

- 29

W3 G13

F 29
W3 G13
copy 1

**WATERFORD
MAINE**

GAGE



NOTES ON THE HISTORY
of WATERFORD
MAINE

Edited by
THOMAS HOVEY GAGE, JR.

11



WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS
1913

fig 2
WZ 3.15

fig 3
WZ 3.15

fig 4
WZ 3.15

I have collected in these pages early descriptions of Waterford, Maine, accounts of incidents in its history and notices of a few of its inhabitants, which have heretofore been inaccessible or unpublished. A few explanatory notes have been added.

I have also compiled a partial bibliography of "Artemus Ward," the first to be collected.

The four copies from the Massachusetts Archives with those that appear in Warren's excellent History of Waterford, complete the printing of all important matter in the Archives.

T. H. G.

CONTENTS.

Waterford, 1803 *Rev. Lincoln Ripley*

An Evening Walk, 1830 *Rev. Thomas T. Stone*

Waterford, 1850 *Daniel Chaplin*

The Water Cure, 1847 *Elizabeth P. Peabody*

Rev. Lincoln Ripley *Thomas H. Gage*

William Warren Greene, M. D. *Thomas H. Gage*

Mary Moody Emerson *Elizabeth P. Peabody*

*Address at the one hundredth anniversary of
the incorporation of the Town* *Thomas H. Gage*

Copies of Papers in Massachusetts Archives

Partial bibliography, "Artemus Ward."

A DESCRIPTION AND HISTORY OF
WATERFORD, IN THE COUNTY
OF YORK

By REV. LINCOLN RIPLEY
August, 1803¹

SITUATION AND LIMITS.

Waterford is an inland town in the County of York, district of Maine. It lies between 44 degrees and 44 degrees 8' north latitude, and between 70 degrees 35' and 70 degrees 45' west longitude from London. It is distant seventy miles north from York, twenty northeast from the Academy at Fryeburg, forty-five northwest from Portland, and fifty west from Bowdoin College in Brunswick. It is bounded north by Oxford and Norway, east by Norway and part of Otisfield, southeast by Otisfield, south by Bridgeton, southwest by Lovell, west by the same, and northwest by part of the state lands. The town was originally seven miles and a half long, and seven wide. It was laid out in the year 1774 by Capt. Joseph Frye, of Fryeburg, Mr. Jabez Brown, of Stow, and Mr. _____, of Marlborough. When the town was incorporated, March 2, 1797, three tiers of lots, each containing one hundred and sixty acres, were annexed to other

¹ Collections | of the | Massachusetts | Historical Society |
Vol. IX | Boston | . . . 1804. Page 137.

tracts of land, which together compose the promising town of Norway, in the County of Cumberland. Since this separation, Waterford is seven miles long, extending from north to south, 25 degrees east and six miles in width.

HISTORY OF FIRST SETTLEMENTS.

On the 10th of October, 1775, Mr. David Mc. Quain, a young man from Boston, having by his industry obtained about one hundred and fifty dollars, boldly ventured into the wilderness and took up his residence in the easterly part of Waterford with no companion but his dog. His first purchase was one lot of land, for which he gave forty dollars. On the approach of winter he retreated to the milder regions whence he came. In the spring, 1776, he revisited his lonely cottage. Again he sought winter quarters in the circle of his connexions; but in the spring of 1777, he left all his former acquaintances, became a steady cultivator of his own soil, and has never since revisited the place of his nativity. As the wilderness around him was a residence of moose, bears and deer, he could generally obtain a supply of some kind of venison. After raising domestick animals, having no household furniture, except a pail, a dish, and a spoon, his method of scalding his pork was to fill a trough with water, and then to put in heated stones until the water would scald.

Mr. Mc. Quain continues in a state of celibacy, without any female person in his house or any

housekeeper but himself. He now owns eight hundred acres of land in one body, besides some outlands. He improves one hundred and sixty acres, and keeps forty head of cattle. His cows would afford a profitable dairy, if he had a dairy woman; but at present he finds it most advantageous to give the milk to his hogs; and in the year 1802, he fattened no less than thirty-three hundred-weight of good pork. He has a flourishing orchard whose fruit yields plenty of cider for himself and his labourers, besides many generous draughts for those who visit him. Necessary attention to his house and farm has confined him generally at home, and prevented a disposition to seek society abroad. Notwithstanding the peculiar disadvantages of his solitary condition, he has acquired by honest industry a handsome property, and pays almost double the taxes of any of his townsmen.

Five or six years after Mr. Mc. Quain settled in Waterford, three other men came hither with their families; but unable to support their families comfortably in the wilderness, they found it expedient to tread back their steps to an inhabited country. One of the same families again made a fruitless attempt to become naturalized to the place. In May, 1783, Messrs. Daniel Barker, Jonathan Robbins, Israel Hale, Asaph Brown, Europe Hamlin, and America Hamlin, with a few others, without any families, but with enterprising spirits, came and boldly pitched their wooden tents among the trees, and on their several lots began to expose to full view of the sun the uncultivated soil. Most of them in two or three years introduced their

families to participate with them in their toils and hopeful prospects. The greater part of them retain their first inheritance, and some of them liberally enjoy the well earned fruits of their early labours.

On the 8th of September in the same year, Mr. Phillip Hor, originally from Taunton, last from Brookfield, came into town to seek a lot of land which he had previously bought. The next June two of his sons came with him to make preparation for the removal of his family. On the approach of winter he returned to Brookfield, leaving his sons to brave the severities of a long winter in the wilderness, or to let themselves in some more inhabited town to procure necessaries for the ensuing season. In June, 1785, Mr. Hor, with more courage than property, returned to Waterford with his wife, who originated from Norton, and with the remainder of his family. Urged by necessity, prompted by sense of duty, and supported by the consolations of religion, this pious couple with six children passed through almost incredible scenes of suffering. The principal part of their household effects was brought several miles on the shoulders of those who conducted them from Bridgeton to this place. Disappointed of provision previously engaged, and of a log-but in which they were to have lived one season on a plat of ground not their own, they were obliged to shelter themselves in a cottage whose floor and covering consisted of the bark of trees. This was their only habitation during the space of nearly two years. For a whole year they were destitute of even a cow. Their nighest neighbour

in the summer season was three miles distant; and six weeks of the following winter passed, in which the family saw no human being beside themselves. A dog was the only domestick animal they possessed, and on his fidelity in some measure depended their safety. At Bridgeton was the nearest corn mill. To obtain meal therefore, they had either to carry grain on their backs twelve miles, or first travel that distance to borrow an horse, carry their grain the next day, return their horse. Having received a religious education, it was a serious trial to them to be deprived of the publick ministrations of the gospel. For some time Mrs. Hor was the only inhabitant of Waterford who was in full communion with any christian church. Her husband and two sons, who first came to the town, have since gladdened her heart by becoming members of the same body; and the joy she has expressed on beholding the divine word and ordinances here statedly administered, bore some resemblance to that of good old Simeon when he embraced the infant Saviour.

Three months after the arrival of this family, Mr. Oliver Hapgood and wife emigrated hither from Stow. Their eldest son and first child was the first ever known by the present inhabitants to have been born in Waterford. To this child was given, as a birth privilege, a tract of land containing fifty acres, which now awaits his age of manhood, and which, lying near the centre of the town, promises a pleasant and valuable settlement. In March, 1786, Messrs. Nathaniel Chamberlain and John Chamberlain came into town from Westford.

FACE OF THE COUNTRY, SOIL, PRODUCE AND EXPORTS.

The land in Waterford, like that in the adjacent towns, is uneven. It may properly be called a land of hills and vallies. The hills, however, are not so high as to be unfit for cultivation. Rising gradually, they afford pleasant prospects, and, with the vallies, are calculated for good settlements. The timber on what is usually termed hard-wood-land principally consists of beech, birch, rock and white maple, red oak and white ash. On the low, or what is commonly called black land, the timber is chiefly white and Norway pine, spruce and hemlock.

Having no thermometer except what nature has furnished in the sensibility of the human frame, we are unable to form an exact comparison between the state of the climate here and that in the vicinity of Boston. The probability is, that there are a few days in the year, in which both heat and cold are more intense in this place, than in either Boston or Worcester.

Contrary to the opinion formerly entertained of this part of the country, the soil is fertile; and by judicious culture amply rewards the labours of the husbandman. The land is good for all kinds of grain raised in New England, though it is not so friendly to the growth of wheat as the more level land which lies in the neighborhood of large rivers. The upland yields to the mower a desirable burden, and to the cattle excellent grazing. Fruit trees of different kinds are cultivated with success. Many might begin to make cider, if the expense of mills and the demand for apples to be otherwise used, did

not prevent them. But the ambition of the people, and the numerous and flourishing young orchards in town afford reason to hope that we shall soon have a competency of both apples and cider.

Potatoes of various kinds and of a good quality are here made profitable for man and beast. There is scarcely a better soil in any part of New England for the cultivation of esculent roots and herbs. A taste for ordinary horticulture is not uncommon among us; and though we live at a distance from market, there are several persons who begin to make their gardens profitable to their families and also to raise a surplussage of vegetables for their less favored neighbors.

In good seasons, some of the inhabitants make their own sugar, molasses and vinegar of the juice of the maple. As the land becomes more cultivated they are more dependent on the W. I. islands. It is an unfavorable circumstance, that the first growth of maple, as also of other trees, does not extend its roots into the earth sufficiently deep to secure the trees when they become exposed to heavy winds. To remedy this disadvantage in regard to future generations, it becomes the present cultivators of the soil to set out young orchards of maple trees in the most convenient places, having care to preserve such a distance between the trees as that the depth of the roots may ordinarily ensure their safety.

Beside the timber, of which no small quantity is annually rafted down the river, articles of exportation from which some profit is derived, and more expected, are beef, pork, butter, cheese, rye, indian-

corn, hops, onions, sole-shoes, barrels and firkins. To this list potash might have been lately added, but the making of it is at present neglected.

RIVERS, STREAMS, PONDS AND CANAL.

The unevenness of our land occasions numerous springs and brooks. Generally the town in this respect is highly favored. There are here also thirteen ponds, which not only variegate the scenery of the place, but afford plenty of fish, of which the most delicate kinds are the pike and salmon trout. Through the north and east sides of the town runs the Songo or Crooked River, on both whose sides are valuable lots of timber. What renders this river a peculiar privilege is, timber is drawn onto it when frozen in the winter, and in the spring conducted down the current into the great Sabago pond, and thence to the Sacarappa mills, near Portland.

The most important benefit, however, relative to water carriage, is the opening of a canal from the centre of this town to Portland, which the people of Waterford contemplate as an event that will probably take place not many years hence. The situation of the ponds is highly favorable to such an enterprise. As neither the exact distance of the course which the canal must take, nor the descent of the ground has been ascertained; and as they who are best acquainted with these circumstances are wholly unacquainted with the history of canals, no person has ventured to make an estimate of the expense of the undertaking. It

has, however, been conjectured that fifty thousand dollars would effect it. It is almost certain that such a plan, whenever it shall be accomplished, will increase the number of saw-mills in Waterford, and give the inhabitants opportunity of sawing their own timber; will multiply the sources and facilitate the operations of trade; enhance the value of our lands; and greatly conduce the population and prosperity of the town.

ARTS, ARTIFICERS AND CURIOSITIES.

There have been three brick-yards in the place; but the clay of the oldest is now exhausted. There is yet reason to expect a supply, and perhaps longer experience in the art of brick-making will augment the apparent value of our bricks.

Lime-kilns are not yet known among us. A kind of stone has been noticed which bears some resemblance to lime-stone; but none that is genuine has been found. Neither are there here any coal-beds, except such as are made by the process of fire; and the furrows of the field and the labours of honest commonwealthsmen are the richest mines and minerals which are known in this vicinity. To these sources of health and independence all classes of people are cordially invited.

