THE OLD HUGH McLELLAN HOUSE.—Erected in 1773. Roof Remodeled in 1858.

CELEBRATION

OF THE

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH

ANNIVERSARY

OF

GORHAM, MAINE

MAY 26, 1886

PORTLAND, MAINE
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CONTENTS.

PRELIMINARY STATEMENT.

THE celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the settlement of the town of Gorham took place on the 26th of May, 1836.

It was probably the result of individual effort on the part of public spirited citizens, as the town records do not show any municipal action in regard to the matter, until some months afterward, when, September 12th, 1836, the town voted to have the address delivered on that occasion printed, and that each family in the town have a copy of it. The committee of arrangements, consisting of Gen. James Irish, Col. Samuel Stephenson, Hon. Toppan Robie, Joseph M. Gerrish, Esq., and Caleb Hodsdon, Esq., were among the most prominent, as well as most active and efficient citizens of their day; and the names of most of them are intimately connected with the history and prosperity of the town. The celebration was entirely successful, and an occasion of pride both to those who participated in, or witnessed it, and to those whose knowledge of it was only traditionary.

In a recent endeavor to find some published account of it, written at the time, the Portland newspapers for a week preceding and a week following the day of the celebration were carefully examined, but not a word was found in them, either of previous announcement, or subsequent notice of the event.

A more extended search, however, brought to light an account of it in the "Portland Advertiser" of June 10th, and in the "Eastern Argus" of June 14th, of the same year. A somewhat striking contrast to the newspaper enterprise of the present day.

Below is given the notice of the celebration above referred to, and also an account of the same occasion, which appeared in the "Gorham Anniversary Gazette," of May 26th, 1886.

[From newspaper of 1836.]

CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY.

A large number of the citizens of Gorham, together with many citizens from adjoining towns, celebrated the first centennial anniversary of the settlement of the town, at Gorham Village, on Thursday last, the 26th inst., agreeable to previous arrangement.

The procession was formed in front of Gen. James Irish's house, under the direction of Gen. Wendell P. Smith, Chief Marshal, assisted by the following Deputy Marshals, viz., Col. Edward T. Smith, Maj. Samuel T. Baker,* Capt. Simeon C. Clements, Capt. Benjamin Mosher, jr., Capt. Charles F. March, Capt. James Whitney, Capt. William B. Freeman,* Capt. Chas. Harding, Capt. Christopher Way, Lieut. Francis D. Irish,* and Lieut. Charles Paine.

The procession was then escorted by the Gorham Light Infantry, under command of Capt. James Whitney, and the Military Band, to the First Parish Meeting-house, where the services were performed in the following order: Reading of the Scriptures, Voluntary by the Choir and Band, Prayer by the chaplain, Rev. Thaddeus Pomeroy, Hymn, Address by Hon. Josiah Pierce, Anthem, Benediction.

Of the abilities and extensive acquirements of the orator, nothing need be said of one who is so well known to the public. All concur in the opinion that the address was just such an one as was wanted, admirably adapted to the occasion.

The enumeration of the most important events that have transpired in town for an hundred years, the patriotism of our ancestors, and the happy manner in which their privations and sufferings, while realizing the horrors of that system of warfare which directs the weapon of the ruthless savage against the breast of the defenceless victim, were contrasted with the blessings of peace, liberty, and plenty which we enjoy, could not fail to satisfy the highest desire of all concerned, and to kindle a glow of gratitude in every bosom, for the innumerable blessings of which we are the happy recipients. The services being concluded, the procession was re-formed and escorted through the principal streets of the village, after which they were amply provided for at the two public hotels in the village.

* Still living.

To add to the interest of the occasion, a company of Indians, commanded by their celebrated chief, in person, appeared in imitation of the Aborigines, of Narraganset, No. 7, armed with muskets, tomahawks, scalping knives, etc., and presented themselves in all parts of the village, performing their feats in true Indian style. They then seemed to show a spirit of fight, by firing from behind fences and old buildings, till at length they attacked a company of light infantry that had just returned, with the military band, from a visit to the old Fort ground, which resulted in a "bloody fight," and they were captured and conveyed to headquarters, in spite of the efforts of their distinguished chief, where they were treated as prisoners of war; but on their promising no further hostilities, they were set at liberty. This added greatly to the amusement and satisfaction of the beholders. And thus the day was passed off with perfect good feeling and unanimity, and "no one killed and no one hurt."

GORHAM, May 27th, 1836.

[From the Gazette of May 26, 1886.]

GORHAM'S CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

Fifty years ago today, Gorham celebrated the centennial anniversary of her settlement. There are quite a number of people now living in town who can clearly recall to mind the leading events as they occurred in the exercises of that day. Very few are now left, however, who were participants in those exercises. The late Capt. Charles Harding was one of those who took part in the sham fight, a feature of the day, and it was from him, — just prior to his decease, — and two or three others, that the following brief history of the day was gathered.

An irregular firing of salutes began at daybreak, in front of the Gorham Hotel (now a dwelling-house, opposite Joseph Ridlon's store, on High street). Isaac Phinney acted as chief gunner, and Isaac Libby and Thomas Patrick as assistants.

Later on in the morning the people commenced to congregate about the principal thoroughfare, which was then, as now, where School Street crosses the western termination of Main.

The building which is now the store of R. G. Harding was then *the* hotel of the place, kept by Col. March. About this

square, as it then was, the collecting numbers continued to gather, until it seemed like a day of General Muster. The object of this particular gathering was to witness the procession, which is said to have been something very grand for those days. It was made up of the Portland Band, at its head; the Gorham Light Infantry, commanded by Capt. James Whitney, next, and a large rank and file of citizens. Among the latter were many who had served in the United States Army during the war of 1812, and several who had been officers under Washington in the Revolution. The whole was under direction of Major-Gen. Wendell P. Smith, Chief-Marshal of the day.

After the street parade came the address, delivered by the Hon. Josiah Pierce, at the Congregational Church. This address was able, well delivered, and truly appropriate to the occasion. It was afterwards printed at the expense of the town, and circulated among its voters, but it is now getting to be a somewhat rare document. After this came a by no means trivial part of the celebration, the dinner, served to the military company and invited guests.

After the dinner, the military company and a body of citizens marched to Fort Hill, and visited the site of the old Fort, the foundation timbers of which were still to be seen. On their return, when in the gully just this side of where Mr. A. Hamblen's residence now stands, they were attacked by a band of mock Indians, and a skirmish took place, in which the Indians were repulsed. But it was not until after the infantry arrived at the village that the important encounter took place. The Indians, skulking along after the soldiers, and thirsting for revenge, finally, after having entered the village, with war-whoop and tomahawk, with bow-arrow and scalping-knife, set upon the uniformed pale-faces with one wild rush, and a most thrilling and bloody conflict ensued, to the exuberant delight of the small boy, and a motley crowd of bystanders.

What a day it must have been, that celebration just fifty years ago! What would we not give had there only been a few photographs taken of certain little occurrences of the day. But at that date even M. Daguerre had not come upon the world with his discovery, striking a death-blow at all miniature painters then and thereafter.

So few copies of Mr. Pierce's address are now in existence, that it has been thought best to publish it in this pamphlet, that it may be the better preserved.

The following is the correspondence between the Committee of Arrangements and Mr. Pierce, relative to the publication of his address.

The Committee of Arrangements tender their thanks to the Hon. Josiah Pierce for the truly able and appropriate Address delivered before the Citizens of Gorham, this day, and request a copy of the same for the press.

JAMES IRISH,
SAMUEL STEPHENSON,
TOPPAN ROBIE,
JOSEPH M. GERRISH,
CALEB HODSDON.

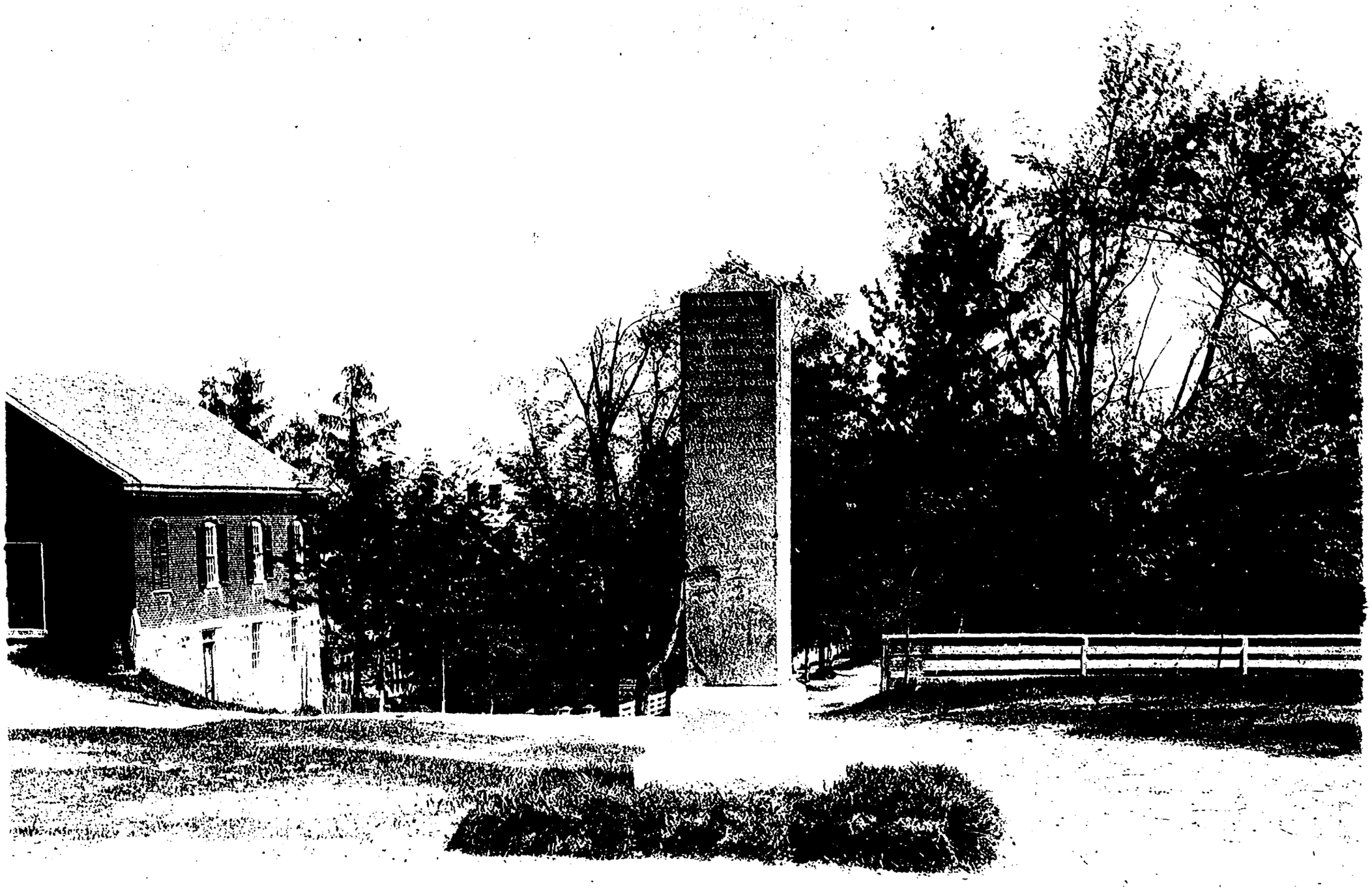
Gorham, May 26th, 1836.

Gorham, May 27th, 1836.

GENTLEMEN:—I am gratified to learn that the Address I had the honor to deliver in commemoration of the first settlement of this town, was acceptable to my fellow citizens, and I cheerfully furnish a copy for publication. I am, Gentlemen, with true regard,

Your Ob't Servant,
JOSIAH PIERCE.

To Messrs.
JAMES IRISH,
SAMUEL STEPHENSON,
TOPPAN ROBIE,
JOSEPH M. GERRISH,
CALEB HODSDON.



MONUMENT ERECTED BY THE TOWN IN 1805.

ADDRESS.

We have come together this morning to commemorate the first settlement of our town. We have met to celebrate an event that has been productive of important consequences, not only to those who were immediately engaged in that transaction, but also to those who have followed them, to us, and to our successors in all ensuing time.

We have come to look backward for a hundred years; to call up some of the prominent events that have occurred in this town during a century; to contemplate the characters and deeds of our fathers; to hold converse with the departed dead; to awaken our sympathy in their sufferings, and to express our gratitude for their prosperity, our reverence for their piety, our approbation of their love of order, and of civil and religious liberty.

While we, on this centennial anniversary, acknowledge the worth of our ancestors, and admire their virtues, by the review of their lives may we be led to copy their example in all that was good, and be roused to make new efforts for the welfare and happiness of our contemporaries; to attempt and execute projects that shall promote the good of those who may come after us; to leave behind us a fair and honorable name, that shall merit the affectionate veneration of those who shall people these fertile and happy lands, when our earthly existence shall have been ended, and we shall have been gathered to our fathers.

Standing here this day, and looking back through the long vista of a hundred years, what a crowd of interesting associations throng upon the mind! Within the lapse of a century, how many events, important and wonderful, have transpired, I will not say in the world, but in our own beloved country! How have property and comfort been multiplied! How have books and other means of acquiring knowledge been increased! How have science and the arts advanced! Were the first settlers of this town permitted to revisit the places of their former abode, and witness these wonderful changes, how astonished would they be! Our fathers never dreamed of a steam-engine, and its incalculable powers! They never imagined that

machinery could perform such wonders! A railroad, a steamboat, never entered into their conceptions!

Within a hundred years how much of joy and of sorrow have been exhibited here! How many of the great, the good, and the wise, have arisen, and flourished, and faded from the earth! How many, even within the limits of this town, in the period of a century, have passed from time to eternity! How many, in the loveliness of infancy, the bloom of youth, the strength of manhood, and the feebleness of age, have been consigned to the grave! The rich and the poor, the haughty and the humble, the gay and the sad, the favorites of hundreds, and the neglected of all, have left the varied pursuits of life, and gone down in silence to the tomb!

During the hundred years last passed, our State has arisen from abject poverty to high pecuniary prosperity. A few destitute inhabitants, scattered along the sea-coast, have multiplied to hundreds of thousands of wealthy citizens; log tenements have yielded to elegant mansions, and garrisons and watch-towers have given place to lofty edifices, consecrated to Art, Science, Literature, and Religion. The narrow path has widened to the capacious and well-made street, and gardens, and orchards, and cultivated fields, occupy the former ground of thick and gloomy forests.

When we look around on the prosperity of our country, on the quiet and peaceable possessions of our citizens, when we look on the graves of our fathers, and reflect on their privations, their toils, and their sufferings, let us learn to estimate more highly than we have heretofore done the value of the inheritance they have left us.

The settlement of the town of Gorham was one of the consequences of the war with the Narraganset Indians. The Colonies of Plymouth and Massachusetts for many years lived on terms of friendship with that powerful tribe of natives; at length jealousies arose, evils, real or imaginary, sprang up, and in 1675 matters had come to a crisis, and war became inevitable; it broke out with violence; the tomahawk, the scalping-knife — inhuman tortures, and severe captivity, awaited the Colonists! Many towns were laid in ruins, many victims slaughtered by an unrelenting foe. At that time the whole population of New England

was not probably more than sixty thousand. Every able-bodied man, capable of bearing arms, was commanded to hold himself in readiness to march at the shortest notice. Six companies were raised in Massachusetts, five in Connecticut, and two in Plymouth Colony. The Plymouth companies were commanded by Captains Rice and *Gorham.* The Narraganset battle was one of the most memorable ever fought on this continent. The hardship and sufferings of that fight have hardly a parallel. The battle was fought on the tenth of December (old style), 1675 — the ninth was an extremely cold day; the whole white army numbered one thousand, one hundred and twenty-seven men; four hundred of these brave fellows (more than one-third of the whole effective force) were so frozen as to be completely unfit for duty. The snow fell fast and deep; the troops marched all the preceding night through a tangled and pathless wood. The battle commenced early in the morning, and lasted six dreadful hours. Of four thousand Indians, not two hundred escaped, and on our side six brave captains fell. Of Captain Gorham's company, thirty were killed, and forty-one wounded. Such, fellow-citizens, were your heroic ancestors — such were the men to whom the town of Gorham was granted!

The Narraganset war occurred late in the year 1675. There were eight hundred and forty men belonging to Massachusetts, who took arms in that conflict. For these men and their heirs the Legislature of that province resolved to make grants of unimproved land, on account of their military services; accordingly, two townships were granted in 1728, and five more in 1732.

These seven townships were granted on the conditions then generally imposed, viz.: the grantees were to meet within two months, and organize each proprietary, to consist of one hundred and twenty persons; to settle sixty families in seven years; to settle a *learned, Orthodox minister;* to erect a meeting-house; to clear a certain number of acres of land, and to reserve a certain proportion of the township for the use of schools, the ministry, and the first settled minister.

The Narraganset grantees first met in Cambridge in 1729. They then petitioned for more land, and five townships were granted in 1732. This grant passed the House of Representatives on the thirtieth of June, but was not consented to by Jon-

athan Belcher, the then Provincial Governor, till April 26th, 1733. The grantees held a meeting on the common of the town of Boston, on the sixth day of June, 1733, at two o'clock P.M., and formed themselves into seven distinct societies, each consisting of one hundred and twenty persons, who should be entitled to one of the townships granted to the Narraganset soldiers. Three persons were chosen from each society, to make out a list of the grantees to assign the towns to each company, and to assemble the grantees of the respective societies, to elect officers, and manage their affairs. At this meeting it was voted "that one of the societies, consisting of one hundred and twenty persons, should consist mostly of proprietors belonging to the towns of Barnstable, Yarmouth, Eastham, Sandwich, Plymouth, Tisbury, Abington, Duxbury, and one from Scituate."

To this society was assigned township denominated Narraganset, No. 7, which is now the town of Gorham.

The seven committees met at Luke Verdey's in Boston, October 17, 1733, and assigned the several townships, viz.:

Narraganset No. 1, on Saco river, now Buxton, Maine.
" No. 2, at Wachuset, adjoining Rutland, Mass.
" No. 3, on Souhegan river, now Amherst, N. H.
" No. 4, at Amoskeag, N. H.
" No. 5, on Merrimac river, now Merrimac and Bedford, N. H.
" No. 6, called Southtown, now Templeton, Mass.
" No. 7, on Presumpscot river, now Gorham, Me.

The committee for the township Narraganset, No. 7, were Colonel Shubael Gorham, Timothy White, and Robert Standfort. The township being granted and assigned to the company of Narraganset soldiers, under the command of the late Captain John Gorham, the grantees immediately took measures to bring forward the settlement of their town. It was determined to make a survey of one hundred and twenty lots, of thirty acres each, for the first division, each grantee was to have one right, estimated at the value of ten pounds, which right was to consist of one thirty-acre, one seventy-acre, and one one-hundred acre lot. The General Court of Massachusetts passed an order, authorizing and empowering Colonel Shubael Gorham to call the first meeting of the grantees of Narraganset, No. 7. It was also voted by

the Legislature that the seven years assigned for the time in which to perform the settling duties, should be computed from the first day of June, 1734, and would consequently end June 1, 1741. In 1734 a survey of part of the town was made, and in the succeeding year, 1735, the thirty-acre lots were located, drawn, and confirmed to the several grantees. Several roads were also located and named. Thus was our town prepared for settlement, but as yet no tree was felled, no habitation for white man erected.

One hundred years ago this morning the sun threw his cheering beams over the unbroken forests of our town; on the succeeding evening "the moon, walking in brightness," shed her mild rays on a small opening, made by the hand of civilized man!

A hundred years ago this morning, John Phinney, a son of one of the conquerors of the Narragansets, a descendant of the Pilgrims, a wanderer from the Old Colony, disembarked from his canoe on the Presumpscot river, with his ax, and a small stock of simple provisions, attended by a son of fourteen years of age, with a design to make a home for himself and family, in this then wilderness, but now large and flourishing town.

Having selected a spot for his future dwelling, that son, Edmund Phinney (afterward distinguished, not only in our town, but as a colonel in the War of the Revolution) felled the first tree for settlement. The event is worthy of commemoration. The snows of winter had passed away; "the time of the singing of birds had come"; the trees had put on their fresh and verdant robe, the woodland flowers

"Were gay in their young bud and bloom,"

unpicked and untrampled upon by civilized man.

John Phinney, the first settler of Gorham, was the son of Deacon John Phinney, of Barnstable, Massachusetts, and was born in that town April 8 (old style), 1693. He removed from Barnstable with his wife and five children to Falmouth (now Portland), about 1732. He had two children born in Falmouth. He removed to this town, as has been stated, in May, 1736. He had three children born in Gorham, viz., Mary Gorham, Colman, and James.

Mary Gorham Phinney, daughter of Captain John Phinney, and Martha his wife, was born in August, 1736, about three

months after the commencement of the settlement. This daughter was the first white child born in Gorham; she married James Irish, father of General James Irish, and left numerous descendants. She was a professor of the Christian religion for seventy years, and during that long period ever lived an exemplary and devoted Christian, maintaining the domestic relations of daughter, wife, and mother, in a most unexceptionable manner; distinguished for kindness, hospitality, industry, and Christian cheerfulness. She was a worthy example for all the numerous daughters since born around her, and she left behind her a memory dear to many, and a character worthy the commendation of all. This lady died in 1825, at the advanced age of eighty-nine years.

Colman Phinney, the second child of Captain Phinney, born in this town, was killed by the fall of a tree when about ten years of age, and James Phinney, the youngest son of Captain Phinney, was born April 13th (old style), 24th (new style), 1741. He lived almost to this time, beloved and respected wherever known. We have seen his venerable form moving among us, the patriarch of almost a hundred years! in a green old age, intelligent and cheerful, in full possession of a sound mind, correct judgment, and retentive memory. He enjoyed through life the confidence of his townsmen, and for a long number of years was one of their officers.

Captain John Phinney lived here two years before any other white family came; he lived on land now owned by Edmund Mann, Esquire. The first land cleared was where the orchard now grows; some Indians had wigwams near by, and for two years Phinney's children had no other play-fellows than young Indians. During those years Captain Phinney had to go to Presumpscot lower falls to mill; he used to transport his corn and provisions in a float on the river, carrying them round the falls at Saccarappa and Amon-Congin, there being no pathway even to Portland, through the forest. In these fatiguing and dangerous journeys to mill he was frequently assisted by his eldest daughter Elizabeth (who afterward married Eliphalet Watson). She used to help her father carry his boat round the falls, and assist in rowing and transporting his heavy loads.

The second settler of this town was Daniel Mosier, who removed from Falmouth in 1738. He was the father of James

Mosier, who died in 1834, at the age of ninety-nine years and three months. Soon after came Hugh McLellan, from the north of Ireland, and settled near where the widow of his son Thomas McLellan now lives; within a short period from the time of McLellan's coming here, William Pote, William Cotton, Ebenezer Hall, Eliphalet Watson, Clement Harvey, Bartholomew Thorn, John Irish, John Ayer, Jacob Hamblen, Benjamin Skillings and others moved into the town as settlers.

It required no small share of courage, firmness, and enterprise to go into the wilderness and commence a settlement at that period. Let us for a moment contemplate the situation of the province of Maine, at the time when Captain Phinney began the settlement of this town. There were but nine towns, and a few feeble plantations in Maine. Portland, Saco, and Scarborough, were but just recovering from their recent destruction by the Indians. A second line of townships from the coast had just been located, and were frontier places, all back of them was wilderness. The Indians, though nominally at peace, were discontented, jealous, and meditated revenge for past chastisements, and victories obtained over them.

In 1690, all the settlements east of Wells were destroyed. In the Indian wars from 1703 to 1713, Maine lost one-third of all her population; and a large proportion of the personal property was destroyed; through extreme want and suffering, many persons were driven away, never to return. In 1724, the Norridgewocks were broken up; in 1725, Captain Lovell and his company killed or dispersed the Pequawket Indians at Fryeburg. In 1736, the whole population of Maine was probably not more than seven thousand. In 1735–6 and 7, the scarlet fever, or (as it was usually called) the throat distemper, raged throughout Maine, and more than five hundred died with the disease; in some towns it was peculiarly fatal; in Scarborough, no one attacked with the distemper recovered. The inhabitants in all the new towns suffered greatly for want of food, clothing, and comfortable houses; while danger from the Indians was constant and pressing. Famine, massacre, and captivity threatened them continually. It required men like the puritans to undertake and carry through the hazardous enterprise of settling new towns among savage beasts and savage men. The early fathers of Gor-

ham were persons of such characters. The first settlers of our town were from a noble stock; the direct descendants of the Pilgrims; almost all the first inhabitants were from the old Colony; nearly every town on Cape Cod contributed one or more settlers for Narraganset No. 7. The greater number, however, were from Barnstable, Yarmouth, and Eastham. The immediate grantees were the conquerors of the famous and far-dreaded Indian King Philip.

The early inhabitants of Gorham partook largely of the character of their ancestors, the Pilgrims. They were a hardy, enterprising, virtuous race of men; of indomitable courage — unbending firmness — uncompromising integrity; sober, industrious, frugal, temperate in all things. They were distinguished for enduring fortitude, for open-handed hospitality. It is true they were not eminent for attainments in literature, nor did they make much progress in the sciences: not that they were deficient in talents, but they had not leisure, or opportunity for the cultivation of letters. They did all they could do, and more than might have been expected of them to do, in such times, and in their position. In their humble dwellings in the wilderness, they had little leisure for the study of books, even if they had possessed them. Their minds were incessantly occupied in devising ways to obtain sustenance and clothing for themselves and families; and in providing means for defence against artful and revengeful foes. Exhausted with fatigue, and worn with cares and anxieties, could they be expected to attend to the elegancies and blandishments of older, more numerous, and wealthier communities?

They might at this day, be called intolerant in their religious views and practices; but they were in this respect, like other sects of their age. They were undoubtedly zealous for what they considered to be the truth. A stern and somewhat severe morality prevailed everywhere among the Puritans; and it would have been wonderful, if their immediate descendants had not in this respect been somewhat like their fathers, following their advice, obeying their precepts, and living according to their example. Our Puritan fathers felt conscious that religion, virtue, and knowledge, were essential to good government, and the permanent welfare of the community; hence they spared no pains to

support the gospel, to inculcate morality in the minds of their children, and to provide means for their education. At the very first meeting of the proprietors of this town, one of their first votes was to provide for preaching and religious instruction. They never forgot the great and momentous object for which the Pilgrims settled in New-England; *religious freedom* and *liberty* of *conscience.* They entered the wilderness for purity of religion; to found a religious commonwealth; to raise up a pious race.

Unlike the Spanish adventurers in South America, they thirsted not for a career of military glory; they cherished no extravagant ambition! They looked not on immeasurable lands with the longing eye of cupidity; they expected no brilliant success, nor anticipated finding crystal streams, whose sands sparkled with gold! They sought not the sunny plains and exuberant verdure of the South! they sought not a clime gay with perennial flowers, with a balmy atmosphere, or Italian skies! They sought not a land of gold or of spices, of wine or of oil! Other and purer wishes were theirs: they expected not a life of luxury and ease. Sanctity of conscience was their great tenet. "Their religion was their life." Rigorous was the climate and hard the soil, where they chose to dwell. Here a countless train of privations and sufferings awaited them, privations and sufferings that might have made the less brave and energetic quail. Cold, and hunger, and fear of midnight slaughter, or cruel captivity by savage bands was their portion!

Under this load of evils, what but a firm belief in the sacredness of their cause, and the consolations derived from the sublime truths of christianity, could have sustained them? To their religious belief, their exemplary lives, their untiring zeal, and indefatigable industry, are we indebted for the blessings of freedom, plenty, and knowledge, now enjoyed by us, their posterity. They have left us that, which gold and silver could not buy, which gems and diamonds could not purchase! How great are our obligations to our brave and virtuous fathers! how great also, to our noble and heroic mothers, who dwelt here from eighty to one hundred years ago! Think of the wants, the anxieties, the perils, and the sufferings they endured!

Females of this town, contrast your abundance of food and dress, your quiet homes, and peaceful, feminine pursuits, with

their scarcity, when long days and cheerless nights passed with barely provision enough to sustain life! flying frequently, at an hour's warning, from their rude dwellings to garrison! Setting aside the wheel and the loom to mount guard as sentinels, to handle the cartridge, or discharge the musket! Think of the immense sacrifices they made, and consider whether your rich and numerous blessings, having been so dearly purchased, are not to be highly prized. Though we have often heard of their sufferings, we cannot fully appreciate them! "Their misery was great! For months they had neither meat nor bread, and often at night they knew not where to get food for the morning! Yet in all their wants and trials their confidence in the mercy and goodness of God was never shaken.

The first sixteen years after the settlement of Gorham were years of great anxiety and suffering; the settlers often suffered for food; at one time all the provision the family of Captain Phinney had for some days was two quarts of boiled wheat, which had been reserved for seed.

At that period all the towns in Maine were obliged to erect and maintain garrisons, or forts, for places of refuge against Indian attacks. These forts were constructed of hewn timber, with palisades of large posts, set deep in the ground, closely together outside the timber, and ten or twelve feet high; watch-boxes were built on the top of the walls; the whole was bullet proof. The fort in Gorham was erected on the thirty-acre lot No. 2, a short distance west of the present town house, on what is yet called Fort-hill, and which is the most elevated land in the town. The fort had two six-pounder swivels, placed at diagonal corners, for the purpose of defence against the Indians, and to be fired to alarm the neighboring towns of Buxton, Scarborough and Windham, when savages were discovered in the vicinity.

