# PIONEERS OF THE MAGALLOWAY

FROM

1820 TO 1904

BY

GRANVILLE P. WILSON

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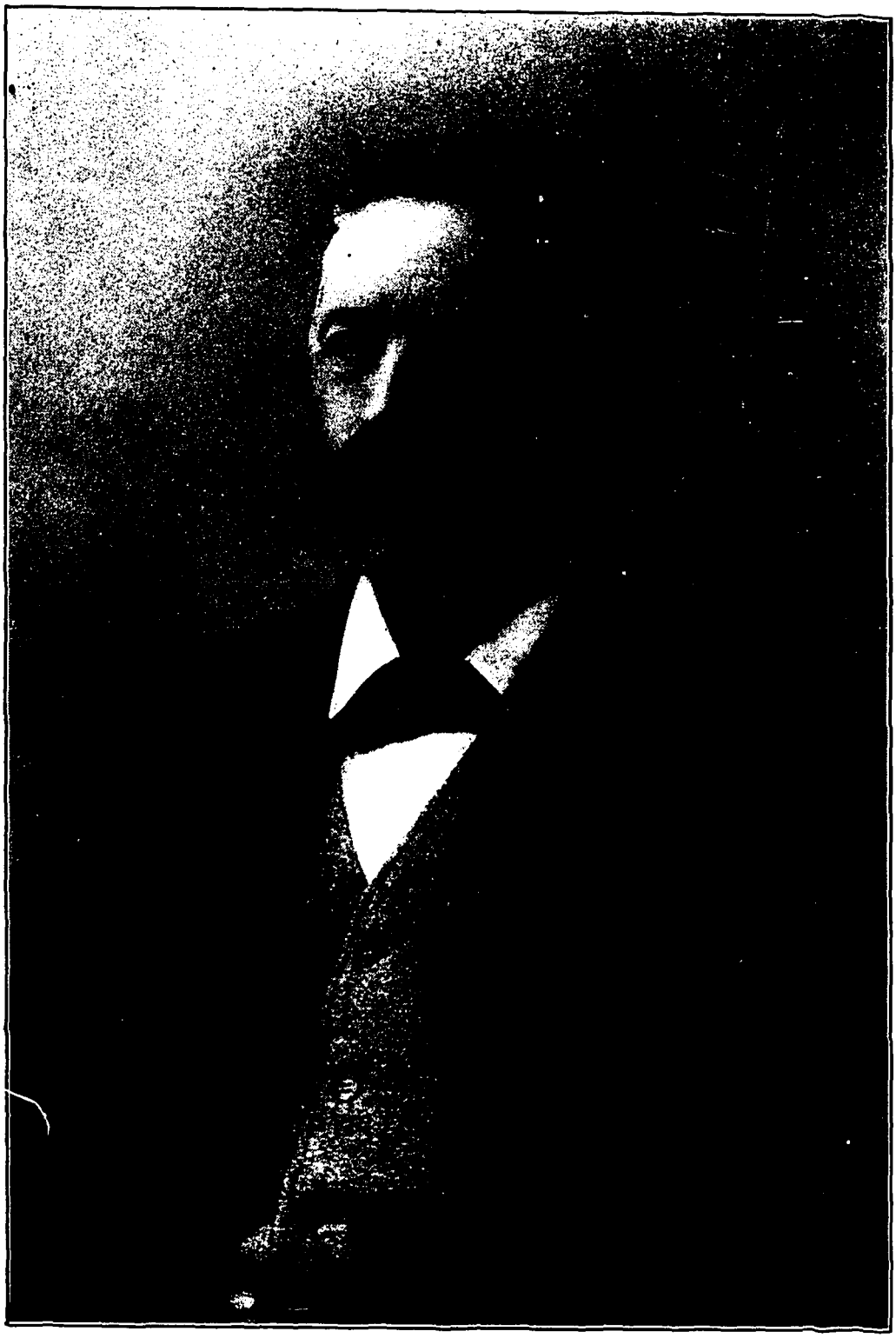

GRANVILLE P. WILSON

# PREFACE

The following brief and incomplete biographies of certain early settlers of the Magalloway region, in Maine and New Hampshire, are here undertaken by probably the last individual now living whose memory can recall with any distinctness the data and chronology of that region's early history, and the personalities identified with the same. An ardent filial regard for his birthplace and childhood home, now prompts the writer of these sketches to seize the apparently last opportunity to save from threatened oblivion the records of all that was once dear to him on earth, and to transmit to posterity what may yet be of value as a connecting link between the present, and the sacred—the inestimable—and the ever-instructive and venerated past.

I count them faithless evermore whose human hearts are led astray
From the dear world we loved of yore, by that which is, today.
I count them false who cherish less than all on time's uncertain shore,
Our friends, our home, our happiness, of years that are no more.

I count them good and true alone to whom the toils, the loves, the tears,
And friendships, long aforetime known, are sacred as in former years.
I count them blest to whom appears the recompense for all in store—
The sweetness that all life endears by that which was of yore.

GRANVILLE P. WILSON.

Old Orchard Beach, June 18, 1918.

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# PIONEERS OF THE MAGALLOWAY

# PIONEERS OF THE MAGALLOWAY

## CHAPTER I

"Beneath those rugged elms — that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn —
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall 'rouse them from their lowly bed.

"Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe hath broke.
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!"

IN commemorating the pioneers of the Magalloway, I have no heroic feats of arms to chronicle,— no scholars — orators — ecclesiastics or statesmen to memorize, — no triumphs of art — science — greed or tyranny to celebrate, but

"Let not ambition mark their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny, obscure.
Or grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor."

Far away in the northwestern extremity of the State of Maine, and northeastern of New Hampshire, on the shores of the largest tributary of the Androscoggin River, and about a hundred and fifty miles from any seaport, may be found a few straggling settlements, extending some ten miles along the stream — bounded on the north by the 45th parallel of north latitude, and south by Lake Umbagog. These are the settlements of the Magalloway, which, though commenced more than eighty years since, have not yet attained to the prominence of a Chicago or a Minneapolis, notwithstanding their advantage over the latter, in honorable and ripening age. No railroad yet affords them communication with the great mass of mankind, save at the preliminary expense of a fifty-mile, and ten-hour, ride by stage, over a rugged and most uninviting road, and exposure, in the winter season, to such a sweep of north winds as hardly to be matched this side of the polar regions.

Within the settlements, however, the roads are good, the currents of the air normal, the hotel accommodations ample and the inhabitants hospitable and intelligent. Two post-offices, two churches, two hotels (each two some five miles apart), two stores of general merchandise and three school-houses, now minister to the mental, spiritual and physical needs of the little community, while spread out in a gorgeous panorama of green, during

the summer months, lie the luxuriant meadows and upland fields, dotted here and there with the neat white cottages of the owners, and, towering over all, on either hand rise the majestic mountains, covered to their summits with verdure and adding to the scene a picturesqueness unsurpassed among the romantic sporting resorts of the Rangeley Lake region.

The initial step in these settlements was made at some indefinitely known date, but not far from the year 1820, on the westerly side of the Magalloway, near the confluence of the Diamond River therewith, some eight miles north of the outlet of Umbagog Lake and on territory granted by the State of New Hampshire to Dartmouth College, which still holds possession of the same.

## CHAPTER II

ANOTHER location, also on the Dartmouth College Grant, was made in the year 1823, on land already partially cleared by fire which had been set by the first settler and which devoured the forest eastward for many miles.

This second location was by Jonathan Leavit of Gilead, Me., who obtained abundant crops of wheat and other produce from the soil enriched by the ashes of the late fire, and was soon on the high road to prosperity. His oldest son (Elihu), now eighty years of age and a prosperous and wealthy farmer, still resides about a mile from the home of his youth, surrounded by his offspring of the third generation.

This Mr. Leavit (Elihu), in a recent conversation with the writer of these sketches, related the following experience, quite characteristic of the settlement's early history. "One winter day," said he, "when I had got to be quite a good-sized boy, I was at work with my father at our barn, which was some considerable distance from the river, and late in the afternoon he sent me out to put up the cattle. As soon as I got outside the barn I heard a cry of distress from the direction of

the river, and went back, telling father, 'There is somebody in trouble at the river, I guess, by the sound.' Father grabbed a logging chain that lay in the yard, and we ran for the river. There we found Captain Wilson, who had broken through the ice with his horse and sleigh, trying to get ashore and to drag with him an old gentleman who had been riding with him and was a much heavier man than himself. Father threw the chain to them, and the old gentleman grabbed it, but his hands were so numb with cold he couldn't hold on, till one of his fingers got caught in a link of the chain, and we drew him out by that. Captain Wilson's turn came next, and then that of the horse, which stood shivering in the water. 'Now!' said father, 'you men "line it" for John Hibbard's (the nearest house) as quick as you can go! Elihu! you take that horse to our barn and rub him down, as quick as possible!' I mounted the horse's back, and found him fully as ready to go as I was to have him. All were soon safely under cover, but the old gentleman was badly chilled, as well as frightened, and Captain Wilson declared he could have kept his hold on him in the current but a few moments longer."

Mr. Leavit continued his farming operations on the Magalloway for many years. Two of his young daughters were drowned at once, during the time, while endeavoring to guide their own canoe across the stream. Mr. Leavit himself dragged the river for their

bodies, and on bringing the first to the surface, fainted, it is said, and fell senseless in his boat. It was a terrible and overwhelming blow to the family. In later years, "when the wearied heart and the failing head," as Irving says, began to warn Mr. Leavit that the evening of his life was drawing near, he turned "as naturally as the infant to it's mother's arms" toward his native town, to "sink to sleep in the bosom of the scene of his childhood."