There is a general supply of mechanicks in town. A saddler, hatter and clothier are exceptions. For ingenious men who are willing to live by their professions there is still encouragement in many of the common arts.

There is at present one tavern keeper only in town.¹ Other inhabitants occasionally entertain travelers.

In one of the ponds there is found a white clay of a yellowish cast, which, when burned, baked, or only dried, makes good chalk.² Carpenters prefer it on account of its softness to that which is imported. Whether it may not be converted into whiting and made an useful ingredient in paints; or whether pipes or porcelain may not be made of it is yet to be determined.

ROADS.

It is but justice to remark that the inhabitants have distinguished themselves by a laudable ambition to make the roads through town convenient for themselves and comfortable for travelers. The sum of five hundred dollars is annually appropriated to the mending of high-ways; and their appearance is in some measure characteristick of the industrious disposition of the people.

MILITIA.

In the autumn of 1799 the militia of this town were called upon to choose their first officers, and,

¹ Eli Longley.

² On the shore of Duck Pond is a deposit of infusorial earth. It is not a clay but a very fine white earth resembling magnesia, composed largely of the microscopic silicious shells of organisms called diatoms. It is used for polishing metals and as an absorbent in making explosives with nitro-glycerine, e.g., dynamite. It is sometimes called "fossil flour" and "Tripoli powder."

in conformity to the laws of our country, to commence their annual military exercises. They accordingly assembled on the common and amicably elected Dr. Stephen Cummings, captain; Mr. Seth Wheeler, lieutenant; and Mr. James Robbins, ensign, of their Company. After the inferior officers were chosen, a respectable company of able bodied soldiers, consisting of seventy-two rank and file, appeared before the door of Mr. Eli Longley, where, by the desire of the captain, a prayer was made by the pastor of the parish.

In September, 1801, a company of horse was formed from the militia companies of Bridgeton and Waterford, under Captain Kimball, Lieutenant Robbins and Cornet Smith.

NUMBER OF FAMILIES, RATEABLE POLLS, AND HOUSES.

On the first of May, 1801, there were in Waterford one hundred and three families and six hundred and five inhabitants. May 1, 1803, there were one hundred and eleven families, one hundred and forty-five rateable polls, and six hundred and sixty-eight souls. The number of rateable polls in March, 1786, was fourteen.

The number of dwelling houses in town is one hundred and seven. Six of them are of two stories, eighty-six low framed, and fifteen are log houses. Some of the second class of houses are small, others are ordinary, and there is not a finished house in the place. There are about eighty framed barns; and a building has been lately erected for a store.

CIVIL OFFICERS. PROFESSIONAL MEN. LEARNING.

Of the original proprietors, Mr. Nathaniel Chamberlain, now merchant in Portland, was clerk. The first selectmen after the town was incorporated were: Lieut. Africa Hamlin, who was likewise the first town-clerk; and Messrs. Daniel Chaplin and Solomon Stone. These men were appointed assessors also, and took the first valuation of the town. Mr. Eli Longley was the first town-treasurer. The first justice of the peace, who received his commission in 1799, was Eber Rice, Esq.; and the first deputy sheriff, Mr. Hannibal Hamlin.

No attorney has hitherto become an inhabitant of the town; but one of an academick education is soon expected.¹ We have two physicians, though the place is considered remarkably healthful.² The only person of a collegiate education in town is the writer of this, who was graduated at Dartmouth College in 1796.

As the original inhabitants, and indeed a large proportion of the present inhabitants, emigrated from the counties of Worcester and Middlesex, they, like their ancestors, are emulous of educating properly the rising generation. To further an object of such immense importance, the town has already built no less than six school-houses. Instead of employing instructors and instructresses, who

¹ Henry Farwell came in 1806.

² Dr. Stephen Cummings, the first physician, removed to Portland about 1800. Dr. Samuel Crombie and Dr. Luke Lincoln were the next in practice.

themselves have need to be instructed in the first principles of literature, the town begins to pay strict regard to the laws of the commonwealth respecting the qualifications of male and female teachers, and the inspection of schools. It has also adopted an uniform selection of school books for its children and youth, who manifest laudable ambition to understand the English language, and to profit by their advantages.

RELIGION, HOUSE OF WORSHIP, ETC.

Although many new settlements in this part of the country abound with sectaries, there has hitherto been no appearance of more than one religious society in Waterford, which is Congregational. A few individuals profess themselves Baptists; but the serious of these, so far from trying to cause divisions among their fellow christians, seem disposed to attend constantly on the publick institutions of religion with the Congregationalists.

Not many candidates for the ministry were employed as preachers in Waterford, before its inhabitants invited their present pastor to settle among them. For his pecuniary encouragement they offered him fifty pounds settlement, in addition to a right of land reserved by the proprietors for that purpose, and an annual salary, which, for a new town, was decent. This invitation was accepted by the pastor elect, who was accordingly ordained Oct. 2, 1799. The ministers of the ordaining council were: Rev. William Fessenden of Fryeburg; Rev. Ezra Ripley of Concord; Rev.

Nathan Church of Bridgeton; Rev. Samuel Hidden of Tamworth; Rev. Daniel Marrett of Standish; and Rev. John Simpkins of Brewster.

Previously to the ordination a church was embodied, consisting of eight male members, who received into their fellowship their pastor elect by recommendation from the church in Barre. Eleven other men were admitted into the church at the same time. Oct. 11, the church held a meeting and unanimously chose for their deacons Messrs. John Nurse, Stephen Jewett and Ehpraim Chamberlain. On the 20th. of the same month, after the admission of four female members, the Lord's supper was, for the first time, administered to the church of Christ in Waterford. In addition to the twenty members forming the church at the time of ordination, before the close of the same year, 1799, twenty-five other persons became members. Of these, seven were previously members of other churches. The church received an addition of nine members in 1800, and of nine more in 1801. Some of these persons had been communicants in other churches. No addition has been made to the church since 1801; but she has lost three by death and two by removal; her present number is therefore fifty-eight.

In the year 1801 a good frame, 50 by 46 feet, was erected for a meeting-house in the centre of the town.¹ In the summer of 1802 it was covered and enclosed, and it will probably be completed by

¹ This was taken down after the church at the Flat was built and was in part reconstructed in the present Town House.

the middle of October, next. The pew ground has been sold for more than two thousand dollars. Three thousand dollars perhaps will meet the whole expense of finishing the house.

BAPTISMS. MARRIAGES. DEATHS.

Before the settlement of a minister, twelve children and youths had been baptized in the place by missionaries and neighboring clergymen. In 1799, after ordination, the pastor baptized thirty-seven persons, one of whom was forty years old. There have been often three and four, and in one instance there were nineteen children presented for baptism at once. The number of baptisms in 1800 was twenty-one; in 1801, fourteen; in 1802, seven; and hitherto in the present year, three. All the baptisms since the town was inhabited amount to ninety-four. Though it is a matter of joyful reflection that so many in a new town have been initiated into Christ's visible church, it is yet a melancholy truth that a far greater number of persons remain unbaptized.

Twelve marriages also had been solemnized in town previously to Oct. 2, 1799. Since that period there have been married nineteen couples. The whole number of marriages, 31.

It appears by our bills of mortality that fifty-four persons have died in Waterford since its first settlement. In the winter 1797, 8, the place was more sickly through the prevalence of the canker,¹

¹ Scarlet fever probably; possibly diphtheria.

than it ever has been with any disease. The number of children and young persons who died that winter, is said to be thirteen. Since the commencement of the year 1799 the number of deaths annually has been as follows: In 1799, six; in 1800, four; in 1801, six; in 1802, five; and since the beginning of the current year, five; the whole number, twenty-six. Of this number, twelve were young children and infants; five youths; four middleaged persons; four past the meridian of life, and one upwards of three-score and ten years. During the four last years more persons who have reached and exceeded the meridian of life appear to have fallen victims to consumption than to any other disease. Several infants have died with fits; but among children and young people, the canker, accompanied sometimes with other complaints, has been the most prevalent and fatal disorder.

AN EVENING WALK.¹

I took it last summer with two or three of my school-mates and our teacher. It was in Waterford.² You remember the Flat, as they call it; it was about two miles from the Flat, on a hill which rises above it to the north, and from which we could see much of the town, besides many other places about it. We first went to a beautiful grove in a pasture near a quarter of a mile from the road; then we turned back and went up the hill to the west. The land where the grove has grown up, was all cleared once; but the owner let the trees cover it again, and I wished men would do so oftener. For it is a very fine place; the trees do not stand too thick; the ground was strewed with leaves, which fell in the fall, with fresh grass and wild flowers springing up among them; the grass and green shrubs grew everywhere around. There were many rocks in the grove, where the sheep would go at noon, and lie down on them under the shade. The cattle would sleep there, too, and be cool when the sun was high and the air heated. A

¹ Sketches | of | Oxford County | by Thomas T. Stone, |
Pastor of the Church in Andover | Approved by the Com-
mittee of the M. S. S. Union | Portland, | by Shirley and
Hyde, | 1830. | Page 71.

Thomas Treadwell Stone, see page 76.

² The walk must have been up through the Plummer neighborhood.

little brook out of which they would drink, flowed in a valley near the shade. There were places also where the children used to play; they would make two or three parties; one party would go to a large rock over which the trees hung their branches for a roof, and the others to rocks not far off; or they would find where two or three trees rose from one root and left an open place between their trunks; and here they would sit as if they were families, or visit from one house, as they called it, to another. Just to the north there is a farm with the house standing alone near a large orchard; a good man who once owned and took care of it, became poor, and, after he was old and his wife dead, gave it up and went out of his neighborhood and town—to die. Higher up the hill we saw the chimney and roof of another farm-house; and to the south and east we looked on many farms and houses, hills, valleys, ponds and forests. All was calm and pleasant, as the sun went down among bright-edged clouds.

We went thence to the hill.¹ The trees were all cleared off, the land was well fenced, the corn and the grass were green, and they were just beginning to mow. West of this hill beyond a long and wet valley, there is a ridge of high land, in some places wooded, and in other open, and showing the fields beyond. We saw large hills and mountains; some burnt over by the fires, with dead and black trunks rising high in the air, and others covered with green and branching trees. A broad, winding

¹ Beech Hill.

valley, through which a stream they call Crooked river bends its way through the town, spread between us and the mountains. The valley was not so lively and pleasant as the upland. One reason, our teacher said, is that the pine leaves are of a darker and gloomier hue than the leaves of the beech, the maple and the birch, and that the valley is full of pines, but the hills bore trees of brighter foliage. We turned our eyes from the north and saw a wide southern prospect. We saw the meeting-house¹, and one or two houses near it, surrounded with poplars, and beyond, a mountain² rising gradually from the hill on which they stand till it ends on its south-eastern side in broken cliffs, or rather rocks piled on each other, with trees growing between the broken heaps. A plain and a pond are beneath the rough mountain side. Here is a small village,³ but it was hidden from us by the higher lands behind it. The pond⁴ was in sight; so were the woods which sometimes touched the verge of it, and the new openings through them and the beautiful farms which rose beyond. A large pond⁵ was at the eastward; it had its head in low land covered with dark pine and fir; it spreads to the south between fine, even farms on the west, and cultivated hills on the south and east. The eastern hill was cleared earlier than any other

¹ The old church on the hill.

² Mt. Tire'm.

³ The Flat.

⁴ Tom Pond.

⁵ Long Pond or McWain Pond.

part of the town; one M'Wayne lived on it for years without wife or child or even a friend within six or eight miles. He was alone when he opened the forest,—alone night and day. He died in sight of large and growing neighborhoods.

