is supposed, descended the Gilmans of Epping, N. H., whence Daniel, the Monmouth settler, came.

Robert Gilman, another son of Daniel the pioneer, settled on the farm now owned by Mr. Davis Emerson. He afterward moved to the Gilman Thurston place and again to the farm now owned by Mr. March, where he died, in 1865, at the age of ninety years. His first wife was Lydia Straw. Hannah Lyon and Mrs. Lydia Hildreth, of Gardiner, his second and third wives, both preceded him to the border of the river of shadows; his decease occurring only about ten hours later than that of the latter. Of his four sons two, Robert and Charles R., are still respected citizens of this town. * The latter, born December 26, 1819, married Isabella Marston and settled on the home place, whence he removed, in 1885, to the Center. Since the decease of his daughter, Lotta A., who died in 1864, at the age of seven years, his family has consisted of a son, Charles William, a manufacturer of straw goods in New York city, and a daughter, Ella E., the wife of Albert G. Smith, a professional teacher and local justice of the peace. Robert married Lucy Haskell and, like nearly all the other members of the family, settled in the Lyon district, while William, the oldest brother, left the haunts of his boyhood and established himself in the oil business in Boston.

Sometime during the year 1801, Jonathan Thompson died. As one of the five who broke a way into the forest, he had borne a principal part in the hardships of those brave and rugged pioneers, and watched the

* Since this chapter was written, Charles R. Gilman has died. On the 13th of November, 1893, he was found lying on the floor of the cellar of his stable (whither he had gone to make some repairs), in an unconscious condition. His demise, which resulted in a few hours, was apparently caused by paralysis of the brain.

steady growth of the little settlement, as it developed first into a plantation, with limited rights and privileges, and then into a town, vested in all the advantages that the commonwealth could bestow upon its older and larger sisters. In the administration of local affairs, the wheel had been steadied much of the time by his firm and unerring hand. As assessor and collector of the plantation, and as selectman of the town, all his duties had been discharged in a manner to win the respect of his constituents and compeers. Many sincere mourners followed him to the grave, and many hearts not bound to his memory by blood ties, were filled with gloom at this first selection from the ranks of the influential and respected.

Twenty-six years had passed since the families of Jonathan Thompson, living on the crown of the hill which bears his name; Philip Jenkins, on the Cyrus Titus place; Reuben Ham, on the farm owned by his descendant, Mrs. Beckler; Thomas Gray, in his cabin-home on the meadow, and Joseph Allen, on the Basford place, were, aside from soil, stream and forest, all there was of Monmouth and Wales. The reader who has followed with any degree of attentiveness the foregoing pages cannot fail to look back with interest on what those years had brought forth; but what must have been the retrospect to those four pioneers, whose minds were drawn to the comparison by the removal of their companion!

It may be supposed by some that there is reason for doubt concerning the localization of Joseph Allen. In my grandfather's manuscript, from which a large portion of the material for the second chapter of this history

was taken, it is not stated exactly where those who made the first clearings in the township settled. I have had no difficulty in locating the other four, but am doubtful whether, as has been supposed, Allen ever made a clearing on the Ridge. In fact, there is every reason to believe that he made his clearing on the Basford place, now owned by Mr. Richardson.

Reuben Basford, who came from Mt. Vernon in 1810, married Joseph Allen's daughter, and to him fell the farm after Mr. Allen's decease. Basford was the father of Capt. Joseph A. Basford, whose life was spent on the same farm. There was another Joseph Allen, who came from New Meadows about three years later than the pioneer, and doubtless there are many old citizens who, in reading the first chapters of this volume, have identified him with the latter.

Joseph Allen the younger was born in the vicinity of New Meadows, Feb. 8, 1770. At the age of seven or eight years he came to Wales plantation to live with his uncle, Ichabod Baker. He came by what was then a new route. The first of the pioneers had followed the Androscoggin river as far as Lisbon, and thence a line of spotted trees, or rangeways. His course lay up the Kennebec as far as Hallowell, thence across by way of Manchester and Winthrop; a course that soon became the established line of communication between Wales plantation and the outside world. The Revolutionary soldiers mentioned at the close of chapter second had just passed over it, on their way to the seat of war, and the fact that he found junks of pork and other edibles scattered along on the ground demonstrates that they were not pinched with hunger as they

were on the return. Joseph remained with his uncle until he reached his majority. He then married Lydia Billington, of Wayne, and took up the farm on the Ridge now owned by the Allen heirs, and built a cabin where Ernest Andrews's house stands. The Ridge was then entirely unsettled, and Mr. Allen made his way to the lot by a line of spotted trees. The house which he erected a few years later, on the spot where his cabin stood, was burned about seven years ago.

Joseph Allen had five sons and five daughters. Two of the daughters, Betsey, who married Andrew Pinkham, and Lydia, who married Amos Loomis, settled in Monmouth. His oldest son, David, a lad of about seventeen years, was drowned while bathing in the mill-pond at the Center, not far from 1813. Samuel, the next oldest boy, removed to Newport, Me.; Joseph to Lowell, Mass., while Hiram and Daniel remained for the most part in the home of their boyhood.

Hiram Allen, who was born April 28, 1802, left the farm and engaged in trade at Monmouth Center. His home was the "John Hawes house," now occupied by Andrew B. Pinkham. He afterward traded in Litchfield, but returned to Monmouth Center and lived in the house now owned by Capt. Towle, where he died July 20, 1872. His widow, whose maiden name was Mehitable Allen, married Ezra Philbrook. She died Feb. 23, 1880, aged seventy-two years.

Daniel Allen, the youngest son of Joseph, married Ann Eaton Littlefield, of Bath, and settled on the Ridge. He was a deacon of the Baptist church and an honorable and esteemed citizen. Of his two children, Walter F., born May 26, 1840, died in early manhood.

His daughter, Anna Pinkham, married John W. Jackson, a skillful blacksmith, and settled on the home place. Mr. Jackson died in 1891, eight years later than Dea. Allen, whose decease occurred at the age of seventy-two years.

As near as can be ascertained, the mill on the Wilson stream, long known as "Moody's mill," and now owned by Jeremiah Gordon, came into existence in 1801. David Moody, the builder, was a son of Rev. Gilman Moody, the pioneer settler and Methodist minister. Mr. Moody, although an active, enterprising, and, in the true sense of the term, stirring man, was easy-going and moderate. Open-hearted and frank himself, he was always ready to trust others, and was surprised when he discovered that some men were not equally ingenuous. An amusing incident is related concerning his experience as an officer of the law. In 1809 he succeeded in hardening his heart against his fellow man sufficiently to take upon himself the vexatious duties of a town constable. Melee Lee, a colored man who wandered into town in 1797 and worked about from place to place, had contracted a debt, and as he could not, or would not, pay, he must suffer imprisonment. Mr. Moody, to whom pertained the unpleasant task of committing the fuliginous culprit to jail, drove to the place where he was known to be at work. Dismounting at a safe distance, he approached cautiously from behind, and was almost upon him when Lee became aware of his presence and took "leg bail."

"Oh!" exclaimed the easy-going official, "I thought you were going to be clever, Lee." And he was correct in his surmises; for Lee was far *too clever* to fall

into his official clutches. The opening years of the present century were numbered in a period of intense interest in educational matters throughout the District of Maine.

As far back as 1674 a general penal law was passed in the Commonwealth requiring every town of fifty families to employ a teacher to instruct all who desired to become familiar with the simple accomplishments of reading and writing. This law also provided for the establishment of grammar schools, where all of the studies required in a college-preparatory course should be taught, in each town of one hundred families. But attendance was not compulsory in either case, and, in the face of this statute, the ratio of illiteracy to erudition stood as one hundred to one.

In contradistinction to the present era it may be cited that in the year 1800 the city of Portland could boast only three natives who had received a classical education. And this ratio would, probably, apply to the rest of the district. At the opening of the present century only seven grammar schools were supported under the commonwealth law.

In 1801 a number of our leading citizens presented the following petition to the General Court:

“Humbly Sheweth Your Petitioners Inhabitants of the Town of Monmouth, that the Settlement of the Town of Monmouth commenced in the year of our Lord 1778 by people who had no doubts on their minds at that time but what the land on which they settled was states land. Some of the first settlers cut roads Eighteen or Twenty miles through an entire wilderness to Git their families Into said town. And the settle-

ment of said Town was carried on for a number of years under many disadvantages; we however flattered our selves that our Land would be given us by the State, or at the worst, that it would be purchased at a Moderate price; we also expected that land would be Granted for the Support of schools and a Preached Gospel, which priviledges we viewed of great consequence as a town: but to our Sorrow we find the land on which we settled belonged to Individuals and not to the State, and we have since been obliged to purchase our land at a very dear rate: without a foot of land being given to a settler In said Town for settling thereon, but what we most lament is that not any land has been granted In said town for support of schools or a preached Gospel; priviledges which almost every Town In this Commonwealth enjoy.

Your Petitioners convinced by the number of Grants which have been made to support Academis In this Commonwealth and the laws which have from time to time been enacted, that it is the object of the Legislature to encourage the education of youth and to diffuse knowledge by every Honorable and Consistant way and means In their power, beg leave to represent that a Free Grammar School In said Town of Monmouth would be of Great publick Utility, not only in said town of Monmouth but to a Number of Towns around them who are laboring under many difficulties and disadvantages Therefore your wise consideration and grant such a tract of unappropriated land as you may think proper for the support of a free Grammar school In said Town of Monmouth under such directions and regulations as you In your Wisdom may

think best and your petitioners as in duty bound will ever pray.

Monmouth Jany. 5th 1801.

(Signed)

Simon Dearborn	Caleb Fogg
James McLellan	Ichabod Baker
Josiah Brown	Robert Hill
James Norris, Jr.	Eliphalet Smart
Jeremiah Chandler	Aron Allen
John Welch	Jonathan holmes
William Brown	Benj. French
Asahel Blake	Ansel Blossom
Ebenezer Straw	Levi Fairbanks
John Merrill	John Blake
Suel Prescott	Peter Lyon
Robert Withington	Jonathan Judkins
David Page	James F. Norris
Daniel Smith	Matthias Blossom
Simon Dearborn, Jr.,	Nathaniel Smith
Charles Danielson	James Blossom
Joseph York	David Kimball."

In response to this petition, the General Court granted ten thousand acres of land for the support of the institution, and a further endowment of \$1,500 was made by Lady Elizabeth Temple and others. Under this fund, the building was erected in 1803, and occupied directly after its completion. The institution was first known as Monmouth Free Grammar School. In 1809 it was incorporated as Monmouth Academy. The first preceptor of whom we have any knowledge was Ebenezer Herrick, who taught one term in 1810.

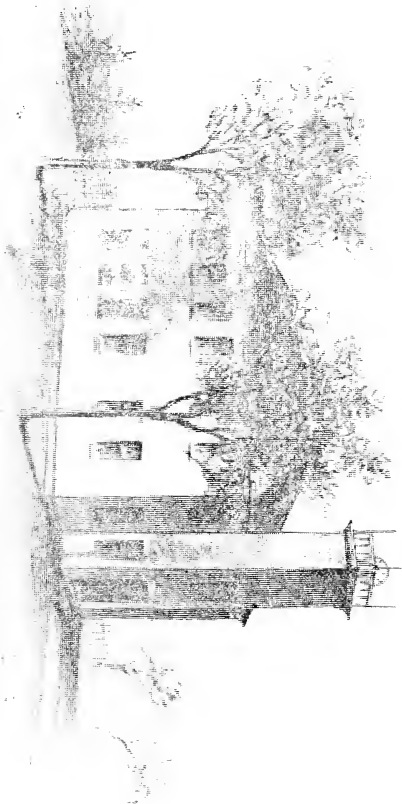
The average annual salary of the early instructors was about \$475. In 1819, the salary was raised to

\$500. Three years later, fifty dollars was added to this amount. In 1836, a change was effected which gave the preceptor the tuition and the additional sum of two hundred dollars from the treasury. As circumstances existed which would not warrant giving a larger compensation, in 1846 the tuition only was allowed.

At the time of the incorporation of this institution there were only three other classical schools in the state. Beauty and centrality of location combined with the thorough competence of the instructors and a well-chosen curriculum soon gave the school a broad reputation, and attracted pupils from all parts of the state. Among the prominent men of the state and nation who received a portion of their education at Monmouth Academy may be mentioned Hon. S. P. Benson, Hon. Geo. Evans, Gen. O. O. Howard, Ex-Gov. Selden Connor and Ex-Gov. Washburne of Illinois.

The following is supposed to be a complete list of the preceptors:

Ebenezer Herrick, 1810; John Boutelle, 1810-12; James Weston, 1812; John Davis, 1816-18; Joseph Joslyn, 1820-4; Ezra Wilkinson, 1824-6; Henry W. Paine, 1827-31; Henry A. Jones, 1831; John Baker, 1832; William V. Jordan, 1833-4; Nathaniel M. Whitmore, 1835-7; Nathaniel T. True, 1837-46; William B. Snell, 1847-51; Milton Welch, 1851; Flavius V. Norcross, 1855-6; George W. McLellan, 1856; Abner C. Stockin, 1858-61; George W. Frost, 1863-4; Nathaniel T. True, 1864; William B. Snell, 1866-7; James Powell, 1868; J. B. Clough, 1868; James Atwood, 1870; John B. Smith, 1870; F. E. Timberlake, 1871; A. F. Rich-



Monmouth Academy.

ERECTED IN 1803. DESTROYED BY FIRE IN 1851.

ardson, 1872; Anthony Woodside, 1872; Giles A. Stuart, 1873; Charles E. Smith, 1875; Nathaniel S. Melcher, 1876; William H. Ham, 1876; H. M. Pratt, 1877-8; A. M. Spear, 1878; Martin P. Judkins, 1879; C. E. Owen, 1879-80; Wilbur A. Judkins, 1881; J. W. Goff, 1886; S. S. Wright, 1887; B. M. Avery, 1888; E. F. Heath, 1891, and E. W. Small, 1893.

The academy building stood very near the road, quite a distance south-east of the location of the present one. Some idea of its position may be gained from the statement that the locust trees from which those that now grow on the side of the declivity near the south-eastern corner of the lot sprouted, brushed so close against the side of the building that those who sat in the back benches near the windows could pick the blossoms without rising from their seats.

The external appearance of the building is shown in the accompanying cut, which was projected from a sketch by Miss Marcia Ellen Prescott, kindly loaned by Mrs. Ann M. Coy, and a memory sketch by Mr. Elias Waterhouse. The interior was furnished with wooden benches standing parallel to a broad central aisle and rising one above another on longitudinal platforms to the side walls. At the head of the central aisle was the teacher's desk—a huge, box-like affair, sheathed up from the floor on three sides, with three or four steps on the fourth side leading up to the entrance.

The trustees of the school were in many instances chosen from among the opulent rather than the erudite. One of the foremost of these patrons of education was noted for his Partingtonian sayings. Shortly before

his death he communicated some of the plans he had made for improvements about his premises to his physician. In his own words he had "been thinkin' of buildin' a *lorenzo* onto the front of the house; and makin' a *sister* in the sullen, and have it fed by an *anecdote* from the spring on the hill." This same trustee, while making a speech before the school, proceeded to draw a comparison between the educational advantages of the day and the time of his youth. "Why," said he, "when I was a youngster we *scarcely* knew that *two and two made six*." The merriment that followed was not greater than that which was excited when another of the trustees arose in all the dignity of his position and a hundred and eighty pounds avoirdupois to urge upon the youth before him the importance of forming correct moral habits, closing his appeal with the injunction to "obey the precepts of *this blessed book*," at the same time bringing his heavy cane down with a crash upon a copy of Webster's Unabridged that lay on the desk before him.

The trustees were allowed eight cents a mile for traveling expenses and one dollar per day for services.

Prior to Nov. 17, 1847, members were elected by ballot at the annual or semi-annual meeting; and it was necessary to lodge the nomination (which must bear the names of at least two of the trustees) with the secretary only one month before the election. At the above date, the article controlling the elections was amended so as to make it necessary to place the nomination in the hands of the secretary at least six months before the election.

The first meeting of the board of trustees of which

any record exists was, it is supposed, held at John Chandler's, May 10, 1803. The following officers were then chosen:

John Chandler, president; J. Belden, vice president; Matthias Blossom, secretary; J. Boles, treasurer; S. Howard, J. Boles and J. Belden, "a committee to form a code of by-laws and report at the next meeting." A vote was passed to build a school-house, and a committee was appointed to procure subscriptions and expend the amount subscribed. John Chandler, L. Robins, S. Howard, Ichabod Baker and James Norris were appointed to fill the committee.

The names of those who have served on the board of trustees, with all that is known of their respective terms of office, are supposed to be included in this list:

Rev. Jonathan Belden, elected in 1803; resigned in 1808; Dudley B. Hobart, 1803; John Chandler, 1803-1828; Matthias Blossom, 1803; Ichabod Baker, 1803; Joseph Norris, 1803-1823; Luther Robins, 1803-1821; John Boles, 1803; Seth Howard, 1803-1822; Dr. James Cochrane, 1809-1832; Abraham Morrill, 1810-1843; Dr. Issachar Snell, 1810-1822; Benj. Porter, 1810; Rev. Thomas Francis, 1812; Simon Dearborn, Esq., 1815-1841; Josiah Houghton, 1821; Rev. David Thurston, 1822; Oliver Herrick, 1822; Joseph Norris (re-elected), 1826; Benj. Alden, — 1828; John Neal, 1828; Arthur Given, 1828; Rev. John Butler, 1828; Hon. Benj. White, 1829; Isaac S. Small, Esq., 1829; Francis J. Bowles, 1831; John A. Chandler, Esq., 1831-2; Ichabod B. Andrews, 1833, 1849; John Andrews, Jr., 1833-1849; John Dennis, 1833; Edward Fuller, Esq., —; Dr. Alford Pierce, 1831-1860;

Stillman Howard, Esq., 1834-1860; Nehemiah Pierce, Esq., 1834-1849; Asa Bachelder, 1831-1846; Col. Jonathan Marston, 1831-1849; Hon. Samuel P. Benson, 1837-1876; Hon. Isaac S. Small, 1849; Ebenezer S. Welch, 1849-1851; Jonathan M. Heath, Esq., 1849-1851; Washington Wilcox, 1851; Charles T. Fox, 1858, 1875; Augustus Sprague, 1861; G. H. Andrews, 1866; Wm. G. Brown, 1875-1878; Henry O. Pierce, 1878; Albert C. Carr, 1878; Virgil C. Sprague. Seth Howard, 1892.

In 1809, the name of the institution was changed by act of the General Court to Monmouth Academy, and arrangements were made this year to build a bellfry.

In 1815, the land granted by the General Court was sold to General John Chandler. This tract contained 10.020 acres. It was situated on the Sebecoocook river in the county of Somerset, and was the westerly half of Township No. 5, in the second range easterly of Kennebec river. It was incorporated in 1828 as Chandlerville, taking its name from its distinguished owner. In 1844 the name was changed to that which it still bears—Detroit.

Under the direction of Dr. Nathaniel T. True, who came to the school in 1837, and inspired by that noble teacher's energy, the students built a sidewalk running from the corner north of the academy to the village, and set out quite a portion of the double row of shade trees with which it is for some distance lined. During Dr. True's tutelage the school rose, it may be, to the zenith of its glory. A catalogue of the institution for the year 1842, which has fallen into my hands through the courtesy of Mrs. Davis Emerson, contains much

that will be interesting to those who have known it only in recent years. One hundred and twenty-four scholars are registered, of whom twenty-two elected the classical, seventy-one the high English and thirty-one the general English course. Of the one hundred and twenty-four only fifty-seven were residents of Monmouth. The instructors named are Nathaniel T. True, principal, Albert Thomas and Perez Southworth, assistants. The text books used in the general English course were: "The Bible, Hall's Reader's Guide, Greene's English Grammar, Olney's Geography, Smith's Arithmetic, Goodrich's History of the U. States, Parker's Exercises in Composition." The high English course comprised "Colburn and Smyth's Algebra, Geometry, (Davies' Legendre,) Trigonometry, Surveying, (Flint's,) Navigation, Lessons in Perspective, Foster's Book Keeping. (*Spring Term.*) Rhetoric, Critical Examinations in Prose and Poetry, Comstock's Chemistry. (*Fall Term, commenced.*) Chemistry continued. Mineralogy and Geology. (*Spring Term.*) Smellie's Natural History, Astronomy. (*Spring Term.*) Lincoln's Botany. (*Summer Term.*) Upham's Intellectual Philosophy, Kame's Elements of Criticism, French—Longfellow's Grammar, Hentz's French Reader, Histoire des Etas Unis, Telemaque, La Henriade, Boileau—Spanish, Italian." The classical course embraced "Weld's Latin Lessons, Andrews and Stoddard's Latin Grammar, Andrews' Latin Reader, Andrews' Latin Exercises, Cornelius Nepos, or Cæsar's Commentaries, Leverett's Latin Lexicon, Ramshorn's Latin Synonymes, Abbott's Cicero's Select Orations, Sophocles' Greek Grammar, Anthon's Greek

Exercises, Jacobs' or Felton's Greek Reader, Cooper's Virgil, Anthon's Sallust, Greek Testament, Donnegan's Lexicon."

The curriculum is given in detail that the reader may compare it with the course of study prescribed by our modern classical schools. The classical course covered three years of three terms each; the spring term beginning the first Monday in March, the summer term the first Monday in June, and the fall term the first Monday in September. Courses of lectures on scientific topics are advertised to be given by the instructors, and lectures also "on various literary subjects by gentlemen from abroad."

In addition to the time-honored Clionian Society an organization known as the Acernian Society was supported, the design of which was to improve in arboriculture. To this society is due the extensive improvements to the academy grounds already mentioned. Students were "required to attend public worship on the Sabbath," and to participate in alternate weekly exercises in composition, declamation and elocution.

Probably many a reader will be struck with the similarity of these regulations and the curriculum to those of Kent's Hill Seminary, and, without stopping to think, will conclude that they were borrowed from our larger neighbor. With as great humility as pride we must remember that Kent's Hill is, in a sense, the offspring of Monmouth Academy, virtually founded, erected and established by a native whose methods were the development of ideas gained within the walls of the latter; and while the daughter has, it must be admitted, outgrown the mother, there is scarcely a de-

partment in the Maine Wesleyan Seminary which had not its prototype in Monmouth Academy. It was here that the idea of an art department in connection with a classical institute had its origin; and if the school of fine arts under the tuition of Miss Hamlin, a sister of Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, was a failure, it was only because the idea was in advance of the times. The upper story of the building was finished and furnished for this school at personal expense and risk by one of the trustees, but the enterprise was abandoned at the close of the second term. The school exhibitions, held in the old yellow meeting-house, with musical selections by a brass band brought from Brunswick for the occasion, were in nowise inferior to a modern commencement; and it is doubtful if in many respects the school was inferior to our modern institutes except in the meagre advantages it afforded for development in the higher scientific attainments of base ball and lawn tennis.

On the 21st day of September, 1851, the old academy building was burned to the ground. It was not generally supposed that the "mouse and match" theory advanced by one interested gentleman was sufficient to account for the origin of the fire, and adverse opinions were current when the old "Fogg school-house" on High street, to which the school was removed, suffered the fate of the academy. The principal, Milton Welch, who had not secured his position without some rivalry and opposition, was not to be easily defeated. Taking up quarters in the Centre school-house, he placed a secret night-guard in the building and prepared to receive the one who had twice manifested such warm

friendship with open arms. By turns the young men and boys took up their vigils until well along toward winter. At last it became so cold that they were compelled to keep a small fire to prevent freezing. Week after week they stood inside the windows and strained their eyes out into the darkness. At last their patience was rewarded. Late one night a team drove up Maple street, turned the corner and slowly approached the school-house. When opposite the building it stopped, and the occupants of the vehicle gazed cautiously and critically around.

Apparently dissatisfied with the appearance of a thin column of smoke that was ascending from the chimney, they whipped up and disappeared; and thus closed what might have proved an exciting and fruitful episode.

The new building, erected by Owen and Ham, and first occupied in 1855, though less pretentious, is far more substantial and symmetrical than the academy of historic days; and, standing as it does, at a greater distance from the street, the general effect is vastly superior; but the eyes that drank in the beauty of the old in youth can see nothing desirable in the new. A poem freighted with this sentiment, composed for this work by Mrs. Salina R. Read, of Auburn, will set many a heart-string vibrating with its tender memories.

PICTURES OF MEMORY.

OLD MONMOUTH.

With mental vision pictures fair I see,
Limned by the brush of faithful memory.
Mellowed the tints, but fadeless. Autumn's glow
Floods ripening nature as in long ago.

The lovely lakelet with its belt of green,
The sunlight glinting on its breast serene,
Bears no white sail upon its waters bright—
A tiny row-boat only meets the sight.
The quaint old church, with square, ungraceful tower,
From which no bell peals forth the passing hour,
O'erlooks the spot where friends beloved repose—
No flowering shrubs a tender care disclose.
Within the church, the long "broad aisle" I see,
Where worshipers, with solemn dignity,
Walk the unmatted floor, with thoughts intent
On the sweet service of the sacrament.
High, midway 'twixt the vaulted roof and floor,
Is placed the pulpit, where, exactly o'er
The "preacher's" head, a "sounding board" appears,
Causing in childish hearts repeated fears,
Till by our elders told the slender rod
That held the burden was upheld by God.
This gave us peace, for childhood's faith is pure—
Oh, would to heaven, such faith might long endure!
Upon the summit of yon rising ground
Stands Academic Hall. The cheerful sound
Of the familiar bell calls forth the young
To the sweet spot whose praises oft are sung
By unfledged poets. *'Tis the very soul*
Of proud old Monmouth, famous as the goal
From whence men known in Physics, Law and Art,
Teachers, Divines, go forth to act a part
In life's grand drama. Men of good renown
Date their ambition from this ancient town.
O, precious memory! The scenes I view
By thy kind aid nought ever can renew.
Around the lake silence no longer reigns;
Of ancient church there's nothing now remains;
The tangled glebe wildness no longer shows;
That sacred spot now "blossoms as the rose."
Where *our* old seat of learning stood for years
To aged eyes obtrusively appears

Another structure, less imposing. Still,
Its architecture shows progressive skill,
And modern pupils here a fitness find,
Which ancient builders never had designed.
Full well I know the wondrous changes wrought—
The finished aspect by improvement brought
To this old rural town, which, as a guest,
I much admire—but *love the vanished best!*

The academy stands a mile and a quarter from Monmouth Center, on the old stage road from Augusta to Portland. Only a portion of this once lively highway remains. Shorter cuts have been made, and the old line, in the main, has been abandoned; but for a short distance we may drive over the very course that was traveled by the fathers of our government in their journeys to and from the legislative assemblies, in the days when Maine was a part of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

The rapidity of the steam-car gives it favor in the heart of the ever-hastening American, but the delights of travel were forever lost with the doing away of the rumbling coach. The pure air, the piping of birds among the foliage that arched the highway, the greetings and signals from doorways that occasionally flashed into view and as quickly disappeared as the coach, drawn by two or three spans of flying steeds, dashed around a wooded curve, and the pizzicato crack of John Blake's ever-swinging whip were charms that do not greet the traveler in the close apartments of the monotonously jarring steam-car.

At the verge of the level plain that stretches northward from the Academy, overlooking a long reach of undulating woodland, with a hazy outline of the White

Mountains in the distance, stands the oldest relic of coach thoroughfare—the old “Prescott Tavern.” Square as a block house, hip-roofed and crowned with a chimney large enough for a city tenement, it would, but for the new clapboards and modern windows that replaced the original ones about ten years ago, challenge the beholder to believe that he had taken a backward step of nearly one hundred years. Everything about it is like the historic mansions that we read about but seldom see. There is the old tap-room, a thing of which many of our younger readers who were born, and have always lived, under the reign of prohibition never heard. For their benefit we will explain that it was to the days of 1800 what the little place behind the screen in the modern eating house is to the present—the place where Poland water, Moxie Nerve Food and other tonics are kept for sale. An interesting feature of this apartment is the tally of P’s and Q’s placed against the name of a young man who is said to have become one of Portland’s most brilliant legal lights; and if he drank the amount of alcohol charged to him and came in contact with a friction match we see no reason why he should not have been.

The doors leading from the tap-room to the narrow side hall are double, a fact that is suggestive of the large puncheons that often found entrance there. Through this entrance the troops were marched in double file when they came from the muster-field near by to wipe the dust from their throats with Capt. Prescott’s “West India and Molasses.” Then there is the spacious dining hall, lately used as a summer kitchen and furnished with the trappings of a former century.

Two large front rooms with their massive fireplaces and long mantles, and finished with jointless hard pine dados nearly two feet in width, are separated by a small front hall with a steep winding stair-case, at the top of which a door on the right opens into another large room, finished, like the one below it, in broad wainscots and recessed window seats. On the left we enter a room that is very similar in appearance to each of the others, except that three of the walls are furnished with bench seats running the full length and width of the apartment, and that it is frescoed on all sides with the most inconceivable landscapes that ever tortured the eyes of man. Here we find giant trees, beside which the wonderful redwoods of California would have to stand on tip-toe, in close proximity to houses so infinitesimal that they might be wrapped in one of the fallen leaves. Broad rivers are here, emanating from sources that resemble puddles of milk left for the cat to lick up. "Such was the artist's dream of nature," writes one who had better ideas of euphony than of perspective and congruity in describing these mural decorations. If this were a dream how that artist must have suffered with the nightmare! This was the hall of the olden time. A plain board partition now divides it in the center, but an open door shows that it originally ran the full length of the building. It was in this room that the swains and frolicsome damsels of four-score years ago used to meet to "trip the light fantastic toe;" or, if no fiddler was to be had, to while the long winter evenings away in such sports as "Blind man's buff" and "Puss in the corner."

Such times as those were! With the roaring open

fire on one side, spreading a golden carpet over the well-scrubbed floor, its luminations met by the light of a dozen tallow dips set in stands of polished brass; hearts lighter than the hot air that rushed and roared up the black-throated chimney, and cheeks redder than the "no-name" apples that sputtered on the cleanly swept hearth—with such accompaniments who would not join the festivities?

This old landmark was built in 1801, by Capt. Sewall Prescott. The following summer it received a christening that immortalized it, when Francis Asbury, the "Pioneer Bishop," sat in the upper hall, at the head of a handful of Methodist circuit riders, and conducted the proceedings of the second New England Conference held in Maine, and a congregation supposed to represent one-sixth of all the Methodists in New England gathered outside the doors to listen to a discourse from his venerable lips.

The captain's first house stood a little north of the new building, and at one end of this was his blacksmith shop. At about two o'clock one morning, soon after the new house was completed, fire was discovered coming from the shop. It was but a minute, seemingly, before the whole building was wrapped in flames and the hot tongues were reaching out toward the new house. All hands, with the exception of the captain, were outside in a trice, fighting the demon with wet blankets and sheets. That worthy official would have been with them, but, in the excitement of the moment, while dressing, he had got his vest on wrong side out, and, in the excitement of the moments following, he found it no easy matter to get it righted. If he got one

arm in right the vest was sure to take a half-turn behind his back and bring the other side wrong end up. If good luck and a helping hand had not come to his aid, the first who came to view the ruins the next morning would have found him on the side of the bed wrestling with that "tarnal weskit."

After the Academy became an educational institution of considerable importance, Prescott's Tavern became the boarding place of many men who have won laurels in the political arena. Embryo governors and senators learned to decline "*mensa*" and read Æsop's Fables within its landscaped walls, and more than one orator, whose eloquence would now command the attention of a more intelligent audience, bombarded the helpless images with his furious rhetoric.

Tenantless and dreary, the "old fort" still stands like a ghost of the festive historic days.

CHAPTER XIII.

A DECADE OF DEVELOPMENT,—CONCLUDED.

