REPORT

OF THE

Centennial Celebration

AT BETHEL,

AUGUST 26, 1874.

"For far and wide on either hand
There stretched a valley broad and fair,
With greenness flashing everywhere—
A pleasant, smiling, homelike land."

PORTLAND:
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1874.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

NATHANIEL T. TRUE, M. D. — Hon. ROBERT A. CHAPMAN.

DAVID F. BROWN, Esq. — RICHARD A. FRYE, Esq.

MOSES T. CROSS, Esq.

OFFICERS OF THE DAY, ETC.

Maj. GIDEON A. HASTINGS, Chief Marshal.

Maj. ABERNETHY GROVER. President.

RICHARD A. FRYE, Esq., Secretary.

NATHANIEL T. TRUE, M. D., Historian.

Prof. HENRY LELAND CHAPMAN, Poet.

Rev. DAVID GARLAND, Chaplain.

Hon. ENOCH FOSTER, Jr., Toast Master.

BETHEL CENTENNIAL.

ITS INCEPTION.

THE citizens of Bethel feeling that an event so important as the time of its settlement was worthy of due commemoration, a meeting of its citizens was held at the vestry of the Congregational Church, on Bethel Hill, July 14, 1874. The meeting was organized by the election of Major Abernethy Grover, as chairman, and Richard A. Frye, Esq., as secretary. It was voted to have a Centennial Celebration on Wednesday August 26, 1874. A committee of arrangements was chosen to make the necessary arrangements for such an occasion, consisting of Nathaniel T. True, M. D., Hon. Robert A. Chapman, David F. Brown, Esq., Richard A. Frye, Esq., and Moses T. Cross, Esq., with authority to make such additions to their numbers as they should deem proper.

At a meeting of the committee, held at R. A. Frye's office, July 15, they perfected their organization by the election of N. T. True, chairman, and R. A. Frye, secretary. They voted to add ten members to their number to aid them, as follows, John D. Hastings, and Elias S. Bartlett, for the east part of the town; Israel G. Kimball, and Augustus M. Carter, for the middle part of the town; Samuel B. Twitchell, and Moses A. Mason, for the north side of the river; Elbridge G. Wheeler, Gilman P. Bean, and David M. Grover, for the west part of the town; and Major Gideon A. Hastings, for Bethel Hill. David F. Brown, Moses T. Cross, and Robert A. Chapman, were chosen a committee to select a place for holding the centennial meeting.

At a meeting of the committee, held July 18, it was voted to extend an invitation to N. T. True, M. D., to deliver the historical address at the Centennial Celebration. It was decided that the dinner should be a basket picnic and that such table accommodations be procured for each school district as may be required. Messrs. Brown, Wheeler and Kimball were chosen a committee to appoint a person in each school district to see to the furnishing of the tables, and to have each district represented in the procession. They appointed in School Distrtct No. 2, Lorenzo

Smith; 3, John M. Philbrook; 4, David Garland; 5, Scott Wight; 6, Wm. H. Goddard; 7, Alonzo Howe; 8, C. M. Kimball; 9, H. H. Bean; 10, J. S. Swan, 2d; 11, T. C. Carter; 12, Wm. Farwell; 13, S. S. Stanley; 14, Abial Chandler; 15, C. I. Kimball, and Newton Grover; 16, D. W. Towne; 17, Wm. L. Bean; 18, Milton Holt; 21, Jacob A. Chase; 22, G. L. Blake, and Ira Cushman; 23, Cyrus Wormell; 24, Abial Lyon; 25, Albert W. Grover; 26, David T. Foster; 27, John F. Hapgood; 28, Albert Whitman; 29, Gilbert Chapman; 30, O. H. Mason, and Hiram Twitchell. Messrs. T. C. Carter, R. A. Chapman, and H. H. Bean were chosen a committee on finance; Major Gideon A. Hastings, Marshal of the day; Major Abernethy Grover, President of the day; and the following gentlemen, Vice-presidents: Hon. Elias M. Carter, Mighill Mason, Esq., Dea. Leonard Grover, Charles R. Lock, Esq., and Eliphaz C. Bean, Esq.; Prof. Henry L. Chapman, of Bowdoin College, a native of Bethel, was chosen Poet; Rev. David Garland, Chaplain; Hon. Enoch Foster, jr., Toast Master.

THE CELEBRATION.

On Tuesday evening strangers began to pour into town, indicating what was to be the gathering on the following day. For two days previous the weather was the loveliest of the season, and every body was busy preparing for the great event.

Wednesday August 26, 1874, was ushered in by a delightful day. Bells were rung at sunrise, and almost before the villagers had finished their breakfast, carriages began to arrive loaded with men, women and children, and mysterious looking boxes and baskets, which were at once conveyed to the long array of tables. These were taken possession of by the ladies of the several school districts, to each of which separate tables were assigned, to be covered and dressed according to their own inclinations and tastes. Thus the ladies were busy the whole forenoon in this important work.

The "Bethel House," and the "Chapman House," were each decorated with tri-colored festoons, with shields and national flags, while the guests sat merrily anticipating the day's festivities.

Many of the private residences throughout the village were gaily trimmed with evergreens and other decorations. A large national flag floated across the street between the Bethel House and the residence of Major G. A. Hastings.

The procession began to form at 10 A. M., under the direction of Major G. A. Hastings, Chief Marshal; the right of the line in front of the residence of R. A. Frye, Esq., on Broad street, extending across the common and down Church street.

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

AID. CHIEF MARSHAL. AID.

Hunters and Trappers equipped for the chase, with packs, dog, and flint-lock muskets.

Pioneers with axes bearing a banner of birch bark inscribed,
"Sudbury Canada, 1774."

Men in a cart riving and shaving shingles.

Men breaking and swingling flax.

A man stripping a birch broom.

A man pounding corn with an Indian Stone Pestle.

Four stalwart Twitchells in a carriage, representing the descendants of the first proprietor, bearing the legend, a line from an old ballad,
"And if a Twitchell, strong."

A carriage carrying the oldest inhabitants, bearing the inscription,
"The XVIII Century."

Gentleman and lady in antique dresses riding on a spring board carriage.

Ye Ancient Doctor on horse back with saddle bags.

The mail carrier on horse back, bringing the first mail, and sounding his post-horn.

Old lady on horse back, and by her side, on another horse, a boy, her descendant of the fourth generation.

The first mowing machine used in town, followed by the most modern mowing machine and horse-rake.

Military Band.

Military escort under Capt. S. F. Gibson.

Selectmen of Bethel.

Selectmen of Hanover.

President of the day, Hon. A. Grover.

Vice-Presidents.

Chaplain, Rev. David Garland.

Orator and Poet.

Members of the Learned Profession.

Invited Guests.

A young lady in a carriage wrapped in the American flag and bearing the national shield representing the Goddess of Liberty.

A carriage gaily trimmed containing thirteen young ladies dressed in tri-color, bearing shields and representing the thirteen original States of the Union.

A young lady in a carriage bearing a banner representing the "State of Maine."

A young lady in a carriage bearing a banner representing "*Bethel.*"

Sixteen young Misses in a carriage dressed in white, bearing the motto,
"The Coming Woman."

Norway Band.

The school districts in the order of their numbers.

Citizens of other towns.

It was a matter of interest to many present that the marshal's aid, Lieut. Haskell, rode a noble looking horse which was captured by Major Adelbert B. Twitchell, in Virginia, and brought home at the close of the late war.

The procession countermarched down Broad street to the common, where they halted for the photographer to take some views, and then marched through Church, High, Mechanic, Depot and Main streets to the grove in front of the residence of Dr. N. T. True. The streets were thronged with people, and everybody appeared pleased at the sight.

On entering the grove through an arch inscribed " 1774, Bethel, 1874," there were arranged on the right, tables to accommodate four thousand people, and on the left, seats and conveniences for as many more.

On the platform were seated Ex-Gov. Perham, Judge Walton, Hon. James S. Wiley of Dover, Rev. Javan K. Mason of Thomaston, Rev. Dr. Wm. Warren, of Gorham, Dea. George W. Chapman, ninty-three years old last Christmas, Edmund Bean, ninety years old, and his wife, eighty-three years old, and other aged citizens.

Portraits of aged citizens were suspended under the trees, while the orator's table and platform were covered with relics of the past, viz :

A sword belonging to an English officer, picked up on the field at the battle of Stillwater.—Levi Twitchell.

An Indian stone pipe.—Dr. True.

Indian tomahawk.

Compass used by Capt. Eleazer Twitchell in surveying the town.