PETER BENNETT
Fourth son of the first Bennett family
on the Magalloway

# CHAPTER III

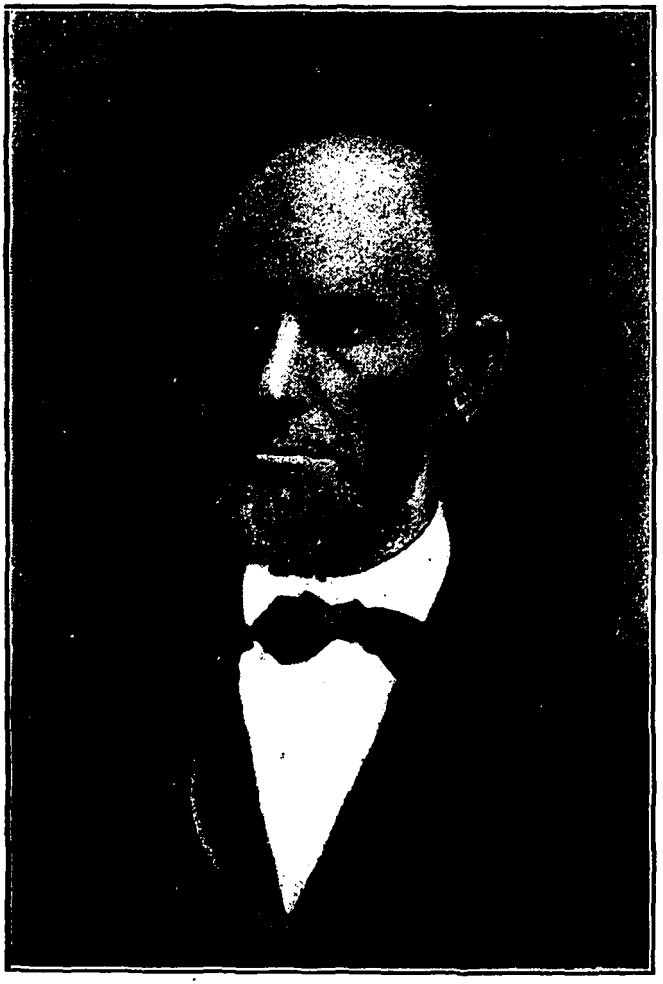
THE third settler on the Magalloway, and the first north of Umbagog Lake, in Oxford County, Maine, was John Bennett of Gilead, the father-in-law of Jonathan Leavit. This was at about the year 1824. Together with his six stalwart sons — Frederick, John, David, Peter, Gilman and Ransom—he cleared up a fine farm on either side of the state line, some seven miles above the mouth of the river, which farm is now divided into several different estates and occupied by a growing country hamlet.

Mr. Bennett and his sons were known as mighty hunters, and skilled woodsmen in whatever department thereof such skill was necessary. A detailed account of their various adventures, hardships and hair-breadth escapes, would fill volumes. The father of the family was especially famous as a trapper of bears, with which the region then abounded. Peter, the fourth son, on one occasion, it is said, after having, with a party of hunters, tramped all day through a winter storm, prepared (weary, wet and cold), to camp for the night, but found, on attempting to light their fire, that every match they had was too wet to ignite by friction. They tried one

after another, but with no success. A serious dilemma here confronted the party, but Peter was equal to the emergency. Seizing his axe, he began striking it, with all his two-hundred-pound might, into a tree, every blow in the same scarf, until the axe was heated sufficiently to enable them to light their damp matches on it, by which means a fire was kindled and the party saved from freezing to death.

John, the elder brother of Peter, who lived on a farm of his own, some distance down the river from his father's place, was killed in the lumbering woods, in 1845, by a falling tree. His eldest son, Nahum, who claims to have been the first white child born on the Magalloway waters, is now seventy-five years old, and not only superintends all, but performs a large share of the labor of his large and fertile farm, about a mile from the former Bennett homestead.

Of the six sons of John, Sr., only three — Frederick, Peter and Gilman — lived to old age. The father, like the majority of the Magalloway's first settlers, returned to his native place to die, after age and infirmity had disqualified him for pioneer life.



GILMAN BENNETT

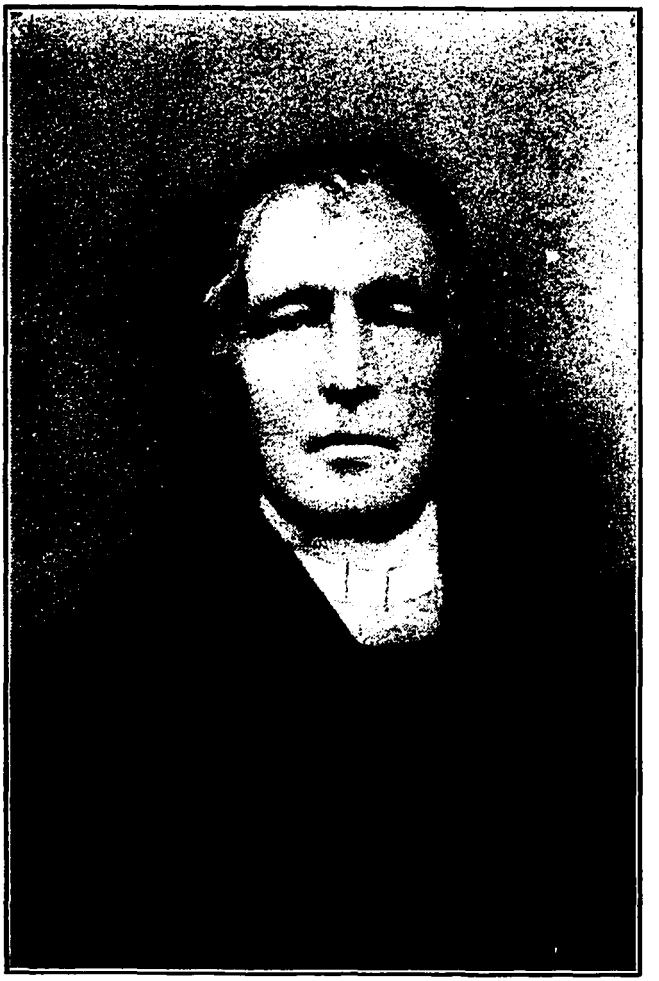
Fifth son of John (senior), the first settler
who ever went from the Magalloway
to fight for his country

# CHAPTER IV

ISAAC YORK of Bethel, Me., a veteran of the Revolutionary War, numbers fourth on the roll of Magalloway pioneers. He settled on the east side of the river, near the great bend, where the stream runs in exactly opposite directions within the space of a few rods, and about six miles from its confluence with the Androscoggin. Mr. York had, years before, traversed the region in trade with the Indians for furs, bringing on his back, it is said, at each trip from Bethel, a ten-gallon keg of New England rum, which he exchanged with the "simple natives" for the valuable furs with which the wilderness then abounded. It may be well to remark here that the traffic in spirituous liquors was not then, as now, looked upon as a crime and disgrace to humanity; but however public opinion may regard this action of our old soldier-pioneer, we should remember that this same lucrative traffic was one of the first fruits of the so-called Christian civilization introduced, by United States bayonets and firebrands, into the Philippine Islands in 1899, and whereas the judgment of the United States Court was invoked to decide whether or not the constitution should follow the flag to the aforesaid Islands, the liquor

traffic found no trouble (as it never does) in rushing in where angels and constitutions fear to tread.

Mr. York selected for his new abiding place what proved to be the most valuable farm on the river. Its broad and level meadows have been for many years the field of extensive farming operations, the Berlin Mills Lumber Company now using it as a base of supplies for the hundreds of horses employed by them in that section. The old hero died on his own fine estate, in 1844, at the ripe age of ninety-five years. His son-in-law, Nathaniel Bean, succeeded him in the cultivation of his many and beautiful acres. His posterity to the fifth generation now reside near the scene of his herculean toil.



ELDER RICHARD LOMBARD
Founder of the northern-most settlement
of Oxford County, Maine

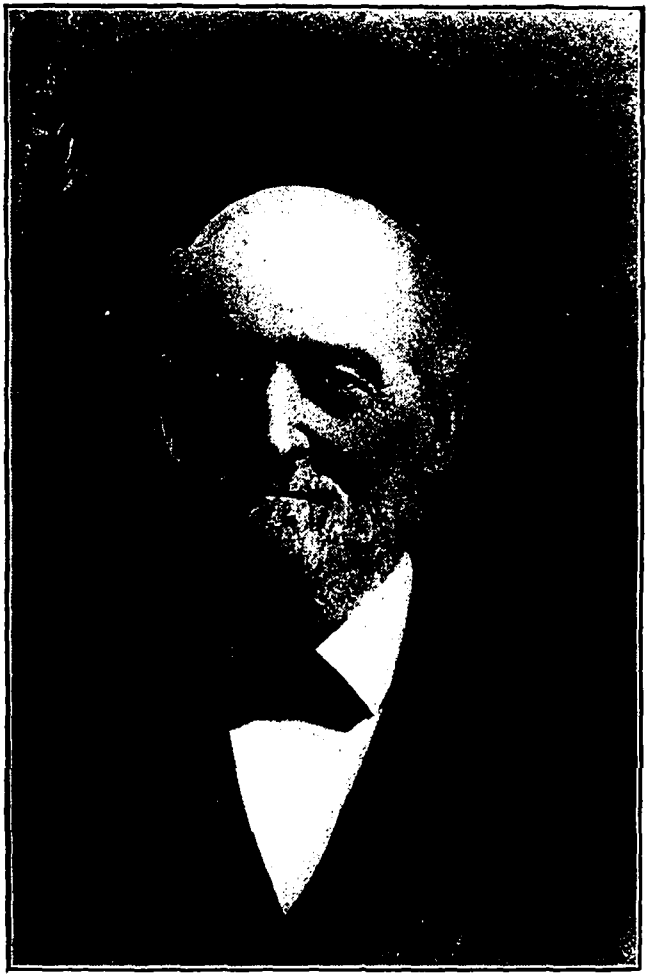
# CHAPTER V

THE founder of the upper settlement on the Magalloway, the extreme northwesterly settlement of Oxford County, Maine, now known as Lincoln Plantation (post-office, Wilson's Mills), was Richard Lombard of Portland, Me., who commenced there in 1825. With his five athletic sons — Lorenzo, Samuel, David, Richard and Henry — he cleared up what are now three of the best farms in the township, built the first two-story house on the river, and after some years of prosperous culture of the soil, sold out half of his estate to William Fickett and sons of Cape Elizabeth, gave up the management of the remainder to his three eldest sons and devoted the balance of his days mostly to evangelistic work.