The first meeting of the proprietors held at Gorham was at the house of Captain John Phinney, on the twenty-fourth of November, 1741. Moses Pearson was chosen moderator, and John Gorham clerk. Two days afterward (November 26) the proprietors voted "that a meeting-house be built, for the worship of God, in said town, thirty-six feet long, twenty feet wide, with twenty feet shed," and fifty shillings on a right was voted in order to erect said meeting-house, and to clear a suitable tract of

OLD MILL ON LITTLE RIVER, Near the Site of the Phinney Rock.

land to set the same upon. On the next Monday, at an adjourned meeting, it was voted, "that twenty rods square be cleared on the west side of the way, called King-street, in order for building a meeting-house thereon. So soon and so liberally did the first settlers of Gorham make provision for religious worship. At the same meeting four hundred acres of land in the town were granted to his Excellency, William Shirley, the then colonial Governor of Massachusetts; this grant was located by Mallison's Falls, now called horse-beef falls.

At the same meeting it was also "voted that William Pote, John Phinney and Daniel Mosier, be a committee to lay out a road through the woods, from the end of Gorham street to Saccarappa mills." This road is what is now called the old county road, leading from Gorham village by James Phinney's, Daniel and Benjamin Mosier's and the Tyng place, to Saccarappa.

In 1743, at a proprietors' meeting, it was "voted to raise sixpence on a right, to pay Daniel Mosier, provided he look out and spot a road direct to Black Point." At the same meeting "four hundred acres of land was granted to John Gorham in that corner of the township, adjoining Falmouth and Presumpscot river, he, the said Gorham, to finish or cause to be finished, the saw mill and grist mill, that he hath already begun in said township on Little river." These were the first mills erected in Gorham.

In 1745, what is called the fifth Indian war broke out, and Narraganset No. 7, being a frontier town, was entirely exposed to assaults from the savages; the few inhabitants were obliged to be on watchful guard day and night; often compelled to fly to garrison — to labor with arms in their hands; their crops were frequently injured or destroyed, their fences broken down; their cows killed, their buildings burned, themselves wounded, killed, or carried captive to Canada. These aggravated and repeated distresses disheartened some of the settlers, and they abandoned their fields and houses, and removed to towns less liable to attack! In Gorham, the people lived for years in a state of painful anxiety; they were prevented from cultivating their lands, their mills were burned, and the distressed families shut up in the fort were in danger of starvation!

At the commencement of the war there were eighteen families in this town; nine of which moved into the garrison, where they

were closely shut up for four years, and they remained dwelling in the fort seven years; eleven soldiers were furnished by the government of Massachusetts to protect the garrison, and assist the inhabitants in procuring the necessaries of life.

The nine families that removed into the fort were those of Captain John Phinney, Jacob Hamlen, Daniel Mosier, Hugh McLellan, Clement Harvey, John Reed, Edward Cloutman, Jeremiah Hodgdon, and Eliphalet Watson. Those who left the town were William Pote, James Irish, John Eayer, Caleb Cromwell, Ebenezer Hall, William Cotton, Benjamin Skillings, and Benjamin Stevens; eight families.

The nineteenth of April, old style (corresponding to the thirtieth April now) was a disastrous day to the little band of settlers in Gorham. On that sad day, one whole family, by the name of Bryant, was cut off by Indian cruelty! The father and the children slain in a most barbarous manner, the wife and mother carried away heart-broken into captivity! and two of the most hardy and effective men, Reed and Cloutman, taken prisoners and marched through the woods to Canada! On that day there were four families that had not removed to the garrison, viz.: Bryant's, Reed's, Cloutman's, and McLellan's. Bryant contemplated moving the day preceding the massacre, but concluded to defer it one day longer to complete some family arrangement. They had an infant but two weeks old; the mother wished for a cradle for her little one, and said if the father would remain in their dwelling that day and make the cradle, she would risk her scalp one day longer! That risk was a fatal one! Early in the morning of the day before named, Bryant and his eldest son went to a field to do some work; a party of ten Indians were in the town unknown to the inhabitants; the savages divided themselves into five parties, designing to surprise the four families above named; one of these parties fell in with Bryant and his son, and being unable to capture them, they broke Bryant's arm, and then shot him and his son as they were endeavoring to escape to the fort. Bryant was killed on the low ground in the road south of Job Thomes' house. Another division of the Indians proceeded to Bryant's house, and murdered and scalped four of his children! They dashed out the brains of the infant against the fire-place. The agonized and frantic mother, feeble

and powerless, had to witness the destruction of all that was dear to her heart! To leave her husband dead in the way, and the mangled bodies of her loved and innocent children in her desolate mansion, and with feelings of bitterness, which none may describe, under the weight of her terrible bereavement, go captive with the destroyers of all her earthly happiness, through pathless woods, tangled swamps, and over rugged mountains, to a people whose language she could not understand, and who were her enemies and the enemies of her people, kindred, and friends!

Reed and Cloutman were met separately by the Indians, and after great resistance were taken and carried to Canada. Sometime afterward Bartholomew Thorn, a young man, was taken by the Indians while he was going home from public worship on the Sabbath. The savages kept him several years, and then sold him to a French gentleman in Montreal; after seven years' absence he returned.

During this Indian war Colonel Edmund Phinney, then a young man, was one evening at a distance from the fort, in pursuit of cows, when a party of Indians, who lay in ambush, fired upon him, and four balls struck him, breaking his arm, and otherwise severely wounding him; he, however, made out to reach the fort, and keep his gun. This war of ambuscade, massacre, and conflagration, kept the people in continual terror and agitation, nor did they feel secure till 1759, when Quebec capitulated to the army of Wolfe, and France lost her empire, and with it her influence over the savages in North America.

During the war public worship was held in the southeast bastion, or flanker of the fort.

After the termination of hostilities, and the fear of Indian assaults was removed, the town began to fill up with settlers, and improvements went forward. The last repairs done to the fort were in 1760, when one shilling and fourpence per foot was voted to Hugh McLellan for stockading the fort with spruce, pine, or hemlock posts, thirteen feet long, and ten inches in diameter, with a lining of hewn timber six inches thick.

At a proprietors' meeting, held February 26, 1760, it was voted to raise and assess on the several rights of land sixty-six pounds, thirteen shillings, four pence, toward building a meeting-house. That meeting-house was completed in 1764, at an expense of one hundred and eighty pounds.

In 1763 the first bridge over Presumpscot river, between this town and Windham, was erected.

The inhabitants increased, and in 1764 the plantation was estimated to contain three hundred and forty souls. The town was incorporated by the General Court of Massachusetts October 30, 1764, and was the twentieth town incorporated in Maine. The first town meeting was held in pursuance of a warrant from the Honorable Stephen Longfellow, at the meeting-house in Gorham, February 18, 1765, at which meeting Captain John Phinney was chosen moderator, Amos Whitney town clerk, Benjamin Skillings, Amos Whitney, and Joseph Weston selectmen, and Edmund Phinney treasurer. Not less than twelve town meetings were held that year, viz.: on February 18, March 12, March 21, April 29, May 16, May 30, August 1, August 10, August 20, September 2, December 12, and December 19.

The town was now quiet and flourishing, but their prosperity was soon to be checked by new national difficulties. The trouble between Great Britain and her transatlantic colonies was assuming a serious aspect, and the town of Gorham entered warmly into the contest. As early as September 21, 1768, a town meeting was held, and an "agent chosen to go to Boston as soon as may be, to join a convention of agents from other towns in the province, to consult and resolve upon such measures as may most conduce to the safety and welfare of the inhabitants of said Province, at this alarming and critical conjuncture." Solomon Lombard, Esquire, was chosen agent, and eight days allowed him for going and returning from Boston.

When the ambition and cupidity of the British government led them to inflict on our land successive wrongs, when they attempted to violate the plainest rights, and subvert the dearest privileges of the Colonies, when the ministry of George III. had become deaf to the imploring voice of mercy and justice, and the patriots of America had determined to resist the unrighteous demands of Old England, when the blood of the good and the brave had moistened the fields of Lexington and Bunker Hill, when Charlestown and Portland were but heaps of smoking ruins, where were found the freemen of Gorham, did they prove recreant to the great and sacred cause of liberty? No! Our peaceful inland town, remote from invasion and the clang of

arms, was awake and active in the great concern. She contributed freely and largely of her citizens and her property to the general cause. Our townsmen left their quiet pursuits to mingle in the storm of war! She sent her sons north and south, and east and west, to fight and bleed and die! She constantly contributed more than her quota of troops for the continental army, beside raising and officering a large company under the command of Captain Alexander McLellan, who went to Castine (then called Buygaduce), under General Peleg Wadsworth. A large number of Gorham men were also in the Machias expedition. At one period, *every third man in Gorham* was in the army. Numbers of her soldiers were in most of the principal battles of the Revolution. In the engagement on Rhode Island in 1778, two men from this town, Paul Whitney, and a Mr. Wescott, were killed. The good and the brave Colonel Edmund Phinney (he who felled the first tree in this town for the purpose of settlement) early had command of a regiment under Washington, and throughout the war conducted himself with great activity, courage, and prudence; he did much to induce his townsmen to exert themselves to the utmost to maintain the war, and secure the independence of the country. In a letter to his father, the aged Captain John Phinney (the first settler), Colonel Phinney says, "I am very well, and in high spirits, and hope to continue so till every tory is banished this land of liberty, and our rights and privileges are restored." This letter was dated in the army, May 26, 1776, sixty years ago this day. Captain John Phinney was at this time too far advanced in life to endure the fatigues of a campaign, but his patriotic feelings were warm and vigorous, and his sons and his grandsons went to the war. Besides Colonel Edmund Phinney, his brother John Phinney, (the man who planted the first hill of corn in Gorham) and his two only sons, John Phinney 3d, and Ebenezer Phinney, were in the revolutionary army. In fact, almost every man in Gorham was out in the army. Your fathers left their homes and families, that were dearer to them than life; they endured the fatigues and dangers of every campaign; they parted with their hard earned bread to feed their brethren in arms; at home they maintained the families of absent soldiers. They poured out their precious blood and laid down their lives, in distant States, without murmuring or complaint!

They died by the weapons of the enemy — they died by contagious disease — they died by the cold of winter — they died by the heat of summer! While those who remained at home, devoted their time and talents to the great cause, by noble endeavors and patriotic resolutions. The preserved records of our town fully bear me out in these assertions.

In 1772 the town of Boston had issued circulars to the principal towns in the Province, requesting the inhabitants "to express their sense of the rights of the Colonists, and the several infractions of those rights." In accordance with this request, a town meeting was held at the meeting-house in Gorham on the last day of December, 1772. Solomon Lombard Esquire, who had been the first settled minister of the town, was chosen moderator; a committee of safety and communication, and to draw up resolves expressive of the sense of the town on the subject matter of the Boston circular, was raised; the committee was composed of nine members, and were Solomon Lombard Esquire, Captain John Phinney, William Gorham Esquire, Captain Edmund Phinney, Elder Nathan Whitney, Caleb Chase, Captain Briant Morton, Josiah Davis, and Benjamin Skillings. The assembled freemen of Gorham then voted to return thanks to the town of Boston, for their vigilance of our privileges and liberties; the meeting was adjourned one week. At the adjourned meeting, January 7, 1773, the following preamble and resolves were reported by the committee and adopted by the citizens.

"We find it is esteemed an argument of terror to a set of the basest of men, who are attempting to enslave us, and who desire to wallow in luxury, upon the expense of our earnings, that this country was purchased by the blood of our renowned forefathers, who flying from the unrelenting rage of civil and religious tyranny in their native land, settled themselves in this desolate howling wilderness. But the people of this town of Gorham have an argument still nearer at hand; not only may we say that we enjoy an inheritance purchased by the blood of our forefathers, but this town was settled *at the expense of our own Blood!* We have those among us, whose blood, streaming from their own wounds, watered the soil from which we earn our bread! Our ears have heard the infernal yells of the savage, native murderers! Our eyes have seen our young children weltering in their

gore, in our own houses, and our dearest friends carried into captivity by men more savage than the savage beasts themselves! Many of us have been used to earn our daily bread with our weapons in our hands! We cannot be supposed to be fully acquainted with the mysteries of court policy, but we look upon ourselves able to judge so far concerning our rights as men, as Christians, and as subjects of the British Government, as to declare that we apprehend those rights as settled by the good people of Boston, do belong to us, and that we look with horror and indignation on their violation. We only add that our old captain is still living, who for many years has been our chief officer, to rally the inhabitants of this town from the plough, or the sickle to defend their wives, their children, and all that was dear to them from the savages! Many of us have been inured to the fatigue and danger of flying to garrison! Many of our watch-boxes are still in being; the timber of our fort is still to be seen; some of our women have been used to handle the cartridge or load the musket, and the swords we sharpened and brightened for our enemies are not yet grown rusty. Therefore,

Resolved, That the people of the town of Gorham are as loyal as any of his Majesty's subjects in Great Britain or the plantations, and hold themselves always in readiness to assist his Majesty with their lives and fortunes in defence of the rights and privileges of his subjects.

Resolved. We apprehend that the grievances of which we justly complain, are owing to the corruptions of the late ministry in not suffering the repeated petitions and remonstrances from this Province to reach the Royal ear.

Resolved. It is clearly the opinion of this town that the Parliament of Great Britain have no more right to take money from us without our consent than they have to take money without consent from the inhabitants of France or Spain.

Resolved. It is the opinion of this town that it is better to risk our lives and fortunes in the defence of our rights, civil and religious, than to die by piece meals in slavery!

Resolved, That the foregoing resolves and proceedings be registered in the town clerk's office as a *standing memorial* of the

value that the inhabitants of this town put upon their rights and privileges.

At a meeting of the town called to consider of the exigency of public affairs January 25, 1774 (which meeting was very fully attended), the following among other spirited resolutions were passed.

Resolved, That our small possessions, dearly purchased by the hand of labor and the industry of ourselves and our dear ancestors, with the loss of many lives by a barbarous and cruel enemy, are, by the laws of God, nature, and the British constitution, *our own*, exclusive of any other claim under heaven.

Resolved, That for any Legislative body of men under the British constitution to take, or grant liberty to take, any part of our property, or profits, without our consent, is state robbery, and ought to be opposed.

Resolved, That the tea act in favor of the East India Company to export the same to America, is a deep laid scheme to betray the unwary into the snare, laid to catch and enslave them, and requires the joint vigilance, fortitude, and courage of the thoughtful and brave to oppose in every constitutional way.

Resolved, That we, of this town, have such a high relish for liberty, that *we all with one heart stand ready sword in hand* to *defend* and *maintain* our rights against all attempts to enslave us, opposing force to force, if drove to the last extremity, which God forbid.

After these high-toned resolutions were passed, the venerable John Phinney made a motion, which was carried, "that if any person of Gorham should contemn, despise or reproach the former, or the present resolves, he shall be deemed, held and adjudged *an enemy to his country*, unworthy the company and regard of those who are the professed sons of freedom, *and shall be treated as infamous!*" In the preamble to these resolves, the committee say, "we hope and trust the inhabitants of this town will not be induced to part with their privileges *for a little paltry herb drink!* The inhabitants of this town are in general better qualified to handle their old swords than the writer's pen,

and if compelled to dispute for their privileges shall have resort to those solid and weighty arguments, by which they have often carried their point with savage men and savage beasts." Such, citizens of Gorham, was the spirit, such the energy, of your fathers. They avowed themselves ready at all times to aid the cause of freedom. They never thought of shrinking in the hour of danger. Their committees of safety and vigilance, in those trying times, were men of great wisdom, sagacity, and firmness. They were John and Edmund Phinney (father and son), William Gorham, Briant Morton, Solomon Lombard, Prince and Josiah Davis, Benjamin Skillings, Caleb Chase, Samuel Whitmore, and many others. James Phinney was chairman of the selectmen during most of the trying years of the revolution.

In September, 1774, Solomon Lombard, Esquire, was elected from this town a member of the Provincial Congress, and a large committee was raised, of which Nathan Whitney was chairman, to draw up instructions for the Representative, Mr. Lombard; the instructions were precise and strong, and voted by the town. Captain Briant Morton was delegate to the third and last Provincial Congress, which sat at Watertown.

At a town meeting held May 20, 1776, the freemen of Gorham, being generally assembled, voted *unanimously* that they would abide by, and with their lives and fortunes support the honorable Congress in the measure, if they think fit for the safety of these United Colonies, to declare themselves *independent* of the kingdom of Great Britain. This vote was passed nearly two months before the Declaration of Independence was brought forward in Congress. So early, so constantly, and so vigorously did the people of this town manifest their attachment to freedom.

In November, 1777, the town voted one hundred dollars to each volunteer who would go to reinforce the army of General Washington; and one hundred pounds lawful money was raised in a single year in this town to supply the families of absent soldiers. The spirit of patriotism in this town never flagged throughout the whole seven years' war. And after peace returned, at a town meeting held May 12, 1783, it was "voted that no person or persons who have joined the enemy in the late war against these United States (otherwise called tories) shall be suffered to abide in Gorham."

From the first to the last day of the revolutionary struggle, this town complied, and more than complied, with all the requisitions of the nation and the state for men, food, and clothing for the army. At one time the town raised four hundred dollars for the purchase of beef, and three hundred dollars for the purchase of clothing for the army; and at one town meeting the inhabitants voted £522 13s 4d for bounties for soldiers for the continental army, and Captain Samuel Whitmore, Lieutenant Nathaniel Frost, and Captain Hart Williams, were appointed a committee to obtain the soldiers.

Colonel Frost was almost incessantly employed in military services, as well as in civil offices, during many years of the war, and it gives great additional interest to our celebration to find him among us in vigorous health (the oldest man in our town), with so many of his venerable associates with him, the patriots of the war of our Independence. At the latter part of their long and useful lives they are receiving the gratitude of the young, and something of the bounty of the government they contributed so largely to establish.

It has been already stated that the people of this town made early provision for religious instruction. In 1741, when there were not more than ten or twelve families in Gorham, they set about building a meeting-house. In 1764 a second meeting-house was erected. In 1792 it was voted to enlarge the meeting-house thirty feet to the southward. In 1797 it was voted to dispose of the old meeting-house, and to build a new one. In 1798 the parish gave the "corner school-class the old meeting-house, provided the said class would build a school-house large enough to accommodate the town to do their town business in."

In June, 1797, the present meeting-house of the First Parish was erected. At the time of raising the same, a melancholy accident occurred — a part of the frame gave way, and two persons, Doctor Nathaniel Bowman and James Tryon, were killed. In 1828 this meeting-house was enlarged, altered, and put into its present form. Until 1790 the First, or Congregational Parish was the only incorporated religious society in this town. In January, 1790, George Thomes and sixty-one others were constituted a separate society, which was denominated the Baptist Society, though before that time many were dissatisfied with Con-

gregational tenets and preaching, and much opposed to paying taxes to support a Congregational minister. Since 1800 a large and respectable society of Methodists have been formed, and there are many persons in town of other denominations. The Free meeting-house was erected in 1821, to be used by any sect. The Methodists have also another house for public worship. The Free-will Baptists and Friends have each one.

The first clergyman employed in Gorham was a Mr. Benjamin Crocker from Cape Cod; he hired for six months at three pounds ten shillings per week, and preached from February 16, 1743, to the September following, when he was paid sixty pounds (old tenor, forty-five shillings to the dollar). Mr. Crocker graduated at Harvard College in 1713.

In September, 1750, the proprietors of this town voted to give Mr. Solomon Lombard a call to settle here in the work of the Gospel ministry; his salary was to be fifty-three pounds, six shillings, eight pence annually, and he received the lots of land reserved for the first settled minister, and the use of the parsonage land during his ministry. Lot number 57 (the lot where Mr. A. Clarke's farm is) was confirmed to him and his heirs for one of the minister lots. Mr. Lombard was a native of Truro, Cape Cod, and graduated at Harvard College in 1723; he was ordained at Gorham, December 26, 1750; one dollar was assessed on each right of land ($120) to defray the expenses of the ordination.

How long Mr. Lombard lived on terms of unanimity with his parishioners, I cannot say; but in the warrant for a proprietors' meeting, March 11, 1757, one of the articles in the warrant was, "to inquire into the grounds of the difference betwixt the Rev. Mr. Lombard and the inhabitants of this town." He was finally dismissed in 1764, and subsequently united with the Episcopalians. During the ministry of Mr. Lombard there was a schism in the church, and a Mr. Townsend was ordained pastor over one division of it April 4, 1759 — the Parish ordained him without the aid of clergymen. Captain Phinney prayed before the Charge; Captain Morton gave the Charge, and Mr. Townsend performed the other services. Phinney and Morton were Elders in the church. Mr. Lombard was a man of talents, learning, and sound sense. Soon after his dismissal from the ministry he was engaged in political life; he sustained many important offices;

he was a Justice of the Peace, chairman of the committee of safety and vigilance in the early days of the Revolution; a delegate to the first Colonial Convention; twice a member of the Provincial Congress; a delegate to form the Constitution of Massachusetts; seven years a Representative from Gorham in the Legislature, and afterward one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas for the county of Cumberland.

A town meeting was held July 12, 1766, "to see what method the town would take in order to the settling of a *good, learned, Orthodox Congregational* minister among us; and it was voted to send out Deacon Eliphalet Watson to go after such a minister. Mr. Lombard was succeeded in the ministry by Rev. Josiah Thacher, a native of Lebanon, Connecticut, a graduate of New-Jersey College. He was settled in Gorham in 1767, and after many difficulties with the Parish he was dismissed in April, 1781. And like Mr. Lombard, he soon laid aside the title of Reverend for that of Honorable, and entered deeply into political affairs. He was a Justice of the Peace — eleven years Representative of the town — then a Senator from Cumberland county in the Massachusetts Legislature, and subsequently a Judge of the County Court.

Reverend Caleb Jewett was the third Congregational minister; he was a native of Newburyport, Massachusetts, and graduated at Dartmouth College in 1776; he was ordained at Gorham, November 5, 1783; he was dismissed September 8, 1800.

Jeremiah Noyes was his successor; he was from Newburyport; graduated at Dartmouth College 1799; ordained at Gorham November 16, 1803 and died January 15, 1807. One condition of Mr. Noyes' settlement was, that he should take a dismission whenever two-thirds of the legal voters of the Parish, at a legal meeting held for that purpose, should request it, six months' notice to be given.

Asa Rand was next ordained over the first Parish in Gorham, January 18, 1809. He was a native of Rindge, New Hampshire, graduated at Dartmouth College 1806, and dismissed from his pastoral charge June 12, 1822; he became afterward editor of a religious newspaper in Portland, then at Boston, and subsequently at Lowell, Massachusetts.

Rev. Thaddeus Pomeroy, from South-Hampton, Massachusetts,

succeeded Mr. Rand as pastor of the first Parish, and still remains in that relation.

Doctor Stephen Swett was the first physician in this town; he was from Exeter, New Hampshire, and was a prominent man in town affairs in the time of the Revolution, and was surgeon in Colonel Phinney's regiment, and in several battles.

Doctor Jeremiah Barker succeeded him; he afterward removed to Falmouth; subsequently he married the widow of Judge Gorham, returned to this town, and died here in 1835, at the age of eighty-four years.

Doctor Nathaniel Bowman was the third physician; he graduated at Harvard College in 1786, and was killed by the fall of the meeting-house frame, as before stated. Doctor Dudley Folsom, from Exeter, New Hampshire, Doctors Charles Kittridge, Asa Adams, William Thorndike, Doctor Seaver, Elihu Baxter, William H. Peabody, Nelson H. Carey, and John Pierce, have been practising physicians in town.

John P. Little, from Littleton, Massachusetts, a graduate of Brown University, first opened an office in this town in 1801 for the practice of law; Peter Thacher, Samuel Whitmore, Barrett Potter, Jacob S. Smith, Joseph Adams, J. Pierce, Thomas J. Goodwin, and Elijah Hayes, have since been counselors-at-law in Gorham.

The first Innholder licensed in Gorham was Caleb Chase in 1770; then Samuel Prentiss in 1776; Cary McLellan in 1779; and many others since.

Till 1789 there was but one militia company in Gorham; in that year two companies were formed out of the old one; a third company was afterward formed; and since, companies of cavalry, light infantry, and riflemen, have been organized.

The people of this town have not been inattentive to the subject of education. Before the incorporation of the town the proprietors and inhabitants made provision for schools. At the first town meeting in March, 1765, forty pounds was voted for schools. At that period only one public school was kept in town. In 1768 the "town voted to *improve* Mr. John Greene as schoolmaster till the money tax is expended."

In each of the years 1806–1807 £550 ($1,833.33) was raised for schools; in 1808, $666.66; in 1809, $1,000; in 1812, $1,500.

Gorham Academy was incorporated by the Legislature of Massachusetts March 5, 1803, being the seventh academy incorporated in Maine. Eleven thousand, five hundred and twenty acres of land were granted by the General Court of Massachusetts for its endowment, June 20, 1803; twenty-five hundred dollars were contributed by the citizens of Gorham and the vicinity; and in 1804 the town voted four hundred dollars in aid of the institution. The land granted by the State is in the town of Woodstock, Oxford County, and was sold by the Trustees for ten thousand dollars. The Academy went into operation September, 1806. Its first Preceptor was Reuben Nason, a native of Dover, New Hampshire; he graduated at Harvard College in 1802. Mr. Nason had charge of the Academy till January, 1810, when he settled at Freeport as minister of the Congregational Society in that town; he again took charge of Gorham Academy in September, 1815, and continued principal of the same till August, 1834; he then removed to Clarkson, New York, and died suddenly at that place in January, 1835. Charles Coffin, Asa Redington jr., and William White, were preceptors from 1810 to 1815. In 1834 John V. Beane was principal — and Amos Brown is at present at the head of the Institution.

The principal burying-ground in the town is the old cemetery in the village, which was given to the town by Mr. Jacob Hamlen in 1770, and contains one half-acre of land. In this place most of the early settlers and many of the distinguished men who have lived in Gorham, have been buried.

Ever since the termination of the Indian wars, the town has been constantly increasing in wealth and population, and at the present time has more than three thousand inhabitants. It is one of the best agricultural towns in the state, having little or no waste land, and has important factories of cotton, woolen, leather, starch, and gunpowder.

If the healthiness of a place is to be ascertained by the age to which its people live, then will this town be adjudged to be one of great salubrity; it is believed that no town in Maine has contained so many aged people in proportion to its population, as Gorham. The early settlers especially were remarkable for their longevity. The first settlers, Captain John Phinney and his wife Martha, both died at the age of eighty-seven years; their sons,

GRAVES OF CAPT. JOHN PHINNEY AND WIFE. —Old Cemetery, Gorham Village.

Colonel Edmund Phinney lived to be eighty-five, John Phinney eighty-three, James Phinney ninety-four, their daughter, Mary Gorham Irish, eighty-nine. When the census of 1830 was taken, there were living in Gorham sixty-eight persons between the ages of seventy and eighty years; thirty-two between eighty and ninety; and six over ninety years of age.

The deaths in Gorham have been in late years about one in one hundred of the population, about thirty annually. Though in 1832, when the scarlet fever prevailed extensively, and was very fatal, fifty-six persons died in town, twenty-nine of whom died by that malady.

From the time of the incorporation of the town in 1764, to the separation of Maine from Massachusetts, four Judges of the courts have lived in Gorham, and she had four senators and fifteen representatives in the Legislature of Massachusetts. The senators were the Honorable Josiah Thacher, Stephen Longfellow, Lothrop Lewis, and James Irish.

Colonel Phinney, Judge Longfellow, Judge Gorham, Caleb Chase, Captain Briant Morton, Captain Hart Williams, Amos Whitney, Solomon Lombard, Honorable Josiah Thacher and Lothrop Lewis, were for many years the leading men in town, and managed its most important concerns.