The sun was down; the stars began to rise in the sky; before the light had gone in the west, the full moon arose. We could see the fields still, and the hills and the waters, but there was a dimness over them; the sounds of labor were still; the herds and the flocks were laid down to sleep; the scenes which seemed rough and broken by day were even and gentle beneath the thin haze of evening. I looked on the great earth and the arching sky with its stars and moon. I could not wish to speak; I was thinking of God.

DANIEL CHAPLIN'S DESCRIPTION.¹

WATERFORD.

Waterford, Oxford Co., Maine.—This is an undulating town, watered by 13 ponds; several of them beautiful sheets of pure water. Hence its name. Songo or Crooked River meanders through the Northern and Eastern parts of the town affording several good Mill sites; as do also the streams issuing to and from several of the ponds. There are in the town 7 sawmills—4 grist mills—4 shingle machines—several stave and clap-board machines—2 carriage shops— 2 iron foundries—A plaster mill, and a fulling and carding mill—5 Blacksmiths shops—7 shoe shops and 6 merchants stores. There are several eminences in town; the most noted are Bear mountain, Hawk mountain, Mount Tire'm, Mount Reho,² and Bald pate. Bear mountain presents a bold granite precipice of several hundred feet, facing the S. W., rising up almost perpendicularly from the pond of its name, between which has been

¹ Daniel Chaplin, the surveyor, made the first published map of Waterford. This description of the town was intended for an edition of Hayward's New England Gazetteer which was not issued.

²Southwest of Bald Pate and rising above Chaplin's Pond. A shout from across the pond gives a fine echo; hence its name.

made the Bear Mountain road, noted as a great thoroughfare between Lancaster, N. H., and Portland, Me. Hawk Mountain is composed also of granite and presents a lofty mural escarpment, showing the appearance of a slide from the cliff. Mount Tire'm rises abruptly from West side of the center village, presenting a striking contrast in the scenery. Beech-hill has an extensive base, and is the highest elevation in town. From these mountains the view is extensive and sublime, embracing all the prominent objects between the Ocean and the White mountains in N. H.

The soil of Waterford is generally fertile, presenting a great variety, favorable to the production of Wheat, Rye, Indian corn, Oats, Potatoes and grass. Some of the hills afford the best grazing land in the country.

Dr. C. T. Jackson says: "I obtained specimens of the most remarkable soils in my rout, and examined particularly those obtained in Waterford, where the farms are in a thriving condition, and were clothed with heavy crops of wheat and other grain."

There are three religious societies, viz.: a Congregational, Methodist, and a Universalist, each of which have new and commodious houses of worship.

There are three small villages: South Waterford, where there are beautiful mill sites; the Flat, on the North-margin of Thomas pond, on a beautiful alluvial plane, here is the Hydropathic institution, Congregational meeting house, Town house, and a Tannery and 2 stores; North Waterford on the Western bank of Songo River, where there is a

concentration of public travel and a valuable water-power. Waterford is bounded North by Albany and Stoneham; South by Bridgton and Harrison; East by Norway and West by Lowell and Sweden. The town is $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles long and $6\frac{3}{4}$ miles wide. Ratable Polls, 314; estimated population in 1850, 1600—44 miles N. N. W. from Portland—58 S. W. from Augusta; and 14 m. W. of Paris.

WATERFORD, Feb. 1, 1850.

Mr. Gage,¹ Sir, I have written the foregoing as a description of Waterford. I am aware of the difficulty graduating a description of suitable length, for a work like the N. England Gazetteer. You will consult Mr. Hayward and you are at liberty to condense, or make alterations. Some more statistics not now at hand may be found on my map of Waterford at Tapan and Bradford's, 221 Washington St., Boston, where you will call and examine if you think expedient.

I am pleased to hear that Mr. Hayward is revising his Gazetteer. More definite descriptions should be given of the country towns, especially, than we find in such works generally. Should you wish any further information, please write and I will cheerfully respond.

Respectfully Yours,

DANIEL CHAPLIN.

¹Thomas H. Gage of Waterford, then a student in the Harvard Medical School Boston.

NOTE.

Dr. Charles T. Jackson, of Boston, was commissioned in 1836 by Massachusetts and Maine to make a geographical survey of public lands belonging jointly to these states and also to make a geographical survey of Maine.

He made three reports.

In his second report, covering the survey of 1837, he mentions Waterford as follows:

“The route from Parsonfield to Denmark, and from thence to Waterford, is very picturesque, and of an Alpine character, presenting groups of mountains rising abruptly, one behind the other, in the distance, while small but beautiful lakes are seen here and there amid an amphitheatre of hills. An artist would find ample scope for his pencil in sketching this interesting panorama.

“At Waterford we called upon Mr. William Coolidge,¹ who shewed us great hospitality and guided me to a number of localities worthy of examination.

“On Major Stone’s¹ farm, Mr. E. L. Hamlin discovered many years ago a curious rock, composed of phosphate of lime and quartz. Also a fine crystal of richly colored amethyst. It was not attached to rock, and probably was out of place, since no more have since been discovered there. Mr. Coolidge presented me with a mass of lepidulite like that of Paris which he found upon his farm.

¹ William Coolidge and Major Theodore Stone both lived east of Tom Pond.

“Hawk Mountain is composed of granite, and presents a lofty mural escarpment, shewing the appearance of a slide from the cliff. This precipice is cut across by a huge but inaccessible dyke that may be seen from the road below.

“I obtained specimens of all the most remarkable soils on my route, and examined particularly those obtained in Waterford, where the farms are in thriving condition, and were clothed with heavy crops of wheat and other grain.”

Later in the same report he gives “A Chemical Analysis of Soil from Major Stone’s Farm, Waterford.” “This soil is remarkably productive and is in a high state of cultivation.” He comments on the common practice among farmers to make use of peat, pond mud or muck to the injury of the soil; in one instance he observed in Waterford that a portion of a field on which this substance was placed presented a dwarfish and sickly yellow growth of Indian corn, while that part of the field not treated by it was covered with a most luxuriant and healthy growth of the same corn. He also mentions a deposit of peat “in the town of Waterford in Oxford County on the Coolidge Farm.”

In his catalogue of geological specimens in the State Cabinet, Maine, he mentions No. 809, phosphate of lime, Waterford; No. 606, quartz crystals; No. 690, lepidulite from a boulder in Waterford; No. 522, granite, Waterford.

THE WATER CURE.

ELIZABETH P. PEABODY'S¹ LETTER TO THE CHRISTIAN REGISTER, MAY 1, 1847.

For the Register.

My Dear Friend: I see that Mr. F.² has succeeded in his design of engaging Dr. Kittredge to go to Waterford, and they have got out their prospectus, which I send you herewith. In many respects I think this establishment will be superior to all the other hydropathic establishments. No one can spring from a more disinterested spirit. Though I hope it will make money, mercenary considerations did not originate it. Mr. F. felt that the Water Cure gave him a new hope of life, when he had the best reasons for believing the old one was expiring. From a feeble stock—he is a

¹ Elizabeth Palmer Peabody born May 16, 1804; passed her early life in Salem; taught in Boston 1822-1849; studied Greek with Emerson; assistant to Bronson Alcott and Dr. Channing; one of her sisters married Nathaniel Hawthorne; another married Horace Mann; introduced kindergarten system of instruction into the United States; edited and published much; died Jan. 3, 1894. A frequent visitor in Waterford. See the commemoration of the centenary of her birth in *Kindergarten Review*, May, 1904.

² Mr. Calvin Farrar graduated at Bowdoin College, 1834, and entered upon a course in Theology at Cambridge. He experienced so much benefit from the "Water Cure" at Brattleboro, that he was led to establish one at Waterford which proved successful for a few years.

very example of ruddy health—he looks as if disease never touched him, and he says he feels so. He saw his native town had the greatest advantages of scenery and water, and he cast his eyes on Dr. Kittredge.—Then Dr. Kittredge is in a flourishing practice. He gives up the certainty of a large income from an extensive practice, gained while he was an allopathic physician, and retained since he became hydropathic, by his success in that mode, under all the disadvantages of his present situation in Lynn. I know no similar instance of a disinterested sacrifice; for Dr. K. is not of the temperament of Mr. F. and his faith borrows nothing from constitutional sanguineness. He goes because he believes it to be his duty to give himself the water privileges of Waterford; and with no expectation of being better off in a pecuniary way. Now I must speak of Waterford. You know I was there several weeks last summer. It is a spot of wonderful beauty—there are four villages—each of which lies round a lake of its own and under mountains of its own. The mountains are abrupt and wooded to their tops, with splendid rocks upon them. I went up one, from which I could see that long chain of lakes, including the Sebago, which extend—I should think forty miles or more, opening into each other, and upon which there is to be a chain of steamboats next summer. But that was but one view from the mountain, which I circumambulated entirely, and from every side overlooked a magnificent prospect. Such a line of mountains circled the horizon!—their forms—their tints, I shall never forget. The harvest

was just in—not quite in. The very beauty of these prospects is enough to cure patients of a certain temperament of any “ill that flesh is heir to,” nor need you go up mountains to see this beauty. The roads themselves present, at every point, the most beautiful landscapes. I rode a good deal with one of the inhabitants,¹ who is as near an elemental being as any other mortal creature I ever knew, who was a kind of human expression of the scenery, which she loved as if she was part and parcel of it—as she is. We were well matched; for she loved to show as I to see. The second day I was there, she carried me to a house from whose door I could see seven huge lakes—and such enchanting woods—sweeping over hills and down dales with a gorgeousness of color that would have put Allston into despair. Nay, he could not have looked at it—for he told me once that there were scenes he had not strength of body or mind to look at, they so overflowed with suggestions of beauty. I thought of this one day when I was riding with my friend from South to North Waterford, and we passed along a road which overlooked a valley, in which two old ladies lived, who certainly had the bower which of all I ever saw best imaged the richness we imagine of primeval Paradise. That day I went to the house where the Rev. Mr. Stone of Salem was born and bred.² It is very high—very near heaven—and I am sure I could not but think that to such a devout nature, that place

¹Probably Miss Hannah Haskins.

²Stone hill, Gambo District.

must have been such a teacher as no foreign University could compare to, and teach him

“more of men
Than all the Sages can.”

Another advantage. The people seem to have been formed by their scenery. I saw nothing that looked like poverty. But all was keen industry and cheerful sobriety; I found poetic genius there, “plain living, and high thinking,” and it seemed to me a higher order of thought prevailed there than in any country place I ever saw. All the people are farmers, and I saw no vulgarity. I took tea at houses where no domestics were kept, and there was elegance and refinement, for there was simplicity and self-respect and gentle manners. The strange delusion of Millerism has spread much in this vicinity. I never had seen any of its victims before, and was struck with a certain poetic beauty of these people, who were “waiting for the bridegroom,” who were “tarrying in the anti-chamber,” having “sealed them consecrate from all work.” To be sure my common sense told me that there would be a reaction, bye-and-bye, which would be felt in their rural wealth, their health, and their soundness of mind, and to the great peril of all three.

But this is digression. My point is, go to Waterford. Brattleborough is beautiful, exceedingly; I know—But Waterford lakes surpass those of Brattleboro’ meadows; and Chesterfield mountain is but one, while the mountains in and about Waterford are legion. Finally, it is cheaper than

any one else: a consideration to poor students. Would I could go with you and lave myself in those satin waters, and lift up my eyes again to those beautiful skies, and upon those grand landscapes. I told you Waterford had its poets. I send you one piece that is in point with my subject.

REV. LINCOLN RIPLEY

By THOMAS H. GAGE

WORCESTER, MASS., Aug. 16, 1899.

My Dear Mr. Warren: I wish to thank you for your kind and interesting letter of the 8th inst., and to express my deep regret that I cannot be present at the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the formation of the church in Waterford. I should like to hear what will be said on the occasion, and should very much enjoy meeting the people who will be there.