Richard was not a traditional hero of the border, — not a typical pioneer of civilization, — save in spiritual affairs, but in these he was an enthusiast. Without education or special gifts therefor, in any notable degree, the absorbing ambition of his life seemed to be the Gospel ministry and the propagation of the faith of the Methodist church. His home was the rallying point and rendezvous of religious effort for the whole community while he remained within it, not only for the white

residents, but for the spiritually inclined aborigines, many of whom came from afar to attend his ministrations of the Word and to share the kindly and generous atmosphere of his hospitable abode.

The first school in the settlement was kept in a portion of his dwelling, and the first school-house erected on land donated by his eldest son, in which school-house the venerable elder's last Gospel service on the Magalloway was performed in 1853. He died at Great Chebeague Island, near Portland, Me., at the age of eighty-two years. Two daughters (one in New York, one in Portland) and a son (Richard 2nd) in Wilmington, Del., still survive him, all at very advanced ages; his name is commemorated by a memorial window in the first church edifice ever erected on the Magalloway waters.



RICHARD FRANKLIN LOMBARD

# CHAPTER VI

LEMUEL FICKETT, the second of the "upper township" settlers, came from Cape Elizabeth, Me., in 1831, and located on the west side of the river, about a mile below the great falls. His brother William, also of Cape Elizabeth, located soon afterward directly opposite, on the east side, on land purchased of Richard Lombard, as before stated. The two brothers had been reared "after the most straightest sect" of the Friends or Quaker religion, but William, the elder of the two, had departed from the counsel and creed of his youth and become a believer and exhorter of the Methodist persuasion. Both were exemplary, industrious and thrifty citizens. William was conspicuous for his eccentricity, his egotism and his Quaker "plainness of speech," which procured him enemies, especially when indulged in on funeral occasions, at which he was sometimes called to officiate. He was especially severe on the church in which he had been reared, for its "silent worship," which ill accorded with the lively demonstrativeness of his newly-adopted faith and his own active temperament. Not even his reverence for Sunday could always keep his business-like

spirit in subjection. "I have," said he, one fine Sunday in July, "done the chores this morning, read fifteen chapters in the Bible and opened forty tumbles of hay." This he related to a neighbor as a pretty-fair forenoon's work for "a boy sixty-one years of age," as none but a most punctilious Sunday keeper will dispute.

As his age and accompanying ill health increased, so did his ambition, enterprise and plans for larger farming operations, and quite unpleasant he was wont to make it for anyone who expressed a doubt as to his ever realizing his fond worldly hopes. When brought, however, to death's door, he submitted meekly to his lot, acknowledged that his work on earth was done and, after kindly bidding adieu to his family and neighbors, yielded up, without a struggle, his hopeful and energetic spirit to the all-compassionate God who gave it.

Lemuel, the brother, was almost as different from William as though born of another race. As free from the suspicion of demonstrativeness as his brother was of reticence, his life was one unvaried career of devotion to the stern realities of existence, apparently without a thought, or aspiration, for anything but the winning of an honest livelihood and the discharge of his duty as the head of a family and as a citizen of the civilized world. He had been an experienced sailor to the West Indies, and first mate of the vessel on which he made his last voyage before being

LEMUEL FICKETT
Second settler of upper Magalloway,
or Lincoln Plantation

obliged to abandon the sea on account of ill health. With a large family to maintain and a constant struggle with disease, together with the hardships of pioneer life, he now found ample exercise for all the heroic requisites of his former occupation; but *perseverance will win*, and the brothers both lived to see their fields broaden, their flocks and other possessions to increase, and finally to rejoice in an ample return for their indefatigable labors. Both died in peace, in the comfortable homes built by their own hands, the elder in 1852, at the age of sixty-seven; the younger in 1864, at the age of sixty-three. Their posterity now prosper on the beautiful estates left by their grandsires.

## CHAPTER VII

JOHN LOMBARD of Otisfield, Me., settled, in 1828, on a hill about half a mile east of the Magalloway, and east of the state line, also the farthest south of any location yet made on the river. He had a large and profitable farm; kept a small store, from which he supplied the neighboring settlers with dry goods and groceries, and soon became an influential man in the community. With an intelligent and prepossessing family of sons and daughters, his home was a favorite resort for the rising pioneer generation, and many are the pleasant memories to be recalled, by now aged people, of festive scenes and enjoyable occasions at his comfortable and ample abode, none favoring or appreciating such occasions more than the ever-genial host himself.

But alas for the changes of all-devouring time! After burying his aged father, his wife, his eldest son, and one or two young daughters, beneath the soil of his hillside home, and becoming himself enfeebled by sickness and the infirmities of age, he sold out his possessions, abandoned the Magalloway, and passed the remaining few years of his life near the

scene of his early manhood, his return thither being some twelve years prior to the great Civil War, in which one of his younger sons, John C., fell nobly for the Union at the bloody battle of the Wilderness.

# CHAPTER VIII

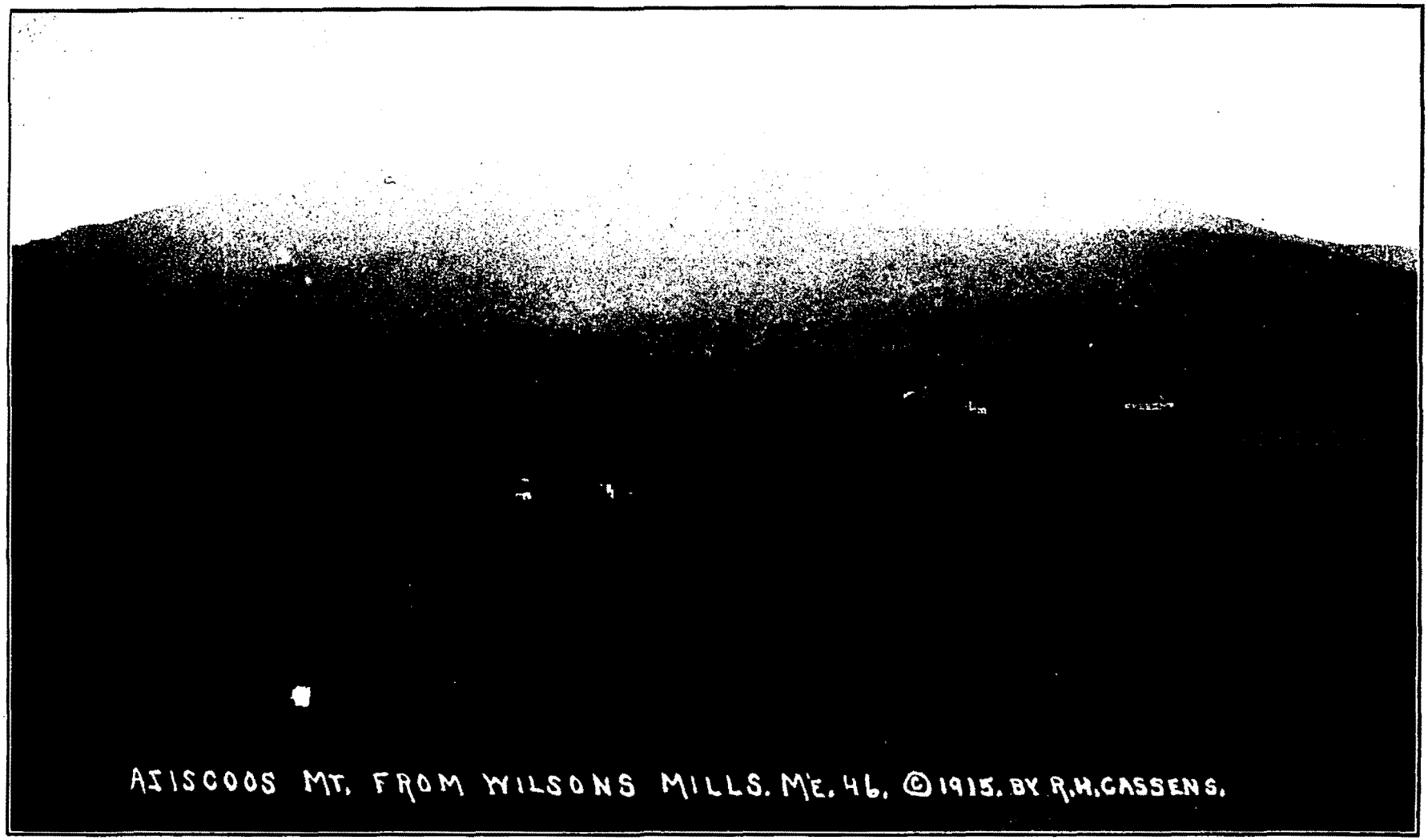
ISRAEL T. LINNELL of Bethel, Me., in the year 1830, located on the same hill where Mr. Lombard resided, on a lot which his brother, Luther Linnell, had partially cleared, but abandoned. Israel was an experienced sailor and soldier, having, as he claimed, fought in the wars of our country, on both land and sea. Of small stature, but indomitable will and resolution, he was not a man to flinch at danger or difficulties. He soon had his hill farm in a good state of productiveness, but finding a locality more to his liking farther up the river, and nearer the same, which was then their only highway, he moved thither, where he carried on farming successfully for many years. His residence, being about midway the two extremities of the State-of-Maine settlements, was afterwards used as a meeting place for the transaction of plantation business and the polling of votes at the annual elections. The second two-story house on the river was built by Mr. Linnell, as also the first rod of good carriage road.