The mercantile history of Monmouth dates from 1802, when a store was opened at Ellis Corner by the firm of A. & J. Pierce. John Pierce, the junior partner, lived near the store, which stood in the field south of the residence of Rev. J. B. Fogg. Business was conducted by this firm only one year, when Alexander, the senior partner, purchased his brother's share, and became sole proprietor. At the end of another year, he, in turn, sold the business to Samuel Cook, a young gentleman who had served as clerk from the time it was established. Mr. Cook was from New Salem, Mass. In 1807 he removed to Woodstock, Me., and a little later to Houlton, of which he was one of the pioneers. For his wife, Sarah Houlton, whom he married before emigrating to Maine, the town of Houlton evidently was named. William Cook, a son of Samuel, who was born during the brief residence of the family in Monmouth, was, before his decease in 1890, the last of the pioneers of Houlton. If "straws

show which way the wind blows", the fact that as prominent a man as Esquire Abraham Morrill named his oldest son for Samuel Cook is all the information we require concerning the character of the latter.

Yankees have been Yankees in all ages since that peculiar race was invented. Who ever knew one to develop a new scheme without being flanked by a dozen imitators? Before the Messrs. Pierce came into town no one had attempted to start in trade. A little more than two years later, John Chandler and half-a-dozen others had erected stores and swung their shingles to the breeze. John Chandler had his "shop," as it was then called, in the corner north of the academy. The peregrinations of this building have been mentioned in another connection. Joseph Chandler had a store at the outlet of South pond; Greenleaf R. Norris and James F. Norris had another in that vicinity, which they closed after a few months, and Joseph P. Chandler one at North Monmouth. The building in which he traded has been moved and remodeled, and is now serving as a dwelling-house for "Doctor" H. S. Folsom.

Those who have read the epitome prepared from this manuscript for the History of Kennebec County will notice a slight discrepancy between the dates then given and the ones I now use. Since compiling the chapter on Monmouth for that work, an exhaustive comparison of records has enabled me to furnish more definite dates. I there stated that Joseph Chandler opened a store in the eastern part of the town in 1807, and Joseph P. Chandler one at North Monmouth about 1806. Both of these men began their mercantile ca-

reer early in 1805. This date is well authenticated.

In 1806 "John Chandler" had given place to "Chandler & Co.," and the business was conducted under the name of this firm until 1813, when it fell into the hands of John Alphonso Chandler, his illustrious father having risen from the rank of a country shop-keeper to that of a Brigadier General.

In 1806 Samuel Cook received a partner in the person of Shubael C. Stratton, and for one year the name of Stratton & Cook appeared on the fly-leaf of the ledger. At the end of this time Mr. Cook removed to Aroostook county, and the business passed into the hands of Moses Ranlet. Mr. Ranlet continued the business two or three years. The store was then closed for one year, after which it was re-opened by John Sullivan Blake. This statement concerning Moses Ranlet comes from my grandfather's manuscript. It is generally supposed, however, that Mr. Ranlet's store stood near Smart's Corner. My grandfather also states that Peter Hopkins was the first trader in town, and that he was succeeded by John Chandler; but this is flatly contradicted by the town records. John Chandler may possibly have tapped a barrel of rum before A. & J. Pierce brought any into town; but he was not taxed as a trader until two years after the name of that firm appeared on the assessor's books.

In 1806 a singular entry was made on the town books. Mark Andrews, a personage about whom has hung well-nigh as great a mystery as enveloped the character of the ancient high priest of Salem, was taxed for stock in trade to the value of ten thousand dollars. Who was Mark Andrews? is a question that

I have, for years, pressed upon every person from whom I could hope to gather any information concerning this perdu nabob. But, although he was evidently the wealthiest man in town, none of the family bearing the name in Monmouth and Wales will accept him as an ancestor, or give him a place in their genealogy. The most I have been able to learn concerning him is that his daughter became the wife of Gen. Joseph Chandler the same year that he settled in Monmouth, and it is possible that he was engaged in trade with his son-in-law. He remained in town only two years. The following abstract from the history of Androscoggin county concerning a man who came to Turner in 1780, may have some bearing on the matter: "Mark Andrews was the first trader in town. He kept his goods in his saddle-bags for some years. He and his brother, Samuel, who came in 1779, were soon in company as traders on the farm on Lower street, so long occupied by Rev. George Bates. In 1786 Mark Andrews bought lot 76 in first division, and in deed was called of Berkeley." That this trading spirit found his way to Monmouth in later years is not improbable.

In 1808 Ebenezer Blake entered the mercantile lists, but, like several who had preceded him, fell out inside of a year. At the close of the decade only two out of the twelve who had started in business since 1802 were still behind the counter, and these two were Chandlers.

The spirit of immigration, which had for two or three years run so high, fell through in 1802 like a boomed city of the south-west. Between the early summer of 1801 and that of the year following only

three new families took up a residence in the heretofore rapidly growing town. The heads of these families were John Shaw, Joshua Smith and Ebenezer Briggs. John Shaw and Joshua Smith came from Middleboro', Mass., and, after a short residence in Winthrop, settled on Monmouth Neck; the former, on the Tillotson Chandler place, which he purchased of the Plymouth proprietary and cleared, and the latter, on the farm now owned by George Howard. All the Shaw family were in the Revolutionary War. There were several boys, and all, with the exception of Jacob, went to the front with their father at the first call. Jacob waited patiently until he was old enough to be accepted as an able-bodied man, when he ran away, made his way the entire distance from Winthrop to the seat of war on foot, and enlisted, leaving his mother and sisters to run the farm.

John Shaw was a man of thirty-six years when he came to Monmouth. Coming at that early age, with a family of nine children, it would ordinarily be expected that his name would be perpetuated in the town through many generations; but he had not finished clearing his farm when all the plans he had made for his family were suddenly changed. In the prime of manhood he yielded to the grasp of that power which laughs at the boasted strength of man. After his decease the greater portion of his family moved back to their old farm in Middleboro', on which the grandson that bears his name now resides, leaving in this town only one child, Clarissa, the mother of Lorenzo L. Allen and the two Mrs. Kings.

Joshua Smith, whose sister, Elizabeth, was the wife

of John Shaw, was but little more fortunate than his brother-in-law in leaving a name among future generations of the town, his grandson, Joshua Smith Noyes, being the only male descendant who has resided among us in recent years. He did not, like his brother-in-law, purchase his land in a wild state. John A. Torsey, who had been there before him, had not only got the land into a good state of cultivation, but had, it is thought, substituted for the primitive log hut the house in which Mr. Howard now lives. Mr. Smith, in addition to carrying on the work of his farm, worked to quite an extent at his trade of manufacturing spinning-wheels and flax-wheels. He had a shop opposite his house furnished with a lathe which was a combination of hand and foot-power. He was a deacon of the Baptist church which was organized at East Monmouth in 1810, and when that society ceased to exist, as it did in 1824, became one of the first deacons of the Baptist church at East Winthrop. He was somewhat noted for his firm convictions and commanding manner, and the latter attribute, it may be, led to his election to the captaincy of one of the local companies of militia only four years after he became a citizen of the town. His first wife was Abigail Peccins. She died in 1814, and he married Nancy Carr, sister of Dea. Daniel Carr, of Winthrop. By his first wife he had five children, Eleazer, Cyrus, Betsey, Polly and Sabra. The latter married Isaac Clark, jun.; Polly married Otis Norris, son of Maj. James Norris; Betsey, Samuel Noyes; Cyrus, Sally Allen, and Eleazer, Hannah Allen, both daughters of Daniel Allen, of East Monmouth. Eleazer moved to Augusta, Me. "Eleazer and Hannah

Smith had four sons and one daughter, the two survivors being Eleazer Hartley Wood Smith, the subject of this article, and his sister, Julia E., now Mrs. John H. Hartford. This son was born in Monmouth, Feb. 3, 1812. He learned the trade of bookbinding with Harlow Spaulding, of Augusta, before he reached his majority, and became foreman of the shop. Later he entered into partnership with George S. Carpenter, in the business of bookbinding and book selling, and afterward was in the bookbinding business with his brother-in-law, Mr. Hartford.

"Mr. Smith is best known in his native county as a clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal church. * *

* * His principal field of labor has been Augusta and vicinity. * * * * In writing of Rev. Mr. Smith for a church publication, Rev. A. S. Ladd says: "He has for many years been a local preacher, a prominent business man, and a man of great intelligence." He now resides in Augusta, in the enjoyment of a serene old age, the earthly recompense of a temperate life, and with the natural results of business ability and integrity. *

Ebenezer Briggs, the other member of the trio of 1802 settlers, lived for some time in the central part of the town. Although he must have had an earlier residence, the first that is known of him he was living in what was denominated the "plastered house," a somewhat remarkable structure that stood on the "Blaketown road," about opposite the wood-colored house lately occupied by Daniel Potter. This building was plastered in imitation of stucco work. Later, Mr. Briggs lived

* History of Kennebec County.

in the house that stood on the cheese-factory lot. From there he removed to North Monmouth. William Briggs, the only descendant of this family of whom a large majority of the residents have any knowledge, distinguished himself at the battle of Bull Run, and for his valor was promoted first lieutenant. E. K. Blake, for whom he had worked prior to his enlistment, presented him with a fine sword. He was seven times wounded, and finally shot through the temples.

Rev. Samuel P. Blake was born in Monmouth about 1802. His parents, John and Elizabeth Blake, who have been mentioned as early settlers on the "Kingsbury place," near Norris Hill, removed to Bath when he was a lad, and, with Lydia, the wife of Gen. McLellan, founded the Methodist church in that city. At the age of twenty-eight, Mr. Blake was admitted to the Maine Conference on trial, and, with the exception of a rest of four years, which the condition of his health demanded, he continued in active service until 1862, when he retired from the ministry and settled in Worcester, Mass. "Mr. Blake," says a contemporary, "was amiable in disposition, modest, unassuming and exemplary in deportment, a good man and a faithful minister." He died at Worcester, Sept. 10, 1882. His wife, Sarah W. McDonald, of Canaan, Me., preceded him to the spirit land by nearly seventeen years. They had eight children, one of whom, Elizabeth, married Wm. T. Skillin, station agent of the Grand Trunk railroad at North Yarmouth. Abby, another daughter, married Edmund W. Barton, assistant librarian of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester; Lydia McL. married Lt. Col. Edwin A. Webber of Chicago,



REV. SAMUEL PAINE BLAKE.

III.; Harriet II., Robert Bosworth of Bath, Me., and John, the only surviving son, resides in North Yarmouth, Me.

The year 1803, brought quite an increase in the population. Seventeen new names were recorded on the tax-books, representing a large class of squatters and driftwood, and a small number of substantial, permanent residents. One of the number was Jeremiah Thorn, who lived for a time in the "French house" just mentioned as standing on the cheese-factory lot. He afterwards moved into the "old yellow house," as it was called, which was built by Capt. Judkins near the spot where N. M. Nichols's buildings now stand. Mr. Judkins received the land on which it stood from Capt. Arnold, for building the saw-mill at "mud mills." Mr. Thorn was a joiner. There was nothing remarkable about the man, nor was there anything noteworthy in his career, and it is doubtful if his name would be found here were he not the first tenant, so far as we can learn, of the old yellow house, about which so much interest clusters. And this poor shell of a building, too, might have crumbled to atoms and blown to the quarters of the globe, without a pen being dipped to defend its history from oblivion, but for the readiness with which the inexplicable is accepted as the supernatural. Several years after Thorn left the place, the house was opened to the public as a tavern. A tavern, in those days, implied a tap-room and bar, in the main, with occasional refreshment to a weary traveler, and a night's lodging, if he could put up with such accommodations as the place afforded. They could be found scattered all along the stage line at intervals of from

half-a-mile to a mile. One evening a youth dressed in the garb of a sailor came swinging up the path, and was cordially welcomed at the door by the landlord, who knew that the money and appetites of followers of the sea were, alike, free. He was on his way from Hallowell, where he had left his vessel, to his mother's home at the head of Cochnewagan pond. Wearied, and perhaps thirsty, Curdevant, for such was the young man's name, turned in for a bit of refreshment. Mine host strained every nerve to do the agreeable. He entertained his guest with many a carefully treasured story, and urged him to refresh himself with his best "old Medford." He was soon joined by a boon companion, and the two drank to the stranger's health and entertainment, with their choicest jokes and raciest songs. Hour after hour passed, and still the trio sat in the reeking bar-room. A man going for the doctor late that night, as he passed the house, saw three men engaged in a fierce struggle. One, dressed like a sailor, was trying to hold his own against the tavern keeper and his companion. Such sights were too common in those days of free rum to demand particular attention, even if his errand had not demanded haste. The widow in the little cottage at the head of the pond never saw her boy again. She heard nothing of his appearance at the tavern, and wondered if his ship had been wrecked on the homeward passage; and so wondering and lamenting, died. The tavern-keeper soon gathered his effects and moved away.

A new family moved into "the yellow house," but not to stay. Evidently there were too many tenants for a rent of that size. Sounds were heard in the cel-

lar; they issued from the walls, from the door steps. Sharp raps were heard on the door when no person was near, followed by the sound of a hoe scraping beneath the foundation, and other noises, too numerous to describe, but not soothing to timid ears. One family after another tried in vain to cope with the perturbed spirit. Mr. Paine, preceptor of the academy in 1827, was one of the vanquished ones. All went well until he was called away on business for a day or two, leaving his wife and children alone. He engaged Everett Andrews, then a lad, to do his chores. Andrews performed his duties as quickly as possible, and quitted the premises as soon as courtesy would allow. He had just left the house, one evening, when a noise arose from beneath that, for a moment, completely paralyzed the inmates of the house with fright. Recovering from the first shock, Mrs. Paine made a dash for the door, followed by the screaming children. She was met there by a racket that sent her reeling back into the hall. An open window was near, and she fairly threw her children out, and, jumping through herself, ran for a place of safety. Andrews, hearing the uproar, looked back just in time to see the lady and her children come tumbling from the window. He was then down about as far as the Macomber house, and if he did not reach Monmouth Center in less than a minute, the fault lay in the shortness of his legs. On this, a body of men turned out to lay the ghost. They took up the doorstones, removed the foundation and dug in the cellar for the body of Curdevant. They found hair that was said to resemble his in color, and bones which were promptly pronounced sheep bones by the physician to

whom they were carried. No further discovery was made, and no ghosts troubled the peaceful inmates of the house from that day out.

Jonathan Currier, another resident whose advent was made in 1803, came from New Hampshire. He married Deborah Kelley, daughter of Capt. Wm. P. Kelley. He removed to St. Andrews, but returned later in life and died here.

The same year, Paul and Gideon Lombard made a clearing near South pond, and built a house, no traces of which are now to be seen. A part of the land taken up by them is included in the John Wood place.

William Bachelder, who came to Monmouth this year, settled on the D. H. Dearborn place, where he built a two-story house, which has been remodeled by Mr. Dearborn into the one he now occupies. He was a mason by trade.

John Harvey was born in Nottingham, N. H., Dec. 26, 1780. He was the second of a family of eight children, the rest of whom settled in Nottingham and adjoining towns. In 1803 he removed to Monmouth. The following year he purchased the farm on which he spent the residue of his days, and on which his daughter, Charlotte A. Harvey, still resides. This farm had been partially cleared by Major James Harvey, the defaulting treasurer of Monmouth, who, although he bore the same surname and hailed from the same town as John, was very distantly, if at all, related to him.

On the fourth day of June, 1809, Mr. Harvey was united in marriage to Asenath Fairbanks, daughter of Elijah Fairbanks, of Winthrop. They began life together that day on the farm, where they remained un-

til Mr. Harvey's decease, thirty-six years later.

John Harvey was one of the sterling men of the town. He held the position of selectman, at different periods, twenty years, being elected to the office the last time only one year before his decease; was appointed justice of the peace in 1822, and served two years as town treasurer. As he joined the Masonic fraternity before leaving New Hampshire, it is very probable that the claim of his relatives to the effect that he was the first member of the order in town can be substantiated. When the first lodge of Free Masons was instituted at Winthrop, his name appeared on the list of charter members. He died Dec. 20, 1845. Of his three children, two, Emily H. and Charlotte A., remained on the farm. Livonia, the oldest child, married Joseph Kimball and removed to Portland.

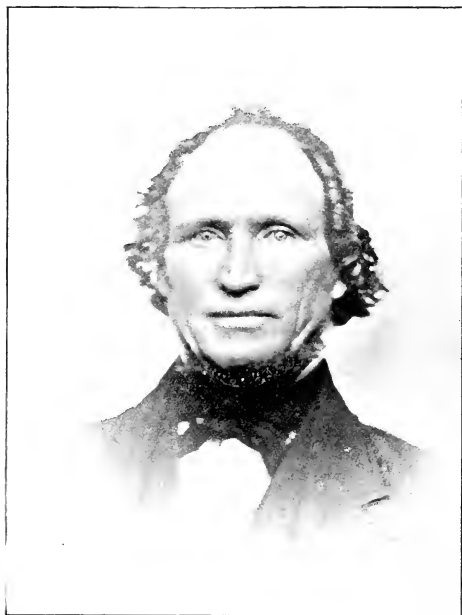
Epaphras Kibby Blake was born April 4, 1804. He was the son of Phineas Blake, jun., and was second in a family of seven. By inheritance, he received much that many are denied. First, and most important, of all, he received from his ancestors the gift of pure, healthy blood, and a vigorous temperament. Without this, the intense activity that marked his career could hardly have been supported. Perhaps, after all, the Christian example and training of his father should be placed before this physical endowment; but that could hardly be termed an inheritance. Next to this came the advantage of kinship, which was of no inferior grade. His father's mother was an own sister of Gen. Henry Dearborn, and her sister, Deborah, married Jonathan Cilley, of Nottingham, who was of the same family as Hon. Jonathan Cilley, the member of Con-

gress whose unfortunate duel with Hon. W. J. Graves is a matter of national history. Although the following of father by son in the Christian life is not a purely natural sequence, it was hardly more than natural that Mr. Blake, when he became interested in matters of supreme importance, should turn for religious fellowship to the Methodist "class" of which, it is supposed, his father was the first leader. Of his connection with the church, Rev. Dr. Day speaks thus in Allen's History of Methodism:

"He was converted when about eighteen years of age and soon united with the church of which for sixty-two years he was one of the most earnest supporters, by wise counsel, consistent Christian life, and liberal benevolence. For nearly half a century, he served his church in nearly all of her lay offices.

"To Mr. Blake's progressive mind and large generosity is due the present admirable church prospects at Monmouth Center. In fact, there is no feature of Monmouth Methodism for the past fifty years that does not bear his imprint. He made his church a constant study, for his love for her was deep and unwasting. His constancy was undiminished through physical obstacles or spiritual dearths. To all pastors he gave the same loyal support: from his lips never escaping an unkind criticism or complaint. With what cordial and hearty cheer were all ministers who sought his acquaintance, welcomed to the old homestead! And the Methodist preacher to whom he once gave his right hand had in Mr. Blake a warm friend for life.

"His was a modest, humble, but burning zeal, the heart of love, the intensity of joy in his Master's cause,



E. N. Blake.

no stiff opinions, no attempts to rule, no meddling. Leading by the force of a great character, an acknowledged wisdom, an undoubted devotion to that which was pure and of good report; he was always in the right place at the right time and did things in the right way.

"Mr. Blake was a man of remarkable ability in public speech. Methodism has been a grand arena for the development of such talent. In richness of thought, the unction of utterance and the happy timing of his efforts, he had few superiors among laymen in the entire denomination. An exhortation from Mr. Blake, in the old times when the brethren of the pews sometimes spoke after the preaching, has redeemed many a poor sermon and sent the congregation home in a high state of religious enthusiasm. His was a remarkable old age. His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated."

"His wife, whom he married in 1828, and who preceded him to the better land in 1878, was Clarissa True of Litchfield, a woman well suited to such a man, and who sympathized with him in all his zeal for the church."

At an early age, Mr. Blake was secured by the Wayne and West Waterville Edge Tool companies as general agent. In this capacity he traveled extensively in the New England States and Canada. After serving the company about forty years as the nominal agent, but recognized executive, of the corporation of which R. B. Dunn was the strategist, he retired to his farm at East Monmouth, where he died, in 1884, after a life of

useful and prolonged activity. * He had two sons, of whom mention will be made in a future chapter.

It has been stated that Mr. Blake was second in a family of seven. There were four sons and three daughters. The youngest of the latter died in infancy. Amelia married Rev. Elisha Stillman Norris, a member of the M. E. Conference of Iowa and son of Hon. Joseph Norris, of Monmouth; and Almira, Charles S. Norris, of East Monmouth. Of the sons, John married Deliverance Wilcox, and settled near the home place, where he died in 1838, at the age of thirty-seven. Henry Martin, who was four years younger than Epaphras Kibby, became prominent in religious circles.

“He was converted in 1829, while a student in Maine Wesleyan Seminary, at a campmeeting held on the Seminary grounds. In 1838, he was received, on trial, in Maine Conference, and appointed to Bartlett circuit, and continued in the itinerant service till the day of his death, January 15, 1865. Mr. Blake was a man of ardent temperament, careful and industrious habits and great singleness of purpose; he was strictly upright and wholly consecrated to his work as a minister; he had a deep sense of his own responsibility and of the perilous condition of the impenitent; he was an uncommonly earnest and faithful minister. Few preachers can exhibit a more glorious record, or can point to such a cloud of witnesses of their pastoral fidelity. He was a faithful friend and a pleasant companion. He was married in the early part of his

* As the foregoing paragraph was written by the author of this work for the History of Kennebec County, it is no plagiarism to introduce it here without the use of quotation marks.

ministry to Miss Lydia Horne, of Great Falls, N. H., who was always in full sympathy with her husband's work and labors of love, and who finished her course a few years in advance of him.

“Mr. Blake was deeply interested in all the benevolent enterprises of the church, and was a constant and generous contributor towards them. He contributed liberally toward the erection of Sampson Hall, at Kent's Hill, and was in favor of the largest and most substantial designs for that building. Great confidence was reposed in him by his brethren. He served many years as a trustee of the Conference and of Maine Wesleyan Seminary, and was twice a delegate to the General Conference. His love for the church and its institutions continued to the last. By his will, written a few days before his death, besides gifts to other benevolent objects, there was a bequest of thirteen hundred dollars to the Maine Wesleyan Board of Education, as a fund for the benefit of the Seminary at Kent's Hill. His wife, at her decease, several years previous, had given five hundred dollars for the same object. The few last years of his life were overshadowed by affliction. The death of his excellent wife left him a mourner; the loss of his books, papers and other personal effects by fire was severely felt. But he was graciously sustained, and continued his pastoral work with unflinching fidelity to the last day of his life.

“At the Conference of 1864, he was appointed to Pine Street Church, in Portland; he was the first pastor of that church, twenty years previously.

“On the morning of January 15, 1865, while on his way to Pine Street Church to conduct the services of

the day, he was seen to fall on the sidewalk; friends came to his relief but in a few minutes his earthly life was ended. 'Faithful unto death,' he went to receive his crown." *

Charles Phineas, the youngest of the children of Phineas Blake, jun., was born Sept. 22, 1820. In early life he developed in an eminent degree that vivacity and keen business instinct which marked the older members of the family. When a young man his ambition led him to the then "far West." At Cincinnati, Ohio, he established himself in the pork-packing business, which he extended during the winter seasons to New Orleans. In the former city he formed the acquaintance of Mary J. Sampson, a native of Leeds, Maine, and a lady of singularly pure and noble character, whom he married. Returning to Maine he entered the employ of the North Wayne Edge Tool Company as general agent for the Western States, his brother Kibby having control of all the eastern territory in a similar capacity. While connected with this corporation, he made North Wayne his home, but traveled in every State east of the Mississippi. Becoming wearied with this constant itinerancy, he returned to his native town and entered the employ of his brother-in-law, Charles S. Norris, who was then conducting general stores at Monmouth Center and East Monmouth. After the decease of Mr. Norris, he settled the estate, sold the business and turned his attention to the manufacture of men's boots at East Monmouth. In this enterprise his brother was interested. Under the firm name of E. K. & C. P. Blake, the industry evolved, in the course of

* From Allen's History of Methodism.

time, into the manufacture of moccasin boots for lumbermen. They purchased their stock of tanners in Pawtucket, R. I., and sometimes employed as many as sixteen men at the bench.

In 1868 Mr. Blake removed to Bangor, where he entered a firm that was already engaged in the manufacture of moccasin leather and boots. Here he remained until 1870, when he returned to Monmouth Center, and, taking to himself two partners, Hiram G. Judkins and William K. Dudley, erected a commodious building for the manufacture of the same class of goods. In founding this industry, Mr. Blake temporarily saved Monmouth Center from sinking into the state of oblivion toward which it is now apparently tending. For nearly a quarter of a century this manufactory and the one which was afterward erected near it have been the only substantial hope of the village. The superior quality of the goods manufactured by Mr. Blake and his associates brought large orders and consequent activity to the place.

Mr. Blake died Oct. 26, 1881, leaving two sons, Emerson Kibby, who has for many years been a commercial traveler in the employ of Portland and Boston firms, and Herbert Burbank, who has recently established himself as a blacksmith at Monmouth Center.

Another 1804 settler was John Drake, who took up the place now owned by J. G. Smith, on the Neck. He was a short, chunky man, conspicuous everywhere by contrast with the remarkably tall horse that he always rode. He was supposed to be quite wealthy. His gold and silver coin were always corroded, a fact that led his neighbors to believe that he kept a large

store of it buried. He sold the farm to George Norris and left town.

Abial Bedel, a Calvinist Baptist preacher well-known among the churches at Litchfield and Gardiner, took up a temporary residence in Monmouth, this year. He settled on the Dea. Daniel Whittier place, but did not purchase the land, holding only a so-called "squatter's claim."

Next to Phineas Blake and Daniel Prescott, the first tailor who became a resident of this town was one Simon Otis, whom John A. Torsey facetiously dubbed "Simon Magus." Tow frocks and trousers required little fitting, and our friend of the needle found it policy to give his attention to another branch of his versatile attainments—that of brick making. Where he first settled is not known. We first find him on the Torsey place, trying the double task of running a brick-yard and a family of sixteen children. He removed his brigade to Harmony, Me.

Calvin Hall came from the mouth of the Kennebec to Litchfield in 1790. He built the house that stands on the brow of the hill just beyond the town line, now owned and used as a summer residence by H. K. Morrill, Esq., of Gardiner, and known as "Tacoma." From Litchfield he moved to Monmouth, and settled near the "city," in 1804. He had seven sons and two daughters. Mr. Hall was in the expedition that went up the Chattanooga against the Indians. In the engagement in the woods, he came suddenly on a painted and feathered warrior, and both parties sprang behind trees for protection. In this position they remained for some time, neither daring to move from behind his cover,

and each watching for a movement on the part of the other that would expose him to the musket's muzzle. After waiting some time, Hall devised a stratagem. Placing his hat on the end of his musket, he cautiously moved it out as if he were peering from behind the tree. Crack! went the Indian's musket, and with a leap he came from his ambush and bounded toward the spot, flourishing his scalping-knife. Crack! went another musket, and this time the Indian leaped high into the air, uttered a piercing shriek, and fell at Hall's feet dead. Looking about for his company, Mr. Hall discovered that they had retreated and that he was alone. Guessing at their location, he made a dash through the thicket, and soon placed himself with them and out of danger.

Isaac Clark, jun., settled at East Monmouth in 1804. His ancestor was Hugh Clark, who settled in Watertown, Mass., as early as 1640, and removed to Roxbury in 1657. By his wife, Elizabeth, Hugh Clark had three children, one of whom was father to the wife of Dea. Elijah Livermore, the founder of Livermore, Maine, and great-grandfather to the father of the late Hon. Hannibal Hamlin. Another son, Uriah, born June 5, 1644, married Joanna Holbrook, of Braintree. His son, Uriah, jun., who was born Oct. 5, 1677, married, Nov. 21, 1700, Martha Pease of Cambridge. They had two children, one of whom, Dea. Pease Clark, moved to Maine in the spring of 1762, and was the first settler within the present limits of Hallowell. He came on a vessel laden with supplies for forts Western and Halifax, and was accompanied by his wife and son, Peter, and the latter's wife and child. At this time

Hallowell was an unbroken wilderness. They were set ashore near the spot where the hotel now stands. It was near night, and, having no time to construct a shelter, they crawled under a cart-body which they brought with them. The next day they built a rude camp of boughs, near the spot where the cotton factory stands, and commenced making a clearing. Their land embraced the part now covered by the business portion of the city. Peter Clark, the son, had visited the spot before, as lieutenant of one of the forces sent by Gov. Shirley for the erection of the fort. They built the first house in Hallowell. Dea. Clark was moderator of the first town meeting held in Hallowell, and was chairman of the first board of selectmen. He was "a pious man, just and honorable in all his dealings. He married, Nov. 2, 1727, Abigail Wedge, by whom he had eight children, the oldest of whom, Isaac, born Aug. 5, 1741, married Alice Philbrook, of Cumberland. He settled in Augusta about the same time his father settled in Hallowell. A few years later, he removed to the latter place, where he built the first two-story house in town. He held at one time the office of selectman." He removed to Monmouth in 1805. In July, 1824, he died, leaving six children. Of these, Isaac jun., who came to Monmouth one year earlier than his father, was the fourth in order. He was born Sept. 5, 1780, and was married to Sabra Smith, daughter of Deacon Joshua Smith, Sept. 19, 1805, one year after his settlement in the town. She died, and he married for a second wife Asenath * Moody, daughter of Rev. Gilman Moody. Mr. Clark was a man of much spirit

* Zenie is the name by which she was generally known.

and enterprise. He built mills at East Monmouth and started a plant which, but for his premature death, would undoubtedly have developed into a large manufactory. He possessed almost unlimited business capacity, and had a mind that leaned toward large commercial ventures. The large house just across the bridge from the mill, now owned by Mrs. Norris, was his mansion, and quite a pretentious one it was considered in those days. After Mr. Clark's decease, his large property fell, through a questionable process, into the hands of a relative in Hallowell, and his son, the rightful owner, is now a town charge. Mrs. Clark married for a second husband Jesse S. Robinson. The frequent recurrence of the name Isaac in this record necessitates careful reading. Isaac Clark, jun., the now living member of the family, is third in the order of Isaacs.

Ebenezer King, who came to Monmouth in 1804, and settled on the farm on the Neck now owned by Wm. C. Tinkham, was the son of Benjamin King, the progenitor of the Monmouth and Winthrop branches of the King family. Benjamin King was a resident of New Ipswich, N. H. He entered the continental army during the war of the Revolution, and was probably killed in battle, as he was never heard from afterward. His wife, Susan Taylor, and six of her seven children removed to Maine. The oldest of these was Benjamin, jun., who settled in Ballstown (now Whitefield), Me., where he engaged in manufacturing and mercantile pursuits, and was killed by a falling beam, while raising a mill. The second, third, fourth and fifth children were girls. Sarah married and settled in

Mason, N. H.; Elizabeth married a Mr. Huse and removed to Hope, Me.; Silence married Peter Hopkins, of Winthrop, and Mary, a Mr. Floyd, of the same place. Ebenezer, the sixth of Benjamin King's children, married Mehitable Robbins. He died in 1815, on the farm on Monmouth Neck to which, as has already been stated, he removed in 1804, leaving nine children. Of this large family, only one made Monmouth a permanent residence. Jason, the second son, was born July 10, 1792. At an early age he opened a general store at East Monmouth Mills. The building in which he traded stood east of the bridge, about half way between the latter point and the brow of the hill. It was afterward remodeled into a blacksmith shop, and occupied as such by Henry Robie. Still later, it was moved to a point near the house now occupied by Mr. Rankins, where it serves as a shed, or carriage house.

After conducting this business about six years, Mr. King purchased of Abraham Brown the northern portion of the farm now owned by George E. Gilman. The house which stood on this farm was located about half-way between the corner and the house now owned by Mr. Perkins. In 1863, he erected the brick house in which Mr. Gilman lives. The farm that lay south of his land was then owned by James Nichols. Mr. King purchased this, and united it with the one he bought of Mr. Brown. He subsequently sold the eastern portion to Harrison Sawyer. Not far from 1854, he removed to Monmouth Center, and purchased of Wm. Blondel the farm now owned by his son, S. O. King, Esq., where he remained until his decease, Sept. 3, 1871.