I note your suggestion that I might send a letter to be read, and your hint that I might say something of Mr. Ripley, and I only wish that I might do both in a manner befitting the occasion and the subject. Mr. Ripley was certainly a remarkable man, and was as certainly a very important factor in the early religious and social life and development of the town. In a sense I remember him well. And yet my remembrances are, I fear, too imperfect and too much disconnected to give satisfaction or pleasure to an audience looking for correct and comprehensive information upon so interesting a subject. Nevertheless partly because of your intimation that something of the sort may be expected of me, and partly because it is a pleasure to recall the little I can of so important a personage

I am tempted to send you a few disjointed reminiscences.

And first I wish to correct what I think is an error with regard to his birthplace. It is said in the history of Waterford that he was a native of Barre, Mass., and I must confess that I had myself, until quite recently, supposed this to be the fact. I knew that his father lived in Barre, and that the historian of that town, the Rev. James Thompson, claimed the Rev. Lincoln Ripley as one of its college graduates, and so, without giving the subject much thought I had taken it for granted that he was born there. But now I believe this to have been a mistake, and for the following reasons.

The historians of both Barre and Concord, Mass., devote, properly, a very considerable space to a sketch of his more widely known and distinguished brother, Rev. Dr. Ezra Ripley, who was for much more than half a century the pastor of the church in Concord, and who died there in 1841 at the age of 90. Now Dr. Ezra Ripley was born in Pomfret, Conn., in 1751, and is said by all his biographers to have removed with his parents to Barre, Mass., in 1767, when he was 16 years old. This therefore fixes the time of the arrival of the family in Barre, and, as we know that our Mr. Ripley must have been born about the year 1761, for he was almost 97 when he died, in 1858, we are, I think, justified in concluding that his birthplace was Pomfret and not Barre.

Of his father, so far as I am aware, very little is known, but of his mother we learn from a footnote to Rev. Dr. Thompson's historical discourse

at the centennial celebration of the incorporation of the town of Barre, that there is in the south burial place of the town a tombstone which bears the following inscription: "In memory of Mrs. Lydia Burnett, who was first consort of Mr. Noah Ripley, by whom she had 8 sons and 11 daughters, of whom 17 lived to have families. Her descendants at her death were 97 grandchildren, and 106 great-grandchildren. She died June 17, 1816, aged 91 years. 'Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest.'" In this connection it may be proper to remark that Mr. Ripley has been often quoted as saying that he had never in his life seen his brothers and sisters all together.

Mr. Ripley began his studies late. He was 36 when he graduated at Dartmouth and 39 when he was ordained to the ministry, and installed over the church he had been instrumental in gathering in Waterford. That he should have been so much belated seems at this distance of time quite unaccountable, especially in view of the fact that his brother Ezra had graduated at Harvard at the age of 25, and had been already, when Lincoln was installed, a settled pastor for almost twenty years. But whatever may have been the cause of the delay it was more than compensated for by the zeal and determination with which he at once entered upon the work of his long and useful life. He had been in Waterford on Missionary service in 1797 and 1798, but he came to stay in 1799, and when he came to stay Mrs. Ripley came with him.

Mrs. Ripley was the eldest daughter of the Rev. William and Phebe Bliss Emerson. Her father

was the minister of the church in Concord at the outbreak of the Revolution. He was a staunch patriot and preached resistance to tyrants from his pulpit. He saw from his own doorstep on the morning of the 19th of April, 1775, the bloody fight at the old North Bridge, and was with difficulty held back by friends from a participation in the struggle. Later, when the war was fully on, he relinquished his pulpit, entered the army, marched with the troops as chaplain to Fort Ticonderoga, fell ill, was honorably discharged, started for his home and died before he reached it. His daughter, who became Mrs. Ripley was a lady of rare accomplishments and remarkable sweetness of character. Her coming was an event of no small significance in its bearing upon the social, moral and religious life of the then small and struggling church and community.

Mr. Ripley was in stature below the medium height, but he was vigorous and strong, and of great physical endurance. He cultivated his land with his own hands, and he cultivated it well. He was a good farmer. His crops were abundant. His dairy was the finest in town, and his sheep were of the best. His fruit and his garden were second to none. I doubt not there are apple trees in town that still bear the fruit of scions grafted by his hand.

In countenance and in manner he was always grave and serious. But he was not austere. There was no sourness, nor even sternness in his nature. His heart was tender, and his habit benevolent. His house and his hand were open to the poor. His heart was full of sympathy with the afflicted and

the sorrowing. He loved his fellowmen, and sought not alone their spiritual but their temporal welfare.

He never indulged himself in levity, and never even in light or trifling speech. I more than half believe he never knowingly spoke an idle word. There lingers in my mind no remembrance of even a playful mood with children.

He was a rigid observer of the Sabbath. He would neither do himself any work on the Sabbath that could have been done on the previous day, or that could be postponed to the next, nor allow any member of his household to do it. No cooking, and no care of domestic animals, except such as was necessary to prevent suffering, was permitted. He shaved on Saturday afternoon, so that it might be unnecessary on Sunday. The day was given up entirely to religious exercises and worship. Neither business nor other worldly subjects were spoken of. I do not believe any one ever mentioned such matters in his presence, or that any one who knew him would have the thought of doing it.

Mr. Ripley was entirely loyal to his successor, the Rev. Mr. Douglass. Their relations were cordial and intimate. He was the latter's most faithful and efficient coadjutor. It was a very common custom with him to rise in his place in church at some appropriate stage in the Sabbath exercises, and address some earnest words to the audience, either of the nature of exhortation, or by way of emphasizing some thought in Mr. Douglass' sermon which had particularly impressed him. A communion service rarely passed without some such impromptu action on his part. He was

always impressive, and was always listened to by the entire audience with respect.

He was conservative. He disliked innovation, religious or political, and he hated contention. In the matter of slavery he was for colonization rather than abolition, as being in his judgment the more just, the safer and the more peaceful way. His political predilections in the early part of the century were with the Federalists, and he thought the war of 1812 iniquitous. I imagine he looked with no dissatisfaction or marked displeasure upon the doings of the Hartford Convention.

As a minister, Mr. Ripley's distinguishing characteristic was a zeal that knew no abatement, and that never wearied, for the spiritual welfare of his people. The conversion of all who were not yet within the fold of the church was the object of his persistent pursuit, and that not alone by the influence of preaching and example, but by that of personal effort and solicitation. Indeed a favorite method with him was that of direct personal appeal to individuals. He labored assiduously in private with those whom he desired to bring to Christ. And he chose especially, as the objects of his appeals and intercedings, men of prominence, particularly professional, whose conversion and example might, he thought, have weight and influence in the community. I have heard of many instances of this direct dealing, upon religious subjects, with prominent and even distinguished persons. A professional gentleman who lived many years in Harrison, and who is now dead, once gave me a very graphic account of Mr. Ripley's personal labors

with him. Interviews had been frequent and prolonged, and very earnest, and, to an extent, encouraging to Mr. Ripley, and yet not decisive. At last the good man resolved upon one more and a final effort, with a determination not to abandon the field until his purpose was accomplished. He visited the gentleman at his house, spent the afternoon, the evening, and the night—a sleepless night for both—a night of prayer and close personal dealing. The gentleman was in distress, walking the house in an agony of mind, Father Ripley meanwhile guiding, leading, praying and sympathizing, until when it was almost morning (as it was described to me), a sudden relief came to the troubled spirit, and a joyous comfort from believing in Christ. This gentleman always felt that he owed his spiritual birth to Mr. Ripley, and retained to the end of his life an affectionate, almost filial, and always grateful remembrance of him. His subsequent character and Christian career were certainly all that Mr. Ripley could have desired.

I should like to speak of Mr. Ripley's love of missions, and of the pinching economies he would practice to save money for the cause, and I should be glad to say something of his interest in education; but this letter is already too long, and I must content myself with a bare allusion which may perhaps serve to illustrate both these prominent features of his character. There is in the early history of the church in Waterford, and, indeed, in the early history of the town, a remarkable and an honorable record of the great contribution made by our fathers to the Christian ministry, and inci-

dentially to missions. Seven of their sons,¹ who had been in the early years of the present century borne in the arms of their mothers to the old church on the hill for baptism, were given opportunities for a liberal education and became, all of them, ministers of the gospel. All rose to eminence in their profession, and six of them became so distinguished as scholars as to receive honorary degrees of Doctor of Divinity. One, at least, received the additional distinction of Doctor of Laws. All gained a more or less world-wide fame, and all were blessed with long and useful lives, and abundant honors. Now I do not believe that all this came about by chance. I believe there was a human influence, working with intelligence and system, and far reaching purpose for the accomplishing of great results, and that this influence reached the minds and shaped the plans of the noble fathers and mothers who had just associated themselves together in a Christian church. And I believe that this human influence, which under God brought about such great things, was exerted by the young and zealous pastor of the new church. It requires no stretch of my imagination to see in it all the work of the hand, and heart, and brain of Lincoln Ripley.

I am, my dear Mr. Warren, very truly yours,

THOMAS H. GAGE.

¹ See page 76.

WILLIAM WARREN GREENE.¹

FROM AN ADDRESS BY THOMAS H. GAGE, PRESIDENT
OF THE MASSACHUSETTS MEDICAL SOCIETY, TO
THE MEMBERS OF THE BERKSHIRE MED-
ICAL SOCIETY, PITTSFIELD, 1886.

Twenty-three years ago I attended here the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Medical Society. It was a delightful occasion, enjoyable in every way. The weather was the finest in June, and your far-famed scenery was seen at its very best. The hospitalities of the people were unbounded and every one, guest and host alike, was happy. I met here then a young man, a personal friend of mine from boyhood. I had not met him before in many years, and strange as it may seem, I never met him afterward. He and I were natives of the same small town, among the rugged hills of

¹ William Warren Greene was born in North Waterford, March 1, 1831. He received his education at Bethel Academy, Berkshire Medical College, Pittsfield, Mass., and the University of Michigan where he received the degree of M. D., 1855. He taught the first high school in Waterford; practiced medicine in North Waterford for two and one-half years, then removed to Gray, Me., and later to Pittsfield, Mass. In 1868 he removed to Portland. He served a few months as volunteer surgeon; was Professor of Surgery in the University of Michigan, Berkshire Medical College, Long Island College Hospital and in the Medical School of Maine. He died at sea Sept. 10, 1881, on his return from the First International Medical Congress at London.

Maine. I had known well his father and his mother and his medical preceptor, and all his antecedents. He was then a resident of this beautiful town, a teacher in its medical school and a member of the committee of arrangements for that great anniversary meeting. He was rapidly rising to the high position he so long afterward occupied as a magnetic teacher, and as a bold, skillful and accomplished surgeon. You know the story of his brilliant life; how he passed from post to post of honor, and responsibility and usefulness as lecturer upon the art he loved; how winning and attractive he was, and how the friendship of the old and of the young clung to him everywhere. You know how widely spread his fame became, attracting to him important and difficult cases from far and near; and how the unprecedented boldness and brilliancy of his operations drew to him the attention and the acquaintance of the profession in foreign lands. You know all the details of that last journey across the ocean and his memorable participation in the work of the great international medical congress; and you know the rest, the return voyage, the fatal illness and the burial in the sea. But I have thought that perhaps you might not know, although the story has been often partly told, all the circumstances of his early life and how the "elements" came to be

"So mixed in him, that nature might stand up
And say to all the world: This was a man."

and that possibly I might be able to supply something that would interest you and help to make the

narrative more complete. There is a natural and praise-worthy desire to learn the antecedents of one in whom we have been deeply interested, or who has distinguished himself, and there is especially a wish to know something of the influences that contributed to the formation of his character. With regard to eminent persons such information is always sought and the smallest items of information are often the most welcome contributions. What a fascination attracts to the story of the life of Dr. Nathan Smith—his obscure birth, the privations, the dangers, the courage of his early youth, the dawn of his purpose to become a physician and the unconquerable perseverance and will by which he at last achieved the object of his ambition. And so with regard to the person to whom I have alluded. His remarkable success in his profession—the result not only of learning and industrious application but of an intuitive and inborn adaptation to the requirements, and his uncommon power to win the confidence and the love of men, make everything that discloses the sources of his gifts of interest to those who knew and appreciated him.