In his declining years, his wife having died and family all departed, he went to reside with his youngest daughter, at Manchester, N. H., where he not long after died, at the

age of ninety-two years. His eldest son, Lorenzo D., and descendants to the fifth generation, still reside within a mile of his former abode. His youngest and only other son, George W., fell nobly in the cause of the Union, at Port Hudson, in 1863, which was some years prior to his father's death.

# CHAPTER IX

I HAVE hitherto refrained (perhaps unjustly) from especial notice of the first Magalloway settler, fearing the objections which their posterity might raise against having his name associated with those of the worthies already mentioned. David Robbins (for that was the first settler's name) has ever been held in abhorrence as a robber and murderer, but judged by the identical standard by which our so-called "Christian government" is judged and approved by both pulpit and populace, we shall find Mr. Robbins to have been not only a patriot of the first order, but also an eminent philanthropist and most useful citizen. This much is certain, — he was a pioneer of progress and of commerce (fur trade) in that wilderness. He was, moreover (to use the reported language of Dr. Lyman Abbott), an "Anglo-Saxon Ox," and, as a consequence, no native "barbaric dog" had "any right to the crib where he wanted to feed," or, we might say, to the furs that he coveted, by whomsoever caught or claimed. True, his achievements for expansion, and the open door in the northeast, were diminutive and inglorious, compared with those of our "Christian world-power" in the Philippine Islands. He never, as far as known, robbed


AISCOOS MT. FROM WILSONS MILLS. ME. 46. ©1915. BY R.H.CASSENS.

but three men, or murdered but two, in the interest of civilization, commerce and "good government;" but, so far, his operations were equally patriotic and praiseworthy, and his final excuse just the same, which excuse, divested of all its bombast and unparalleled hypocrisy, is just this: both Mr. Robbins and the United States government coveted that which was in the possession of others. They could not obtain the same, without killing those possessors; and being able, they did so, and took possession of the property. This is the "long and short" of the whole matter. If the whole moral law of God, since the time of the Naboth and Jezebel episode, has been reversed or annulled, to promote the money-getting ambitions of the "Christian United States," as is the logical and unavoidable inference from the recent teachings of our most prominent and popular *Doctors of Divinity*, and if all the acts of the United States government during the last six years are to become examples and standards of statesmanship and righteousness, as now seems to be the popular demand, then I herewith propose the immediate erection of a monument, higher than Mount Aziscoos,* to the memory of David Robbins, for the murders and robberies he committed in the cause of expansion, civilization and the

*A lofty and picturesque mountain, more than three thousand feet high, rising from, and extending for three miles along, the shore of the Magalloway, and from the summit of which a view of surpassing interest and grandeur is obtained.

extension of United States commerce, glory and world-power, in the "unassimilated" region of the Androscoggin Lakes.

As to the precise date of Mr. Robbins' advent on the Magalloway, or of his departure therefrom, the writer of this can give no information. He went thither, as is supposed, to escape justice, and it is certain he left Lancaster, N. H., jail, a few years later, for the same purpose, in both of which migrations he appears to have been eminently successful. He resided on the Magalloway several years contemporarily with the Bennett, Leavit and Lombard families, and Mr. Nahum Bennett now distinctly remembers seeing him when brought down the river, in irons, by the old hero, Lewis Loomis (of Colebrook), on the way to Lancaster jail. This must have been near the year 1835. His career in the Lake region has long been the theme of both history and romance, but of his final fate nothing authentic is, or perhaps ever will be, known. The only mitigating traits of his infamous character seem to have been that he was energetic, industrious and thrifty. His wife, it is said, never could be persuaded or convinced of his guilt, the evidence of which was unquestionable, though never brought before a jury. Tradition makes him out to have been finally hung in Canada, for a crime committed after his escape from Lancaster jail, but this has never been substantiated.

# CHAPTER X

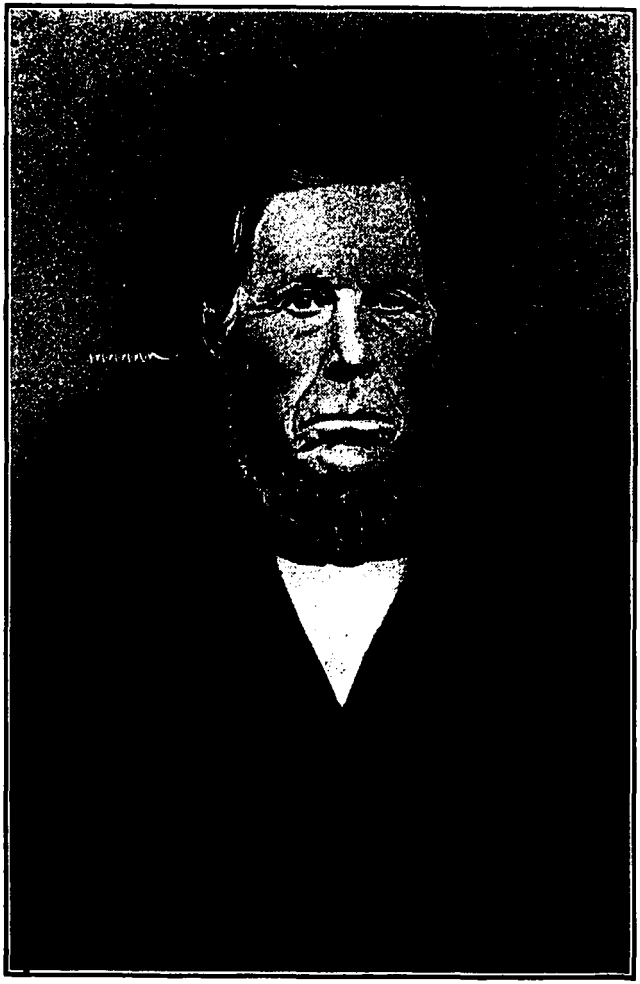
THE next "upper township" settler, after the Fickett brothers, was Joshua Lombard of Oxford, Me., and from this period we can almost say, with the Scripture, that "there were giants in those days." Mr. Lombard was six feet or more in height, two hundred and fifty pounds or more in weight, had two sons of nearly his own size, and one even larger. If our Joshua had not the great mission of his Scripture namesake to perform, he certainly was endowed with a fair share of his heroic spirit and personal prowess. Though he never commanded the sun to stand still, he once caused a wild moose to do so, without harming the creature in the least. On another occasion, when attacked by a vicious bull, he is said to have thrown the animal upon its back, driven its horns into the sod, and left him to his own reflections.

If all the traditions and representations of the pioneer Methodist of the Peter Cartwright type were lost to the world, they might largely be restored from reminiscences of this Boanerges of the Magalloway, whose moral vigor was in keeping with his physical and whose courage was entirely commensurate with both. He had been, according to his

own numerous testimonies in "social meetin'," a most degraded drunkard, but having (as he expressed it) "speerenced religion" and "jined the Methodists," his hatred of rum was ever afterward as ardent as his love of it had been before. For a long time after his conversion he is said to have kept a well-filled bottle in his cupboard at home, and when sorely tempted, by his former "b'sett'n sin," to take a drink, would go to the shelf, seize the bottle, and giving it a defiant shake, exclaim in the thunder tones of which he was well known to be capable, "I'll conquer ye! I'll master ye!" And master it he did, with a heroism worthy of the name of Israel's ancient deliverer.

Mr. Lombard was, as may be supposed, a great patron and supporter of the Gospel ministry, and sometimes officiated at religious meetings himself. On such occasions, with his never-failing Methodist "hembook" at hand, he frequently led the singing, and no church organ or other musical machinery was necessary when the choice of hymns happened to fall on his favorite, old Turner. The bass of this glorious old melody, as he rendered it, would have been a caution to Myron Whitney. He would almost have imagined that seven thunders uttered their voices. It would have done one's soul good, whether he joined in the spirit of the meeting or not, to be present at so hearty, so spontaneous, so *tremendous* a performance.

In the winter of 1854, when the old Christian



JOSHUA LOMBARD

soldier was well advanced in years, he fell into a lingering illness, and at a revival meeting in the neighborhood, told his hearers that he had "no idee" that he would be with them a year from then; but, about that time, as he afterwards stated, he "told the Lord" that if He would let him live fifteen years longer, as he did King Hezekiah, after his sickness (spoken of in II. Kings: 20), he would then be willing to go. He died in 1869, just fifteen years from the date of his promise. Is the age of miracles past?

Mr. Lombard built, with his own hands, the first grist mill in the settlement, and caused to be built the first mill for the manufacture of shingles and clapboards, which he transported down the river and across the Umbagog to market, in a huge boat built by himself and called by his neighbors the Great Eastern. He was engaged in the lumber business as well as farming during all the years of his residence on the Magalloway, and drove his own team in winter, drawing timber from the woods, after his recovery from the sickness before mentioned, when he was more than eighty years old.

His oldest son, Thomas, who was larger than his father, and the strongest man on the river, never, as far as his neighbors knew, employed his great strength to any important purpose. After commencing life for himself, with a farm, a house and an industrious wife, he suddenly disappeared from the country,

and, as far as the writer of this ever knew, never was heard of afterward. No memorial of him now remains on the river, save the walled excavation, now in the midst of the forest, which was once the cellar of his humble abode. His mysterious absence dates from about the year 1846.