Wedding shoes, one hundred years old.—Mrs. John Harris. The high heels are in the sole of the foot;

A heavy silver tankard, presented to Gen. Joseph Frye by his officers in an expedition to Nova Scotia in 1757.—R. A. Frye, Esq.

A complete set of china ware, half a century old.—Mrs. R. A. Frye.

A chair one hundred and fifteen years old.—Samuel T. Stowell.

The first sofa in town.—Mrs. C. S. Twitchell.

Autograph album containing the names of all the members of Congress during the administration of Andrew Jackson.—Mrs. C. S. Twitchell.

Indian iron hatchet.

Indian stone pestle found in Bethel.—Dr. True.

Scales used for measuring logs by Capt. Eleazer Twitchell.—A. S. Twitchell, Esq.

Rooster sixty years old from the cupola of the first church in town.—Chester L. Twitchell.

A chair ingeniously made of moose horns and bird's eye maple, by the late Hon. Moses Mason.—Mrs. C. S. Twitchell.

The old people appeared remarkably happy as the scenes of former years were brought vividly to mind by each others faces, by the relics, and by the graphic descriptions of the orator.

On the first sofa owned in town sat comfortably the oldest native born citizen now living in town, Mr. Edmund Bean, with his wife; while the

oldest man, Dea. George W. Chapman, sat in a chair more than twenty years older than himself.

The seats being filled, the president of the day, Hon. ABERNETHY GROVER, made the

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

Fellow Citizens:

To day we have met to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the settlement of this good old town of Bethel. We bid a cordial and hearty welcome to every son and daughter of Bethel, every one ever a resident among us, or who ever thought of coming, we bid you welcome.

Some of the children of the eighteenth century are still left with us to-day; it is nearly one hundred years since their fathers and mothers toiled through the woods, guided only by marked trees—came on snow shoes—with their all on hand-sleds, or on horse back (a luxury), to make homes in the wilderness. They and their children have named noble families, many representatives of whom have gone out from the old nest, settled in all parts of our country, and to-day the good influence of our good old town is felt in every portion of the Union. Our citizens have filled offices of trust and honor everywhere, and no Bethel boy has brought anything but an honored name to his good old native town. We are proud of our sons and daughters. We have now killed the fatted calf and bid them all a free and hearty welcome home.

PRAYER BY REV. DAVID GARLAND.

O Lord thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God. A thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past and as a watch in the night. We will lift up our eyes unto the hills from whence cometh our help. Our help cometh from the Lord which made heaven and earth. Our lines have fallen to us in pleasant places, yea, we have a goodly

heritage. We bless thee, gracious God, for the cordial greetings and the social pleasures of this joyous day. Through thy loving kindness we have assembled on this Hill to commemorate the centennial anniversary of the settlement of this town. We have met to review thy providential dealings to the successive generations, as they have passed upon the stage of action, and to return to thee sincere thanks for the hallowed influences that have increased the virtues, the usefulness and the glory of the citizens. We bless thee, gracious God, for the influence of many early pioneers who brought their bibles with them into the wilderness to be taken by them as their guide, in the passing events of life; who brought with them the sacred Sabbath, and brought with them their Christ, living in their souls. We thank thee, that while they were laboring hard to make for themselves a home in these valleys and upon these hills, amid great privations they kept the Lord's day and reverenced the sanctuary by the strict and prompt observance of religious worship. We thank thee, gracious God, for the great good that has been effected by the regular support of the preaching of the gospel these many years. We bless thee for the hallowed influence of the Christian ministry. We especially thank thee for the good influence of him * who for thirty years preached Christ and him crucified to save lost men, and who boldly advocated the doctrine of his cross. We bless thee for the precious revival of thy work, which was richly enjoyed during his ministrations of thy word, and which greatly elevated the spiritual prosperity of the town. We render thee thanks for the blessed influence of the whole Christian ministry, who have moved forward heart in heart and shoulder to shoulder, in the work of disseminating the gospel of thy Son. We bless thee, gracious God, for all the benign influences of our public free schools, which were inaugurated for the useful education of the young, and have been supported for all the children alike at public cost. We render thee thanks for the great benefit of the classic school, that was years since founded for the special purpose of training the youth in

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*Rev. Charles Frost.

all the elementary principles of education, and for qualifying them to act a noble part in positions of high trust. We bless thee for the benign influence of all the good instructors who have felt a lively interest in the welfare of the children. We to-day especially thank thee for the influence of him * who has done far more than any other person for the education of the young, and is now highly esteemed by many who have been favored with his teaching in the school-room. We would be grateful for all the privileges and blessings that have been secured to us through the passing events of a century, educational, moral and religious.

In the orderings of thy providence, gracious God, we to-day stand on the border line that separates two centuries, one of them is immediately behind us, and the other directly before us, one of which is now entirely passed, and its history is finished; the other is yet to come, and its history is all to be made. As we ourselves are to commence the great and responsible work of making this history, we pray that we may be equal to the task, and be true to our duty. So grant us, gracious God, the teachings of thy spirit, that we may adhere closely to the teachings of the bible, hold firmly the sacred Sabbath, and adhere to the Christ of the world. And through the power of thy grace, O our God, may our influence for good be very great and abiding, and may it be so transmitted down through all succeeding generations, that those who shall fill the places we now occupy, at the next centennial anniversary will rejoice in that we were their ancestors, and will thank God for the rich inheritance we shall have secured to them. Gracious God, may the Holy Spirit now so descend upon us in copious effusion, while assembled, that we shall be constrained to say, Lord, it is good for us to be here. And thine shall be the glory forever. Amen.

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*Dr. N. T. True.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

BY N. T. TRUE, M. D.

Mr. President, Native-born Citizens, Adopted Citizens, and Friends:

One hundred years is the involuntary exclamation of every one who contemplates the scenes connected with a centennial celebration. A crowd of thoughts rushes upon the mind as one reviews the history of our world from the birth of this town to the present occasion. Time with his busy fingers has placed on record the names of more than three thousand million human beings who have lived and died during that period. Kingdoms and empires have risen and fallen. A republic whose birth was almost coincident with that of the town whose centennial we this day celebrate, has been founded on these western shores, containing 40,000,000 souls. The science of chemistry had its birth one century ago this very month. The steamboat, the railroad, and the telegraph have been invented and found their way to the four quarters of the earth. Scientific men of renown, poets, orators, statesmen, warriors, and kings have been born, fulfilled their career, and died. Men are still living who were born before all these things transpired. It is only one of the forty centuries of recorded history, but one of the most important in the annals of time. This beautiful town has been changed from the dark and dense forest to the open fields, beautiful landscapes, and the thrifty homes of an industrious, intelligent, and virtuous people.

We welcome to our celebration to-day the sons and daughters who still live on the paternal spot; we welcome those who have wandered away, but who cannot easily forget the homes of their earlier years, and have returned to celebrate the day with us.

One hundred years ago little was known of the Androscoggin river above Rumford Falls. The earliest map in which I can find

it laid down is by Charlevoix in 1744. He simply gives the general direction of the river as coming from a nameless lake.

In 1745 a party made a survey a few miles above Rumford Falls. I find no record of any exploration farther up the river till reaching Shelburne, N. H., which had received a charter from the crown as early as 1668, though it was not surveyed till 1771.

THE INDIANS.

The Indian name of what is now Bethel is lost. The only Indian name remaining within the limits of the town is that of *Songo*, applied to a pond on the extreme south border of the town. It signifies "the *source*," or "the discharging place" of one body of water into another, and is the principal source of the Presumpscot river. The latter meaning applies to Songo river, which discharges the waters of Long Pond in Bridgton into Sebago Lake.

INDIAN VILLAGE.

On the banks of the Androscoggin, about one mile above the bridge, and directly in front of the dwelling house of the late Timothy Chapman, Esq., there is an elevation of intervale consisting of three or four acres. It is a lovely spot. Here was an Indian village. How long it had been inhabited is not known. It is probable that they had not occupied the spot since about the year 1750. They had cleared about ten acres of the intervale for a corn-field. Pine trees measuring eighteen inches in diameter had grown up in some places when occupied by the first settlers; the rest was covered with bushes. Corn hills were everywhere visible among the trees.

On clearing the land about twenty cellars were discovered, which had probably been used as a deposit for their corn. A dozen or more gun barrels were found, together with brass kettles, axes, knives, glass bottles, arrows, and iron hoes, the latter of which were used by the settlers for several years afterwards, while the gun barrels were wrought into fire shovel handles by Fenno, the blacksmith. On one occasion he discharged the contents of a barrel into his work-bench, while heating it in his forge.