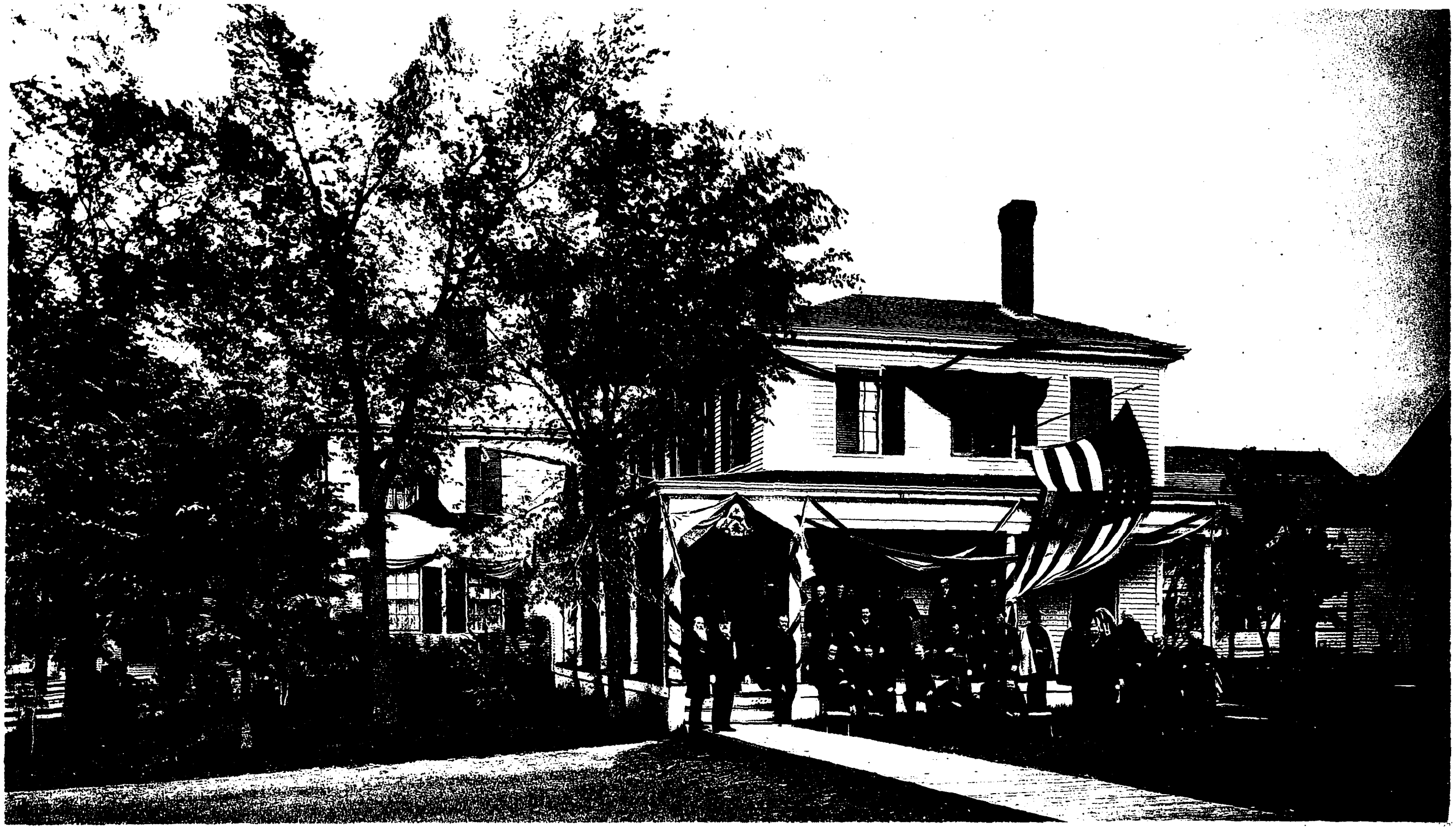
But I detain you too long; it is time that I should close. I have thus, fellow-citizens, endeavored to trace a portion of the history of our town, to exhibit the deeds and character of its first settlers. They are not present to join in our celebration; they have all passed away to be here no more —

> "Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
> The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

And we are permitted to reap in peace and joy the fields they planted in sorrow and in blood! It is but just to speak of their worth; it is but grateful to cherish the memory of their virtues. They were a peculiar set of men, remarkable for their love of freedom, for firmness and decision of character. Their springtime of life was passed in hardships, dangers, and difficulties of no common magnitude. They were mostly agriculturists, hard-working, sober, honest citizens. They had not the advantages of literary education, but they acquired knowledge enough of

letters to fit them for the more important duties of townsmen and citizens. They had not studied in the schools of eloquence, but they spoke in plain and forcible language "the words of truth and soberness." They abhorred disguise, and were above dissimulation. They were just, and therefore respected; virtuous, and beloved; hospitable, and esteemed; pious, and worthy to be imitated. They had no predilections, or personal interests that they were not willing to sacrifice on the altars of duty and patriotism.

Liberty and religious freedom were the great objects of their pursuit; these they resolved to have at any hazard; these they gained and left to their posterity. Let those now living see to it that they transmit the precious bequest to their children.



RESIDENCE OF GOVERNOR ROBIE.

CELEBRATION

OF THE

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

At a town meeting held June 8, 1885, the third article in the warrant being "To see what action the town will take, if any, in regard to a suitable observance of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of the town, which will occur in May, 1886," a committee of twelve was appointed to report in regard to the matter at the next March meeting. The committee consisted of the following persons, viz.: Frederick Robie, John A. Waterman, Joseph W. Parker, William L. Larrabee, Samuel R. Clement, Stephen Westcott, Otis Purinton, Charles W. Deering, Stephen Hinkley, George B. Emery, Mark Mosher and Stephen L. Stephenson.

On the 8th day of March, 1886, at the adjournment of the annual town meeting, it was

Voted, To have a suitable observance of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of the town.

The above named gentlemen were chosen a committee to act in the matter, and were authorized to expend on the part of the town a sum not exceeding five hundred dollars in an appropriate celebration of the event, which sum was then raised by the town for that purpose.

The first meeting of the committee was held at the house of Gov. Robie on Saturday afternoon, March 13, 1886, all being present except Messrs. Mosher and Parker.

Gov. Frederick Robie was chosen chairman and Stephen Hinkley, Esq., secretary.

The following sub-committees were appointed:—

On Programme — Messrs. Emery, Stephenson and Deering.

On Literary Exercises — Messrs. Hinkley, Larrabee, Clement, Robie and Waterman.

On Invitations — Messrs. Waterman, Hinkley and Purinton.

At the next meeting, March 27, the committee on Programme made a report which was accepted, and which formed the basis of the programme hereafter given in detail.

The committee on Literary Exercises reported that they had invited Rev. Elijah Kellogg to deliver the address and that he had accepted the invitation. This report was also accepted.

At this and subsequent meetings of the general committee, some of the sub-committees were enlarged and numerous others appointed, from time to time as occasion required. A full list of these committees is given in another place. Gov. Robie was requested to act as President of the day and to deliver an address of welcome, which he consented to do; and the following gentlemen were appointed vice-presidents:

Saul C. Higgins,
George Motley,
Simon E. McLellan,
Sewell Cloudman,
Samuel E. Stone,
Frank A. Hamblen,
Lewis Lombard,
Mark Mosher,
George W. Crockett,
Rufus Whitney,
Daniel C. Libby,
Moses Fogg,
Theodore B. Edwards,
Thaddeus P. Irish,
Samuel Cressey,
Rufus H. Hinkley,
Wesley Murch,
Arthur Phinney,
Charles Chadbourn,
Edward Gould,
William Smith,
Jeremiah Parker,
Van W. Carle,
David F. Rolfe,
Charles Patrick,
Stephen L. Stephenson,
James G. Meserve,
Sumner C. Bolton,
Ezra Thombs,
Joseph G. Bodge,
George B. Emery,
Stephen Westcott,
Dana Estes,
Rufus King,
J. McGregor Adams,
N. J. Rust,
George F. Fabyan,
Randall J. Elder,

Roscoe G. Harding,
Joseph Skillings,
Charles G. Alden
F. Augustus Files,
Benjamin A. Watson,
Reuben M. Bangs,
J. N. Newcomb,
William B. Freeman,
Charles B. Cotton,
Benjamin Waterhouse,
Isaac L. Johnson,
Arthur M. Benson,
Stephen Hinkley,
Lewis Pierce,
William W. Peabody,
Thomas S. Smith,
Gerry Rounds,
Edward Storer,
James Warren,
Reuben Nason,
W. F. Higgins,
Edward P. Pomeroy,
Isaac McLellan,
Samuel McLellan.
John A. Waterman,

On the evening of May 5, a meeting of all the committees was held, to which other citizens interested in the success of the celebration had been invited. There was quite a large attendance, and reports were made by the several committees, showing what progress had been made by them, and what needed still to be done. Thus a pretty accurate estimate could be made of the expenses of the celebration, and of the sum which would be needed therefor, in addition to that voted by the town. It was thought best to raise this amount by individual subscription, and a paper was circulated during the evening with very encouraging results.

It was further decided that the paper be circulated throughout the town, and Mr. Levi H. Bean was selected for that purpose. That Mr. Bean discharged this duty very successfully and satisfactorily will be seen by the treasurer's report at the close of this pamphlet.

In order that abundant notice of the proposed celebration and seasonable invitation to attend it might be given, it was announced quite extensively in the leading newspapers in New England, and by the following circular, signed by the committee of arrangements, of which fifteen hundred copies were printed and distributed.

1733.

NARRAGANSETT, No. 7.

1736. GORHAM, 1836.

1886.

THE citizens of Gorham propose to celebrate the One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the settlement of the Town, in an appropriate manner on Wednesday, the 26th day of May next, at Gorham Village.

There will be a grand procession, and an address of welcome by Gov. Frederick Robie in the forenoon, and an address by Rev. Elijah Kellogg, short speeches, social reunions, and other interesting exercises in the afternoon and evening.

At sunrise and sunset there will be salutes of one hundred and fifty guns from the site of the old Fort on Fort Hill.

Music will be furnished for the occasion by a Gorham chorus of one hundred and fifty persons, and Chandler's band, of Portland.

All the sons and daughters of Gorham, and former residents of the town, are cordially invited to participate in these exercises.

GORHAM, Me., April 26, 1886.

These meetings of the Committees were held with great and increasing frequency, until as the day of the celebration drew near, there was an almost continuous session of some of the members of the numerous committees; nor did their service cease until every part of the programme had been carried out as nearly as was practicable.

The following is a copy of the

PROGRAMME.

One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary

OF THE

SETTLEMENT OF GORHAM, MAINE,

Wednesday, May 26, 1886.

Salute on Fort Hill, and ringing of all the Bells in the town at sunrise.

THE PROCESSION

Will form on South Street, right resting on Main Street, at 9 o'clock A.M., and be ready to march at 9.20 o'clock sharp, in the following order:

CHIEF MARSHAL,

COL. HENRY R. MILLETT.

AIDS,

EDWARD HARDING, JOHN A. HINKLEY,
DR. WILLIAM P. WATSON, B. W. FEENEY,
GEORGE T. PRATT.

CHANDLER'S BAND, of Portland, 25 pieces.

PORTLAND CADETS, CAPT. HARRY EASTMAN, Commanding.

JOHN R. ADAMS POST, No. 101, Dep't of Maine, G. A. R.,
THEODORE SHACKFORD, Commanding.

C. H. WARREN POST, No. 73, Dep't of Maine, G. A. R.,
E. R. WINGATE, Commander.

PRESIDENT OF THE DAY, ORATOR, OFFICIATING CLERGYMEN,

GENERAL COMMITTEE and INVITED GUESTS, in carriages.

HARMONY LODGE, No. 38, F. & A. M., FRED W. HARDING, W. M.

DIRIGO LODGE, No. 21, K. OF P., C. A. BRACKETT, C. C.

PRESENT AND PAST OFFICERS OF THE TOWN.

PRESENT AND FORMER RESIDENTS.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

GORHAM HIGH SCHOOL, F. W. DAVIS, Principal.

DISTRICT SCHOOLS.

GORHAM GRANGE, No. 54, P. OF H., G. M. PARKER, Master.

BUXTON GRANGE, No. 95, P. OF H., R. F. CARTER, Master.

MOUNTED COMPANY, L. H. BEAN, Captain.

SECTION OF FIRST MAINE BATTERY, O. T. DESPEAUX, Captain.

INDIANS; G. D. WEEKS, WAR CHIEF.

TRADES.

PHINNEY MEMORIAL ROCK, WITH BOAT ATTACHED.

The procession will march down Main Street to the Gray Road, counter march, up Main, up State, down High, down Church, through Water, through Elm, up Preble, up Green, up Pine, down State, down South, through Lincoln Street, to the tent in Governor Robie's field near the Portland & Rochester Railroad Station.

EXERCISES AT THE TENT.

IN THE FORENOON, COMMENCING AT 11 O'CLOCK.

MUSIC — Anniversary March, composed by C. R. CRESSEY, of Gorham. CHANDLER'S BAND.

PRAYER, By REV. H. S. HUNTINGTON, Pastor of the First Parish Church, Gorham.

SINGING — "American Hymn," *Keller.*
BY THE CHORUS, W. L. FITCH, Conductor.

READING OF SELECTIONS FROM THE SCRIPTURES, By REV. F. A. BRAGDON, Pastor of School Street M. E. Church, Gorham.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME, By GOV. FREDERICK ROBIE.

SINGING — Original Ode, By MRS. JENNIE BODGE JOHNSON, Gorham, BY THE CHORUS.

BENEDICTION, BY REV. M. B. GREENHALGH, Pastor of North Street M. E. Church, Gorham.

IN THE AFTERNOON, COMMENCING AT 1.30 O'CLOCK.

MUSIC, BY THE BAND.

PRAYER, By REV. GEORGE L. PRENTISS, D.D., of New York.

SINGING — "Green be your Fame," *Rossini.*
BY THE CHORUS.

ADDRESS, By REV. ELIJAH KELLOGG, of Harpswell.

SINGING — Original Hymn, By PROF. H. L. CHAPMAN, Bowdoin College. TUNE — RUSSIAN NATIONAL HYMN.
BY THE CHORUS.

SINGING — "To thee, O Country," *Eichberg.*
BY THE CHORUS.

ANNOUNCEMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE DAY.

MUSIC, BY THE BAND.

SHORT ADDRESSES, SINGING, MUSIC BY THE BAND, ETC.

CLOSING HYMN — AMERICA.

BENEDICTION, By REV. EDWARD ROBIE, D.D., of Greenland, N. H.

At the close of these exercises there will be a SHAM FIGHT, in the field and woods near the tent, between a body of Indians led by their War Chief *Presumpsaukett*, and a squad of Scouts represented by *the Grand Army Soldiers.*

Ringing of bells at sunset, and parting salute on the site of the Bryant House.

IN THE EVENING,

A Reception will be given by the ladies of Gorham, at the Academy Hall. Past and present residents, visitors, and strangers in town, are cordially invited.

There will also be Social Reunions at the Halls of the various secret organizations, where brethren and their friends will be warmly welcomed.

During the preparations for the celebration, there were those who asked "What shall we do in case of bad weather?" but in general, there was no more thought of unpropitious circumstances, and a postponement, than there was of changing the day of Capt. John Phinney's landing on the calendar. But as was the case at the centennial celebration fifty years ago, it rained heavily during the previous day and night, and cleared off just in time for the exercises, so that the clearing up became a part of the celebration.

In the early gray of the morning, a flash illumined Fort Hill, the thundering of the sunrise gun echoed from the hills, and before the salute was ended, the rain ceased, the clouds dissolved, the sun shone out brightly, and the church bells rang joyfully.

As the bright sun and cool breeze dried the streets, preparations were rapidly completed; flags waved from every flagstaff, and before eight o'clock, public buildings and private residences were everywhere decorated with national emblems and historic symbols. Altogether, the effect was most gay and picturesque.

In addition to the private display, the committee on decorations had erected in the center of School Street, where it crosses Main Street, a lifelike figure of an Indian in full war paint, armed with gun and tomahawk. The figure was mounted on a pedestal resembling marble, and that in turn stood on an apparently granite base. On the shaft were the dates "1736, 1886," and the original name of the township—"Narragansett No. 7." This figure was greatly admired for its perfectly natural attitude of expectancy, and the pose so suggestive of the bold, bad, red man. A great arch at the head of Main Street, bearing the word "Welcome" in large and conspicuous letters upon each side, spanned the street. It stood like a crystallized forest of green boughs in the heart of the village, and elicited much admiring comment. The cemetery on the west side of School Street, given to the town for a burial place, by Mr. Joseph Hamblen, in 1740, was a spot of great interest. The graves of John Phinney and his wife, Hugh and Elizabeth McLellan, Stephen Longfellow, and others were appropriately designated by flags.

The old brown stone monument erected in 1805, and recording the settlement of the town, had been recently moved to the head

THE PROCESSION FORMING UNDER THE ARCH AT HEAD OF MAIN STREET.

of Church Street, and placed upon a granite base. The inscriptions are as follows: —

ON THE WEST SIDE.

"Gorham is one of the seven townships granted by Gen. Court in the year 1732, to the Narragansett settlers. On a division of the property among the original grantees, this town was assigned to Capt. John Gorham and one hundred and nineteen others, and was then called Narragansett No. 7."

NORTH SIDE.

"Capt. John Phinney commenced the first settlement in this town May, 1736. This event celebrated May 26, 1836, May 26, 1886."

SOUTH SIDE.

"This town was incorporated by the name of Gorham, Oct. 30, 1764."

EAST SIDE.

"This monument was erected by direction and at the expence of this town, May 6, 1805. Placed upon its present base, May 26, 1886."

The "Hugh McLellan" house, on the west side of the Fort Hill Road, was decorated with flags attached to its front, and over the front door the McLellan coat of arms was reproduced by a shield bearing three white doves in line between two gold stars, and a banner inscribed by the name of McLellan. This was for many years the home of Hugh and Elizabeth McLellan, settlers in Gorham in 1738. It was erected in 1773, of bricks made by Hugh McLellan and others, and is said to be the first brick house built in Cumberland County. The first McLellan house, a log cabin, stood a little further north on the east side of the road.

The eight o'clock train from Portland, followed by other long and heavily loaded trains, helped to swell the throng that was rapidly collecting in the streets, and by nine in the morning, the village was alive indeed. The chief-marshal and his aids were on the gallop, executing their plans, many of the horsemen of the parade were already in the saddle, while the press reporters, in a carriage drawn by a pair of splendid bays, reconnoitered and surveyed the situation. Governor Robie's grounds, in the rear of the depot, swarmed with people, and the sidewalks on the route of the procession were crowded with men, women, and children, from all parts of the town, and the neighboring towns, Portland, Westbrook, Scarboro, Buxton, Standish, and Windham. Different estimates placed the number waiting along the proposed route of the procession at from three thousand to five thousand persons.

THE PROCESSION.

The procession formed on South Street, the right resting on Main Street, according to the programme, and moved in the following order: —

Chief Marshal—Col. H. R. Millett.

Aids—Edward Harding, J. A. Hinkley, Dr. W. P. Watson, B. W. Feeney, George T. Pratt.

Platoon of Police.

Chandler's Band, D. H. Chandler, leader, 25 pieces.

Portland Cadets, Capt. Harry Eastman, commanding, 30 men.

John R. Adams Post, No. 101, Department of Maine, G. A. R., Theodore Shackford, commanding, 40 men.

C. A. Warren Post, No. 73, Department of Maine, G. A. R., E. R. Wingate, commanding, 60 men.

Carriages containing Governor Robie, Rev. Dr. George L. Prentiss, of New York, Gen. S. J. Gallagher, Col. F. W. Guptill, Lieut.-Col. W. A. R. Boothby, Lieut.-Col. A. B. Neally, Lieut.-Col. J. F. Hayden, Lieut.-Col. R. T. McLellan, Major George E. Dole, of the Governor's Staff, George B. Emery, Esq., Judge J. A. Waterman, Mr. Dana Estes, of Estes & Lauriat, Boston, Rev. Dr. Edward Robie, Rev. F. A. Bragdon, Gen. S. J. Anderson, Col. John M. Adams, Stephen L. Stephenson, Esq., Col. William B. Freeman, Mayor Chapman, of Portland, H. J. Libby, Esq., M. P. Emery, Esq., Councilor Silas Hatch, Mrs. Martha C. Wentworth, granddaughter of Capt. John Phinney, the first settler, her son, Dr. J. P. Wentworth, and grandson, Harold N. Wentworth, Edward Gould, Esq., S. R. Clement, Rev. H. S. Huntington, Rev. George Lewis, Albion Little, Esq., Councilor J. A. Locke, N. J. Rust, Esq., of Boston, Major Hewes.

Harmony Lodge, No. 38, F. and A. M., Fred W. Harding, W. M., 80 men.

Dirigo Lodge, No. 21, K. of P., C. A. Brackett, C. C., 50 men.

Carriages and Picnic Wagons containing Present and Past Officers of the Town, Present and Former Residents, School Committee, Past and Present.

Gorham High School, F. W. Davis, principal, 80 pupils.

District Schools, 300 pupils.

Gorham Grange, No. 54, P. of H., G. M. Parker, Master.

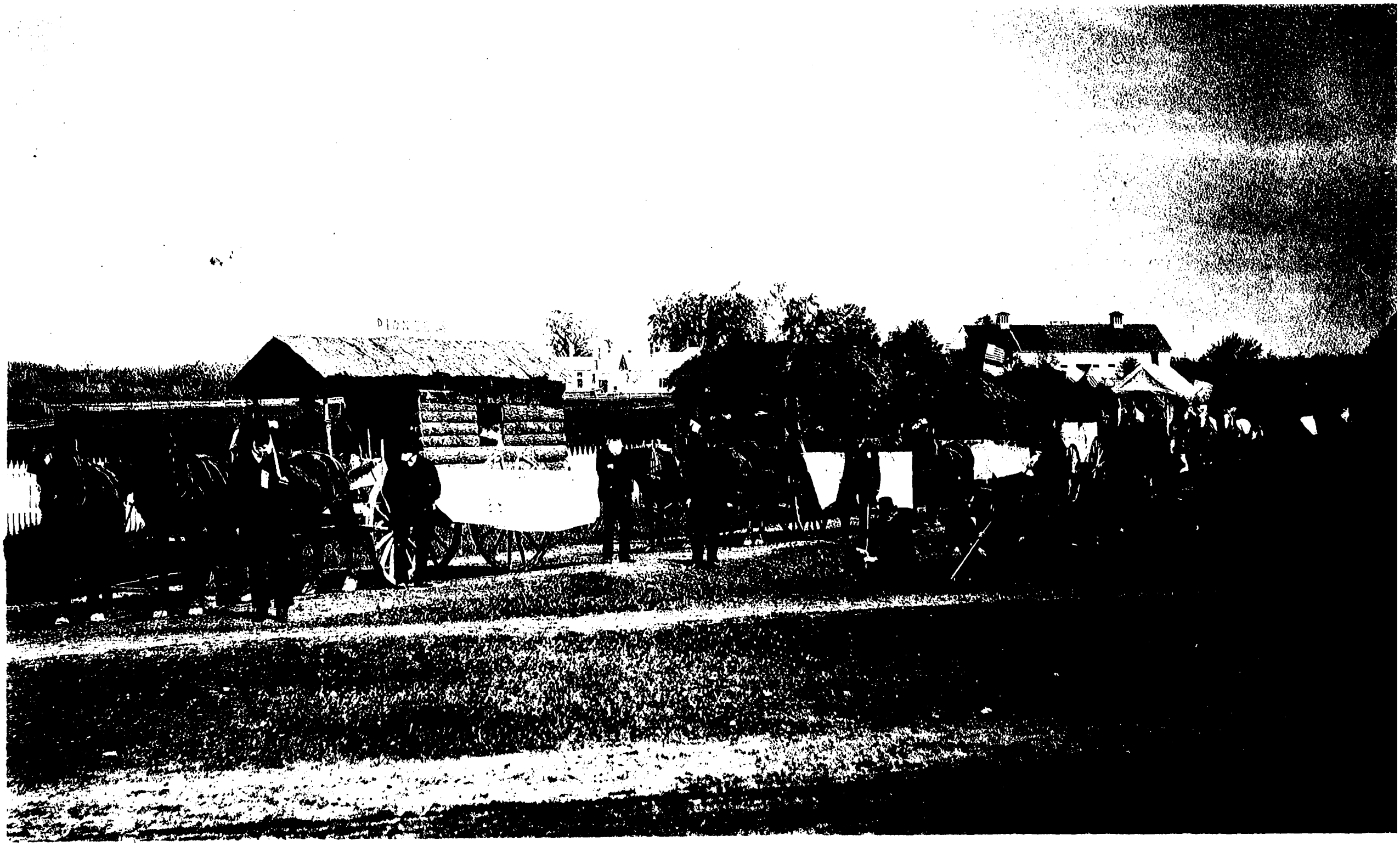
Buxton Grange, No. 95, P. of H., R. F. Carter, Master.

Mounted Company, L. H. Bean, captain, 45 men.

Section of First Maine Battery, O. T. Despeaux, Captain commanding, 10 men.

Indians, G. D. Weeks, War Chief, 20 braves.

Phinney Memorial Rock.



GRANGE DIVISION OF THE PROCESSION.

FLORA, CERES, AND POMOMA.

Following Gorham Grange came one of the most pleasing features of the procession, designed to illustrate different departments of agriculture. First was a log cabin, mounted on wheels, drawn by four horses, bearing on the roof the name "Pioneers." In advance of this cabin marched a delegation dressed in primitive style, carrying implements of industry used by former generations. On one side of the cabin was this inscription: "Be it ever so humble, there 's no place like home." On the opposite side: "1736, They Endured. 1886, We Enjoy." Within the cabin was a family dressed in antique garb. The mother was busy spinning flax, and the boys and girls were cutting up capers after the fashion of boys and girls of all periods.

The next tableau gave a vivid picture of rustic simplicity. A jigger covered with evergreen and spruce made a bower of greenery for the occupants, a group of ladies. On one side was "Laborer — Maid. Labor conquers all things." On the other side: "With humble faith they fell the trees, break the sod, and plant the seed."

The next was an equally charming spectacle; a vehicle bearing vines and blossoms, and another company of ladies. The words "Cultivator — Shepherdess" appeared on one side, and under them the line: "He that tilleth the soil shall be satisfied with bread." On the opposite side was the line: "Till with hope — Watch with care."

Following this was a beautifully adorned vehicle on which in great letters were the inscriptions: "Charity. Harvester. Gleaner. Faithfully gather. Carefully glean." On the other side: "Faithful in gathering, careful in gleaning."

Then came a pretty cottage scene. The inscriptions were: "Husbandman — Matron. As the homes are, so the Nation." On the other side: "Culture at home, Refinement abroad."

The mottoes on the next pictured representation were as follows: "Grain is King. Ceres brings grain." On the

other side: "To Ceres belongs golden grain. King of Kingdoms."

The next bore the following mottoes: "Flora, I bring thee flowers and blossoms. Sweet promises of rich golden fruit." Similar mottoes were on the other side. This vehicle was fairly blossoming in floral beauty, and the fair occupants who were borne along within it, were singing their songs of joy and happiness.

The Goddess Pomona was remembered, and a tribute paid to her by the next carriage, which like the others was covered with flowers, fruit and trailing vines. The mottoes were: "Pomona brings the golden fruit, products of the Orchard and Vineyard." On the opposite side: "Pomona brings the fulfillment of Flora's promise, golden fruit."

VILLAGE FARM ON WHEELS.

Following these tributes to Ceres, Flora, and Pomona, came an exhibition of a village farm on wheels, — the design of Mr. Henry B. Johnson. First passed along six noble looking oxen drawing a cart on which were a plow used in 1776, and one used in 1886; then a horse attached to a patent hay-loader; then a span of grays drawing a patent horse-hoe, and a seeder; then a span of handsome bays attached to a Bradley mowing machine, and last a patent hay tedder, drawn by one horse.

The mounted company also formed a very attractive part of the procession. It was a fine display of handsome horses and excellent horsemanship, as well as of neatness and tidiness in all respects. It was much admired, and reflected great credit upon its officers, Capt. L. H. Bean and Lieut. Perley Hanson, whose careful drilling and personal example contributed largely to its success.

The procession marched down Main Street to the Gray Road, countermarched up Main, up State, down High, down Church, through Water, through Elm, up Preble, up Green, up Pine, down State, down South, through Lincoln Street,

to the tent in Governor Robie's field near the railroad station.

All along the route, the streets were lined with people who in many expressive ways manifested their great delight in the variegated spectacle.

The Phinney rock was borne on a jigger ornamented with small spruce trees and flags. On each side was a placard that told the spectator that this was "the rock to which Capt. John Phinney moored his boat the first time he rowed up Little River."

The pupils of the High School made a good appearance in the procession, as did also the younger children of the district schools. Several banners were carried by these scholars. One bore the following: "West Gorham No. 5 banner. The first West Gorham schoolhouse was built of logs in 1761." Miss Grace Weeks had charge of the scholars from West Gorham No. 5 district. Another banner was inscribed as follows: "Our free schools, the hope of a free people." On another was to be read: "We learn not for school, but for life."

The Indians in the procession looked as though they were in truth aborigines. They were in savage rig, and armed with bows and arrows, and tomahawks. The big medicine man stalked gravely along in the center, adorned with a head-gear of feathers, one end of which nearly reached the ground. The Indians were a very attractive feature of the procession; and by their grotesque and skillful manœuvers, and good conduct through the day, they won much praise for themselves and their renowned chief, Presumpsaukett.

FORENOON EXERCISES.

The great Yale tent, gaily decorated with flags and bunting, was quickly filled by the procession and the attendant crowd, and though packed to its utmost capacity, the number outside of the tent still seemed as large as that within.

The exercises opened at about 11.30, with an "Anniver-

sary March," composed for the occasion by Mr. Charles R. Cressey, of Gorham, which was finely rendered by Chandler's Band.

The audience was called to order by Governor Robie, president of the day, and a fervent and appropriate prayer was offered by Rev. Henry S. Huntington, pastor of the First Parish Church. Keller's "American Hymn" was then sung with great spirit and power, by a chorus of one hundred and fifty voices, selected from the musical sons and daughters of Gorham, under the direction of Mr. W. L. Fitch, conductor, and accompanied by Chandler's Band.

After the singing, the following selections from the Holy Scriptures were read by Rev. F. A. Bragdon, pastor of the School Street M. E. Church.

PSALMS LXXXIX. 1-17; XCV. 1-7; CXLVI; CXII; CVIII. 1-5.

I will sing of the mercies of the Lord forever. With my mouth will I make known thy faithfulness to all generations. For I have said, Mercy shall be built up forever; thy faithfulness shalt thou establish in the very heavens. I have made a covenant with my chosen; I have sworn unto David my servant, Thy seed will I establish forever, and build up thy throne to all generations. Selah. And the heavens shall praise thy wonders, O Lord; thy faithfulness also in the congregation of the saints. For who in the heaven can be compared unto the Lord? Who among the sons of the mighty can be likened unto the Lord? God is greatly to be feared in the assembly of the saints, and to be had in reverence of all them that are about him. O Lord God of hosts, who is a strong Lord like unto thee? or to thy faithfulness round about thee? Thou rulest the raging of the sea: when the waves thereof arise, thou stillest them. Thou hast broken Rahab in pieces, as one that is slain; thou hast scattered thine enemies with thy strong arm. The heavens are thine, the earth also is thine: as for the world, and the fullness thereof, thou hast founded them. The north and the south, thou hast created them: Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in thy name. Thou hast a mighty arm: strong is thy hand, and high is thy right hand. Justice and judgment are the habitation of thy

throne: mercy and truth shall go before thy face. Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound: they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance. In thy name shall they rejoice all the day: and in thy righteousness shall they be exalted. For thou art the glory of their strength: and in thy favour our horn shall be exalted.