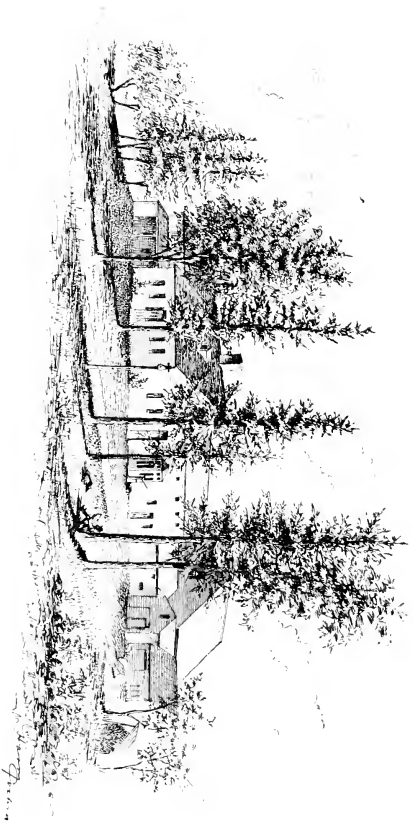
Mr. King was married three times; first to Pamela, daughter of Samuel Marrow, of Winthrop, by whom he had five children. She died Aug. 13, 1840, and he married Mrs. Clarissa Shaw Allen, whose daughters, Delinda and Valina, had become the wives of Mr. King's sons, Samuel and Rufus. After her decease, he married Mrs. Sarah Currier Dailey, who survived him.

Mr. King's oldest brother, Amos, married Abigail Folsom, and removed to Phillips, and, later, to Readfield and Mt. Vernon, Me., where he engaged in the clothing and cloth dressing business. Of his other brothers, Bernard and Zenas removed to Hallowell. The former was a miller, the latter a wool merchant. Two others died in infancy. The three sisters will be mentioned in a later connection.

Jason King had four sons and one daughter. The latter, Pamela M., married George S. Stevens, and died in Monmouth, in 1869. The oldest son, Lewis D., married Angeline W., daughter of Ard Macomber, and settled on the farm opposite the Strout place in Wales. This farm he exchanged with Wm. Wharff for the land which lies eastward from Oscar C. True's, in the Lyon district. The house in which he lived was moved by Wm. C. Nichols to the Foster place, near East Monmouth, many years ago. Albert L. King, the youngest son of Jason, died in Illinois, at the early age of twenty-six. The other sons, Samuel O. and Rufus G., are still residents of Monmouth. The former was born Jan. 30, 1821. At the age of twenty-two, he was united in marriage with Delinda A. Allen, daughter of Luther Allen, of East Monmouth. Prior to this, he had taught several terms of school in Maine and Rhode

Island. He now purchased a farm and devoted his attention to agriculture. The place on which he settled is the one now owned by Mr. Watts, near Davis Emerson's. He moved from this farm to the B. Frank Jones place, in East Monmouth, which he purchased of Isaac Richards. Thence, about 1865, he removed to Monmouth Center, and purchased of George B. Leuzader the hotel which, before the great conflagration of 1888, stood on the corner of Main and Maple streets. A few months later, he purchased of Rev. Rishworth Ayer the farm at North Monmouth now owned by Mrs. Bishop, where he lived until 1870, when he removed to his father's farm at Monmouth Center, where he still resides. About 1873, he purchased the hardware business of Simon Clough, and, later, added to his stock a line of general goods. But a mercantile career was not in keeping with his temperament and established course of life. With the exception of about sixteen years, during which he devoted a portion of his time to the manufacture of brick, and a few terms at the teacher's desk, his entire life had been spent in the fields, and he returned to his favorite employment after a short time, although he held an interest in the business for several years.

Mr. King has served five consecutive years on the board of selectmen, one year as superintending school committee, and eight years as superintendent of the Sunday school of the M. E. church. He is a man of studious habits and an intelligent thinker, modest in his estimation of his own abilities, and always quiet and unassuming. He is a leading, though never offensive, spirit in third party politics, and has several times been



Residence of Samuel O. King, Monmouth.

run on the county ticket. His oldest son, Rev. Melvin E. King, is a member of the Maine General Conference of the M. E. church. Two other sons, George L. and Luther O., reside in Monmouth. The former married Ella M., daughter of Jesse Richardson, of North Monmouth; the latter, Lelia E. Mayo, of Carmel, Me. Both have been numbered among the traders of Monmouth Center.

Rutus G. King was born Oct. 30, 1823. Like his brother Samuel, his first venture on starting in life for himself was teaching. After spending several years in the schools of Maine, Massachusetts and Rhode Island, he married and settled on his father's farm. The year following his marriage, he purchased of his brother Samuel, the place now owned by Mr. Watts, in the eastern part of the town. In 1854 he bought the house now owned by David Woodbury, at Monmouth Center. This building was erected for, and used as, a blacksmith shop by Charles Towle. It originally stood near the Lyon school-house, and was moved and partially remodeled by Mr. Towle. Mr. King sold this place to Capt. Jack, and moved to the place where Mr. Perry lives, on Main street. When a young man, he learned the shoe-maker's trade of Levi Greeley, of East Monmouth, and worked at the bench one year in Winthrop. Not far from 1862, he erected a shop on the corner of Main and Maple streets, which he extended five years later into the house he now occupies. In this shop he manufactured boots and shoes for the local trade, sometimes employing half-a-dozen hands. At about the same time he began the manufacture of ready-made clothing for Boston firms. Mr. King was the

pioneer of this industry in Monmouth. But little work was done in the shop, but for miles around every woman that could spare a moment from her housework was working on coats. Prices were then good, and a large amount of money was distributed in this and adjoining towns through the industry. Coat making was then performed largely by hand, but Mr. King introduced the Grover and Baker sewing machine, for which he held the agency, into many homes, and a new era in the sewing line dawned upon Monmouth.

After a few years he sold his retail boot and shoe trade to C. L. Owen, and devoted his entire attention to the sale of sewing machines. With the exception of a brief period, during which he resumed the manufacture of clothing in company with A. A. Luce, under the firm name of Luce & King, Mr. King has been retired from active business life for several years. He is a man of great ingenuity, methodical in his habits and inclined to scholastic attainments. He married, as has already been stated, Susan Valina Allen, daughter of Luther Allen, of East Monmouth. They had two sons, Alfred A. and Alfred R., the former of whom died in childhood, the latter, in early manhood.

Samuel King was the youngest of Benjamin King's seven children. He was born March 1, 1763. The death of his father while serving his country has already been noticed. Samuel must have been quite young at this time. He was not far from seventeen years of age when the family removed to Maine. In a previous chapter * it is stated that he was accompanied from New Hampshire by Benjamin Clough. Although

* Page 147.

this statement is undoubtedly correct, it is probable that Mr. King settled in Winthrop at least three years prior to this event, and had returned to Epping for a visit. On his first journey to Maine he was accompanied by his widowed mother. They made the trip on horseback, coming by way of Norris Hill. There was then no clearing in the western or northern part of the town, with the exception of the small one Bonney, the deserter, had cut near the pond which bears his name. It was only a few months, however, before Capt. Peter Hopkins made his clearing near the Winthrop line. Mr. King married, Sept. 28, 1786, Susanna Brainerd, of Winthrop, and settled on the farm now owned by Amasa Dorillus King, in the edge of Winthrop. His death, which resulted from an accident received while unloading rails, occurred June 25, 1816. His wife died April 22, 1814. They had ten children, three of whom died at an early age. Those who reached maturity were Samuel, Benjamin, Isaac, Amasa, Susanna, Mary and Sylvester. Amasa settled on the home place, Sylvester married Cordelia Stanley and came to North Monmouth about 1850, and all the others married and settled in Winthrop, except Samuel, who, at the age of twenty-four, married Matilda Rice and came to Monmouth. He purchased of John Huse the greater part of the farm in the northern part of the town now owned by his son, Joseph R., and his grandson, Albertus R. King, and here he spent the remainder of his days.

Mr. King was a man of no ordinary calibre. His mind turned toward large business projects, and his ambition was supported by strong executive ability. In company with his son, William, who possessed

these traits coupled with great ingenuity, he erected the brick factory at North Monmouth and engaged in the manufacture of starch. He subsequently remodeled the mill and put in machinery for the manufacture of webbing, an industry which he conducted until 1850, when he sold the business to his son, Joseph R. King, Esq.

Mr. King died Feb. 15, 1873. His wife died April 9, 1859. They had six children, two of whom died in early life. Samuel R. King, the second son, married Susan E. Morrill and removed to Exeter, Me., and thence to South Corinth, where he now resides. George W. King, the next oldest son, was born Mar. 10, 1820. At the age of twenty-one, he married Mary E. Fogg, daughter of Royal Fogg, and settled on the home place, where he remained until 1862, when it was purchased by Jeremiah Gordon. He then opened a general store at North Monmouth, and continued in trade until within a year of his decease.

Mr. King was one of our most influential townsmen. He held the office of selectman from 1855 to 1860, that of town agent several years, and, prior to the political revolution of 1884, had served as postmaster a term of eighteen years. With one exception, he was, at the time of his decease, the oldest male native of North Monmouth. He died Sept. 25, 1890. Two of his children, Orin F. and Orianna M., live at North Monmouth. The latter married H. Weston Pettingill, and resides on the homestead. The former married Ann W. Sylvester. He is an expert painter, and at one time had charge of the interior painting at the Maine Insane Asylum. Rosette M. King, another of George

W. King's children, died in 1869 at the age of twenty-two; and a fourth, Olivette R., married Daniel W. Woodbury, formerly of Monmouth, now of Thomaston, Me.

William H. and Joseph R. King were the youngest of Samuel King's children. William H. was born June 4, 1824. He has already been mentioned, in connection with the industries founded by his father, as a man of marked ability. At the age of twenty-four, he was married to Jane Stearns of New Hampshire. He removed to Exeter, Me., and subsequently to New York, where he engaged in the plumbing business and gained considerable wealth. In recent years he has resided in California.

Joseph R. King was born Apr. 9, 1826. At the age of twenty he received his time and began to work for his father at sixty cents a day and board. He remained in his father's employ four years. Then the elements of character which have made the Kings of Monmouth a family of successful business men came to the surface. With no capital but pluck and energy, he purchased of his father the brick factory at North Monmouth, with its outfit of machinery for manufacturing webbing, and began business for himself. Most men would have hesitated to acknowledge a weakness of financial base when trying to obtain credit in the commercial world; but, with characteristic honesty, he plainly stated to the firm from which he purchased his stock the fact that he was without resources, and was doing business on borrowed capital. His honesty and address procured him credit, and he launched out on a successful business career. But every man must wade

through difficulties before establishing himself on a firm basis, and Mr. King was not exempted. Unfortunately for him, he had friends; and for friendship's sake he could do no less than indorse paper which, when it matured, he was called upon to substantiate. It was a crushing blow to the young man, standing, as he was, just on the threshold of active life; but he assumed the burden bravely, and toiled early and late for years to make good a claim for which he received only twenty-five cents on a dollar.

Mr. King is now one of our wealthiest and most respected citizens. Quiet and unassuming in manner, conservative, and never aspiring to leadership in public affairs, he is, nevertheless, a leader by the power of his sound judgment and integrity. He has served two terms on our board of selectmen.

Mr. King was married Dec. 30, 1852, to Emeline T. Dexter, a native of Winthrop, but a resident, at the time of her marriage, of East Boston, Mass. They have had four children, one of whom died in infancy. Albertus R., the only son, succeeded his father in the webbing manufacturing business. He married Miss Ella Ramsdell, and resides at North Monmouth. Eva A. married Charles Irving Bailey, son of Charles M. Bailey, of Winthrop, and Imogene C. is the wife of Edwin M. Stanton, the senior partner of the firm of Stanton & Glover, jewelers, 37 Hanover St., Boston.

In coming to the year 1805, the first thing that attracts attention is the formation of a new school district. Thus far, only four districts had been regularly supported—the north, south, east and west. As early as 1794, attempts were made to set off new districts,



Joseph R. King

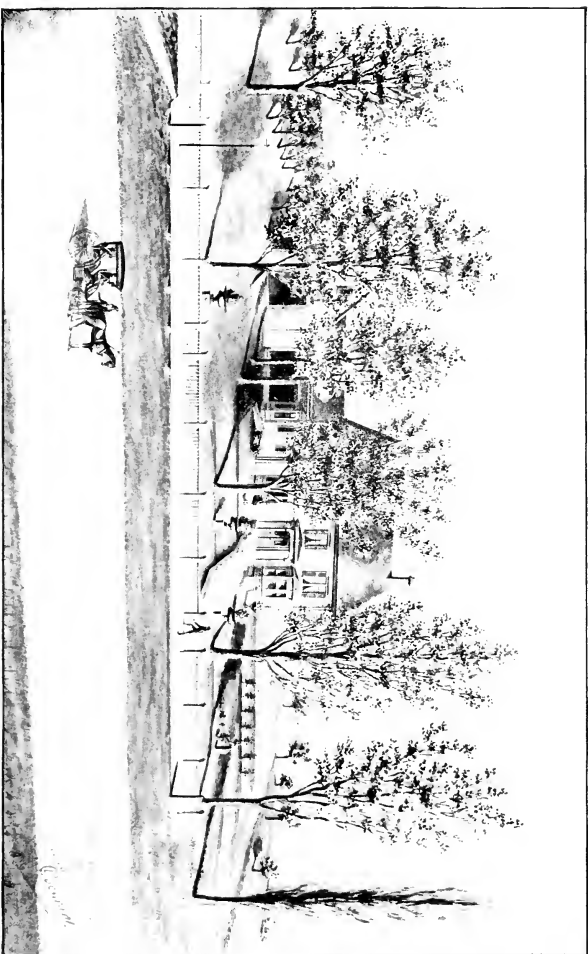
but the ones thus formed were generally supported not more than a year. In 1794 a new school was organized at the Center, or, rather, at Dearborn's corner, one mile south of the Center. This encroached on the south district only in the matter of numbers, as the money set apart for that school was not divided, a sum more than twice as large being raised among the voters of the neighborhood for the support of their independent school. This school was abandoned at the end of the first year. In 1797 the Ridge was set off as a separate district, drawing its quota of school money from the town treasury. This, too, was abandoned after a brief trial. The first movement toward a new division, which had in it the principle of permanency, was inaugurated in 1802, when the two or three families living in the Bishop neighborhood were permitted to retain their school money. This continued until 1805, when a new arrangement was effected, and the Bishop district formed. A fair idea of the size of this school may be gained from the fact that, out of a sum total of four hundred eight dollars and sixty-one cents, its proportionate part was five dollars and sixty-five cents. In 1803 the east district was practically, though not nominally divided. At this time and in following years the money appropriated for the support of that school was drawn in two orders, one half going to defray the expense of a new school in Joseph Chandler's neighborhood.

Among the new arrivals for 1805 was Elias Stackpole, a man of almost superhuman strength, whose muscular achievements astonished the heroes of the prize ring for miles around. While working in the

saw-mill at East Monmouth, it was no uncommon thing for him to catch a sawed log from the carriage and carry it to the board pile without any apparent effort. At a training in Augusta, after the review, a field officer who was acquainted with him rode up beside him and playfully knocked off his hat with his sword. No sooner did the hat leave the giant's head than the officer sunk the spurs into his horse's flanks with an exultant chuckle; but, before the animal could make the responsive plunge, Stackpole had caught him by the tail and pulled him back on his haunches. "He laughs best who laughs last," thought the chagrined officer, as he half leaped, half tumbled, to the ground, and ordered the drinks. Stackpole was not a pugilist. His remarkable strength never made a bully of him. While he always took pride in exhibiting his ability, he never sought opportunities to display it. He married Nancy, daughter of Joshua Smith of Monmouth Neck.

Nathaniel Marston, of Deerfield, N. H., purchased one hundred and fifty acres of land at Monmouth Center, in 1805, to which he removed either that year or the first of the one following. He served as town constable in 1807. His brother, Robey Marston, jun., and son, Daniel, settled at about the same time on a farm on Back street. Nathaniel subsequently moved to the eastern part of the state. His grandson, Nathan W. Marston, has recently accomplished the onerous task of compiling the genealogy of the Marston family.

Major Benjamin White was born in Dedham, Mass., in 1760. He was a descendant of Peregrine White, and one of thirteen children. In 1783 he married



Residence of Joseph R. King, North Monmouth.

Polly Fales, of Walpole. Soon after, they removed to Winthrop, Me., and took up a farm in the wilderness. Their house was built in the heart of the forest, and was so closely surrounded by evergreens that the good lady of the house—or cabin, could stand on her doorstep and pick a broom. Many were the lonely hours spent by this estimable lady during the first two years of her married life. Her only companion, while her husband was clearing his farm, was a small kitten which she brought from her old home in Walpole. After two years, a daughter was born to them, and, three years later, a son. On the advent of these troublesome comforts, all loneliness disappeared.

In 1805, the family removed to the Lyon district, in Monmouth, and settled on the Sinclair place, where the remainder of Mr. White's days were spent.

Maj. White held, in an unusual degree, the respect of the people, and was, in consequence, raised to important military and civil positions. Perhaps the most important one was that of high sheriff of Kennebec county, at a period when ability and desert were the factors that won. As incumbent of this office, he was called upon to discharge the disagreeable duties of hangman at the execution of Sager, and was saved from the performance of this part by nothing but an attack of sickness. To a man of tender sensibilities, such an act would have been a terrible ordeal. He possessed a genial disposition and a great fondness for children, which was so thoroughly reciprocated that many of the children of the neighborhood would cry after him when he left them. Mrs. White was a devoted Christian, and her home was often the scene of gathering for the

praying women of the vicinity, many of whom would sometimes remain all night in prayer.

Maj. White had four sons and five daughters. Benjamin, jun., will be noticed in a later chapter; Eben married Mary Durgan, of Walpole, Mass., and settled in Hallowell, Maine, where he engaged in trade as senior partner of the firm of White & Warner. He subsequently removed to Gardiner, where he died, in 1842. He was the father of Ex-State Treasurer, Hon. Charles A. White. David married, first, Hannah Hoyt. They settled in East Monmouth. After her decease, he married Cynthia Wickwire and removed to the northern part of the state, where he served in the capacity of a government official, and thence to Skowhegan, Me., where he held the office of Judge of Probate. Greenleaf married Julia Marston of Hallowell. He was a wholesale merchant in Augusta, Me. Mary, the oldest of Major White's daughters, married Maj. James F. Norris, of East Monmouth; Amelia married Reuben Brainerd, of Winthrop. They moved to East Monmouth and settled on the hill east of the mills. Lucy married William Cram, of Litchfield, and Sophronia, Henry A. Tilton, of Monmouth. She was the mother of Mrs. Wm. K. Dudley, of this town.

John C. Chandler was another 1805 immigrant. He was a nephew of Gen. John Chandler and was born in Sanbornton, N. H., July 20, 1783. He married Major David Marston's daughter, Locady, the first day of January, 1806. He built a house near his father-in-law's, in the field north of the B. S. Ellis stand, and a blacksmith shop near it in which he worked at his trade. These buildings he sold in later years to John

Sullivan Blake, and removed to Bath. After about eight years absence, he returned and purchased the place now owned by Christopher Hammond, at North Monmouth, where he died, May 25, 1830. He had six children, all but one of whom died in early life. Mary Ann Chandler, the surviving daughter, resides with B. M. Prescott, Esq., in Monmouth.

The advent of the Tilton family in Monmouth dates back to 1805, when Josiah Tilton, accompanied by his wife and child, came from Epping, N. H., and settled on wild land, now embraced in the farm of Albert A. Sawyer. His wife was Hannah Blake, a sister of the wife of Daniel Folsom, and of Joseph Blake, who came from Epping in 1810 and settled on the farm at East Monmouth now owned by Reuben Howard, from which he moved to the place now owned by Robert Gilman, in the Lyon district.

Josiah Tilton had only one child, Joseph, who married, first, Elizabeth Norris, of Epping, and second, Joannah Emerson, of Litchfield. He lived with his father until the decease of his first wife. After his second marriage he removed to the stand now owned by L. L. Allen, at Monmouth Center, and thence to Newport, Me. He had four children, two of whom died at an early age. Mary, the oldest child, married Wm. Wharff, now of West Gardiner, and Joseph F., the next oldest, Julia Towle, daughter of Benj. Towle, of Monmouth. He now resides in Newport, Me.

Josiah Tilton had a brother by the name of Daniel, who settled on the farm now owned by E. Page White some years after Josiah took up the Sawyer farm. The exact date of his settlement in this town can not be as-

certained, but it is very probable that he did not live here more than one year before his decease, which occurred in 1819. His sons, Noah and Abram, came to this town in 1814 and 1815 respectively, and, as the father was never taxed in Monmouth, it is probable that he came in 1818 and died the year following. He had eight children. The youngest of these, Hannah, died at the age of fourteen. The others all married into Monmouth families except Noah, who elected a life of "single blessedness." He remained in town, however, after his father's decease, and plied the vocation of a tailor on the home place. The daughters were Elizabeth, Mercy and Rachel. The first married Joseph Blake, the second, Phineas Kelly, and the last, Clark Wilcox. Abram, who was, next to Noah, the oldest son, took up the farm now owned by Ethan Little. He married Mary French and had one child, Mary E., who married Hiram G. Judkins. Henry A., the third son, remained on the home place with his brother Noah. He married Sophronia, daughter of Major Benjamin White. They had three daughters, Mary A., Ann E., and Sarah A. The latter died at the age of fifteen years. Ann married William K. Dudley, and Mary, Cyrus L. Owen. William Frederick, the youngest son, married Charlotte, daughter of Ezekiel Wickwire, and settled on the farm of his father-in-law. He had two children, Harriet O., who married James O. Preble, of Monmouth Center, and William Henry, who married Nellie M. Pike, of Salisbury, Mass., and remained on the home place.

"Dr. Frederick" Tilton was the son of Abraham Tilton, of Epping, who came to Monmouth in or about

1845, and settled on the place now owned by Davis Emerson. Abraham had two children, a daughter, who married and settled in New Hampshire, and Dr. Frederick. His wife died before he left Epping. The son, William Frederick, who, to distinguish him from William Frederick, the son of Daniel Tilton, was always known as "Doctor" Frederick, had studied medicine in New Hampshire and taken his degrees at a medical college. The first time he was called to visit a patient he fell from his horse and severely injured his—temper. In that hour his professional career closed. The fates that had so unceremoniously tampered with his dignity had no power to induce him to resume his vocation. He lodged his diploma and saddle-bags in the garret, hitched his horse to a plow, exchanged his ruffled shirt for a farmer's frock, and satisfied his desire to mount fame's gilded ladder by running up and down the ladder that led to the hay mow. He was married before leaving New Hampshire, and had two sons, George and Arthur. The entire family removed to Kansas, with the exception of Abraham, who died in Monmouth, June 21, 1854.

Another branch of the Monmouth Tiltons sprang from Josiah Tilton, who settled on the farm now owned by his grand-daughters, the Misses Tilton, of Monmouth Neck. Mr. Tilton had two sons and two daughters. Of the latter, Jane married Jacob G. Smith, and Louise married, first, Phineas Jewell, and second, Cyrus Foster. The sons were Josiah and Greeley. The former married Diantha, daughter of Jacob Smith, and sister of Jacob G. Smith, of East Monmouth. He had two children, Martha and Louise. Louise married

James H. Chick, of Monmouth, and Martha, who is unmarried, resides on the home place. After the death of their father, his widow married his brother Greeley. From this union came Sarah and Ada. The former married John S. Chandler, of East Monmouth, and the latter resides with her sister Martha, on the homestead.

To carry out the ancient custom of having a burying lot in close proximity to the church, the town voted, at a meeting held the 29th day of September, 1805, "that the town do appropriate and relinquish for a Burying ground the following part of the land that was given by Lady Temple, viz: Beginning at the South-east corner of said piece, then running north 22 1-2 degrees, east, ten rods; thence running west north-west, carrying the width of ten rods so far as that a line parallel with the Range will run within two rods of the east end of the East porch to the meeting house." It will be seen that the whole of this lot lay east of the meeting house. A few were interred in this place before any action was taken to have it set apart as a cemetery. Later, the town voted to change the location to the present site, on account of the condition of the low land east of the meeting house. When this removal was effected, it was the intention to use only the upper part of the lot, and bodies that had been buried east of the high land were taken up and reinterred near the road. But, as this part of the yard has become filled, a gradual encroachment on the low land has been made, until, now, the portion that was discarded as unfit for burial purposes has become the most attractive part of the cemetery.

Samuel Avery, who died in 1799, was the first per-

son buried in the new yard. (He was son-in-law to Capt. John Arnold and lived on the Pettingill place.) Mr. Avery had two children buried on the old lot.

It has been supposed by some persons that the town acted without right in appropriating a portion of the land given by Lady Temple for such a purpose, and, occasionally, a local sage is found who knows that the lot was donated by Lady Temple to be used as a "common" for military parades, and that a violation of the conditions under which it was conferred might result in a forced surrender of the property. This question has often been discussed under a proposition to enlarge the cemetery. John Chandler, by whom the land was secured for the use of the town, was moderator of the meeting at which it was voted to set apart a portion of this land for a burying-ground. Had any provisions or conditions existed in the deed of conveyance, Mr. Chandler would have known it, and would not have suffered them to be violated. Our citizens may rest assured that no forfeiture will be demanded if, in the course of time, the whole common is included in the limits of the cemetery.

A stained paper, bearing the date of July 4, 1806, shows that the cavalry, or troops, at this time, consisted of one hundred forty-four members. The subjoining transcript is thought to be accurate. There are, however, two or three names on the list that are not familiar to the writer, and these are so hidden in bad chirography and ingenious spelling as to be almost beyond decipherment.

"Capt. Sewall Prescott

Nathaniel pettingill

Lut^a James MLellan

Bradford Bowers

James F. Norris	Elisha Keen
Cornet, * John Rendall	Simeon Rowes
SERGANTS.	Joseph woodard
Jon ^a Judkins	Joseph Cowin
William Moure	Samuel Libbey
Abither Bridge	John Hamilton
Cyrus parker	Mesech Blake
Elipphet Dearborn, Musct.	Newell prescott
COPERALS.	Samuel Jack
David Modey.	Simon Otis
Henry Jewell	Josiah Tilton
Benjamin pearker.	Benjamin Thompson
Icobart Hawes	Jacob goulder
	Johnathan Curier
Walter Waymouth	Henry Cuttler
Ezra Ames	James Smart
Oliver Hopkins	John Page
John Jenkins	Enoch Dearborn
Elijah Gove	David Chandler
John Moodey	John Harvey
Levi Moody	John Owine."
Joshua Tilton	.

Up to this time the schools had, in the main, been under the management of district committees, consisting of one member for each school. As in each of these the committee was vested the authority of school agent and examining board, the success of the school depended largely on the ability and tact of their representative supervisors. And as popularity had more to do with the selection of these local potentates than erudition, the educational conditions were far from flatter-

* Cornet is an obsolete title for standard bearer.

ing. The state of affairs certainly demanded a new system, and those who were most interested in educational matters were anxious for its advent. With no precedent to guide and no experience to instruct, the zealous advocates of a new departure did precisely what they should not have done—increased the number of committees instead of diminishing it. Acting on the idea that “two heads are better than one”, we find our wise forefathers in 1800 appointing a committee of three members in nearly all the districts. This innovation was placed in its shroud at the next annual meeting, when the old system was resumed.

“Abner P. Hillman was born in Lincolnville, Maine, July 19, 1806. He was the son of Rev. Samuel Hillman, for many years a member of the New England Conference. Abner was converted under the ministry of Rev. Moses Donnell, at Wiscasset, in 1829.

“In 1830, after earnest prayer and strong convictions, he gave himself up to the work of the ministry; he received license to preach and recommendation to Conference, and was admitted on trial in Maine Conference the same year; he continued in effective itinerant service till 1856, when failing health compelled him to retire to the ranks of the superannuates.

“During his superannuation his home was for some time at Cape Elizabeth; for several years he served as chaplain at the State Reform School.

“During the last few years of his life, his home was in Concord, Massachusetts, where he died, November 19, 1882, in the seventy-seventh year of his life, and the fifty second year of his ministry.

“Mr. Hillman was tall in person and gentlemanly in

manners, of superior culture, discriminating mind, keen sensibilities and kindly affections, and was an able preacher, and a prominent minister of the Maine Conference. His widow, Mrs. Alfrida R. Hillman, did not long survive her husband. She died in Wiscasset, her native town, September 4, 1884, a worthy woman and active christian worker.”*

Jeremiah Towle was an immigrant of this period. Some two or three years prior to this date, he had transported his worldly effects from Grafton, N. H., to Augusta, Me., in a hay rack drawn by oxen. He was accompanied on this long journey by his wife and ten children. Why he settled in Augusta, and why he came thence to Monmouth, is not known. Coming into this town by way of the Neck, he made his first stop at the “Swift place,” now owned by H. T. Leech, and then, probably, the home of Maj. James Norris, who may have been a former acquaintance in New Hampshire, and possibly Mr. Towle’s officer in the Revolution. Stopping there a short time for rest, he doubtless proceeded at once to the Nathan Randall place, near the academy, which was to be his future home. Fourteen boys and girls went out from this family circle; some into the world of spirits and some into the world of activity. Cyrus, the oldest of the family, went to sea when young, and no tidings of him ever came back. Several of the daughters married and settled in Waldo county, and two—Sally, who married Benson Fogg, and Ann, who married Augustine Blake—remained in Monmouth. Robert married Nancy Marston, daughter of Maj. David Marston of Monmouth, and settled in the north part of the

*Allen’s History of Methodism.

town, where he reared a large family, and Ira married Sarah Blossom and settled on the farm now owned by his son, Cyrus E. Towle. One of his daughters married Abner C. Stockin, the New England agent of the New York publishing firm of Harper & Bros., and another, Charlotte E. Towle, is a teacher of high repute in the public schools of Lewiston. Jeremiah removed to New York city and engaged in real estate brokerage. He became wealthy, and was a man of political influence even in so large a place as the American metropolis. From the office of alderman, he rose to a prominent position in the naval bureau. His son, Stephen, is superintendent of one of the important municipal departments of New York.

Dr. James Cochrane, sen., was born in Windham, N. H., about 1777. He was of pure Scotch extraction, his ancestors being members of the colony which "migrated from Argyleshire, Scotland" and settled in Londonderry, Ireland, in the Province of Ulster, about 1612. This colony consisted entirely of Protestants who were subsequently driven to this country through religious persecutions, and had no connection with the people of the country in which they settled; but from their long residence in Ireland they were called Scotch-Irishmen.

Of Dr. Cochrane's early life but little is known except that he studied medicine, and was united in marriage to Jane Moore, daughter of Hugh Moore, of Buxton, Me. He practiced in Limerick, Me., whence he removed to Monmouth in 1806, and bought of Gen. Joseph Chandler his houses on High street, and the large, square store which stood on the lot a few rods north of the site now covered by the residence of John M. Pres-

cott. In 1812 his cousin, Andrew P. Cochrane, came to Monmouth and engaged in trade with the doctor. They dissolved the partnership after a year's trial, Andrew removing to the eastern part of the state. The store, which had no successful occupant after Joseph Chandler left it, was finally sold to Samuel Brown and moved to the Center, where it now stands—the main part of the house occupied by Dea. C. B. Bragdon—the old-fashioned, hip-roof having been replaced by one of more modern outline.

The doctor easily established a good practice. He was courteous, suave, easy in manner, and, withal, possessed the advantage of having no professional competitor. His wife was just his opposite—large and ungraceful in figure and blunt in manner, she presented a far from pleasing contrast to his graceful physique and gentlemanly deportment. She was a devout Christian, and a member of the Methodist church, which did not then stand in high repute among the people of culture, while he was a bitter opposer of religion and suffered much mortification from his wife's choosing to go with "Aunt Sukey and Aunt Becky", as he facetiously called them, instead of Mrs. General Chandler and others who held a higher position in the social world, but perhaps a lower one in the estimation of the great Judge of character.

From the first, a warm attachment existed between him and Gen. Chandler. It is possible that the ties which bound them in good fellowship would have been weaker if the general, on the one hand, had been less opulent, and the doctor, on the other, less influential. As it was, each served the other faithfully; the one

canvassing among his patients for votes for the other and receiving, in return, such honors and remunerative offices as the other could secure for him from the state.