Dr. William Warren Greene was born in the year 1831, in the town of Waterford and state of Maine, and some idea of the seclusion and the remoteness of the spot where he spent his childhood may be gathered from the facts that the whole population in the town in 1830 was but 1,123, and that his father's house was in one of its most remote and sparsely settled portions. The place of his birth must have been distant at least five miles from any village or church and hardly less than

a mile from the nearest district school house. But it was in the midst of natural scenery as grand and as inspiring as any that New England can boast, even in her most favored localities. He came of some of the very best and staunchest of ancestral stock; the races that mingled in him in both lines of descent had been distinguished through many generations for enterprise and courage, for physical vigor, for intellectual force and for positive conviction and strong religious views.

On the paternal side, his great-grandfather, Lieut. Thomas Greene, was a pioneer settler of the town, moving from Rowley in this state with his whole family of eight children, at a time when the region was a wilderness with no openings or roads and no paths to guide the traveller but the Indian trails. He made his home within a mile of the spot where the subject of this notice was born, and in or near the very place his descendants of the same name still live. He brought with him a sterling reputation. He had been an officer in the French and Indian war of 1755, and in the army of the Revolution. History relates of him that he was famous for his courage and enthusiasm in battle; and tradition has it that he once led his regiment to victory after its commander had fled. He lived to a great age, and, in his new home, was a prominent and useful citizen. Of his paternal grandfather I know nothing but that he died by an accident; but of his father I can speak from personal recollection.

Capt. Jacob H. Greene was a farmer, and something of a mechanic. His means were very limited.

The rugged soil he tilled gave little more than a bare subsistence for his large family—no surplus. He was a man of pleasing address and dignified appearance; not educated, but a reader, and well informed and thoughtful. Upon some of the great subjects that even in those early days were deeply agitating the religious public of New England, he was thoroughly posted, and held very decided and radical views. Of these one was that of slavery, and he was a strong abolitionist long before it became common or fashionable.

He was a decidedly and a consistently religious man, punctiliously attending public worship on the Sabbath, with his whole family, undeterred and undaunted by the heat of summer or the cold of winter, and unprevented by the distance to be travelled, or the badness of the roads. I remember well Capt. Greene's full pew at church, and the young Dr. Greene, that was to be, as a boy.

On the maternal side Dr. Greene's great-grandfather was Gen. Joseph Frye, who was the original grantee and the pioneer settler of the beautiful town of Fryeburg on the Saco River. It was from him that the town received its name. Gen. Frye belonged to a family, many of whom were distinguished. He was born in Andover, Mass., in 1711, was justice of the peace, representative in the general court, and otherwise useful in the affairs of his native town. He served in the French and Indian war and was at the siege of Louisburg. He was the colonel of a Massachusetts regiment at the unfortunate capture of Fort William Henry, on Lake George, by Montcalm, in 1757, and with the rest

of the brave garrison who surrendered there was subjected to the unspeakable indignities and cruelties of the French commander's allies. The historian of Andover relates some striking anecdotes of the dangers he encountered and of the prowess he displayed upon that memorable occasion. He was a major-general in the Revolutionary war, and served for a time with the troops at Cambridge under General Washington. He died in Fryeburg at an advanced age.

Dr. Greene's mother, the grand-daughter of this Gen. Frye, was born in Fryeburg, in the house her great ancestor built. I remember her as a very affable, vivacious and pleasing person, winning and graceful in her manner and intelligent, loving children and loved by them, and particularly devoted to the welfare and advancement of her own.

It was under such circumstances as these, as to time and place, and with such physical and moral forces uniting in him, that Greene was born. Of his early education and of the development of his character I have little occasion to speak, for the story has been often told, and his friends know it by heart. The struggle with poverty, the meagre opportunities, the necessity for becoming a teacher while yet a boy, the heroic spirit, and the buoyant courage that never failed—all these are known.

I should like, however, if I could, to go on and speak of the invaluable assistance rendered in his preparation for the study of his profession by his kinsman on the father's side, the Rev. Dr. William Warren, whose fame as a preacher, teacher and writer lingers yet in all the New England churches,

and who early recognized the genius of the boy, becoming at once and thenceforward his tutor, adviser, patron and friend. I should like to do this because I have no doubt that this influence was a determining and a controlling one in the young man's life, and that it served to supply to a great extent at least, the place of those greater opportunities in the schools, from which, by lack of means, he was debarred. For Dr. Warren certainly could, and doubtless did, furnish to him many of the advantages of a liberal education. I should like to continue also and say something of his medical preceptor,¹ with whom I was well acquainted, and who was my friend as long as he lived; something of his real merits, for he had them, and something of his faults, for he had them also. I should like to give you an idea of the unpropitious circumstances under which that medical life began which was destined to make so prominent a feature in the surgical history of New England.

But I forbear. I have already detained you longer than I intended and I only hope I have not wearied you. I could not visit this scene of my distinguished townsman's early and brilliant professional career without availing myself of the opportunity to pay the tribute of an affectionate regard to his memory, and I could not speak of him without saying something of those worthy and excellent people whose lives and whose characters are in my mind so inseparably interwoven with his.

¹Dr. S. C. Hunkins.

A TRIBUTE TO MARY MOODY EMERSON¹

By ELIZABETH P. PEABODY.

THE LATE MISS MARY MOODY EMERSON. A late paper has the announcement that Miss Mary Moody Emerson died at the age of 88 in Williamsburg, New York, May 1st, 1863, after a long winter entering upon an eternal spring.

Miss Emerson was certainly a wonderfully intellectual woman. From her youth she had been a profound student of such writers as Dr. Price and Dr. Samuel Clark, who shaped her metaphysical and theological creed; and she valued immensely the dogmas of the spiritual philosophy, and of the Arian sect. Yet it seemed to us that she valued any dogmas for others, rather than for herself, conscious as she was of that power of thinking, which, as she once said of adequate conversation, "makes the soul."

¹ Mary Moody Emerson, the wonderful aunt and correspondent of Ralph Waldo Emerson, was a sister of Mrs. Lincoln Ripley and of Mrs. Robert Haskins, both of Waterford. With the latter she owned "Elm Vale" just east of Mutiny brook at South Waterford and lived there many years. Ralph Waldo Emerson has written an account of her in his Biographical Sketches. Some of her correspondence with him appears in his "Journals." Her own diaries and journals are in existence but have never been published. She was brilliant and bold intellectually and most eccentric in speech, dress and conduct.

She had a great heart, although she was not tender, like most women; for it was her theory that what was noble and prevailing in human nature was to be brought out by provocation rather than by nursing. The womanly qualities of wife and mother were never developed in her. But she had great love. The anti-slavery sentiment was the counterpart of her religious devotion, a flaming fire; and the champions of the slave awoke in her an enthusiasm akin to worship. She looked upon genius also as God's best gift to humanity; and whenever she discovered it she worshipped it as the inspiration of God. Sometimes, in her all devouring desire to find this indwelling divinity, she was deceived by false appearances, and she was not easily undeceived by the testimony of another.

But if she had an opportunity for personal examination, no sham could stand before her. She seemed hard—was hard—upon those who disappointed her in this regard, and was not very tolerant of the concentrated mediocrity of people in general. Even when she found genius, she sometimes put it to hard trials; she liked to test it, and where there was a tender and delicate temperament, she would miss of what she was seeking sometimes, because she shocked it to death.

But there was something inspiring in her high tone. She could flatter genius least of all. The only treatment she thought worthy of it was the defiance which brings out its lightnings.

She was not without sentiment—the union of thought with feeling; but was so far removed from

what we call sentimental, that she impressed some persons as having no affection.

This was a great mistake; her affections were deep, but she wished to be convinced of the integrity of her friends, and their disinterested devotion to truth. She hated to be flattered and coaxed herself, and was always on the *qui vive* lest she should be cajoled from her uncompromising independence. She was jealous—not only of the affected and conventional—but of the common, which Schiller, in *Wallenstein*, speaks of as the most potent enemy to life. The natural language of her spirit was that of Matthew Arnold, in that fine sonnet, where the world is boasting of its triumphs over

—so many rages lulled,
So many fiery spirits cooled down,
So many valors long undulled,
That yielded at last to “her frown”—

and he replies:

“Hast thou so keen a poison? Let me be
Keener to slay thee, lest thou poison me!”

She commanded the homage of her illustrious nephews, to whose early nurture and education she gave not merely the mental but the physical energies of the meridian of her life—no small sacrifice in a person of her peculiar turn of mind, for she thought nothing vitally important but what was manifestly “making the soul.”

One of them has said of her, that to their youth, “her residence in the family was an element as great as Greece or Rome.” Any woman of whom

such a thing could be said by such a person might feel it was worth while to have lived amid all the disturbing influences of this "workday world," however much she might personally enjoy—contemplation.

"That day without night." We trust that in specific form we may be allowed to drink some of those draughts which they have found, as they have confessed, "so poetic and so potent," and which may still be drawn from her letters and journals.

But many a less nearly related person, who has met Miss Emerson, and been roused by one of her stirring questions as to "the secret of (their) devotion," will be thrilled at the mention of her death, with the feeling that a strong angel has joined the heavenly choir, not without having challenged them in her passage, with the watch-words of immortality.

E. P. P.

ADDRESS OF THOMAS H. GAGE

ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE INCORPORATION OF THE TOWN.

Mr. President, and People of Waterford:

I am glad to be here upon this very interesting occasion. I am glad to have a small share in celebrating with you the hundredth anniversary of Waterford's advent into the family of Massachusetts towns. The day and the event are worthy of commemoration. And, to pause for a moment at this point in the town's progress for a look backward over the ways by which we and our fathers have been led, and forward, with such vision as we may, to what lies before, is a form of commemoration agreeable to our feelings, and appropriate to the occasion. But if for me, in the few minutes I shall occupy, the retrospective view shall seem to engage almost wholly my attention, something must be pardoned to long absence and very little knowledge of present conditions or future needs.

I am very fond of Waterford. I am proud of my birth-place, of its great and surpassingly lovely natural attractions, of its history, of the character of its early settlers, and of their descendants; proud of the distinctions that have come to those descendants at home and abroad, and of the honors they have reflected upon their native town. But

I am particularly proud of that remarkable generation of men and women who were active upon the stage of affairs in the days of my boyhood, sixty years ago. Better or worthier people than they, it has never been my privilege to know, and I am glad of an opportunity to pay the small tribute of my respect and affection to their memory. Intelligent and intellectually vigorous, hospitable, neighborly, kind to the poor, and to those in distress, and withal God-fearing, and God-loving, they constituted a community of the very best New England type. Much given to reading and reflection, and scrupulously conscientious with regard to their obligations to each other, and to the world, they grasped the great moral, religious, and political questions of the time in which they lived with a force, and discussed them with a clearness of insight, nowhere surpassed. Their treatment of the subjects of temperance and anti-slavery were especially marked by the courage of decided conviction and almost the zeal of the martyrs. I love to recall the righteous indignation of the sturdy abolitionist. I suppose no other moral question ever so thoroughly stirred the hearts and the consciences of New England men and women as that of slavery.

