

THE HISTORY OF YORK COUNTY, MAINE

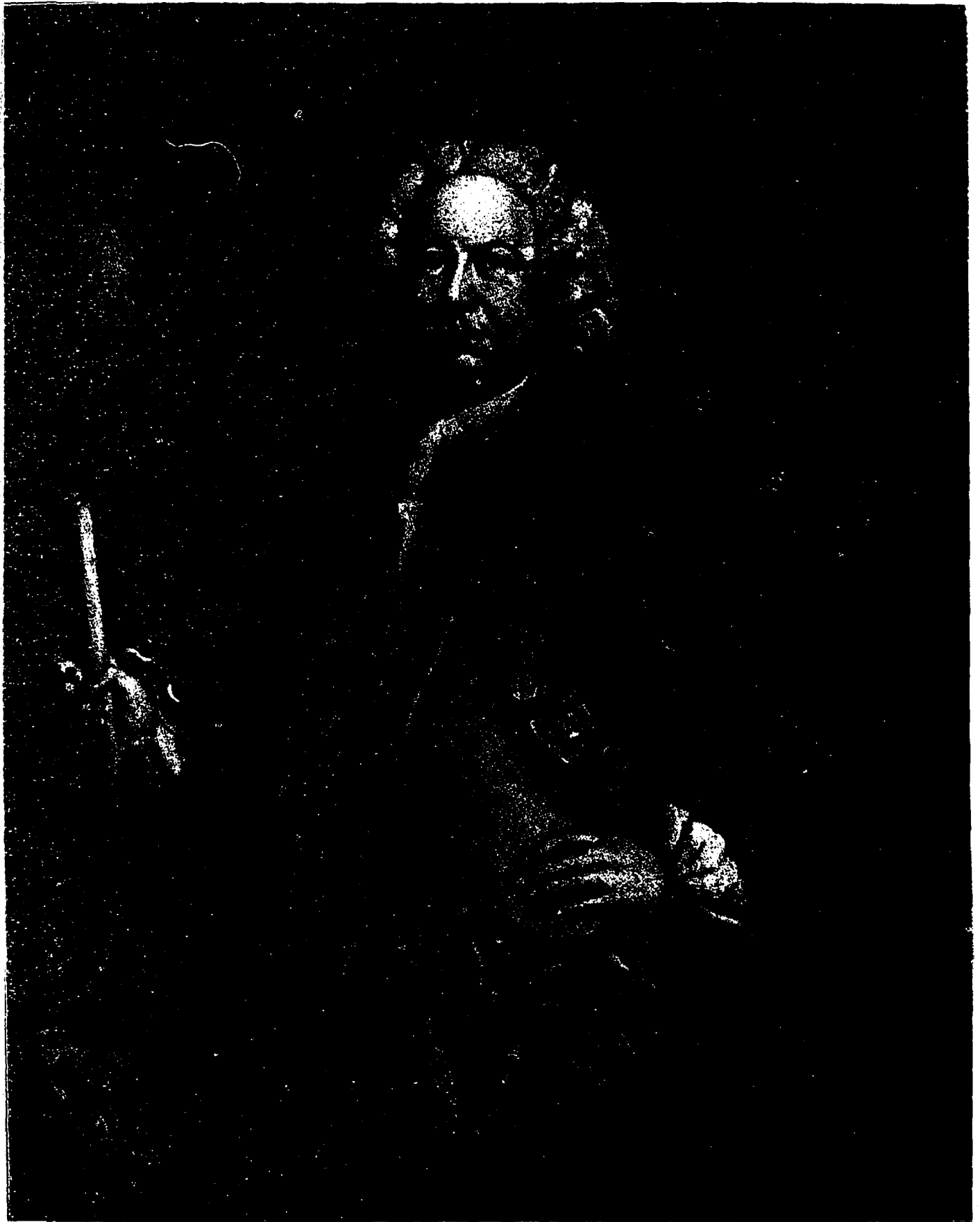
and a Rambling Narrative
about the TOWN of ELIOT and
its mother-town OLD KITTERY
with Personal Reminiscences

THE HISTORY OF YORK COUNTY, MAINE

THE HISTORY OF YORK COUNTY, MAINE

and a Rambling Narrative
about the TOWN of ELIOT and
its mother-town OLD KITTERY
with Personal Reminiscences

An Address delivered by Ralph Sylvester Bartlett at Exercises
held in Eliot Maine August 29 1936 in commemoration of the
300th anniversary of the founding of York County in the
Province of Maine



SIR WILLIAM PEPPERRELL, *Baronet*

From portrait by John Smibert (1688-1751), belonging to Kenneth Pepperrell
Budd, of New York.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, Fellow Citizens: I deeply appreciate the honor of being invited to address you this afternoon upon such an interesting subject as the history of York County and our Town of Eliot. We are gathered here today to celebrate the 300th anniversary of the founding of York County. Its record has been notable. Many of the earliest events in American history have taken place within its boundaries. It was in 1636 that Sir Ferdinando Gorges, who had been granted a patent to the land in Maine, sent his nephew, William Gorges, from England to organize and govern it. Sir Ferdinando named the territory New Somersetshire, and its seat of government was established in the year 1636 at what is now the city of Saco, and an official court for the region was created there that same year. It is this event we today celebrate. Sir Ferdinando Gorges never did reach the American shore. The new ship, specially built to bring him here with all the pomp and ceremony that befitted an intended Governor-General of all New England, was irreparably damaged as it struck the water at its launching. Sir Ferdinando, in fact, never ruled as the Governor-General. His representatives carried on his affairs in America. In 1639 he received a new charter which established the name of the province as Maine, the name it has ever since had. Thereupon he immediately proceeded to put into effect his idea of a model government. His nephew, William, was succeeded by Sir Ferdinando's cousin, Thomas Gorges, whose title was Deputy Governor and Keeper of the Provincial Seal. In 1641 the capital was moved to what then was the settlement of Agamenticus, and here was established the city of Gorgeana, the first incorporated city in America. Its location and area were almost exactly the same as that of the present town of York. Thus York was the first incorporated city in America. It had a mayor, twelve aldermen, twenty-four councilmen and two courts. The city had a corporate seal, had power to erect fortifications, and was authorized to become the seat of a Bishop of the Church of England. It was planned to develop this city into a great New World metropolis, but with the crumbling of the reign of King Charles it became in 1652 a part of Massachusetts, the very colony it was designed to rule. Massachusetts, thereupon, to destroy all association with the despised Georges, changed the name of New Somersetshire to Yorkshire (now the County of York), and gave the city of Gorgeana the name of York.