# CHAPTER XI

IN striking contrast with the athletic pioneers last noticed, another of the heroic number now claims our attention, who in weight and in stature hardly exceeded the ordinary boy of twelve years, his greatest height during life being hardly five feet; but what he lacked in physical proportions was more than made up in a certain quality commonly called "grit," which was nothing less than phenomenal and wonderful. This was Alvan Wilson of Westbrook, Me. He had formerly been a cabin-boy, or sailor before the mast, on a coasting vessel, and no amount of old-time sailor ruffianism could intimidate or subdue the desperate temper, when aroused, of this puny grandson and greatgrandson of two who served in the great struggle for American Independence.

Arriving on the Magalloway in 1831, he applied himself vigorously to clearing up a farm on its western shore, some three miles below the falls, built a log house, married one of the fair daughters of the patriarch Richard Lombard, and commenced a career of industry, prosperity and usefulness, which terminated only with his well-extended life. He was a man of extensive reading and compass of

intellect — a citizen of the world, rather than of the obscure hamlet where his lot was cast and to the upbuilding of which he faithfully contributed. He was chiefly instrumental in the erection of the first covered bridge, across the river, connecting the Maine and New Hampshire settlements, and was successively clerk, assessor and treasurer of the plantation for many years. The writer of this, has the statement from his own lips, that it was at his suggestion that the article was written and sent to the *Portland Advertiser*, which led to the building of the Atlantic & St. Lawrence (now Grand Trunk) Railroad.

Mr. Wilson was an instance of great disparity between body and mind. His intellect and manly dignity towered above his diminutive person, like Charles the Great over his dwarf parent, Pepin le Bref. His soul was not circumscribed by the circuit of mountains around his rural home, or by the ocean bounds of his dear native country. The loss of the beloved wife of his early days, and afterward of his only and promising son, who fell valiantly in the great Civil War, were bereavements from which he never recovered. He died, in 1883, at the age of seventy-five, being succeeded in his estate by a married daughter, the sole solace and comforter of his declining years.

# CHAPTER XII

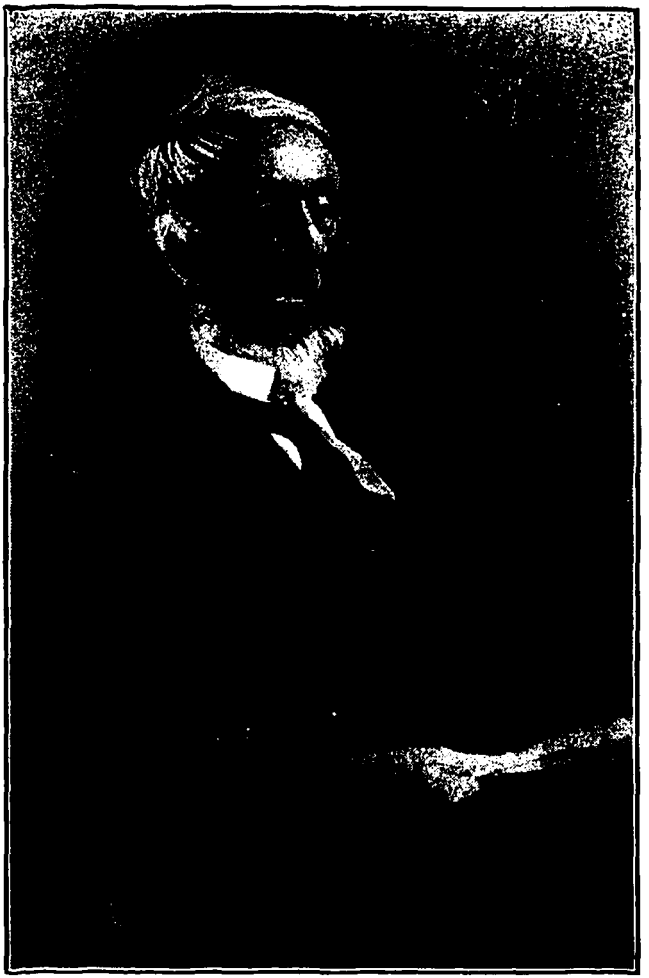
CAPTAIN JOHN M. WILSON, uncle of the preceding and native of the same town, commenced business on the Magalloway near the year 1829, but made no permanent settlement there until five years later. Attracted thither by the prevailing timberland speculation of the times, he engaged arduously therein, and soon having the entire township at his disposal, immediately commenced operations for the manufacture of the valuable pine timber with which the territory then abounded. Having located a farm and residence on the west shore of the river, near the foot of the falls, he straightway began the erection of a saw mill and stone dam, which last being carried away before completion, by a sudden freshet, was replaced by a dam of logs which proved a permanent barrier and conserver of the tremendous waterpower at that point.

In 1842 he erected a grist mill on the opposite shore, and the following year, his saw mill having been burned by the gross carelessness of a neighbor who had been entrusted therewith, he immediately rebuilt the same, from which he supplied for many years the increasing demand for building material in all the surrounding region.

At about this time, by an article published in the *Portland Weekly Advertiser*, he aroused public attention to the project of a railroad from the Atlantic to the St. Lawrence, and Mr. John A. Poor of Portland, being a representative that year, seized and embodied the idea in a bill which was presented to, and passed by, the General Court of Maine, granting a charter for a railroad from Portland to Canada line, which action being reciprocated on the part of the Canadian Parliament, preparations for building immediately commenced.

Captain Wilson himself piloted through the vast wilderness between his home and Canada, late in the autumn of 1844, the first expedition for the survey of a route for said railroad, intending, if possible, to have the valley of the Magalloway adopted as the great international thoroughfare. This experience at that season of the year, of traversing, through a foot of crusted snow, an unknown and trackless wilderness more than fifty miles in extent, with only such provisions as they could carry on their backs, and the crew meanwhile on the verge of mutiny, fearing they were lost and would starve to death, — this, Mr. Wilson considered one of the most trying experiences of his pioneer life.

The next year he piloted a similar expedition, but with less hardship, through the valley of the Connecticut, but in these, as in many subsequent efforts toward opening up



CAPT. JOHN M. WILSON
At 83 years of age

his adopted wilderness country, he was doomed to grievous disappointment.

His next enterprise for home improvement was the location of a carriage road thence, east of Umbagog Lake, to the nearest town beyond, and the building, on its route, of the first and only bridge ever built over the inlet of said lake. This project also, as far as related to the road, failed through the opposition of local tax-payers, and to this day the only exit for the isolated Magalloway community is by water, or down the west shore of the river, to Errol, N. H.

In 1848 Captain Wilson was commissioned, in company with Honorable Isaac N. Stanley and Colonel Samuel Morrill of Dixfield, Me., to survey and set off wild lands in the townships bordering on the head waters of the Androscoggin, for the support of schools and the Gospel ministry, a work which occupied some four months' time and furnished much harmless adventure, and no little of enjoyable recreation, to mutual friends and kindred spirits in that line of business.

In 1850 he procured the establishment of a United States mail-route to "Wilson's Mills," and was himself appointed postmaster, which office he held fourteen years, the first mail carrier on the route being Luther D., eldest son of Lemuel Fickett, the second settler of the township. Mr. Wilson was also, the same year, appointed a deputy for taking the United States Census in the surrounding

district, and was soon afterward appointed, by the state executive, to fill a vacancy on the board of County Commissioners.

In 1856 he procured and superintended the erection, near his mills, of the first bridge of any kind ever built over the Magalloway River. In 1858 he was appointed commissioner for Maine, in company with Commissioner Henry O. Kent of New Hampshire, to survey and re-establish the dividing line of the two contiguous States. Also the same year he personally superintended the location of a county road from his neighborhood, by way of Parmachene Lake, to meet another located from Newport, Canada, to the national boundary. This enterprise also failed for want of patronage, and the location was discontinued.

During the summers of 1863 and 1864, Captain Wilson was employed by the State in the survey of wild lands in the county of Aroostook. In 1874, when more than seventy-five years of age, he was employed late in autumn to re-trace and re-mark the 45th parallel of north latitude from its junction with the national boundary at Hall Stream, Vt., eastward through the wilderness of northern New Hampshire to Maine; and here again he was destined, at his advanced age, to contend with a disaffection, akin to mutiny, in his crew. Having subsisted for two weeks on the provisions they took on their backs with them from Canaan, Vt.,

and having nearly exhausted the same, their purpose was to obtain more (when they should arrive there) of a crew of men who were building a dam on the Diamond River at a point which lay directly on their course. Day after day they watched and listened for the longed-for stream, but only to be disappointed.

A lurking suspicion now seized certain of the crew that they had been led off the course by variations of the compass. At length, one fine afternoon, they came to the brink of a very deep valley, and one of the men climbed a tree to take observations. He had been engaged in lumbering on the Diamond, only the winter before, and was expected to recognize the locality.

"Well! what do ye think?" called out one of the men from below, to him.

"I am satisfied," said he, "that this is not the valley of the Diamond."

"What the devil is it, then?" excitedly asked the man below.

"Well, you've asked me too much. What's your opinion, Cap'n?" he asked, addressing the compass man, who was setting his instrument for another object.

"I don't know," was the careless reply; "I never was here before."