A single skeleton was discovered wrapped in birch bark. It is said that they generally carried their dead to Canton Point for burial. Probably the settlement contained one or two hundred persons.

A mile and a half below the bridge, near the *Narrows*, is Powow Point. Here they had a clearing of three-fourths of an acre, which seems to have been a place of rendezvous for hunters and warriors. There is a tradition that a camp was burned there with all its inmates, and that their implements and bones were afterwards found. Later, the Indians made the point of land on Mill Brook their camping ground.

So common were the Indians during the first settlement of the town that quite a fleet of canoes on the river was a common occurrence. Among many anecdotes related of the Indians I will speak of only one which has recently come to my notice. A party of Indians encamped near Alder river, who offered to wrestle with Jonathan Barker, one of the first settlers in Newry. They selected the weakest first, whom Barker easily laid on his back. The others came in turn with the same result, till he reached the strongest. Barker found him exceedingly strong in his arms, but he succeeded in tripping his legs and laying him solid on his back. The Indian rose and exclaimed, "you all mattahondou," which in plain English meant, "you *all devil.*"

It is a matter of political significance to remark that the Androscoggin river was for a long time the boundary line between French and English influence. The later Indians who visited Bethel used to speak of the happy people that formerly dwelt there, away from the incursions of the whites. They never conveyed their lands to the whites above Lewiston Falls, and the last survivor claimed a right to the lands in Bethel as long as he lived.

Among the many Indians who were well known to the early settlers was Sabattis from Fryeburg. Matalluc was the last survivor on Umbagog Lake, who died at Stewartstown, N. H., about 1840.

Mollocket, a corruption of Mary Agatha, died in Andover in 1816. She was supposed to be the last of the Pequakets. Ser-

geant Lewey and Capt. Phillip were in the revolutionary war. Capt. Swarson was also in the war. These were Pequakets. Tomhegan never visited Bethel after the raid in 1781.

The Indians of the St. Francis tribe often visited Bethel to have their guns and jewelry repaired by Eli Twitchell, Esq. An Indian once came with a box of jewelry for that purpose, but never appeared to claim it.

SUDBURY CANADA.

The following notice respecting the present town of Bethel, stands recorded as follows:

"June 7, 1768. In General Court of Massachusetts. Reported, Read, and accepted, and Resolved, That there be granted to Josiah Richardson and others, mentioned in the Petition, whose ancestors were in the expedition against Canada in 1690, a Township of six and three quarter miles square, to be laid out in the unappropriated lands of this Province to the eastward of Saco river. Provided, the grantees within seven years settle eighty-three families in said town, build a house for the Publick worship, and settle a learned Protestant minister, and lay out one eighty third part for the ministry, one eighty third part for the use of a school in said town, and one eighty third part for the use of Harvard College forever. Provided, also, that they return a plan thereof into the Secretary's office in twelve months for confirmation. Sent up for concurrence."

It is worthy of note here that seventy-eight years had elapsed before the General Court of Massachusetts recognized the claims of the heirs of those who had been employed as soldiers in the expedition to Canada.

This township received the name of Sudbury Canada from the circumstance that the original proprietors were principally from Sudbury, in Massachusetts, and the new township was located somewhere near Canada.

A meeting of the proprietors was held the same year, and Joseph Twitchell, and Isaac Fuller, a surveyor, were chosen to survey the township and divide it into lots that year. It is probable that they

selected the location of the town from the unappropriated lands east of the Saco river, by representations of hunters of the fine interval lands on the Androscoggin river. As their location consisted of six and three fourths miles square without regard to its external shape, they extended their survey along the best intervales of the river, a distance of seventeen miles, and around all the pine timber possible. The lots were long and narrow, consisting of forty acres each. On the uplands the lots were divided into squares of one hundred acres. Subsequently an addition was made to the territory of the town by a tier of lots bordering on the towns of Albany and Greenwood, as it was found that the original surveyors had not included sufficient land, in accordance with their grant, or else because there was much good pine timber there.

After the return of the surveyors, Joseph Twitchell, a gentleman of wealth, and ancestor of all that name in this town and vicinity, saw and appreciated the future value of these lands; and as many of the proprietors refused to pay the assessments, he commenced buying up their claims, until eventually he held no less than forty shares. It was to his energy and foresight that the town was settled, though he never resided there himself. Among his purchases was the lot covering a large portion of what is now the village at Bethel Hill, including all the mill privileges on Mill Brook. He purchased this of the proprietors, April 6, 1774, for the sum of fifteen pounds, silver money. This was about three times as much as Peter Minuits paid one hundred and twenty-five years before for the whole of Manhattan Island, on which New York now stands.

Dec. 5th, 1769, Josiah Richardson, Esq., and Cornelius Wood of Sudbury, and Josiah Stone of Framingham, were authorized by the proprietors to sell to Joseph Twitchell two whole rights for the sum of four pounds, in consequence of the non-payment of assessments. Similar meetings for the same purpose were held in 1773, 1774, 1777, and 1783.

Among those who purchased a large number of the original rights were Aaron Richardson and Jonathan Clark of Newtown, who in Dec., 1774, paid one hundred and eighty pounds in lawful money.

What were the relations of Sudbury Canada to the rest of the world one hundred years ago? Covered with dense pine forests, the hunter did not know the existence of a mountain till he reached its base. The Androscoggin, like a silver thread, wound its way mid mountains and forests, whose banks were covered with tall pines to its water's edge. The pioneer who once reached the place must go by spotted trees forty miles to Fryeburg through an unbroken wilderness; forty miles down the river to Livermore, and forty miles by spotted trees, or by the compass, to New Gloucester. Ascending the river to its source, it was an unbroken forest to the shores of the St. Lawrence. Consequently, for many years after the settlement of the town, when a person came to Sudbury Canada, he was said to *go through the woods*.

The breaking out of the revolutionary war prevented the settlement of the town according to the conditions of the original grant, and it was not till 1783 that the General Court gave a full title to the settlers for their lands. Every settler was entitled to fifty acres of land in addition to his lot, and the duty of surveying these lots usually devolved on Capt. Eleazer Twitchell, after he moved into town in 1780.

THE FIRST SETTLERS.

Amid some very shadowy evidence of any attempt towards clearing lands for a settlement, I must assume that the first man who shouldered his axe for this purpose was Lieut. Nath'l Segar, who came to Sudbury Canada from Newtown, Mass., in the spring of 1774, and spent several months in felling and clearing on the farm now occupied by his daughter and her husband, Capt. Wm. Barker, in what is now Hanover.

Lieut. Segar left for Newtown in the fall, and enlisted in the revolutionary war, in which he was engaged two years and nine months, and returned to Bethel in 1779, in company with Jonathan Bartlett. They carried kettles with them for making sugar, and the next autumn returned to Massachusetts. The next spring Thaddeus Bartlett, and a boy by the name of Barton, came back and spent their time in making sugar which they sold to the Indians, and in clearing their farms.

In the same year that Segar came to town (1774), Lieut. Jonathan Clark came to Sudbury Canada and purchased a lot where Lewis Sanborn now lives, but did not make much progress toward a settlement, and he returned to his home in Massachusetts, and became a commissary in the army, but returned to Sudbury Canada in 1778-9, and exchanged his farm for the one now occupied by A. L. Burbank, Esq. It is said that he cut the first hay in town on the brook opposite the steam saw-mill, though this is also claimed for a meadow on Alder river, where a beaver dam existed by which six acres came into grass spontaneously.

In 1774, Capt. Joseph Twitchell built a saw-mill on the fall near Eber Clough's starch factory. The remains of the dam may still be seen. This appears to have been the first building erected in town, save a few log camps. The same year he erected at the lower fall on Mill Brook a grist mill on the spot where the present mill now stands. On the opposite side of the street, on the little island now owned by David Brown, Esq., was erected the first frame house in town in 1779. It was built to accommodate the workmen in the mill. It had a long, shed roof reaching nearly to the ground, and had two rooms. It has a subsequent history which will be noticed hereafter.

In the fall of 1776, Mr. Samuel Ingalls and wife came to the settlement from Andover, Mass., and spent the winter on the farm occupied by Mr. Asa Kimball. She rode part of the way on horseback, and the rest of the way traveled on foot. She was the first white woman ever within the limits of the town. In consequence of this fact the proprietors of the plantation gave her one hundred acres of land. He subsequently removed to Bridgton, and then returned to Bethel and died on the farm of the late Amos Young.