In 1810 he was elected town clerk, an office which he held five consecutive years. The books covering this period are kept in a neat, legible hand, and show him to have been a man of more than ordinary learning for the times. He was the first commissioned trial justice in town, and, later, was appointed Judge of the Court of Sessions of Kennebec County. The first case which came before him in his capacity of trial justice, and, in fact, the first one ever tried in town, if the statement of the townsman who furnished this incident is correct, was that of Blossom & Judkins vs. Hutchinson, in which the plaintiffs attempted to recover judgment against the defendant for stealing a bag of corn. Mr. Hutchinson lived near the Cochnewagan stream on the "Blaketown road". He had a large family, all the members of which were sick. Being out of provisions, he went to the plaintiffs to purchase a bushel of corn on credit. He found that his credit and the contents of his pocket-book were on an equal standing. He asked that he might be permitted to work to pay for it. The gentlemen, who probably did not fully understand the circumstances, had no way to utilize his services. He went up stairs and looked at the well-filled bin of corn. Visions of his bedridden wife and the pleading eyes of his famishing children floated before him, and before he realized that the law of the land would not uphold him in the act, he had filled a bag with the coveted kernels and cautiously lowered it to the ground from a back window. Watching his

opportunity, he crept around behind the store and conveyed the corn by a circuitous route to "honest John Welch", the miller, who ground it "coal free". The theft was soon discovered, and a warrant for his arrest sworn out before John Alphonso Chandler.

The evidence was all in, and the judge arose with a dignity which none but a country trial justice can assume, to pronounce the awful sentence. Before him sat the trembling culprit, completely broken down with the weight of his guilt and the wretched condition of his family.

"Gentlemen", said the doctor, turning to the plaintiff "for refusing to trust a man for bread for his starving family, I fine you one bushel of corn." Waiting a moment for the murmur of surprise and satisfaction to subside, he continued, "John Welch, as a penalty for grinding a bushel of stolen corn, you shall grind this corn without charge, and add to it a half-bushel of wheat. Alphonso Chandler, for serving a warrant on William Hutchinson, I fine you two dollars and myself a like amount for sitting on this case."

"And you," said he, turning sharply to the prisoner and assuming his severest tone, "for stealing a bushel of corn from Blossom & Judkins, shall take this corn, wheat and money and carry it the entire distance to your home without changing it from your shoulder or stopping to rest."

The love of justice which he manifested on this occasion may, and may not, have been an index to his character. He was impulsive, and somewhat visionary, and to this may, in a measure, be attributed his careless business habits. Soon after he became a trustee of

Monmouth Academy, in which capacity he served many years as secretary of the board. He conceived the idea of instituting a school of languages and fine arts for young ladies. The upper part of the academy was an unfinished attic. He obtained a lease of this, and furnished it at his own expense. He then engaged the best teacher of modern languages, drawing and painting and art needle-work that could be found in the state—Miss Hamlin, of Bangor, a sister of Hon. Hannibal Hamlin—and advertised the school quite extensively as a department under the management of the regular board and faculty. The first term was a failure. The total attendance did not exceed three, and two of this number were members of his own family. The next term he tried again with a new teacher and less success. This ended the project. Considerable money had been expended to no purpose. The idea was not a bad one, it simply came out of season. Since then other schools have been founded on precisely the same basis and have proved successful. It was an innovation, an original conception, which has found its way into nearly every fitting school in the land; and failure though it may have been in a financial aspect, the present age proves that the theory was sound and practical.

In 1829 he was appointed to plan and superintend the erection of the new court-house at Augusta. The convenience and good style of the building bear testimony to his skill as a designer, for which he is commended in North's History of Augusta. The following year he removed to Rockland (then East Thomaston), Maine, where he practiced medicine until he became so old and crippled with rheumatism that he could not vis-

it his patients.

In his last days the animosity he had held against religious truth faded from his heart, and he was led to a sincere repentance. He died, at Rockland, in October, 1860.

Dr. Cochrane was the father of fourteen children, all but one of whom reached maturity. Of the daughters, Jane was the first, and Marietta the second, wife of Ivory F. Hovey, of Rockland, Me. Sarah died in early womanhood; Eliza married Rev. Rufus Day, once pastor of the M. E. Church of Monmouth and father of Rev. James W. Day, late presiding elder in the East Maine Conference; Mary married Dr. Henry S. Dearborn; Ann, Isaiah A. Jones, of Rockland; Delia, Cyrus V. R. Boynton, son of Hugh Boynton, of Monmouth; Margaret married Emery Sawyer, of Brooks. She is the mother of Rev. J. E. C. Sawyer, of the New York Conference, whose name is familiar to every reader of *Zion's Herald*.

The sons were James, Lorenzo H. M., John C., Erastus Henry and George W. The latter was for several years General Western Agent of the New York Central R. R. He now resides in Rockland, Me. Erastus Henry married Hannah B. Ayer, of Freedom, Me., and established himself in business as a harness-maker at Rockland. He soon abandoned his trade, and after buying out all the local fire and life insurance agencies, opened an underwriter's office. He has since devoted his entire attention to this business, and claims to be the oldest representative of the vocation in the state. He has held the office of secretary and treasurer of the M. E. church of Rockland for about forty years, and is

chairman of the board of trustees. His only daughter married Rev. J. R. Baker of the East Maine conference, who is now associated in business with his father-in-law under the firm name of Cochrane, Baker and Cross. John married Susan M. Snowman, of Sedgwick, and established himself in the practice of law at Rockland, where he served a long term of years as judge of the municipal court. He died in 1854 at the age of forty-four. Lorenzo H. M. went to Boston at an early age and engaged in journalism. At the age of twenty-three he was retained as editor of "The Olive Branch", a Protestant journal, a position he held for many years. While engaged in this work, he occasionally preached, but was never settled as pastor of a church. He subsequently founded and edited "The Odd Fellow," a publication devoted to the interests of the mystic craft, which he controlled many years, and for which he continued to write as long as his health permitted. In 1834 he opened a leather exchange in Boston, and, later, engaged extensively in land speculations. Had he been contented with his journalistic career it would have proved far happier for his earthly prospects; but he had a mind which grasped large things, and he was not the only member of the family who has been carried beyond his depth by attempting to carry too many things at a time. In one of his speculations he became owner of the entire tract that is now covered with the city of Melrose, Mass. Much of the land was then in a marshy state, and he expended a considerable sum in redeeming it and preparing it for house lots. He gave the township the name it still bears, and erected the first house within its bounds.

Unfortunately he entered too largely into these speculative schemes, and lost, in a day, the large property that it had taken years to accumulate. His misfortune crushed him, and he died a heart-broken man. He was twice married; first to Sarah W. Hooper, of Kennebunk, Me., and second, to Frances A. Potter, of the same place.

Dr. James Cochrane, jun., to whom stands the credit of inaugurating a project which it has fallen to one of a later generation to complete, was born in Limerick, Maine, December 1, 1801. Being the first son, he received the name that the oldest son in the line had borne for many generations; and with the name a great many attentions that were denied the younger brothers and sisters. Very early in life he was driven to books, for which he soon developed a remarkable fondness. Although it seems incredible, it is stated that at the age of seven he began to study Latin,* and for his precocity was wholly absolved from manual labor, and permitted to pursue his studies without interruption; his sisters being called upon even to black his boots and otherwise perform the duties of servants to him. A course more injurious to his future happiness and welfare could not have been arranged.

When a small boy he came with his father to Monmouth, where he found superior educational advantages. The free high school, which boasted an existence of a little more than half-a-dozen years, evolved, about 1810, into Monmouth Academy, an institution affording as complete a classical education as could be gained in

*As his father designed him from the day of his birth to be his successor in medical practice, it is to be presumed that he forced Latin upon him at an unusually early age.

any of the college-preparatory schools of New England. Under such preceptors as Herrick, Weston, Davis and Jocelyn, he became a most assiduous student. His entire attention was devoted to his books, and, but for a remarkable constitution, his physical system must at this time have suffered havoc. To this severe strain may, perhaps, be attributed the irascibility which many who read this sketch will recall as one of his prominent characteristics.

After completing his education, he studied medicine with his father, and was graduated from the medical department of Bowdoin College about the time he reached his majority. He immediately entered on the practice of his profession at Brooks, Me., and, a few months later, was married to his second cousin, Mrs. Eliza Cochrane McClure, the widow of Thomas McClure and daughter of Capt. James McClure, an officer of the Continental army. His union with this lady was the most fortunate circumstance of his life. She was descended from the same colony of Argyleshire emigrants to which the doctor traced his lineage, was well educated, and possessed in a large measure the talent and versatility which have, in a less marked degree, coursed in the veins of her children.

Just as he was getting comfortably settled, and was beginning to overcome that lack of confidence with which a young physician is usually greeted, he heard of a good opening in the town of Lisbon. Like many of his name, he failed to recognize the value of persistency, and, although he was enjoying good prospects, chose to move to the new field rather than wait for their fulfillment.

At the solicitation of his father, who wished to place his practice in his son's hands while he was superintending the construction of the court-house, he returned to Monmouth. About two years later the old physician of Brooks died, and, in response to a call from the people of that village, he returned and remained there eight years. In 1849 he came back to Monmouth, and in the fall of 1852 erected the building now occupied by Warren W. Plummer, where he resided until his decease in 1874.

Probably no man in town ever had more ardent friends, and, at the same time, more virulent enemies, than Dr. Cochrane. He was always ready to engage in anything that demanded an unequivocal position, and invariably took the side of the weaker party. He was a firm believer in the truth of revealed religion, and, at least twice during his career, publicly announced his intention to live a religious life; but the quick temper, which as a youth he had not been taught to control, was a constant "thorn in the flesh" to which he yielded at the slightest provocation, without any apparent attempt to bring it into subjection. Although he seldom had the consistency to apply it to his own life, he professed faith in the efficacy of prayer. Mrs. L. P. Moody, of Winthrop, has recently related a remark of his made while attending her through a seemingly hopeless sickness. "I have prayed," he said, "over every dose of medicine that I have administered to you."

What his standing and success as a physician were, it is not becoming in one who knows little concerning his professional ability, except what has come through relatives and ardent friends, to state. He had his ad-



James Cochran.

mirers who were, perhaps, reckless in their confidence; and it would be surprising if he did not share the experience of every other medical practitioner in having enemies who considered him a man of indifferent abilities. Perhaps the testimony of his son, Dr. C. A. Cochran, of Winthrop, who, although hostile to the school which he represented, has in recent years broken out in highest praise of his father's knowledge of *materia medica* and skill in compounding curative agents, is worth more than the expressed opinion of either friends or enemies. In the opinion of this possibly prejudiced judge there were few physicians of the last generation who could prepare such effective original remedies as his father. Had he been less rough and crude in his application of surgery, he probably would have taken high rank among the medical men of his day. Whether his abilities were great or small, he never made the slightest attempt to give himself prominence in these lines. His aspirations were wholly turned toward the field of politics, in which they were never realized. A wealthy business-man once offered him a royalty of fifty per cent on the sale of proprietary medicines compounded from his original recipes. Had he taken advantage of this opportunity, he would have stood an equal chance with other proprietors of patent medicines of becoming affluent; but he had not sufficient business perception to grasp the opportunity. As a business man he was entirely undeveloped. His books often went without being posted for weeks, and everything with which he was concerned was conducted in the most unsystematic and disorderly manner possible. Herein he differed widely from his wife, who possessed

remarkable business tact, and had a system for everything. But if he was slack about everything else, he was scrupulously neat about his person. No matter how urgent the call, he never left the house to visit a patient until he had thoroughly brushed every thread of his clothing, blacked his boots and brushed his bald head until it blushed over its nudeness. Then he was ready to pronounce a man dead or alive as the case might be after the delay. If the call was from any distance, additional time was spent in grooming the sorrel pacer. No matter if a man was dying, the favorite mare could not have a strap placed on her until she had been curried, brushed and wiped with a woollen cloth, even if the entire operation had been performed on her glossy coat less than an hour before.

Dr. Cochrane was always a profound student of history, and was a writer of more than ordinary ability; but, as in everything else, his carelessness and lack of method were apparent in nearly every product of his pen. A few existing specimens of his carefully prepared compositions are remarkable for their clear, strong and incisive diction. In 1851 he prepared, and delivered in different parts of the town, a series of lectures on the early history of Monmouth. Although these lectures were written in his most careless, desultory style, they served well the purpose of entertaining a mixed company somewhat acquainted with the characters brought out in the series of reminiscencies, which was his only purpose in their preservation. But they went beyond this; for had it not been for the interest aroused by the perusal of these sheets, it is doubtful if a complete history of the town would ever have been

written, and certain it is that but for their existence, so thorough a work would never have been compiled.

In 1874 the doctor was suddenly stricken with paralysis. Gradually his mental faculties gave way until, at the very last, he failed to recognize his own children. He died Sep. 7, 1874. His wife survived several years after his decease. Up to the day of her death, which occurred in her ninety-second year, her mind was as clear and her spirits as buoyant as those of a woman in the prime of life.

The fact that but for him whose career has been set forth in these paragraphs this history would never have been compiled is sufficient apology for devoting so much space to the biography of a man who was in no sense greater than many to whose memory shorter paragraphs have been written. I have endeavored to write an unprejudiced outline of his character, and those who were best acquainted with him will, I think, acknowledge that it is nowhere overcolored.

Dr. Cochrane was the father of eight children, two of whom died at an early age. Those who survived him were James Henry, John Edward, Silas Dinsmore, Charles Albert, Granville Park, and Mary Eliza Annette.

The latter married A. A. Luce of Monmouth. Granville Park was born, in Monmouth, Apr. 7, 1836. He fitted for college at Monmouth Academy, and at the opening of the civil war was just closing his university course. Without waiting for his diploma, which would shortly have been placed in his hands, he left his books at the first call for troops, and began to raise a company. His degrees were conferred after the close of the war as an honorary award. He enlisted as first lieu-

tenant of Co. K., 7th Reg. Me. Vols., and was mustered into service Aug. 12, 1861. On the 25th of December following he was commissioned captain. At the battle of Antietam he received a serious wound. As soon as he was able to go on crutches he reentered the service as recruiting officer, and served during the year 1863 as Assistant Inspector General on the staff of Maj. Gardiner. On the organization of the First Regiment of Veteran Volunteers, he was placed in command of Co. E., but was shortly transferred to Co. K., which was composed largely of his old comrades. After the war he married Lena C. Wendenburg and settled in Augusta. He died at Monmouth in 1883, and was buried under the honors of Trinity Commandery, of which he was a member.

Charles Albert Cochrane was born in 1833. At the age of eighteen he began studying medicine with his father, and was graduated from the medical department of Bowdoin college in 1856. In the meantime he earned his way by clerking for a local firm and keeping the books for a large manufacturing concern in Boston. At the age of twenty-two he was elected town clerk. The following year he took his final course of lectures at the medical school, and emerged grasping the roll that entitled him to practice the art which, in the hands of a tyro, is mightier than the sword.

Shortly after taking his degrees, while visiting a relative, he formed the acquaintance of a well-known homeopathic physician who succeeded in interesting the somewhat prejudiced young doctor in the new school.

He investigated its principles, and being convinced that it possessed points of superiority over the time-

honored theories into which he had been ingratiated, yielded to his convictions, and amid rancorous persecution on the part of his disgusted parent, who had the happy faculty of placing the "little pill" advocates in a most ludicrous light, he began again the study of remedial agents. When he had familiarized himself with homeopathy, he possessed the advantage of thorough apprenticeship in both schools. In 1856 he formed a partnership with Dr. Henry Barrows of Vassalboro', Me., with whom he remained two years. In 1858 he settled in Winthrop, Me., where he now resides. The following year he was married to Caroline Augusta, daughter of Col. Rufus Marston, of Monmouth.

Dr. Cochraue was a member of the Massachusetts Homeopathic Society before a similar organization was instituted in this state, and has served as president and secretary of the Homeopathic Society of Maine. He has been a successful practitioner, and is frequently called to the eastern part of the state in cases of consultation.

Silas D. Cochrane was born in 1834. He enlisted in the government service during the civil war as escort to one of the emigrant trains that crossed the plains to the Pacific coast. Soon after his arrival, he secured a clerkship in the territorial government of Idaho, and, after some months, was called upon, on account of the removal of that functionary, to assume the duties of secretary of the territory. Civil government was at that time in a chaotic state throughout the nation, and doubly so in the territories, to which little attention was paid by the officials at Washington while their atten-

tion was riveted to the more important military operations in the south. The unprincipled governor of Idaho seized upon the opportunity afforded by this relaxation of vigilance to intercept the appropriations intended for the support of the territorial government, and absconded with several thousand dollars. Mr. Cochrane had already received the recognition of the national government as acting secretary, and now he was called upon to assume the duties of governor of the territory. The executive at Washington could not legally appoint a new governor until matters had been thoroughly investigated, and in the face of the pressure of more important issues, this was long delayed. For many months he continued to discharge the duties of both governor and secretary without receiving a dollar for his services. At last he laid down the seal and took to the mines to secure a livelihood. He was not successful in his mining operations, and after ten years' absence returned to Maine. He soon repaired to Washington, introduced a bill to Congress, and secured emolument for his official services in Idaho territory to the extent of nearly three thousand dollars. He remained in Washington as clerk in one of the departments until his decease in 1888. He was twice married; first, to Sarah Hudson, of Lowell, Mass.; second, to Martha C. Blaisdell, of Monmouth.

John Edward Cochrane was born Apr 29, 1831. He was for a short time engaged in manufacturing mahogany and rosewood knobs and fancy turned ware at North Monmouth, and afterward made ladies' boots and slippers for the trade. He was appointed postmaster at the Center in 1861, and the next year removed to a

farm in Aroostook county. His home is now in California. He married Margaret A., the daughter of Dr. Asa Heath, and aunt of Hon. H. M. Heath, of Augusta.

Their children, although reared in the very heart of the Maine wilderness, have all succeeded by diligent application in securing an education. One of them who had attended school only seventeen weeks during his entire boyhood entered Coburn Classical Institute one year in advance of the regular course. Two, Rev. Henry P. and Rev. Willis W., are now missionaries in Burmah; another, Rev. James E., has served a term as missionary in the same country, and is now pastor of the Baptist church in Hallowell; Dr. Clarendon T. died from the effects of overwork a few weeks after receiving his diploma from the Hahnemann Medical College, of Chicago; Werter W. is a contractor in California and Charles Albert is engineer in a silver mine in Park City, Utah.

James Henry, the oldest son of Dr. James Cochrane, jun., inherited his mother's artistic talent. He practiced without an instructor and succeeded in establishing a reputation that brought him orders for life sittings from some of the wealthiest families of Belfast, Me., where he was then residing. At an early age, he started for Italy to complete his education in art, but, unfortunately, when he reached Boston he was offered a remunerative position, which led him to temporarily abandon his plans. Soon after, he opened a studio in Boston, and advertised as a fresco artist. The process of making pictures by the action of light on a sensitized silver plate had just been perfected, and men were making money rapidly with daguerreotype outfits.

The visions of gold looked more attractive than fame, and the brush was laid aside forever. Shortly after he established himself in the daguerreotype business in Maine, he was offered a position at the state capitol as engrossing clerk. He was soon raised to the office of deputy secretary of state, a position which he held until 1866, when he was appointed Superintendent of Construction of Government Buildings, in which office he was retained until the change in administration which took place about twenty years later. Specimens of his early designing may be found in the engraved title of the Maine Farmer which is still in use, and in the elaborate diploma used for many years by the Maine State Agricultural Society.

Mr. Cochrane was once nominated for the office of Secretary of State, and was defeated by the misapplied zeal of some of his political friends, who, the morning before the election, published in the *Kennebec Journal* scurrilous statements concerning his opponent that were obviously false. He married, first, Ellen M. Berry, daughter of Col. Watson Berry, of Belfast, Me., by whom he had three children—Nellie H., Flora G., and Harry H., and, second, Julia A. Allen, of Augusta, by whom he had four, only one of whom, Herbert Lep-pien, is now living.

Thomas and William Richardson and their wives came from Standish, Me. in 1861 and purchased in one lot the farms at North Monmouth now owned by Millard Richardson and the Bishop heirs. They lived in the Bishop house until 1809, when Thomas built the house in which his grandson Millard now resides. They were the children of David Richardson, who re-

moved from Newton, Mass. to Standish, Me. in 1778, and thence, in 1807, to Monmouth, where he died in 1825. He was twice married, and at the time of his decease boasted eighty living descendants. His second wife, the mother of Thomas and William, was blessed with three pairs of twins within the space of three-and-one-half years; and less than two years later her loneliness was relieved by the birth of a seventh child.

That these children might be connected with an event worthy of rehearsal to their posterity, the proud mother packed them together like a box of sardines and rocked them in one cradle. William was the youngest of these seven children, and Thomas, one of the second pair of twins. Long after they came to Monmouth, the father of Thomas and William used to gather his grandchildren about his knees in the light of the blazing open fire-place and tell them of this wonderful episode in the life of their parents. And then the little ones snuggled closer to their grandfather's side, and cast furtive glances into the dark corners while they listened to the still more wonderful events which befell his grandfather's wife and children. It seems that the old gentleman's grandfather was a soldier in King Philip's war. On the afternoon of Apr. 10, 1676 "he was employed in casting dressing into his field, accompanied by his son Samuel, a boy between five and six years old. Looking toward his house, he was surprised at seeing feathers flying about it and other tokens of mischief within. He also heard the screams of his wife. Apprehending that Indians might be there, he hastened home with his gun, and there found two of his family murdered." His wife, Hannah, who only a

week before had given birth to a child, and Thomas, a twin to the five-year-old son who was with him in the field, were the victims. "On further search it was found that the infant, only a week old, had been slain by the same ruthless hands. The nurse, it appeared, had snatched it up in her arms upon the alarm of danger, and was making her escape to a garrison-house in the vicinity; but so closely was she pursued by the savages, that, finding she could not save herself and the babe too, she let the babe drop, and the Indians despatched it at once. Mr. Richardson now rallied some of his neighbors, who went with him in pursuit of the enemy. Following them some time, they espied three Indians sitting on a rock, fired at them, killed one, and drove the others away."*

Thomas and William Richardson married, in Buxton and Standish, Mary Ayer and Lydia Ayer respectively. William died in 1847, childless. In 1818, Thomas's wife died, leaving a family of six children, one having died in infancy. For a second wife, he married Mary, daughter of Benjamin Dearborn, who lived at Dearborn's (now Moore's) corner, in Monmouth. Four children came of this union.

Mr. Richardson was a deacon of the church at North Monmouth. His oldest child, Lucy, married Rufus Moody. Aaron, the oldest son, removed to Brunswick, Me., where his children now reside. He was a millwright and machinist. Elbridge Gerry, the third child, passed the greater portion of his life in North Anson where he married Sarah Gamage. He returned to his native town, however, and, in the autumn of 1852,

*From Sewell's History of Woburn.

started on a voyage to California. He died before reaching his destination, leaving a widow and six children. His youngest son, William G., is a graduate of the Boston Theological Institute and a member of the New England conference of the M. E. church. Nancy, the fourth child, married Moses Frost, and Mary, Lyman Fairbanks, of Winthrop. Thomas Miller, the oldest child of the second wife, married Bernice Jack, of Litchfield. They removed from Monmouth to Brunswick, Me. He died at Pike's Peak, in 1872. The two youngest children were Almatia A. and William Jordan. The former married William A. Lawrence, of Gardiner, and the latter, Amanda Strout, of Wales. He died in California in 1873.

The only son who remained in Monmouth was Jesse Pierce. He was born May 3, 1822, and married Fidelia King of Winthrop. He was selectman in 1888. Of his five children three married and settled in Monmouth. Ella M. married Geo. L., son of Samuel O. King. Millard F. resides on the home place and Wilfred A., the youngest son, on an adjacent lot.

Thomas and William Richardson had a half brother Jonathan, the son of their father's first wife. He followed them to Monmouth in 1812. His wife was Mary Thomas, of Stroudwater (now Westbrook), Me. They had seven children, the oldest of whom, Mary, married Waterman Stanley, of Winthrop. John, the second child, married Mary, daughter of Leonard Orcutt, of Winthrop, and removed to Brunswick, Me., and thence, in 1852, to Lawrence, Mass., where he passed the remainder of his days. He was a carpenter. Henry married Sally, daughter of Robert Withington and removed to

Portland; Thomas, Bathsheba Stevens, of Winthrop, and removed to Brunswick; and Jonathan, Ruth Lewis, of Buckfield. They lived in Winthrop and Monmouth. Louisa and Lucy were the youngest of the family. The latter married James Bowdoin Johnson, of Monmouth, and the former, Moses Fogg of Wales.

Col. Rufus P. Marston, son of Col. Jonathan Marston, was born Oct. 30, 1807, and married, at the age of twenty-three, Sally Prescott, of Mt. Vernon. The military honors of his father and grandfather fell to him as by inheritance. In 1841, he was commissioned colonel of the regiment of which his father had been the principal officer, having been promoted successively captain, major, and lieut. colonel from the ranks. Like his father, again, he served on the board of selectmen, and for four years he held the office of town treasurer. While following closely the form of his sire in military and civil prominence, he departed widely from him in stature, his large frame giving him a more commanding presence than that of Col. Jonathan, who was rather below the medium in height. Col. Marston was a trustee of the M. E. church, of which he and his wife were devoted and useful members. At about five o'clock in the evening of the 25th of Dec., 1861, he fell through a scuttle from the high beams of his barn, and received injuries from which he died two hours later. He was found in an unconscious state by his son, and before a physician could be summoned, had expired. His wife died July 10, 1890. Of their seven children, four died at an early age. The three who reached maturity were Caroline A., David, and Luella F. The first married Dr. C. A. Cochrane, of Winthrop; David

married Anna A., daughter of Daniel W. Gilman, and settled on the home place, and Luella married Ronald McIlroy, of Winthrop.

In 1807 James and Joseph Eaton came from New Hampshire and purchased the land afterwards known as the James Sinclair place, now owned by Mrs. Roberts. Their mother was Nancy Nichols of E. Monmouth. James had been a sailor. The father of these boys came from New Hampshire and made his home with them until his decease. He had other children, all of whom, with the exception of Polly, the wife of John Moody, removed to Thomaston after the death of their father.

The same year Nathaniel Witcher commenced clearing the farm occupied by Robert Macomber on Monmouth Neck. His first wife was killed by lightning in the month of January. His second wife was Mary Jones. He sold his farm to Isaac Twombly and moved to the Aaron Hinkley place, near Oak Hill, where he died. He was an esteemed citizen and a valuable member of the Free Baptist Church.

Josiah Orcutt was born in North Bridgewater (now Brockton), Mass., Sept. 14, 1781. His father, Nathaniel, born in 1746, was of Scotch descent, and was an officer in the war of the Revolution. Josiah married Naomi Chesman, of North Bridgewater, in November, 1806, and the following spring he and his brother Leonard came to Maine. Leonard settled in Winthrop, on the farm now owned by Francis Perley, and built the house now in use. Josiah settled near North Monmouth, on the farm lately owned by Henry Allen, long known as the "Deacon Blaisdell place." His wife died in 1819, and he married, second, Mrs. Eunice Lambard.

Mr. Orcutt was a man of good education, a successful teacher and a fine penman. He taught school twenty-two winters. At the age of twenty-two he was commissioned Justice of the Peace, an office that he held at the time of his death, which occurred Feb. 13, 1849. He was the father of three children: Naomi, who married Jedediah P. Hopkins, and removed to Peru, Me.; Elizabeth, who married Amasa D. King, of Winthrop, and Josiah Leonard who married Isabel M. Foss, of Winthrop and settled at North Monmouth.,

J. L. Orcutt has been a Justice of the Peace and Trial Justice about thirty-five years, during which he has served as administrator and executor on many estates. He has taken considerable interest in sabbath school work, and has held the superintendency of the North Monmouth Union school for a period of over twenty-four years. In musical circles he is a well-known leader, having been a teacher, and a member of the North Monmouth choir for more than forty years, three-fourths of which time he has served as chorister. He served four years on the board of selectmen—as chairman of the board during three of the four terms—and has once represented his town in the legislature.

Dea. Thomas Williams came to Monmouth in 1807. He purchased of Capt. Arnold a large section of wild land near the, so called, Lyon district, and started a clearing. While working on this clearing alone in the woods, with a vivid picture of the home he had left ever before his eyes, he would often sit down on a log and weep like a child; but after Dearborn Blake, who, as one bearing the same name had preceded him in the settlement, was known as "Newcome Dearborn," came from

his old New Hampshire home and settled on the Whittier place near him, he became more reconciled to his lot. He married Charlotte, daughter of Josiah Brown, of Monmouth. A few years later he left his farm for the one that Dearborn Blake had cleared, where he passed the remainder of his life. He was deacon of the Christian Band Church and an esteemed citizen. From one who knew him well and probably heard the statement from his own lips, we learn that Mr. Williams came near being a victim of the horrible Purrington tragedy that paralyzed the people of Maine about eighty years ago. The circumstances of this homicide may be briefly stated as follows:

At about two o'clock in the morning of the ninth day of July Purrington attacked his sleeping family with an axe, and killed and mangled, in a manner too shocking to relate, his wife and six children, wounded two others, and then, with a razor, cut his own throat. Of a family of nine persons, seven were killed. Towards the close of the day preceding the assault, he sharpened the fatal axe, and Mr. Williams, who, it is said, happened to be at the house, turned the stone to draw out the jagged edge. Purrington's repeated invitations to spend the night with him, Williams refused, not knowing that his life was dependent on his decision.

Dea. Williams died Dec. 25, 1858. He had four children, Mary, Rufus, Charles B. and Henry A. Mary married Dea. Daniel S. Whittier, of Monmouth. Rufus married Harriet Newcome and settled in Gardiner, and Charles B. removed to Boston. Henry A. Williams was born May 25, 1829. His early life was spent on the farm. Soon after he reached his majority, he left

the old homestead which it had been his father's design that he should inherit, and engaged in trade at Monmouth Center. For a mercantile life he was eminently fitted. Nature had endowed him with a robust constitution, which every man who shuts himself within doors should possess, and a genial, humor-loving temperament which was calculated to draw men toward him. By an improvement of the opportunities afforded by the local schools, he had secured a good education, had learned to write a fine hand, and had learned well to adapt himself to that indispensable principle of successful life—method. He had but just begun his career as a trader, when he was offered the position of baggage-master on the train running from Portland to Bangor. This position he held two years, when he was placed in charge of the Monmouth station, and this office he retained to the time of his decease.

In 1863 he was appointed by Edwin M. Stanton, the Secretary of War, commissioner of the board of enrollment for the third congressional district of Maine. This office he held nearly two years, when he resigned, having in company with Col. Charles A. Wing, of Winthrop, purchased the leading hotel of Augusta. On the receipt of his resignation at Washington, the following words of commendation were addressed to him by Hon. James G. Blaine:

House of Representatives.

Washington, D. C. 8th Dec. 1864.

My dear Sir:

Your letter advising me of your resignation as Comr. of Enrollment was duly recd.

I trust your change in business will result in an increase of your prosperity.

It gives me great pleasure to say that your official conduct has been without



Southworth

stain or blemish and that you leave the position with an enviable reputation for integrity, ability, and zealous loyalty to the Government.

If I can serve you in any way in the future, you must feel yourself free to call on me at any time.

Very truly etc.,

J. G. Blaine.

H. A. Williams, Esq.

During his term of service under the government, and while attending to his duties as proprietor of the Stanley House and the Augusta House at the state capitol, Mr. Williams employed an assistant to take charge of the railroad station and to discharge the duties of postmaster, to which office he was appointed Feb. 24, 1859, and again Jan. 15, 1863. He was elected town treasurer in 1878, and served in that capacity four years.

Mr. Williams was married in June, 1871, to Miss Lydia Barker, daughter of Nelson Barker, Esq., of Monmouth. In the disastrous fire of Apr. 19, 1888, he lost the home in which he had taken great pride, and a few weeks later his mother-in-law, to whom he had been strongly attached was taken from earth. The weight of these weeks of sorrow bore heavily upon Mr. Williams, and his natural buoyancy was crushed. On the 22nd day of the following August, while bathing in the surf at Old Orchard, he was stricken with apoplexy, from the effects of which, after lingering several hours in an unconscious condition, he died.

Through accident, a portion of the matter relating to the children of Jonathan Richardson, which should have appeared on page 416, was omitted.