Waterford was settled mainly by men and women from the old Massachusetts counties of Worcester, Middlesex, and Essex; and these people were of the purest English extraction, direct descendants from original Puritan stock, and thoroughly imbued with the religious and political ideas of the Puritans. With them, therefore, paramount objects were to make provision for the education of their children,

and to establish and maintain the stated worship of God. Nor did they deem their duty done when they had provided for themselves and their offspring. Their religious aims extended to and embraced a larger sphere. And they began very early to make provision for a Christian ministry in other communities, and even in far off heathen lands. To this end they gave of the best they had, their sons and their daughters, cheerfully sacrificing upon the altar of religion their means, their comfort, and their happiness.

It was to this self-sacrificing devotion to religion, and to liberal education, that Waterford owed its pre-eminent influence among smaller New England towns in the Christian world of sixty to eighty years ago. It was this that gave to the Christian ministry, and the world, such eminent scholars and divines as Stone, Hamlin, Warren, Haskins, Jewett, Haskell, Knight, and others, whose reputation and achievements have reflected so imperishable a lustre upon their ancestry and the place of their birth. What other small and comparatively obscure New England town, remote from educational centres, whose hardy inhabitants extracted but a scanty living from a stubborn soil, ever made such a contribution to the service of God and humanity in a single generation as this? Thomas Treadwell Stone, son of an original incorporator, life-long student, philosopher, profound thinker, distinguished author, and eminent Unitarian divine, of whose scholarship, high attainments, and Christian graces Senator Hoar of Massachusetts has recently spoken to me in most enthusiastic terms;

Cyrus Hamlin, son of one of the earliest proprietors, missionary, educator, statesman, diplomatist, and eminent man of affairs, an acknowledged authority in both hemispheres upon the vexed "Eastern Question" of the relations of Turkey to Russia, Armenia, Greece, and, indeed, to all of Europe; William Warren, son of a pioneer settler, of commanding presence, an intellectual giant, a leader of men, and a tower of strength in Congregational New England; Samuel Moody Haskins, son of one of the earliest comers, and grandson of Rev. William Emerson of revolutionary fame, devoted rector, who still at a great age, with scarcely abated strength, remains the beloved and venerated pastor of the prominent church where his ministry began; Lyman Jewett, son of one of the early settlers, missionary to India, learned in the ancient languages, and translator of the Scriptures into the Telugu tongue; Haskell, Knight, and others, loved and honored in the churches, and long since passed to their reward.¹ I think this a remarkable record for any town. But when I consider that these eminent clergymen were all the sons of pioneer settlers of a small, remote, poor Massachusetts town, with none of the ordinary facilities for education, and that six out of the seven named became so distinguished as scholars as to receive the honorary degree of D. D., and one of them, at least, that of LL. D., it seems to me more than remarkable; it seems wonderful. I do not believe, all things considered, the record can be surpassed, if equalled, anywhere.

¹ See note at end of address.

But the contributions of Waterford to the so-called learned professions have not been to the clerical alone. It has been liberal to the legal as well. It claims as its sons, Henry Carter, distinguished lawyer, and incorruptible judge, long a resident of Massachusetts, some of whose judicial decisions, sustained, as they have been by the highest tribunals, have been famous; Elbridge Gerry, eminent member of the Portland bar, who, while still a resident of his native town, represented his district in the Congress of the United States; A. S. Kimball, our distinguished and accomplished president to-day, whose graceful service upon a similar occasion twenty-two years ago is still fresh in our memory; and others of whom, unfortunately, I have little knowledge.

And then, too, in the medical profession Waterford claims the distinction of having been the birthplace of that remarkable genius Dr. William Warren Greene, brilliant surgeon, fascinating teacher and lecturer, of magnetic presence and winsome ways, who, as professor of surgery in four medical schools, has left an enduring impression upon the medical times in which he lived. The attachment of students, and of his medical associates, to Dr. Greene was very remarkable. A few years ago it became my official duty, as president of the Massachusetts Medical Society, to visit district medical organizations in various parts of the Commonwealth, and among them the Berkshire Society which met in Pittsfield; and as I was casting about for a subject that might possibly interest my audience it occurred to me that Pittsfield was the scene

of Greene's earliest fame, that there he began his career as teacher of Surgery, and as a bold and brilliant operator, and that there he made his first and warmest professional attachments; and so I determined to speak of him, to claim him as my townsman, to give some idea of his remote and secluded birthplace, of his excellent parentage, of his meagre opportunities for early education, and of the steps by which his disadvantages were finally overcome. The subject pleased my hearers and gained their close attention. The gentlemen I addressed were glad to hear of Greene, and to know more than they had known before of his antecedents, and the praise for him that followed my remarks made me prouder than ever of the distinction he had reflected upon his and my native town.

I wish I could go on to speak at some length of other exceedingly meritorious sons of Waterford, whose career in the profession of medicine has been an honor to themselves and to the place of their birth; of Douglass,¹ worthy son of the great pastor; of Carlton,² son of Dea. Carlton of blessed memory; of Houghton,³ long a practitioner here, and afterward in Portland; and of the Horrs;⁴ all of whom have distinguished themselves in the communities in which they have lived. But time forbids, and forbids me too the privilege of mention-

¹ Dr. John A. Douglass of Amesbury, Mass.

² Dr. Charles M. Carlton of Norwich, Conn.

³ Dr. Lewis W. Houghton.

⁴ Dr. William H. Horr and Dr. Orrin A. Horr, sons of William Horr. Dr. Jacob L. Horr, son of Stephen Horr.

ing, as I would like, some of the more prominent, determining influences which have led so many of the sons of this secluded but beautiful town to choose, in the past, the learned profession. I should like to speak, if I had time, of what I conceive to have been the direct and indirect influence in this direction of the Rev. Mr. Ripley and Mrs. Ripley, and of the Rev. Mr. Douglass and his excellent wife. I have some doubt whether the people of the present generation fully appreciate the debt of gratitude Waterford owes to these remarkable persons. What they did to promote the interests of the town, and to inspire in its sons and daughters a love of virtue and of learning, can hardly be overstated. Of this I should like to say more but cannot. I must proceed to other topics.

I am expected to indulge somewhat in reminiscence, a task to which I am not at all disinclined. And yet when I reflect that whatever of reminiscence I have to offer will only be the imperfect recollections of childhood and very early youth, I am oppressed with a fear that my efforts in that direction will hardly equal your reasonable expectations. At all events before I proceed I think I ought to "qualify," using the word in its legal sense. You know when a lawyer puts a witness on the stand the court compels him to show by some preliminary questions that his witness is competent, and this they call "qualifying." So I must make it appear to you that I am, or why I think I am, competent to the task I now undertake.

Well it comes about in this way. My father was a physician in Waterford sixty years ago. He

settled here in 1815, at the age of twenty-four, and rode over the hills and valleys of this and neighboring towns, in winter and summer, storms and sunshine, by night and by day, until he died in 1842, at the age of fifty, literally worn out. He was a man of strong character, and of clear and decided opinions upon all subjects. Nor was he at all averse to maintaining and defending his opinion. In town, church, and parish affairs, he was especially interested, prominent and influential. He had a hand in almost every public event. Now until I was eight years old I was his only son, and, until I was eleven or twelve, I was his very frequent if not constant companion on his long and weary rides. This gave me an opportunity to become, for a child, very familiar with people, houses, and localities in all parts of the town, and to some extent with the various subjects which were then agitating the community. I heard these latter constantly discussed.

It is to these circumstances, and to these alone, I owe whatever right I have to speak of things so long ago.

II

I took my first ride behind a steam locomotive, in Waterford, sixty-three years ago, and I rode on a platform car. The circumstances were these: Mr. Cyrus Hamlin, then a student in Bowdoin College, who, to high qualities as a scholar, added rare mechanical genius, cultivated by a previous apprenticeship to the trade of silversmith, had been requested by the faculty of the college to

make a steam locomotive to be used in illustrating before the classes the application of steam as a propelling power. To this request had been added the inducement—to him a very important consideration—of pecuniary compensation. The task, thus imposed, he had finished. The machine he had made had been successfully used for its intended purpose. It had, indeed, excited widespread interest, and had received high commendation, and its success gave Mr. Hamlin a natural desire to bring it to Waterford, to show to his mother and friends. This he did, if my memory serves me, in the spring of 1834, exhibiting it in the dining room of his mother's house. Friends were invited, and among them my father, who, when he went, took me along, then scarcely eight years old. I distinctly remember how the room looked, full of steam with dripping walls and ceiling, and how at the proper time my father took his stand on the little platform raised on trucks, with me between his knees, and how the queer looking engine trundled us about the room. So let it be by all means remembered, if the great "iron horse" ever reaches Waterford, that one of the first exhibitions of steam locomotion in Maine was successfully made in this town sixty three years ago under the auspices of the Rev. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin.

A proposition some sixty years ago to build a new Methodist meeting house in this town gave rise to a serious contention in that excellent denomination. Before that the Methodists had worshipped in a secluded spot on the Sweden road, just west of Mutiny corner. Their meeting house was

a low wooden structure, with a rather flat roof, its exterior unclapboarded, blackened and weather-beaten; its interior cheerless and bare, with hard plank benches, no adornment of any kind, and no conveniences for a choir. In this uncomfortable house the hardy, devout worshippers had gathered from far and near for many long years. But there grew up a party that wanted something better, a building more centrally located, in the village, with modern conveniences, and attractions. They contended that if the ordinances of religion were to reach the masses, the house of worship should be conveniently located, that it should be made within and without attractive to the eye, that it should be comfortable for the attendants, and that it should provide, to gratify the ear of the worshippers, suitable accommodations for vocal and instrumental music. To all of which it was objected by those who did not think a change necessary, that to the devout and humble worshipper religious service should be its own attraction, that all the so-called comforts and conveniences were of the world, worldly, and only served to distract attention from things of more importance, and that to make provision for such musical entertainment as was suggested would be:

"To heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the muses' flame."

Along these lines the battle waged with varying fortune until at last the friends of innovation triumphed. A new house, built on a conspicuous and convenient site in the villiage, was made archi-

tecturally attractive without, and neat and commodious within, and the divisions caused by the contest were apparently closed. But the victorious party was not yet allowed to enjoy unchallenged the fruit of its triumph. When all was done the opposition sent one parting shot. A stern uncompromising objector put this advertisement in a local paper:—"Lost somewhere in the town of Waterford the Methodist Platform. Whosoever will return the same shall be rewarded with a crown of glory that fadeth not away." But the shot fell harmless. The article lost does not seem to have been recovered. No one appears to have claimed the reward;—perhaps because of a doubt whether the advertising party would be able to deliver it. But be this as it may, the renovated and rehabilitated church has remained ever since a power for good, and a blessing in the community.

III

I wonder how many persons within the sound of my voice remember Professor John Abbot, a quaint and interesting old gentleman who was an occasional resident here sixty years ago.

Professor Abbot was an educated man, a graduate of Harvard College, and had been a tutor there. He was a well dressed, dignified appearing old gentleman, a little wrong in his head at times, apt to be irritable, and always a terror to boys. Yet he rendered the town a service for which it owed him many years a debt of gratitude. He built, or caused to be built, an "observatory" at the

top of Mt. Tire'm. I suppose all remember three great boulders that stand in a cluster at the very highest point of the mountain. Well Professor Abbot built a platform over those rocks, of thick heavy plank, supported upon large, stout timbers, guarded by a strong railing, supplied with seats, and approached by a long flight of steps; and this platform which outlived the storms and winds of many winters, always went under the name of Professor Abbot's "observatory." The mountain then was entirely bald and bare at the summit. For an area of a hundred acres or more there was no sign of vegetation except a few stunted blueberry bushes, so that there was nothing to obstruct the vision, and, from the "observatory" to East, West, North and South was had one of the grandest and most extensive views imaginable. The place was a great resort during the summer months for young and old. Young people especially visited it from far and near; and almost every one seemed moved to carve his or her name upon the wood, so that the platform came in time to be literally covered with these rude inscriptions.