O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation. Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms. For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods. In his hand are all the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is his also. The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands formed the dry land. O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our maker. For he is our God: and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

Praise ye the Lord. Praise the Lord, O my soul. While I live will I praise the Lord: I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being. Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help. His breath goeth forth, he returneth to the earth; in that very day his thoughts perish. Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God: which made heaven, and earth, the sea, and all that therein is: which keepeth truth forever: which executeth judgment for the oppressed: which giveth food to the hungry. The Lord looseth the prisoners: the Lord openeth the eyes of the blind: the Lord raiseth them that are bowed down: the Lord loveth the righteous: the Lord preserveth the strangers: he relieveth the fatherless and widow: but the way of the wicked he turneth upside down. The Lord shall reign forever, even thy God, O Zion, unto all generations. Praise ye the Lord.

Praise ye the Lord. Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord, that delighteth greatly in his commandments. His seed shall be mighty upon earth: the generation of the upright shall be blessed. Wealth and riches shall be in his house: and his righteousness endureth forever. Unto the upright there ariseth light

in the darkness: he is gracious, and full of compassion and righteous. A good man sheweth favour, and lendeth: he will guide his affairs with discretion. Surely he shall not be moved forever: the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance. He shall not be afraid of evil tidings: his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord. His heart is established, he shall not be afraid, until he see his desire upon his enemies. He hath dispersed, he hath given to the poor; his righteousness endureth forever; his horn shall be exalted with honour. The wicked shall see it, and be grieved; he shall gnash with his teeth, and melt away: the desire of the wicked shall perish.

O God, my heart is fixed; I will sing and give praise, even with my glory. Awake, psaltery and harp: I myself will awake early. I will praise thee, O Lord, among the people: and I will sing praises unto thee among the nations. For thy mercy is great above the heavens: and thy truth reacheth unto the clouds. Be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens: and thy glory above all the earth.

At the conclusion of the reading, Governor Robie was introduced to the audience by Judge Waterman, and delivered the following

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Sons and Daughters of Gorham:—

We joyfully meet on this lovely morning of May, in view of many historic hill-tops, and in sight of the valleys of our own native soil. The scene appears more beautiful and suggestive than ever before. Our hearts beat with ecstacy, and our voices swell with thanksgiving and congratulations on account of personal kind greetings, and at the sight of so grand a panorama as nature here spreads out before us. From the commanding summits around us we can look upon the most delightful scenery. In the distance are the lofty granite mountains of New Hampshire, nearer are the swelling hills and fertile valleys of our own native State. Sometimes in our view is the blue ocean, with its white sails of commerce, and dearer than all else about us, are the old homes where many of us were born. The earth is

covered with its fresh carpet of green, the familiar trees extend their shady branches, and the birds that have come and gone for so many centuries are here again by their representatives, and with their sweetest songs join in the universal response of welcome; midst such pleasant surroundings we meet for an unusual and special purpose, and it becomes my official duty, as president of this grand gala day of our own, to call this distinguished gathering to order, and to welcome the presence of a large number of the sons and daughters of the ancient town of Gorham to the sights, rights, and services of this eventful occasion: the celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its settlement. Our minds are crowded with the mighty memories of the past, and a common bond unites us all as one great family. In behalf of the citizens of Gorham, I bid you all a hearty welcome.

Those of the sons and daughters of our town who, for sufficient reasons, have left their ancestral roof for enlarged opportunities, and the varied responsibilities of life, are only adopted citizens of other localities, and we claim such as our own by the royal title of birth. During your absence you have not been forgotten by us, and are not yourselves strangers to the manor born, but return bringing golden sheaves with you, and with reciprocal joy and affection we welcome you home again to the land of our fathers. I welcome the many strangers in our midst, and extend to such the hospitality of our homes.

We stand in view, and are in the vicinity of many a sacred and historic spot, and it is meet that we tarry at our one hundred and fiftieth milestone, and first recall the old family names of the men and women of Gorham, made illustrious by the noble examples and high purposes of early times. One hundred and fifty years ago, on this very day, on yonder high summit, were congregated the family of that noble, Christian man, Captain John Phinney, our earliest ancestor. He had come here from what is now known as the city of Portland, in a boat, by a circuitous route through the waters of Casco Bay, to the mouth of the river Presumpscot, and thence, after several miles of interrupted navigation, on account of water fall over steep ledges, he entered Little River, a tributary of the Presumpscot that traverses the breadth of our town. There was no other practicable method of

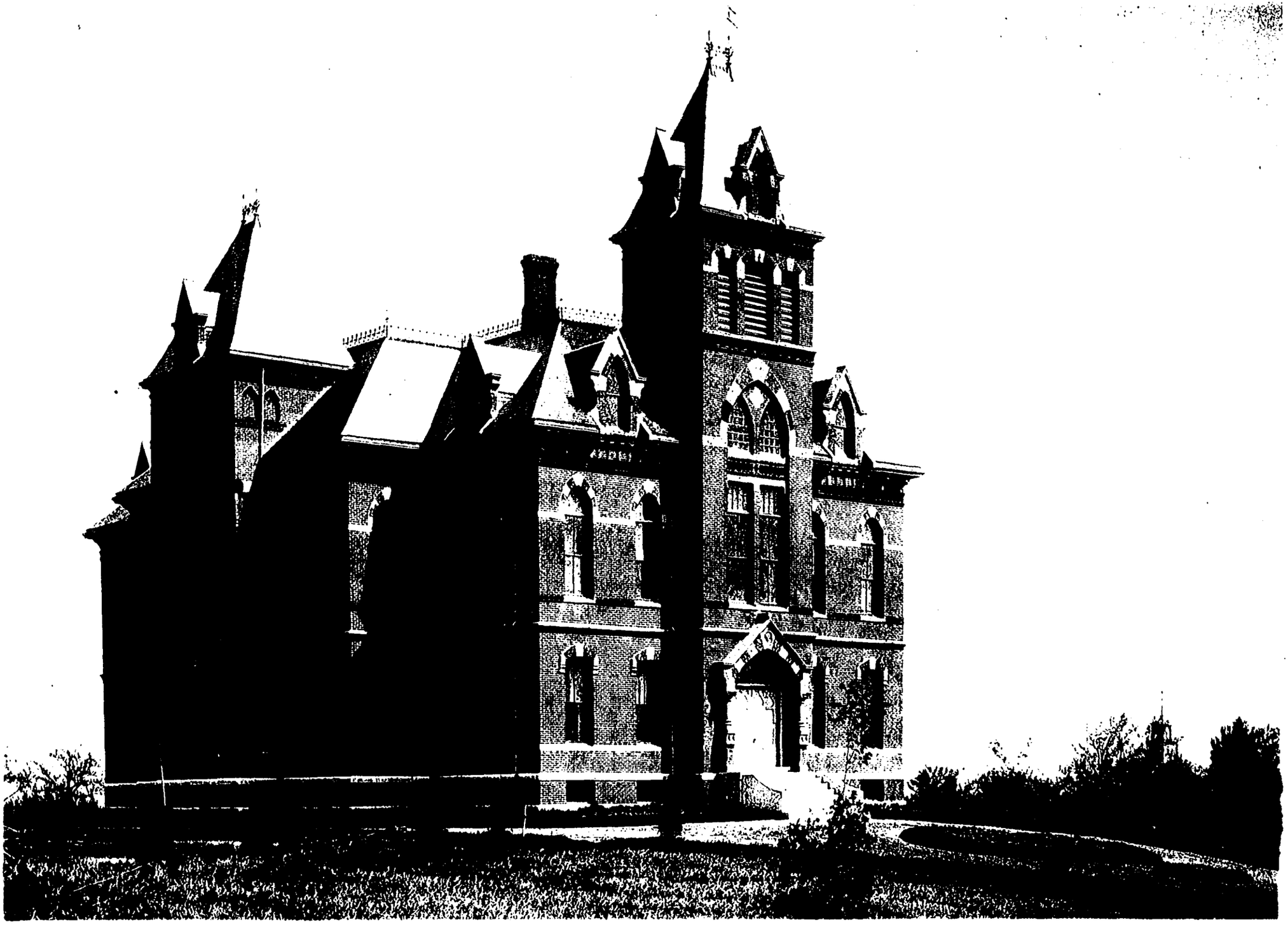
reaching here at that early period, and after many serious impediments and delays, he reached the point of destination on the early morning of the 26th of May, 1736. It was but a short distance from what was to be his future home. Disembarking, he fastened his boat to a rock as a landing-place, and today this rock appears in our procession as one of the distinguished and honored monuments of early times. It bears the first footprints of Anglo Saxon occupancy of our town, and, in a limited sense, is the Plymouth Rock of our civilization. It will hereafter be deposited in a conspicuous place at the base of our town monument. On that eventful morning in May, our early ancestor stood midst a dense forest of high trees which shut from human vision everything but the blue sky. In the evening he could see above him the heavens, the stars, the mysteries of God's mighty work, from which he drew inspiration, faith, and hope for future reward. The cultivated fields, village, and city of the present period, were then practically a dark and forbidding forest. From the long centuries of the past there came nothing but an unwritten history, and the unreliable traditions of an Indian race, and the silence of a vast solitude was only disturbed by the tread of the red man, and the voice of the wild beast. From this point civilization commenced. One hundred and fifty years ago, upon yonder summit, was begun and created a family home, the unit of our form of government. The multiplication of similar family homes made our town, and have made the state, and nation. One hundred and fifty years ago this morning, the family Bible was read for the first time in our town, the first prayer was offered, the first song of thanksgiving ascended to the throne of God, and the appearance of the Phinney family, and the blows of the woodman's axe were the forces that commenced to roll back the mysteries of the past for a new departure, to make room for the beginning of the real historic life which we now see and know. We are proud of our ancestor, and the first families who settled our town. The noble characteristics of the pioneer family permeated the locality, and there was a unity of loyal brotherhood and Christian fellowship among our early ancestors that is worthy the emulation of their descendants. We come as Pilgrims and view with unmeasured delight the spot where the first Christian family home was consecrated. We tread here and there upon

ground made sacred by historic memories. We recall heroic deeds that inspire our very nature and excite our pride that we are the descendants of a race of men, who by sacrifice laid the foundation of the homes and institutions we now enjoy. On yonder hill the rude log cabin was built, the first little clearing was opened, the fort and block house erected, within which the entire population of the town was sheltered for four long years. In the fort was the garrison, the only defence of the family home, and there the parish pastor and the school teacher found employment and security. The early history of our town tells us of many a sad story of savage cruelty, and within half a mile from here are the stone and earthen floors of Bryant's cabin which were once wet with the blood of four dear children, but the dark clouds that then lowered so near had their silver lining. The power of endurance, loyalty, true religion, and every other manly and womanly virtue of the Phinneys, McLellans, Moshers, Watsons, Hardings, Cresseys, Files, Irish, Hamblens and other representative pioneer families were sufficient for every sacrifice and danger, and the solid material to establish the institutions of justice, freedom and safety which we now enjoy. In our oldest cemeteries lie buried in unknown graves many of the brave men of those early days, but we find a very few sleeping beneath leaning and crumbling stones of slate, whose honored names have been nearly effaced by the ruthless touch of time. Today we lay the choicest flowers of spring upon their graves, and recounting their heroic deeds pay a just tribute to their noble dust.

"Gone are the living, but the dead remain,
And not neglected; for a hand unseen,
Scattering its bounty like a summer rain,
Still keeps their graves and their remembrance green."

The relationship which the present inhabitants of Gorham hold with the past can be divided into three exact periods; for three separate links of fifty years each connect us with that historic and memorable day when our town had its birth, a day ever worthy to be commemorated as the most important in our local history. I personally well remember (and this is the case with but very few others of my fellow citizens) the stirring events of the centennial celebration of our town which occurred fifty years ago. I recall the

occasion and the venerable and distinguished men of that period. Among the number in the procession were Col. Nathaniel Frost, the oldest man in town, and other revolutionary heroes. On an historic eminence, around a centennial banner, which received the cheers of all the people, stood venerable men whose shoulders then touched those of younger men, but whose hands had clasped the hands of some of the noble men and women who first settled in this town. The old men of today are the living connecting links with our first centennial, and likewise are moving on in advance of a generation who in turn are soon to fill their places. Thus looking back we bring near ourselves by continuity of the same extended chain the personal presence of those who lived and acted one hundred and fifty years ago, and although long, long years separate us, we are still united by such connections that the early history and traditions of our town and its glorious people seem to be a near part of ourselves. Future generations by similar divisions of periods of time, will be the near representatives of this great ancestry. The experiences and acts of the first fifty years of the progress of our town are the most eventful pages of its history. In the year 1786 on its semi-centennial anniversary it was said, "there are those living among us who felled the first trees, planted the first kernel of corn, helped build the first house, and aided in driving the savages into distant forests." Even then block houses and rude cabins had been partially abandoned, and in their place cultivated clearings and comfortable homes had made their appearance. The constitutional liberty of a great nation had then been secured by the aid of the brave men and women who first founded this town. Glorious cycle of time! we bend over its wonderful revelations and pay a just tribute of lofty cheers to the memory of our early ancestors. The second link of fifty years brings us down to the year 1836, and within that period we find a continual progress in the population, wealth and material resources of our town, and among the conspicuous land marks, which more than anything else, marks the character of its people, is our venerable academy, which was built in 1806. Education and educated men and women were among the choicest offerings of the period. The war of 1812, in which many of our soldiers participated, with its rights and its wrongs, was vindicated by the triumph of the stars and stripes, and a free ocean for Ameri-



STATE NORMAL SCHOOL BUILDING.— Erected 1878.

can commerce was secured. We now leave this important link, and in 1886 look back upon another period of fifty years, which today we complete, and add the third link to the lengthened chain connecting us with the fixed and written register of the past. The last fifty years are better known to us than the record of any previous period. Religion, education and loyalty have been recognized by special landmarks which will forever distinguish this generation, but which, like others, are passing away for others to succeed. The faith which our forefathers had in God, which led them in the midnight of poverty and dependence, among their first acts to consecrate a place for public worship, has inspired the present generation in the sunlight of prosperity, to erect commodious and beautiful churches in keeping with their enlarged means, and meeting-houses of this character everywhere "nestle in our valleys and crown our swelling hills." The Gorham Female Seminary was dedicated in 1837, and has acomplished much for the town and state. The Normal School building was erected in 1878, much to our credit, but much more to our educational advantage. We point with pride to the willing enlistments of three hundred and eighty-six of our sons in the war for the Union and feel the highest emotions of pride and gratitude when we read the names of fifty-seven of our sons who lost their lives as a costly sacrifice upon the altar of freedom. Their names are inscribed upon marble on yonder monument to be thoughtfully read by ourselves, and to be honored by a distant posterity. This monument may crumble and fall, but the heroism and sacrifices of our volunteer soldiers for a righteous cause are imperishable. When we recount the achievements of the sons of Gorham, and their bravery on so many glorified battle-fields for the Union, we hand down to other generations the proudest page of our history, and while we honor the living who, with their lost comrades, under all the vicissitudes of war were equally true to their town, state and nation, we cherish in our heart of hearts today the memory of those noble men of Gorham who died to save their country. I joyfully welcome here today a large company of the veteran soldiers of Gorham, Buxton and Standish who belonged to the Union Army. Many of them wear the badge of the Grand Army of the Republic. I gladly welcome the presence of many of the representative farmers of our own town, and their

families, and the faithful Patrons of Husbandry of Gorham and Buxton. The giant force of the strong right arm of labor is the prime producing power of our national greatness. In our town it has subdued the forest and established cultivated fields and independent rural homes, and today Gorham occupies the front rank of agricultural towns in our state. Our farms illustrate the fruit of industry, frugality and intelligence, and farming hereafter must be the chief employment of our people. It is the most honorable and useful of all pursuits, and may future developments by the application of art, science and co-operation, in the hands of a progressive people, open the way for still greater triumphs in our agricultural history.

I welcome here today the distinguished members of Harmony Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, the oldest and one of the most respected of our secret societies, also the worthy fraternity of Knights of Pythias, a more recently formed organization, and the invited guests of each. You are the exponents of high moral and social culture and true humanity.

I welcome the Cadets, one of the military companies of the state from the city of Portland. We are justly proud of the metropolis of our State, and her progressive growth in everything that constitutes a great city. We respect the power and influence of her educated, business and working men, and honor the strong and loyal arm of her citizen soldiers which have and are ever ready to protect the lives and property of all our people.

My task would be incomplete if I failed to welcome here today, by special recognition, the faithful and generous women who were born in our dear old town. In the forest, on the farm, in polite society, in the great moral and political contests of the past our noble women have always been heroic and true, and thus "their uncounted vote has always been counted for the right." Our daughters have seemed to illustrate and perpetuate the Christian virtues of Mary Gorham Phinney Irish, the first white child born in our town, as the true type of excellence, and thus as mothers they have molded the correct habits of our boys and pure character of our girls, which has so much determined our past history. It is the same influence and similar teachings which will secure greatness to our future history. We extend our warmest congratulations to Martha Coleman Phinney Wentworth, who

honors this occasion with her distinguished presence. She is the daughter of James Phinney, who was born in 1741 and died in 1834, having finished an eventful and faithful life of 94 years. She is the granddaughter of Capt. John Phinney, our earliest ancestor; the niece of Mary Gorham Phinney and of Col. Edmand Phinney of Revolutionary renown, and the widow of the late Capt. Thomas E. Wentworth of Gorham, a distinguished officer in the recent war for the Union. I extend to the teachers and pupils of our public schools the congratulations and hearty welcome of all our citizens. You are the pride of our town and worthy of a high rank of honor.

The past one hundred and fifty years are over and gone. The conditions and experiences of the past will not be the recorded revelations of the future. We are in the full enjoyment of liberty, power, wealth, and peace, the fruit of the toil and sacrifices of those who made our early history. There are great perils which threaten our future. It is the eternal law of existence that we shall move forward or backward, and the preservation of our great birth-right by personal example of private worth, public virtue, and the illustration of that righteousness which exalteth a nation, should enlist our united endeavor. To-morrow's sun will rise upon the commencement of a new period of time, which, in fifty years from now, will either excite the admiration or sorrow of another generation.

Today we look back with stately pride upon the past. We are proud of our temples of worship, our homes, our schools, our farms, and workshops, and the morality, intelligence, and industry of our people. Let us remember that no period or generation is distinctly separate from another. The youth of today are "the trustees of the American future." The lives of every generation should exemplify all that was true and noble in the past. There should be an earnest striving among our youth to build up character in the interests of frugality and sobriety, and to illustrate a loyal performance of every known duty. Thus, in fifty years from now shall the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of our town find an assemblage of its sons and daughters, in their firm manhood and true womanhood, worthy to receive the welcome of Gorham by the words of the Roman mother, "These are my jewels."

At the close of the address, which was listened to with earnest attention, and was heartily applauded, the following original Ode, composed for the occasion by Mrs. Jennie Bodge Johnson, of Gorham, was sung by the chorus, the vast audience joining, and giving it a most inspiriting effect.

ODE.

Tune — Auld Lang Syne.

Wake every heart, awake and sing
In chorus full and free!
While notes responsive backward ring
From memory's shoreless sea.
Above the echoes of regret,
In songs of joy entwine
Fresh garlands from the laurels yet,
For Days of Auld Lang Syne.

Seen thro' the centuries' misty light
Their colors fair unfold,
Foundation stones of Peace and Right
In adamant and gold.
Thro' clouds of battle smoke how clear
Their fadeless glories shine,
Awake a royal tribute here
For Days of Auld Lang Syne.

The joys that make the whole world kin
To festal days belong,
From Freedom's treasury all may win
The fellowship of song.
We bring a hearty welcome here,
Good will to thine and mine,
And from our chaplet of good cheer
One song for Auld Lang Syne.

Unfurl the banner that we love
And give it three times three,

LARGE TENT WHERE THE EXERCISES WERE HELD. — May 26, 1886.

Wake loyal hearts, awake and prove
The rapture of *The Free!*
Beneath the sheltering Stripes and Stars
We hail the *Northern Pine*,
And mingle with our proud huzzas
Three cheers for Auld Lang Syne.

The exercises closed with the benediction, pronounced, in the absence of the gentleman to whom this service had been assigned on the programme, by Rev. L. Z. Ferris, of Rockland, Mass., former pastor of the First Parish Congregational Church at Gorham.

During the intermission at noon, large numbers of visitors were entertained by members of the general committee, and numerous other citizens, whose houses were hospitably opened to them, while a great multitude found abundant and agreeable refreshments at the excellent restaurants of Goudy, Alexander, and others, who had made ample arrangements for the occasion.

AFTERNOON EXERCISES.

The spacious tent was again filled to overflowing long before the time appointed for the exercises to commence, and the number unable to gain admittance was greater even than in the forenoon. Seats were largely disregarded, and the vast audience stood jammed together as in an immense political mass meeting.

At two o'clock the great assembly was called to order by Governor Robie. Chandler's Band then played an appropriate selection, "Ye Olden Tunes," at the close of which Rev. George L. Prentiss, D.D., of New York, offered an earnest and impressive prayer, remarkable for the sweetness of its spirit, the tender personal and local allusions it contained, as well as for the fervor and depth of feeling with which it was uttered.

After the prayer the chorus sang Rossini's beautiful

GREEN BE YOUR FAME.

Green be your fame forever
Sires who our nation planted,
By storm and death undaunted,
  Firmly on Freedom's rock;
When danger rose around you,
Loudly glad hymns ye chanted,
While every bosom panted
  Wildly with freedom's glow.

Dark grew the clouds above you,
Loud howled the midnight tempest,
While through the pathless forest,
  Rang out the savage yell;
Still rose your song triumphant,
Danger and death despising;
Still to Jehovah rising
  Proudly your anthems swell.

Rev. Elijah Kellogg was then introduced as the orator of the day by Governor Robie, who said: "I have the high honor to introduce to this audience a true representative of 'Old Times in Gorham,' which he himself has made good old times by his personal power of ready description and a correct knowledge of the men and women who made its early history. Rev. Elijah Kellogg needs no words of commendation or even an introduction to a Gorham audience. Respected, honored, and beloved, he has written his own biography in the memory and on the hearts of all our people. Listen to our distinguished friend who will now address you."

REV. ELIJAH KELLOGG'S ADDRESS.

The occasion, my friends, that has brought us together requires that we should speak of the principles which actuated those who on this soil first broke the ground, endured hardship and met perils of all descriptions, obtained their daily bread, and laid the foundations of the fabric other hands have reared; and that on this spot, where so large a portion of my childhood, youth, and early manhood were spent, we should endeavor, by the light of the past, to make such use of the characters of the brave and virtuous as to incite to a worthy emulation — that religion, patriotism, and manly vigor may not die with us, and in our households, but become the heritage of those who shall succeed us. The conditions of our existence are predicated often before we are born in virtue of transmitted instincts and the influences that meet and, to a greater or less extent, shape the first reaches of thought and ripen impulses into habits. Early impressions exert a vast influence and are with difficulty eradicated. A coloring mixture poured upon ice may be removed by a removal of the surface, but mingle it with the water when freezing, and where is the force that shall separate them?

What but the power of early impressions and stirring memories of the days when the grass was greener and the sun brighter and life sweeter than it will ever be again, has assembled here today so many old schoolmates, relatives, and tried and loving friends who have drank together out of the moss-covered bucket at the Thatcher well, picked strawberries in Chadbourne's pasture, caught trout in Week's brook, and endured tribulation under the castigations of Reuben Nason. Thus do the sentiments of those who, though they have long ceased to live, have not ceased to exert influence, grow into and grow up with those whose minds are now crystalizing to maturity. They will assuredly become such persons, to a great extent, as those who have preceded, and the influences they encounter and the instructions they receive upon the threshold of life make them. Therefore all inquiries respecting the characters and doings of these persons, who, one hundred and fifty years ago today, set up the institutions of religion and education on this soil, are of great interest and value to us. They were Puritans by descent, though American

born and bred, with the exception of one family of Scotch Presbyterians.

Permit me to place before you a Puritan who flourished during the reign of Elizabeth, and to all allow him to speak for himself. It seems that certain motions had been made in the English House of Commons looking to reformation in the church, a committee appointed to report the reforms and petition the Queen. No sooner had business commenced than the Puritan Peter Wentworth Esq., member from Tregony, thus delivered himself in favor of free speech, and against the encroachments of the crown, — well aware of the peril he encountered.

"*Mr. Speaker:* I find written in a little book, 'Sweet is the name of liberty.' But the thing itself has a value beyond all inestimable treasure. So much the more it behooves us to take care lest contenting ourselves with the sweetness of the name we lose the thing itself. I conclude that in this house which is termed a place of free speech, nothing else is so necessary for the preservation of the Prince and State. Two things, Mr. Speaker, do great hurt in this place. The one is a rumor that runneth about this house, and this it is, — Take heed what you do. The Queen's Majesty liketh not such a matter. Whosoever perferreth it, she will be offended with him, or the contrary. Her Majesty liketh of such a matter whosever speaketh against it, she will be offended with him. In every cause we ought to proceed according to the matter and not according to the Prince's mind. Many times it falleth out that a Prince may favor a cause perilous to himself and the whole state. In such a case where are we, if we follow the Prince's mind. How could any Prince more unkindly treat, abuse and oppose herself against her nobility and people than her Majesty did the last Parliament? Is this a just recompense in a christian Queen for our faithful dealing? The heathen do requite good for good. How much more is to be expected from a christian Queen. And will not this her Majesty's handling, think you, make cold dealing in many of her Majesty's faithful subjects in the future? I fear it will. We are incorporated into this place to serve God and mankind, not to be time servers, or as humor feeders, or cancers that pierce to the bone." The members listened with mingled astonishment and terror depicted on their faces. But when they heard him arraign

the Queen, and that Queen *Elizabeth*, (who once said to the bishop of Ely, "Proud Prelate, you know what you were before I made you what you now are, and if you do not immediately comply with my request, by God I will unfrock you,") the House interrupted him, ordered him under arrest, and to be examined before a committee consisting of all the members of the Privy Council, who were of the House, and fourteen other members, that he might have an opportunity of excusing his fault; but instead of that, he defended himself, and silenced the committee. Powerless to reply to this champion of civil liberty, the committee said: "Mr. Wentworth, you might have uttered what you had to say in better language. Why did you not?" "Would you have me, a member of the House of Commons, the place for free speech, to have done as you of her Majesty's Privy Council do,—utter a weighty matter in such terms that she should not have understood herself to have made a fault? Then would it have done her no good: whereas my intent was to do her good." "You have answered us." "Then I praise God for it."

The men who cut the first trees, and planted the first hills of corn on the shores of Massachusetts and Casco Bays, were men of this stamp, and their blood flows in your veins. Are not the principles advocated by this staunch yeoman, at the peril of life, the same that you have drawn in with your mother's milk, and been taught at your father's knee; and is not that noble sentiment of his, "We are incorporated into this place to serve God and mankind," the same which actuated those who here incorporated themselves for a like purpose?

Eight hundred and forty Massachusetts men bore arms in Phillip's war. This was the most severe conflict with the savages the colony of Massachusetts Bay was ever engaged in, and the expenses of this war bore very heavily upon them. Being destitute of money, they granted to the soldiers who had served in that war, and to their heirs, seven townships of lands in Maine, then a part of Massachusetts, and in New Hampshire. Narragansett, No. 7, fell to the lot of Capt. John Gorham and associates. These men were the direct descendants of the Puritans. Nearly every town on Cape Cod was represented, and furnished its quota for the settlement of Narragansett No. 7, to which they gave the name of Gorham, as a mark of respect

for their leader, Capt. John Gorham. Forty of them were from Barnstable, thirty-nine from Yarmouth, twenty-two from Eastham, seven from Sandwich, three from Plymouth, six from Duxbury, and one from each of the towns of Abington and Scituate.

The most common causes that have led to the colonization of other countries have been the lack of food, the overcrowded population. Most emigrate or starve. The desire of conquest, as the Danes and Normans came into England, — or the greed of gold that colonized South America with Spaniards.