Benjamin, the youngest son, was twice married, first to Ruth P. Graves and second to Clara H. Manning, of Limington, Me. He came to Monmouth with his fath-

er, but left town after his first marriage, and settled in Andover, Me. After the decease of his first wife, he returned to Monmouth. He subsequently resided for a short time in New Orleans, where he was in the employ of his cousin, a lumber merchant. On his return he purchased the farm at North Monmouth now owned by Elbridge G. Bent, and, later, of Alanson Hall, the farm on which his son, Melvin M. Richardson, now resides. He was connected with the Congregational church at Monmouth Center as one of its founders, and was a man who was honored with the confidence of his townsmen. He had two children, Edwin A. and Melvin M., both of whom reside in Monmouth.

The first stage which was run in this vicinity was started in Feb., 1806, by Col. T. T. Estabrooke of Brunswick. The route was through "Purgatory" in Litchfield. In January of the following year, John Blake, Meshech Blake, and Levi Moody commenced running the first line of stages from the Kennebec river to Portland, by way of Monmouth and New Gloucester. Leaving Hallowell every Monday and Friday morning at four o'clock, these stages reached Portland the same evening at seven o'clock. The mails, which previously had been carried on horseback, were now transferred to the stages; but the roughness of the roads led to the abandonment of the latter enterprise, as the cost of new horses to take the places of the worn-out ones exceeded the cash receipts; and the mails were taken to and fro on gigs and on horseback as heretofore.

On the second day of May, 1808, a town-meeting was held, at which Lieut. Joseph P. Chandler presided. A

this convention three roads which had been laid out by the selectmen the previous year were accepted. The first of these was described as "begining on the Range between boyingtons and Simon Marstin's Nine Rods and half from the southerly line between Jona. Martins and Boyingtons at a stake and stones, thence Running North 23 1-2 degrees west 84 Rods thence North 7 degrees west 28 Rods thence North 32 degrees East 27 Rods to the northerly line of lot No. 46 the lot which Boyington now lives on this Road to be the same width that the other part is that leads from the Main Rode to this Rode—Excepted May-2-1806". The second began "at the head line of Wilm. Bachelors land at the Rode Running from the school house near Paltian Warren's to Ezekiel Arnows thence Running South 25 D. west 16 Rods to the land owned by Joseph Grays the Rode to be on the westerly side of the Courses and to be four Rods wide." The third began "at the end of a log fence near Benja. Waterhouses thence Running south 35 degrees West 344 Rods to Cobbisse Rode to be three rods wide on the East side of the Courses."

It was voted to postpone accepting a fourth road leading from Nathaniel Marston's to the main road, which had been surveyed on the 17th day of April. It was desired by some of the voters that a petition to the General Court, relative to establishing a line between Monmouth and Leeds, be drafted by a committee chosen at this meeting. This suggestion did not meet with general favor; but at a special meeting called the ensuing November, a committee consisting of Nathaniel Smith, Joseph Norris and David Marston was chos-

en to converse with a committee chosen by the town of Leeds, for the purpose of establishing the boundary.

Nehemiah Pierce, Jr. settled this year on the farm now owned by his grandson, Rev. J. E. Pierce, about a mile south of the Center. He came from Bath, Me., where he had resided only one year, having removed there in 1807 from Coventry, Conn. He was the son of Nehemiah Pierce, and was the youngest of six children, only one of whom survived him. He was born May 10, 1771. On the fourteenth day of April, 1794, he was united in marriage to Clarissa Williams, daughter of Dr. Jesse Williams of Mansfield, Conn. Mr. Pierce was known as one of the most industrious and progressive farmers in the state. He was the pioneer of systematic dairying in Maine, and is reputed to have been the most extensive manufacturer of cheese in Eastern New England. His herd of milch cows often numbered as high as forty or fifty head. Geo. Lewis, a human anomaly who tenanted a small house on Mr. Pierce's farm, boasted that he and "Square Parce" owned more cows than any other two men in Monmouth. The "Square" owned forty, and he, one, making a total of forty-one. Mr. Pierce was a devout and exemplary christian and a strong helper in educational work. As secretary of the board of trustees of Monmouth Academy, when it was classed with the first fitting schools in New England, he became widely known in educational circles, and as president of the Monmouth Mutual Fire Insurance Company, a corporation known as the largest of the kind in the state, he was brought into public notice as a man of extraordinary executive ability, and, in consequence, received appointments to



Schmidt Peine



many offices of trust from the chief executive, among which was that of state commissioner of public roads. To this position he was well adapted, having had considerable experience as a road builder, notably in constructing the military road from Bangor to Houlton, and the turnpike from Bath to Brunswick, a piece of work which he superintended in 1807. His wife died Jan. 27, 1842, leaving nine children. Two years later he married Nancy Ladd, of Winthrop, Me. He died May 6, 1850.

Mr. Pierce first built the house where Mr. Stewart now lives, and cleared the land about it. On the opposite side of the road was the clearing made by Daniel Gilman. Mr. Pierce purchased this clearing with his farm, and in 1825 built the brick house. On the 4th of March—the day that John Q. Adams was inaugurated—he opened it to the public with a grand celebration. With raw “West India” for fire-works and the old brass cannon for speaker of the day, the occasion wanted nothing but an exchange of snow-drifts for high thermometer to pass for the Fourth of July.

It is only a matter of justice to state that the liquid fire-works which enlivened this occasion were not furnished by Mr. Pierce. To him stands the honor of being Monmouth's first aggressive advocate of temperance. To be a teetotaler in those days involved far more than it does in this age of insipid sentimentality. When Nehemiah Pierce boldly said, “I am for temperance and sobriety, and teetotalism is the platform on which I stand,” he had no eye open to official contingencies. And had he fostered a scheme for attracting to himself a political constituency, nothing could have been more

disastrous than the advocacy of those principles of which every political party of the present generation would fain stand as the most faithful exponent. His was the first house raised in town without liquor. When the first broadside was raised, the men paused for the customary treat. It came in the form of coffee—steaming hot. The men looked at each other in amazement. Then the leading spirits rounded up their backs and ordered a general strike. Mr. Pierce expostulated. The men were undecided. They liked the man and they liked the anticipated spirits. If they left the frame, they would incur the displeasure of one whom they profoundly respected, and to whose good-will they were not indifferent; but if they proceeded with the work, they would establish a precedent which might become locally universal. Better nature and the advice of a few lenient ones at last triumphed, and they raised the other broadside. Another installment of hot coffee at this period only served to bring out the heat of their temper, and another strike ensued. More arbitration and the addition of some seventeen inches of temperance oratory overruled the crisis, and the roof went up without further remonstrance. The house was held open as a public tavern for several years. Near by was the Higgins house, now owned by H. S. Smith, a structure that has undergone no change in the past seventy-five years. After Mr. Higgins's decease, his son, Jesse, exchanged places with Capt. Nicholas Hinkley, and removed to Halowell.

Elias Pierce, a cousin of Nehemiah, who came to Monmouth the same year as the latter, was also a man of considerable ability and enterprise. A tannery

which he built near the saw mill at East Monmouth was supposed to be the largest in the state. The vats connected with this establishment are still where he placed them, many of them still sound. His house which was taken down a few years ago, stood near the red building near the mill known as "Arnold Mill house." Like others who had attempted to build up industries in that locality, he had hardly got his business in running order before he was snatched from earth by a quick working decease. The Pierce house was in later years supposed to be haunted. Many who lived there were disturbed by weird sounds which were doubtless produced by the imagination. Elder Hinkley finally bought the place and commenced at once a search for the cause of the supernatural disturbance. What he found, he would never tell, but he assured the neighbors that nothing would be heard there again. One occupant of this house was Daniel Rand, of whom little is known except that he was accidentally killed at a shooting match. The grief and faithfulness exhibited by his dog over the dead body of his master on that occasion were a touching manifestation of brute intelligence.

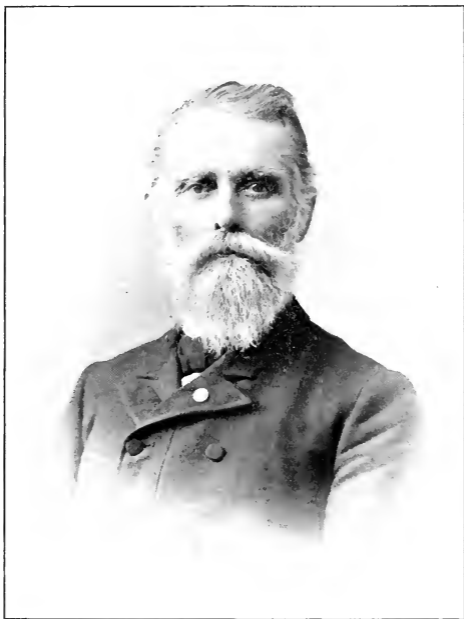
Oliver W. Pierce, the oldest son of Hon. Nehemiah Pierce, married Rebecca Carleton and settled near the Wales line on Monmouth Ridge. His wife died in 1824, and he married Mrs. Delia Norris. Although never prominent, and never aspiring to prominence in public affairs, it may truly be said of him, as of Joseph of Arimathea, that "he was a good man and a just." Six of the seven children of his first wife died at a comparatively early age. Capt. Henry Oliver Pierce,

the oldest son and sole survivor of the family, was born Feb. 7, 1830. At the age of seventeen years, having faithfully improved the superior educational advantages offered by the schools of his native town, he was considered competent to discharge the duties of a district school-master. The spring of 1858 found him in Wautoma, Wis., where he remained six years as teacher in the public schools. During two years of this time, he held the office of County Superintendent of Public Schools. From Wautoma he went to Fort Atkinson in the same state. After teaching about a year in the latter place, he enlisted in the Union army. "He was mustered into the volunteer service as captain of Co. H., 49th Reg. Wis. Inf. Vols., Mar., 1865. His regiment was ordered to Missouri, where it remained doing guard and provost duty until the soldiers were mustered out in November of the same year. He remained at Fort Atkinson until 1868, when he returned to Monmouth. His father dying in 1871, he succeeded to the estate."

As a citizen, Capt. Pierce has, to a remarkable extent, enjoyed the confidence and esteem of his townsmen. He has been honored with many terms of service on the board of selectmen and local school board, and has once been called to represent his district in the legislature. He is prominently connected with the G. A. R., and in 1893 was elected Junior Vice Commander of the state department.

Capt. Pierce married Martha E. Storm, of Wautoma, Wisconsin. They have six children, all of whom reside in Monmouth.

Of the other sons of Hon. Nehemiah Pierce only



H. D. Pierce

four, Bela, Jesse, John and Daniel reared families. Bela settled on the farm adjacent to that of his brother Oliver; that of the latter being in Monmouth, and that of the former, in Wales. As a citizen of the latter town he, was several times honored with a position on the board of selectmen. He married Elizabeth Wilcox and reared a large family of children, none of whom settled in Monmouth. Jesse married and settled in North Andover, Mass. John studied medicine and established himself in a successful and lucrative practice at Edgartown, Mass. He had three children, of whom one is a physician at Marston's Mills, and another an attorney at New Bedford, Mass. Daniel married Caroline Shorey and remained on the homestead. Of him may be said what is true of the posterity of Nehemiah Pierce as a family—that he was an honorable, respected, God-fearing man. He was the father of seven children, the youngest of whom, Ella A. died at the age of twenty-three.

The other daughters are Frances C., Maria A. and Mary J. The latter married Moses B. Sylvester, son of Rev. Bradbury Sylvester of Wayne; Maria married Capt. A. C. Slerman, and died in Monmouth in 1892, and Frances married Dr. Henry M. Blake and resides in her native town. Of the sons Daniel O. is the youngest. He married Ida N. Williams and settled on a farm in Monmouth; George Boardman, the oldest son, married Mary A., daughter of John Kingsbury, of Monmouth, and resides on the Kingsbury homestead.

Although, in the main, his life has been the quiet uneventful one of a farmer, he is not lacking in those attributes which have made his family one of the most

highly esteemed of the town. He served for a term of years as steward of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary, and has devoted a portion of his time to teaching.

Rev. John Edwin Pierce, the third in order of the children of Dea. Daniel Pierce, was born Sep. 22, 1838.

After a preparatory course at Monmouth Academy, he entered Bowdoin College, at the age of nineteen years, and was graduated from that institution in 1862. On leaving college, he spent a year as teacher in the public schools of Wisconsin.

In 1864, he enlisted in the 39th Reg. Wis. Vols. and served during the year as orderly sergeant of Co. B. The following year found him in Co. K. of the First Wis. Heavy Artillery, as clerk at headquarters. In 1865 he entered Bangor Theological Seminary, and was graduated at the end of a three years' course. On leaving the seminary, he was married to Miss Lizzie A. Grey, of Exeter, Me., and, a few days later, sailed from New York as an ordained missionary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

The field to which he was appointed was rich in historical and religious associations. Lying immediately west of the mountain on which the ark of Noah rested after the deluge, it stretched off through the ancient dominions of Pontus, Cappadocia, Galatia and Bithynia, where the gospel was preached nearly two thousand years ago by men who were converted under Peter's inspired oratory at Pentecost. His missionary journeys carried him over the route of Xenophon's celebrated retreat, and the emotion he experienced on reaching the terminus of their wanderings was not unlike that of

the weary Greeks, when, with tears streaming down their sunburned cheeks, they shouted, "The sea! The sea!"

After nine years of labor in this interesting field, Mr. Pierce returned to his old home for a year's rest. In 1878 he again sailed for Turkey. Leaving Erzroom, the principal station of his first term of missionary life, several hundred miles to the east, he located at Bardezag, about sixty miles north-east of Constantinople, as the general superintendent of the work in the Nicomedia field and principal of a boarding high school of one hundred and twenty-five pupils.

He again returned to America in 1890, and was prevented from sailing a third time for his missionary field by a severe casualty which befell his wife. He is now living on the old homestead in Monmouth.

Mr. Pierce is the father of three children, Arthur, Bessie and George. The oldest of these is a graduate of the Boston Institute of Technology, and Bessie is a student in Wellesley College.

Joseph B. Allen, or "Deacon Joseph Allen", as he was generally called, to distinguish him from the two other citizens of Monmouth bearing the same name, was the youngest child of Joseph Allen the pioneer, and was born May 27, 1784. He had six brothers and sisters, among whom were Patty, who married John Gilman; Olive, who married Reuben Basford and inherited the original Allen farm, and Philena, who married John Sawyer. Joseph B. Allen was married, in 1808, to Susannah Roberts and started in life on the farm on Monmouth Ridge now owned by his grandson, Almore J. Chick, where he built the brick house in

which the latter resides. A portion of this farm was probably taken from his father's land, which ran back toward the Ridge, and the rest was purchased of Esquire Pierce.

Deacon Allen was a man of true christian mold. As a boy he had sat long winter evenings and listened to his father and his neighbor, Philip Jenkins, while they discussed election and free grace, and, although he did not cling to the Arminian tenets of his parent, he received in the good soil of his heart the seed of grace which bore the beautiful fruitage of a life hidden with Christ in God. He had several children, none of whom settled in Monmouth except Cordelia, who married Levi J. Chick and settled on the farm on Oak Hill now owned by Mrs. Catherine Pincin. Mr. Chick was the son of Levi Chick, who came from Berwick, Me., and took up the above mentioned farm on Oak Hill early in this century. The latter had twelve children, only one of whom, William H. Chick, of South Monmouth, is now living in town. Levi J. Chick was a house carpenter and joiner. He remained on his father's farm until 1845, when he removed to the home of his wife's father, where his son Almore J. Chick now resides. He had one son and three daughters. Two of his daughters, Augusta D. and Orra D., were the first and second wives, respectively, of O. W. Andrews, Esq., and Sarah E., who for many years was a teacher in our district schools, married W. A. Palmer, of North Monmouth.

John Plummer was born in New Hampshire (whether in Hampstead or Warner I am unable to decide, as there is a slight discrepancy in the statements of his

descendants), April 1, 1777. His father was killed while fighting for his country on one of the battle-fields of the Revolution. At an early age, he was bound out to an uncle, for whom he does not appear to have developed a remarkable fondness; for, at the age of sixteen, he quietly slipped away from all "scenes to memory dear" and came to reside in Litchfield. Here he met Rebecca Johnson, whom he married some time near 1800. Eight years later he moved to Monmouth, and purchased of the Sawyers, in a wild state, the farm on Pease Hill which his son, Joseph H. Plummer, has recently sold to Mr. LeClair. Here Mr. Plummer spent the residue of his days, and here he died. He was the father of nine children, the first three of whom, John J., Judith, and Jabez, were born in Litchfield. Of this trio, the first married Matilda Parks, of Litchfield, and removed to Skowhegan, in the vicinity of which town a majority of his posterity now reside; Judith died at the age of twenty-six unmarried, and Jabez, who was the father of our citizens, Sanford K., Warren W. and John Plummer, married Abigail Powers, of Whitefield, and settled on the farm on which his son, Jabez M. Plummer, resides. This farm he purchased, in a partially cleared state, of Maj. James Campbell, a drum-major of the Continental army, who had it of Nehemiah Hutchinson, the first settler on the lot. Hutchinson was a Revolutionary soldier. He came from Massachusetts, and was here as early as 1800. After his decease, his family removed to Litchfield. One of his daughters married James H. Cunningham, of Monmouth.

Joseph H. Plummer, the fourth of John, the pioneer's

children, was the first child born on the Plummer farm. When he began to inhale the exhilarating ozone of Pease Hill his father's family was living in the log cabin. At the age of twenty-five he married Hannah Hildreth, of Gardiner, a granddaughter of Paul Hildreth, the first white settler of Lewiston, Me., and settled on the home place, where he resided until 1891, when he sold it and took up a residence with his son, William E. Plummer. The other children of John Plummer were Mary, William J., Diana, Jedediah P. and Alden. The first of these married Aaron Spear, Esq., who, in company with Mr. Billings, established the shovel and hoe manufactory at North Monmouth. William was a blacksmith. He learned the trade of manufacturing farm-tools at Plimpton's, and later, added to this a knowledge of horse shoeing. He removed to Skowhegan, but returned to North Monmouth in 1848, and purchased of Benj. Richardson the farm now owned by Mr. Bent, where he died in 1867. During the exciting times following the discovery of gold in California, he spent a year in that state repairing miners' tools. Although he was rapidly accumulating wealth, he was compelled, on account of the sickness of his brother Jedediah, who accompanied him, to return to the eastern states, but not until he had received a sunstroke from the effects of which he afterward died. His wife was Hannah Partridge of Augusta. Their two children, Augusta A. and George M., reside at North Monmouth. Diana Plummer married Shepard Pease; Jedediah P. married Sophia Spear and removed to Medway, Mass., where he now resides; and Alden, Mary Hill. This last member of the family followed the sea, and became the mate of

a vessel. He died in Boston not far from 1890.

Martin Cushing, who settled this year on the place where Mr. Tillson now lives, was a joiner and master of his trade. He framed the Old South church at Winthrop, and was working on it when the frame which was being raised fell, killing six men. Mr. Cushing was a good citizen. He sold his place to Jonathan Folsom and removed to Winthrop where he died.

The Blossom house at Monmouth Center was built this year by Ansel Blossom, son of Capt. James Blossom. It is one of the old landmarks that time has spared us, and, rude in architecture as it is, may its warped frame stand long against the merciless calls of village improvement advocates.* Mr. Blossom, the builder, removed to the West.

In 1807 or 1808, Daniel and Moses Boynton removed from Buxton and settled on the Moses Waterhouse farm. They lived together about three years, when Moses purchased, and settled on, the Charles Hyde Potter farm. Moses Boynton was born Feb. 6, 1877. At about the age of twenty-six he was married to Ruth Eden of Saco. He was appointed captain of Co. B., Monmouth militia, and held that position when the company was called into service in the last war with England. As a hereditament, or a coincidence, this office has fallen to one of each generation of his descendants. Father, son and grandson, all have been captain of Co. B. He died June 12, 1828.

*Since the above was written, the appearance of this ancient domicile has been greatly changed. The addition of a two-storied structure has transformed it into a commodious hotel. But thanks to the Fates and good judgment, the old frame, though now playing the inferior role of an ell, is unchanged.

Of his ten children John E., Ruth E., the wife of Daniel Sampson, who at one time was, with Ebenezer Blake, engaged in the manufacture of table cloths at Baileyville, Me., and James Madison all moved to St. Albans, Me., where John F. Boynton, a son of the latter, now resides. Nathaniel married Polly Judkins, a daughter of Capt. Jonathan Judkins, and removed to the eastern part of the state, while Moses (who fatally shot himself by the accidental discharge of his gun while hunting for a squirrel in his corn-barn on the third day of March, 1860), Eliza, who married Hendrick W. Judkins, and William H. settled in Monmouth.

William H. Boynton was born Apr. 7, 1809. At the age of twenty-four he married Martha Plumer, the daughter of David Plumer, one of the early settlers and leading citizens of Wales. He started in life as the junior partner of the firm of Perkins & Boynton, occupying a store erected by his wife's father inside the angle of the two roads at Wales Corner. This building was removed to Monmouth Ridge, and now serves as a stable to the Baptist parsonage.

Mr. Boynton was appointed ensign in Co. A. Third Regiment, Second Brigade of the Maine militia, in 1837. In 1840 he was commissioned lieutenant in the same company, and in 1841 was promoted to the captaincy. His commissions bear the respective signatures of governors Dunlap, Fairfield and Kent. Although urged to retain his command, he resigned, and was honorably discharged Apr. 10, 1843, in the face of a pledge of promotion to the rank of major.

Capt. Boynton was a man of quiet manners and dignified bearing. He always enjoyed the confidence and



Wm. H. Boynton.

respect of his townsmen and was often selected by them to discharge the duties responsible stations. In 1846 he was placed on the board of selectmen. Three years later, he began another term of six consecutive years' service in the same capacity, and in 1856 was re-elected to the first of a term of two years as chairman of the board. He died July 25, 1877.

Capt. Boynton was the father of two children. The younger, Mary Luella, born Apr. 5, 1842, married, in 1860, George F. Rowell. She died Feb. 16, 1865, leaving one child, Luella B.

Daniel P. Boynton was born Jan. 16, 1838, and married, Jan. 19, 1864, Lovina J. McFarland, of Wales. Mr. Boynton is an expert cabinet-maker, and has followed this vocation in several of the large cities of New Hampshire and Massachusetts, including Dover, Marlboro', Charlestown, Dedham and Worcester. He takes a deep interest in history, owns a large and well-selected collection of historical works, and is one of the few whose encouraging words and apparent confidence in the project have prevented the abandonment of this history in times of utter discouragement. Like his father and grandfather, he has been captain of Company B.; and again following the footprints of the former, has served on the board of selectmen.

Mr. Boynton joined the Monmouth Lodge of Free Masons in 1892, and was raised by successive degrees to membership in the Lewiston Commandery of Knights Templar, and Maine Consistory 32° Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite, of Portland. He was elected Master of Monmouth Lodge in 1882 and 1883, District Deputy Grand Master of the 11th district in 1888 and 1889, and

Senior Grand Warden of the Most Worshipful Grand Lodge in 1890.

The Boynton family dates from the invasion of Ireland by the Norsemen in the seventh century. A chieftain of the race obtained a victory on the river Boyne, and from that historic stream took the name Boynton. The family appears to have been one of the leading ones among the nobility of England both before and after the Conquest. There were, at least, twenty baronets among their number.

In 1738, Rev. Ezekiel Rogers, of Yorkshire, Eng., emigrated to America, taking with him a large number of respectable families from the same district, for the purpose of founding a colony in the new country. These people are described as "godly men, most of them of good estate." They settled in, and founded, the town of Rowley, Mass., giving their new home the name of the one they had left across the water. Among these colonists were William and John Boynton. William was a tailor. He was born in 1606, and lived with his wife, Elizabeth, in Rowley until 1657, when he removed to Ipswich, where he died, Dec. 8, 1686. From one of these brothers, descended John, who was born July 3, 1729, and as early as 1754 removed from Haverhill, where he had worked, to Narragansett No. 1, the territory now included in the town of Buxton, Me.

John was a blacksmith. He figured conspicuously in the records of Narragansett No. 1. In 1767, he conveyed to William Boynton Lot 11 of Range D, 2nd division, on which William settled and built a house which is still standing, and is occupied by one of his descendants. This William, it is supposed, was John's son.

John's wife was Mary, daughter of William Hancock. He died, while serving in the Continental army, in a barn used by the soldiers as a barrack. He had six children, of whom William, the third child, was the father of Daniel and Moses Boynton, the first of the name in Monmouth.

Daniel Boynton, who was six years older than his brother Moses, married Mary Moore, of Buxton, Me., daughter of Hugh Moore, and sister of Sarah, who married Rev. Asa Heath, and of Jane, the wife of Dr. James Cochrane, sen., both of whom subsequently settled in Monmouth. Daniel was a mason. He died in 1837, at the age of sixty-six, leaving four sons and two daughters. The latter were Mary, the wife of Cyrus Stebbins Hillman, and Margaret, who married Dr. Asa Heath. The sons were Hugh M., Ebenezer Ayer, Daniel and James Cochrane. Hugh married Polly, daughter of Daniel Prescott, and sister of Dr. E. K. Prescott, and removed to Brooks, Me. He had three children, only one of whom (Cyrus, who married Delia, daughter of James Cochrane, sen.) lived to adult age.

James Cochrane Boynton studied medicine with his namesake, and established himself in the practice of his profession at Richmond, Me., where he amassed a handsome property and died, in 1865, leaving one child, the mother of James A. Proctor, the Richmond druggist. The latter married a daughter of Dr. David Richards, another descendant of a Monmouth family. Dr. Boynton's political affiliations were Democratic and his religious tenets, Swedenborgian in cast.

Daniel Boynton, jun., married Eliza, daughter of Capt. Benj. Kimball. Mr. Boynton was a man of more

than ordinary activity and business tact. He built several houses in town, and the store that was occupied by W. W. Woodbury prior to the great fire of 1888. Like many other enterprising men, he contracted the gold fever, and died while crossing the isthmus on his way to California, in 1855. His widow and three children, Harriet, Benjamin and Clara, purchased a farm in Rumford, Me., to which they removed about twenty-five years ago. The latter married Rev. Henry Libby, and died in early womanhood. Harriet died unmarried. Benjamin struggled manfully against adverse fortunes many years; until, at last, his nervous system collapsed, and he was forced to an untimely end by his own delirious volition.

Ebenezer Ayer Boynton, born Aug. 8, 1797, married Ann M., daughter of Rev. Asa Heath, and removed to Brooks, Me. His four children were Charles W., Sarah A., Mary S. and Henry. The first of these died in Detroit, Me., Oct. 12, 1891, in his sixty-fourth year. Sarah A. resides in Lynn, Mass; Mary S., in Detroit, and Henry, in Augusta, Me.

Notwithstanding the fact that he claims to have no biography, Henry Boynton's life has been far from uneventful. After leaving school he bent his youthful steps toward that El Dorado of the North, California. Journeying by way of the present route of De Lessep's Panama Canal, he reached his destination, spent two years in the mines with a result concerning which he is reticent, and returned through Central America, over the present route of the Nicaragua Canal. His next move was toward Kansas, where he took an active part in the struggle to make that state a



D. P. Boynton.

free state, serving in the capacity of captain of the "election guards, and was wounded in one of the sharp fights that were called battles before the great battles of the civil war dwarfed them to skirmishes." He studied law, and was admitted to the bar of the U. S. court in Kansas in 1860, but has never practiced his profession, for the reason, as he states it, that he has always been able to get an honest living. He returned from Kansas to Maine just in time to enlist in the volunteer army as a Maine soldier. Five days after the bombardment of Fort Sumter, he began to raise a company of volunteers. On the second day of May, 1861, only eighteen days after the first rebel gun waked the echoes of the Potomac, he organized a full company at Newport. Immediately after the disastrous battle of Bull Run, he organized another company, and, in all, raised (chiefly at his own expense), more than two hundred and fifty men who actually went into service in 1861. He was commissioned captain in the 8th Me. Vols., and was promoted, successively, Major, Lt. Colonel, and brevet Brigadier General. He took his share of the battles of the war, one of which was the nearest to Richmond of any battle of the four years' campaign—the attack of October, 27, 1864, when the troops he commanded penetrated to within four miles of the heart of the rebel capitol. On that day he commanded the artillery (18th army corps) and the skirmishers and sharpshooters, notwithstanding the fact that he was still suffering from severe wounds received at the battle of Drewry's Bluff, near Richmond, only a little more than five months before.

After the war closed, he returned to his home, at the

end of nearly four years of service; but was, for a year and a half, disabled from business by his wounds. He then served two years in the state senate, and subsequently held the position of U. S. Pension Agent, at Augusta, for a term of five years.

Gen. Boynton has travelled extensively. He has made several sea voyages, and has visited about twenty-five different countries. He is the author of three books—"The World's Greatest Conflict", a history of the French Revolution, and of the struggles to get the United States' Constitution and a new government into successful and full operation; covering the critical period from 1789 to 1804; "Thirteen Thousand Miles of Sight Seeing", which covers a rapid tour of a party from New York to Turkey through all central Europe, and thence back to New York—a race of thirty days for a prize—and "A History of the Nineteenth Century in the United States and Europe", which dwells upon the events of the years between the accession of Napoleon in France and of Thos. Jefferson in the United States, to the climax of the former's successes in 1811. In preparing to write this history, Gen. Boynton devoted about eight years' time to diligent research, "and twice visited Europe for the purpose of study, examination of libraries and national archives, to obtain material from records, state papers, and other original sources not accessible in this country, and also that he might make an actual examination of battle-fields, sites of important historic events, etc."* The original manner in which he has treated the historical events and characters portrayed by his

*Kennebec Journal.

pen has called forth favorable notices from the press. His last work is extended to the space of four volumes.

The only child of Gen. Boynton, and the only grandchild of his father, was Clara E., who was born April 14, 1856, and died Feb. 20, 1875.

Joseph Merrill removed from Lewiston to Monmouth in 1808. He was the son of John Merrill, sen., of Lewiston, and one of twelve children. His father was an early settler in Lewiston, whither he removed from Freeport, or Yarmouth, Me., and was proprietor of the estate now owned by his grandson, Israel Merrill.

When Joseph was a lad, he went to live with Dr. Dwelley. Here he had opportunities to improve his mind such as the sons of the pioneers seldom enjoyed. The atmosphere of the home of a professional man is in itself educational, and young Merrill came to man's estate with an intellect well stored with practical knowledge.

He married Sally, daughter of Daniel Smith, of Monmouth, and settled on the farm now owned by Mr. Mann, in the Warren district. Here the remainder of his life was spent.

Nothing could be adduced which would more clearly demonstrate that Mr. Merrill was a man of principle and strong individuality than the fact that he was one of the first three who had the courage to vote the Abolition ticket in Monmouth. The other members of the trio were Zelotes Marrow and Washington Wilcox.

In 1829 Mr. Merrill sustained a severe loss which nearly ruined his earthly prospects. In the fall of that year, all his buildings, stock, furniture and produce were consumed by fire. The family barely escaped

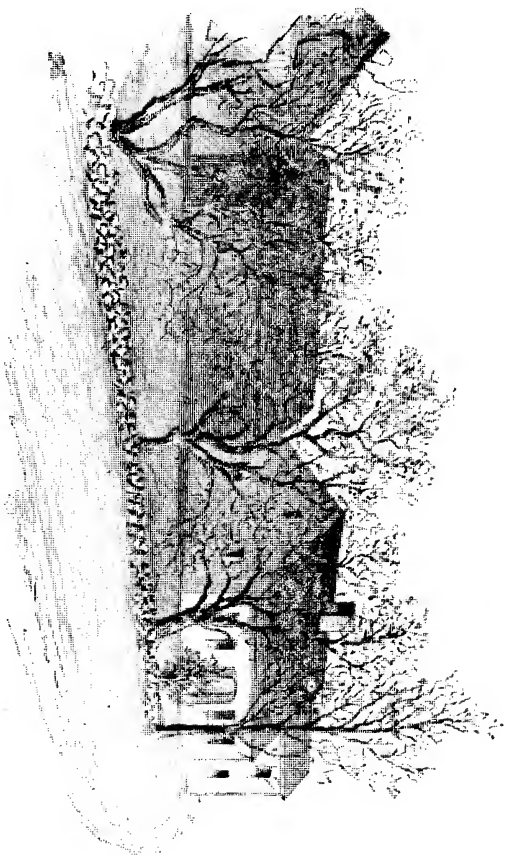
with their lives through a warning given by a member of Dr. Daly's family who was awakened by the light. Mr. Merrill had just harvested and stored his crops, and nothing remained to cover the scowling face of a rapidly approaching winter but the land on which the buildings stood. The house now occupied by Mr. Mann was erected a few rods south of the old site the following year. It has undergone no change whatever, and the accompanying sketch shows it as it appeared sixty years ago.