What is now York County had been settled and had played an active part in early American History long before its establishment as New Somersetshire. As early as 1602 it had been visited by Captain Gosnold during his exploration of the North Atlantic coast. In 1606 it had been granted as a small part of a charter to the Plymouth Company. In 1614 the renowned Captain John

Smith spent several weeks exploring and mapping its coast line. In 1616 it was officially settled by Dr. Richard Vines, close friend of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, who had sent the doctor at the head of a group of men to spend a winter on the Maine coast and ascertain the severity of New England winters. Dr. Vines settled at what is now known as Biddeford Pool, then called Winter Harbor, and was deeply impressed with the healthful climate of the territory. He reported to his superior that "not one of them ever felt their head to ache while they stayed there." It was on the strength of this report that the later permanent colonization of New England was begun. Thus the Biddeford Pool settlement was an important event at the very beginning of American history. In 1622 the coast was visited by Captain Christopher Levett, and the same year the partnership of Gorges and Mason was established as proprietors of the land from the Merri-mac to the Kennebec River, in the vicinity of what is now the city of Bath, Maine, approximately fifty miles east of the present eastern boundary of York County. In 1629 Mason and Gorges divided their territories, and the latter took the section which now comprises York County and southwestern Maine. It is interesting to note that what is now declared to be one of the richest recreational regions in the United States was sold in 1677 to Massachusetts by the younger Sir Ferdinando Gorges for £1,250, the equivalent of about six thousand dollars.

The early development of York County, like other parts of America, was along the coast, but after 1775 the inland towns began to be built up by the accession of grants to returning Revolutionary war veterans.

Our mother-town Kittery, originally known as Piscataqua, was settled in 1623. It was the first town to be organized in Maine, a distinction in which we in Eliot, then a part of Kittery, of course share.

One of the earliest settlers in what is now Kittery was Alexander Shapleigh, a merchant and ship-owner, and agent for Sir Ferdinando Gorges. He was born in England, in that portion of Kingswear, Devonshire, called Kittery Point, the name it still bears. It is on the river Dart, opposite Dartmouth. Alexander Shapleigh came to America in his own ship "Benediction," about the year 1635, and gave the name "Kittery Point" to the place where he settled on the Piscataqua. Here he is said to have built the first house. From this source Kittery received its name. Dr. Edward Everett Shapleigh, the well-known physician of Kittery, traces his descent from Alexander Shapleigh, as do the Shapleighs in Eliot and other parts of New England. The prominent Shapleigh families in St. Louis, Missouri, are also direct descendants of that early settler from Kittery Point, in Kingswear, Devonshire, who played such an important part in the early settlement of Kittery.

Within the limits of the town of Kittery, of which the town of Eliot was a part until 1810, there have taken place more events of world interest than any other York County town. Indeed, few communities in America can surpass it in this respect.

First, it was the birthplace and home of Sir William Pepperrell, who commanded the Colonial Forces and captured Louisburg in 1745, the loss of which marked the end of the French dominion in America. In recognition of this service, he was made a Baronet and General of the Army by King George II, honors never before conferred on a Colonial. The house in which Sir William was born, built in 1682, is still in a good state of preservation. His body is buried in the Family Tomb-lot of the Pepperrells at Kittery Point.

The continental warship "Ranger," commanded by John Paul Jones, was built in Kittery in 1777. On February 13, 1778, in the Bay of Quiberon, France, her flag, said to have been made by the women of Kittery from their petticoats, received the first salute in Europe ever given to the American flag. It there received the salute of the French Admiral.

The famous "Kearsarge," whose battle with the "Alabama" off the coast of Cherbourg, France, during the Civil War is one of the most thrilling pages in American history, was also built in Kittery.

The United States Navy Yard was established in Kittery in 1806, while the present town of Eliot was a part of Kittery. It is one of the oldest Navy Yards in the United States, and has been the scene of events of world-wide interest. It was here that the Russo-Japanese Peace Conference was held in 1905, during the administration of Theodore Roosevelt, and the peace treaty between these two warring nations was signed here.

Here also, in 1898, Admiral Cervera and his men, captured in the battle of Santiago, Cuba, were held prisoners at the close of the Spanish-American War. I recall witnessing from Gerrish's Island the sailing of the ship "Rome" which took these prisoners back to Spain.

When General A. W. Greely and the survivors of his ill-fated Arctic Expedition were rescued at the point of starvation in 1884, it was to Kittery that they returned. I well remember the tremendous ovation they received in Portsmouth where, it was claimed, there was one of the largest Naval Reviews, attended by the Secretary of the Navy, ever held up to that time in America. Commodore Stephen Decatur, early hero of the American Navy, lived in Kittery, as do his descendants today. Admiral Farragut died in the Commandant's house at the Navy Yard in 1870. Kittery was the only town in the Province of Maine to be honored by a visit from George Washington.

In our neighboring town of York, settled in 1624, which originally was an Indian settlement called Agamenticus, the first English house was built in 1630. When it was chartered by Sir Ferdinando Gorges in 1641 as the first English city in North America under the name of Gorgeana, Thomas Gorges, Sir Ferdinando's cousin, was its first Mayor. Yorkshire County originally included the entire Province of Maine. York was the shire town, and when the name was changed from Yorkshire County to County of York, the shire town continued to be York until 1806, when Alfred became the shire town.

Sewall's Bridge across York River was the first pile draw bridge in America. It was built in 1761. The old jail (Old Gaol) at York Village was built in 1653. The first troops to leave the Province of Maine to volunteer in the Revolution marched from the Village Green at York on the morning of April 21, 1775.

Alfred, the present county seat, settled in 1764, has the distinction of having in its custody the oldest continuous court records in the United States, dating back to 1635, and continuing without interruption to the present time. These records include the original grant to Sir Ferdinando Gorges by King Charles of England of the vast territory lying between the present southern boundary of New Hampshire and the Kennebec River.

I had the honor of subscribing my name to those records when, although I had previously engaged in practice there, I was formally admitted to the York County Bar, at a special session of the Supreme Judicial Court held by Mr. Justice Thaxter in the new Court House in Alfred on February 11, 1935. It was interesting to see written upon those records the autographs of the long line of lawyers admitted to the York County Bar from early Colonial Days down to the present time, the names of some of whom are familiar names in American history.

Before I proceed further, I wish to say a few words about those officials of York County who had charge of the planning and construction of the new Court House in Alfred, which was completed in 1934, and also about the men who did the work. They have delivered to the County an imposing building, admirably planned, construction work and material of best quality, with well lighted and properly ventilated rooms furnished in good taste, everything arranged for the convenience of the various courts and County Offices housed in the building,—all a model of thoughtful planning and efficient construction, and built with the tax-payers' money without graft. The County is indeed to be congratulated upon having had such reliable and competent officials and men intrusted with the work. This fine building holds in its vaults these priceless archives of the past. May it long stand in that beautiful shire town of Alfred, which has a dignity and background befitting the prominent position it holds in the County.

The town of Berwick, originally the northern part of Kittery, was incorporated in 1713. What are now the towns of South Berwick and North Berwick were a part of Berwick during its first years of existence. Its name came from Berwick, a seaport town on the border of England and Scotland, where some of its pioneers were born. It has the distinction of having had the first saw mill in New England, but the spot where it was located was at Great Works, which now is in the town of South Berwick. Old Berwick furnished more soldiers for the American Revolution than any other town in the Maine Province. It was the birthplace of two men prominent in the Revolution, the Sullivan brothers, both friends of George Washington, John, a General in the war and a Governor of

New Hampshire, and James, a leader at the bar, Governor of Massachusetts and a staunch defender of national liberties.