Benj. Russell, Esq., came to Bethel from Fryeburg, with his family, in March, 1777. Himself and Gen. Amos Hastings, then living in Fryeburg, being mounted on snow-shoes, hauled on handsleds his wife and daughter, then fifteen years old, and who afterwards became the wife of Lieut. Segar. They traveled nearly fifty miles in two days. They camped the first night near

the mills at North Waterford. Mrs. Russell was consequently the second white woman that came to town. Mr. Russell performed the business of the plantation, wrote an elegant hand, and celebrated the marriages. He used to say that he was the first Justice of the Peace in what is now Oxford County. He died Nov., 1802, and his wife, 1808.

In 1778, Jesse Dustan moved into the town with his wife, who was the third white woman. He settled on the farm now occupied by Bela Williams. Another important event worthy of historic record occurred in 1782, as the result of their advent. To Mrs. Dustan was born the first child in what was then Sudbury Canada, but now Hanover. His name was Peregrine. The proprietors were so elated at the prospect of an increase to its own population from within its own borders after a lapse of fourteen years from the date of their grant, that they in their generosity gave their firstborn one hundred acres of land, on the farm now occupied by Vincent Chapman. What a farm situated at the foot of Bear Mountain was valued at at that time, I have no means of knowing. Peregrine Dustan became a minister of the Methodist denomination, and died quite young.

During the same year, March 12, 1782, Joseph Twitchell was born, being the first white child born within the present limits of Bethel. He died Nov. 24, 1871, aged 90 years. He resided in town during his life, except four years in Brunswick.

In 1779, James Swan came from Fryeburg, Me., and settled on the farm now occupied by Ayers Mason & Son. He built a house east of the road between Alder river bridge and Ayers Mason's house, on land now owned by Samuel D. Philbrook. He had three sons who were young men when he came; Joseph Greely Swan, who lived with his father; Elijah, who did not make a permanent settlement in the town; James, who settled on Swan's Hill, and Nathaniel, who settled on Sunday river, in Bethel, and died there. Their father was known as the man with whom Sabattus, a well known Pequaket Indian, lived many years in Fryeburg.

During this year (1779), Capt. Joseph Twitchell, the original

proprietor of the mills, persuaded his son, Capt. Eleazar Twitchell, then living in Dublin, N. H., to move with his family to Bethel, and take charge of his father's property. Accordingly, Capt. Twitchell, his wife, and wife's sister, Betsey Mason, five children, and six hired men, viz.: John Grover, Jeremiah Andrews, Gideon, Paul, and Silas Powers, and a Mr. Fisk, left Dublin and came as far as Fryeburg in the winter of 1780, and in the spring reached Sudbury Canada.

Capt. Twitchell sent his men through the woods from Fryeburg to Sudbury Canada to beat a path in the snow on their snow-shoes, when they returned to Fryeburg, packed their baggage on hand-sleds, and started for Bethel, the women following in the rear. What earnest man will not be followed by an equally earnest woman, even to the wild woods of Sudbury Canada? He occupied the house which had been built on the island near the grist-mill. He at once repaired the grist-mill, caught moose on the neighboring hills for meat, while his children picked berries in the woods. Capt. T. was a great acquisition to the town. He sent his men to aid settlers coming into town; ran out the town line, and surveyed the lots for the new settlers, and aided them in securing homes for themselves. He commenced clearing the farm now occupied by Moses A. Mason, cutting the pine timber of the best quality, which was put into the Androscoggin and floated to Brunswick, while the poorer quality was used for making log fences. Think of it, ye men whose eyes now-a-days glisten with delight at the sight of a pine log, when Capt. Twitchell hauled into the river and sold the handsomest white pine imaginable for fifty cents a thousand! It was considered a good winter's work in those days when a man could haul lumber enough into the river with which to buy a yoke of oxen.

Thus in the spring of 1781 there had been but ten families settled in the town during the thirteen years since the plantation had been granted to the proprietors. This occurred during the stormy times of the American revolution. Five of these families settled in the upper part of the town, Capt. Eleazer Twitchell, Benj. Russell, Esq., Abraham Russell, Lieut. Jonathan Clark,

and James Swan. In the lower part of the town were five families, Samuel Ingalls, Jesse Dustin, John York, Amos Powers, and Nathaniel Segar. The nearest of these two divisions was six miles apart, while some were ten or elven miles.

In 1781, David Marshall and wife moved into the town and settled on the Sanborn farm, on which the old town-house stood. Peter Austin also settled on the farm now occupied by John Barker. He had a camp, but was not married. This was in 1780.

INDIAN RAID.

On the 3d of August, 1781, occurred an event which is worthy of note as being the last of the incursions made by the Indians on the whites in New England.

It had been noticed by the inhabitants that the Indians in their visits to the settlements for several months, had painted themselves more gaudily than usual, but they succeeded in quieting their fears till the foregoing date, when a party of five Indians, with Tomhegan, a noted ugly-tempered Indian, came from Canada, by way of Bear river, entered the house of Capt. Benj. Barker, who had settled in what is now Newry, where Miss Mary Russell and Miss Betsey Mason were on a visit. Plundering the house and the young ladies, they proceeded up the Androscoggin to an opening near Lieut. Jonathan Clark's house, where Mr. Clark, Capt. Eleazer Twitchell, and Nathaniel Segar were at work. The savages, painted and armed with guns, hatchets, and scalping knives, immediately made them prisoners. An Indian brought out of the woods Mr. Benj. Clark. They took them into Lieut. Clark's house, bound them and plundered the house. Capt. Twitchell succeeded in running away and hiding behind a log, and thus escaped.

It will not be possible to narrate the events of the captivity of sixteen months of Benj. Clark and Segar, their journey to Canada, their terrible treatment by the savages, their final release and return to their friends. Are they not all written in Segar's narrative? The citizens were thrown into a state of the greatest consternation. Capt. Twitchell cautiously made his appearance

the next morning, and giving the true state of affairs, while John Grover, a young man, father of the late Dr. John Grover, started on foot at sunset for Fryeburg for assistance. He arrived there the next morning and told his story. Couriers, on horseback started up and down the Saco river, and before night a company of men under command of Lieut. Stephen Farrington, started with Sabattus as a guide, and reached Bethel the following morning, to find Lieut. Clark returned from the Indians. Benj. Clark and Nathaniel Segar were carried off as prisoners. Stopping at the house of Capt. Twitchell a few moments for rest and refreshment, they started up the Androscoggin in pursuit of the Indians, found the body of James Pettingill in Gilead, whom they had killed and scalped, when finding further pursuit to be useless they returned to Fryeburg. The last survivor of this campaign was Isaac Abbott, who died in 1861, aged ninety-nine.

The citizens were now suffering all the terrors of savage warfare. David Marshall, who had settled on the Sanborn farm, near the old town-house, at once fled to the woods with his wife and son, and after several days of terrible suffering, reached a camp at Paris Hill. They never returned to Bethel, but settled in Hebron.

The citizens at once sent to Fryeburg a petition for a company of soldiers to protect the town. A company was raised. Stephen Farrington was chosen commander, and they came to Bethel, when a garrison was built on the end of Capt. Twitchell's house. This consisted of logs, with cabins for the men, while the officers occupied one room in Capt. Twitchell's house. It may give the audience some idea of the condition of Sudbury Canada at this time, when it is stated that there was probably no cleared and level spot of land in the town where the soldiers could drill, and for this purpose they paraded on the plank bridge near Burnham's carriage shops. Many of the soldiers had been employed in Indian warfare, and many were the stories told of personal adventure during the two months they were stationed here. Mrs. Twitchell had places of concealment for each of her children in case of an alarm. The inhabitants spent their nights in the garrison, while the firing

of a musket during the day was the signal of alarm for all to flee to the fort.

Another garrison, two stories high, was erected in the lower part of the town, on the farm of the late Amos Young, in which a portion of the company was stationed.

In 1782 the commonwealth of Massachusetts sent a company of men under Lieut. Stephen Farrington to garrison the plantation for three months, at an expense of £205 12s. 11d. This company consisted of twenty-seven men. Peace having been declared, the men returned home, and the inhabitants set themselves to work to recover from their losses. The effect of this incursion had been most disastrous. The lands became much depressed in value, and settlers were prevented from coming into town till after the joyful news of peace. It is said that one of the original proprietors sold his half lot of land, on what is now Main street in Bethel, east of Gilman Chapman's house, for a mug of flip.

It should be noted here that the prime cause of this Indian raid was a bounty paid by the British officers of eight dollars for every American prisoner brought in alive, or for his scalp, if dead.