Mr. Merrill had six children, two of whom died in infancy. Of those who reached maturity, Joseph A. was the oldest. He married Sarah Robinson, a sister of Rev. Ezekiel Robinson and aunt of Mrs. Dr. Torsey, of Kent's Hill. After her decease he married Hannah Haskell, of Auburn. He first settled in Gardiner, and removed to Lewiston. His present home is Boston, Mass., where he has resided about twenty-five years. Since living in Boston, he has been nominated by the Republican party for representative to the General Court and ran ahead of his ticket.

Alcander F. Merrill, the second son of Joseph, married Olive Andrews, daughter of John Andrews, jun., of Wales, and, after her decease, Lucinda Blaisdell of Lewiston.

He was book-keeper for the Lewiston Woolen Mill under Col. John Frye, and was subsequently elected, for a long series of successive terms, treasurer of Androscoggin county, to which office he was succeeded by his son, John Frye Merrill, who is now a practicing attorney in Redwing, Minn.

Joseph Merrill had two daughters who married and



House Erected by Joseph Merrill about 1830.

settled in Monmouth—Frances Ann, the wife of Capt. Joseph A. Basford, and Elvira, the wife of Geo. W. Norris, Esq.

Capt. John Arnold moved from Lebanon, Conn., to Hallowell, Maine, near the close of the last century. He settled in Hallowell, and established mills for sawing lumber and fulling cloth. In 1801, he purchased a half interest in the mills at East Monmouth, and a large tract of timber land.

It was not far from 1808 that he removed to this town. He came then in a stylish chaise, a vehicle utterly unfitted for the rough roads of a new settlement, and the first one that entered the town. It was a novel turnout to the natives, and not less so to the captain and his good lady when it became necessary to attach oxen to draw it through the deep bog holes.

Captain Arnold had been a wealthy trader and ship-owner. Before the French Revolution his income was reckoned high in the thousands. That war put an end to his temporal prosperity. His ships were seized by the French fleet, his cargoes confiscated, and he was left without business, income, or hope of recovering his property.* With more courage than capital and enterprise than advantages, he again launched into great commercial ventures. With youth instead of middle life on his side, and the ardent hope of early manhood instead of a spirit crushed by the death of his wife, he might have regained his opulence. This he did not succeed in doing, although his projects were far from being failures.

*His grandchildren are still trying to recover damages from the government under the French Spoliation Claim act.

The maiden name of Mr. Arnold's first wife was Barrel. By her he had eight children, the oldest of whom married Samuel Avery, who lived on the place lately owned by Geo. L. King, near Monmouth Center. Mr. Avery, as has been stated in a previous chapter, settled in this town in 1799, and was the first person buried in the Center cemetery.

Capt. Arnold's second wife was Mrs. Sewall, of Hallowell, the mother of Stephen Sewall of Winthrop. By her he had two children. He died at the home of his son Eben, in Monmouth, in 1847, at the age of ninety-three years.

Under the influence of Capt. Arnold, business was greatly accelerated throughout the town. He enlarged and made extensive repairs on the saw-mill at East Monmouth, adding a sort of gang-saw arrangement that did double the work of an ordinary saw, and established in connection with it a fulling mill and a mill for the manufactory of linseed oil. Raising flax to supply this mill became an industry of some importance, but by no means as considerable as the lumbering interest which was awakened by Mr. Arnold's enterprise. From his mill at East Monmouth, he rafted lumber down the stream to the Cobbossee-contee pond, and across to the point now known as Hammond's Grove in Manchester, but then known as Brainerd's Landing, where it was landed and drawn with teams to Arnold's wharf in Hallowell, and then loaded on his ships and carried to Boston and the West Indies. Before he built his mill at East Monmouth, he ran the logs through the Munjaw stream and the Cobbossee pond to Hallowell to be sawed. The

labor of conducting logs through this course, while by no means as hazardous as river driving, yet required considerable skill, and afforded employment for a large number of men.

It is claimed that up to this time no section had been discovered so rich in heavy, rank pine growth as that which Mr. Arnold and his men handled. The lumber cut through the line from Sawyer's was said to be the finest and cleanest ever cut in Maine. The writer states this on the authority of a citizen who makes few rash statements, and is in no way responsible for it himself. That there were very large trees through this belt cannot be disputed. On the farm of E. K. Blake, at East Monmouth, not many years ago, was a pine tree twenty-one feet in circumference, having three prongs, any one of which was large enough for the mast of a large ship. It was 165 feet tall and was probably in its prime when Columbus discovered America. In South Monmouth, on the bank of the Munjaw stream, stood an elm, said by those who probably knew nothing about it to be the largest in Maine. It grew on a rich intervale, very near the water. Several years ago, during a severe freshet, it was undermined and carried into the stream.

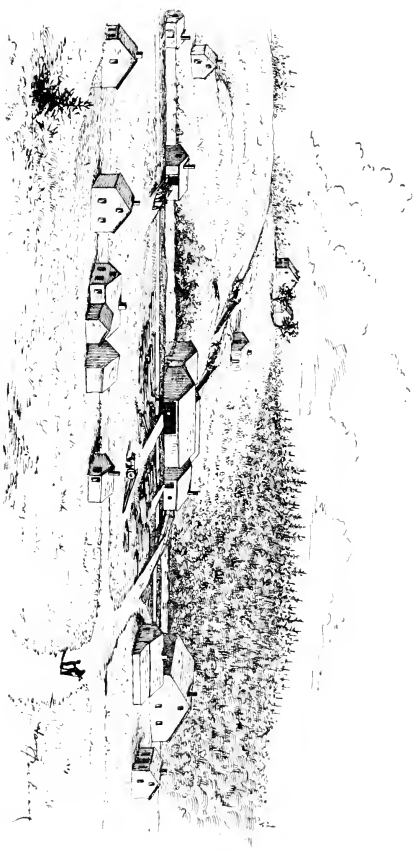
After a few years, Capt. Arnold left East Monmouth and built a house near the Cochnewagan stream on the East Monmouth road. This house is still standing, unoccupied, and is fast going to decay. He hired Capt. Judkins to build a saw-mill near by, paying him in land. Considerable business was done at this place until the Mill was built at the Center. This was not a very successful enterprise however. As a reservoir,

could not be constructed with sufficient head to carry a large wheel without flooding quite a portion of the lowlands in the vicinity of the Center. The mill was very appropriately termed the "Mud mill." It was burned many years ago, and was supposed to have been fired by the torches of men spearing pickerel beneath.

A man by name of William Heath was hired to run this mill. He lived in the new house, and the Captain spent the most of his time in Hallowell attending to his shipping. Arnold was a man of great enterprise and considerable ability. He was a member of the Congregational church, and although keen at a trade, was, so far as is known, an honest and esteemed citizen.

The Captain's mills were, a great portion of the time, under the management of his son, John Arnold, jun., a man of great energy and considerable executive ability. He shipped when young as supercargo of a vessel and earned over \$2000 for his father before he was twenty-one years of age. During the French Revolution, the vessel on which he sailed as second officer was captured, and the crew carried to Dartmoor prison, where they were held twelve months.

He was married, in 1815, to Mary Bosworth, of Bath, Me. Of the seven children that came of this union only two, John B. and Nathaniel B., are now living. The former resides at Dexter, and the latter, at Garland, Me. Mr. Arnold lived during his closing years in the house already mentioned as standing on the line east of the Cochnewagan stream. He died Feb. 22, 1845, aged sixty-four years, five years later than his wife, who died at the age of fifty-three. He was third in a family



East Monmouth as it appeared in 1810.

ily of ten children. Ebenezer, the eighth child, born in New London, Conn., Sep. 4, 1795, was long identified with the business circles of Monmouth and Bath. The "old Arnold store," now occupied as a grocery by Plummer & Thompson, has stood as a monument of his enterprise, while every companion of its juvenility has been swept away. He married Mary J. Hill, of Bath, and, after her decease, Mrs. Lucy P. Donnell, of the same city. He passed a large portion of his later life in Bath, and died there, Mar. 10, 1870. His sons William and John followed their father in the grocery business. The former was for many years one of Monmouth's most active, enterprising and respected citizens. The latter, who at one time was engaged in business with his brother at the Center, removed to Natick, Mass., where he died, May 16, 1888. William was never married. John married Sarah J. Sheldon. Of their five children, only three reached maturity. Frederick W., the eldest, married Sarah M. Whitbeck, of Springfield, and resides in Brockton, Mass. Lizzie S. and Fannie M. married and reside in New York City and Boston respectively.

David Sinclair came from Brentwood, N. H., in 1808, and settled on the farm now owned by Mrs. Emily Smith, on the North Monmouth road. Peter Lyon had made a clearing there, but, as he was unable to pay the exorbitant price charged for the land, the heartless proprietors sold it to Sinclair. Mr. Sinclair was born not far from 1778. He married in New Hampshire. Not more than three years after he settled in Monmouth, he sold his farm and removed to Danville, Vt. The opening of the war of 1812 found

him at the front, a rugged, hearty man, with no end of courage and muscle, and just enough sailor activity about him—gained while a youngster on a merchant ship—to make him a saucy specimen in a hand-to-hand conflict. One of his comrades, Gilman Shaw, was attacked by a dangerous disease; and as there was apparently no chance for recovery, a coffin was prepared to receive him as soon as possible after his decease. It was an “off day” in camp. No duty other than picket-duty being required, the brigade made arrangements to have a grand ring-wrestle. It was the closing scene of the old time “raisings” on an immense scale. A ring was formed covering acres and acres of open field, and, at a signal, the sport commenced. Within a minute hundreds of men lay sprawling on the greensward. Round after round followed; and as the fallen ones picked themselves up and retired, the ring drew steadily toward the center, until only a handful of men wrestled for the mastery. At last only two men stood face to face, in the center of an eager, excited multitude. One of them was to be the hero of the brigade.

They stood panting and nerving themselves for a moment, and then grappled in the fiercest contest of the day. Around and around they went, wrestling, tripping, dodging and twisting. The crowd about them became more earnest. Not a word was spoken; every man held his breath, and glared with fixed eyes on the magic center, hardly daring to wink lest he should fail to see the result. A trip, a catch, another trip and a quick twist, and one man lies upon his back. The other staggers a bit, then draws himself up and

turns his heated face and blood-spangled eyes proudly toward the applauding crowd. It is David Sinclair, and seven regiments are ready to bear him on their shoulders. He returned exulting to his sick companion, and pity took the place of pride as he thought of his own manly strength and the other's pitiable weakness. The next day the brigade was ordered out again; this time to prepare for a far different service. As they stand shoulder to shoulder with reversed arms and uncovered heads, four men pass slowly down the line to the mournful cadence of muffled drums, bearing a coffined companion. They place the coffin beside the shallow grave and tenderly drape it with the stars and stripes. With a simultaneous movement, seven thousand muskets are brought to a horizontal position, and a roar more deafening than the shouts of yesterday's jubilation swells out upon the air. Yesterday it was David Sinclair's acclamation; today it is his final eulogium. Gilman Shaw recovered, and, at last accounts, was a Baptist minister in Palmyra, Me.

Benjamin Sinclair, a half-brother to David, and the oldest son, settled in Monmouth one year later than his brother. He made a purchase of land, a portion of which was cleared. He remained here but a short time; and removed to Waldoboro, Me.

Jonathan Sinclair came to Monmouth, it is supposed, with his younger brother David, and located where Mr. Sanford Plummer now lives. He built a log-cabin, and never attempted a more pretentious structure, as he soon removed to Palmyra. Hiram Sinclair of Winthrop is his grandson.

Ebenezer Sinclair, another brother, and the young-

est of a family of nine children, was born in Brentwood, May 7, 1780. On the 17th day of June, 1802, he married Polly Sanborn, of Epping, N. H. Three years later he came to Monmouth. Ebenezer Sinclair was a thorough farmer, a mechanic and a practical chemist. Understanding, as he did, the nature of the different soils, he made farming a successful vocation. He had eight children, Abigail, Ann B., Betsey, H. Blake, James W., Harriet, Cynthia O., and Joseph D.

Newell Prescott, a son of Simon Prescott, of Deerfield, was another immigrant of 1808. He had worked for Major Wood of Winthrop, and it probably was while he was living at the Major's that he was married to Sally Danielson. On coming to Monmouth, he first settled at North Monmouth, on the farm now occupied by Christopher Hammond. Thence he removed to the Lyon district. The house in which he lived while a resident of the latter part of the town disappeared many years ago. It stood on a knoll east of the Oscar True place.

In 1827 he again changed, and located on the farm on Monmouth Neck now owned by his grandson, George Newell Prescott, and occupied the deserted house which stands on the opposite side of the highway from the one in which the latter lives. Mr. Prescott was a woolen weaver. He was well connected, numbering among his immediate relatives two governors. Governor Wells of Maine was his cousin, and the late Gov. Prescott of New Hampshire was his nephew. He was one of a family of six children. One of his sisters married a Dicker, who settled in the western part of Monmouth at an early date, and another mar-

ried, for a second husband, Joseph Prescott who purchased the Swift place, on Monmouth Neck, several years ago.

Newell Prescott had three children. Sally, the oldest daughter, married Harrison Allen, of Litchfield. One of their daughters is the wife of Jeff. Coburn, the Lewiston architect. Dolly, the second child, remained at home. The only son, George Prescott, married Mary, daughter of James Smith, of Monmouth Neck. He was a carpenter and mill-wright. Being an only son, the care of the farm claimed much of his attention; but this did not prevent his gaining the reputation of being one of the best master-workmen in town. His only son, George Newell Prescott, inherited the farm and mechanical skill of his parent. Perhaps the most delicate and intricate piece of work he has ever attempted is a violin. The manufacture of a violin is not an exceedingly difficult task; but the construction of one possessing the timbre and volume of a first-class instrument calls forth all the powers of a high order of genius; and such an instrument was the result of Mr. Prescott's efforts. He married Lois A., daughter of Dennis G. Howard and has one child, Frank H., who resides at home.

William Brimijine, who for more than fifty years was a citizen of Monmouth, came from Bowdoin in 1809. He was then in his twenty-first year. His wife was a Fisher, of Durham. They settled first on Pease Hill, a short distance north of the house lately occupied by Joseph Plummer. Brimijine sold to Levi Harri-man, who, in turn, sold to his brother Andrew, and the latter, to Ebenezer Pease. Mr. Brimijine reared a

large family, but the name has been unknown in Monmouth for many years. He died on Christmas day, 1860.

John Freeman, a veteran of the Revolution, came from Winthrop to Monmouth in 1809. He lived in a house that stood about eight rods south of the Jireh Swift place on the Neck. The maiden name of his wife was Prudence Follet. Five children were born to them—William, Elvena, Lydia, Caroline and Ebenezer. Elvena married Harvey Pettingill; Caroline, George Welch, of Monmouth, and Ebenezer, Abigail Perkins, of Winthrop. The latter moved to Monmouth about the time his father came, and settled on the "Clark Wilcox place" near the store, at East Monmouth. Several years later, he built the house on the Neck now owned by Charles W. Woodbury, where he resided until his decease. He served in the war of 1812 as sergeant in Capt. Samuel Randlet's company of artillery. In 1821 he was raised to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, a position which he resigned after three years. He held the office of selectman for an aggregate period of fifteen years, served three terms as town treasurer, and was elected more than once to represent his town in the legislature.

Col. Freeman was a man of noble character, and was respected and esteemed by his contemporaries. He took a deep interest in music, and for many years played the bass viol in the East Monmouth church choir. He had two sons, Charles H. and Alexander, both of whom died at an immature age.

Near John Freeman, on the south, as nearness was then counted, Ebenezer Starks took up a squatter's

claim as early as 1798. A flat rock that once served as the door-stone of his cabin is still seen by the traveller as he ascends the hill leading to the home of the Misses Tilton, resting on the exact spot where it was placed by the pioneer's hands. Mr. Starks was the father of Hon. Alanson Starks, who, for many years, was a familiar personage in Kennebec county politics. Alanson Starks was born June 20, 1804. From the age of four years he was an invalid. Rheumatism in its worst form settled upon him at this early age, and left its marks permanently upon his physique. For three years he was unable to walk, and the children of the neighborhood drew him to and from the school-house on a hand-sled in the winter and on trucks in the summer. Nor was this his only misfortune; for just as the excruciating pains which bent his body began, his left eye was put out by an accident. "Under these difficult circumstances, which would appall timid minds, he obtained an excellent education in the town schools and at Monmouth Academy." After completing his education, he taught school for several years with good success and then embarked in trade at Monmouth Center. He continued in trade until 1844, a term of twelve years, when he was appointed register of deeds, to fill the place made vacant by the death of Hon. Albion Richards. Mr. Starks was elected to the office by a large majority for the two succeeding terms of five years each. He then removed to Neenah, Wis., and engaged in trade. Being unsuccessful in business, he returned to Augusta, at the end of two years, and was elected a member of Gov. Cony's council. This position he held two years. He was next nominated

treasurer of Kennebec county, was honored with ten consecutive elections to this office, and was the only one to whom the people looked as the prospective incumbent at the time of his decease.

“While a resident of Monmouth, he held many responsible positions, and was chairman of the board of selectmen a number of years. He was called to administer on many estates, and his advice was often sought on difficult questions, or on matters of difficulty between parties.” He died at his home in Augusta in 1878, and was buried in the family lot at Monmouth Center. Mr. Starks was married on the third day of Dec., 1846, to Sarah C., daughter of John Welch, jun.

Ebenezer Starks had another son, by the name of Benjamin, whose heroic gallantry was once the subject of every tongue in Monmouth. When Benjamin Starks and Elmira Torsey were little children, they were playing one day beside the Winslow brook. Of a sudden, a large, dark-colored animal emerged from the water and made toward them, snarling and gnashing its jaws. While the little girl ran, the boy, with heroic courage, vigorously attacked the ferocious animal with a stick. After a severe battle, in which the brave little fellow got severely handled, and had his clothing badly torn, he ran; but was soon overtaken, and another fight ensued. Time after time the boy attempted to run, only to be caught by the legs from behind, and compelled to fight for his life. At last he reached his father's doorstep, lacerated, bleeding, and almost exhausted, the animal still pursuing. He gained entrance to the house, and the otter, for such

it proved to be, was about to catch him again, when his grandfather, Samuel Torsey, who happened to be near the door, struck it on the head with his huge walking-stick, and repeated the blows until he had despatched it. The otter measured seven feet in length, and was so old that its teeth were worn down almost even with the gums. This circumstance, and this alone, saved the children from a terrible death.

Capt. Samuel Ranlet was born in Gilmanton, N. H., Mar. 28, 1780. He was the son of Charles and Elizabeth (Lougee) Ranlet, and was seventh of a family of eleven children, three of whom came to Monmouth. The first of the family who entered the town as a resident was Moses, who was taxed here in 1805. He was a blacksmith. His shop was in the vicinity of Smart's Corner, and near by was a building which he stocked with general merchandise. There is no proof that he did not erect this building for a store, and that he was not the first occupant; but papers have recently been unearthed which show that the firm of Norris and Evans (probably Lieut. James Norris and Daniel Evans, who came to town about that time) was in trade in 1803; and it is to be presumed that they occupied the same building. This, however, is mere speculation. A store at Smart's Corner to-day would appear about as much in keeping with its surroundings as would a school-house on the top of Mount Sabat-us; but ninety years ago a small stock of general merchandise was an essential feature in every neighborhood. There was at that time a store at Chandler's, one mile north of Smart's Corner, but in the rush of haying it was not always convenient to go a

mile for household necessities, such as a "pig" of tobacco or a gallon of rum. Charles, another brother, was taxed here in 1813; but it is probable that he removed almost immediately to Thomaston, Me. Samuel Ranlet came from New Hampshire to Augusta when a young man, and learned the clock-maker's trade. In 1809 he took up a residence in Monmouth, and, two years later, married Molly Dearborn Norris, a daughter of Lt. James Norris. He purchased, and settled on, the farm now owned by the Jacobs brothers. This place he sold some years later, and, probably at about the same time, bought out the interest of the other heirs in the farm of his father-in-law on Norris Hill. Here he resided until 1867. During all these years, until the market became overstocked with a cheaper grade of clocks, he worked at his trade. The brass time-pieces he made were wonders of mechanism. Some of them recorded the days of the week and month, the changes of the moon, and all other notable events, except births and marriages. His brother-in-law, Jacob Miller, made the cases, and the combined skill of these two men wrought out some of the finest eight-day clocks that ever graced the parlors of the wealthy citizens of central Maine.

Mr. Ranlet was commissioned captain of the artillery soon after he came to Monmouth, and was in command of his company at Fore Edgecomb during the last war with England. He was a worthy member, and a trustee, of the M. E. church, and was a citizen who commanded the respect and good-will of his townsmen. His wife died in 1836, and he married the following year, Jemima Mower, of Greene.

He was the father of seven children, three of whom died in early life. John H. was drowned at the age of eighteen years in the shocking casualty of July 9th, 1851. James N., the oldest son, was a man of extraordinary physical development. He was six feet and four inches in height, well molded and muscular, and was as attractive in feature as he was remarkable in proportions. When a young man, he traveled for a time with a circus, as a keeper of order; and his commanding figure was as awe-inspiring to the rough crowds that invariably accompany such a troupe as a whole police force. At another time in his career, he was engaged in the manufacture of the "silhouettes", or "profiles", that preceded the daguerreotype as an inexpensive process of reproducing the outlines of one's features on paper and metal. He finally settled down to the trade of a shoe-maker at Topsham, Me., where he died of consumption in 1849, leaving one son, James Scott Ranlet, who resides in East Boston. Samuel M. Ranlet, was in the Aroostook War. He died at the age of eighteen. Simon D., a younger brother of James and Samuel M. Ranlet, was a mechanic. He worked for a time for the Whitmans of Winthrop. During the civil war, he enlisted from the town of Monson, and died before Yorktown.

Elizabeth A. Ranlet, the youngest of the Captain's children, married John W. Goding. She was a sweet singer, and for many years was one of the leading sopranos in town. Mr Goding came from Acton to Lewiston in 1854 and thence to Monmouth in 1856. His grandfather, Rev. William Goding, of Watertown, Mass., was one of the earliest Calvinist Baptist preachers of

central Maine. He was licensed by the church in Jay in 1800, ordained an evangelist in 1802, and preached in Wayne the most of the time for the four following years. He then removed to Shapleigh, and received the pastoral care of the church now known as the Acton Baptist church in 1807, over which he presided until 1835.

Mr. Goding, soon after his marriage to Miss Ranlet, purchased of her father the farm on Norris Hill. About twelve years later, he sold this place to Rev. Aaron Sanderson, and purchased of Capt. Wm. B. Snell, the Gen. John Chandler stand, near Monmouth Academy. Mrs. Goding died Feb. 28, 1880, and the following autumn the home which had been cheered by her bright presence and happy songs was destroyed by fire. Mr. Goding still resides in Monmouth. To his labor, oversight and tasty skill are due a majority of the improvements on the property of the M. E. society at the Center. He has two sons, the elder of whom, Luther S., resides on the home place. John H., the younger son, is connected with a large grain firm in the west.

Elias Nelson settled in Monmouth in 1809, on land now owned by the Macomber heirs. His house, which was a somewhat remarkable structure for this town, being plastered on the outside in imitation of stucco work, stood on the brow of the hill west of the railroad crossing on the East Monmouth road, and nearly opposite the house recently occupied by Mr. Potter. Mr. Nelson united with the Calvinist Baptist Church at East Monmouth, and in 1812 was licensed to preach. In 1814 he was ordained pastor, and continued as such about three years. Later, he had the pastoral care of

churches in Livermore and Jay. In the latter place he spent many years, and probably ended his life there.

Benjamin Hinkley, a grandson of Judge Aaron Hinkley, of Brunswick, Me., moved from New Meadows to Litchfield Corner at an early date. A survey of lots made in 1776 demonstrates that he was there prior to the opening of the Revolution. About 1804 he removed to the Danforth farm on Oak Hill, and thence, four years later, to the farm which he cleared, now owned by Wm. H. Chick, at South Monmouth. Like all the other early settlers in that section of the town, he built his cabin on the east side of the Jocmunyaw stream, supposing that a highway connecting the Ridge road with the one leading east and west through the Lyon district would be laid out on that side. At this time a line of cabins extended along the bank of the stream for a distance of at least a mile and a half. When the road was finally established several rods west of the stream, Mr. Hinkley and nearly all of the other settlers moved out on their lots and erected houses along the highway. The land along this intervalle, which is now considered the best in town, was then thought to be all but worthless. The pine stumpage had been purchased by a Gardiner speculator, and his lumbermen had made sad havoc in the forest growth. Fire had followed in the line of their march, and the charred skeletons of the sparse, worthless, hardwood growth stretched their arms in every direction. It was a rough and sterile region. A party of extremely facetious and somewhat inebriated gentlemen driving through dubbed it "the city", and as "the city" this part of the town will probably be

known to the end of time. Passing on, these gentlemen found themselves still burdened with an inexhaustible supply of wit. Not so with their liquor. It was gone; and, holding the empty vessel high in the air, one of them shouted the interrogation, "Jug or not?" and, not receiving a reply from his obfuscated companions, smashed it on the hard road beneath. It was the action of "naming" a building; and to these jocular gentlemen it seemed eminently proper that the name "Juggernaut" should thenceforth be applied to that locality. Whether this is a true version of the creation of the appellation which for more than half a century clung to the eastern part of the town, no one of the present generation can positively affirm.

Benj. Hinkley married Esther Sargeant, and had six children. John, his oldest son, was the first person born in Litchfield after that town was incorporated, and the first man who died in Dixfield after its incorporation as a town. Polly and Isabella married and settled in Monmouth. The latter married John Coombs, whose home was on the farm now owned by Barzillai Walker, and the former, Capt. Isaac Hall, who lived on the place now owned by Mr. Avery, at South Monmouth. Aaron, the youngest son, married Charlotte Goodwin, of Durham, Me. He was the father of Oliver Hinkley, of Harpswell, Me., who for many years lived on the place now owned by Cyrus Goodwin, and of Silas E. and Charles H. Hinkley, both of whom lost their lives while defending their country during the late war with the South. Benjamin, jun., married Ruth Jackman, the daughter of Richard Jackman, a veteran of the Revolution, who took up the farm now owned by

W. H. Chick. Not satisfied with the chastisement he had helped to give John Bull the first time that haughty autocrat tampered with American independence, Mr. Jackman enlisted in the war of 1812, leaving his farm to the care of his son-in-law.

The times were hard, and, like all their neighbors, the Hinkleys had to live from "hand to mouth." After a time, intelligence came that a ship-load of corn for the soldiers' families had landed in Bath. There were no horses in the neighborhood, and young Hinkley and his companions walked to Bath and "backed in" a bushel each over roads that would now be considered impassable.

A little later, he was drafted, and went with his company to Wiscasset. On his return he located on the farm now owned by Frank Carr, which he had taken up four years prior to the opening of the war.

In one of the fires that devastated the tract known as "the city", Mr. Hinkley came near losing his life. He and Francis Hall had been to the river with loads of hemlock bark. On their return, as they came in sight of home, they discovered that the woods at a point between the Lyon school-house and Lewis Lane's were a blazing mass. Tossing high in the air, and leaping from tree to tree, the defiant flames forbade further progress. Leaving Hall to guard the frightened cattle, Mr. Hinkley cautiously worked his way along in the smothering atmosphere to see if there was a possible chance to gain a passage. Soon Hall heard the order, "Start the oxen, and run them for life!" Furiously goading the trembling animals, he plunged forward through the falling fire-brands, and, a moment later,

amid the bellowing of the tortured beasts and the shouts and cheers of the crowd that had gathered on the other side with the expectation of seeing them cremated, the two men emerged from the furnace, alive and unharmed.

Mr. Hinkley was the father of eight children, only two of whom remained in Monmouth. Of these, Ruth married William H. Chick and resides on the farm of her grandfather Jackman at South Monmouth, and John married Huldah Chick, a sister of his brother-in-law, and settled on the farm now owned by Mrs. Achsa Hall. His wife died at an early age, and he married, second, Hannah F. Day, a sister of Levi Day, of Monmouth. His first wife was the mother of two children, of whom only one, Georgietta, the wife of Lewis Lane, survives. John H. Hinkley, the oldest son of the second wife, married Mary, daughter of Harrison Sawyer, and lives at South Monmouth. Only three others of the six children are living, and two of these reside in Wales.

William E. married Mary Maxwell, and Relief A. married Alden Maxwell, daughter and son, respectively, of Daniel Maxwell of Wales.

CHAPTER XIV.

WALES PLANTATION, JUNIOR.

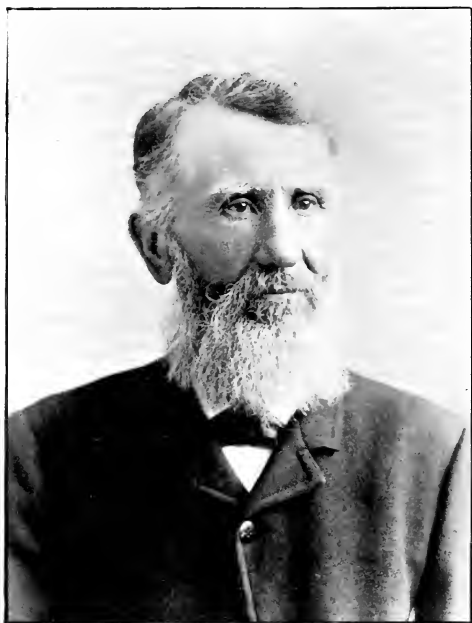
While the incorporation of one half of Wales plantation as a separate town drew a distinct line between the two communities, the political relations of the northern and southern districts were but slightly modified. The settlers south of the divisional line had never held any offices in the plantation, and, aside from paying taxes, had taken no part in public affairs. In fact, the separation was to them a decided benefit. Taxation without representation is as grievous to the community as to the state and nation, and, in some respects, as great a hindrance to growth and development.

As in the days of our country's infancy, the colonies were taxed, not to support colonial institutions and to promote the colonial welfare, but to build up a nation and people from which it received no reciprocal advantages, so, in a small degree, the pioneers of the southern portion of Wales plantation were, prior to the incorporation of Monmouth as a separate municipality, taxed to promote the interests of a section of the plan-

tation which, in return, granted them neither advantages nor favors.

The exact date of the first settlement of the territory now included in the township of Wales cannot be accurately determined. John C. Fogg, esq., of that town, to whom I am indebted for much of the data contained in this chapter, is of the opinion that James Ross, of Brunswick, who took up the farm on Sabattis mountain now owned by his descendant, Isaac N. Witherell, was the first settler, and that his advent was not far removed from 1778. On the other hand, Reuben Ham, concerning whom much has already been said, was, according to the statement of Dr. James Cochran, in possession of the farm now owned by his granddaughter, Mrs. Beckler, as early as 1775. The reader is already acquainted with Mr. Ham, but nothing has yet been said concerning his family.

Reuben Ham was the father of eight children, only one of whom remained in Wales. Jonathan, the oldest child, temporarily settled on the farm near Monmouth Ridge long known as the "Dea. Bela Pierce place", now owned by Eugene Ham, a descendant in the fourth generation from the pioneer. He afterward removed to Ohio. Reuben, jun., found a home for himself in Fayette, Me., and four others of the family emigrated to the eastern part of the state. Rhoda, alone, remained unmarried. Thomas, the third son, married Mary, daughter of Daniel Smith. He lived a few years after his marriage on the homestead, but selected for a permanent home the farm on which his son, John C. Ham, now resides. Mr. Ham reared a family of ten children. The oldest of these was Isaac



J. C. Hamer

who married Eleanor Potter and became the father of six children, one of whom, William H., was in 1876 principal of Monmouth Academy. He prepared for college at this academy and the Maine State Seminary, and was graduated from Bates College in 1874. Three years later he was admitted to the Androscoggin bar, and immediately removed to Granville, Ill., where he served as superintendent of schools two years. He subsequently removed to Jackson, Wash., where he now resides. Mr. Ham was married in 1876 to Miss Ida M. Fletcher, of Phippsburg Center, Me. They have six children. Frances, the oldest daughter of Isaac Ham, married John W. Beckler and lives on the old homestead.