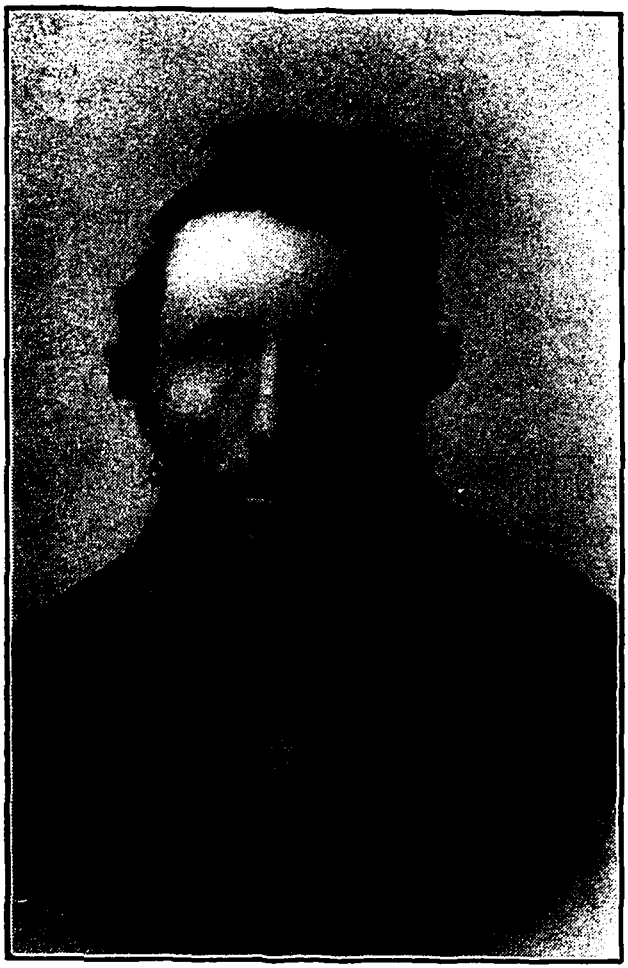
At this the two line men stared with alarm. Their long-pent-up fears broke forth. "We've gone on in this way long enough!" said one of them. "We'd better use what little provi-

sions we've got, in getting where there's more, instead of running till it's all gone and then finding ourselves up at Parmachene Lake or the Lord knows where! Let's go back on the line!"

At this point the "Cap'n," who had hitherto taken no notice of the crew's fears or complaints, broke in sternly, with: "Never! I have begun this job, and I shall finish it! This *is* the valley of the Diamond! We have provisions enough yet for another day, and shall reach more in that time! Spot that tree! — further-r to the right! — further-r-!"

No more was said. The line men sprang to their places, plying their axes with the energy of desperation, and before sunset, had struck last winter's cuttings on the Diamond, and a last winter's logging camp, with a stove, fuel and lamps all ready for use in it, where they made themselves welcome and comfortable for the night, and the next day, at noon, reached the works of the dam-builders, from whence another day's survey brought them to the State of Maine (about two miles north of the upper Magalloway settlement) and to the completion of the operation.

Captain Wilson's last public service, in the line of his life-long profession, was the survey and remarking, in the summer of 1877, of the boundaries of the Dartmouth College Grant, on the Diamond Rivers, the labor of which (involving two weeks of tracing lines over



WILLIAM H.—SON OF CAPT. JOHN M. WILSON
who cleared the most northerly farm in Oxford County, Maine, and built the first bridge over the Little Diamond River

steep mountains and through swamps of tangling underbrush wet all the time with dew or rain) he was persuaded to relinquish to his two sons, while he himself remained at the nearest settlement to look after the work. He, however, afterwards spent one winter scaling timber in the woods of the Nulhegan River, Vermont, boarding and lodging at the lumbermen's camp, when he was in his eighty-second year.

In the days of the old Whig party, Mr. Wilson had mingled somewhat in the turmoil of politics, and in the autumn of 1843, in spite of the almost solid Democracy of his district, was chosen the first and only representative ever sent from the Magalloway to the Maine General Court, although at different times the New Hampshire portion of the settlements has been represented at Concord by Leonard York (greatgrandson of the fourth settler), Peter Bennett (grandson of the third settler) and Ziba F. Durkee, successor to Nathaniel Bean on the Isaac York estate, and formerly of Lebanon, N. H.

In 1866 Captain Wilson abandoned the Magalloway country and, together with his youngest son, purchased a farm, and built a new residence, on the shore of the Connecticut, about five miles north of the Grand Trunk Railroad, at North Stratford, N. H. Little apparent cause had he for regret, at thus bidding adieu to the scene of his manifold disappointments, trials and afflictions.

He had, while there, buried three dearly beloved grown-up sons, and his aged mother; his mills had been swept away by fire and flood; his neat stock killed by lightning; and of all the fond hopes that had inspired him in early manhood to exchange his native home and cultured environment for a life of privation and hardship, in a far-off wilderness country, *not one* had been realized. After residing for a few years on the shore of the Connecticut, where he buried the ever-devoted companion of his life, he removed, with his son, to Old Orchard Beach, where on the 18th of September, 1884, he died of paralysis, worn out by incessant toil, anxiety and disappointment, at the age of eighty-five years and eight months. He was buried in the old family lot at Westbrook (now Deering), beside his hero father, the interment being witnessed from the very house where he first saw the light, — the worn and weary pilgrim had at last returned home.

Captain Wilson was the youngest son of Major Nathaniel Wilson of Westbrook, a veteran of the Revolutionary War, and of Anna M. Wilson, daughter of Colonel Samuel March of Scarboro, Me., who raised and drilled in his own dooryard a regiment, which he afterwards led on many a bloody field of the great struggle for American Liberty. The son and grandson inherited many of the military proclivities of his heroic ancestors, and was wont to remark that no amusement,

diversion or recreation ever equalled to him the enjoyment of a good militia training, in which exercises he was an acknowledged expert, and attained to the captaincy of his company at an early age.

Though small in stature, being hardly more than five feet seven in height, and though in his daily walk one of the most unassuming of men, yet when aroused in any matter of business, or by any casual emergency, his bearing was vigorous and commanding, as that of a general on the field of battle. But in whatever circumstances, or on whatever occasion, his manner was natural, unstudied and spontaneous, as that of a child; and this rare spontaneity and ingenuousness of demeanor and character lent a charm to his personality, which ensured him friendly relations and companionship wherever he went, and endeared his memory, not only to his surviving relatives, but to the many, afar and near, with whom he had been associated in various relations of business. Although a man of unswerving moral principle, integrity and soundness of Christian belief, he made no pretentions as a religionist; he never sought religion as an accomplishment, as a personal asset, or worldly passport, and he considered ambition for a religious reputation, as of all worldly ambitions the most contemptible; but when it came to the "wisdom from above, which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, — full of mercy and

good fruits, — without partiality, and without hypocrisy," — when it came to that, I say, his record on high would yield to that of but few, since the earthly days of Him who said: "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them."

# CHAPTER XIII

JOSEPH STURTEVANT of Oxford, Me., settled, in 1831, on the summit of the hill occupied in part by Messrs. Linnell and Lombard, and cleared up, with much labor, a large and very productive farm, which has ever remained entirely surrounded by forest. He was a man of cheerful and convivial temperament, and with a large family of sons and daughters, all more or less inclined to look on the bright side of life, his home was long the center of rural gayety for many miles around. Two gifted violinists in the family furnished not only their home, but the whole surrounding region, with the required melody for any festive occasion, and as the sons were leaders in music, so were the daughters in the graceful art of keeping time thereto, with their nimble feet, on the dancing floor.

Mr. Sturtevant, and all but one of his five sons (the eldest never having resided at their mountain home), confined their lives quite exclusively to the severe labor of their rugged farm and prospered thereon for many years. All were of sound constitution, vigorous and energetic, but George, the fourth son, was a prodigy of vivacity and sprightliness, and his equal for frolic mirthfulness has never

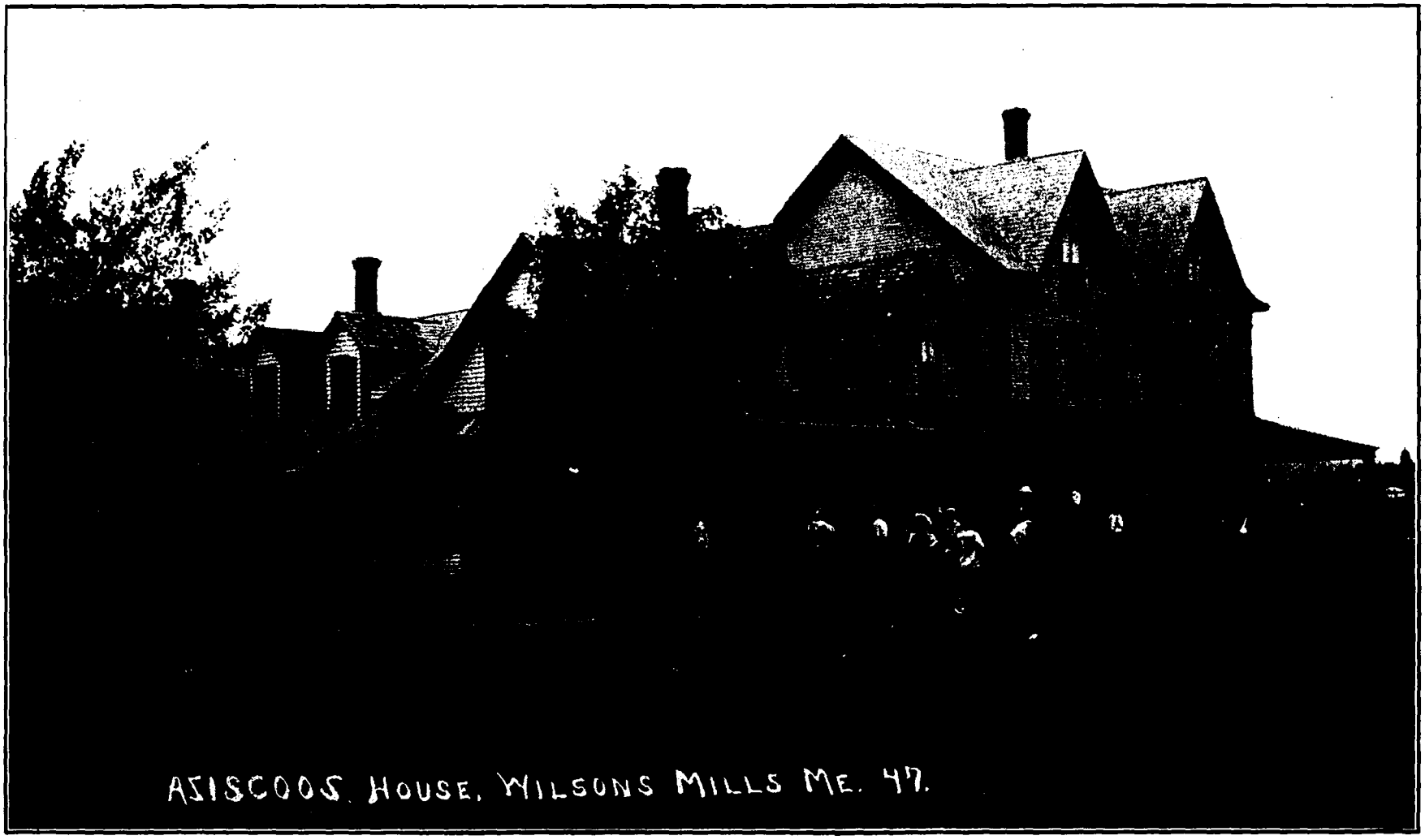
been known to the writer of this memorial. But grief came at length to that joyous household, when the third son (one of the violinists), and afterwards the almost idolized mother, were consigned to the grave. The halcyon days of mirth and song in that happy home were o'er. The family scattered to widely separate localities, until hardly one, save the father, of all that loving circle remained. The lonely parent eventually married a second time, but survived the dear companion of his better days but eleven years. He died in 1860, at the age of seventy-two, and was buried near his own sumptuous "house in the wilderness."