Biddeford, the larger of the two only cities in York County, was settled a few years after 1616, when Dr. Richard Vines, close friend of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, spent a winter at what is now Biddeford Pool to test the winter climate of the Maine coast. It is named from a town in England from which some of its settlers emigrated, but in England the name is spelled "Bideford." It was incorporated as a city in 1855.

Kennebunk was permanently settled in 1718, when still a part of Wells. It was incorporated as to town in 1820, the year Maine was separated from Massachusetts.

Saco, the smaller of the two cities in York County, had its first permanent settlement in 1631. Five years later the first seat of government was established there, and an official court created; which marked the founding of what is now York County. At one time the town bore the name "Pepperrellboro," in memory of Sir William Pepperrell, but in 1805 it was changed to Saco, from the name of the river which divides it from Biddeford. Saco became a city in 1867.

South Berwick, originally a part of Kittery, was settled in 1623. It was first known as "The Parish of Unity." It was incorporated in 1814, four years after Eliot became an independent town.

Wells, which includes the village of Ogunquit, was first settled by people of Exeter, New Hampshire, in 1640. First known by the Indian name "Webhannet," it was given the name Wells from the English town of that name. It was incorporated in 1653.

There are other towns in York County which are associated with interesting historical events of early colonial days, and I regret that time does not permit me to refer to them.

Now let us turn to what naturally interests the people here this afternoon more than anything I have thus far touched upon, and that is the history of our town of Eliot.

We are fortunate that so much valuable history of the town was gathered and published in OLD ELIOT, a magazine devoted to the history and biography of the Upper, or Second Parish of Kittery, which is now Eliot.

Under the leadership of Dr. John L. M. Willis, as Editor, there were published under the auspices of the Eliot Historical Society, during the years of 1897 to 1909, nine volumes of the most valuable records of historical interest ever published concerning our town of Eliot. For this undertaking alone, our town is forever indebted to Dr. Willis. Throughout his busy life he did much for the welfare of Eliot, and as the years pass on his memory will be cherished with greater and greater appreciation.

In editing OLD ELIOT, Dr. Willis had the able assistance of the Rev. Augustin Caldwell, who examined all the manuscript, corrected the proof, printed

the volumes, and frequently himself prepared valuable papers for publication.

Col. Francis Keefe, with his ready pen, often responded with an account of some special historical event, and Nathan Goold, then Librarian of the Maine Historical Society, a descendent of an old Eliot family, also contributed important material.

Our mother-town Kittery furnished three well-known contributors—all now deceased:—Lieut. Oliver Philbrick Remick, United States Engineer Corps, author of "Kittery and Eliot, Maine, in the American Revolution," Alexander Dennett, and Moses A. Safford.

Each of these men prepared important records of the early history of Old Kittery, which were published in OLD ELIOT, and the painstaking work they did in perpetuating the history of the old town of Kittery is still being worthily carried on there by its public spirited citizens, members of the Kittery Historical Society, of which Judge James Waldron Remick is president.

P. Prominent in this connection are Judge Justin H. Shaw, Dr. Edward Everett Shapleigh, Rev. Edward H. Newcomb, James H. Walker, Stephen Decatur, Burnell E. Frisbee, Elmer J. Burnham, Ralph Dennett, Miss Rosamond Thaxter, Miss Mabel I. Jenkins and others, including summer residents living at Kittery Point, prominent among whom are John M. Howells, the well-known architect, [redacted] Benson, the artist, and Manning Emery, oldest of them all, and, in the younger set, Major Judson Hannigan, son of a contemporary and friend of mine at the Boston Bar. 204

The late Moses A. Safford created such a lasting inspiration for performing good deeds in everything affecting the interests of Old Kittery that it now is firmly implanted in his daughter, Mrs. Mary Safford Wildes, of Kittery, and also in his son, Dr. Moses Victor Safford, of Boston, who was a college-mate of mine at Dartmouth. And the Kittery Press, recently started under the Editorship of Horace Mitchell, is rendering an excellent service through its publication of articles of historical interest which is bound to instil in its readers a greater love and reverence for the old historic town.

An event of outstanding importance is the meeting called by Dr. Willis at his home on the winter's evening of February 8, 1897, to which were invited all interested in organizing an Eliot Historical Society, which has been previously referred to, for the purpose, as Dr. Willis stated it, "of focalizing and perpetuating the names, memories, traditions, records, etc., of the North Parish of Kittery,—now our own town of Eliot." The call met with a ready response, and upon the evening appointed the Eliot Historical Society was organized, and the following officers were chosen. J. L. M. Willis, M.D., President; Francis Keefe, First Vice President; Elizabeth M. Bartlett, Second Vice President; Rev. Augustin Caldwell, Recording and Corresponding Secretary; Alfred Bartlett, Treasurer; Executive Committee:—Rev. Andrew L. Chase, Samuel L. Adlington, Frank Alphonso Staples, Albert Lord and William Linwood Fernald. Many papers were pre-

pared and read before the monthly meetings of the Society, which were held at the homes of various members, and these papers were published in OLD ELIOT.

Among the contributors of articles for publication in OLD ELIOT, aside from those already mentioned, the names appear of William L. Fernald, James P. Baxter of Portland, Maine, Samuel L. Adlington, Albert Lord, George A. Hammond, whose son, the late G. Everett Hammond was deeply interested in the publication, George W. Frost of Washington, D. C., Ichabod Cole, George B. Leighton of St. Louis, Missouri, Joseph H. Dixon, who was a frequent contributor, Elizabeth M. Bartlett, Henry W. Fernald, Rev. A. L. Chase, Alpheus A. Hanscom of Manchester, N. H., Charles A. Shapleigh of Lebanon, Maine, Alfred Bartlett, Mary L. Spinney, and others.

The papers published in OLD ELIOT were the result of original research into records of the past, and were prepared with great care. Due to the foresight and perseverance of Dr. Willis in originating this publication, these valuable records are now preserved for all time, and fortunate is the person whose library contains these priceless volumes of OLD ELIOT, in which is published the Journal which William Fogg for so many years kept containing the genealogies of Eliot and Kittery families, and which he was still compiling at the time of his death on September 13, 1859. William Fogg was born in that part of Kittery, now Eliot, November 3, 1790, in the house on Old Road until recently occupied by the late Charles E. Foye. A bronze tablet marks the birthplace. It was in this house that the Eliot Historical Society had its quarters. To William Fogg, more than to any other person, we are indebted for a knowledge of our ancestors in Eliot. In fact, no person other than he, so far as has been discovered, has ever prepared records of our town's history, or genealogies of our early families. His fondness for historical research increased with his advancing years, and there was scarcely a family in town during his lifetime that missed the good fortune of having him gratuitously prepare its genealogical record. In all his research work, he paid the strictest fidelity to the records he consulted, and that in itself makes doubly valuable the voluminous records he has handed down to us through their publication in OLD ELIOT. William Fogg held many town offices. He was also for several terms the Representative from Eliot to the Legislature. He served as Postmaster of Eliot, and Captain James Tobey twice each week brought the mails from Portsmouth to the Eliot Post Office, which at that time was located in the home of the Postmaster. In this connection, it is well to remember that the first railroad through the town of Eliot was built by the Portsmouth, Saco and Portland Railroad Company in 1841, the Eliot station for several years in the beginning being a flag station only.