But the observatory is gone, and the beautiful view is now cut off by a heavy growth of trees. The boulders alone remain. It would be a very shrewd and sensible move on the part of Waterford people to rebuild the old Abbot "observatory," or to erect one more durable over these boulders, and to cut away the trees from the summit, so as to restore the unsurpassed view we had from there sixty years ago. To have such an attraction within

fifteen minutes walk of the village would be a very drawing card for summer visitors.¹

IV

Any picture of Waterford, as it was sixty years ago, with Miss Mary Moody Emerson left out would be imperfect. Not that she was particularly prominent in the town's activities, but because of her interesting personality, and her connection with a famous family.

The Rev. William Emerson of Concord, Mass., was an ardent patriot of the revolutionary period. He preached resistance to tyranny from his pulpit, and was only prevented by the earnest solicitations of friends from active participation in the fight at the North Bridge, Concord, on the 19th of April, 1775. As it was he witnessed it from his own house, and became fired with enthusiasm of the hour, only, as it proved, to give his life an early sacrifice. He entered the service, went with the army to Ticonderoga as chaplain, was seized with a fever, and died before he could reach home. He

¹ John Abbot graduated at Harvard College 1784; was a tutor there 1787-1792; studied for the ministry; engaged in business in Portland; professor of ancient languages, Bowdoin College, for 14 years; then became a trustee and treasurer of the College; ill health compelled him to resign and he came to Waterford to live with his nephew Rev. John A. Douglass; he was afterwards in the McLean Asylum and died at Andover aged 84.

His peculiar habits and manners; his long service at Bowdoin as professor, librarian, trustee or treasurer, and his unquestioned virtues made him a marked figure in College life. He was interested in farming and horticulture.

left four children, one, a son, who became a very distinguished Unitarian minister in Boston, and three daughters, all of whom, Mrs. Robert Haskins, Mrs. Lincoln Ripley, and Miss Mary Moody, became at a very early date permanent residents of Waterford.

The last of these, Miss Emerson, was a person of the most exalted character, and of great intellectual power and capacity. She was wholly engaged in literary pursuits. Books were her constant companions, and correspondence her pastime. And yet it was not the common affairs of life with which she was concerned. Her thoughts and her studies were of the soul, its destiny, and its relations to the future, and to God. She seemed to be living in a higher and more ethereal sphere than the ordinary, and to be occupied wholly with the sublimities of the divine and eternal. And she had no sympathy, or even patience with slow plodding and self satisfied mediocrity in anybody.

As a conversationalist she was entertaining, witty, and brilliant, and yet her conversation was always upon great themes, never commonplace or gossipy. She was outspoken in speech, and plain even to bluntness, never hesitating for politeness' sake to expose and attack a weak or unguarded point in an adversary's argument. The wise and the wary stood in awe of her.

In person Miss Emerson was very slender and extremely delicate, with a small, thin, soft hand, and a fair, pale face into which, under the excitement of animated conversation or discussion, the color would come and make it handsome. In youth and

health I think she must have been beautiful. But as I remember her she was past middle life and had long been an invalid.

In matters of dress, her taste, if such it could be properly called, was severely simple. I think she almost literally obeyed the divine injunction to "take no thought what ye shall put on." She scorned fashion and show, and when she went abroad often appeared in habiliments so extremely unconventional as to excite the merriment of thoughtless and inconsiderate persons. And yet notwithstanding this idiosyncrasy, such was the perfect dignity of her bearing and the universal appreciation of her superior character, all admired and respected her.

She was fond of her distinguished nephews, the sons of her brother William, and they, in turn, were devoted to her. Ralph Waldo Emerson, often in his earlier life, visited her at her Waterford home, and all his biographers attribute great influence to her in the formation and development of his character.

Miss Emerson has been recently brought to my mind very vividly by an interesting circumstance. A friend placed in my hands a few months ago a little book, beautifully got up, entitled *Daily Strength for Daily Needs*, the design of which is to afford for every day in the year a special thought for that day's reflection. For each day there is a scriptural, poetical, and prose quotation. The two latter are designed to continue and emphasize the scriptural thought, and are carefully selected from the most celebrated authors of ancient and

modern times. The prose quotations, especially, represent a wide range of brilliant writers; and what was my surprise as I looked them over to find the name of Mary Moody Emerson. Not that it surprised me to find her in such exalted company, for I never had a doubt of her right to a place among literary and learned celebrities, but because I did not know of any publications of hers from which such apt quotations could be made. But the surprise was a delight. It was the agreeable sensation of meeting a dear and well remembered friend of my boyhood under unexpected and peculiarly pleasant circumstances, and at once called up very forcibly these imperfect reminiscences of Miss Emerson in her relation to Waterford.

v

A public improvement, first proposed about the time of which we are speaking, the discussions of which, in the progress of events, involved the whole town in a most exciting controversy, was that of the "valley road," known to-day as the North Waterford road from this village. Before that time all travel to the north part of the town had been over the hill by way of the old meeting house and the so-called "Plummer neighborhood," a route tedious to travel, by reason of the steep hills, in summer, and in winter inclement and sometimes impassable by reason of deep and drifting snow. It was to overcome these inconveniences, and obtain easier grades, with less exposure to the fierce winds of winter, that the promoters of the "Valley Road"

brought forward their project. That it should have been opposed by the thrifty farmers along the old hill route, who saw that they were to be side-tracked by the proposed change, was not at all to be wondered at, nor was it strange that opposition should come from those in remoter parts of the town who were not to be directly benefited by the scheme, and were consequently unwillingly to be burdened with the expense, nor yet that objection should come from that considerable class in every community who oppose any proposition that takes money from the public treasury. At all events agitation and excitement were intense for several years. Feeling ran high and the controversy was bitter. But the projectors of the new route triumphed. The road was built, and has now for sixty years, as a public convenience, approved the wisdom and foresight of its promoters. I very much doubt however whether even the proposition to build the new trolley road has caused as much excitement.

VI

But of all the public events in any way connected with the period of my life to which I am alluding none is more vividly impressed upon my memory than the abandonment of the old meeting house on the hill which was town property, and the building of a new church for the Congregational Society.

I shall not attempt to give a detailed account of the great struggle, which ended at last in the erection of the present neat and beautiful structure, in which we are now assembled. There was great

excitement, intense feeling, and a bitter controversy that lasted some years. The contest was over location, not at all with reference to the advisability of building. Many of the wealthier and more liberal supporters of the church and society lived in the northerly part of the town and stoutly resisted the selection of a site farther removed from their houses than that of the old meeting house,—especially a removal to this village. There were times when a disruption of the society seemed imminent. But calmer counsels finally prevailed. Active opposition to the selection of the present site ceased, and to outward appearance, at least, there came to be a general acquiescence in the arrangement as it now exists.

I remember well the rejoicings and the congratulations when the work was finished, and some of the great preparations for the dedication. I remember rehearsal upon rehearsal of the anthem that was to be the central musical feature in the program of exercises. And I remember the great performance. The day was a notable one and there was a large audience. It seems to me I can almost see now Mr. Sanders at the bass-viol, Capt. Chaplin at the great double-bass, and Enoch Perry with his flute, and that I can hear Miss Eliza Ann Hamlin's sharp ringing soprano, Luther Houghton's sonorous, musical tenor, and Robert L. Allen's deep, sweet, melodious bass, as the words rang out, "Lift up your heads, Oh! ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in. Who is this King of Glory? The Lord, strong and mighty." I seem to see a vast audience

standing with their faces turned to the choir, and the good pastor leaning at his desk in rapt attention. Only this of that great service I recall. Nothing more. Now how changed! The instruments are relegated to the things of the past. The performers are gone. The voices that I heard are still and silent in the grave. Even the choir loft itself is closed forever. The beloved pastor is at rest, and has gone to his long and rich reward. And of the audience that I saw few, very few, remain to recall with me the incidents of the day. But the church, the structure that our fathers built, remains; and, with each recurring Sabbath morn, at the summons of the sweet toned bell, the people gather as they did of old, to find it still, as then, the temple of the living God, the very gate of heaven.

NOTE.

THOMAS TREADWELL STONE, son of Solomon and Hepzibah (Treadwell) Stone, was born at Waterford Feb. 9th, 1801; graduated at Bowdoin College, 1820, where his room mate was Jacob Abbot, the author of the Rollo Books; settled over the church in Andover, Maine, 1824-30; Preceptor of Bridgton Academy, 1830-32; Congregational Church, East Machias, Me., 1832-46; First Parish, Salem, Mass., 1846-52; Bolton, Mass, 1852-60; died at Bolton Nov. 13th, 1895. He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Bowdoin, 1868; was an early abolitionist and lectured for the Anti-Slavery Society of Massachusetts; published "Sermons," 1854; "Sermons on War," 1829; "Oxford County Sketches," 1830; delivered a course of lectures on English Literature before the Lowell Institute; was a member of the Transcendental Club with Emerson, James Freeman Clark, George Ripley, Margaret Fuller, Theodore Parker and F. H. Hedge.

ISAAC KNIGHT was born in Waterford, Dec. 29th, 1802; graduated at Bowdoin College, 1829; settled at Hill, N. H., 1831-37; Franklin, N. H., 1837-48; Fisherville, N. H., 1848-50. Died July 25, 1850.

WILLIAM WARREN was born at Waterford Oct. 20th, 1806; entered Bowdoin College with the class of 1837 after a course at Phillips Exeter; Andover Theological Seminary, 1838; settled at Windham, Me., 1839-49; at Upton, Mass., 1849-56; District Secretary for Northern New England of American Board of Foreign Missions; A. M., Bowdoin College, 1858; D. D., Bowdoin College, 1870. Died Jan., 1879.

Published "Household Consecration." "The Spirit's Sword." "Twelve Years among the Children." "These for Those."

CYRUS HAMLIN was born at Waterford, Jan. 5th, 1811; apprenticed to a silversmith, Portland, 1827; studied at Bridgton Academy and graduated from Bowdoin College, 1834; completed his theological studies at Bangor Seminary, 1837; preached in Portland and Worcester; began Missionary work in Constantinople, 1839; President of Robert College, 1860; professor in Bangor Seminary, 1877-80; President of Middlebury College, 1880-85; D. D., Bowdoin College, 1854; S. T. D., Harvard University, 1861; LL. D., New York University, 1870; died at Portland Aug. 8th, 1900.

LYMAN JEWETT, the youngest of nine sons of Nathan and Hannah (Emerson) Jewett, was born at Waterford, March 9th, 1813; removed to Buckfield when he was 8 years old; came to Boston, 1832, and became a member of what is now Clarendon street church; studied at Worcester Academy; A. B., Brown University, 1843; Newton Theological School, 1846; preached in Webster, Mass., 1846-1848; ordained at Boston, 1848, and went to the Telugu Mission, India; in India until 1886; was a member of the Bible Translation Committee in Madras; translated the New Testament into Telugu and was the author of a commentary on Matthew's Gospel in Telugu; D. D., Brown University, 1872; died at Fitchburg, Jan. 17th, 1897.

SAMUEL MOODY HASKINS born at Waterford May 25th, 1813; graduated from Union College, 1836; graduated at

General Theological Seminary, 1839, and became Rector of St. Mark's, Brooklyn, where he remained 61 years, dying March 7th, 1900; received the degree D. D. from Union College, 1862.

"Dr. Haskins was over six feet in height, of noble commanding presence and grave dignified demeanor. Mentally he was always the same, calm, reliable and cheerful. No one ever saw him angry or excited."