But those from whom the settlers of this town descended, when they came to these shores, intended to found, and did found, a commonwealth on the basis of religion and education and law. All the grants of their general court were upon the following conditions, — among others, in seven years to settle sixty families, to settle a learned orthodox minister, to build a meeting-house, to clear a certain number of acres of land, to reserve a certain portion of the township for the support of schools, the ministry, and the first settled minister. They thus at the outset provided for an educated ministry, and for the education of the people, and for a house of worship. It was not left to choice or chance. It is to be hoped and expected, say they, that no member of this commonwealth will suffer so great a degree of barbarism in his household, that his children shall not be able to read the Word of God. The persons meditating settlement on this soil might have occupied their land and remained as a plantation, without fulfilling the requirements above stated, but they carried out the decrees of the Executive in the spirit with which they were enacted. As their first act, they prayed to God, and voted that a meeting-house be built in said town, of logs, and that fifty shillings be assessed on a right to build it. When, before they could clear sufficient land to raise crops, they were so hard pressed with hunger that they were often without meat or bread, and were forced to boil and eat the grain reserved for seed, and even to boil and eat green beech leaves and ground nuts, they employed and paid Rev. Benjamin Crocker, a Harvard graduate, to preach to them as they sat in their log meeting-house, on pine saplings hewn on one side, supported by legs with the bark on them, and with their muskets between their knees, listened to a service to which they were called by

beat of drum. The growth of the towns that composed this Republic, and of the country itself, was at first slow; but it was natural and healthy, grew out of the habits and character of the people, and reflected them; whereas in respect to the numerous republics that in rapid succession have risen and fallen in the world, or that have now a name to live, while they are dead, they have not had such a natural and healthy growth. Their institutions are something put upon them like religion upon a hypocrite, and have not grown out of the spirit instincts of the people, and been shaped by them to meet and satisfy a general want. The steady growth and permanent prosperity of this town has resulted in a great degree from the occupation, as well as from the character of its original inhabitants. All progress comes from tying man down to a piece of land, and compelling him to obtain his bread from it. So long as man wanders, and merely gathers what nature offers, he makes little progress. He has but few wants, they are easily satisfied, and when they are satisfied, he sleeps. He builds no permanent structures, and bestows little labor on that which is to be abandoned tomorrow. His memorial column is a heap of stones, a tree, or a mountain peak. With only the animal for his competitor, he rises but little above the level of his four-footed antagonist. A birch canoe, a bow and arrow, snow-shoes, a sledge, a few rude tools of bone or of stone, record his progress, and limit his attainments in mechanics; but fasten him to the soil, place him in contact with the forces of the material universe, that he may perceive and avail himself of their aid. Make him a producer, and at once new wants arise, that clamor for gratification, and that stimulate invention. Competition begets effort, arts and sciences are born, and leisure and culture follow. What saith the scripture on this point: "The king himself is served from the field." "He who tilleth his land shall have plenty of bread, but he who followeth after vain persons shall have poverty enough." As insects take the color of the bark upon which they feed, thus their whole course of thought and act were tinged and shaped by their religious proclivities. They believed that men were made of the earth, and the nearer they keep to it, the better and happier they are, and that this idea was foreshadowed by the Creator when he assigned this occupation to the first of the species.

They loved the soil, and clung to it, and placed ownership of the land from which they obtained their bread, before everything else.

Elizabeth McLellan expressed the sentiments of her neighbors, when she said, — "We will risk our scalps for land." The land was worthy of the risk, for it was fertile and repaid the cultivator. Place a community on a barren sand or a hungry gravel, that contributes nothing of itself, from which there is no response, and the husbandman receives only the value of the dressing he put on it, and that community will dwindle; but the instance has yet to be found of failure or lack of progress, where an industrious race have owned and tilled a fertile soil.

When in 1730, Edmund Phinney cut on Fort Hill the first tree for the purpose of clearing land to plant, his was the initial act that, succeeded by others of a like nature, was destined to transform the haunts of the wolf and the savage, into homes for fair women and brave men, where barns should be filled with plenty, and the oxen feed after their manner. An agricultural people are essentially a warlike people, since they produce the men, the provisions, and the clothing. It surely does not become us to forget that the contest which rendered us independent of Great Britain, was fought by farmers, and the expenses borne by the farms; that our grandmothers spun the wool and flax, and wove the blankets and other clothing, and knit the stockings required during the war; that every household was a manufactory, and every woman an operative. Narragansett was then a frontier settlement, an unbroken forest extending from thence to Canada, and from time immemorial it had been the thoroughfare by which the savage passed from the interior to the sea coast and the mouths of the rivers, and the exposure was great. The nerve and resolution manifested by our progenitors in clearing land of such an enormous growth as this soil then produced, and subduing and fitting it for tillage, was a triumph over obstacles of which any body of men might be justly proud.

Hugh McLellan and his son William cut a tree for a mast in the flat between the Congregational Meeting-house and the old Female Seminary, on the stump of which they turned around, without their stepping off, a yoke of oxen, six feet in girth; the remains of which were of large size in my boyhood.

The first man who set foot on this soil with the intention of making a permanent settlement, was Captain John Phinney, the son of a Narragansett soldier. He was a pious, energetic man, an accomplished officer, of clear head and good judgment. He was so well balanced as not to be confused by sudden exigencies or discouraged by severe rebuffs, and was the Miles Standish of the little colony. He came up the Presumpscott River in a light canoe, accompanied by his son Edmund Phinney, afterward a colonel in the Revolutionary Army, and then fourteen years of age. As they were obliged to carry their boat and its lading around the falls at Saccarappa and Ammon Congin, they took with them only an axe, gun, and a small quantity of provision and ammunition. Captain Phinney landed, and proceeding west about two miles through the forest, selected a spot on the southern side of Fort Hill, so named from its becoming the site of a fort built during the Indian war, and upon the farm since occupied by Mr. Moses Fogg. Here the son cut the first tree ever cut in Gorham, in order to clear land for planting, May 26th, 1736. In the same year Captain Phinney removed his family, consisting of his wife and seven children, being himself forty-three years of age.

The present inhabitants of this town have great reason to congratulate themselves that the most important events, and even many of the most minute details of the history of their native place have been so fully and, on the whole, so accurately preserved, collected, and transmitted to them. This is due to the fact that the majority of the first settlers were not only persons of strong natural abilities, and tenacious memories, but lived to a great age; and thus the links in the chain that connects the present with the past are comparatively few in number, and likewise that one family among them was not only very numerous, but being nearly related to large families in Portland and Saco, the number of interested custodians of the manners and times of our forefathers was multiplied. It is seventy-eight years since the death of Edmund Phinney, who cut the first tree for clearing land to plant, seventy-one since that of John Phinney Jr., who planted the first hill of corn, and but fifty-two since James Phinney, the youngest son of the first settler, died at the age of ninety-three, a man of great intelligence, possessed of a most tena-

cious memory, more especially of dates, events, and the names of individuals, retaining his faculties till the last, and whose daughter, Mrs. Martha C. Wentworth, is still living to take part in these ceremonies, to the great gratification of all present. Elizabeth McLellan, the wife of Hugh, the third settler, died in 1804, aged ninety-six, and leaving two hundred and thirty-four living descendants; and it was from her lips that my father took and wrote down the account of the massacre of the Bryant family. Captain Phinney and his family lived the only white family in this wilderness for two years. Then came Daniel Mosier, then Hugh McLellan. Others followed till they summed up eighteen families.

PRIVATIONS OF THE PIONEER.

The hardships encountered by this handful of people set down in the midst of a dense forest, were at first very great. They were without a road in any direction, except a mere bridle path through the woods, indicated by spotting trees, — that is, a slice of bark and a little of the wood was taken from trees a few rods apart so as to leave a permanent scar. This gave the right direction and in a direct line, but it could not be followed in the night. The sloughs and brooks must be waded and the rivers forded. So difficult was the road for horses that they were seldom used. We should also bear in mind that those settlers, while clearing their land and before they could obtain crops from it, must procure their supplies of various kinds from Portland and Saco and Scarborough. Their method was to carry these supplies on their own backs, or on the back of a horse led by them. Another way was, when they wished to carry their grist to mill, (and the nearest mill was at Ammon Congin, now Cumberland Mills), to carry their grist on their back, two or three miles, to the Presumpscott, then take a light boat or make a raft, and when they came to the mills at Saccarappa, carry both boat and grist around the falls. In this case several went together, or the women went with the men. When but one or two went, they made a raft of logs fastened together with withes, carried their load around the falls, and leaving the raft first constructed to return on, made another to go on with. The first settlers must undergo all this toil to obtain bread, or pound their corn in a mortar, or parch it before the fire, and boil their wheat and rye.

They were often without wheat for months, and were sometimes compelled to eat the grain reserved for seed, and even forced as a last resort to boil and eat green beech leaves. The pioneers could not live comfortably, as they had no way to clear their land but by the ax and fire-brand, and their crops must be grown among the ashes. It was important to burn thoroughly, or nothing could be raised, and they must therefore set the fires when the woods were dry, and thus often burned up their first dwellings that were wretched shelters, not much labor being bestowed upon them.

I will describe the hardships encountered by a single family that of Hugh and Elizabeth McLellan, to represent those which in different degrees of intensity, fell to the lot of all. I do this for the following reasons: because they began in the greatest poverty, made the most rapid progress, and because they were, in the phraseology of that day, Scotch Irish. King James colonized the North of Ireland with Scotch and Irish, and the McLellans went over at that time and their descendants came over to this country. They were Scotch Presbyterians, a Highland clan set down in New England. One of them, Bryce, settled in Portland, James in Saco, and Hugh bought a soldier's right in Narragansett No. 7, which took all the money he possessed, leaving him only an old white horse, well-nigh past labor, a cow, and scanty clothing. His only household utensils were an iron pot, skillet, some earthen pans, wooden trenchers in lieu of plates, and a hook and trammel to hang the pot on, and which Elizabeth brought over from Ireland in her straw bed.

By settling among the Puritans in Narragansett, they were at first compelled to encounter the prejudices which then among protestants attached to all who emigrated from Ireland. Going on to his land the latter part of the winter to fell trees, McLellan found an old camp that had been used by lumbermen, much decayed. He repaired it and spent the winter chopping, and the last of March went for his family. Nearly all of their household effects were put on the back of the horse. Elizabeth rode and held the youngest child in her lap. William, born in Ireland, and then ten years old, drove the cow, and Hugh, a large framed and very athletic man, followed with a pack on his back, a musket slung across his shoulders, and another child in his arms. About four

of the clock in the afternoon they reached the camp, cold, tired, hungry, and the children crying, expecting to find food and shelter. But during the absence of Hugh, snow had fallen, breaking in the roof of the camp, and partly filling it with snow and the broken fragments of the roof. The parents procured some pieces of bark, scraped out some of the snow and trod down the rest, spread some hemlock brush over it and their blankets on that. There was a fire-place built against the back wall of the camp with stones and clay. In this Hugh built a fire. Elizabeth and the children lay down with no roof but the sky. The father covered them with what wearing apparel they possessed, and put light boughs over them. He then took the horse and cow inside lest the wolves should attack them, and building a fire outside sat by it all night with his gun across his knees. The next day proving fair, he put on the roof and cleared the camp of snow. It was built over a large stump, which, being in the center, had served the lumbermen, the former occupants, for a table, and answered the same purpose for Hugh's family. Elizabeth told my father that the sweetest meals she ever tasted were eaten on that old stump, for they were on their own lands, had a certain dwelling-place, a thing which had never fallen to their lot before. Amid difficulties of this nature did our ancestors secure a fast hold on this soil.

THE INDIAN WAR.

To take land from the forest and bring it into tillage involves hard labor and is a work of time, even with a strong force of men and cattle, because it takes a year to raise a crop. But they were destitute of these helps. They had no grass seed to sow, and the land was left to come into grass of itself, and the first crop was mostly fireweed that always comes up on a burn. No sooner had they by dint of toil and suffering subdued the forest sufficiently to cut a little hay, keep small stocks of cattle, escape the pressure of pinching poverty, and look forward to better days, than an Indian war broke out, and for fourteen years they were never free from the apprehension or actual experience of savage warfare. For four years they were closely confined to the garrison, and for seven years partially so, living in their own houses during the winter, when the savages were not wont to come, as they could

be tracked,—and in the summer they went out in the day to plant and sow, returning at night to the fort. They often labored in squads, part of them working while other kept watch. Boys were also placed back to back on stumps to look out and give the alarm. During this period their cattle were killed and many persons murdered by the Indians.

The four years during which they were confined to the fort were years of great suffering by reason of sickness. The rooms in the garrison were small, the only windows were loop-holes. They were crowded together, there was but imperfect ventilation, sick and well in the same rooms, no physician, no proper nourishment for the sick; and when the weather was most sultry and the fresh air most needed, was the very time when danger from the savages was most imminent.

It was now the spring of 1746. Nine of the families composing the little settlement had gone into the fort. Four, Bryant's, Reed's, Cloutman's, McLellan's, were living on their farms, the rest had fled. Capt. Phinney, well aware of the danger, was extremely anxious and was urging them to come into the fort while they were exerting themselves to the utmost to plant and sow, lest, once in the fort, they should starve. McLellan had built a substantial log house with bullet-proof shutters and loop-holed, on the same side of the road on which the brick house now stands, but further down the declivity and nearer to a spring that now serves as a public watering place. Reed lived on the next farm now owned by George Pendleton, Esq. Cloutman lived just above Reed on the Frost farm, and Bryant about thirty rods above Cloutman. His house stood in the corner where a town road crosses the Fort Hill road, and less than half a mile from the garrison. In the garrison, under the command of Capt. Phinney, were eleven soldiers furnished by the State of Massachusetts to aid in defending the fort, and to act as scouts and as a guard to settlers who were compelled to obtain provisions from Portland, and to cultivate and harvest their crops. They had, however, to deal with a foe merciless as the pestilence, who gives no warning and shows no mercy. Ten Indians, eluding the vigilance of the scouts, had come into the settlement, resolved to either kill or capture these four families without firing a gun or doing anything that would alarm the garrison. It is not probable that the

Indians meant to kill the McLellans but to take them prisoners. The McLellans were naturally benevolent and hospitable; having suffered extreme poverty themselves, they knew how to feel for others, and were ever ready to divide with those in need. Before the war the settlers were in constant intercourse with the savages who were great beggars, and wanted meal, pork, potatoes, and especially rum. William McLellan, Edmund Phinney, and the Watson and Bryant children had Indian playmates. Some of the settlers would give to the Indians because they were afraid of them, some from kindly feeling, but the majority refused; while Elizabeth, who had no fear about her, always gave them when she had anything to give, saying, "God made them, and that they had as good right to the soil as her folks, and better too." Before the Indian war the settlers were not wont to fasten their doors at night, and often on rising in the morning, Hugh would find an Indian sleeping on the hearth-stone, wrapped in his blanket, and the chance guest was never permitted to go away without eating with the family. A savage never forgets a favor or an injury, and often when they had plenty would repay the kindness. Not many days would pass by before a salmon, a brace of wild pigeons, or a haunch of venison would testify their gratitude. Mrs. Bryant on the other hand was a boisterous woman, a great scold, and hated and despised the Indian. When they wanted to sharpen their knives or tomahawks on the grind-stone, she would drive them away, calling them Indian dogs, and would never suffer one to enter the house, and even refuse them a drink of water, saying, "If you once began with them there was no stopping place." These things were all made a record of in Indian memories, and the day of reckoning was at hand. Bryant had made his arrangements to go into the fort, and would have gone that day, but his wife, who had an infant a fortnight old, said she would risk her scalp one day longer if he would stay out and make a cradle, and he consented.

It was now the evening of the 18th of April, the weather being warm for the season, and quite a fire on the hearth. The McLellans were sitting with the door open. William came in from the spring with a pail of water, and had just set it down, when the dog who went with him, but lingered behind, ran into the house, growling and his hair bristling. As he was known to have

a great antipathy to Indians, their suspicions were aroused at once. They fastened the doors and the shutters, and hung blankets before the fire that they wished to make use of. They had four guns, powder and lead, and while Hugh and William lay at the loop-holes, Mrs. McLellan, behind the screen of blankets, was molding bullets and making cartridges. The night passed quietly, but after the war, an Indian told William they had beset the path to the spring, and could have touched him as he went by with the water; but either the recollection of past favors, or something else, held them back. The night, however, passed quietly, and when morning came, McLellan yoked his oxen, resolved to finish his work that day, and go into the fort. He was about to start for the field, when Reed, the next neighbor, came to borrow a chain. They told him of the actions of the dog, but he said he did not believe there were any Indians round, guessed the dog smelt a wolf, that he should finish his work, and go in the next day. On his way home, he stopped at the brook, and got down on his knees to drink; while drinking, two Indians jumped upon him, bound him, and led him away.

On the morning of that day, Bryant's son told his father if he would help him cover some potatoes that were dropped, he would help him make the cradle, and they went to the field together.

The Indians during the night had made a hole in the brush fence that separated the field and pasture, and lay concealed behind it. The cattle, finding the gap, came into the field. Bryant and his son drove them out, and as they were putting up the fence, the Indians sprang upon them. Bryant was a very swift runner; he told his son to hide himself in the woods, and ran himself toward the fort. Paying no attention to the boy, the Indians pursued Bryant, but finding he would reach the fort and alarm the garrison before they could overtake him, fired and broke his arm, and in this crippled state, overtook and killed him. Mrs. McLellan heard the gun, and told her little daughter Abigail to go up to Bryant's and see what that gun was fired for; but the child, who had heard the talk about Indians the night before, was afraid to go, and hid herself in the brush. Her mother finding her, boxed her ears, and sent her off. When she reached the house, four children were lying on the floor dead and scalped. Sarah Jane, a little girl of her own age and her

playmate, whom the Indians had knocked on the head, scalped, and left for dead, lay in the doorway with her bloody head sticking out of it. She knew Abigail, and asked her to give her a drink of water. Too much terrified to heed the request, Abigail ran home, and when she reached the house, fell fainting on the threshold. Her mother put her on the bed, and threw cold water in her face; she revived, exclaimed "*Indians!*" and fainted again. Elizabeth blew the horn and fastened the door. Hugh and William had heard the gun, and the moment they heard it, they left the cattle and came home. Cloutman was a very powerful man; he was more than six feet in height, and weighed two hundred and twenty pounds, and possessed courage in proportion to his strength, and the savages were well aware of it. As he was about to go into the garrison, and the deer were very troublesome, and would leap any common fence, he had only the day before made his field fence very high, putting brush on and top poles. He was alone in this field sowing grain, having put his family into the fort. Cloutman had placed his gun against the fence, and was sowing away from it. Eight of the strongest Indians had been selected to take him, if possible, alive, as they did not wish to alarm the garrison, and they lay concealed behind the fence. Five of them had laid aside their guns, and armed with knives and tomahawks, prepared to grapple with Cloutman, while the other three retained their guns, determined to shoot rather than permit him to escape. He heard them as they came up behind, and turned around. Seeing there were so many of them, and that they were between him and his gun, and likewise between him and the fort, he ran for Bryant's; but in trying to leap the fence he had made so high the day before, he fell back, made another attempt, and fell back. They were now so near that he turned and put his back against the fence, and faced them. He knocked down two of them, and hurt them so much that they died before they reached Canada (as the Indians themselves reported after the war). He trampled a third under his feet, and would have mastered all of them if the three armed with guns had not come up and put their weapons to his breast, when he surrendered; he was bound and taken by the Indians to Canada, and was drowned in attempting to escape by swimming across Lake Champlain, in a stormy night in November.

During sixteen years of struggle and danger, the settlers maintained with unshaken fortitude their religious character. They observed strictly the Sabbath, and continued (whether with or without a minister), to hold their stated services in the flanker of the fort, or in the meeting-house that was near the garrison, sitting in church with their guns beside them.

When the Indian war ended with the capture of Quebec and the downfall of the French power in Canada, the inhabitants of this town were in a condition of great poverty and had abundant reason for discouragement. Their cattle had been destroyed, mills burnt, and roads had returned to their natural state for want of labor upon them. It was not customary in those days to sow grass-seed, but to leave the land to come into grass of itself, and the first crop was generally fire-weed and the next pigeon-weed. There was very little English hay to be obtained from it. Very little of the land had ever been plowed, but the planting and sowing had been on burnt ground, and not being tilled, it had grown up to bushes.

To recover from adversity and set to work cheerfully to repair broken fortunes is a greater proof of real stamina of character, than patiently to endure. But our ancestors manifested a fertility of resource, a dexterous suiting of means to ends, and ability to accomplish great results with means, to common view, totally inadequate, that must ever entitle them to our respect. Their first resource was the cultivation of the soil, and to this they applied themselves with the greatest energy. The next was lumbering, and this also in the winter season they prosecuted with indomitable resolution and corresponding judgment. In this latter respect they were met at the outset by great obstacles. To lumber they must have oxen, and many oxen, a strong team. The most profitable business was cutting and hauling masts for the British Navy; but these masts were a hundred feet in length and three in diameter after they were rough hewn, and the bowsprits were larger still, though not so long. As they had no money to buy cattle they must raise them and must have a large number of young cattle growing up all the time to supply the place of those worn out or disabled. While they could pasture large numbers of cattle, they could not raise hay on their small clearings to winter them. They were not, however, to be turned

from their purpose. Fryeburg was then a wilderness, and the intervales along the river produced an abundance of good grass. They cut this grass, made it into hay, and stacked it. They next built a log camp to shelter cattle and men. The McLellans had among them six negroes, others of their neighbors had one or more. They all united, and in the fall of the year fitted their negroes out with pork, beans, and molasses and potatoes, who took the young steers and heifers and drove them to Fryeburg The blacks obtained a good part of their living by hunting and trapping,—for deer, moose, and raccoons were plenty,—and in the spring came home with the cattle. They manufactured their own clothing, and flax and wool were of great importance. They from the marshes at Scarborough obtained salt hay, which, though it is poor fodder for working cattle, sheep thrive well on, with a little grain or English hay.

Probably, some one who reads this will be disposed to inquire, How did they obtain those negroes if they had no money? I reply, By knowing how.

Before they could obtain teams able to haul masts, they could with light teams haul boards and shooks into Portland on the snow. They had a number of small mills. William McLellan had three that they built themselves on small streams, in which they could saw logs spring and fall, and they could cut the logs on the banks of the streams and roll them in. They could send this lumber to the West Indies and obtain all the blacks they wanted, and negroes were not as valuable as they have been since. As they did all this within themselves, owned the lumber, cut it, owned the mills, and sawed it themselves and hauled it with their own teams, though lumber was not high in price, it paid them well. There is another consideration. None had much money then, and people had to accommodate each other. Merchants were very willing to carry lumber on shares; even sailors were hired in this manner. A man had so much a month and a privilege—that is, he was allowed so much room in the vessel to carry what he liked. The owners, by this arrangement, escaped paying so much cash. People would often send adventures of butter, fowl, and vegetables, onions especially, to barter them for West India produce. They called them ventures, for short.

PATRIOTISM OF THE INHABITANTS.

They had scarcely begun to live comfortably, and to look forward to better days, after all their hardship, when the difficulties with England began to threaten. The patriotism of the men of Gorham in this new exigency, is sufficiently set forth in the following preamble and resolves passed by them in town meeting, assembled on January 7th, 1773. "Not only may we say that we enjoy an inheritance purchased by the blood of our forefathers; but this town was settled at the expense of our own blood. We have still amongst us those whose blood, streaming from their own wounds, watered the soil from which we raise our bread. Our ears have heard the infernal yells of the savage, native murderers. Our eyes have seen our young children weltering in their gore in our own homes. Many of us have been accustomed to earn our daily bread, and listen to the gospel, with our weapons in our hands. We cannot be supposed to be fully acquainted with the mysteries of court policy; but we look upon ourselves as able to judge so far concerning our rights as men, as christians, as subjects of the British Government, as to declare that we apprehend those rights, as settled by the good people of Boston, belong to us, and that we look with shame and indignation on their violation. We only add that our old captain who for many years has been our chief officer to rally the inhabitants of this town from the plow or the sickle, to defend their wives, their children, and all that was dear to them, from the savages, — is still living. Many of our watchboxes are still in being, — the timber of our fort is still to be seen. Some of our women have been used to handle the cartridge and load the musket, and the swords we sharpened and brightened for our enemies have not yet grown rusty. Therefore

"Resolved: That the people of the town of Gorham are as loyal as any of his Majesty's subjects, in Great Britain, or the plantations, and hold themselves in readiness to assist his Majesty's subjects with their lives and fortunes, in defence of the rights and privileges of his subjects. But it is clearly the opinion of this town, that the Parliament of Great Britain have no more right to take money from us without our consent, than they have to take money without consent from the inhabitants of France or Spain.

"Resolved: That it is clearly the opinion of this town, that it is better to risk our lives and fortunes in the defence of our rights, civil and religious, than to die by piecemeals in slavery."

This was not cheap rhetoric, but all was meant that was uttered. At one time every third man in Gorham was in the army, and when a committee of vigilance, appointed by the town, made search, they found but two Tories in it. They raised money to supply men for the army, sent wood and provisions to aid the poor people in Boston, who were suffering for their devotion to their country, and during the entire war, strained every nerve to aid the cause of liberty.

THE OLD ACADEMY.

The inhabitants of Gorham have ever been peculiarly alive to the importance of education. When poor, and pressed for bread, provision was made for schools, and in the trying times of the Revolution it was the same. Prominent among the educational forces that have contributed to molding and developing the characters of youth, was the Academy. Great numbers have gone from it to all parts of the country, who have been a power for good in every department, both of thought and of labor. I was a scholar at that Academy in its palmy days, with Sergeant S. Prentiss, George L. Prentiss, Cyrus Woodman, John A. Andrew, Edwin Coburn, and all the Smiths and Stephensons. As years pass on, I have been surprised to find how many are still living and occupying important positions, who there received their early training, and whose fondest associations cling to that old spot. Incorporated in 1803, the building as it now stands was finished and dedicated to the interests of sound learning and religion in 1806, with the Rev. Reuben Nason as principal. As the school increased in numbers, and the abilities of Mr. Nason as an instructor became known and appreciated, he was allowed an assistant. William Smyth and Alpheus S. Packard, afterward professors at Bowdoin College, were his assistants. A very different pedagogue from any of the present day was Reuben Nason, and upon very different principles from those in vogue at this period, was his school discipline based. He was a ripe scholar, not only in the classics, but also in the higher mathematics, and he loved knowledge for its own sake. He was

GORHAM ACADEMY. — Erected in 1806.

addicted to free and easy habits in school, that would not be tolerated in a teacher at present. He was not a very handsome man, but of dark complexion, and bilious temperament, with a stoop in his shoulders. He would read his newspaper in school, and sometimes forget tc take off his hat. He had a singular habit, when very deeply interested in reading his newspaper, or in study, of punching his cheek with his finger. When that unmistakable evidence of abstraction appeared was the time to whisper, swap jack-knives, or talk with your fingers; and it was generally both anticipated and improved. He would come into school of a winter's morning, pull off his boots, put his feet to the fire, and set the class to reading Virgil, without any book to look over; but woe betide the luckless wight, who, not having got his lesson, imagined because as Mr. Nason had no book, a mistake would pass unnoticed. The least error in translating, pronunciation, or even scanning, which was then much practiced, would be detected. He had but one mode of discipline, — flogging, — and the instrument was a cowhide, which long and frequent practice enabled him to use most effectively. Incapable of partiality, he always whipped his own children more severely than any others, and often when they did not deserve it. One of the kindest hearted of men in his family, and out of school, and even in the school-house so long as the scholars were studious. Any infraction of discipline irritated him to such an extent that he lost all command of both hand and tongue, and plied the cowhide (cowskin he called it), with merciless and even frantic severity. Let a boy be detected throwing a spit-ball, or reading The Devil on Two Sticks, or Rob Roy, or The Mysteries of Udolphus, or more especially writing a billet to a girl, then, my friends, you would see Jove clad in all his terrors. "Incorrigible rascal!" "stupid dolt!" "unmitigated scoundrel!" emphasized and driven home with blows from the cowskin, that not only left their impress on the delinquent, but on the bench itself (when a blow was dodged), testified the depth of his indignation. The exercises of the school were commenced and closed by the reading of the scriptures and offering prayer. Mr. Nason was accustomed to open his eyes at intervals during prayer, and the consequences of being caught transgressing at such a moment were something terrible. But the virtues of the good old man far

overbalanced his infirmities. He was a noble scholar, he had the good of his pupils at heart, and they knew and appreciated it. His certificate that a boy was thoroughly fitted, rendered the College examination a mere form. During the twenty-three years he taught in Gorham, he did much to promote the interests of sound learning, and exerted an influence that will long continue to operate.

UNCLE BILLY.

It was customary at that time to warn persons out of town unless they owned land or had other property and were of such a character as rendered them worthy and useful citizens. The McLellans owned land, though in other respects poor enough; but there was a prejudice against them in the minds of most because they were outlandish. Some said they were Irish, some said they were Roman Catholics, they must be, for they came straight from Ireland. Capt. Phinney resolved to judge for himself and called on them. He was hospitably received and invited to eat with them, which he did, although they had not much to offer but a warm welcome. At his return he said to his neighbors, "Those are the sort of people we want. They are poor, very poor, but unless I am very much mistaken, they will not long remain so. With a hundred of them I would face all the Indians between here and Canada."

Capt. Phinney, a soldier and accustomed to judge of men by their bones and sinews, conceived a great liking for William, who began even then to give token of the strength and cool daring, that in manhood so distinguished him; for beneath an exterior as rough as the coat of the rhinoceros or the alligator, he concealed the noblest traits of character, and was as free of heart as strong of hand. No danger could deter or difficulties prevent him from accomplishing his purposes. He married Rebecca Huston and accumulated a large property. As they were universally beloved and respected and had a great number of relatives, of nieces and nephews, though without children, they were always spoken of as Uncle Billy and Aunt Becca, by the younger part of the community.