Harrison, the second son of Thomas Ham, married Matilda Small and settled in Wales. Hannah married Isaac Jenkins, and Joel, Maria N. Maxwell. He first lived on the "Snell farm," now occupied by Benjamin Jenkins; afterward on the Elijah Potter place, now owned by his son Evander A. Ham. Although Joel Ham was primarily a farmer, he was always deeply interested in educational work. He obtained a good education for his times, not only at the district schools and Monmouth Academy, but by diligent private study, without which school work is of little value. At the age of eighteen he began to teach; and from that time until his decease, he taught every winter except two. His services as a teacher were greatly sought on account of his success in governing unruly schools. He was frequently elected to town offices, and during the session of 1867-8 represented his town in the legislature. From the rank of a

private he had worked his way up through the successive official stages of the local militia, and was in command of his company when it was disbanded. While serving as a private, he was called to participate in the bloodless battles of the Aroostook war. Two of his five children have inherited his love of pedagogy. The oldest, Llewellyn S., is a resident teacher of Pana, Ill., and the youngest, Lizzie I., is employed in the public schools of Auburn, Me. Allie M. married Dr. G. F. Webber, and is located at Waltham, Mass., Irving T. resides in Medford, Mass. and Evander A. lives on the homestead. Perhaps nothing could be said that would more clearly indicate Mr. Ham's standing among his townsmen than the statement that from the year 1845, when he was first elected, to 1870, when he filled his last term of office, he was on the board of selectmen nearly one-half of the time.

The next in order of Thomas Ham's children was Ursula who married Benj. L. Jewell. Then came Thomas Worcester, John C., Mary J., Charles I. and Emeline S. The latter married O. M. Maxwell. Mary died at the age of twenty-four years; Charles removed to Athens, O., where he now resides, and John settled in Wales, on the most beautiful spot to be found within the limits of the town-ship. The view from his door is one of those entrancing vistas of undulating hill and sweeping meadow so often described in works of fiction, but seldom seen in Nature. Mr. Ham is an official member of the Baptist church on Monmouth Ridge. He possesses those sterling qualities which have been the natural inheritance of his kinsmen. His oldest son Eugene E., who lives on the farm contiguous to his father's on the



Yours Truly
Thomas W. Ham

north, has served three years on the board of selectmen.

Thomas Worcester Ham married Adelia Small, daughter of Hon. Isaac S. Small, of Wales. He resides on the Small homestead. Quiet and unobtrusive, cordial, yet always calm and dignified, he is a man who has, in a remarkable degree, gained and retained the confidence and good-will of his townsmen. He has served several years as town-clerk, has five times been elected selectman, and has once represented his town in the legislature. His oldest daughter, Annie, married Henry S. Marr, of Wales. The youngest daughter, Olive, resides with her father. Two sons, Isaac V., and Frank A., both of whom were young men of promise, died in early manhood.

As has been stated in a previous chapter,* Patrick Keenan was doubtless the next immigrant after Reuben Ham and James Ross.

Stephen and John Andrews followed their old neighbors from Brunswick in 1788, and took up farms a short distance south of Reuben Ham's. The land that Stephen cleared is now the farm of William Alexander, and John's lot is the property of his grandson, John C. Andrews, who lives on the spot where the ring of the pioneer's axe was first heard. John married Olive Baker, who was, it is supposed, a sister of Ichabod Baker, who came from Brunswick to Wales plantation about thirteen years earlier than Andrews.

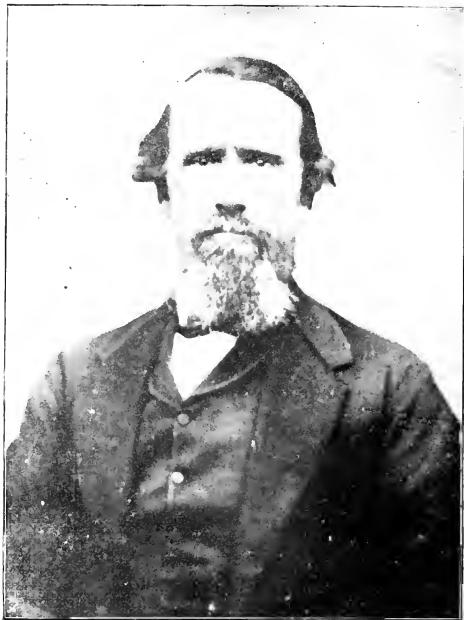
Of all the families that were numbered among the founders of the first plantation of Wales, probably none has, through all the decades, borne so large a part in molding the destinies of the two municipalities

*Page 47.

into which this plantation was divided as the Andrews family.* John Andrews was prominent among the pioneers. He was a member of the first board of assessors of the second plantation, and for many years held a leading position in public affairs. His mantle, instead of falling with discriminative favor on some individual, seemed to spread its broad folds over his entire posterity. John, jun., his youngest son, who inherited the estate, as well as the name, of the pioneer, served his town as selectman and town clerk many years, was twice elected to a seat in the legislature, held for a long term a position on the board of trustees of Monmouth Academy, was a commissioned officer of the militia, and, in the capacity of justice of the peace, was long recognized as a public mediator and councillor. He left two daughters and a son. The former, Olive and Archilla, married Alexander Merrill and Andrew J. Ricker, respectively, and the latter, John Calvert, married Ann M., daughter of Thurston Gilman, and resides, as has been stated, on the homestead.

John, the pioneer, had five daughters, two of whom were the first and second wives of Hon. Isaac S. Small, and four sons, Ichabod B., Otis, Arthur, and John, the latter of whom has already been noticed. Arthur Andrews married Olive Welch, daughter of John Welch, the pioneer, and removed to Gardiner. He had seven children, the youngest of whom is A. E. Andrews of Gardiner, one of the most widely known pomologists of central Maine. Baker and Everett, his two oldest living sons, reside on farms in West Gardiner. Both

*The article prepared by the writer for the state press at the time of the decease of Hon. G. H. Andrews, of Monmouth, was copied largely from this manuscript, which accounts for the similarity of phraseology.



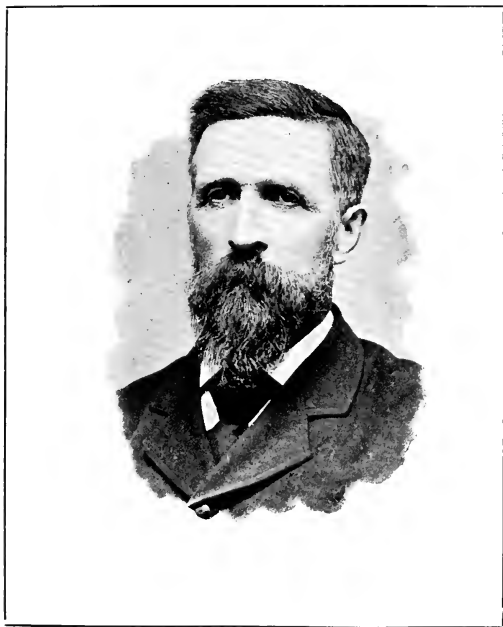
Jacob Hamel

are men of wonderfully retentive memories, and have rendered valuable assistance in the compilation of this work. Otis Andrews married Rachel Thompson, and located on Monmouth Ridge. His life was the uneventful one of a farmer; but, though uneventful, it was by no means obscure. In 1831 the honors which are the almost invariable accompaniment of the family name came in the form of a first election to the office of selectman, a position he held on several later occasions. He reared a large family of children, only four of whom are now living. Two sons, Otis Wilson and Leonard C., reside on "the Ridge"; the former on the homestead and the latter on an adjoining farm. Both are worthy citizens. The former has been eminently active in municipal affairs. He received his education at Monmouth Academy, under the instruction of such teachers as Dr. N. T. True, Hon. Wm. B. Snell and Milton Welch. At the age of nineteen years, he began to teach, and for many years—aggregating fifty-five terms—was employed at interrupted intervals in this vocation. In addition to his long experience in the common schools, he taught two terms of high school in Wales and was principal of the Fairfield high school three terms. It was not a novice, therefore, that the town honored with fifteen elections to the position of superintending school committee. In 1880 he was further honored by an election to the office of selectman, in which he has been retained twelve years, ten of which have been consecutive terms, and during eleven of which he has been chairman of the board. He was chosen in 1885 to represent Monmouth in the legislature, and served during that session as chairman of

the board of Education.

Mr. Andrews married Augusta D. Chick, daughter of Levi J. Chick, of South Monmouth. She died in 1866, and he married her sister, Orra D. Chick. Seven years later she died, and he married Marilla V. Dixon, of Wales. He has three sons, all of whom are the children of his first wife. Ernest C., the oldest of the family, married Hattie M. Pierce, daughter of Capt. H. O. Pierce, of Monmouth Ridge, and lives near his father.

Ichabod C. Andrews, the oldest son of the pioneer, married Margaret Fogg, of Wales, and selected for a home the lot adjoining on the south the one on which his brother Otis afterward lived. He, too, received marks of esteem and confidence from his townsmen by being elected selectman and member of the board of trustees of Monmouth Academy. Eight of his ten children lived to marry and rear families. W. Augustus, the oldest son, located in Ohio. One of his sons is an eminent attorney of that state, and has been Democratic candidate for Representative to Congress. George Harrison and John Albion were Ichabod Andrews's youngest sons. The latter was twice married, first to Sarah L. Small, of Pownal; second to Delia Brookings, of Pittston. After the death of his first wife, he left Monmouth, and for fourteen years served as principal of the Grammar schools in Augusta, Hallowell and Gardiner. He then spent two years on Monmouth Ridge, after which he returned to Gardiner and engaged in the boot and shoe trade. His only son, Harry E. Andrews, is on the editorial staff of the Lewiston Journal.



O. W. Andrews

George Harrison Andrews was born Sep. 9, 1831, and was educated at Monmouth Academy. At the age of nineteen, he began to teach. He was successful in his work, and formed many warm attachments which endured after the memory of school-days was almost obliterated. A little later the first symptoms of the disease against which he ever after maintained a heroic struggle appeared, and for a few years he was a confirmed invalid. At the age of twenty-eight, although still in delicate health, he had so far recovered as to engage in trade in a general store at Monmouth Center; and from that time until 1883, when the state of his health compelled him to retire, he was, with the exception of one or two years, actively engaged in business at this village. It is doubtful if any other man in Monmouth was ever identified with the mercantile interests of the town for so long an unbroken period.

In all these years he sustained the reputation of a man of unequivocal honesty, and gained the ever increasing good-will of his townsmen. While in these days of political chicanery and wire-pulling, official station is not always a mark of superior ability or of the respect of the populace, the public trusts that Mr. Andrews held with almost unbroken sequence for nearly fifty years were the demonstration of a people's confidence and esteem. Soon after he reached his majority, he was elected to the office of superintending school committee, and was retained on the board ten years. For sixteen years he held the office of town clerk (a longer period than was ever awarded any other incumbent) and for six years that of selectman. In 1873 he

was commissioned postmaster at Monmouth Center, but resigned after a few months. He was treasurer of the Monmouth Mutual Fire Insurance company, in the days when the fame of that corporation reached beyond the limits of the state, and, at the time of his decease, had been a member of the board of trustees of Monmouth Academy twenty-eight years, a large portion of which time he was the recognized executive of the institution. At the annual meeting of 1894 he was elected town treasurer, and was again placed in the office in which he began his public service—that of superintending school committee. He was elected Commissioner for Kennebec county in 1879, and, with the exception of one year, had unremittingly served in that capacity. During the years of his incumbency the county court-house was remodeled and enlarged, a work which called for a greater exercise of judgment and executive ability on the part of the county commissioners than had been demanded for more than half a century. As he was chairman of the board of commissioners under whose supervision these changes were made, much depended on his competence and able management.

For many years Mr. Andrews suffered from a disease which demanded the attention of the best surgical skill in the state. With a vitality that even astonished the profession, he baffled once and again the councils of eminent consulting physicians, and succeeded in tearing himself from what, to anyone but a man of iron will, would have proved a death-bed. His vitality at last gave way, and his pain-racked body sank to rest on the 26th day of April 1894.



G. H. Andrews,

Mr. Andrews connected himself at an early age with the Baptist church on Monmouth Ridge, and always held fast to the profession of his faith. He was united in marriage in 1849 with Miss Sarah H. Safford, daughter of John Safford, esq., of Monmouth, a lady of most estimable and beautiful character. Six children were born to them, only three of whom are now living. Helen F., the oldest of these, is the wife of Hon. A. M. Spear, ex-mayor of Gardiner and senator for Kennebec county. Charles L., the oldest son, is connected in business with his brother-in-law, under the firm name of Spear and Andrews, attorneys, and Lester M. is book-keeper for the firm of Emerson, Hubbard & Co., Oakland, Me.

The year after John and Stephen Andrews came to Wales, Richard and James Labree settled on the farm south of John Andrews's. They were sons of Peter Labree, who came from France in 1759 and settled in Woolwich. Of the career of Richard but little is known. James was born in Woolwich March 5, 1761. At the age of thirteen he had the honor, so it is stated, of piloting the first ship that sailed up the Kennebec from Bath to Gardiner. Two years later he enlisted in the Continental army, and served in the ranks until 1779. He married Mercy Austin, a granddaughter of Bill Austin, the famous scout, whose son William was carried into captivity by the Indians when a small boy, and, remaining with them until he became a man, married a sister of the celebrated chief, Tecumseh. After his marriage he left the tribe and settled in Bath, where his daughter Mercy was born.

James and Mercy Labree had five children, the

of worth and a leading spirit among the pioneers. He served as plantation clerk eleven years, and, after the incorporation of the town, was honored with the office of town clerk nineteen years consecutively, and was twice sent to the legislature. He also served several terms as selectman and treasurer, and was officially connected with the first church organized in Wales. His death, which occurred in the sixty-seventh year of his age, was the result of a shocking casualty. While working on the roof of Joseph Maxwell's house, probably topping out a chimney as his trade was that of a mason, he fell and dislocated his neck. The homestead fell to his son, Isaac S., who was born two years after his father settled in Wales.

Hon. Isaac S. Small was a man of keen insight, exceptional executive ability and unswerving integrity. He received a good academic education and devoted several years of his early life to teaching, chiefly in the town of Wiscasset. In 1819 he married Olive Andrews, and soon after purchased of Josiah Orcutt the place now occupied by C. C. Richmond, of Monmouth, where he resided until his appointment as Surveyor General of Maine in 1835, when he took up his residence in Bangor. Four years later, the office to which he was appointed was abolished, and he returned to the homestead in Wales, where he resided until his decease. He began his public surveying in 1825, and during the fifty years following probably used the surveyor's compass more than any other man in Maine. He was employed by the state during a large portion of his career, in allotting the public lands into townships and preparing the requisite maps and accompany-



Isaac S. Small

ing data. These plans are on file in the state archives.

"Esquire" Small's first commission as justice of the peace was signed by Maine's first governor, William King. Others bear the signature of Albion K. Parris, Samuel E. Smith, Robert Dunlap, John Fairfield, J. W. Dana, Joseph Williams and Samuel Cony.

He was elected to represent Monmouth in the legislature for the sessions of 1832 and 1833. In 1844, and again in 1847, he was a member of the governor's council. During his residence in Monmouth, he served one or more terms as commissioner for the county of Kennebec, and was elected to a similar capacity in Androscoggin county in 1855, serving five years. The governor of Maine appointed him inspector of the state prison in 1860, an office in which he was retained eight years, and the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States issued a public recognition of his ability and judgment in a commission which made him superintendent of construction of the light-house on Mount Desert Rock.

In local affairs he often served as selectman and treasurer, and, for a term of some length, as a director of the Monmouth Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

Mr. Small died in 1882, at the advanced age of eighty-nine years, leaving one daughter (Mrs. T. W. Ham), who, excepting a son who died at an early age, was his only child.

Joel Small, a younger brother of Esquire Isaac, although never so eminent as the latter, was a man of talent, and one who was highly esteemed by his acquaintances. He took up the farm next to his father's on the north, but devoted his energies more to ship-

building than to agriculture. For many years he was in demand on the Kennebec river as a master builder, and superintended the building of a large number of vessels in Gardiner, Pittston and Dresden. He represented Wales in the legislature in 1843 and 1844, and again in 1851. Some time after this, he left his native town, and for a term of several years resided in East Somerville, Mass. But the charms of youthful associations proved stronger than the new surroundings, and he returned to Wales to enjoy in quietude the closing days of a life of activity. He died at the home of his son-in law, John C. Fogg, esq., June 4, 1886.

Joseph C. Small, the pioneer's third son, settled in Newport, Me. Daniel was a Baptist clergyman. He was ordained pastor of the first church of Thomaston in 1839. From that town he moved to Wiscasset, and thence to Kansas where he died in 1872. Otis, who was four years his junior, learned the mason's trade in Portland, at an early age. As soon as he reached man's estate, he located in Bangor. Nine years later occurred the disastrous conflagration which reduced the city of St. John's, N. B., to a bed of ashes. Mr. Small was then a man of thirty years, possessing only the experience of a young man and limited capital, but he had the judgment of one far beyond his years and energy which was worth more than dollars. He repaired at once to the desolate city, and, although strongly opposed, had, before many days, secured a large portion of the contracts for replacing brick buildings. He remained in the city which he had thus constructed, and prior to the second extensive fire of 1877, had, it was estimated, erected at least one-half

of the brick buildings in the city. Among the prominent structures which are ascribed to him were the Custom House, the Carleton Insane Asylum and the towers of the suspension bridge. He also built in Frederickton the beautiful Episcopal cathedral, and a portion of the military barracks. He was a prominent projector of the scheme for erecting Victoria hotel and was president of the corporation that controlled it.

In 1850 Mr. Small engaged extensively in steam-boating, purchasing at that time a half interest in the steamers plying between St. John's and Portland, St. John's and Frederickton and on the upper St John's. Although his enterprise was well demonstrated before that unfortunate event, it is stated that as a complement of his energy he was one of the first to rebuild after the great fire of 1877. He died Mar. 12, 1879.

Dr. Alvan E. Small, the most eminent of Dea. Joseph's children, was born Mar. 4, 1811. When he entered Monmouth Academy to complete the acquisition of knowledge which had been begun in the district schools of his native town, his brother Isaac, who was eighteen years his senior, was living a short distance east of the school building, and from him the young student doubtless received, while living in his family, instruction and advice which shaped, in a measure, his after life. At the age of twenty years, he commenced the study of medicine, and in due time was graduated from the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania. He settled in Delaware county, Penn., and established a practice which was relinquished in 1845 for a more promising one in Philadelphia. During the early part of his eleven years' resi-

dence in the latter city, he was soundly converted from his allopathic tenets to the then new theories of homeopathy. In 1849 he was appointed Professor of Physiology in the Homeopathic College of Philadelphia, and, later, was transferred to the chair of the Homeopathic Institute and Practice of Medicine. He subsequently removed to Chicago, where he gained an extensive practice. On the organization of the Hahnemann Medical College of Chicago, he was elected Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine, a position which he occupied for a term of ten years. To his experience and wisdom is due, in a large degree, the acquisition of the eminent reputation which this institution now sustains. In 1869 he resigned his professorship and was elected president of the college. With the burden of this responsibility upon him, he assumed the general superintendence of the Scammon Hospital, and served as president of the Illinois Homeopathic Medical Association and of the American Institute of Homeopathy. He was a life member of the Chicago Academy of Science and of the Chicago Historical Society. He must have been a methodical man who, with the diverse interests of these various institutions on his mind, could find time to make an extensive tour of Europe and to prepare voluminous articles for the press.

Dr. Small was for many years engaged in editorial work, preparing many articles for the medical reviews, and by his miscellaneous productions securing something of a reputation as a journalist. He also acquired an enviable name as an author. His published works include the Manual of Homeopathic Practice, which has

passed through fifteen editions and has been translated into the German language; a volume on Diseases of the Nervous System, and monographs on various subjects, that have given him a world-wide reputation.

Dr. Small was married in 1834 to Martha Shaw, of Bath, Me., by whom he had four children, two of whom are practicing physicians in the west. He died Dec. 31, 1886.

William, the youngest of the Small family, was born Feb. 4, 1813. He resided in Wales until 1861, when he removed to Fort Fairfield. Two years later he was elected high sheriff of Aroostook county, an office which he resigned in 1865 to accept the governor's appointment of Judge of Probate to fill out the unexpired term of Judge Wentworth. In 1864 he opened a general store, and, although his age has gone an entire decade beyond the years allotted to man, he is still actively engaged in trade.

"Joseph Murch came from Gorham, Me., in 1792, and settled on a farm near Joseph Small's in Wales. His house was destroyed by fire and three of his children perished in the flames. This is the only house known to have been burned in the town's history."

The next settler after Murch was John Larrabee, a native of Scarboro, Me., and a descendant of William Larrabee of Malden, Mass., who, with his brother Greenfield, came to this country from France about 1645.

John Larrabee came to Wales in 1703, and the year following he was united in marriage with Susanna Andrews, a sister of John Andrews, sen., and took up the farm now occupied by Joseph W. Sawyer. They

had eleven children, among whom were five sons who have been actively engaged in ship-building and lumbering in Maine and Florida. Philip, the oldest son, married Elizabeth Norton. He lived several years on the farm of his father-in-law, but in 1839 purchased of his brother Daniel the Larrabee homestead, where he resided until 1858, when he removed to Farmingdale, Me., where he died in 1868. John, Stephen, and William, Philip Larrabee's younger brothers, all settled in Bath. They were prominent among the ship-builders of that maritime town. Two of Stephen's children are eminent residents of Bath. Edwin L. Larrabee, the younger of these, is a leader in business circles; the other is the wife of Hon. Frank O. Moses. William still resides in Bath and is the only one of the pioneer's sons now living. Daniel married Sabrina Ricker and remained on the homestead until about 1840, when he moved to the farm of his wife's father. Sixteen years later he removed to Gardiner, where he passed the remainder of his days. He was the father of Hon. James M. Larrabee, of Gardiner, Me.

James Morrill Larrabee was born Dec. 4, 1833. He married, Sept. 18, 1855, Priscilla Woodward, of Winthrop, and the same year removed with his father to Gardiner, Me. His family consists of five sons and two daughters.

He was educated at the Maine Wesleyan Seminary and Phillips Exeter Academy, having passed three years at the former school, and one at the latter. Mr. Larrabee came to Gardiner in 1855. He taught in one of the grammar schools in the city for several years. He has held various offices in the city of his adoption, has been

president of the Common Council and of the board of Aldermen, was five years collector and treasurer, and, for the same term, one of the assessors and overseers of the poor. He has taken a deep interest in the public schools of Gardiner, and for nineteen years has served on the superintending school committee.

In 1885 Mr. Larrabee was appointed judge of the police court and still holds that office. He is a prominent Mason, having filled the several chairs of Master of Hermon Lodge, High Priest of Lebanon Chapter, Master of the Adoniram Council, and Eminent Commander of the Maine Commandery. He has also been Grand High Priest of the Grand Chapter of Maine, and Deputy Grand Commander of the Grand Commandery of Maine.

Judge Larrabee is a member of the Congregational church, and has been identified with various organizations for the physical and moral welfare of his fellow citizens.

According to the statement of Mr. Fogg in the History of Androscoggin County, five other new families appeared in Wales in 1793. They were those of James Wilson, James Clark, the father of Robert Clark, David, Adam and Isaiah Jenkins.

James Clark was born in Brunswick in 1789, and consequently could have been but four years old when he came to Wales. It is probable that James Clark, sen., the grandfather of the present occupant of the farm, is intended. The error is undoubtedly due to the carelessness of the printer, and is similar to several that have occurred in my own experience. Mr. Clark purchased of Reuben Ham the farm on which his son,

Robert H. Clark, now resides. He married, first, Susanna Dyer, of Durham, and, second, Irene Pettingill, of Leeds. The children, eleven in number, were the offspring of the first wife. Two of the sons reside in Abbot, Me., one died in childhood, and one went to the gold mines of Colorado in 1848, and was never again heard from. James married Irene Foss and resides in Lewiston. He has gained more than a local reputation as a contractor and mover of buildings. Like his brother Robert, who has always resided on the homestead, he is a man of sound judgment, and one who commands the respect of his acquaintances.

The Jenkins brothers settled on the intervale south of Monmouth Ridge. They were sons of Philip Jenkins, who came to Monmouth in 1775 and settled on the farm now owned by Cyrus Titus. David took up the farm now owned by his son Isaac S. Jenkins, and Isaiah the one which was inherited by the widow of the late Lawson W. Jenkins. Isaac married Patience Jackson, and had seven children, and David married Susanna Jackson, and had thirteen children, only one of whom now lives in Wales. Two of his sons served in the last war with Great Britain, and one of his grandsons, Hiram, the son of Isaac, died in service during the civil war.

Another immigrant of this period was Hugh Getchell, who settled on the place now owned by the heirs of James Mann.

For a period of three years following 1793, if tradition may be accredited, the stream of immigration ran dry. In 1796 the drouth broke; and from that time until 1803, when, from the incorporate state into which this

section was thrown when the northern half of Wales plantation became the town of Monmouth, it was again raised to the station and privileges of an incorporated plantation, scarcely a year passed without the accession of new families. In 1796, it is supposed, Enoch Strout settled on the farm on which his grandson, Charles W. Strout, lives and built a log cabin on the spot now covered by Mr. Strout's hen-house. Four years later it was replaced with a framed house.

Enoch Strout came from Limington, Maine. He was a veteran of the Revolution, and the first commissioned officer of the local military company. When the plantation was organized, he was placed on the first board of assessors, and retained in that office two years. During the early years of his residence in Wales, he was universally known as Capt. Strout; but this title was dropped after he became an officer in the church, and on his grave-stone appears the more peaceful designation of deacon.

Deacon Strout married Mercy C. Small, a relative of his old neighbor, Joseph Small, through whose influence he was undoubtedly led to make a home for himself in Wales. He was about thirty-five years of age when he left Limington, and was the father of six children. During the seven years following his settlement in Wales four other children were born. William, who was a child less than a year old when he came to this town, saw service in the war of 1812, and afterward married Martha Swett, and located on the farm now owned by Mr. Jones, near the centre of the town. His next younger brother, Gilbert, whose name appears on the records as selectman in 1826, married

Lucy Small, and remained on the homestead. He had five children, of whom only two married. Charles W., the older of his two sons, married Ann Springer and inherited the farm which his grandfather cleared. He is the Wales postmaster. His brother, Allen F., married Jane Webster and settled on the Enoch Gilbert Strout place, opposite the home of his father and elder brother. He has one son, John W. Charles W. has three children, two of whom are married and reside in Wales.

Ebenezer Strout, the deacon's youngest son, married Hannah Cushing, of Durham. He lived in Wales until about 1836, when he removed to Topsham. Five years later he went to Portland, and resided there until his decease in 1880. He had but one child, Sewall C. Strout, who is now a prominent member of the Cumberland bar.

Sewall C. Strout was born in Wales, Feb. 17, 1827, and remained with his parents until he began his professional career. He studied law with the late Judge Howard and Judge Shepley, then in practice under the style of Howard and Shepley, and was admitted to the bar of Cumberland county in 1848. He immediately opened a law office in Bridgton, Me., and remained in that village until 1854, when he removed to Portland.

Mr. Strout has never soiled his hands with politics; the only approach to this muddy whirlpool being his acceptance of the office of alderman for the year 1870. He has not failed to wield an influence among men, however, nor to secure their confidence, as is attested by the fact that he has, for about nine years, held the office of president of the Cumberland bar, and that

upon the retirement of Judge Lowell from the United States Circuit Court, the bar of this state, without regard to party, almost unanimously, and without solicitation on his part, recommended his appointment to fill the vacancy on that bench. A considerable number of the attorneys joined in the recommendation, as did many prominent officials and citizens of both parties. The appointment, however, went to Rhode Island.

After the retirement of Judge Howard from the Supreme Court bench, in 1855, Mr. Strout continued to practice alone. At the end of that time, Hanno W. Gage, esquire, became his partner. The style of Strout and Gage remained unchanged until 1877, when Frederick S., son of the senior partner, became a member of the firm under the name of Strout, Gage and Strout; and upon his death, in 1888, his younger brother, Charles A., became a member under the same style. In November, 1849, Mr. Strout was married to Octavia J. P. Shaw, of Portland. They have had five children.

It is supposed that four other immigrants settled in Wales in 1796—Joshua Adams, Luther and Wentworth Lombard and Joseph Foss.

Joshua Adams came from Limington, Me. He was the grandson of John Adams, an English immigrant, and was born Oct. 10, 1766. Two years before he came to this part of the state, he was married to Sarah Plumer, whose brother, David Plumer, afterward became one of the principal men of Wales.

Adams took up the farm now owned by Luther D. Ricker. He was a shoe-maker, and, undoubtedly, was the first representative of that craft who settled in the

town. He had three daughters and seven sons. Several of the latter engaged in tanning and shoe-making in other towns. Of these Aaron, the second son, was for many years a resident of Monmouth. He was twice married; first, to Hannah Phillips, and, second, to Eliza Gove, daughter of Elijah Gove, of Monmouth. His first wife bore him three children, and his second wife, five. Sarah A. Adams, one of the latter, married Geo. W. Fogg, of Monmouth, and resides at the home place.

Joshua, the fifth son, married Abigail F. Mosher, a native of Gorham, Me. He was the father of six sons and two daughters. Five of his sons served in the war of the rebellion. One studied for the ministry, but died while taking his theological course. His youngest daughter, Abby M., is a practicing physician in La Crosse, Wis.

Luthur and Wentworth Lombard were former residents of Gorham, Me. The farm on which they settled fell to Almond Lombard, a son of Wentworth.

Joseph Foss settled in the northern part of the town, on the farm now owned by Joseph Wight. He did not become a permanent resident however, but returned to Scarboro', whence he came.

In 1797 Benjamin Tibbetts, Obed Hobbs, Simmonds Getchell and Elijah Morton made clearings in the central part of the township. Tibbetts was evidently a roving character. Only the year before this, he settled (if sitting down and jumping up may be called settling) on the Matthias A. Benner farm near South Monmouth. The former residences of the others can not be ascertained.

One morning, two years after Enoch Strout began clearing his land, he heard the sound of briskly rattling axes coming from the dense old growth that lay south of his cabin. If he went to investigate, he found two strangers there; one, a man of thirty-eight, the other, a man of thirty-four years of age. They were the Given brothers, Arthur and William, and had come from Brunswick, whence so many of the early settlers of the two towns under consideration had come before them. Arthur Given afterward opened the first public house on this site in town. He was the first plantation treasurer, and was thrice placed on the board of selectmen. When the post-office was established in Wales, he was commissioned postmaster, and was retained through all the changes in the administration as long as he was able to perform the duties of the office. His son Arthur was the next incumbent, and from him, after long years of service, it passed into the hands of his daughter, who held it until her decease. Then, after a short interval, it returned to its old location under the management of Mrs. Hattie L. Given. Until the recent transfer of the office to the residence of Mr. Charles W. Strout, the mails were always delivered from the same house. Robert Given, a son of Arthur, settled first on Thompson's hill, but subsequently removed to Newport or Corinna. Arthur Given, jun., was several times elected to municipal offices. He was the father of six children, four of whom reached maturity. Two of his sons, Arthur and Lincoln, are Free-Baptist clergymen. The former is a graduate of Bates college, and has for several years been employed in the office of the Youth's Companion. John, another son, was for many

years station agent of the Maine Central R. R. at Lewiston.