PLANTATION RECORDS.

As the records of the plantation are supposed to be irrecoverably lost, I am compelled to leave a blank of much that transpired during these years.

The only records of the plantation now known to be in existence is the report of a committee to settle accounts with persons who had worked on the fort, and on the roads, and for *scouting*. John Grover was allowed £1 10s. for going to Fryeburg on an express. This was in 1782. Accounts were settled at this time for work on the roads. Probably the first road in town was from near Albert Burbank's farm to David Brown's house, and thence toward Waterford over the highest, driest, and rockiest portions of the land.

In 1784 Capt. Peter Twitchell moved to the town and commenced clearing a farm on the land now occupied by Alphin Twitchell, on the north side of the river. Many persons remember him as a man of strong physical and mental power. He died

in 1854, aged 94 years. In 1785 occurred the first death in the settlement. James Mills, while engaged in felling trees on Grover Hill, was struck by a tree and instantly killed.

I have no record of events during the years 1783 and 1784, till Oct. 25th, 1785, when there occurred the greatest freshet ever yet recorded in the Androscoggin river. The inhabitants had built their log houses on the intervales of this river, when they were swept away with all their contents. Capt. Twitchell's house on the island was surrounded with water, and he took off his family with a raft. This was a severe, but useful lesson, as they rebuilt their houses in position above the reach of freshets. One acquainted with the location can form an opinion of its height when he is told that from Clough's mill to the Androscoggin river there was one continuous sheet of water. It rose two feet above the sills of Moses A. Mason's dwelling house beyond the bridge.

We certainly must attribute to the early settlers two unusual and disastrous events, the Indian raid and the great freshet.

I do not learn that there were many additions to the population of the town for three or four years after these events. But great crops always occur after a great freshet, and the bountiful harvests induced others to come through the woods to the *Scoggin* country as it was then called.

It may give us an idea of the relation of this town to that of Paris in this county in 1785 when Miss Dorcas Barbour, who afterward became the good wife of Stephen Bartlett, left her home in Gray, on horseback behind her father, and rode as far as they could go in this manner to Paris Hill. From this place she continued her journey on foot or on snow-shoes, accompanied by Mr. Josiah Segar, who dragged along a sled containing all her goods. They reached a camp at night, where they found difficulty in procuring a fire for some time, but she always afterwards insisted that she spent the night very comfortably with Mr. Segar. They reached Mr. Keyes' house at Rumford Point the next day, and the following day met her sisters in what is now Hanover.

Among the early settlers was Rev. Eliphaz Chapman, who removed from Methuen, Mass., to Bethel, in 1789, and settled on

the site of the old Indian village and their corn-fields, now occupied by Timothy Hilliard Chapman. His family came to town the next year. This was the first opening on the north side of the river above Moses A. Mason's.

The appearance of the town at this time as it existed in 1790 is clearly described by his son, Dea. George W. Chapman, who was then ten years old, and who still survives at the age of ninety-four, and is with us to-day. He says: "The whole country was an unbroken forest, save where it was interrupted by small openings. On the north side of the river Col. Eli Twitchell had a small opening where Curatio Bartlett now lives, Dea. Ezra Twitchell where Alphin Twitchell now lives, Capt. Eleazer Twitchell where Moses A. Mason now lives, and Eliphaz Chapman where Hilliard Chapman now lives. On this side the largest opening was that of Lieut. Jonathan Clark. That of Abraham Russell on the Grout farm near the depot, and Greely Swan where Ayers Mason now lives." With reference to his father's family he says that the first winter they could get no grinding done at the mill, and they were obliged to live on hulled corn, stewed peas, and bean porridge, of which the good deacon once complained to your speaker that he "*ate more that winter than was convenient.*" He certainly could not have suffered very much, as his great age and good health will testify. As soon as they could have cows they lived well. These found an abundance of forage on the intervales, though the wild onion was so abundant as seriously to affect their milk, whose unpleasant flavor they avoided by eating an onion before partaking of the milk.

Allusion has already been made to John Grover. He and four brothers settled on or near Grover Hill. Though rather tardy in getting married, yet, Mr. President, as all good citizens *should* do, he married, uniting his fortune with that of Miss Wiley of Fryeburg, of whose children may especially be noted Dr. John Grover, for more than fifty years a physician in this town.

RETROSPECT.

Let us glance for a moment at the condition of these pioneers who had come from a country comparatively old, to a wilderness.

Their route from Massachusetts to Sudbury Canada was either by way of Fryeburg, or to Standish, and then across Sebago and Long Ponds, on the ice in the winter, or in boats in the summer, and the rest of the way through a dense forest. Their most frequent neighbors were the Indians, who still occupied the region as their hunting ground, and who claimed a legal right to the country.

The pioneers had no roads. Spotted trees served as guide-boards. Though exiled from the world, they had stout hearts, and the earth yielded bountiful crops. Marvellous stories were told by them relating to their crops of wheat, potatoes, and corn on the rich soil of the intervales.

Yet they had their luxuries. They employed their time in the spring months in making maple syrup and sugar. Hulled corn boiled in maple syrup is no mean fare. Sage tea took the place of tea and coffee. Fresh moose steak was as good then as now. They could raise the finest wheat, which, made into a cake and baked before the rousing fire, had a flavor which is sought in vain in modern cookery. Dea. G. W. Chapman commemorates their luxuries in verse:

"Our blueberry sauce and cranberry tart,
And blessed maple honey, too,
Refresh the taste, rejoice the heart,
And loss of appetite renew."

Their sleep was just as sweet in a log house as in a palace. The blazing hard-wood fire in one corner of their house sent out rays of comfort to its inmates. A series of shelves in the kitchen held the bright pewter plates and the crockery ware in proud array, while the cupboard beneath had two kegs, one of which contained *molasses*. They ate their baked beans in those days with their knives instead of their forks, and drank their tea and coffee from the saucer if it was too hot.

A stranger at the table was never waited upon, but was invited by the host to help himself to the food placed in the centre. A man that could not help himself in those days was considered of little account.

Breakfast was had by candle-light in winter so the men could go to the woods by daylight. Dinner was had at twelve o'clock,

and announced by the dinner-horn, or by a halloo from the mother of the family. Supper in the evening by candle-light.

The evenings in autumn and winter were largely spent by the men in husking and shelling corn, making shoes, baskets, brooms, bottoming chairs, making axe handles, and perhaps an ox yoke. The women worked even later at night than the men. Sometimes twelve or one o'clock would find the mother busy with her needle, preparing for the wants of her family. There was no ten-hour system then. The hired man was out of bed by daylight in summer, and worked till dark, with only time to eat his meals, and if a young man he was expected to see how fast he could work. Marvellous stories can be told here to-day by old men of how much a man could do in a single day. Fifty years ago it was the best man in town that could get ten dollars a month in summer.

There was a neighborly feeling existing then which is hardly known at the present day. If a neighbor called at another's house he rarely ever knocked, or if he did he heard the familiar words, "walk in." The apple-paring bee, the husking, the raising, the quilting bee were scenes of real hearty enjoyment. Public demonstrations were few, and these served as a substitute and a useful purpose.

The family kitchen was the common reception room for everything. The long poles overhead served for the clothes after they had been washed and ironed, while in the autumn they were covered with dried pumpkins and strings of dried apple. The old musket which had served in the war hung to a beam overhead. The huge fire-place was regularly supplied with a great back-log, fore-stick, and other wood every morning. The pile of ashes served for roasting potatoes and burying up the coals at night. If the fire went out during the night recourse was had to the flint and steel and tinder box, or a boy was dispatched to a neighbor's for a live coal. Seats were improvised, and the neighbors assembled in the kitchen for a lecture from the clergyman, while on Sunday evening a neighboring youth made his appearance to court the oldest, or some other daughter of the family. Candles, and lamps, and window curtains were not needed then. The blazing

fire shone cheerfully into the faces of those who made their courting a serious matter.

Evening visits to each others' houses were common in winter. A bowl of apples and a mug of cider always made their appearance. A bountiful supper in which doughnuts and mince pies were sure to be seen, was followed by stories of pirates and witches which abounded in those days, or of the personal adventures in the revolutionary war, or on some knotty doctrinal subject in theology. We smile at these things, but there was a hearty rational pleasure scarcely enjoyed by a more artificial state of society.