In default of juvenile books, the young of that day availed themselves of the information to be gathered from the talk of

aged people whose lives were in themselves a romance. No character ever stood out in such bold relief before my youthful vision as that of Uncle Billy. It was my privilege to spend a portion of my childhood, boyhood, and early youth in the family of his sister, and in that of his brother at the old homestead, the old brick house, and you may be assured that the characters of William, Hugh, and Elizabeth lost nothing in their hands. Aunt Warren used to say to me as I sat on the block in the chimney-corner, with both hands on her knees, looking up in her face and listening, "Elijah, they never had any town poor in Gorham as long as brother Billy lived;" which indeed was not without some share of truth, for my mother, who was her niece, testified to very much the same amount. At one time, said the old lady, a bear kept getting into brother's corn and plagued him dreadfully. He waked up in the night and said to his wife, "It is such a bright moon I believe I can chalk my gun barrel and shoot that bear." He went out, and in little less than an hour he killed the bear. He then called up the two hired men and they skinned and dressed the carcass. He had heard that afternoon his pigs had broken out of the pasture and the Poundkeeper had locked them up. He told the hired men to take one of the hind quarters of the bear, carry it up to the village and lay it on the Poundkeeper's door-step, then break the Pound and drive the pigs home. Brother Billy said he thought he had done a very decent night's work, — killed a bear and got his pigs out of pound.

The enterprise of William McLellan was not confined to his native town. Jane McLellan, his sister, married Actor Patten of Topsham, and when William had cut all the trees suitable for masts that he could lay hold of in Gorham, he went to Topsham, and together with his brother-in-law, Patten, cut masts on the banks of the Androscoggin, rafted and took them through Merry-meeting Bay to Portland, by no means an easy task, considering the distance and the great size of the sticks.

Uncle Billy owned a part of some vessels with the McLellans of Portland, and he with his wife were accustomed to send adventures in them, generally in a vessel of which my grandfather, Joseph McLellan, who likewise was a brother-in-law to Uncle Billy, was master. Capt. Joseph, ready for sea, came to Gorham to take leave of his relatives, and said :—

"Aunt Becca, what do you want for your venture this time?"

"I don't know what I want; don't know as I want anything."

"Do you want sugar?"

"No, we 've got a barrel of sugar in the house now."

"Do you want coffee?"

"No, we 've got a bag of coffee left from the last venture."

"Well, you must take some kind of West India truck, for they won't give you the gold for a venture."

"Why don't you have a nigger?" said Uncle Billy.

"Well, I don't know but I would as soon have a nigger as anything else."

"But," said the Captain, "the venture won't bring the nigger, you will have to pay boot."

"Well, get him, and tell them the next trip you will pay the boot in hogshead shooks."

When the Captain returned, he brought a Guinea negro, a boy of eighteen, from Antigua. They named him Prince McLellan, and Uncle Billy bought a helpmeet for him, Dinah, and after her death, another, Chloe. Prince was not of large size, but in youth he was very muscular and extremely agile. During the Revolutionary war, he ran away and shipped on board Capt. Manly's privateer, and being discharged in Boston, came back of his own accord to slavery. Prince always took pride in telling that the first work he did was to drive the team that hauled the shooks to pay the boot necessary to purchase himself. When the slaves were emancipated in Massachusetts, Uncle Billy said to him: "Prince, you are your own master now, you can go or stay."

"Well, Massa, guess I 'll hab my liberty."

"If you go, you shall not go empty-handed."

His master gave him a horse and cart and told him to take what he wanted. Prince loaded the cart with provisions and what he considered most needful, put Chloe on top and set forth. They went on to the town of Wells and there took up their abode. In less than a year the town of Gorham received notice from the town of Wells that Prince and Chloe McLellan were chargeable. When Uncle Billy heard of it, he said that no town should take care of his blacks, and went after them and brought them home. Prince told the neighbors "he was nebber so glad in his life as he was to see old Massa."

Not long after this, his master gave to him and his wife twelve acres of land and a house, during their lives, and ten acres of pasture land to him and his heirs. He had before this given the farm adjoining to his nephew, William McLellan, and he gave to Prince an entailment on that farm, that the occupant of it should provide everything comfortable for Prince and his wife in their old age. Prince lived to be nearly a hundred, and his wife, Chloe, with whom he had lived two-thirds of a century, died only two years before him.

Thus to provide for his two servants, after they had left him of their own accord, shows in a strong light the noble character of William McLellan.

Uncle Billy was a member of the church, under "the half-way covenant," as it was called, which permitted persons of good moral character, by assenting to the Articles of Faith, to have their children christened, though not to partake of the Sacrament.

My father, the Rev. Elijah Kellogg of Portland, married Uncle Billy's niece, Eunice McLellan, and was a frequent visitor at the homestead. Uncle Billy always requested him to conduct family worship, and used on such occasions to put into his hands an old King James Bible of very fine print and much worn and stained by time and use. In addition to this, Uncle Billy had, in cases of necessity, strapped his razor on it. "Squire McLellan," said the clergyman, one evening, "you are a man of property and standing in the community, and have a great deal of company here. You ought to have a better family Bible than this." To which Uncle Billy replied that he thought they could get as much out of that as they practiced. "But you will not be able to get anything out of it much longer, as you are growing old and the type is small and very indistinct." His guest then went on to say that some Bibles were then being printed in sheets, of very large type, and persons subscribed for the numbers and then had them bound, at a greater or less expense, as they pleased, and named the price of the sheets and the prices of the different styles of binding. Uncle Billy thought it was too much money to pay out for a book, for that amount of money would buy a yoke of light cattle or two good cows. He then inquired if it would contain the Apocrypha, as he thought a great deal of the Apocrypha. His relative said that it would, and added that

he need not pay the money, that he would buy the sheets, have them bound, and send the book to Mr. McLellan, and the latter could pay him in wood. Uncle Billy said he did n't care for the wood; "bring on the book."

In due time the Bible came, and Uncle Billy was delighted with it and could read it without glasses. He soon loaded a cord of rock maple wood, and with four oxen started for Portland. He had not proceeded far, when coming to a bad place in the road, the sled turned completely bottom up.

"Damn the Bible, Apocrypha and all," cried Uncle Billy. Struck with horror, he stood for a moment in silent amazement, then fell on his knees in the snow and repeated the Lord's prayer, unhitched his cattle, and, much cast down in spirit, returned home. The next day he had the church called together, told them what he had said, and asked them to turn him out.

"Mr. McLellan," said the minister, "are you in the habit of using such language?"

"Never used such language before in my life."

"How, then, came you to do it?"

"I suppose the suddenness of the thing jumped it right out of me."

"Have you confessed your sin to God, and asked forgiveness for the same?"

"I have."

"You confess it before this church, and ask forgiveness of them?"

"I do."

"And you never intend to repeat it?"

"No, so help me God!"

"Well, you can do no more than to confess, repent of, and forsake sin. You cannot undo it."

"I think there ought to be something done to me. If there had not been some dreadful bad stuff in me, the sudden start could not have brought it out, and it stands to reason, that a man who has such wickedness in him ought not to be in a church."

The church accepted his confession, but he could not prevail upon them to inflict any penance.

My friends, the men who laid the foundations of sound learning and religion on this soil and whose bones molder beneath

it, were not persons of culture and scholarship. Many, most of them, were like William McLellan, rude in speech and rough in manner, but in all the strong points of character, in all that goes to make up a true manhood and contributes to the progress of society and the perpetuity of great principles, they were not lacking. Neighbor stood by neighbor to the death, the needy divided their morsel with the needy, and toil was no drudgery to men who believed that labor performed in a right spirit becomes worship. Poor, they made many rich. Not enjoying the advantages of education themselves, they provided them for others. They were content to face hardship, danger, and death, that their children might be better situated than themselves, and reap what they had sown. We, in common with the inhabitants of these New England States, owe a debt of gratitude to our forefathers, not easy to overestimate.

Men born, reared, and educated in towns and at schools and academies and colleges built upon foundations similar to those here laid, have gone to all parts of this great country, bearing with them their household gods, to create for themselves homes of a similar character and to sow the seeds of good principles around them, and to establish institutions of learning similar to those they left behind them. For more than forty years the people of the New England and the Middle States have been exerting this influence in the far West. We gave them money with no grudging hand to build meeting-houses, academies, and colleges. Our best talent went to fill their pulpits and professorships. Along the chain of the great lakes, the tow paths of the canals, on the banks of the Dubuque, Missouri, and the Wisconsin, the colporteur, the missionary, and the school teacher followed the sound of the ax and the smoke of the clearing fires. They dropped the seed of the Word into the rut of the emigrant's wheel, and pressed the water of life to his thirsty lips. In log camp, sod-houses, and dug-outs, children were taught to read, write, and cipher, and Jesus and the resurrection were preached.

The result of these quiet, unobtrusive efforts, little known by the world at large, came to the surface when the call to arms rang through the land, and the plow was left in the furrow, the hammer on the anvil, the plane on the bench, and the free States stood up together, shoulder to shoulder, in the proud conscious-

ness that from San Francisco to Machias they were one. The cohesive power of kindred institutions, advocating gospel principiples, deciphered itself to the world. The grain-grower of the Prairies said to the lumberman of the Penobscot, "My brother, give me thy hand. I am as thou art, for whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

And the Mausoleum at Gettysburgh, consecrated to a nation's dead, is the fulfilment of a promise written in blood.

It is for this reason that we, with patient toil, investigate and enshrine in our hearts, and upon occasions like this, transmit to our children, the principles of those who have gone before us, that youth, who are now taking the bent, and forming the habits which they will probably retain through life, may neither taint the blood nor ignore the teachings of an ancestry whose toils have rendered possible the progress of the present, and placed them in circumstances which, while they present opportunity, at the same time compel responsibility.

Mr. Kellogg's address occupied about an hour and a quarter, and afforded great delight to the eager and attentive audience. The speaker was frequently interrupted by hearty applause, which at the close of the address was very enthusiastic, and long-continued. When it had subsided an original hymn by Prof. Henry L. Chapman, Bowdoin College, was sung by the chorus, accompanied by the band, to the air of the Russian National Hymn.

HYMN.

I.

Hallowed by memories sacred and tender,
Riseth the past on our welcoming sight;
Ours are its victories, but Thine is the glory,
Father of Mercies, and God of all might!

II.

Hopeful and radiant beckons the future,
Stretches before us the way none can trace;
Fearless we follow, for Thou art our leader,
Father of Mercies, and God of all grace!

III.

Child of the centuries, Home of our fathers,
Theirs was the patience that wrought thine increase,
Ours be the loving and loyal devotion
Laid at thy feet, where we gather in peace.

IV.

Thou, ever merciful, God of our Fathers,
Guiding their feet through a pilgrimage sore,
Look on their children, and grant them thy goodness,
Guide them, and shield them, and bless evermore.

Immediately after the singing of this hymn came several short addresses upon topics relating to the history of the town. The speakers were introduced in a happy manner by the President of the day, and the topics assigned them were duly announced by him, as follows, viz.:

"The Lawyers of Gorham;" responded to by Judge John A. Waterman.

JUDGE WATERMAN'S ADDRESS.

We are told that Ferdinand of Spain, in sending colonies to the Indies, provided that they should not take with them any law students, lest suits should get a footing in the new world, mistakenly judging, perhaps, with Plato, that "lawyers and physicians are the pests of a country."

Whatever may have been the temporary effect of such precautions upon Spanish colonies, is it not a somewhat significant fact that Spanish authority in North America, at one time of such vast extent, has so nearly disappeared, while that of those English colonists who brought with them not only their religion, but the common law of England, has become so powerful, and is still increasing and extending itself? Our Puritan ancestors, in the spirit of the compact made upon the Mayflower, almost contemporaneously with the meeting-house and school-house, established judicial tribunals, and provided ways and means for a vigorous administration of the law.

In Maine, even before the province had acquired that name, the people were not indifferent to their needs in this respect, and we find that as early as 1636, Gov. William Gorges set up a court

in the western part of the State, then called the province of New Somersetshire, the first term of which was held at Saco on the 21st of March of that year, 1636.

It is refreshing to notice how soon and how summarily the strong arm of the law began to be exercised, for on the 25th of March, only four days after the court was established, four persons were before it, and fined each 5s, 8d for drunkenness, and not very long afterward one of the traders of that day had the wholesome discipline of the law applied to him, being indicted for charging a profit of more than five per cent on the goods he sold.

It was not, however, until the beginning of the present century, when the population of Gorham had increased from the single family that settled here in 1736, to about twenty-five hundred inhabitants, that the town had a lawyer of its own, in the person of John Park Little, a native of Littleton, Mass. He graduated at Brown University in 1794, was admitted to the bar in Massachusetts in 1799, and opened his office in this town in 1801. He remained here until his death, in 1809. It is rather suggestive of the estimation in which lawyers were held by the Gorham people of that day, that when it was known that Mr. Little intended to settle here as a lawyer, there was very decided opposition to it — not to him personally — but to having a lawyer in the town. So strong was this sentiment that the people met in the meeting-house on a Sunday, after the regular services of the day, and almost unanimously voted against his coming. Whether they threatened to strike, in case he came, or to boycott him, does not appear; but one thing was unmistakable, they did n't want him to come, and they said so in plain English. And yet that was perhaps no plainer speech than twenty years before they had uttered in regard to their "pious and learned Orthodox minister," when they voted "that Mr. Thacher should no more carry on or hold forth in the pulpit." But uninviting as was the prospect, Mr. Little came, and he proved, as we are told, "a man of great worth, faithful to the duties of his profession, highly respected for his moral and social virtues, having the full confidence of his friends and townsmen," and, — what must have seemed a dispensation of Divine Providence — "a pillar of the church" which had so bitterly opposed his coming. He built

and occupied for a short time the large three-storied house now standing on Main Street, known as the Webb house.

Several other lawyers came here before Mr. Little's death, but none of them remained long. As nearly as I can learn they were:

1 Peter Thacher, son of Hon. Rev. (or Rev. Hon.) Josiah Thacher, who practiced here, and at Saccarappa also, for a short time, and whose affections, I suspect, were transferred to the latter place, as he bequeathed to the town of Westbrook two thousand dollars for the support of public schools there, but did not remember Gorham in his will.

2 Samuel Whitmore, who was a native of Gorham, and a graduate of Dartmouth in 1802. He read law with Mr. Little, and opened an office here about 1806, with every prospect of success. He was chosen colonel of the regiment in this vicinity, and is described as a brilliant young officer as well as lawyer. But his career was very brief. He died August 27, 1808, at the age of twenty-eight.

3 Barrett Potter, also a graduate of Dartmouth, who came here in 1805, but the next year removed to Portland, where he spent the remainder of his honored life. He was judge of probate of this county for about twenty-five years.

4 Joseph Adams, a graduate of Harvard in 1805. He first settled in Buxton, but soon removed to Gorham, and practiced law here until 1821. He was county attorney for many years, and when the convention was held in Portland in 1819, at which the constitution of Maine was adopted, he was one of the delegates from this town. He moved to Portland in 1821, and remained there in practice until his death in 1850. Mr. Adams was regarded as a sound, judicious lawyer, an upright man, and a valuable citizen.

5 Jacob S. Smith, a native of Durham, N. H., also a graduate of Harvard. He opened an office in Gorham a short time before Mr. Little's death, and continued in active practice about thirty years. He then bought a farm near this village, upon which he lived for nearly thirty years longer. He afterward removed to Brooklyn, N. Y., where the last fourteen or fifteen years of his life were spent, and where he died in 1880, at the age of ninety-four years. During the active practice of his profession he was thoroughly devoted to it, and had the reputation

of being a wise counselor, an honest lawyer, and an estimable and honored citizen.

Josiah Pierce commenced practice here when Mr. Adams left, in 1821. He was a native of Baldwin, Maine, and a graduate of Bowdoin. A man of rare intellectual gifts, well educated, a great reader, endowed with a tenacious and ready memory, fond of society, possessed of charming conversational powers, and spurred by a wonderful activity, both of mind and body, he filled a prominent place in his profession and in the other walks of life. He was often honored with public office, as selectman, representative and senator in the Legislature, and as judge of Probate for more than ten years.

As orator at the centennial celebration fifty years ago today, he did much to awaken special interest in our local history, and at the request of the town he prepared with great labor and painstaking research the present history of Gorham. After an honorable and successful career of more than forty years he died in 1866, at the age of seventy-three.

Elijah Hayes came here from Limerick in 1833. He possessed a good deal of shrewdness and tact, and was quite successful as a practitioner. He had acquired a very good reputation at the bar, and had his full share of business, which was rather on the increase, when his sudden death occurred, in 1847.

The other lawyers who have practiced in this town, exclusive of those now living here, were Thomas H. Goodwin, Henry P. A. Smith, Charles Danforth, John W. Dana, and Alvah Black. They were all men of more than ordinary ability, as they proved in other localities where they afterward resided, as well as by the favorable impressions they made upon this community while living in Gorham; but they did not find the field sufficiently attractive, and remained here only a comparatively short time. All are dead but one, the Hon. Charles Danforth, an honored and beloved member of the Supreme Judicial Court of Maine for nearly twenty-five years. *Serus in cœlum redeat.*

While this is not the occasion for eulogy, nor defence of the legal profession, I think it worthy of notice that during the past eighty-five years this town has been remarkably free from a litigious spirit, that fewer suits at law originating here, and between its inhabitants, have found their way on to the court dockets, or

have required trials, than in almost any other town of its size in the State, and further, that not a lawyer ever got rich here by the practice of his profession.

Gorham has also sent forth many sons, native and adopted, who in other localities have been distinguished members of the legal profession. There is time, however, for mention of but two or three.

One of the most prominent among them was Stephen Longfellow, a native of this town, whose professional life was spent in Portland. His great eminence in his profession, his uprightness and integrity in the practice of it, and his pure and blameless personal character were befitting one who could claim such an honorable ancestry as his, "and, departing, leave behind him" a name to acquire through his son, the poet and "man greatly beloved," additional honor and fame.

Randolph A. L. Codman was another distinguished lawyer, who went from Gorham, where he was born in 1796. He was a man of brilliant talents, a dignified and courteous gentleman, an eloquent advocate, and an accomplished and successful member of Cumberland Bar. He also resided the greater part of his professional life in Portland, where he died in 1853.

There is one other to whom I must allude, whose name, I doubt not, is already in the minds of many who hear me; one whose boyhood and youth were spent in Gorham, and who commenced his legal studies here; whose attachment to the town, and to his Gorham friends, was strong and life-long; who, after years of absence, and when his reputation as a lawyer was already established, and he was almost the idol of his adopted State, still longed for old Gorham, and said he remembered it so distinctly that he could tell any alteration that had taken place in the village, even to the nailing on of a shingle — and declared that he could go on the darkest night along the banks of the Great Brook, — his favorite fishing haunt, — and getting down on his hands and knees by the old familiar holes, could find the identical hooks he had lost when fishing there twenty years before. I speak his name, not because the people of Gorham do not know to whom I refer, but because I know that they always love to hear it spoken, and are always glad to honor the name of Seargent S. Prentiss. I need not dwell upon his eminence and suc-

cess in his chosen profession, — as a lawyer winning verdicts from juries who sometimes reported to the court *that they had found in favor of Lawyer Prentiss*, or astonishing and profoundly impressing the court by the gravity and importance of his legal points, and the clear and cogent reasoning with which he argued them in his law cases, — his patriotism, the broad nationality of his views as a statesman, and his fearless and chivalrous advocacy of them, nor upon his fame as an orator, whose strong, rich, and wonderfully modulated voice, now high, clear, and inspiriting, rang out like a clarion over the vast assembly he was addressing, rousing and electrifying, and straining to the highest tension the minds of his hearers, or in tones as melodious as the notes "of flutes and soft recorders," calming and soothing their excited spirits, hushed them to silence and melted them to tears.

Is it strange that Gorham dwells with pride and delight upon the name and fame of such a son?

Allow me in closing to propose The Memory of Seargent S. Prentiss: the able and eminent lawyer — "the eloquent orator," the fearless patriot: claimed as their son by both North and South, and worthy of their united admiration and honor.

"The Schools of 'Auld Lang Syne,'" responded to by Geo. B. Emery, Esq.

MR. EMERY'S ADDRESS.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The people of Gorham have long been noted for their culture and noble maintenance of schools of learning. For a period of twenty-eight years after the first settlement, there was, however, no public school. Those who had the means sent their children to other places, while others received private instruction at home. At the first town meeting, after the town was incorporated in 1764, it was voted to raise for the purpose of a school forty pounds — one hundred thirty-three dollars — no mean sum for that time. At the same meeting the town voted to "improve" Mr. John Greene as a schoolmaster.

For about forty years after the town was incorporated, there was but one school district — that was the whole town, and its affairs were managed in town-meeting — the selectmen employed

the teachers. Early in the present century the management of schools was taken from the town, and the present school district system established. One of the original school-houses, it is believed, is used for that purpose to this day — the one in the Whitney district, about two miles northwest of Fort Hill. The meeting-house of the town was built in 1764, and stood on the parish lot, just north of where Mr. Simon E. McLellan now lives. It was used as a place of worship till 1798, when the present Congregational church was built. The town then voted to give the old house "to the Corner School Class." This house was a wooden, one-story building, with flat roof, a huge fireplace in one end, and the seats and desks rising as they ran back to the wall, with an aisle in the middle.

This was the first building used exclusively for school purposes in this district, and in it many a veteran schoolmaster held despotic sway — the longest incumbent being Nathaniel Phinney. Master Phinney, as he was familiarly called, was a descendant of Capt. John Phinney, the first settler of the town. He lived on the place, till recently known as the Woodbury place. Mr. Phinney was not only a schoolmaster, but a farmer, a teacher of music, a magistrate, and held at various times almost every office within the gift of his fellow-townsmen. I have heard my father say he could well remember his tall, upright bearing, as he stood in the singing seats of the old church, leading the choir, beating the time with one hand, while in the other he held the tything-man's rod, a staff some six feet long, painted black, with one end white, a warning to all unruly urchins. In those days noisy gatherings of men and boys at the corner of the streets on the Sabbath, loaded teams from the country, and driving parties from the neighboring city, could hardly escape the watchful attention of Master Phinney. The schools in those days were very unlike the present. The studies were elementary, confined to reading, spelling, writing, and "cyphering," knitting stockings, and sewing patchwork. Within the recollection of some now among us, in a country school kept by a young woman, a lady sent one of the small editions of Murray's Grammar by her daughter, with the request that she might be taught grammar. The "schoolmarm" considered herself insulted, and made an appeal to the people of the district, who took her part, and insisted that they

would have "no aristocracy taught in their school." To quell the small rebellion, the good woman was obliged to withdraw her daughter, and the obnoxious book also. The brick school-house on South Street was built in 1826. The first teacher in this house was Mr. William Ashley; the second, my father. Possibly some within the sound of my voice can tell better than I about that school. Certainly I have heard it remarked, What a "floggin'" your father once gave me in that school-house.

In 1802, a petition headed by Judge Stephen Longfellow, praying for an Academy to be located at Gorham, was presented to the legislature of Massachusetts. Colonel Lothrop Lewis, at that time Representative from Gorham, was an able man, and his efforts were successful. The charter provided for fifteen trustees, and their first meeting was held June 1, 1803, and for three-quarters of a century the old Academy did splendid service, which was felt throughout New England. The Trustees of the Academy have been wise, able men from the beginning, usually the practical business and professional men of the town, and sometimes neighboring towns. Of the original board, Father Bradley died in 1861. I recall the trustees of my school days, a body of white-haired, venerable men. I see them now as they come into the hall on examination days, and take their seats upon the stage, men of character and marked individuality, every one. There is Father Bradley, four-score and more, heavy in feature and figure, but full of shrewd philosophy, who could scarce open his mouth to speak without perpetrating a joke. General Irish, with military step and commanding air, and opinions very positive. Captain Robie, smaller in stature, but keen, swift, alert, with finest business sagacity. Doctor Waterman, slight and bent in figure, moderate and dry in manner, his whole being tremulous with the flash of his wit.

The eloquent, brilliant Judge Pierce; Dr. John R. Adams, the beloved pastor, who, his successors say, must have been *the* great minister of the town; the quiet, but efficient Emery; the conservative, methodical Jameson; the scholarly Chas. A. Lord; the genial Rev. John W. Chickering, D.D., complete the list, all of whom but the last named are now dead. Later the honest, whole-souled Stephen Hinkley, and Rev. William Warren, D.D., of honored memory, were added to the board.

The first principal of the Academy was the accomplished Reuben Nason, and among the earlier assistants were Professors Smyth and Packard, later of Bowdoin College. Mr. Nason was a small-sized, dark-complexioned, quick-tempered, nervous, eccentric man, superior in the classics, a great lover of *good* scholars, and a strict disciplinarian. Under his care the school prospered. He occupied on the southerly side of the great chimney in the old schoolroom a circular desk, and his assistant a similar desk on the opposite side of the chimney. Many a story is yet told of his goodness and severity. In 1835 Rev. Amos Brown was chosen principal. The first catalogue gives his assistants as Rev. Thomas Tenney, Mr. George L. Prentiss, Miss Margaret Woods, Miss Hannah Lyman. Doctor Prentiss is said to have been a St. John from his infancy. John A. Andrew, the great war governor of Massachusetts, an angel in everything but figure. At this time, through the efforts of Rev. Thaddeus Pomeroy, then pastor of the Congregational church, money was raised, and the seminary built, and in 1840 the school had increased to three hundred students. Mr. Brown was a man of presence and positive qualities, that might have commanded an army.

In 1847 Mr. Edward P. Weston succeeded to the head of the school, under whose administration the Maine Female Seminary was established, the boys falling to the charge of D. J. Poor, under the corporate title of Gorham Male Academy. Mr. Weston was a man of fine address, of exceeding versatility, less the schoolmaster than Mr. Brown, more the magnetic than the dynamic, of amazing readiness of resource, excellent judgment of men and measures, in fine, one of the most accomplished men Maine ever produced. Of the pupils of the Academy, now eighty years old, there is a host now living and scattered everywhere.

And what shall I say more, for the time would fail me to tell of old Masters Morrisy and Bangs, of Edmund Mann, Charles Hunt, and Mrs. McDougal, of Capt. Saul C. Higgins, Mrs. Peabody, and Mrs. Martha Hight Holmes, now living, and a great cloud of teachers who have obtained a good report, yet were not made perfect without great trials with some of us.

Thus the Fathers laid the foundations for national strength and greatness. That they built wisely, let the result of the great rebellion tell.

The same institutions, endowed and maintained, according to the increase of wealth and demand, can alone be the pledge of the nation's future security and glory.

The National Hymn, "To Thee, O Country,"—music by *Eichberg*—was then sung by the chorus. The words of the hymn are as follows:—

To thee, O country, great and free,
With trusting hearts we cling;
Our voices tuned by joyous love,
Thy power and praises sing.
Upon thy mighty, faithful heart,
We lay our burdens down;
Thou art the only friend who feels
Their weight without a frown.

For thee we daily work and strive,
To thee we give our love;
For thee with fervor deep we pray
To Him who dwells above.
O God, preserve our fatherland,
Let peace its ruler be,
And let her happy kingdom stretch
From north to southmost sea.

"The business men of Gorham" was responded to by the venerable Edward Gould, Esq., of Portland.

EDWARD GOULD'S ADDRESS.

I certainly feel much honored and gratified to be present on this anniversary.

A native of this town, and living here my first eighteen years, I have naturally a vivid recollection of those, my early days. I can look back to the year 1808, and see the stately form of John Park Little walking from his splendid new house to his law office; and I retain the recollection of other events of that period, such as the ordination dinner, at my father's house, of Rev. Asa Rand, in January, 1809.

I witnessed the removal of Preceptor Nason's effects when he left for Freeport in 1810.

I have been requested to speak of the men and business of those days, included in the twelve years from 1811 to 1823.

The principal storekeepers were Capt. David Harding, the Robies, Capt. Eben Hatch and Alexander McLellan. The latter had been a successful blacksmith till about 1812, when he opened a store on the hill. These all acquired good reputations for enterprise and success.

The business was mostly by barter, or exchange of goods for lumber and country produce, which was in time reconverted into new supplies for their stores.

With the exception of Capt. Hatch, these merchants were largely engaged at times in the packing of beef for West India markets, and in farming occupations. They also had cooper shops, employing many men and grown up boys. The cooperage business was prominent in this village. About ten shops within half a mile were sending out their enlivening clatter.

The stores secured much of the trade on the line of the road, through the notch of the White Hills to Vermont. The long trains of loaded sleighs, which came in the winter over the Fort Hill road, were imposing spectacles. Of course, nearly all were bound for the larger market of Portland, but many stopped here over night at the taverns. At times when the sleighing to Portland was poor, much of their trade was here, especially in heavy goods. The village was alive with active mechanics, each trade represented by two or more, thus securing competition. There were chaise and wagon makers, saddlers, blacksmiths, masons, carpenters, hatters, tailors, and extensive furniture shops. Samuel Edwards, at first a maker of wooden clocks, and possessing much ingenuity, ventured on brass time-pieces, repairing watches, and the casting of sleigh-bells, and other articles of brass, copper, and iron.

Samuel Gilkey, an ingenious house carpenter, had the temerity to undertake the manufacture of linseed oil, in the basement of George L. Darling's shop. With a scanty supply of flaxseed, a grinding mill turned by one horse, and a press subject only to hand leverage, his operations were not large.

That business was left to more successful minds in other places. The trade of the place was so interwoven by exchanges, turns and offsets, without the use of much ready money, that the most skillful and prudent were the most successful, as usual.

The travel and teaming from the back towns to Portland was

very extensive, passing along day and night, with large carts loaded with boards and cooperage, hauled by oxen.

The waterfalls of the town were converted to useful purposes. Beside the more common mills, valuable works by Willard Buttrick, and subsequently by Peter Whitney, were located at Little River, beyond Fort Hill, for the coloring and dressing of woolen cloth, woven by the wives and daughters of the farmers. Good fulled cloth, suitable for men's clothes, was extensively provided here during the war of 1812, and afterward.