# CHAPTER XIV

ALTHOUGH no mention of any but the first generation of Magalloway pioneers was contemplated at the commencement of these sketches, it would be injustice, both to the subject and to the parties concerned, not to mention certain of the sons of the path-finders whose records for adventure and enterprise were not inferior to those of their heroic predecessors.

Among these we may mention Lorenzo D., eldest son of Richard Lombard, and partner with him in all the hardships and labors of his pioneer experience. Lorenzo was a typical country boy, in the fullest sense of the phrase, six feet high, straight, large framed, and no Indian of the forest could surpass him in pioneer sagacity, hardihood, or the amount of labor he could perform in a given time, were it a day, a year, or a quarter of a century. He was said to be the most expert performer with an axe on the Magalloway waters. He was one of the most successful hunters and trappers, and his record as an industrious and prosperous farmer was unquestioned and unimpeachable. The first frame house at the upper settlement was built by him, which house is standing today, and forms an impor-

tant part of the Aziscoos Hotel, kept by Mr. F. A. Flint, the present proprietor of the broad and beautiful estate where the subject of this sketch lived, died and was buried. Mr. Lombard's untimely death in 1853, at the age of forty-five, was apparently hastened by extreme exposure in the early spring, during a hunting and trapping excursion, which resulted in pneumonia, causing death in a few days therefrom. Of his family only a granddaughter now survives, and the name of Lombard has long since disappeared from the roll of Magalloway settlers.

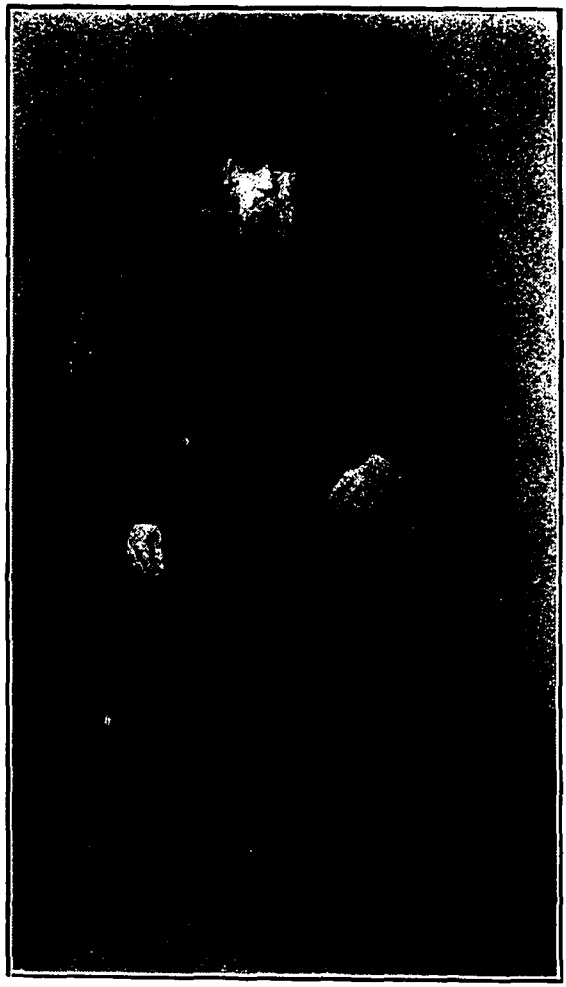

ASISCOOS. HOUSE, WILSONS MILLS ME. 47.

# CHAPTER XV

NELSON FICKETT, eldest son of William Fickett, the third of the upper Magalloway settlers, though a young man at the time of his father's migration thither, properly claims place among the original pioneers. Though never a man of heroic or adventurous temperament, he ever maintained the character of an honorable, useful and prosperous citizen. Being a man of education and scholarly inclinations, he early became one of the most prominent in municipal or plantation affairs, and was seldom or never without official position in the community. At a little past forty years of age, being left the sole survivor of his father's family, he succeeded to the whole valuable estate, to which, constantly adding by prudent investments and persevering industry, he soon attained to a competency which he enjoyed to the last. His death, at the age of fifty-six, was caused by falling under a loaded team which he was guiding, in the winter time, down a slippery hillside, which accident he survived only a few days. His remains now lie beside his father's on the beautiful estate where all the mature years of his life were passed, and which still continues in the possession of a descendant of the family. He was the second postmaster at Wilson's Mills, which position he occupied from 1864 until near, if not quite, to the time of his death.

# CHAPTER XVI

LORENZO D., eldest son of Israel T. Linnell, who at seventy-nine years of age is still an expert in the use of the rifle, has been from his childhood inured to all the vicissitudes of pioneer life, and from boyhood one of the most reliable in all the various exigencies thereof ever known in the Magalloway region. Late in the autumn of 1845, when a mere youth, he joined the Connecticut Valley expedition for the survey of a route for the Atlantic & St. Lawrence Railroad, and on its return homeward was persuaded, against his better judgment, by a young lawyer of Andover, Me., named Talbot, to leave the main body of the company and attempt the shortest route to his home by floating down the Diamond River on a raft of logs. The plan might, perhaps, have been a success, but on arriving at the forks of the river, where the Swift Diamond empties into the main stream, they were overtaken by the darkness of night, and being too near the falls for safety, they concluded to leave their raft and proceed by land. They had gone but a few rods, however, when they unexpectedly found themselves on an island, from which they found it impossible to wade to the main-



LORENZO DOW LINNELL
At 86 years of age

land on account of the depth and strength of the current.

There was now no alternative but for them to pass the night on the island, and an immediate fire was necessary to keep them, wet as they were, from freezing to death; but how was a fire to be obtained? By desperate search young Linnell discovered, beneath the arm, in his cotton undergarment, a small dry spot which he was not long in cutting out, and on this, from a water-tight flask, they poured powder, which they ignited by flint and steel, and with the help of birch bark picked up in the darkness, soon had a roaring fire, and were out of immediate danger.

At morning's dawn the channel of the river which they had attempted to ford was frozen over to a thickness sufficient to bear their weight, and thus they escaped from an island experience which had bidden fair to be more tragic than that of Robinson Crusoe. The episode is since commemorated by the name of Talbot's Island, which the scene of their perilous night adventure still retains.

## CHAPTER XVII

THE life of David M., second son of Joseph Sturtevant, furnishes an example of industry, of fortitude, and of perseverance in the midst of misfortune, unparalleled in the history of the Magalloway, and rarely surpassed in the annals of mankind. In the winter of 1845, soon after attaining his majority, he commenced lumbering near Errol, N. H., and never within the memory of the oldest inhabitants has there been another so disastrous a lumbering operation as that. Hardly a man who entered the woods on that ill-fated job came out well and whole. One man, John Bennett, Jr., as before mentioned, was instantly killed by a falling tree; another who stood by his side was injured and narrowly escaped death by the same stroke; a teamster was afterwards jammed between his sled and a wayside stump; and finally Mr. Sturtevant himself was struck above the knee by the whole blade of an axe, and saved from death only by the most vigorous efforts of the crew, who conveyed him to his home as soon as possible, dashing snow in his face continually to keep the breath of life in his body. Many months elapsed before he was again on his feet, but with all the surgical skill they could obtain, he never recovered the use of his knee-joint, and the amount of labor since performed by him, on that straight and rigid

DAVID M. STURTEVANT

leg, has never been surpassed by any neighbor, however nimble, healthy or sound.

In 1847 the young hero commenced the erection of a saw mill and dam, on the outlet of what has since been known as Sturtevant's Pond, where the loose nature of the shores rendered the success of the project somewhat doubtful. He had hardly got the dam completed and the mill in operation when the treacherous bottom gave way, and the labor and hopes of many months were apparently annihilated, but not so in the mind of the indefatigable proprietor. He immediately repaired the damage and resumed business, when away went the water supply again, and away went the hopes of everyone but himself in the ultimate success of the enterprise. Again was the dam repaired, and again swept away, by which time Mr. Sturtevant, concluding he had lost enough by building on so uncertain a foundation, abandoned the project and his expensive saw mill to oblivion and decay.