They easily made necessity the mother of invention. A wooden sap trough could easily be converted into a cradle by the addition of a set of rockers. The manufacture of wooden bowls, plates, and spoons gave them employment during the long winter evenings. For the want of brick to make a chimney, they could make a hole through the roof, and top one out with mud and sticks. A moose sled of peculiar construction, called by the Indians *tarboggin*, answered a variety of purposes during the winter, while at a later period long poles lashed to the sides of a horse served for drawing in their supplies from the outer world. Everybody could use snow-shoes. Holes dug in the ground served as a place of deposit for their potatoes, and a crib made of poles protected their corn. Hopes of a better home stimulated them, and their increasing families and bountiful crops were abundant rewards to them for all their toil.

Among all the inconveniences incident to pioneer life, I have never heard of but one instance where a difficulty occurred which could not in some way be overcome. A man by the name of Newland had a fine pig which he placed in a large hollow pine stump for his stye. The pig grew rapidly and so large that he could not be taken out of his pen without spoiling the stump.

When coming to Sudbury Canada they spoke of going through the woods to the *Scoggin* country. Everybody knew when a stranger came, what was his business, and when he left.

It may give you some idea of the toils and the strength of the men of those days when you are told that Johathan Barker came

from Fryeburg on the snow in the spring of 1780, up Sunday river, hauling on a hand-sled a five-pail iron kettle, a three-pail iron pot, and a grindstone, while he probably had on his shoulders, his provisions, his gun and axe. He had his camp plundered by the Indians. His son, Capt. Wm. Barker, aged eighty-six, and his wife Abigail Segar, daughter of Nathaniel Segar, aged eighty-three, still reside on the farm first cleared by Lieut. Segar, and in the house built by him, which are, with Lieut. Clark's house, probably the oldest in town.

Capt. Barker was born on the farm now occupied by John Russell. Edmund Bean, aged ninety in November, and present to-day, was also born in this town, and these are the two oldest native-born citizens now living.

ACT OF INCORPORATION.

As the Plantation now rapidly increased in population, the citizens petitioned the Massachusetts Legislature for an act of incorporation as a town, which was granted June 10, 1796—seventy-eight years ago.

It might puzzle most of the present population to know what place is referred to by the following description of its boundaries in the act of incorporation:

"Beginning at a *beach* tree marked S. Y. one mile from Amarescoggin river and on the north side of Peabody's Patant, thence running south 20 degrees east, four miles and one half on Peabody's Patant, and Fryeburg Academy land to a hemlock tree marked 1–1–1—111. Thence east twenty degrees north nine miles on Oxford and State lands to a beach tree marked 1. Thence north twenty degrees four miles one quarter and sixty rods on Newpennicook to Amariscoggin river; thence west two degrees south, three miles and three quarters on Howard's Grant to a beach tree; thence west thirty four degrees south on Thomastown to the first mentioned bound."

Such are the original boundary lines of Bethel.

The name of Bethel was suggested by Rev. Eliphaz Chapman.

The first town meeting was held at the house of Gen. Amos Hastings, August 15, 1796.

Lieut. Jonathan Clark, *Moderator;* Benj. Russell, *Town Clerk;* John Kilgore, Jonathan Clark, Jonathan Bartlett, *Selectmen.* Officers known as hogreeves, whose special duty was to catch and yoke all the hogs running at large, were chosen. It was the custom from time immemorial, and in some places it has not wholly passed away, to elect to this important office the young men who had been married within a year. Accordingly, Mr. John Stearns, James Swan, jr., and Silas Powers, were elected hogreeves. According to the act of incorporation the town was divided into east and west parishes.

I must pass over the events of the next few years. Settlers now poured into the town more rapidly, so that from 1790 to 1796 a large number of the intervale lots were occupied. This was especially the case in the lower part of the town, where the broad intervales early attracted the attention of these pioneers.

It would be pleasant to notice more fully the name of Moses Mason, father of the late Dr. Moses Mason, a man of correct judgment, good sense, and a peacemaker among his neighbors.

Samuel B. Locke came to Bethel in 1796. Most of us know what a family he reared, and that one, Prof. John Locke, became distinguished for his scientific attainments.

Time will not allow me to-day even to name many families who moved into town, which have played an important part in its history. The future historian must do this.

CLOSE OF THE CENTURY.

Passing on to the close of the last century it may be well to spend a moment in reviewing the ground we have gone over. It will be noticed how prominent was the influence of a few family names in moulding the character of the town. First—The Twitchells were the only descendants of the old proprietors. They were strong men, and well fitted for pioneer life. The line of the old ballad—

"And if a Twitchell strong."

still holds true of their descendants.

Then the Grovers, who settled around Grover Hill, should be

noticed. Some of them seem to have been *born* good, and they have played an important part in the history of the town.

The Bartletts have always proved an industrious and thriving people, and have done their share towards developing the natural resources of the town, and adorning it with tasteful residences.

The Swans should not be forgotten. They seem to have converged toward that most lovely spot in town known as Swan's Hill, which our summer visitors should not fail to see for the beautiful scenery, the maple orchards, and thriving farms of its occupants.

The Russells have hardly kept up their original number. Many moved from the town, so that comparatively few of the name now remain, though of good quality.

The Chapmans have been among our most successful business men. They seem to have the peculiar faculty of buying dear and selling cheap, and yet contrive to thrive by the process.

The Powers are a name highly respectable and successful in the various pursuits of life in which they have been engaged, but have nearly all left the town.

The Farwells have held possession of Mt. Farwell, which they have embellished with fine farms.

The Masons, fat at forty, are shrewd in business, and prosperous without apparent effort.

The Beans have acted well their part as good townsmen.

Then there are the Barkers, the Estes, the Kimballs, and the Holts, and other names of equal importance which might be mentioned, did time allow.

Capt. Eleazer Twitchell may be regarded the founder of the village of Bethel Hill. He looked with jealous care at everything which should bring the Hill into notice. He had a road built from the grist-mill up the hill, which gave rise to the name *Bethel Hill.* He had built a large house known as the castle in 1797, on the Common, in the rear of the late Lovejoy Hotel, now burnt, where he kept tavern, had a store, surveyed lands and timber, and had charge of a saw and grist-mill. This was the first house on the common. He gave the Common to the parish in 1797, on con-

dition that the town would clear off the trees and build a church on it. The opposition to this measure from the north side of the river led to a compromise by building the church near the mouth of Mill Brook, some twenty rods above the great bridge over the Androscoggin. As he died without giving a deed of the property, his heirs, Joseph Twitchell and Jacob Ellingwood, gave it by deed to the town in 1823. It is to be hoped that the ladies of the village will devise means to have the rocks removed and the surface graded.

From Capt. Eleazer Twitchell's account book, we have an illustration of habits of people.

January ye 11, 1796.

	To 1 Gall. of Rum, - - -	$1.33
	" 1 pt. do., - - -	.18
	" 2 qts. Molases, - - -	.40
	" 1 lb Tobacco, - - -	.26
	" 3 lbs. Fish, - - -	.21
	" 1 lb. Sugar, - - -	.17
1808.	To 1 mug Cyder, - - -	.05
	" ½ mug of Flip, - - -	.10
	" 1 gill of Bitters, - - -	.10
	" 1 bush. Salt, - - -	1.50
1810.	" 1 bush. Pertatoes, - - -	1.04
1811.	To lodging one nite, - - -	.16
	" ½ mug Toddy, - - -	.14

In 1799, James Walker came to Bethel Hill and opened a store in one of the rooms in Capt. Eleazer Twitchell's house. This was the first regular store in town, though Capt. Twitchell and his brother Eli had kept a few goods to accommodate the people. In 1802 he built a large house and store on the spot now occupied by Mr. Barden as a hotel. This was the second house built on the common.

There was but one store in the village for many years, and no more than two till about the year 1837. Robert A. Chapman commenced trade in the village in 1831, and has continued without interruption till the present time, a period of forty-three years, and has labored probably more hours during that time than any man in town. There are now about thirty stores and shops in town where various articles are bought and sold.

Among the prominent citizens of Bethel must be mentioned Jedediah Burbank, Esq. He settled in 1803 on the farm originally cleared by Lieut. Jonathan Clark. As a Justice of the Peace, selectman for six years, and a landlord of a public house for many years, as an active member in the church, and in the cause of temperance and education, he was well-known. He bought the *castle* built by Capt. E. Twitchell, in 1833, and erected the first hotel of modern pretensions in 1834, which was afterwards enlarged and known as the Lovejoy House. He died Feb. 29, 1860, aged 75 years.

EMPLOYMENTS OF THE PEOPLE.