William Given cleared the farm which has in late years been the property of Orville S. Jones. Beginning, like all the other pioneers, with the log-cabin, he afterward erected a large two story house, which sheltered a family of eleven children. William, jun., the third child, enlisted in the war of 1812, and, as he died early in the year 1813, probably lost his life in the service. Philip, another son, married a daughter of Capt. Lombard, and reared a family of sons that inherited the passion of their paternal grandsire. The oldest of them, Freeman, was master of a ship. Stanwood G., the youngest son of William, the pioneer, married Mary, daughter of Joseph Maxwell. He was the father of Stanwood Given, of Wales, and Joseph M. Given of Monmouth, the latter of whom was one of the selectmen of Wales in 1874. Dr. Frank I. Given, the only son of Joseph, has attained enviable success in the medical profession at Hillsboro', N. M.

It is not known that the year 1809 brought any new families to the slowly expanding settlement; but the opening of the new century was celebrated by a large influx of immigration, and a tremendous sweeping away of the forest. The sharp ring of axes in every direction, and clouds of smoke rising from a dozen new clearings, must have given those who had come into the woods to escape the enervating influences of busy scenes, occasion to fear they would suddenly find themselves in the heart of a city. The Witherells, the Maxwells, the Foggs, Dixons, Marrs, and Plumers were all immigrants of this period.

The Marr brothers, Daniel and Rufus, came from Scarboro, Me. They were carpenters. Daniel settled on the farm now owned by William T. Dingley, and Rufus on the one now owned by his grandson, Henry S. Marr. The latter had seven children. His second son, Henry, inherited the homestead. He married Catherine Marr, of Webster and, had two children, Henry S. and Frank E., both of whom are honorable citizens of Wales. The sons and the father all have served on the board of selectmen.

About the time the Marrs began to clear their land in the settlement, James Maxwell took up a claim on the Jesse Austin farm.

Joseph Maxwell came from Cape Elizabeth and settled on the farm now owned by his grandson, Daniel A. Maxwell. Mr. Maxwell built on a stream near his house the first grist-mill erected in Wales. He had four sons that settled on adjoining and adjacent farms. Joseph, the oldest son, married Mary G. Andrews. He was prominently connected with municipal affairs and was frequently elected to town offices. His only son, Edwin S., lived on the homestead. Samuel S., the second son, married Elmira Gray, of Litchfield, and located on the farm now owned by his son, Joseph Alexander Maxwell. Jesse married Harriet Gray, a sister of his brother Samuel's wife, and lived on the farm now occupied by his son-in-law, Augustus C. Frost.

William left home at an early age to learn the shoemaker's trade. He served his apprenticeship at Augusta, Me., and remained there several years as journeyman. Thence he moved to Waterville and engaged in business for himself. He died in 1873.

Daniel, the youngest son, married Mary Jane Weymouth, of Webster, and settled on the homestead.

Benjamin Fogg came from Scarboro', in 1800, and settled on the farm now owned by his grandson, John C. Fogg, esq. William, the oldest of the three children, married Mary Cushing, daughter of John Cushing, of Durham, and remained on the home place. The other son, Moses, learned the blacksmith's trade, and settled near his brother. The latter had four children, all but one of whom died in early life. The youngest son, Oriin S., is teller in the Cumberland National Bank, of Portland. William Fogg had four sons. Two of them died in childhood. The youngest of the family was Geo. W. He was married, first, to Laura A. Small, second, to Louisa J. Given, and, third, to Minerva E. McLane, of Temple, Me. He located near his birthplace, and lived a life that won him friends while living, and mourners at the hour of death. He was several times called to serve the town in an official capacity. John C. Fogg, the oldest of William's sons, has been one of the most prominent and active citizens. The office of selectman, to which both his father and brother were elected, has been open to him, also, on several occasions; and at least ten times he has been elected town clerk. Not to mention the service he has rendered to the town as school committee, moderator, and in other subordinate relations, he has, in the double capacity of justice of the peace and land surveyor, been the recognized authority on real estate transfers since the decease of Esquire Small.

Mr. Fogg has taken a deep interest in the early events of his native town, and has twice written an his-



John C Fogg

tical chapter for publication; first, for the atlas of Androscoggin county, published by Sanford, Evarts & Co., in 1873, and, more recently, for the history of that county which was published by a Boston firm about two years ago. He has, with rare generosity, turned the result of his long research into the writer's hands; and to him, more than to any other individual, are the citizens of Wales indebted for the facts and traditions in this volume concerning their town and families. Although a considerable amount of matter from other sources has been added, the data furnished by him have, in all cases, been taken as a working basis.

Some years after Benjamin Fogg came to Wales, his brother Ephraim followed him and took up the farm now owned by Ira Alexander. He had four sons, all of whom were carpenters. William Fogg, a cousin of Benjamin and Ephraim, came with the former and assisted him in clearing his farm. He afterward moved to the farm lately occupied by Hugh Mottram. Here he reared a large family, none of the members of which left descendants in Wales. One of his grandchildren (Mrs. H. S. Bent, whose mother was his daughter) resides in Monmouth. Two of his children, Mary and Alvan, never married. Phebe married Daniel Small, a brother of Esquire Isaac Small, and Hannah, Otis Small, another brother. Ann became the wife of Caleb Humphrey and lived in the eastern part of the state, and Benjamin was for many years a boot and shoe manufacturer and dealer in Bath, Me. He subsequently removed to the old homestead in Wales where he died in 1887.

Sometime during the interim between the incorpora-

tion of the town of Monmouth and that of the new plantation of Wales, Matthew Hagens settled on the farm at Wales Corner long known as the David Plumer place, now owned by Mr. Webster. He came, it is supposed, from Gorham, Me., of which place his wife, Dorcas Plumer, was a native. In a short time after his settlement in Wales, Hagens died, leaving his wife to the far from tender mercies of a rough, thinly-settled, strange country. In 1800 Mrs. Hagen's brother David, accompanied by his wife and child, came down from Gorham to see the place, and perhaps to look after his sister's interest in the property.

They rode upon two horses, while the custom of the day placed the woman on a pillion behind her husband on the same overburdened beast. Crossing the Androscoggin River at Little River, they struck into the line of spotted trees that led from that point to the settlement in Monmouth. When they reached Hagen's clearing, they found very little had been done to improve the place. The pioneer log-cabin was the only building that had been erected; but they liked the location, and decided to make it their permanent home.

David Plumer was the son of Aaron and Lydia Plumer of Gorham. He was born Oct. 4, 1776. About one year prior to his removal to Wales, he married Abigail Haskell. He had several brothers and sisters, two of whom (Dorcas, who has already been mentioned, and Sarah, the wife of Joshua Adams, who settled on the farm now owned by Mr. Luther D. Ricker) were residents of Wales.

That Mr. Plumer was a leading man in the plantation of Wales, is evident from the numerous public re-

ords and documents bearing his signature. He was for many years a justice of the peace and trial justice, and was the first collector of the second plantation of Wales.

He was a tanner, currier and shoe-maker, or "cord-wainer", in the ancient nomenclature. That he was a good workman is evident from the fact that his books, now in the possession of his grandson, Mr. D. P. Boynton, bear charges against men who must have traveled many miles to patronize him. He erected the house now occupied by Mr. Webster, and built the substantial walls that surround the farm. He was quite a student, firm and unswerving in his convictions, and unyielding in their defense. By giving some attention to the preparation and dispensation of botanical compounds, he earned the title of doctor. Mr. Plumer died Oct. 18, 1847, surviving his wife, who died July 31, 1846, by but little more than one year.

In April, 1803, the portion of the plantation of Wales which had been dropped when the town of Monmouth was established was incorporated under its old name, plantation of Wales. At the first plantation meeting Joseph Small, Enoch Strout, and John Andrews were chosen assessors, and Joseph Small, clerk. The records of this meeting are very meagre. We simply know that the sum of fifty dollars was appropriated for the defrayment of plantation expenses, exclusive of schools and highways. These were provided for in the sum of \$150 each.

It is tantalizing not to be able to secure complete records of this meeting. The people of Wales have, from the days of the pioneers, borne the reputation of

being pre-eminently cautious and discreet. Evidence of the truth of their affirmation is found in their refusal to allow their territory to be incorporated with the town of Monmouth. But in the matter of records, the other extreme is reached. For a period of at least thirty-five years after the act of incorporation which constituted it a plantation was granted, the records were kept on separate, loose sheets; and, as many of these have become scattered and lost, it is not only impossible to furnish an epitome of each year's progressive work, but it is also impossible to determine as accurately as I have in the case of Monmouth, the dates when the early settlers of Wales took up their various lots. In relation to dates of settlement, the statements of Mr. Fogg have been taken as the most reliable data procurable, except in cases where private family papers and floating fragments of the town archives which had escaped his notice have fallen into my hands. But Mr. Fogg, in his research, labored under the same disadvantage to which I have been subjected, and it would not be safe to claim that the exact order has been maintained. David Plumer's tax-book for the year 1804, which, through the courtesy of Mr. D. P. Boynton, has been placed in my hands, throws some light on the matter. From it we may, at least, learn who had settled in Wales prior to that date. In this connection I would acknowledge my indebtedness to Mr. J. C. Andrews for a large collection of valuable documents which have proved of inestimable service in supplying missing data. According to Mr. Plumer's list, the heads of families residing in Wales in 1804 were as follows:

Andrews, John

Clark, James

Ham, Jonathan

Andrews, Stephen	Fogg, William	Ham, Reuben, jun
Andrews, Reuben	Fogg, Benj	Ham, Samuel
Austin, William	Given, William	Ham, Clement
Adams, Joshua	Given, Arthur	Hubbs, Obe
Cobb, Ebenezer	Hodson, James	Hubbs, Obe, jun.
Chase, Nathaniel	Ham, Reuben	Jackson, Samuel
Keenan, James	Roberts, Thomas	Witherell, John
Labree, ..	Remmack, Joseph	Weymouth, Walter
Larribee, John	Remmack, William,	Hamilton, John
Lombard, Hd.	Strout, Enoch	Gray, Stephen
Lombard, Luthur	Small, Joseph	Gray, Thomas
Lombard, Wint	Small, Ebenezer	Gray, Samuel
Libby, Josiah	Sweate, Nathl.	Foss, Joseph
McManners, John	Stanwood, David	Will, John
Murch, Joseph	Thompson, Richard	Sully, Wm.
Marr, Daniel	Thompson, Phineas	Sewell, Nathl.
Marr, Rufus	Thompson, James	Plumer, David
Morton, Wm.	Treet, Ezekiel	Small, Daniel
Niles, Jerimi	Tebets, Benj.	Ross, Robert
Woodside, Anto	Withere l, James	Ross, James
	Watts, Samuel	

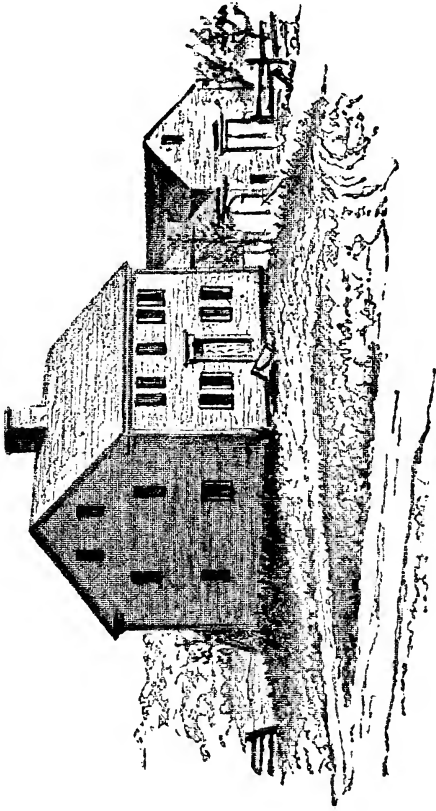
On the third day of September, 1803, the assessors of the new plantation, with the assistance of William Sprague, surveyor, laid out three thoroughfares, each of which was to be four "poles" wide. One started on the north side of Lisbon, which then included the town of Webster, "about half mile easterly of the great pond & two Rods Easterly of Jeremiah Niles house" to the Monmouth line. Another was a "cross road beginning on the road operset the road from Green to William & Arthur Givens, thence across the E Road to Litchfield." The third was the "Wales middle Road—beginning on monmouth line buting monmouth Road—about 100 Rods northerly of Richard Thompson house to the westerly Road on the northerly line of David

Stanwood lot. The original of this record was loaned by J. C. Andrews. It is a scrap of torn, yellowed paper covered with a scrawny hand in pale ink, and is just such a piece of paper as hundreds that have been carried away by the junk-dealer. If all these apparently worthless scraps could have been preserved, the history of Wales would read far differently. The Plumer tax-book furnishes, in the abstract, some interesting and valuable data. It has always been supposed, and never disputed, that Maj. Josiah Libby, John Hamilton, and James Hodsdon settled in Wales in 1807, 1810, and 1812 respectively; but Mr. Plumer's assessment lists demonstrate the fact that these men were all here prior to 1804.

James Hodsdon came from South Berwick and located on Sabattus mountain. He was a Revolutionary soldier. James, jun., his oldest son, enlisted in the war of 1812. The third son, Benjamin, who inherited the homestead, had two sons who were soldiers in the civil war. Both were wounded, and one died of small-pox contracted while in the service. The farm is now owned by Oliver Hodsdon, the youngest son of James.

John Hamilton selected the land now comprised in the farm of Davis Maxwell, near the Webster line, on the "pond road". He was a shoe-maker and tanner, and was a man of much spirit and enterprise. For many years the location which Mr. Maxwell has made conspicuous by his extensive farming operations, Mr. Hamilton made as noted by the manufacture of leather goods and supplies. Two of his sons were prominently connected with the local militia, and one of them commanded a company in the Madawaska war.

Maj. Josiah Libby came from Scarboro', the former



Potter's Tavern, Wales.

home of the Foggs, and, in selecting a location for his new home, he made choice of a section of land adjacent to that of his old neighbors, which, according to the statement of Mr. Fogg, was first settled by George Foss, another Scarboro' immigrant. The Libby stand in the vicinity of Wales Corner is too well known to require any description. A sketch of the large house erected by the Major, and for many years occupied as a tavern, appears in this volume. It represents the building as it is now seen, not as it was when the rumbling stages drawn by four spirited horses dashed under the creaking sign-board and halted while the fresh relay was being strapped to the pole and the male passengers were depositing their loose coin at the Major's bar. It was in this bar-room that the town officers of Wales were elected before the voters went to the ballot-box; it was here that the Major was raised to the command of a regiment by his admiring townsmen before he was commissioned by the governor, and it was here that all the affairs of the plantation, commonwealth and nation were discussed and settled long before they had passed under the deliberations of the proper authorities.

Few men ever lived in Wales who were more popular than Major Libby; and few there were who possessed greater natural qualifications for popularity than he.

He was widely known outside the plantation. As a tavern-keeper he was brought into constant contact with representatives, senators, governors and congressmen, who stopped at his house for something to relieve the monotony of the ride as they passed to and from the seat of government. He was a

veteran road builder, also, and frequently took large contracts from the government. It was his name that headed the petition for the, so called, "western county road." From 1811 to 1840 his name appeared at different periods among the assessors of the plantation and selectmen of the town; but his election was a result of a desire to secure the benefit of his superior judgment rather than of a desire to honor a man who could not be reached by such honors. To the regret of all who were intimately or remotely associated with him during his residence in Wales, he left the town after the days of his active life were spent, and returned to the home of his youth.

Samuel Libby came from Scarboro' a little later than the Major, and settled on the farm now owned by his grandson, Llewellyn S. Libby. He, too, was a popular man in the plantation, and to him belongs the honor of being the first town treasurer.

Hugh Owen was one of the early settlers of the plantation, but in the absence of authentic records, it is impossible to decide, approximately, when he became a resident. If he came in 1805, which is as early a date as either the records or tradition will allow us to use, he was a man of thirty-six years when he began to clear his farm. He selected the broad stretch of rolling land bordering on Sabbatus pond, and immediately north of the clearing of John Hamilton, the tanner. He came with a large family, for at least five, and perhaps all, of his eight children were born before he left Lisbon. He had four daughters—Jane who, married Hiram Foss; Hannah, who married Col. Joseph Foss; Margaret, who married Rev. Otis Bridges and

Mary Ann, who married Cyrus Hanscom. Thomas, the oldest son, married Elizabeth Bates, of Leeds. He was the father of Levi B. Owen, of Monmouth, and grandfather of Rev. C. E. Owen, pastor of the Baptist church at Houlton, Me. The youngest son, William, settled in Bath, Me., where some of his descendants now live. His son, Rosee Ower, is a Boston attorney. James settled on the place now owned by Allen F. Strout. He purchased it of Enoch Gilbert Strout, who made the clearing. Mr. Owen afterward sold the place to Sherburne Gove, and removed to Fairfield, Me. David Owen, the pioneer's second son, married Irene Libby, an adopted daughter of Major Josiah Libby. He lived with the Major, but after a time purchased the farm now owned by Mr. Webster, in the "New Boston" district, on which he erected, not far from 1825, the house that the latter occupies. Here he remained until failing health caused him to abandon manual labor, when he removed to Monmouth Center to live with his son.

Cyrus L. Owen, the oldest son of David, was born in the Major Libby house, and after his father removed to the New Boston district, he continued to live a large portion of the time in the Major's family. His mother's health was precarious, and when he was ten years old she died. At the age of eighteen years, he learned the blacksmith's trade of Moses Fogg, of Wales. After serving a long apprenticeship, he worked in Sabattus and Durham, and went from the latter place to Winthrop, where he was employed in the machine shops of the Whitman Agricultural Works.

In 1848 he returned to Wales, and went into trade with William Small, in the brick store which had just

been built by the latter. Mr. Small had previously traded in a store which stood on the site now covered by the ell of the George W. Fogg house. The next year, at the age of twenty-six, he was married to Mary Augusta Tilton, daughter of Henry Tilton, of Monmouth, and, soon after, returned to Winthrop. In 1853 he removed to Fairfield, and went into business with his uncle, James Owen, and Cyrus K. Foss, under the style of Foss, Owen & Co., manufacturers of horse-powers, separators and agricultural tools. His health began to fail under this employment, and he abandoned it to accept, after a temporary rest, a clerkship in the store of C. S. Norris & Co., at Monmouth Center. While in the employ of this firm, he was appointed postmaster. A short time after he received his commission, he rented a store, and stocked it with boots and shoes. In this business he continued about eleven years. He then sold his stock, resigned his commission, and purchased an interest in the moccasin manufactory with Wm. K. Dudley and Hiram G. Judkins, under the firm name of Judkins, Dudley and Owen. He continued in this connection until 1883, when he retired from active business life.

During the war, Mr. Owen served two years as town clerk of Monmouth. His wife died in 1854, and, four years later, he married Hannah E. Folsom, daughter of Jonathan Folsom, of Monmouth.

Josiah L. Owen, a younger son of David, is passenger conductor on the Maine Central railroad. He entered the employ of the corporation soon after the main line was established, and is the oldest conductor on the road. His courteous treatment of the public

during his long term of service has won him many friends. But he never knew the measure of the public appreciation until the twenty-third day of December, 1890, when his acquaintances gathered, hundred strong, to present a tangible expression of their esteem in the form of a beautiful gold conductor's lantern with his name blown in the globe. A special train was run by Superintendent Tucker, and the presentation was made at the Dexter town hall, where an elaborate entertainment had been prepared for the occasion.

Abraham Jewell and his brothers, Nathaniel and Robert, came from Fox Island, Me., to the now rapidly growing settlement. Nathaniel was a brick-mason. He settled on Thompson hill, near the place now owned by Mr. Wheeler. The house in which he lived stood opposite the Phineas Thompson place. He was a captain in the war of 1812. Robert located on the pond road, and Abram, on the Dr. Daly place in Monmouth, now the property of Mr. Caswell. He remained on this farm a short time, then purchased of the descendants of Thomas Gray, the farm on which Nelson Jewell, his son lives. Abraham Jewell was elected selectman in 1821. James Jewell, his oldest son, was the father of Dr. Leslie Jewell, of Cape Elizabeth. He was a carpenter. Two other sons, Hiram and Nelson, remained permanently in Wales. Hiram married Mary Small, and Nelson, Dorcas A. Ham. The oldest son of the latter died in Libby prison, in 1864. His second son, Otis H., is a skillful mechanic, residing at South Monmouth.

Nathaniel Chase came to Wales as early as 1803 and located on the B. A. Fogg farm. He was from Bruus

wick. Anthony Woodside came from the same town about a year later, and took up the farm now owned by his grandson, George Woodside. Five of his six children were sons, two of whom were graduated from Bowdoin College in 1840. The older of these, B. F. Woodside, studied law, and was engaged in the practice of his profession in Boston until his decease in 1890. Anthony, jun., elected the medical profession, but died soon after receiving his diploma. Calvin married, and settled on the homestead. One of his sons, Dr. Albert Woodside, has lately practiced his profession at Tenant's Harbor, Me. Edwin is a merchant at Sabattus and Elbridge is in business in Lewiston.

In 1805 three new roads were laid out by James Shurtleff, the surveyor who made the first plan of the new plantation. The course of the first road was "From Benjamin Tibbets on the main Plantation Road between said Tibbet's & James Kennen's Lots of Land upon an East South east course 60 rods to Litchfield Westernmost Line." Next: "From said Plantation Road run West northwest 136 rods upon the line separating between Thomas and Stephen Grays Lots of Land to said Thomas Grays house." The third was the "Plantation main Road by Sebattases Pond upon an East southeast course from the school House upon the line separating between James Clarke's and Rufus Marr's Lots of Land 168 rods to James Hoddson's house nearly."

For his services in connection with these surveys Mr. Shurtleff presented the following modest bill:

"The Plantation of Wales to
James Shurtleff

To two days Surveying Roads
at one Dol. & 25 cents per day

\$2:50

Plantation of Wales

May 2d, A. D. 1805.

This fragment of history brings out the noteworthy fact that as early as 1802, eleven years before it was incorporated as a town, Wales had taken sufficient interest in educational matters to erect a school house; while Monmouth did not provide a similar building until two years after the act of incorporation was passed. The first school in the lower division of Wales plantation was taught by Joseph Small, in a dwelling house on the pond road. And as Mr. Small did not take up a residence on the plantation until 1791, it is evident that the children of the settlers who took up lots prior to that date must have attended the school at Monmouth Center or borne the penalty of illiteracy.

The reader must not forget that up to the year 1792 this has been a history of both Monmouth and Wales. All the plantation and town records published under earlier dates relate as much to one division of the original plantation as to the other; and it will be remembered that no provision was made at any annual meeting for a school south of Dearborn's Corner. The pedagogues that followed Mr. Small in the schools of Wales were Mr. Hill, Arthur Given, Mr. Page, Daniel Evans, Fayette Mace, Richard Elder, Joel Small and Enoch Strout.

On the 28th of June, 1808, James Shurtleff laid out a cross road running "from the school-house in the plantation of Wales to the Middle Plantation road."

As the main course of this road ran in a north-westerly direction, it is evident that the school-house mentioned must have been located on the east road, and could not have been the building which received incidental notice in the record of the road surveys of 1805.

The farm on which William E. Hinkley lives was cleared by Elias Ricker. Mr. Ricker came to Wales in 1806. He was born in Somersworth, N. H., in 1772, and married at the age of twenty-eight, Mary Witherell of Lebanon, Me. The first six years of their married life were spent in Milton, N. H., where their two oldest children were born. It is probable that during these years Mr. Ricker devoted his entire attention to tanning and shoe-making, a trade that received only a portion of his time after he came to Wales. Just when he built the brick portion of the Hinkley house is uncertain, but it is altogether probable that he lived for a time in that invariable accompaniment of pioneer life—the log hut. The oldest of his five children was Sabrina, who married Daniel Larrabee. The next was Ezra, who settled down to the farm and trade of his father. He married Mary M. Marr, of Wales, in 1831, and nine years later, died, leaving three children, the youngest of whom is Andrew J. Ricker, a Portland merchant. After his decease, his widow and two daughters moved away, leaving the homestead to the oldest daughter and her husband, who resided there until 1856, when they removed to Gardiner. Mr. Larrabee built what is now the main house. Daniel Cromwell, the second son of Elias Ricker, married Caroline Higgins, of Avon, Me., where he afterward resided. He commanded a company in the Aroostook war. Of his

nine children, two were sons. The older, Nathaniel H., served during the civil war as lieutenant of Co. D., 28th Maine Inft., and subsequently in the same capacity in the 31st Me. He now resides in Galveston, Tex.

Capt. Smith Ricker came two years later than Elias, and settled on the farm now owned by his son-in-law, Joseph G. Bragg. He had four sons and five daughters, only one of whom is now living.

Sometime near 1806 James and William Sweet, from Brunswick, began to clear lots in the plantation. The former selected the R. C. Jones farm, and the latter, the one now known as the Almond Lombard place. William had a son by the name of Ebenezer who was a butcher. He made the homestead his residence for several years but finally located at Brunswick, Me., where he carried on an extensive meat trade.

Capt. Harding Lombard came from Cape Cod in 1802, and purchased a tract of land in the south-eastern part of the town. He was born in Truro, Cape Cod, in 1774, and was descended from one of three brothers who came from England to that part of Massachusetts, bearing with them a coat of arms granted to their ancestor, Robert Lumber, "for his loyalty and resolute mind", by King James the Second.

Capt. Lombard married Joanna Watts, of Wellfleet, daughter of Capt. Samuel Watts, the Wales pioneer. These two veterans of the seas established the corn and flour mills at Sabattus, where for many years an extensive business was conducted.

Among the nine children of Capt. Lombard were six sons, all of whom inherited their father's love for the tossing waves. Samuel was drowned off Cape Cod in

1826, Freeman died at home in 1830, at the age of twenty-two years, and Barzillai died in Cuba of fever.

John, the oldest son, was a successful sea-captain, as was Luther, the fifth son. It is claimed that these hardy mariners crossed the Atlantic more than fifty times each, and in all their voyages never lost a man. John settled on the farm now owned by Alden Moulton. He emulated his father in the number of his children. One of the nine is a citizen of Portland, Oregon, and a representative of the third generation of master mariners in the Lombard family. Luther, after following the sea many years, purchased a home at Sabattus, and devoted his energies to manufacturing enterprises. It was he who built the lower dam and erected the first factory in that village. He married Mary J. Jameson, of Topsham, Me., and had four children, one of whom, Luther H., now resides in Wales. Harding Lombard, jun., who inherited the name of his sire, if not his title, as did some of his brothers, followed the sea many years as mate of a vessel, and served as pilot on the Mississippi river several winters. He elected a life of celibacy, and, after wearying of the restless life of a mariner, settled down to the enjoyments of the paternal estate and the perusal of the *Eastern Argus*, which he and his father had taken for a period of eighty-six years.

Capt. Harding Lombard had three daughters. One died at the age of two years. Rebecca married Philip Given, and Thankful B., Uriah Gray. Mr. Gray is the son of Alexander Gray, of Litchfield. He had three brothers, one of whom settled in Richmond as a goldsmith, one at Gardiner as lumber-dealer, and one on a

arm in Litchfield. His mother was a sister to the noted Jeremiah Nowell, who was selected by Mr. Patterson, the father of the unfortunate wife of Jerome Bonaparte to take his daughter to France when Napoleon issued the nefarious edict which rendered his marriage to the American lady void. Capt. Nowell commanded some of Mr. Patterson's finest vessels, and, after many prosperous voyages, purchased a farm in Lisbon, Me., where his last days were spent.

Mr. Gray was for many years in charge of the flour and grist mill of his wife's father at Sabattus. He now resides in quiet retirement at East Monmouth. Although always willing that others should enjoy their own opinions, he is, and always has been, a staunch Democrat, and prides himself in the fact of having been numbered among the subscribers of the Eastern Argus for above fifty years.

The same year Capt. Harding Lombard took up a residence in Wales, his father-in-law, Capt. Samuel Watts, settled on what was long known as the "Samuel Weymouth farm", on the east road. Capt. Watts was a veteran whaler. It was stated at the time of his death that he had, with his own hands, killed one hundred sperm whales. He had a family of nine children, all of whom came with, or soon after, their parents. The three sons were Samuel, Moses and Freeman. Samuel and Moses followed the sea, but Freeman remained on the farm. Samuel settled in Hallowell, while Moses and Freeman preferred Wales. The latter lived on the home place about fifty years. He then moved to the "pond road," and remained there until his decease in 1856. His wife died, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Warren Jor-

dan, of Litchfield, in 1893, at the advanced age of ninety years. Of their four children, Harding L., alone, settled in Wales. Freeman J., the oldest son, was engaged in the granite business at North Prospect, Me., and Henry M. was for several years a practicing physician in Weld, Me. Harding learned the marble cutter's trade, and opened a shop in Wales. He married Mary H. Treat, of Canton, Me. During his residence in Wales he was elected to various town offices and was sent to the legislature. Soon after the close of the war he removed to Monmouth, and engaged in the dry goods and drug business. Here his wife and daughter, an only child, died. He married for a second wife Ann E. Whittier, daughter of Dea. Daniel Whittier, and, in 1877, sold his business and removed to Portland, where he entered the employ of Geo. C. Frye, druggist, as traveling salesman. He still resides in Portland.

"As Baptists multiplied in all the settlements in the vicinity of Wales, the first occupants of its soil were brought under the influence of their doctrines. Elder Potter visited them as early as 1793, and found them willing, to hear the gospel. In 1798 and the year following the "great revival which occurred in Bowdoin and Litchfield extended its influence into Wales. Here, too, Elder Potter saw evidence that he did not preach Christ in vain. A church was gathered in the place in 1799, consisting of about forty members."* Of this church John C. Fogg says:

"The first mention of a deacon is in May, 1801, when Dea. Spofford was put down from serving as deacon and Bro. David Jenkins was established deacon,

*History of Maine Baptists.

and Bro. James Labree was elected deacon on trial. July 24, 1802 met for conference and then agreed to have a church meeting. Chose Bro. Labree moderator. Voted a brother under suspension for breaking covenant in going to hear the Methodists. The first election of a clerk upon the records is in September, 1805, when Joseph Murch was chosen, but, judging from the penmanship, there were many changes in the office. The whole number of members, Sept., 1809, was 42. The first ordained pastor was Eld. James Pierce, received Oct. 14, 1820. May 9, 1833, Eld. James Pierce was excluded from the church for charges brought against him without proof. In August of the same year, Eld. Daniel Pierce was admitted into the church, and the two ministers furnished preaching until about 1839. In July, 1839, Elder Smith Hinkley was received as pastor, which position he held until 1842. In 1843 Eld. Wm. Smith was received as pastor, which position he held until 1850, when Elder Thomas Goldthwait was installed. The last entry in the first Baptist church record is dated June 21, 1856."

Although the first church organization in town, this society had not the honor of erecting the first church building used for public worship. It was not until 1838, eleven years after the Free-will Baptists built their church, that they laid the foundation of their tabernacle. It was built on land taken from the Joseph Gray farm, in the easterly part of the town, at a cost of one thousand dollars. Soon after this church was finished, a great revival was experienced by the church that had a few years previously been organized on Monmouth Ridge, and the membership of the Monmouth

society increased rapidly, drawing, it is probable, to some extent, on the congregation of the Wales church. The latter society, after sustaining regular preaching for several years, finally weakened, and allowed their church to remain unoccupied. It has been taken down in recent years.

The pioneers of the southern division of the plantation of Wales experienced more protracted hardships than those of that portion which was incorporated under the name of Monmouth. Nature did not trace the course of the streams with an eye to their accommodation, and for years after the people of Monmouth were rejoicing in grist-mills and saw-mills, the settlers of the lower plantation were wearily "backing in" their corn by the bushel. After a good road to Monmouth was established, their bread was eaten with a greater relish, but many were still obliged to travel a long distance with their grists until Joseph Maxwell built his mill. The first saw-mill in Wales was erected by Daniel M. Labree on a small stream which crossed his farm. He managed to do something of a business here in the manufacture of boards and shingles, but could keep his machinery moving only a few weeks after the spring and fall rains. Benjamin Vining next tried the experiment on a rivulet that flows near the base of Thompson's hill. But he was beset with the same difficulties. There was no pond. Two or three dams, the upper one of which was near Joseph Wight's, formed the reservoir. The only permanent structure of this kind was built in the north-eastern part of the town by B. C. Jenkins.