William Fogg in 1839 was one of the founders of Eliot Academy, the site of which is marked with a bronze tablet. His father, in 1804, gave to the town of Kittery the lot upon which the near-by District No. 5 school house in Eliot now stands. The present school house was preceded by a building originally

erected upon the same site by the town of Kittery, and it was in this first school house that the Rev. Samuel Chandler began his many years of teaching in his parish and town, which established his fame as a teacher, as it already had been established as a divine in the pulpit. Parson Chandler, as he was affectionately called, was revered by his townsmen as were but few men of his day. Born in Lexington, Massachusetts, February 16, 1766, and graduated at Harvard in 1790, he was ordained as Congregational minister in that part of Kittery, now Eliot, on October 17, 1792. He was a preacher of exceptional prominence, and was considered by his friend, Daniel Webster, one of the most eloquent men of his time.

[We have from the pen of the late James Bartlett Shapleigh of Great Falls, now Somersworth, New Hampshire, written in 1894 and later published in OLD ELIOT, "Some Recollections of Parson Chandler," which are well worth referring to in this address. Mr. Shapleigh wrote:—"I recollect with distinctness the location, the exterior and interior of the old Meeting-House (where Parson Chandler preached); and the relative position of the horse sheds . . . also the Parson's house, which was where John Leighton Emery now lives. (The present residence of Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Coristine). A broad walk through his garden, filled on either side with beautiful flowers, extended directly from the end of his house to the Church across the road. The Church, perhaps fifty feet square, faced the east, with two entrances,—one in front with a portico over it, and one in the northerly end, with a porch, two stories in height, in which were the stairs leading to the galleries. Two sets of windows, one above the other, large windows with small sized glass, and a large arched window in the rear of the pulpit. There were square pews all around the wall of the meeting-house, elevated one step from the floor. A broad aisle ran from the front door to the pulpit, and a narrower aisle ran around in front of these pews. The enclosed center was occupied in part with pews, and perhaps half a dozen long slips, without doors, called FREE PEWS. These were occupied by the church members at the Communion Service. The pews were square with seats around the sides, and the families when seated were facing each other. A part of the occupants sat with their backs to the minister. When standing during prayers, there was not room for the comfort and ease of the family. To overcome this, the seats were hung with hinges, so they could be raised and leaned against the wall of the pews, thus enlarging the standing room. At the close of the prayers these seats would be let down upon their rests, not always gently, but more like the firing of an undrilled company of militia, and the noise was about as loud. The pupit was elevated to nearly the level of the floor of the gallery. The seats of the Elders and Deacons were in front of the pulpit. The Communion table was a table-leaf hung in front of the Deacons' seat, and raised only at Communion Service. A large sounding board was hung to the ceiling over the minister's head. The gallery had seats on three sides, and the choir occupied the side facing the pulpit." And then Mr. Shapleigh goes on to write:—"But more distinctly than all else

do I remember Parson Chandler himself. He was a rare man, and one who, once seen and known, even slightly, would never be forgotten. I never saw a man, except my own father, for whom I had such reverence as I had for him. I knew him from my very earliest recollection until his death on August 9, 1829. He might well be called 'The Old Man Eloquent.' During the early part of Parson Chandler's residence in Eliot, Daniel Webster was practising law in Portsmouth. They soon not only became acquainted but were from the beginning the firmest of friends. Daniel Webster once said of him 'if I could have the eloquence of speech and the voice of Parson Chandler, I should consider it the greatest boon that could be conferred upon me.' When Mr. Webster's first child, Fletcher, was a babe, he invited Parson Chandler to his home to christen him. He gave him for that service a very nice surplice,—a loose garment with flowing sleeves, such as then generally worn in the pulpit by the clergy, and afterwards he always wore it at church service. Parson Chandler was not only attractively eloquent in his pulpit, but the doctrine of his sermon was always sound. He was also a scientific farmer and gardner. His neighbors (many of them marketmen) hardly dared vie with him in getting early vegetables into market. Ministers in those days worked as well as preached."

Mr. Shapleigh continuing wrote: "I will mention another interest of his which brought him quite a revenue. Eighty years ago (remember, Mr. Shapleigh wrote this article in 1894) wild pigeons were very plentiful, especially at grain harvest. Their meat was much sought after for table use. Parson Chandler invented a new method of taking them. Instead of shooting or snaring them, he made a large linen netting, measuring yards in length and breadth, the meshes of which would admit a pigeon's head, but not his body. This he stretched upon a light iron frame. He would take it upon his grain stubble, where the pigeons would naturally go for their food, and there would set the net on one edge, leaning a little toward the ground. Throwing a little extra grain by the side of the net, he would wait in ambush until a flock of birds had collected under it, when he would drop it upon them, and in that way take large numbers of them alive. This was preferable to killing them, and he always found a quick and profitable market in Portsmouth.

Parson Chandler died suddenly, and was buried opposite the old Parsonage. Visiting his grave you may read this inscription: — 'In memory of Samuel Chandler, Harvard 1790, Ordained October 17, 1792, closed in triumph a laborious and successful ministry August 9, 1829, aged 64 years. With a strong, discriminating, active mind, he united the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. As a pastor he was faithful, devoted, affectionate; as the head of a family he was revered; as a friend, beloved; as a man, respected'." What epitaph could have been worded more appropriately to mark the sacred spot where Parson Chandler's remains now lie. And how grateful we should be that James Bartlett Shapleigh, who was my father's cousin, and whose son, Fred Russell Shapleigh, was my col-

lege room-mate at Dartmouth, should have written and left to posterity such a living pen-picture of one who was loved more dearly than perhaps any former resident of Eliot. I can now see that courteous old gentleman—James Bartlett Shapleigh—who always had a kind word for the children, come driving into the yard of our old home with his horse and buggy, giving the reins a toss and, without hitching his horse, coming forward to greet us.

Parson Chandler's oldest daughter, Mary Ann, married Dr. Caleb Emery, one of the most prominent men of his day. When Dr. Emery began the practice of medicine here in 1809, the town was still Kittery. In 1814 he built, and subsequently lived in until his death, the house on Old Road now owned and occupied by my sister, Miss Elizabeth M. Bartlett, who has graciously allowed me to share it with her as my home in Eliot, also. Dr. Emery died February 16, 1831, at the age of forty-three years, his wife and six children surviving him. Hannah, the youngest daughter of Parson Chandler, married James Waldron Shapleigh of Eliot, the father of Dr. Elisha B. Shapleigh, a graduate of Yale, who studied medicine with Dr. Theodore Jewett, father of Sarah Orne Jewett, and afterwards settled in Philadelphia, where he held a high position in his profession. It was quite natural, therefore, that the late Chandler Shapleigh of Eliot, brother of Dr. Elisha B. Shapleigh, should have been named after Parson Chandler. One of our fellow townsmen of today was also named after Parson Chandler. I refer to my good neighbor, Chandler E. Spinney, who lives on Old Road quite near where Parson Chandler lived.