Meanwhile Mr. Sturtevant had been lumbering to some extent in winter, and farming in summer. Not long after the events just narrated, and soon after harvest, his barn took fire and was consumed, with the year's crops, together with a valuable young horse. The barn was immediately replaced, but Mr. Sturtevant soon after took up a larger farm, engaged in agriculture on a heavier scale, took to himself a wife, and rapidly advanced, both in prosperity and posterity.

In 1861 the dreadful scourge of diphtheria

broke out in his infant family, and swept away his young wife and five children, leaving only the youngest, a boy babe of one year, as an inducement for the half-distracted father longer to live. But employment of the hands is a great regulator of the mind, and Mr. Sturtevant, by plunging desperately into the cares and duties of his several farms, avoided what under no worse circumstances has been the sad fate of thousands. He thenceforth recovered rapidly from his financial embarrassments, came into possession of more real estate than any four other men on the river, and was virtually landlord and banker of the whole settlement. But misfortune had not yet lost sight of her favorite victim. In the autumn of 1879, again his well-filled barn and all his other buildings were burned to the ground, and not a cent of insurance was there to atone for the loss.

The calamity, however, bore not as heavily on him as those of previous years. His son had now become a substantial help in his business, and together they soon had a new and elegant set of buildings, including a barn one hundred feet long, and a small store building, now well filled with the great variety of goods indispensable to back-country trade. Mr. Sturtevant is now in his eighty-sixth year, hale and hearty, weighs as usual something like two hundred and twenty-five pounds, drives his own team in summer or winter as occasion requires, attends church as often as opportunity offers, and is favorably known throughout a wide extent of country.

## CHAPTER XVIII

THIS hasty and incomplete glance at the pioneer experience of the more prominent and best known of the Magalloway's early settlers is now nearly concluded, and "what shall I say more," for the time (and information) would fail me to tell of Jacob York, the son of Isaac, and of Joseph, the son of Jacob; of Richard Caldwell, George Tucker, Abel Heath, Simeon Shurtleff, Benjamin Knight, of David Lombard also, and of Samuel, and the Sawyers and Hibbards, who through faithfulness subdued forests, stopped the mouths of bears and wolves, quenched the violence of forest fires, escaped the edge of the tomahawk, and who wandered in deserts and mountains, being destitute, afflicted, and tormented by black flies and mosquitoes. And these all having obtained a good report through faithfulness, received not the promise, but having seen it afar off, were persuaded of, and embraced it, and declared plainly that they looked there for a better country.

BOSTON, MASS., March, 1904.

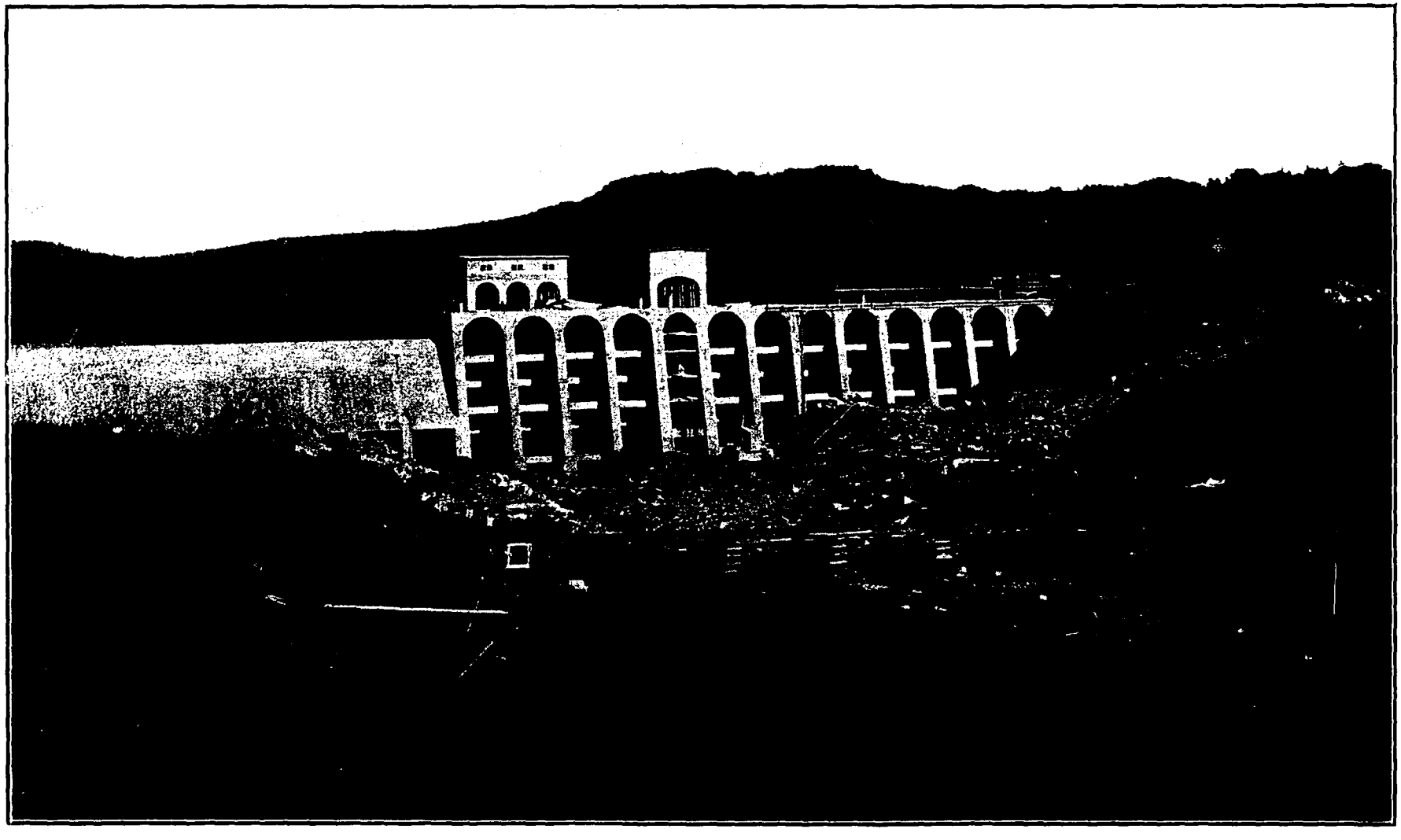
# SUPPLEMENT

A PERIOD of eleven years since the conclusion of the foregoing, has wrought some changes in the personnel of the community in question, some notice of which the subject seems properly to demand. The name of Sturtevant, like those of Lombard, Sawyer and Hibbard, has now disappeared from the time-honored roll, and with only two exceptions, the name of Fickett also.

As to the family of John M. Wilson, the township, county and state, where for fifty years his name was familiar as household words, have now, for nearly a like period, known the same no more.

The family of the Linnells has now extended to its sixth generation, the first two in the settlement having lately become extinct by the death, at the age of eighty-six, of Lorenzo, the eldest son of the nonagenarian Israel T.

The redoubtable David M. Sturtevant departed in peace, on April 26, 1906, at his own sumptuous home, at the age of eighty-eight years. His only son and heir, a prominent lumber merchant and all 'round business man, now resides in Colebrook, N. H., where he took up his residence some three years since.



AZISCOOS DAM. FALLS OF THE MAGALLOWAY
Length, 881 feet. Height, 82 feet. Time occupied in building, three years.
Area of flowage by same, 24 square miles.

The oldest continuous resident on the river, Mr. Elihu Leavit, departed this life December 1, 1907, eighty-four years from the time of his arrival there with his parents when but one year old.

The last surviving member of the first family in Lincoln Plantation, Mrs. Catherine I. Emmet, second daughter of Elder Richard Lombard, died in New York, no longer ago than October 31, 1912, at the age of ninety-eight years, — a lady whose period of existence more than spanned the entire age of the Magalloway settlements. Of her five robust pioneer brothers, it is worthy of remark, that the oldest and ablest one of the number died in 1853, at the early age of forty-five, after only a few days' sickness with pneumonia. The second in years, Samuel, was instantly killed in 1842, while assisting in erecting one of his own farm buildings. The next younger, David S., died at a mature age while sitting at his writing desk in his home at Brewer, Me. The fourth of the brotherhood, Richard Franklin Lombard, formerly a veteran of the New Bedford whaling expeditions, is said to have dropped dead in a street near his home in Wilmington, Del., at near the age of eighty years; while Henry, the youngest of the family, was fatally shot, by an accident, near his residence in Des Moines, Iowa. Hardly, if one, bearing the name of Lombard, now remains of the beloved family of the patriarch Richard, to perpetuate his respected and venerated name.

Automobiles and motorcycles have superseded on the now unexceptionable Magalloway highways, the original ox-cart and one-horse wagon, and the traditional neighborhood gossip of the lady-settlers, as well as the business conferences of the sterner sex, is now carried on by telephone, from Parmachene Lake to Berlin Falls, and any required extent beyond. Not a vestige of dam, mill or bridge now remains where once "the rushing and the roar" of Wilson's Mills varied the monotonous murmur

"Of that stream whose sunny gleam cheered the little rural town."

The rushing and roar are now supplied in that immediate locality by the incessant activities of the present proprietor of the former mill-site, Mr. Walter Bucknam, who during the last thirty years has caused that rocky southern shore to rejoice and blossom as the rose, and who now rivals the former reputation of the heroic David Sturtevant, as the most indefatigable money-getter on the Magalloway River.

FINIS