The hard-working men were not without their recreations. Beside the military trainings of four times in the summer, the general muster of the regiment, formed from the towns of Standish, Gorham, and Scarborough, always paraded here. Especially the town was honored with the Grand Brigade musters of 1812 and 1816, held in the Jewett pasture, in near proximity to this spot. Other exhilarating customs were the raising of buildings and the haulings, with two long strings of thirty or forty yoke of oxen each, and Col. Frost, with his stentorian voice, giving the command.

The farmers and mechanics, I think, gave their services without charge on those occasions, in conformity to custom, and the exciting and often comic and ludicrous proceedings of the occasion.

The highly respectable lawyers, Joseph Adams and J. S. Smith, the minister, physicians, and academy preceptor and others, with the social library, tended to promote the moral and religious sentiments of the community.

The prompt action of the property holders in 1817 and 1818 saved Gorham Corner from being cut off by an opposition road from beyond Fort Hill to James Mosher's, making nearly a straight course from Standish to Saccarappa, saving to the up country people a mile in distance, and the obnoxious hills of the old road. Prompt measures were taken to counteract this measure, and by an early survey of the route of the Standish road as now traveled, and another to Saccarappa, good substitutes were offered, shortening the distance nearly the same, and retaining the travel through this village.

As an inducement it became necessary to make a large private subscription to relieve the town in part of the burden of building the roads.

Before the decision of the court on the conflicting routes, a bond was signed, and contract made with the selectmen by David Harding, Toppan Robie, and Thomas McLellan, that they would build the two roads (Standish and Saccarappa), and pay all land damages, for three thousand five hundred dollars, they relying on the private subscriptions for the balance. This agreement was signed January 14, 1818. (Amount of subscription not known.)

On account of this inducement, and for other reasons, the Circuit Court ordered the roads to be laid out by Cornelius Barnes, July 28, 1818:

Land damages on the Standish route,	$1,027
Saccarappa,	765
Total,	$1,792

The roads were built and finished during 1818 and 1819. I had the honor myself of working on them, and was allowed therefor about one-quarter of my father's subscription of sixty dollars.

The solid men of Gorham have continued to be awake to secure other convenient modes of travel, such as the straighter roads to Gray and Buxton lower corner, and the railroad, all of which have been built since I left the town. The Academy, the Normal School, and the Soldiers' Monument, the Town House, and the churches, are (some of them at least) enduring witnesses to the public spirit, zeal, and pertinacity of some of your men who were foremost in securing their location here.

I will only add respecting myself, that after leaving the Academy in August, 1821, I served two years in the variety store of Alexander McLellan, who also kept the post-office. Here, by the nature of his varied business, I had an opportunity to form industrious habits, and to obtain a good knowledge of men and things.

In response to "The Clergymen of Gorham," Rev. Edward Robie D.D., of Greenland, New Hampshire, spoke as follows:—

REV. DR. ROBIE'S ADDRESS.

I am happy, Mr. President, to be permitted on this occasion to say a few words in memory of the clergy of Gorham. We have

heard this afternoon that at the time the General Court of Massachusetts made a grant of seven townships to the Narragansett soldiers, it was imposed, as one of the conditions of the grant, that the persons to whom it was made settle a learned Orthodox minister, and set apart a certain portion of the township for his support. It is on record that the first settlers of Gorham did so. At the very first meeting of the proprietors it was voted to build a meeting-house for the worship of God in this town, thirty-six feet long and twenty-six feet wide, and to make provision for a preacher. The name of the first minister was Benjamin Crocker.

But my memory does not go back to those early times. The first minister of Gorham I ever saw was Rev. Asa Rand. At the time of his leaving Gorham in 1822, I was too young to have much personal remembrance of him now, but I remember well the reverence and love with which my father and mother used to speak of him. I remember also with what regard and honor he was received by the people when some years afterward he spent a day in this place. I believe it would require some of the best and richest words in the English language to tell the indebtedness of this town, or of the people of this town, for their general intelligence, their knowledge of Christian truth, their high moral and religious character, to that one man, Asa Rand. He was obliged to resign his ministry on account of ill health, some bodily infirmity. He moved to Portland, and started the Christian Mirror, the first religious newspaper in the State, and one of the first in the country. For a time he was editor of the Boston Recorder, and by his writings, as well as by his ministrations in the pulpit, he was an eminently useful man, and "being dead, he yet speaketh."

His successor, the minister of my childhood, was Rev. Thaddeus Pomeroy, whom many of you here present well remember; an able, efficient minister, a chronic invalid, yet a constant worker. Sometimes on Saturday he would be prostrate with an attack of bleeding at the lungs, and on Sunday he would preach his two sermons, and hold a service in the evening, as though he had never been sick; ever quick and ready in speech and action, sometimes, perhaps, too quick. He was fond of a good horse, was reputed to have the best horse in town. Once having spent a winter at the South for the benefit of his health, he came home

from Savannah, Georgia, all the way on horseback, walking the horse nearly the whole way, for it was a fast walker; and I remember that on the day after he reached home, Dr. Peabody and other citizens went to his house, or rather to his back yard, to see the horse which had brought their minister home on this journey of nearly a thousand miles.

Mr. Pomeroy was interested in village improvements, and had a row of shade-trees planted the whole length of the street on which he lived, superintending the work with his own hand. He had in his garden a nursery of fruit trees, and was glad to give them to those who would cultivate them, and taught the farmers how to bud and graft them. He was greatly interested in the cause of education, and was the chief agent in enlarging the old Gorham Academy into Gorham Female Seminary, which for a number of years was quite a noted institution. He traveled all over the State to obtain funds for its endowment. He was a wide-awake man, and endeavored to keep his people awake. One Sunday afternoon, when he observed that the congregation was drowsy, he paused in his sermon, and asked the choir to sing the doxology. After they had done so, he resumed his discourse, and had the attention of the people to the end. He did not hesitate to reprove and rebuke as well as exhort with all fidelity and affection, and sometimes his hearers felt hurt by his remarks; but I have no doubt that the smart they felt was needed and deserved. He was a whole-souled, generous man, one who in Christian simplicity and godly sincerity, and not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, had his conversation in the world, and more abundantly among this people. When he had been dismissed many years, and was an old man, he made you a visit, and you gave him quite an ovation, alike honorable to him and to yourselves. Since his day you have had a numerous succession of ministers. I don't know as I can recall the names of all of them; Davenport, two Adamses, Strong, Parker, Ferris, Huntington. The trouble is, within the last fifty years you have had too many ministers. Why, when you have a good minister, why do you not keep him fifty years?

I must not forget on this occasion to speak of ministers of sister churches here, who, however separated in forms and minor matters, have been united in love and in the zealous pursuit of

the same ends, and with like success. I remember a Methodist preacher, Elder Lewis, whom I loved to hear, whom everybody loved to hear, who had a voice loud enough to make the deaf hear, and who used to inspire all who heard him with something of the same loving enthusiasm which evidently filled his own soul. Other ministerial brethren might be named, as Abbott, Jaques, Morse, Hutchinson, Colby, Wetherbee, Tyrie, Jones, Bragdon, and among the Free-will Baptists, Bean, Hutchinson, and the venerable Elder Newell, and doubtless many more not personally known by me, whose excellent and useful Christian ministries have been of great benefit to the people of the town, and whose influence is still felt among them. These sister churches and brother ministers of different name have been working harmoniously together for the same noble end, of promoting Christian righteousness and truth in this community.

Our country towns are not what they once were. The country town life, which used to be the glory and strength of New England, is largely a thing of the past. Great manufacturing cities have risen, and have sucked into them the life of the country. The spinning-wheel has left the farm-house, and gone into the city. The country tailor and harness-maker, hatter and shoemaker, carpenter and cabinet-maker, and blacksmith, have followed. The few mechanics, tradesmen, and farmers even, that remain, find their line of work and of business different from what it was fifty years ago. I should be trespassing on forbidden ground on this occasion were I to presume to give the causes of this changed condition of things. But the fact of the change is apparent to every observer. This changed condition of things affects the country churches and the country clergy. When I was a boy yonder church used to be filled with a congregation, one-half of whom, I think I may say two-thirds of them, came in their carriages, many of them three or four miles, to church. How many families now attend these village churches from a distance of three or four miles? Much is said of the unchurched masses in our cities, and our practical Christianity has a hard problem to solve, and a hard work to do, in elevating and Christianizing the masses in our cities. But I apprehend that if a fair census were taken, it would be found that the scattered population in the outlying districts of our country towns who do not

attend church, exceed in numbers those in the cities; and if the question be as to their moral condition, which is the better or worse, it would not be easy to answer. Still the country town is the constituent unit of our political life. The country town-meeting is the primary school of our great republic, and notwithstanding the increasing influence of our rapidly growing cities, the welfare of our republic, the healthy life of our nation, is yet more dependent upon the condition and character of our country population. May old Gorham keep up her character. The best and noblest monument we can erect to the memory of our fathers is a pure and upright character. The clergy may pass away, the form of church organization be dissolved, but the principles which they represent, and for which they are supposed to stand, must be maintained if our beloved republic is to live. May they not only be maintained, but continually strengthened, and as the years and centuries pass on, may the character of our people be lifted nearer and nearer to that perfect standard of righteousness set before us in the teachings of him whom God hath sent to be the king of truth, the Lord of all. So shall our prosperity be as sure and certain as the movements of the stars, as lasting as are the laws of nature, which are laws of God.

Doctor H. H. Hunt, of Portland, a native of Gorham, and for many years an able and successful practitioner in this town, was called upon to speak for "The Physicians of Gorham."

DR. HUNT'S RESPONSE.

In response, Dr. Hunt said he had prepared some exceedingly interesting remarks, but owing to the lateness of the hour, would detain the audience only long enough to cite the dreadful fate of one of Gorham's physicians who early forsook the ranks of his brothers, and who today, instead of standing proudly at the head of his profession, is found in the governor's chair.

After music by the band, President Robie proposed "The Ladies of Gorham," adding that "the magnetism of their intelligence, their virtues, and their beauty, have attracted many a one of the youth of other towns to come among us for his better half."

Rev. George Lewis, of South Berwick, whose wife, a daughter of the late Hon. Hugh D. McLellan, is a lineal descendant of Elder Hugh and Elizabeth McLellan, responded briefly and gracefully. It is to be regretted that Mr. Lewis' felicitous speech can not be given in full, but the following is all of it that the committee have been able to obtain.

REV. GEORGE LEWIS SAID: —

If I could respond to this sentiment, as happily as I have lived for the past twenty years with one of the women of Gorham, you might well be proud of your representative. It is sometimes asked why there is so little said about women in history; it is because man writes her history, or rather does not write it. Wherever civilization goes, woman goes. She travels ahead of the minister, the lawyer, the teacher, and side by side with the doctor. Life without woman would be too dreadful to contemplate. She is God's best and greatest gift to the world.

It was hoped that Hon. Cyrus Woodman, of Cambridge, Mass., would respond to the following sentiment, but he was unexpectedly called away by telegram.

"The towns of Buxton and Gorham represent No. 1 and No. 7, two of the seven Narragansett towns which were given to the soldiers of the memorable Narragansett fight in 1675, by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. The early traditions and family connections of the towns of Gorham and Buxton come from the same heroic and brave ancestry. Hand in hand, shoulder to shoulder, these two towns have stood together in all the conflicts of civil liberty, material and social advancement. We have here today a native of Buxton, who was educated at our Academy, who is a worthy representative of Narragansett No. 1, the *Hon. Cyrus Woodman*, of Cambridge."

Rev. Joseph Colby, a worthy and beloved army chaplain, was expected to respond to the following: — "The Veteran Soldiers of Gorham in the War for the Union."

Mr. Colby was unavoidably absent, but that, had he been present, he would have paid an honorable and deserved tribute to the memory of the soldiers, none who know him and his personal loyalty and devotion to his country, can doubt.

The last address was by Charles W. Deering, Esq., who responded to "Agriculture in Gorham."

C. W. DEERING'S ADDRESS.

MR. PRESIDENT:

It was the custom in the early days of the Christian era, to reserve the best of the wine till the last of the feast. But sir, today, you have seemed to reverse this order. You think that those who are not tired out with the oratory of the doctors, lawyers, and ministers, can stand a ten minutes speech from a farmer.

THE FARMERS OF GORHAM IN 1736, AND THE FARMERS OF GORHAM IN 1886.

As we take a retrospective view of the circumstances which surrounded our forefathers one hundred and fifty years ago, the obstacles they had to contend with, and to overcome, the dangers that stood in their *every* pathway, not only from the wild beasts of the forest, but from the more savage and wary Indians, may we not pause and ask ourselves the question, should *we* have been equal to such emergencies? Should we, like Caleb of old, have felt that we were able to possess the land? The first settlers of our town were from a noble stock, the direct descendants of the Pilgrims. Almost all the first inhabitants were from the old Colony; nearly every town on Cape Cod contributed one or more settlers for Narragansett No. 7 (which is now Gorham). The wives and daughters of the first settlers of Gorham shared in all the toils and wants of their husbands and fathers. They used to labor in the fields and the forests, carry burdens, go to mill, gather the harvests, and assist in the defences of their households and their property. Our early inhabitants partook largely of the character of their ancestors. They were a hardy, enterprising, virtuous race of men, of indomitable courage, unbending firmness, uncompromising integrity, sober, industrious, frugal, and temperate in all things. They were distinguished for enduring fortitude, and open-handed hospitality. Rigorous was the climate, thick and heavy were the forests they had to clear, and hard the soil where they chose to dwell. Here a countless train of privations and sufferings awaited them, privations and

sufferings that might have made the less *brave* and *energetic* quail. Cold and hunger, and fear of midnight slaughter, or cruel captivity by savage bands of Indians, was their portion. Under this load of evils, what, but a firm belief in the sacredness of their cause, and the consolation derived from the sublime truths of Christianity, could have sustained them? To their religious belief, their exemplary lives, their untiring perseverance, and indefatigable industry, are we indebted for the blessing of freedom, plenty, and knowledge, now enjoyed by our citizens. Great are our obligations to our *brave* and *virtuous* fathers; great also to our *noble* and *heroic* mothers, who dwelt here in the first and middle of the last century. Though we have often heard of their labors and sufferings, it is difficult fully to appreciate them. Their misery was great; for months they had neither meat nor bread, and often they knew not where to get food for the morrow, yet in all their wants and trials, their confidence in the goodness of God was never shaken. The first sixteen years after the settlement of Gorham were years of great anxiety and suffering; at one time all the provisions the family of Capt. Phinney had for some days, were two quarts of boiled wheat, which had been reserved for seed. And notwithstanding all their poverty and the circumstances which were so much against them, yet by their indomitable courage and perseverance, they surmounted every obstacle that came in their pathway. "Advance" was their motto. We have no accurate data by which to determine the number of the inhabitants, or the amount of their property, prior to the Revolutionary War. In 1772, there were seventy-seven horses owned in town; at that time there were but four men in town that owned two horses each.

The farmers of Gorham, as a class, have been bold and courageous, enterprising and industrious. Perhaps their thrift and increase of wealth cannot be more clearly shown than by referring to our town valuation of fifty years ago, and comparing it with the town valuation of today. In the year 1835, the town valuation was one hundred and twenty thousand and forty-six dollars. In the year 1885, the town valuation was one million, two hundred and twelve thousand, one hundred and two dollars, which gives us an increase of more than tenfold in our valuation

while the poll tax payers have not increased fifty per cent in number for the last fifty years. And when we consider the fact that the increase of our population has been *very* slight, that there has been a constant draft of our best citizens to the large cities and to the Great West; and also that within the last half century we have passed through a four years' Civil War, wherein many of our most noble farmers and citizens laid down their lives to maintain the Nation's Flag and the Nation's Honor, and the Freedom and Liberty which we now enjoy. I say in consideration of these facts, and the enormous taxes that have been paid for war purposes, we stand in wonder and amazement at our own wealth and prosperity today. And should we ask the question, "Can this ratio of increase of wealth be continued for the next fifty years?" we doubt if one could be found who would dare to say it *can be.* And yet "Advance" is our motto.

There has been a wonderful improvement in all agricultural implements. Today you have seen the old wooden plow of fifty years ago, superseded by the new steel plow and the sulky plow; the hand scythe by the many improved mowing machines; the sickle and the cradle are superseded by the great reaper and binder of the West; the old wooden tooth harrow is followed by the Thomas smoothing harrow, the Shares harrow, or the Disc harrow. These are all labor saving utensils, some of them saving labor more than one hundred-fold. And yet there is room for improvement, not only in agricultural implements, but in the management of our farms.

We find prominent among the farmers of the first century after the settlement of Gorham, the names of Phinney, Alden, Longfellow, Lombard, McLellan, Mosher, Morton, Merrill, Irish, Whitney, Robie, and many others too numerous to mention here. Many of the families of these noble pioneers occupy the same farms today that their ancestors settled on one hundred years ago or more. But what a contrast between the early days of the settlement of this town, and the present time. Instead of the dense forests, inhabited by the wild beasts and the savage Indians, today we see the broad fields of grass and grain, waving under a high state of cultivation, and yielding an abundant harvest. The soil tilled with implements of modern improvement, and the crops are harvested with mowers and reapers, and

with a rapidity that astonishes the world. Several of our farms in Gorham produce annually more than one hundred tons of hay each. Gorham has nineteen District schools, two Free High schools, and a State Normal school located here, and six churches with regular preaching upon the Sabbath, which gives us one school for about every one hundred and fifty inhabitants, and one church for about five hundred and fifty inhabitants. The farmers of Gorham early learned to co-operate in self defence, and also in the maintenance of public education and public worship.

When the Revolutionary War broke out, the inhabitants of Gorham felt the full weight of the responsibilities resting on them, and bravely determined to be faithful to their sacred trust; faithful to themselves, and faithful to posterity. They avowed themselves ready at *all times* to aid the cause of freedom. The people of Gorham have always been noted for their great liberality. When Portland was burned by a British fleet in October, 1775, the people of Gorham sent teams and men to assist the distressed inhabitants in saving their effects, and moved many of them to this town. And again at the great fire of July 4th, 1866, at Portland, Gorham furnished timely aid. The supposed value of Narragansett No. 7, was twelve hundred pounds at the time it was located. But History says that the first one hundred and twentieth part of this grant that was sold, was sold for five pounds, which makes the real market value but six hundred pounds, or less than three thousand dollars.

We find that the farmers of Gorham have held many responsible positions of trust and office, and have always acquitted themselves, both with great credit to themselves, and the good old town they represented. Gorham has furnished, since the year 1882, one of the best governors the State of Maine has ever had, and has the material for many more; and should we be called on to furnish a representative to Congress, or a United States senator, or even a vice-president, we should be most happy to respond. Much more might be said in behalf of the farmers of Gorham, but the lateness of the hour forbids any extended remarks, and I forbear.

Mr. Deering's address was followed by the singing of *America* by the chorus and the audience generally, accompanied by the

INDIAN STATUE AND INDIANS.

band, and the exercises were closed by the benediction, pronounced by Rev. Dr. Edward Robie.

THE SHAM FIGHT.

This part of the celebration was graphically described in the Argus of the following day, by an eye witness, whose account it has been thought better to republish verbatim, than to attempt a new description. It is as follows: —

"Some time before the afternoon exercises in the tent closed, the band of athletic Indians, led by their chief, Presumpsaukett, came dashing into the field in which the tent was pitched, sounding their war-whoops, and made for a large tree about half-way across the field toward the woods. Here they held a brief council, and then began to execute a vigorous war-dance. Then the big medicine man harangued them, bidding them be brave as she-bears in the fight, and as merciless as she-wolves to the vanquished. Scarcely had the speech ended, when a sharp-eyed savage spied a white scout on the edge of the woods beyond the three log huts that stood, looking like souvenirs of pioneer times, at irregular distances from one another in the grassy field. Raising a horrible war-cry, the Indians grasped their guns, and started for the rash scout, fleet as the deer. But it happened that the scout was not alone. He was backed by the C. A. Warren G. A. R. Post, of Standish, under the command of the bold Captain E. A. Wingate, and the reception the Indians received from their rifles checked their headlong speed quite suddenly. Then, to add to the confusion of the redskins, several well-aimed shots were fired at them from the nearest log hut, and two of the savages fell, mortally wounded. The Indians were very cautious for a while, skulking behind trees, or lying flat on the ground. The almost incessant crack, crack of the guns died into silence. To the scouts in the woods it appeared as if the Indians had abandoned the field. One of the scouts incautiously attempted to reach the nearest log hut, but just as he was well away from the shelter of the woods, suddenly the savages were upon him. He was taken prisoner. After a brief consultation, one of the redskins began to drive a stake into the ground, and others

brought kindling-wood and placed around it. The fate of the unhappy scout was evident. He was to be burned alive. Alas, his comrades were too few to rescue him, and so his soul went up amid the crackling flame and the yells of the savages. The redskins then captured one of the empty log huts, and put the torch to it. But their triumph was of short duration. The big cannon of the fort on the hill had sounded the note of alarm, and the brave members of John R. Adams Post, of Gorham, Capt. Theodore Shackford, commander, were coming at full speed to the succor of their fellow-whites. They came upon the savages like a whirlwind, and utterly routed them, killing or taking as prisoners the whole band. This fight was intended to partly represent that attack of the Indians during the seven years' war on the garrison at Fort Hill, when they surprised four members of the Bryant family outside the stockade, and killed in cold blood all but one, Mrs. Bryant, and her they carried away as a captive."

EXERCISES OF THE EVENING.

The following very interesting account is taken principally from the *Daily Press* of the 27th of May, and gives in an admirable manner the impressions made upon the writer of it by this part of the exercises.

THE EVENING CELEBRATION.

The handsome decorations of the day were fairly outdone by the beautiful appearance which the people of Gorham gave to the village in honor of the celebration in the evening. Everywhere could be seen through the branches of the trees the vari-colored lights of Chinese lanterns, and fireworks were being constantly displayed. The square at the corner of Main and School streets was rendered about as light as day by long lines of Chinese lanterns extending completely around its four sides, while a profusion of other lanterns added to the brilliancy of the scene. The Normal School boarding-house, opposite the Academy, was a blaze of light, and from Academy Hill fireworks were being constantly displayed. At sunset the section of the battery fired a final salute, while the residents of the village with their friends were gathering at the Academy building and other points

of interest. The crowds had not apparently diminished to any great extent, evening trains bringing about as many as they took away. While the throng at the Academy waited for the reception to be given in the hall up stairs, interest centered in the collection of relics in the old schoolroom below.

The settlers of this historic town have left behind them many curious and valuable reminders of the lives they led, the dangers with which they were beset, and their struggles with the red men. The ladies of the village, under whose care the collection was placed, had gathered as many as possible of these tokens of by-gone days, and much interest was shown in them. The rooms were handsomely draped with bunting, and the walls hung with portraits of old residents.

A very ancient heirloom was a spinet, made in London at least two hundred years ago. The case is finely inlaid, and the keys when touched produce a twanging sound. It formerly belonged to Madame Wendell, whose second husband was Parson Smith, the first minister of Portland. The cradle made for Madame Wendell was among the relics, and did not appear very much worn out despite the fact of its use during five generations; also the elaborate robe in which Parson Smith was christened. Near by hung the muster-roll of Captain Oliver Hunt's Company, May 5th, 1795. Among the articles upon the table were the musket and canteen carried by Charles Thomes in the Revolutionary War, and the canteen carried by Job Thomes in the War of 1812; a flax comb used in 1777; a pitcher that was brought over in the Mayflower; a machine on which suspenders were woven in the olden times; a mustard jar and a mug, at least one hundred and fifty years old; a mould for casting pewter spoons, also very old; all loaned by Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Roberts. An ancient beef-steak dish, pickle dishes, canteen, pewter platter, one hundred and fifty years old, and the "sampler" of Betsey Thomes, marked by her in 1781, loaned by Mrs. Ezra Thomes. The sampler contains the following bit of personal history: —

Betsey Thomes is my name,
And English is my nation;
Gorham town is my dwelling-place,
And Christ is my salvation.

Betsey Thomes of Gorham
Aged 14: 1781.

A coffee mill one hundred and twenty-five years old, loaned by William H. Lombard; a shoe once belonging to Mrs. Captain Joseph McLellan of Portland, a daughter of old Hugh; a silver teaspoon more than one hundred years old, loaned by Mrs. F. G. Cousens; an old surveying chain once belonging to Solomon Lombard; the sign of A. Davis, 1803; a tin kitchen seventy-six years old, loaned by G. Rounds; the two oldest Bibles in the town and another ancient volume, being the Elements of Algebra by John Kersey; a gold ring and ear-rings over two hundred years old, loaned by Mrs. Thomes; spoons one hundred and fifty years old, and the porcelain bowl used by Parson Lancaster; bellows one hundred and fifty years old, loaned by Mr. A. L. Hamblen.

In the case of arms was the sword worn by Lieutenant-Colonel McLellan in the Revolutionary War, a cannon-ball found near the house of Mr. Roberts on Fort Hill, supposed to have been fired from the cannon on the old Fort; the barrel of the gun with which Captain "Billy" McLellan is said to have shot several Indians; old guns owned by Mr. W. H. Lombard; and, coming down to a later date, the musket carried in the late war by Captain Colman Harding.

The cane of Colonel Shubael Gorham, one of the three grantees of the town, was sent from New York for the occasion by its present owner, Mr. William F. Gorham of that city, a lineal descendant of Colonel Shubael. The cane is very long and heavy with a massive head of ivory, the stick being of malacca. Upon the silver band at the head is the inscription," D. Gorham, 1754." Other articles in the exhibit were, a framed bill of sale of Cornelius Waldo's negro slave Ned to John Phinney, in 1732; a pin belonging to Mary, daughter of old Hugh McLellan; Indian arrow-heads, and so many other equally valuable relics that it is impossible to name them all.

THE RECEPTION.

While the guests were gathering in the hall in the second story, Chandler's band, stationed outside, played a finely selected programme. The reception room was made resplendent with decorations and was filled with people. Over the door a very handsome crimson banner, the gift of Mr. Beal, the decorator

bore, in golden letters, the inscription, "Narragansett No. 7, 1736–1886."

Under a canopy at the end of the hall stood the reception committee, composed of Governor and Mrs. Robie, Judge and Mrs. Waterman, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Hinkley, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ridlon, Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe G. Harding, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. F. Smith, Rev. and Mrs. H. S. Huntington, Rev. and Mrs. F. A. Bragdon, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Clement, Mr. and Mrs. Albion F. Johnson, and Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Burnell, to receive the distinguished guests in the name of the ancient town. After a short time devoted to social intercourse and the renewal of old friendships, Judge Waterman called the assembly to order and introduced Rev. George L. Prentiss, D.D., of New York, who now delivered the address which had been expected from him in the afternoon, but which, in deference to his wishes, had been postponed until the evening. His theme was "Recollections of Gorham Fifty Years Ago."

DR. PRENTISS' ADDRESS.

In 1836, not long after the one hundredth anniversary of the town, I ceased to be a resident of Gorham, and my visits to it, during the intervening half century, have been but few and far between. I have known but little of its later history. Most of the faces before me are the faces of utter strangers. And yet the sight of these once familiar scenes has awakened in me a host of sleeping memories. Indeed, ever since receiving the invitation to be with you on this occasion, my thoughts have kept flitting back through the fifty eventful years that separate 1886 from 1836, and I have realized, as never before, what I owe to my native town; how much in the way of mental and spiritual training; what precious friendships; how many of those bright, youthful hopes and aspirations, that shed such radiance upon life. And I have rejoiced anew in being a son of Gorham; where else could I have been born to a goodlier heritage? From what other point in the vastness of space could I have entered upon this wondrous stage of existence under happier auspices, or with fairer outlook?

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy." My cradle seems to have been rocked on the very verge of the kingdom of God, as if

the Lord had given his angels charge concerning it. In truth, is not a Christian home, in miniature at least, the veritable kingdom of God on earth? No; I would not, if I could, exchange my birthplace for any other spot on the round globe. These things do not come of mere chance:

> "It is the allotment of the skies,
> The hand of the Supremely Wise,
> That guides and governs our affections
> And plans and orders our connections."

My acquaintance with the Gorham lying this side of 1836, I repeat, is very slight; but not so with the Gorham lying far away in the past just on the other side of 1836. With that my acquaintance was close, and my recollections of it are vivid and full of pleasantness. In my mind's eye I still see the aged men and women, the fathers and mothers, the young men and maidens, the boys and girls of the town, as they appeared five and twenty years ago. I see them in their homes, at work in the fields, moving along the ancient highways, walking the village streets, sitting together in thes chool, in the academy, and in the house of God. I see them going in solemn procession to the place of burial and standing by open graves. I see them assembled, like one great family, and rejoicing together on festal days, when their hearts were glad. I can call them all by their names. The lapse of time has invested some of them with such an ideal aspect, that no gallery of portraits by renowned masters of the art could equal them in dignity and grace. Especially is this the case, when I go back to the old farm in West Gorham, where first I saw the light. Bygone images and scenes of that home of my childhood steal into my mind, to borrow the words of Coleridge, "like breezes blown from the spice islands of Youth and Hope — those two realities of this phantom world." First of all and irradiating all, rises before me the image of my sainted mother, who taught me how to pray, to trust in God, to follow Christ, and live for Him and His cause. Can I ever forget those Sabbath evening hours, when I used to kneel down close by her side, and hear her commune with her God and Saviour, even as one talketh with a friend?