In June, 1713, Kittery was divided into two Parishes, and down to 1810 that portion of Kittery, now Eliot, which included Sturgeon Creek, was known as the Second, or Upper Parish of Kittery, as I have previously stated. At that time this Second Parish was often called "The Garden of Kittery."

Differences arose between these sections of the town, and at a meeting held April 27, 1809, it was voted to petition the General Court of Massachusetts sitting in Boston that the Second Parish be incorporated into a town. The Act of Incorporation was passed and duly approved on March 1, 1810. The Warrant for the first town meeting of the inhabitants of the town of Eliot, which was held at the Congregational Meeting House on Monday, March 19, 1810, was issued March 8, 1810, under the hand of Andrew Pepperrell Fernald, Esquire, Justice of the Peace, who was a Representative to the General Court, and who had been largely instrumental in securing the incorporation. It is interesting to note that at the present time we have serving upon our Board of Selectmen in Eliot, William Pepperrell Fernald, a direct descendent of the Andrew Pepperrell Fernald, Esquire, who so prominently identified himself with the movement to set off and incorporate as a town that part of Kittery which is now Eliot.

We are indebted to the late Col. Francis Keefe for procuring from the archives of the State House in Boston, complete copies, attested by the Secretary of

the Commonwealth, of all documents relating to the incorporation of Eliot, which were published in full in the pages of OLD ELIOT.

It is often asked, "How did the town happen to be given the name Eliot?" A newspaper item recently stated that the forebears of the late President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard University came from the town of Eliot, intimating that perhaps the name may have been derived from that source. Questioning the truth of this statement, I took the matter up with Rev. Samuel A. Eliot of the Arlington Street Church, Boston, a son of the late President Eliot, and in a letter to me he states—"None of my Eliot forebears came from York County—we are Essex, Middlesex and Suffolk folk in the Bay Colony." In the pages of OLD ELIOT it is stated that our town of Eliot takes its name from Robert Eliot of Kittery, a graduate of Harvard in 1701, who was a son of Robert Eliot of New Castle, a Member of the Provincial Council of New Hampshire. This undoubtedly is the correct source of the name given our town.

With the enormous immigration into America since Eliot became a town, and the countless changes brought about by our highly developed civilization, it is rather remarkable, I think, that within the limits of our town there should still be living and bearing the old family name the descendants of so many of the families which date back to early colonial days. I have been away from my native town so many years that I am not as familiar as I should be with the names of descendants of colonial families still living in Eliot and bearing the family name, but I do know that we have living here at the present day descendants of the early settlers bearing such well-known family names as;—Frost, Paul, Fernald, Dixon, Lord, Hammond, Raitt, Staples, Emery, Shapleigh, Spinney, Adlington, Brooks, Bartlett, Cole, Clark, Dame, Frye, Furbish, Goodwin, Kennard, Hill, Hodgdon, Leach, Leighton, Libbey, Hanscom, Junkins, Moulton, Payne, Boyce, Butler, Cook, Downing, Lord, Morrill, Neal, Plaisted, Gould, Remick, Rogers, Rowe, Stacey, Tetherly, Trefethen, Tobey, Tucker, Worster, and perhaps other names not recalled, but which nevertheless are none the less worthy of being included in this list.

Eliot has the good fortune of having a few of its old houses still standing, but most of the old roofs that gave shelter to the homes that were life-centers in the early day have long since fallen. Among the old houses still left in Eliot, none can approach in interest the old Frost Garrison. It has come down through many generations of the Frost family, descendants of Major Charles Frost, (1631-1697), famous Indian fighter, to the present owner, Martin Frost, who lives in the large two story house, built in 1730 by Col. John Frost, who was a grandson of Major Charles Frost. These historically interesting buildings, situated on the east side of the town near the York line, are annually visited by throngs of people coming from widely scattered localities. The Garrison stands close to the two story house in which Mr. Frost and his family live. Its sides are hewn logs, firmly pinned together, and it is in a fine state of preservation.

Another old house in Eliot with which I am familiar is the hand-hewn, oak timbered, two-story colonial house situated near the Eliot Depot, which was built by my great-great-great grandfather, Captain Nathan Bartlett, about the year 1740. This house has been the home of six successive generations of the Bartlett family, the last of the family to occupy the house being my uncle, the late James W. Bartlett, who died in 1915.

Captain Nathan Bartlett, a great grandson of Richard Bartlett of Newbury, Massachusetts, the original Bartlett ancestor who came from England to America in 1635, was born in Newbury, December 23, 1691, and moved to that part of Kittery, now Eliot, in 1713. On March 10, 1714, he married Shuah, daughter of Captain John Heard and Phoebe Littlefield Heard. The tragic death of Phoebe Littlefield Heard at Ambush Rock on Sunday, July 4, 1697, when she and her companions, Major Charles Frost and Dennis Downing, were taken by surprise and massacred by the Indians, as they were returning on horse-back from attending divine service in the Parish of Unity, now South Berwick, is a tale that has thrilled children at the fireside for generations. Tradition has it that at the discharge of the Indians' muskets, Phoebe Heard was thrown from the horse on which she and her husband were returning home from attending church. She ran to a stump near-by in order that she might remount, but the stump being rotten, broke under her feet and she fell. She hastened to another stump, which also was rotten and broke. The Indians were then close upon them, and she begged her husband to escape for their childrens' sake, and leave her to her fate. As the horse sprang forward with her husband mounted upon it, he saw her struck down by a tomahawk and fall dead at the feet of the Indians. Captain John Heard reached home in time to save his children. Ever since Ambush Rock has been an historic spot. It is on the northerly side of the road leading past Frost's Hill to South Berwick about half a mile from Rosemary Cottage. A bronze tablet marks the spot. The house in which I was born, built by my father, Sylvester Bartlett (1822-1901), and now owned and occupied by my brother, C. Edward Bartlett, stands upon the site of the old John Heard Garrison, where John Heard lived at the time his wife met her tragic fate. The remains of Phoebe Littlefield Heard lie buried in the ancient burying-ground in the field opposite the old Bartlett homestead, the burial-place of the Heard family, two early generations of the Bartlett family, and two daughters of Dr. Edmund Coffin, who married Shuah, daughter of Captain Nathan Bartlett. The graves, when I was a boy, were marked with ordinary field stones, in some of which initials had been crudely cut. Today there stands in this ancient burying-ground a large boulder with a bronze tablet, upon which are inscribed the names of those buried there.