The following sketch of the condition of our ancestors will show in what respect their condition differed from that of the present generation:

They raised flax which was spun and woven into cloth, from which they made checked pocket handkerchiefs, checked aprons and gowns, while for Sunday shirts nothing better was expected. Starched shirt collars were not in fashion then. If anything nice was wanted, a few pounds of India cotton was woven with the linen. From the coarser tow, trowsers were made, and working shirts and frocks in summer. No bathing cloth was ever better for the skin than a coarse tow shirt, of which your speaker will show you a specimen woven for him half a century ago. The wool from their sheep was manufactured into blankets, woolen shirts, frocks and *waled* cloth colored blue, while one web went to the fulling mill, out of which go-to-meeting clothes were made. They did not suffer from the cold. Every farmer carried his calf and cowskins to the tanner, who changed them into leather, and often he spent the fall and winter evenings in making boots and shoes for his family. A pair of calfskin shoes was considered a fine present to the good mother and oldest daughter of the family. The boys could wear cowhide shoes, which well greased with tallow, looked nearly as well as calfskin. A young man dressed as a dandy was of no account whatever. Gradually the well-to-do citizen wore a buff vest and a long tailed coat made of English blue broadcloth, and adorned with brass buttons, while a ruffled

shirt appeared prominently in front. A watch chain with a carnelian seal hung from his pantaloons. Drawers and undershirts were articles unknown. For the older men, a red bandanna pocket handkerchief served for that purpose, and a muffler for the neck in cold weather; while the young men had a gay colored silk handkerchief, one end of which a quarter of a yard in length was sure to hang from the coat pocket behind as a flag of truce. No young man in those days was considered well dressed without this appendage.

The ladies wore their dresses with a short waist and a short skirt, exhibiting a well turned ankle and foot, which was covered with a shoe having a black silk bow or buckles on the top. A vandyke surrounded the neck, pinned down at a point behind and before. A ruffle surrounded the neck, and the married ladies had a cap containing many yards of ruffle. No doubt they appeared very handsome and attractive, especially when a neat row of spit curls bordered a comely face. A gentleman with a lady behind him on horseback was a pleasant, and sometimes an enviable sight.

At their huskings, quiltings, and social gatherings, there was an artless simplicity of manner among the young, which would not be witnessed on similar occasions at the present day. Society had its conventionalities the same as now. A clergyman in a gray or blue suit of clothes would have lost his position in his parish. Everybody with a beard, shaved once in a week, either Saturday afternoon or Sunday morning. An unchristian, unshaved man did not then exist.

Fashion had its absurdities as great as those of to-day. The huge, protruding bonnet in front can only be excelled by the no bonnet at all of the present day. Shoes, with high, slender heels, projecting from the sole of the foot, has no corresponding deformity now. Huge earrings, and combs on the top of the head, were extravagances like those in a different way at the present time. Large, flowing dresses with long trails existed then as now. Ladies were admired as much then as those of to-day. The powdered wig of the last century has no corresponding absurdity to-day, while the handkerchief with its several folds around the neck, has given way to the more comfortable necktie.

REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS.

At the close of the revolution forty-five of the soldiers sought the new lands of Sudbury Canada for a home. Lieut. Jonathan Clark served as a commissary. He was taken by the Indians, but afterwards released. Isaac T. York served five years. Capt. Eli Twitchell was at Bunker Hill immediately after the battle, where he became crippled for life by carrying too heavy a gun. Zela Holt was in the French war, where he kept a diary. He was at the capture of Burgoyne. Moses Mason was in the battle of Bennington. Jonathan Bean served three years. John Grover was at Dorchester Heights. Ebenezer Eames was at the capture of the Hessians. Benjamin Brown was born in Lynn, Mass., and was in the army five years. He was at the battle of Lexington and Bunker Hill, where he received a bullet wound in the top of his head. Amos Hastings (brig. general) assisted in digging the trench at Bunker Hill. He was present at the capture of Fort Edward, and Burgoyne. Absalom Farwell, a native of England, was in the French war. He was taken prisoner and carried to England, where he was in the king's service nineteen years. He returned and was present in the battle of Bunker Hill and Bennington. Ezra Twitchell marched into Boston when the British evacuated it. He was at the battle of Saratoga. John Walker was in a privateer which was chased up the Penobscot and abandoned. Benjamin Russell, sen., was in the French and Indian wars, and in the revolution. He was well versed in Indian warfare. Rev. Daniel Gould was an orderly sergeant. Nathaniel Segar was in the revolution two years and nine months, and sixteen months a prisoner. He was at the retreat at Bunker Hill, and assisted in fortifying Ticonderoga. Samuel Barker was a tailor. He boasted of mending Gen. Washington's clothes. John Russell went in a privateer. Isaac Russell was a clerk in the army. He perished in a snow storm in Westbrook. Dea. John Holt was in the army three years. Solomon Annis was in the French war.

Other names, of which I have no account, are James Mills, Amos Gage, Jesse Dustan, Moses Bartlett, John Holt, Daniel B.

Swan, Joseph Kilgore, Jeremiah Andrews, William Staples, Elhanan Sprague, Samuel Ingalls, Thaddeus Bartlett, Jeremiah Russell, James Swan, Simeon Sanborn, —— Powers, Job York, John York, Jonathan Conn, James Mills, Capt. Peter Twitchell served under Gen. Lincoln in quelling Shay's rebellion, Jonathan Bean, James Barker, Jacob Russell went in a privateer, Sergeant Daniel Gage was in the battles of Monmouth and Trenton.

The personal history of these soldiers would form a volume of no mean pretensions.

TWITCHELL'S GRIST-MILL.

This mill has a history of its own. Built in 1774, it was at first without a miller, each patron grinding his own grist. It was liable to get out of repair and freeze up in winter, so that the inhabitants were compelled to grind their grain in hand mills. Capt. Twitchell repaired it in 1781. In 1788 it was rebuilt by Samuel Redington, a millwright of Augusta, father of the late Judge Redington. In 1802 a tub wheel was put in, which was regarded a great improvement.

In subsequent years it ground slow, as if under the direction of the gods. Persons living can remember Capt. Twitchell as the miller, who would put in a grist and leave the mill to spend the evening at a neighbor's, where he spent his time in singing, "My name is Robert Kidd as I sailed."

Sometimes he spent the whole night grinding for customers, and sleeping on a seat constructed for the purpose, before a huge fire built in the wall of the mill. After him Mr. Jesse Cross was the miller. He would put three bushels of wheat in the hopper at night, set the mill to running, go home and spend the night, and next morning visit the mill and find the grist still unfinished.

I must here allude to another grist-mill. Mr. Jesse Dustan, who came to town in 1778, erected a small water wheel in a brook, on or near the Adam Willis' farm in Hanover, and attached a small granite stone which turned like a grindstone. Beneath this was another stone hollowed out so as to receive the edge of the revolving stone. Corn was dropped in by hand. My informant states that the meal was not very fine, but that it answered a very good purpose.

The first mill at Walker's Mills was built by David Blake in 1804. He had previously built mills on Wild river in Gilead, which were swept away.

ECCLESIASTICAL. FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Previous to 1798 there had visited the town and preached to the people, ministers by the names of Taft, White, Rev. Dr. Coffin of Buxton, and Rev. Wm. Fessenden of Fryeburg.

The first meeting for organization in a religious society was held in the west Parish, Sept. 8th, 1796. In 1797 the parish voted to raise $120 to hire preaching the ensuing year, and $20 to defray expenses. In 1798 Rev. Caleb Bradley taught school in town and became a candidate for settlement, and went so far as to publish a Thanksgiving sermon, which was the first literary production emanating from the town. In 1799 Rev. Daniel Gould, a graduate of Harvard College, became a rival candidate, and was chosen by a majority of one vote. He was chosen pastor that year at a salary of $160 the first year, and to rise ten dollars a year. One-third of his salary was to be paid in money, and the other two-thirds in produce. He was installed pastor of the 1st Congregational church Oct. 9, 1799. The services were held on the common, where a booth was erected for the council, and seats for the audience. It was a great event to the town, and the less godly young people had a dance in the evening at Twitchell's tavern to commemorate the event.

Mr. Gould continued pastor till 1809, when he was dismissed, but resided in town till 1815. He taught a school for the young men at his house, and did much to introduce elevated views on all matters pertaining to the education of the young.

He was neat in his personal appearance, and probably a little vain. In his cocked hat, black silk gown, breeches and long stockings, he endeavored to maintain the dignity of his position. It is said that he read the Bible through in course forty-eight times.