SAMUEL HASKILL, to whom reference is made, was the son of John and Thirza Stone Haskill, who were married in Waterford, 1805; some of their children were born in Waterford, but Samuel was born at North Bridgton, March 20th, 1818. He prepared for college at Shurtleff College, Alton, Ill., and at the Connecticut Literary Institute, Suffield, Conn., and graduated at Brown University, 1845, and in Theology at the Hamilton Literary and Theological Institution, 1847. He was settled at Detroit, 1847-52; Kalamazoo, Mich., 1852-71; Ann Arbor, 1871-88; was associate editor Christian Herald, 1888-90; professor of Bible Study, Kalamazoo College, 1890-98. D. D., Madison University, 1867; author of "Heroes and Hierarchs" and has published historical pamphlets and discourses; died at Kalamazoo, July 4th, 1900.

MASSACHUSETTS ARCHIVES.

PETITION OF EPHRAIM CHAMBERLAIN & ORS OF
WATERFORD, 1796.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts

To the Honorable the Senate and the Honorable
the House of Representatives in General Court
Assembled.

Agreeable to an Order of this Honorable Court
of the 27th of January last directing the Inhabitants
of the Plantation of Waterford to appear and
shew cause if any they have, why the Petition of
Stephen Jewett and others praying that the
Plantation of Waterford might be incorporated
by the name of Waterford with the exception of
the three Eastermost Tears of lots might not be
granted—

We the Subscribers Inhabitants of the Plantation
of Waterford offer the following reasons why
the above mentioned prayer may not be granted.

1ly Because the roads happily convey the
present Center whare as any one will be inconvenient
occasioned by ponds &c.

2ly Because there is a River runing through
said Plantation which will cause the Inhabitants
to build Two extensive Bridges with little more
than One Tear of lots opposite said Bridges Joining
the three above mentioned Tears of lots—

3ly Because the owners of the Soil of the Three tears of lots (excepting about five lots) own farms and other Landed property in said Plantation and we pray that they might not be sepperated.

4ly Because the thirty and One Signers of the above mentioned Petition living on the west and northwest part of the Plantation wish to get set off one fifth part of the Plantation for no reason than to convean themselves with the Public build-ings here after to be erected—wareas they do not own one Inch of the Three above mentioned Tears of lots, and own but about Twenty tow Lots of land, and whereas the Owners of One Hundred and Eighty two lort of Land are opposd to the prayer of the above mentioned Petition.

These being our reasons and at the same time Praying that the Plantation of Waterford might be Incorporated by the name of Waterford, agreeable to the boundaries or plan herewith presented, We humble conceive will be amply sufficient to prevent the above mentioned prayer from being granted we however gladly submit them to your Honours better Judgment—and as in duty bound will ever Pray

Waterford. April the 22d 1796—

	Ephraim Chamberlin
	Colman B. Watson
Asa Johnson	John Jewel
Malbory Kingman	Jacob Gibson
Abijah Brown	William Brown
David Mewain	Joseph Barker
Joseph Killgore	Solomon Stone

Benja Killgore	Jonathan Whitney
Isaac Smith	Phineas Whitney
Stephen Sanderson	John Nurse
Ebenezer Moulton	Joel Stone
Josiah Shaw	James H. Robbins
Africa Hamlin	Benjamin Hale
Jonathan Longley	Daniel Barker
Moses Stone	Eli Longley
Asaph Brown	Silas Brown
David Hammond	America Hamlin
Elijah Swan	Joel Atherton
Jonathan Robbins	John Atherton
Oliver Hapgood	Zechariah Fletcher
Thads Brown	

In the House of Represents May 31 1796

Read & committed to the
standg Committee on applications for Incorpora-
tion of towns &c to hear the parties & report

Sent up for Concurrence

Edw. H. Robbins Spkr.

Note. Warren's History of Waterford contains an account
of the incorporation of the town.

TO THE HONORABLE THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF
REPRESENTATIVES OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSA-
CHUSETTS IN GENERAL COURT ASSEMBLED

Your petitioners being a Committee appointed
by the town of Waterford in the County of York—
Humbly sheweth That the County line as estab-
lished by the old province Law divides the Town
of Waterford, leaving about one fourth part in

the County of Cumberland, and the remainder in the County of York. . . . That about two years since, said Town was Incorporated in the County of York—before which time the Inhabitants had allways supposed the Township lay mostly in the County of Cumberland, in consequence of which all actions at Law were commensed. . . . Deeds recorded. . . . And Estates settled in the County of Cumberland—That by the said Incorporating Act, the Inhabitants of said Town are laid under many disadvantages, as the distance from the Shire Town in the County of York is about Ninety Miles, whereas the distance from the Shire Town in the County of Cumberland is not more than Fifty Miles. . . . And as Portland is the only maratime Town with which the Inhabitants of Waterford have any dealings, they have frequent occasions to travel there on the common concerns of Life, for which reason their Law matters might be transacted at Portland with little more than half the Expense it could be at York where they have no other business but that of the Law. . . . Therefore the prayer of your Petitioners is that the whole of the Town of Waterford may be annexed to the County of Cumberland . . . or that your petitioners may relieved in such other manner, as your Honours shall think best . . . and as in duty bound shall ever Pray. . . .

Stephen Cummings
 Thadeus Brown
 America Hamlin

In Senate June 7th 1799. Read and committed to the standing Committee on applications for the incorporation of Towns to hear the parties and report.

Sent down for concurrence

John C. Jones Prest. pro tem

In the House of Represents June 8, 1799. Read and Concurred Edwd H. Robbins, Spkr.

Note. Until 1760 the County of York included the whole Province of Maine. In that year the counties of Cumberland and Lincoln were established. Oxford County was not established until 1805. The foregoing petition explains the use of "Cumberland" in the petition printed page 62, Warren's History. Old maps show the town divided by the County line which ran North and South; the Westerly and larger part in York County, the Easterly in Cumberland.

The House and Senate concurred in sending the petition to a committee; no further action seems to have been taken.

TO THE HONORABLE THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES IN GENERAL COURT ASSEMBLED.

the petition of the Inhabitants of the town of Waterford by their Committee humbly sheweth—that on the sixth day of April last at a legal Meeting of said inhabitants, we Eber Rice, Solomon Stone and Thadeus Brown were chosen a Committee to address your honors on the following subject: (viz) that whereas the proprietors of said town did reserve the twenty-first right of land in said township for the use of Schools, it being the full complement of land reserved in the grant of said town for that purpose that the same vests in a wild uncultivated State, that by a sale of said land the

said town would receive Great and singular advantage, as well as the public at large, as some of the lands were they to be disposed of to individuals, would be put under immediate cultivation and of course would afford assistance in defraying internal as well as governmental Expenses; therefore your petitioners humbly pray that your honors would grant liberty to said town of Waterford to sell the aforesaid right of land and appropriate the income thereof to such a use as was intended by the grant thereof (viz) for schools, and as in duty bound will ever pray.

Eber Rice	}	Committee
Solomon Stone		
Thads Brown		

Waterford, May 26, A. D. 1801

PETITION OF TOWN OF WATERFORD

TO THE HONORABLE SENATE AND THE HONORABLE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES IN GENERAL COURT ASSEMBLED AT BOSTON IN JAN'Y A. D. 1806

The undersigned chosen a committee by the inhabitants of the town Waterford to remonstrate to your honours against the town of Fryburgh being a half shire town.

Humbly Sheweth: That we are deeply impressed with a sense of the impollicy and inconveniency of Fryburgh being made a half shire town; viewing the measure not calculated to promote the welfare of the county of Oxford but on the contrary to divide and distract the interests of the same; and

presuming that “well founded and powerful objections” will be presented to your honours from sources highly respectable against Fryburgh being establishd a half shire, we forbear being more particular but submit the matter to your honours in full confidence that you will do right—And we as in duty bound will ever pray—

Jona Stone
America Hamlin } Committee
Jona Houghton }

Waterford Decr. 9th 1805

Note. In 1806 the County of Oxford was divided into two districts for the recording of deeds; the eastern Registry at Paris and the Western at Fryeburg.

A PARTIAL BIBLIOGRAPHY, 'ARTEMUS WARD.'*

- Chamber's Journal, Vol. 42, p. 357, 1865. "Artemus Ward."
Quarterly Review, Vol. 122, p. 224, 1866. "Yankee Humor."
Every Saturday, Vol. 2, p. 765, 1866. "Artemus Ward in
London."
Every Saturday, Vol. 3, p. 457, 1867. "Artemus Ward."
These two articles appeared respectively in the Spectator
and London Review.
Scribner's, Vol. 16, p. 785, 1878. "Artemus Ward at Cleve-
land," by C. C. Ruthrauff.
Scribner's, Vol. 21, p. 144, 1880. "Artemus Ward," by E. S.
Nadal, illustrated.
Scribner's, Vol. 22, p. 46, 1881. "Artemus Ward; his Home
and Family," by Don C. Seitz, illustrated.
Good Words, Vol. 23, p. 174 and 266, 1882; "Artemus Ward."
A sketch from life by H. R. Haweis, M. A.
Littell's Living Age, Vol. 177, p. 301, 1888. "Artemus Ward"
from "Time."
Overland Monthly, Vol. 18, p. 54, 1891. "The Real Artemus
Ward," by Enoch Knight.
Century, Vol. 46, p. 132, 1893. "Relics of Artemus Ward,"
by Don C. Seitz, illustrated.
The Bookman, Vol. 8, p. 563, 1899. "The First Books of Some
American Authors," by Luther S. Livingston, illustrated.
New England Magazine, Vol. 22, p. 726, 1900. "Maine in
Literature," by William I. Cole, illustrated.
Century, Vol. 63, p. 151, 1901. "Recollections of Artemus
Ward," James F. Ryder. P. 45 "Retrospect of American
Humor," by W. P. Trent, illustrated.

*CHARLES F. BROWNE, "Artemus Ward," was born at Waterford, April 26th, 1834. It is interesting to note that Seba Smith, "Major Jack Downing" was born in Buckfield, 1792, and lived for a time at North Bridgton.

Putnam's Monthly, Vol. , p. 599, Feb., 1907. Charles F. Browne "Artemus Ward," Enoch Knight, illustrated.

Pine Tree Magazine, Vol. 6, p. 241, 1906. "To Artemus Ward in Elysium," by Harry Lyman Koopman.

"My Own Story" John Townsend Trowbridge, Houghton Mifflin & Co., 1903, page 181.

"Artemus Ward's Best Stories," with introduction by William D. Howells, edited by Clifton Johnson and illustrated by Frank A. Nankivell, Harper's, 1912.

Artemus Ward's complete works have been published in England by Chatto & Windus, and in the United States by G. W. Dillingham Co., New York

The Early American Humorists. Boston, Small Maynard & Co., 1907.

American Humorists. H. R. Haweis, N. Y. and London, Funk & Wagnalls Co.

Th Bentzon; Littérature et Moeurs Étrangères Études. Paris 1882. Vol. 2, p. 38.

E. S. Nadal; Essays at Home and Elsewhere, London, 1882, p. 16.

Albert Bigelow Paine; Mark Twain a Biography, 1912. Vol. 1 p. 238 et seq.

Practical Jokes with Artemus Ward including the story of the Mau who fought Cats, by Mark Twain, and other Humorists. London, John Camden Hotten, 1872.

Artemus Ward, His Book, N. Y., Carleton, 1864.

Artemus Ward, His Travels, N. Y., Carleton, 1865.

Artemus Ward in London, N. Y., Carleton, 1867.

Artemus Ward, His Travels Among the Mormons, London, John Camden Hotten, 1865.

Artemus Ward's Lecture (as delivered at the Egyptian Hall, London), London, Hotten, N. Y., Carleton, 1869.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 013 995 852 4

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 013 995 852 4