Near the East Eliot Methodist Meeting House, on the southeasterly slope of Raitt's Hill, stands another old house, the home of Miss Annie E. Raitt, my cousin. This large two story house, still in good repair, was built about 1740 by Eliot Frost, grandson of Major Charles Frost, who married his cousin, Miriam Frost,

daughter of Honorable John Frost of Newcastle, N. H., whose wife was Mary Pepperrell, a sister of Sir William Pepperrell.

This was the home of Eliot Frost until his death in 1745. Two years later his widow married Capt. Alexander Raitt, a ship-master and ship-owner, who came from Scotland in his own ship and settled in Kittery about 1745, and thereupon the house built by Eliot Frost became the home of the original ancestor of the Raitt family in America, who was the great-great grandfather of Miss Annie E. Raitt, the present owner, and the great grandfather of my mother, Clementine Raitt Bartlett. (1830-1911). What impressed me most about this house when I was quite young was the running water in the kitchen, which came from a spring further up on the hill. Nearly every Sunday in those days, after church service, my mother took me with her to this house to have a visit with her brother, Jefferson Raitt, and his wife, Sarah, parents of the present owner, whose home it then was, and I rarely missed an opportunity to have a drink of that cold running water which came bubbling into the kitchen from the near-by spring. Even today the water continues to run from that old spring on the hill down into the kitchen, the convenience of which can easily be appreciated, as that part of Eliot is still waiting for the installation of a water supply such as other parts of the town have long enjoyed.

There are other old houses now standing in Eliot which deserve mention, but time has not permitted me to prepare their history.

When I was a very young boy nearly ready to enter the country school, the original first school house in District No. 3, which was our family's District where later I attended school, was destroyed by fire. I have a distinct recollection of that old school building, as my sister Elizabeth and Mrs. William L. Hobbs attended private school held there a short time before it burned. Horace Parker was the teacher, and our "hired-man"—Joseph H. Butler—frequently took me with him when he drove to the school house on stormy days to bring Lizzie Hill (Mrs. Hobbs' maiden name) and my sister home.

I have here today the original agreement which was drafted in connection with the building of this first school house in District No. 3, which anyone interested may see at the close of my remarks.

This agreement is in the handwriting of the one who prepared it,—John Heard Bartlett, son of Captain Nathan Bartlett, a graduate of Harvard College in the class of 1747, the first of the name Bartlett to graduate at Harvard. He lived in what is now East Eliot, at the foot of Bartlett's Hill, in a house he built about 1750, the original of which, remodelled at the close of the last century, is now the home of his direct descendant, William Shapleigh Bartlett.

In the Parish Records, written by Rev. John Rogers, an item reads: "Dec. 5, 1754, John Heard Bartlett, who had a Liberal Education at Harvard College, received in full communion." In the Town Records, he is referred to as "A Renowned Schoolmaster." He held the office of Trial Justice, and was clerk of the

Judicial Court. In 1757 he was a lieutenant in Sir William Pepperrell's Regiment called The Blue Troop of Horse. In 1773 Dartmouth College deferred upon him the degree of A.M.

The School House Agreement reads:—

“Kittery, January 9, 1793.

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, that we, whose names are hereunto annexed as subscribers mutually and jointly agree to and with each other to build a school house and to set sd house on the Great Rock Hill on the north-erly side of the road on land given by Simon Frost for that purpose; and said house to be twenty-five feet in length and nineteen feet in wedth, an to be compleately furnished by and to have two windows in the foreside, two in the end, and one in the back side, fifteen squares each, and to be seated with plank, and well plastered with lime, for the purpose of continuing a school for the benefit of our children, servants and others, to them and their heirs forever; and the School Master or Mistress must have the approbation of one third of the proprietors or committee of five persons, chosen annually, for the government of said school, before they keep said school; and those only to pay the costs of the school that send their children or servants. And when we have our part of the Town School, then the said house to be occupied in the same way as other Town Schools are. And furthermore we agree that no one of us shall be permitted to open or shut the doors of sd house against the others or to separate any part thereof against the publick benefit intended in the above agreement. We furthermore agree that any society or people may have meetings in said house for the worship of God, they having consent of the School Committee, and to account with said committee if any damage is done to said house. And we whose names are here signed against the sum subscribed, promise to pay unto our School Committee on demand the sum subscribed for as witness our hands.

To one Doleres worth of bordes or timber

Samuel Emery

James Neal	£1.13
John Raitt	£1.
Daniel Bartlet	£2.
James Neal, Junr.	£2.
John Jordan	£ s.8
John Hd. Bartlet	£5.

(There are several other subscribers to this agreement whose names are so mutilated they cannot be read).

The ravages of time have not been responsible for the damaged condition or destruction of some of our old landmarks. This is not the time or place perhaps to criticise the acts of thoughtless or wanton persons. I ask your indulgence, however, in permitting me to say that I consider it most unfortunate that the OLD

POUND in East Eliot—one of our interesting old landmarks—has been practically demolished, and the stones of its old walls used for road building.

The traditions which cluster about **AMBUSH ROCK**, undoubtedly our most ancient landmark, make it perhaps the most outstanding spot of historical interest in Eliot. In early youth we school children were in the habit of climbing upon this rock to see what we were told were imprints of feet worn in the stone by the bare feet of the Indians. In later years the rock was partially destroyed by drilling and blasting. Under the supervision of Dr. Willis, however, this damage was repaired as well as possible, and on July 4, 1897, the 200th anniversary of the tragic massacre by the Indians, appropriate public exercises were held there by the Eliot Historical Society in dedication of a marble tablet,—the first marking of this historic spot. It was not long, though, before the marble tablet was shattered and irreparably damaged by stones thrown at it.

In 1915 this "Plymouth Rock of Eliot" was marked with a tablet of bronze, and granite posts with iron chains strung between were erected to guard the old landmark. Nevertheless, within a few years most of the chains were torn from the posts and carried away, and the lettering on the bronze tablet was disfigured by wanton acts of destruction.

Eliot still has within its boundaries old landmarks which give the town a background of historical interest in keeping with its former existence as a part of Old Kittery, the oldest town in Maine. They are a heritage from our forebears. We are proud of them. Let us treasure them and hold them inviolate. In their preservation, let us emulate the example set by the former citizens of Eliot whose memory we today are honoring.