I count it a favor of Providence that my boyhood was seasoned with the genial influences of nature. I delighted to

wander through the woods and pastures, to watch the changing aspects of the sky, and to indulge in bright day-dreams, while listening to the music of rippling brooks, or lying on the grass under the trees of the orchard and hearkening to the songs of birds. The earliest incident that I can recall carries me back to the summer of 1819, when I was three years old. I refer to the death of my honored grandfather, Major George Lewis, whose name I bear. I remember well how my soul was touched with mingled awe and wonder, as I looked upon him lying in his shroud. Another never to be forgotten incident was my first visit to Portland, when seven or eight years old. Wild with excitement, I was chasing butterflies along the road leading to our neighbor Watson's. Suddenly a voice, I can almost hear it now, called me to the house and told me, to my infinite delight, that I was going with father to Portland. What a ride, as through fairy land, was that! I have journeyed since far and wide; have visited many famous cities, at home and abroad; have once and again crossed and recrossed the ocean; but the ride to Portland with my father on that midsummer afternoon, my first glimpses of the beautiful town, the strange, tall-masted ships, and the wide sea stretching away beyond, gave me a shock of astonished, rapturous emotion, which surpassed, I think, aught of the kind I have ever experienced since.

Among the strongest impressions of those early yehrs is the district school, which my brother Seargent thus described in his New England address delivered at New Orleans twenty years later: —

Behold yon simple building near the crossing of the village road! It is small and of rude construction, but stands in a pleasant and quiet spot. A magnificent old elm spreads its broad arms above and seems to lean toward it, as a strong man bends to shelter and protect a child. A brook runs through the meadow near, and hard by there is an orchard, but the trees have suffered much and bear no fruit, except upon the most remote and inaccessible branches. From within its walls comes a busy hum, such as you may hear in a disturbed bee-hive. Now peep through yonder windows, and you will see a hundred children with rosy cheeks, mischievous eyes, and demure faces, all engaged, or pretending to be so, in their little lessons. It is the public school — the free, the common school — provided by law, open to all, claimed from the community as a right, not accepted as a bounty. Here the children of the rich and poor, high and low, meet upon perfect equality, and commence

under the same auspices the race of life. From among these laughing children will go forth the men who are to control the destinies of their age and country.

It would be easy to spend all my time in talking to you about West Gorham sixty years ago. It was a thrfty, well informed, and well ordered community, embracing some of the worthiest families of the town. Pilgrim blood ran in its veins. Gladly would I speak, did time allow, of particular families and of individual men and women — of the Lincolns, the Stephensons, the Hamblens, the Watsons, the Skillingses, the Sturgises, the Cobbs, the Clements, the Fileses, and others, whose names have still the sound of old friends and neighbors. One other name, however, it would be an almost unfilial act in me to pass without special mention — that of Elder James Lewis. From the religious point of view, he was, perhaps, the most striking figure in the history of the town. He was not a man of culture, or of large talents; nobody would call him great in the ordinary sense of the term; but how great he was in goodness and single-hearted devotion to the Divine Master whom he served! How great he was in meek simplicity and fervor of spirit! How great in apostolic labors as a youthful pioneer, and then as the patriarch of Methodism in all the region round about.

It has been my privilege to know intimately many of the most eminent ministers of my time; but I never knew one whose individuality was more picturesque and interesting than that of my venerable uncle. What a pleasant thing it was to see him riding here and there and everywhere, in that queer little gig, with that old white horse, on his errands of Christian love and evangelism! West Gorham has reason to be thankful that the dust of so eminent a servant of God is sleeping in her bosom.

In 1827, after the death of my father, the farm was sold and our family removed to the village or "corner," as it was then called. And here began a second chapter of my life in Gorham; a chapter of new and larger experiences. Gorham Village in 1827, like so many New England villages at that time, was a little world by itself. It had not yet been robbed of its quiet seclusion, social freedom, and independence, by the irruption of the great noisy outer world. The age of railroads and telegraphs and tele-phones was not yet come. You get more news from all quarters

of the globe — a great deal of it disturbing and distracting news — in one day, than used to reach us in the course of a whole year. There can be no question that in its more tranquil, self-centered character, village society of that period had some decided advantages over the present. It had more real leisure, and was less affected by the worrying excitements and passions of the hour. It had a better chance to develop its own native forces in strength and beauty. And these forces in the case of Gorham were exceedingly vigorous. The founders and early proprietors of the town were mostly descendants of the sturdy men of Plymouth Colony, who fought with such wonderful endurance and heroism in King Philip's War; the conquerors of the Narragansetts. Not a few of them were in a direct line from the Pilgrims. Their religious faith and customs, their civic and domestic virtues, their manners, their names, and household traditions, were all redolent of Barnstable, and adjoining towns of the Old Colony. I made a pilgrimage to Barnstable last summer, and spent part of a day in its ancient burying grounds. I found them full of the graves of my ancestors, and of the ancestors of many of the early and later settlers of Gorham; of the Phinneys, Gorhams, Davises, Lewises, Hinkleys, Hardings, Cobbs, and others. But while the first settlers of the town were largely of Cape Cod stock, other settlers, bringing with them other names, other family traditions, manners, and sometimes another creed, came during the next one hundred years. And these new elements helped to diversify and enrich the character of the town, especially of the village. The effects of this process of social change and evolution were very marked in the early part of this century. Boston and Cambridge, Newbury, Hingham, Groton, and other notable towns of Eastern Massachusetts, were represented among the new-comers by names that are historical in the annals, not of New England only, but of the whole country. And besides these two chief sources of supply, the Green Isle contributed one of the strongest and best elements in the making of the town. I refer to the Scotch-Irish element, which came in with Hugh McLellan and Elizabeth, his wife. They were both solid Presbyterians, and he was long a ruling elder in the church here. If now we add to these shaping influences in the first settlement and earlier growth of the town, those, whether of individuals, or families, or callings, which have

wrought with so much power since the beginning of the present century, we have before us, I think, the main factors in the history and character of Gorham. Nor can we wonder that a community fashioned out of such materials, animated by such ancestral spirit and traditions, should have been eminently distinguished for its intelligence, its interest in education and good learning, its beautiful family life, its pious virtues, and its patriotic devotion. Certainly, all these high qualities marked it fifty years ago. Of course it was not perfect, and in some respects, I dare say, there has since been a decided change for the better. To me, as I look back to those days, the deepest and most striking feature was the religious life, as manifested both in the family and in the church. The way of viewing our relation to God and divine things, which then prevailed, was, to be sure, pretty strict and somewhat artificial; and as a consequence, Christian nurture lacked, more or less, that bright, spontaneous, genial element, which properly belongs to it. Religion was too often a sort of spiritual bugbear instead of a delight and a "joy forever." Too much of the preaching of the time abounded in technical terms and theological abstractions, and so was fitted to repel rather than attract the youthful mind. But for all that religion was a blessed reality — the great underlying reality and solace of existence; and for myself I can never cease to thank God that I was trained up so to regard it.

And now will you indulge me in a few personal reminiscences of some of the men, who in my boyhood represented what was best and most attractive in this community. My mother's next door neighbor was James Phinney, the patriarch of the village. His father, Captain John Phinney, was born in Barnstable, Cape Cod, in 1693. He himself was born in Gorham in 1741, so that his life was almost coeval with that of the town. He had known well my grandfather Lewis, my grandfather Prentiss, my uncle Lothrop Lewis, and, indeed, all my kindred. He showed the kindest interest in me, and I used to call him "Uncle Phinney." His memory was very strong and tenacious, and all the events of his time, whether in town or nation, seemed stored up in it. He was five years old when Bryant and his children were massacred by the Indians, and could give you, either from his own childish recollections, or as he had heard them a hundred times from the lips of his father and mother and other eye-witnesses, all the

details of that direful tragedy. He was fourteen years old when word came of Braddock's defeat, and the name of young Colonel Washington began to twinkle, like a morning star, on the horizon of American history. He was eighteen years old when Quebec was captured by General Wolfe, and had himself felt the thrill of unspeakable joy and relief that ran through Gorham and all the frontier settlements at the glorious news. He was thirty-one years old when in response to the famous Boston circular the citizens of Gorham organized a Committee of Safety, and his father and elder brother were made members of it. From this time on through the Stamp Act agitation and all the momentous events that followed, until the battle of independence was won, the new constitution established, and Washington inaugurated first President of the United States of America, he knew everything by heart, and you could consult him as a living chronicle of the Revolutionary and subsequent times. He was in truth a wonderful old man, remarkable alike for his solid, civic virtues, his Christian excellence, his rich treasures of varied experience, and the benignant, sunny temper, which made his very presence a benediction. He typified to my imagination, as much as any man I ever knew, the ideal of a Pilgrim Father. How well I remember his venerable form and aspect as he sat in the house of God! Too deaf to hear the minister, he used to select a text and preach a little sermon to himself while the congregation were listening to the voice from the pulpit. He died in 1834, at the age of ninety-three.

Another of our nearest neighbors, an excellent type of the old family physician, was Dr. Dudley Folsom, a man of uncommon worth and usefulness, skillful in his profession, a wise counsellor, and leading citizen. One of my most vivid as well as earliest recollections of him carries me back again to the old farm. I was very ill and thought to be almost in *articulo mortis*, when late at night he was summoned to my help. Although more than sixty years have since passed away, that midnight scene, the anxiety of my parents, the hushed voices, his tender ministrations, are all distinctly recalled. Dr. Folsom died a few months after the centennial of 1836, lamented, as he had been esteemed, by the whole town.

Another name that always recurs to me when I think of

Gorham fifty years ago, is that of Deacon Thomas S. Robie, one of those rare men whom we are wont to describe by simply saying they are "pure gold." His goodness, his liberality, and his modesty were alike conspicuous. The Congregational deacon is not always an attractive figure in New England fiction; not always, indeed, in fact; but fiction itself could not easily invent a worthier or lovelier character than that of Deacon Robie. I have personal reasons to remember him with gratitude, and rejoice on this occasion to testify my heartfelt respect for his memory.

It is to me a source of deep regret that I cannot take by the hand today my beloved schoolmate and friend, Deacon Marshall Irish, that faithful servant of Christ and the Church, who so recently passed to a better world. We were brought into close intimacy with each other during the great religious awakening of 1831, which pervaded New England, and formed a turning point in the spiritual history of Gorham. In company with a goodly number of other youths, we made public confession of Christ together, and although we have rarely met since 1836, my affection and esteem for him never changed. How much this village owes to his long, steadfast example of Christian fidelity and usefulness!

Most of the Gorham boys who were my comrades at school and in the academy, wandered out into the wide world and pitched their tents for life elsewhere. It was a good thing for the town that so true an offshoot and representative of its ancient stock as Marshall Irish passed his days on the old homestead, living and dying in the midst of you.

I have spoken of Dr. Folsom. There was a younger physician, my cousin and my dear friend, William H. Peabody, whose name is associated with some of my pleasantest memories of Gorham. He was a man born to be loved, — a true Christian gentleman, refined in his tastes, fond of books, public-spirited, kind to the poor, and enthusiastic in devotion both to his profession and to all good causes. He had a special admiration for that eloquent jurist, William Wirt, after whom he named his eldest son, and also for my brother Seargent, after whom he named his youngest son. Although he was by several years my senior, we were in the closest sympathy with each other on the stirring questions of

the day, and delighted to discuss them together. Losing his father in boyhood, as I lost mine, he grew up, as I did, in the eye and under the loving nurture of his mother, an admirable Christian woman, through whom he inherited some of the finest traits of the old Colony stock. His whole personality was singularly attractive, and I cherish his memory as though we had parted for the last time a year, instead of more than forty years ago.

Gorham has been noted from the beginning for the high character and ability of its lawyers. The name of one of the foremost of them all, Josiah Pierce, is identified with the history of the town, both its written and its unwritten history. I can never mention or think of him without grateful emotion. He was my mother's friend, lightening the heavy burdens of her widowhood by his professional services, freely given, and by his persistent kindness. He was a devoted friend of my brother Seargent, who began the study of law in his office, and lived like a younger brother in his family. He was my own faithful friend to the day of his death. I doubt if any man ever lived in Gorham, who did more to stimulate and guide youthful minds in the pursuit of knowledge. Familiar himself with the best literature of the language, he had a rare power of inciting others to study and love it. My sister-in-law, Mrs. William Prentiss, well remembered by some before me as Angelina Hunt, one of the brightest and best informed women I have known, often told me that she owed her singular fondness for books and wide acquaintance with them to Judge Pierce; and many others could have said the same. His mind was as versatile as it was gifted. What a useful citizen he was! How much he did to promote the best interests of the town, especially to rescue from oblivion the precious records of its history, and to make known to their children and to the world the noble lives and virtues of our fathers, you need not be told. I have alluded to his friendship for my brother Seargent by whom it was warmly reciprocated. How vividly, as though it were last year or last week, I recall an evening spent with my brother, just out of Vicksburgh, late in 1836. I was passing the winter there under the hospitable roof of Judge Guion, my brother's partner, and he came out to have a talk with me about home and about Gorham. He and I little dreamed at the time how historic the spot was to become in less

than seven and twenty years, for it was near the famous line along which General Grant's army slowly picked and battered and fought its way to the capture of the Vicksburgh stronghold on July 4th, 1863. Having made minute inquiries about old acquaintances and old neighbors, he remarked that nowhere else had he met characters so original, so striking and full of unique individual traits as in Gorham. Referring to Judge Pierce, he expressed for him the warmest admiration, adding, "He is a man well qualified to be President of the United States." Nor do I think this was extravagant praise. His varied talents, his knowledge, his sound sense, his thorough acquaintance with American history, law, and legislation, his patriotism, all fitted Judge Pierce to fill with honor any position in the gift of the people.

But it is high time, Mr. President, to bring these hasty reminiscences to a close. And yet how willingly would I still go on and speak to you of others, whose names I recall so well; of my old pastor and true friend, Mr. Pomeroy; of Mr. Nason, at whose feet I took my first lessons in classic lore; of the Rev. Timothy Hilliard, who represented among us, in such a catholic spirit, the Episcopal church; of Amos Brown, who did so much here, and, later, in New York to promote the higher interests of education; of Captain Robie, the honored father of a highly honored son; of General Irish, so long distinguished in the service of the town and of the State; of my old schoolmaster, Daniel C. Emery, who also was distinguished in the service of town and State; of those excellent men, Deacon McLellan and Deacon Chadbourne; of George Hight, my esteemed Sunday-school teacher; of that courteous gentleman of the old school, Colonel Stephenson; of that good farmer and upright man, Colonel John Tyng Smith; of Jacob S. Smith, the cultivated lawyer, and father of two of my cousins and schoolmates; of Colonel Hugh McLellan, a man remarkable in many ways, and not least for his minute, accurate knowledge of the history of Gorham; of Captain Stephen and Captain William Stephenson, of Captain Hunt and Captain Motley and Captain Codman, whose names are associated with so many dear friends of my mother and sisters, as well as of my own; of Stephen Hinkley, Charles Hunt, Seth Hersey, and Deacon Paine, and I know not how many more among the older

generation of my contemporaries. How gladly, too, would I speak of younger men, whose names are closely associated with my brother Seargent as his college classmates, or his friends: William Tyng Hilliard, John H. Hilliard, George Stephenson, the Smiths, Wendell, William, Edward, and the others, Francis Barbour, Francis Robie, and George Pierce, cut off, alas! in the morning of a beautiful manhood; and of a younger generation still, beloved schoolmates and companions of my own boyhood, or, later, college friends: Reuben Nason, Andrew Barbour, Charles Robie, Frank Irish, Edward Robie, Frederick Robie, Elijah Kellogg, Cyrus Woodman, Frederick and Charles and Stephen Stephenson, John Albion Andrew, and many others. Happily of them some are here today to speak for themselves.

An old Hebrew proverb says that "the glory of children is their fathers." This is a true saying, as I think we all feel today. And it is no less true that the glory of children — oftentimes the greater glory, by far — is their *mothers*. What a different one hundred and fiftieth anniversary we would celebrate today, if the foundations of this town had not been laid in a wholesome, pure, and godly family life! The women of Gorham have been not less remarkable for the sweet household virtues which have adorned so many of its homes, than the men of Gorham for those sturdier, more public virtues, that have made so many of them pillars in both church and State. In order to truly depict some of these homes as I remember them fifty years ago, my pencil would have to be dipped in fairer colors than those of earth.

There was around them such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore.

The mothers and daughters, whose presence transfigured them, were fashioned by the Eternal Spirit; they followed Christ as their master, and learned their lessons of household wisdom and goodness at his feet. Some of them still live to bless the world; a few of them are here today; but the larger number long ago were joined to the more congenial fellowship of saints

and angels in a better country; and there may we be so happy as to see them again face to face.

The address was followed by a poem written by Miss Sophia E. Perry, and read by Miss Mary G. Barker of Portland, and Mr. F. W. Davis; and later, remarks were made by Mr. Dana Estes of Boston, the most liberal donor to the Public Library, in behalf of which he made an earnest appeal. Professor H. Hunt, of Mount Vernon, New Hampshire, after some interesting remarks in regard to Dr. Deane, the author of "Pitchwood Hill," read that celebrated poem, which was new to most of the audience. This was followed by the reading of letters of regret, many of which had been received by the committee, from J. P. Baxter Esq., Judge John A. Peters, and Judge Charles Danforth, of the Supreme Judicial Court of Maine, Hon. W. W. Rice of Worcester, Massachusetts, Professor Henry P. Warren of Lawrenceville, New Jersey, Arthur Phinney Esq. of Sandusky, Ohio, Frederick Davis Esq., of Chicago, John O. Winship Esq., of Cleveland, Ohio, and many others.

The close of the reception and the other social gatherings of the evening at the halls of the various secret organizations was the termination of the celebration. It was an occasion which cannot fail to be remembered by the citizens of Gorham with pride and mutual congratulations, as one of the most interesting and important events in the history of the town.

For the success of the musical part of the exercises in the tent, the credit is largely due to the efforts of Mr. Charles K. Hinkley and Prof. Fitch.

The exhibition of relics and curiosities at the Academy, which has been already described, showed much industry and tact on the part of the committee in charge of that department, Messrs. Arthur J. Benson and Wm. P. F. Robie, to the former of whom the public is indebted for the unique and entertaining news-sheet, *The Gorham Anniversary Gazette*, an interesting extract from which is given in the early part of this compilation.

The celebration received many notices from the press, one of which is appended.

Editorial from the Eastern Argus, Portland, of May 27, 1886.

GORHAM'S CELEBRATION.

The good old town of Gorham, famous even among the many famous towns that figure in the history of Maine as a State, a District of Massachusetts, and a British colonial settlement, observed yesterday with fitting pomp and ceremony, — and what is of more worth, with loving and loyal admiration for its picturesque past, and high confidence in its promising future, — the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its settlement. The story of the observance is so fully told elsewhere in the *Argus* that no need remains for more than mention in this column.

The arrangements for the celebration, carefully studied and admirably planned, were carried out to perfection. The people of Gorham have abundant reason to pride themselves upon the programme, and upon its execution; upon the hearty welcome home extended to visiting sons and daughters who had left the old homestead, some of them "strange countries for to see," and the cordial reception given to the strangers within their gates; and above all, upon the literary exercises, and the store of historical knowledge brought to light. Gorham is an old town, as American towns go, but she is young in spirit, and not yet in the maturity of her life. That her future may be as prosperous as her past has been honorable, is the hearty wish of the *Argus*.

The selectmen of the town had charge of the police arrangements, and throughout the day the best of order was preserved. No disturbance or accident of any kind occurred, notwithstanding the great crowd in attendance, the credit for which is due, in a large degree, to the care and judicious management of Mr. Lewis McLellan, chairman of the board.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX.

COMMITTEES.

Continued from page 34.

COMMITTEE ON DECORATIONS, MOTTOES AND ILLUMINATIONS.

William P. Watson
Simon B. Guthrie
William P. F. Robie
Harry B. Elkins
Everett P. Hanson
Frank Stanwood
Fred M. Patrick
John A. Waterman Jr.
Fred W. Harding
Edwin R. Gamman
Daniel F. Whittier
Bartlett W. Feeny
Arthur J. Benson
Willis I. Bickford

COMMITTEE ON VOCAL MUSIC.

George B. Emery
Joseph Ridlon
William E. Files
Charles R. Cressey
Nathaniel M. Marshall
Walter Buxton
Charles K. Hinkley

COMMITTEE ON SALUTE.

Frederick Robie
Isaac L. Johnson

COMMITTEE ON PROCESSION.

Henry R. Millett
Roscoe G. Harding
George T. Pratt
John A. Hinkley
Lewis McLellan
E. H. Foster Smith
Manuel Thomas
Thomas S. Smith

COMMITTEE ON PLACE FOR PUBLIC SERVICES AND PREPARATIONS FOR THE SAME.

George B. Emery
Charles W. Deering
Alexander Allen
Theodore E. Shackford
Stephen L. Stephenson
Thaddeus P. Irish
Lewis McLellan
John S. Leavitt

COMMITTEE ON FINANCE.

Lewis McLellan
Levi H. Bean
Walter Clements
Edward Harding
Joseph Ridlon
Gardner M. Parker
Isaac L. Johnson
John R. Cressey

COMMITTEE TO AUDIT BILLS.

John A. Waterman
George B. Emery
Stephen Hinkley

TREASURER.

Joseph Ridlon.

COMMITTEE ON TRANSPORTATION.

Frederick Robie
William B. Hellen
John A. Waterman

COMMITTEE ON POLICE.

Lewis McLellan
Isaac L. Johnson
Charles E. Jordan

COMMITTEE ON PHINNEY ROCK.

Isaac L. Johnson

COMMITTEE ON COLLECTION OF OLD RELICS.

Arthur J. Benson
William P. F. Robie

COMMITTEE TO PROVIDE CARRIAGES.

Henry R. Millett
Henry B. Johnson

COMMITTEE ON PUBLICATION OF THE PROCEEDINGS.

John A. Waterman
Stephen Hinkley
George B. Emery

CONTRIBUTORS.

NAMES OF CONTRIBUTORS TO THE FUND RAISED BY CITIZENS FOR THE CELEBRATION OF THE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

Frederick Robie
George B. Emery
Daniel Murray
Charles F. Merrill
Henry R. Millett
Solomon B. Cloudman
George T. Pratt
Liberty Moulton
Frederick D. Scamman
Willis I. Bickford
Daniel F. Whittier
Samuel O. Carruthers
Frederick A. Bragdon
Fred W. Harding & Co.
Theodore E. Shackford
Gardiner M. Parker
Henry N. Sweetser
David F. Watson
Benjamin L. Harmon
Frank H. Emery
Theodore B. Edwards
John S. Leavitt Jr.
Thomas Farden
William H. Johnson
Samuel Roberts
Albion F. Johnson
Jonathan S. Whitney
John Cobb
William McLellan
Alvin Lombard
William F. Pillsbury
Charles W. Deering
Robert B. Meserve
Knight Bros.
Abram Bickford
Albert S. Riggs
Cornelius N. Hayes
Charles R. Cressy
Melville Johnson
Daniel S. Brown
Andrew L. Fulsom
Jeremiah J. Grant
Joseph W. Hale
Charles E. Richardson
Joseph G. Bodge
Orrin Berry
John A. Waterman
Lewis McLellan
Charles K. Hinkley
Henry B. Johnson & Sons
William P. Watson
Edwin R. Gamman
William L. Larrabee
George A. Allen
Harry B. Elkins
Albert H. Mosher
Frank Stanwood
John H. Card
Henry S. Huntington
Thaddeus P. Irish
Isaac L. Johnson
Samuel R. Clement
Orville A. Bean
Joseph Ridlon & Son
Sumner C. Bolton
Wilber J. Coburn
John S. Leavitt
Kimball & McLaren
Joseph F. Newman
Matthew Johnson
Edward S. Palmer
Benjamin Irish
William H. Kimball
Rufus A. Fogg
Lewis Lombard
James G. Larrabee
John E. Meserve
James G. Meserve
David Urquhart
Asa Burnham
George B. Tripp
Edwin Libby
John F. Stickney
Frank W. Merrill
Sewell Cloudman
George W. Heath
William H. Cummings
William H. McLellan
Nathaniel M. Marshall
William H. Moody
Eugene H. Cloudman
Irvin Richardson

Edson O. Nay
Josiah C. Nay
William Elkins
Joseph H. Winters
James H. Darby
Enoch Mabry
Oswell Charles
Henry Mayberry
Almon L. Files
H. Greely Parker
Martin L. Keyes
Clarence L. Libby
Uriah S. Nason
A. W. Lincoln
John N. Newcomb
Mark Mosher
Rufus Mosher
George F. Small
William E. Strout
George Chadbourn
Mrs. Alvin Cressey
Charles M. Moody
Charles G. Watson
Everett E. Files
J. Wesley Files
Mrs. Mary P. Files
William Hasty
Frank I. Whitney
Eugene Lowell
Charles E. Crockett
Seth Douglass
Robert Cobb
David Patrick
Samuel Cressey
John Billings
Mrs. Mary H. Tyler
George M. Thompson
Cyrus Abbott
Everett P. Hanson
Byron G. Coburn
Moses Fogg
Edward Harding
Brown Brothers
Lewis L. Files
George W. Lowell
Rufus Whitney
Stephen Hinkley
Stephen L. Stephenson
Herman S. Whitney
Allen Smith
Charles Cash
Lewis J. Brackett
Abram Tyler
Harvey W. Murch
Manuel Thomas
Edward M. Moses
Carlyle W. Shaw
Joseph W. Parker
Charles Davis
Merrill T. Files
Elbridge M. Wilson
Charles E. Jordan
E. H. Foster Smith
Albert M. Hamblen
Edwin Coburn
Isaiah Cobb
Charles E. Rolfe
Frank I. French
Fred O. Sturgis
Abial Rounds
George Watson
Saul C. Higgins
F. Augustus Files
Henry R. Colesworthy
Edwin R. Smith
Charles F. Clement
Nelson H. Crockett
John D. Spinney
Charles W. Graffum
Frank E. Demeritt
Edwin G. Cressey
Leonard C. Grouard
Mrs. Henry P. A. Smith
Roscoe G. Rowe
George F. Ayer
Edward W. Guptill
William B. Hellen
Mrs. Sarah E. Holden
J. J. G. Hannaford
Arthur H. Stanwood
John A. Hinkley
Benjamin Waterhouse
William H. Usher
Levi. H. Bean
Charles Hanson
Also, Portland & Rochester R. R.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

RECEIPTS.

Cash from Town,	$500.00	
Cash from Subscriptions,	605.25	
Cash for materials sold.	15.50	
		$1,120.75

EXPENDITURES.

Tents, seats, and platform,	$286.14	
Music, vocal and instrumental,	170.85	
Salute and fireworks,	130.29	
Decorations,	100.44	
Literary Exercises, and printing,	111.21	
Indians, and sham fight,	35.46	
Carriages for procession,	28.00	
Badges for schools,	26.75	
Supplies for Cadets and G. A. R. men,	21.45	
Soliciting committee, and procuring Phinney Rock,	24.00	
B. Thurston & Co., in part for printing History of the Celebration,	186.16	
		$1,120.75

JOSEPH RIDLON, *Treasurer.*

Examined and approved:

JOHN A. WATERMAN,
STEPHEN HINKLEY,
GEORGE B. EMERY,
} *Auditing Committee.*

The following anecdotes in regard to the Indian fight, being literally true, are thought to be worth preserving.

AMUSING INCIDENT DURING THE SHAM-FIGHT.

"After the Indians had attacked Bryant's house, and set it on fire, they were attacked in turn by the soldiery, and a sharp fight ensued, creating great excitement among the immense throng of witnesses on the hill. After the Indians were repulsed, 'Mrs. McLellan' started to go to the stockade; one of the savages got his eye on her, and in true Indian style determined to make an end of her. The old lady saw her enemy approaching, leveled her gun, and shot him in the leg. After a moment he started up, and aimed his gun at the old lady, but she proved too smart for him, having reloaded her piece while the Indian was gathering himself up. She leveled on him a second time, and shot him dead. One of the crowd of spectators, in his excitement forgetting for the moment that this was not a reality, clapped his hands, and exclaimed, 'God bless your dear old soul, you fixed him that time, did n't you?'"

BETTER THAN THE SIOUX.

A Portland gentleman returning to town on the evening of the celebration, fell into conversation with a person who many years ago spent some time in the West, in the Sioux country, and had several times witnessed the raids of those savages. Speaking of the Gorham affair, he said, "Those mock Indians were not only better looking than real ones, but they showed more vigor, more cunning, and more intelligence, *and in fact the whole thing was done a sight better than the Sioux themselves could do it!*"

ERRATA.

On page 60, fourth line, omit all.

On page 64, 1730 should be 1736.

On page 77, Udolphus should be Udolpho.

On page 91, fifth and sixth lines, the meeting-house should be the second meeting-house.

On page 110, musket carried should be musket captured.

At the final meeting of the general committee, held June 12, 1886, votes of thanks were passed to Rev. Elijah Kellogg, orator of the day, to Prof. Henry L. Chapman, and Mrs. Jennie Bodge Johnson, for their interesting, valuable, and most acceptable literary productions.

At a previous meeting the committee had acknowledged their obligations, and repeat their thanks here, to E. F. Newhall, Esq., of the Oriental Powder Mills, for the generous gift of the powder used for salutes and otherwise on the day of the celebration.

The committee also desire to extend their thanks to the Chief Marshal and his aids, to the members of the chorus, to the various sub-committees, particularly to the committee on decorations, whose good taste and skillful execution of their plans added materially to the attractiveness of the occasion, and to all others who in many ways contributed largely to the success of the celebration.

Since the commencement of this volume, one of the members of the general committee who took an active part in the early preparations for the celebration, Stephen Westcott, Esq., has deceased. His associates on the committee express only the common sentiment of the community in which he lived, in lamenting the loss of an upright and estimable man, and a valuable and highly respected fellow-citizen.