We now pass on to pleasanter subjects. On a bitter cold winter's day in the year 1842 a romance had its beginning in Eliot which later was destined to play an important part in the life of our town, and to add greatly to its fame. On that day there appeared in Eliot a young Dartmouth student, whom the world was yet to acknowledge as the electrician who was to invent the fire alarm to be used in Boston; the man who was to light his house with electricity thirty years before any other home was thus lighted;—the man, too, who was to carry passengers in electric cars across public halls in Dover, Portsmouth, Saco, Biddeford and Portland forty years before any such cars ran through the streets. This young student had come down from Boscawen to Portsmouth, and from there across the Piscataqua and up the Eliot road afoot, in search of a winter school. His face was ruddy from the stinging cold and blustering wind, and he was without an overcoat, which was not often worn by youths of that day. In a home where the mother was bringing a plate of hot soup to the table sat Hannah Tobey Shapleigh, then a girl of eighteen. This was before the days of tramps, or of very much travel. Young Hannah, catching sight of the stranger, said: "O mother, such a frozen looking fellow is going by. Do let us ask him in to share our hot soup." "Yes, child," said the mother. Out the door bounded the girl to invite

the stranger in. As she reached the gate, she lost her courage, and, quicker than she went out, bounded back into the house. The young student saw the maiden, and, when he reached the home of the only person in Eliot he knew, where he spent the night, he told how a young girl in a neighboring house started to come out to the road as he was coming along, but became abashed upon seeing him, and darted back into the house. The next morning in church a new voice was heard among the men in the singing-seats, and Hannah, who was there, was greatly surprised when she found out that this new voice was coming from the lad who the day before just missed sharing with them her mother's hot soup. The young Dartmouth student, unsuccessful in finding a school to teach for the winter, went into the office of a civil engineer in Portsmouth, but it was not long before the trustees of the Eliot Academy invited him to take charge of their school. The invitation was gratefully accepted, and on the morning of Monday, March 1, 1843, Moses Gerrish Farmer began teaching his first term of school, in Eliot. A little later the young people started an evening drawing school, and Hannah attended it. It soon was discovered that Moses, the teacher, was bestowing upon Hannah, the pupil, marked attention. The attraction grew stronger and stronger, their engagement was announced to their relatives and friends, and on Christmas evening in 1844 Hannah Tobey Shapleigh became the wife of Moses Gerrish Farmer. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Josiah B. Clark, the Eliot pastor at that time. The young couple went to Dover, N. H. to live, as Mr. Farmer was then teaching school there. It was not long, though, before his brains and hands were busy with mechanical and electrical appliances. In 1845 he already was developing the electro-magnetic motor; and in 1846-7 his electric engine and car were made. From that time on Moses Gerrish Farmer led a very active life, which brought him in contact with the very best minds in America. Perhaps his longest stay in any one place during the years he was making such strides in his profession was at the Torpedo Station, at Newport, Rhode Island, where he remained from 1873 to 1881, the first six years of which found him busily engaged in experimental work and developing his many discoveries and inventions in the chemical and electrical laboratories erected during his early residence there.

In 1881 Professor Farmer and his family came back to Eliot to live in "Bittersweet," as the home was called, and with them came Francis Keefe, later a Colonel on the Staff of our late distinguished Son of Eliot,—Governor John F. Hill, who in so many ways did much for his native town. Col. Keefe, before coming to Eliot, had for many years been associated with Professor Farmer in his work. The return of this well-known family to spend their remaining days in Eliot, bringing with them the man of culture, with an attractive personality, as was represented in the person of Francis Keefe, marks the beginning of various important undertakings in our town, all largely instigated and actively supported by these new residents, which eventually brought the town of Eliot into greater prominence. Who, living back in the eighties, does not remember the familiar

sight of Miss Sarah J. Farmer, the Professor's daughter, driving along the country roads of Eliot in her dog cart, with her large dog "Barry" following on? Miss Farmer from the outset was active in planning for Eliot's welfare. The town then was fortunate in having public spirited citizens, who lost no time in joining with Miss Farmer and Col. Keefe in organizing the Eliot Library Association. The Association held two Mid-Summer Fetes, which brought together people of prominence, and left a mark of distinction upon the old town. The first Fete was held August 21 and 22, 1888, in the field owned by Professor Farmer opposite his home in Eliot. The large tent used for the occasion was made for President Arthur's reception at Daniel Webster's old home in Marshfield, Massachusetts. The tent presented a gay and animated scene, as one entered, with its attractive booths, artistically arranged, attended by young women and young men dressed in the national costume of various foreign countries. Exceptionally fine music was furnished by the then celebrated Hungarian Gypsy Band, which was playing that summer at the Hotel Wentworth in New Castle. The Salem Brass Band, led by P. S. Gilmore, also furnished excellent programs, and the South Berwick Cadet Band contributed its part to the gaiety of the occasion. The exercises were opened with a prayer offered by the Rev. Henry Hovey, then pastor of St. John's Church in Portsmouth. Addresses were delivered by two well-known residents of Cambridge, Massachusetts,—The Reverend A. P. Peabody and Mrs. Amelia C. Thorp, mother of Mrs. Ole Bull, who also was present on the occasion. The Rev. William A. McGinley of Portsmouth, and P. J. Galvin, Esquire, of Newport Rhode Island, made stirring addresses. On August 14th and 15th in 1889, the Eliot Library Association sponsored a second Mid-Summer Fete, in aid of a Public Library, the building for which was yet to be constructed. This Fete was held in the same place as the Fete previously held, and it was of the same general character. The address on the opening day was delivered by the venerable Boston Unitarian divine—the Reverend Edward Everett Hale,—and music was furnished by the Salem Brass Band and the South Berwick Cadet Band. These two gala occasions, which some here today doubtless attended and pleasantly recall, were of great benefit to the town of Eliot in bringing her people more closely together in working for a common cause. Eliot then was beginning to take on added prominence among the towns of the county, and the neighboring towns and cities across the Piscataqua.

Earlier in the same year of the first Mid-Summer Fete, Rosemary Cottage, built by Hannah Tobey Farmer in memory of her only son Clarence, who died in infancy, was dedicated as a Home where tired mothers and their children from Boston could find temporary relaxation and needed rest. Think what that beneficent act of Hannah Tobey Farmer has meant to the thousands of poor, tired women who have been cared for, and those who still are being cared for in that clean, health-giving home, many of whose children had never been out in the country—away from their poor city surroundings—until they made their first

visit to Rosemary Cottage. The Boston City Missionary Society, faithfully represented for so many years by the late Rev. Daniel W. Waldron, has been, and still is doing splendid service in administering the trust imposed upon it by the donor for the care and maintenance of the charity so nobly conceived and so effectually carried to fulfilment near the very close of the donor's life.

The year 1890 marks another mile-stone in Eliot's march forward to greater prominence and fame. It was the year of the opening of Greenacre-on-the-Piscataqua, the plan for which was originated by the daughter of the same Farmer family that was bringing such distinction to our town.

The site selected for Greenacre on the river was the very spot where years before some of the finest ships of the clipper type ever put afloat in any waters were built and launched. Perhaps the most famous of those ships was the clipper ship "Nightingale," built for the Australian trade, and named after the sobriquet given Jenny Lind, the famous Swedish singer.

While a student at Dartmouth, I occasionally called to see Professor Farmer when at home on a vacation. Having himself once been a student at Dartmouth he enjoyed talking with me and narrating events which took place in Hanover when he was a student there. My sister usually accompanied me on these visits. When I graduated from Dartmouth in June, 1889, Professor Farmer wrote me a letter, which I still treasure. He also had his daughter accompany my sister to Hanover for Commencement, at which the Phi Beta Kappa Address was delivered by the Reverend Edward Everett Hale, a warm friend of the Farmer family. A few weeks later, while calling upon Professor Farmer, I distinctly recall Miss Farmer telling my sister and myself the many things she was planning for Greenacre-on-the-Piscataqua. These plans were realized in the summer of 1894 by the formal opening of the Greenacre Conference for the comparative study of religion, philosophy, ethics and sociology.

And what a distinguished and varied assemblage of people was drawn to our small town the years following the opening of these conferences. This was before the days of the trolley and modern means of transportation. The only mode of conveyance was the horse and carriage, and the steam cars, as they were generally called. The opening of Greenacre brought to the Eliot Depot as cosmopolitan a crowd, though on a much smaller scale of course, as could be found even in New York City. The dark skinned Swami Vivekananda, from India, in a flowing robe, mingling in a group composed of such sedate men as John Greenleaf Whittier and the Rev. Augustin Caldwell, with the well-known, famous actor, Joseph Jefferson, included in the group, naturally did attract a great deal of attention; and year after year there were drawn to these conferences under the leadership of Miss Farmer many men and women of nation-wide prominence, and distinguished people from across the water,—a gathering the like of which our little town had never before, and has not since, witnessed.

All of these happenings were taking place at a time when new inventions were about to make great changes in our way of doing things. None of our houses were lighted by electricity. The telephone had not yet reached our town, and the trolley line was not to be built until later—in 1902. The motor car was not seen upon our roads. Oxen were still used in farm work. I think I am correct in saying that the first telephone in Eliot was installed by my brother, C. Edward Bartlett, between our house and the Eliot Depot as a convenience in shipping farm products, etc. This was about 1900. A few years later a telephone line was constructed between our house and the home of Dr. Willis, the wires being run on the poles of the trolley line which began operating the summer of 1902.* The telephone line was for our mutual convenience, of course, as Dr. Willis then was taking a very active part in the many things going on in the town, which necessitated frequent conferences with our family. This telephone between our house and the home of this busy doctor was also a great convenience to those living in our part of the town, for they were given the use of our telephone whenever sickness demanded a call from the doctor, or other emergency arose. On his visits to the part of Eliot where we lived, Dr. Willis would invariably make use of our telephone, calling his own home to ascertain what visits, if any, he had been called upon to make since leaving home. This telephone line was incorporated under the laws of Maine, and a charter was issued in the name of THE ELIOT TELEPHONE COMPANY. The legal work in procuring the charter was my modest contribution. About a year later, an official of the New England Telephone & Telegraph Company, with whom I was acquainted, approached me in regard to their taking over The Eliot Telephone Company, and this was soon satisfactorily arranged, thereby giving the town the benefit of the service since that time enjoyed.

The meetings of the Eliot Historical Society were still being held at the homes of its various members; new issues of OLD ELIOT were still coming from the press of the Rev. Augustin Caldwell; the Eliot Library Association, stimulated by the great success of its two Mid-Summer Fetes, was still active; but there was yet to come the crowning event of all these activities,—the building and dedication on May 21, 1907 of the beautiful building gracing the grounds near which we now are assembled—THE WILLIAM FOGG LIBRARY, given to his native town by the late Dr. John S. H. Fogg of Boston, as a memorial of his father whose name it bears. I consider myself fortunate in having had the privilege of calling upon Dr. Fogg at his home in South Boston about a year before he died. It was the only time I ever saw him. Dr. Fogg and my father were warm friends, and one day while I was in the Law School my father came to Boston and took me to call upon his old friend since early boyhood. Dr. Fogg at that time was an invalid, but his brain was alert and he was keenly interested in hearing everything about affairs in Eliot. He invited me to call to see him again but, busy with my law studies, he passed away before I got to him.

All the events I have mentioned took place before Eliot reached its 100th anniversary. During the last twenty-five years of that period the people of the town were being drawn closer and closer together in the development of new interests, in which more and more shared an active part; they were getting to know each other—to find pleasure in working for a common cause. When I was a boy going to school in Eliot, the people in one part of the town scarcely knew those living in another part. And so, with this greater intermingling, when it became time to hold a celebration of the town's centennial, no wonder it was such a tremendous success. One of my great regrets is that I was not able to participate in this celebration. Absence in Europe prevented. As soon as it was published, however, I procured a copy of "The History of the Eliot Centennial, 1910," so well edited by Dr. J. L. M. Willis and Aaron B. Cole, Esquire, and that volume now rests upon a shelf in my library beside the bound volumes of OLD ELIOT. Recently I have been reviewing the book of our Centennial, re-reading the excellent speeches, and accounts of the interesting exercises held on various days of the week's celebration, not overlooking the many pictures of the town and pictures of familiar faces, including that of dear old Dr. Guptill, who was at our home when I came into the world, and whom I well remembered in later life. And I cannot be other than proud that I was born and reared in a town which has the background—the wealth of history and tradition—that our dear old town of Eliot has,—the town to which I now have returned, to join in your pleasures, to participate in your responsibilities, to pass my remaining years amid scenes and association of early boyhood.

The fascinating history of our interesting old town has, I fear, made me too reminiscent, but I hope you will forgive it. I have just come from the meetings of the American Bar Association held in Boston. Assembled there during the week were more than five thousand prominent lawyers and judges from every State in the Union, and internationally known representatives from the Canadian Bar and the Bar of England. At the annual dinner of the Association night before last, where more than thirteen hundred were present, stirring speeches were made by distinguished representatives of America, Canada and England, and eloquent tributes were paid to the great men of the past who had contributed to making the powerful English-speaking nations what they are today.

And so I, in closing, wish to express my feeling of gratitude, in which I am sure you all will join, that we have had in Eliot such men as Parson Chandler, William Fogg, Moses Gerrish Farmer, Dr. Willis, and that splendid coterie of public spirited citizens, who unselfishly gave their best efforts for the welfare of our town.

This beautiful library building near which we are assembled, and the valuable records of the town's history there preserved, will long bear silent witness to the sterling worth, the sacrifices, the intelligent conception of public duty of that

distinguished group of former citizens of Eliot, who contributed so freely, so wisely in giving to our Eliot the rich associations we enjoy today. With feelings of deep emotion, I offer to their memory my humble tribute of grateful appreciation.

* July 26, 1902 was the first day of regular travel that passenger cars were run on the Electric Railway between Eliot and Kittery. It was the fifty-fifth anniversary of running the first electrically operated passenger car in the world, which was invented and made by Prof. Moses Gerrish Farmer, and was exhibited and operated by him in Dover, New Hampshire, July 26, 1847. In commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of this invention by Professor Farmer, the American Institute of Electrical Engineers in 1897 held its annual meeting in Eliot at Greenacre-on-the-Piscataqua. A distinguished group of electrical engineers and scientists attended the meeting, including the late Charles Proteus Steinmetz, famous consulting engineer of the General Electric Company. Upon exhibition at this meeting was the original electrically operated car, which now is in the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C.