Oct. 7, 1799, the first church consisting of eleven members was organized. Joseph Greenwood, James Grover, Ezra Twitchell, Zela Holt, Eleazer Twitchell, Asa Kimball, Benjamin Russell, Sarah Greenwood, Susanna Twitchell, Mary Greenwood, Mary

Russell were its members. In 1819 Rev. Henry Sewall was installed as pastor. His relation with the people was not happy, and he was dismissed in the following year. Rev. Charles Frost, then a young man, was ordained in 1822, and continued pastor of the church till his death in 1850, a period of twenty-eight years. His labors were eminently successful. About one hundred and sixty united with the church during his ministry. Time will allow me only to mention the names of his successors: Rev. John H. H. Leland, Rev. E. A. Buck, Rev. J. B. Wheelwright, and Rev. E. H. Titus.

The first church was erected on the banks of the river in 1806, and finished in 1816. It was situated about thirty rods above the present bridge. It was nearly square, with a hipped roof, a small cupola in the centre surmounted by a pole, on which perched a rooster, who honors us with his presence to-day. Though made a target for bullets by the boys, he refused to be killed, and by the aid of putty and paint he does good service as a sentinel on the barn of Chester L. Twitchell, on the farm of the late Dea. Nathan Twitchell. In 1848 the church was abandoned by the society for the one erected the previous year in the village.

CALVINIST BAPTISTS.

A few of the earlier settlers sympathized with the Calvinist Baptists. Ministers from Paris and Hebron visited them as early as 1792. They engaged as a minister, Rev. John Chadbourne, but had no increase. Benj. Cole came from Pejepscot and preached to them in 1800. In 1802 and 1803 they had an addition of four by baptism, and partook of the Lord's Supper for the first time. In 1807, Rev. Ebenezer Bray became their pastor, and continued till 1812. Rev. Arthur Drinkwater, still living, preached from 1812 to 1817. In 1818, Rev. Daniel Mason became pastor, and continued till his death in 1835. In 1836, Rev. Benj. Donham became pastor, followed by Rev. Wm. Beavins, and Rev. Otis B. Rawson, their present pastor. Within a few years they have concentrated their labors at Bean's Corner.

THE METHODISTS.

About the beginning of the year 1798, Nicholas Snething, stationed on the Portland circuit, visited Bethel and organized a society of fourteen members, and in the following spring, John Martin, a local preacher, preached a few times, and the same year Joshua Taylor of Falmouth, preached to them. They were connected with the Portland circuit. Joseph Baker came in 1800 and the place was set off as a separate circuit. The following is a list of the first few circuit preachers: 1800, Joseph Baker; 1802, Daniel Jones; 1803, David Stinson; 1804, Allen H. Cobb; 1805, Daniel Perry. This society did not seem to flourish, and at one time became nearly extinct, but in 1858 they wisely chose to concentrate their efforts, built a neat church in the village in 1859, have been fortunate in an able ministry since that time, and have enjoyed a good degree of prosperity.

FREE BAPTIST CHURCH.

The Free Baptist Church was organized May 27, 1818, with fourteen members, and united with the Sandwich Quarterly Meeting, but in 1835 it removed its standing to the Otisfield Quarterly Meeting. Among the first ministers who labored here were Dudley Pettingill, Samuel Hutchinson, Zachariah Jordan, Joseph Wright, and G. F. Smith. Pastors, Samuel Haselton, from 1835 to 1844. Geo. W. Whitney, from 1844 to 1848. E. Hart, one year closing, 1852. Daniel Allen, from 1852 to 1865. James Porter, one year, 1867. E. G. Eaton, from 1868 to 1870.

A church was built at West Bethel in 1844, and dedicated Jan. 1, 1845. Present number on church records, 54.

UNIVERSALISTS.

The Universalist Society was organized Dec., 1847, consisting of eight persons, and Rev. Geo. Bates preached a few Sabbaths in the Academy during the following year. In 1854 they erected a church at Bethel Hill, and chose Rev. Zenas Thompson as pastor, who continued as such till 1857. Rev. A. G. Gaines of Kentucky, was chosen pastor in 1857, and continued till 1864. Under his ministry the society prospered. Death and removal have material-

ly affected the society, but they have maintained public worship a portion of the time from their organization.

SECOND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

The Second Congregational Church was organized Jan. 31, 1849. This body was formed from the first society in consequence of the distance to the village and the difficulty of crossing the river in a ferry-boat. Rev. David Garland was ordained pastor, Aug. 15, 1849, and has continued as such till the present time, a period of twenty-five years. It has been said of him what can be said of few country pastors, that he has never during this quarter of a century failed to preach on the Sabbath for want of health, or failed to have his choir respond to the hymn read at the proper time.

There are seven places of public worship in the town, in six of which services are usually regularly held.

MEDICAL PROFESSION.

In the early settlement of the town the inhabitants were compelled to go thirty miles to Fryeburg for a physician. Soon after the close of the revolution, a vagabond physician named Martin, who came to this country with Baron Steuben, visited the town, but soon left. The first physician who settled here was Dr. John Brickett of Haverhill, Mass. This was in 1796. He lived on the spot now occupied by Aaron Cross. In 1798, he removed to Newburyport, where he had an extensive practice, and where he died. The only special record I find of him is a charge against him in Capt. Eleazer Twitchell's account book for three-fourths of a pound of brimstone. History does not inform us whether it was employed for bleaching hops, or for some other purpose.

Molyockett, the Indian doctress, visited the town, collected roots and herbs, and made poultices, salves, and drinks for the inhabitants.

In 1799, Dr. Timothy Carter moved to Bethel from Massachusetts, and settled at Middle Intervale, and continued in practice till his death in 1845, a period of forty-six years. His practice extended from Dixfield to Shelburne, N. H., a distance of nearly

fifty miles. When he settled in Bethel there were but seventy-five persons living in the West Parish. He reared a large family who have honorably filled the different professions of theology, law, medicine, political, mercantile, and agricultural life. This interesting family is worthy of more extended notice than my limits will allow. He had no rival in practice till 1813, when Dr. Moses Mason settled on Bethel Hill, and Dr. John Grover, in 1816.

Dr. Moses Mason came to town with his parents from Dublin, N. H., when two years old, and entered the practice of medicine in 1813, which was respectable and lucrative, but his mind inclined more to public affairs, and when elected to represent his constituents as representative to Congress, he wholly relinquished his profession. He died in 1866.

Dr. John Grover was son of John Grover of Bethel. He was a student by nature, and kept up his studies till the week of his death. In Latin, Greek, French, Mathematics, and Natural Science, he was able to converse more intelligently than any person ever born in town. He commenced the practice of medicine in 1816, which he pursued till his death, in 1866, a period of fifty years. Dr. Grover was a member of the convention that met in 1820 to frame the Constitution of Maine.

Prof. John Locke, M. D., came to this town of Bethel with his father in 1796, when but four years old, where he acquired those habits which classed him among the distinguished scientific men of his day. His studies in chemistry, medicine, botany, his lectures on these subjects, his position of teacher of botany when a young man to Pres. Kirkland of Harvard College, his position as Assistant Surgeon in the Navy; his Young Ladies Seminary in Cincinnati; his position as Prof. of Chemistry in the Medical College of Ohio; his original investigations in electricity and magnetism; his reports on the geology of Ohio; his invention of the Electro-chronograph for measuring longitudes, for which Congress gave him $10,000. These and many other subjects with which he became familiar, are well known to the historical, scientific student.

The oldest practicing physician in town is Dr. Robert G. Wiley,

who for forty years has rode over the hills and valleys of this and neighboring towns, and for aught we can tell, will ride forty years more. No young physician should come into town with the expectation that the Doctor will die very soon.

Among the prominent physicians we must mention Dr. Almon Twitchell, son of Joseph Twitchell. After fitting for college and teaching school for a series of years, he graduated in medicine at Bowdoin College. In 1843 he commenced practice in Bethel, which he continued till his death in 1859, at the age of 48 years. Dr. Twitchell was a public spirited man and ever alive to what he deemed the good of society, and was a serious loss to the town.

It is remarkable that physicians here have rarely been personally assailed by detraction. Each family employs its own physician, leaving to others the same privilege. Impudent quackery could never flourish here. An intelligent community is no place for impostors, and the latter are aware of it, and keep at a respectful distance. There are now five regular practicing physicians in town.

LEGAL PROFESSION.

For forty-five years after the settlement of the town it had no lawyers. Neighbors settled their differences, if they had any, among themselves, while the Justice of the Peace usually performed the duties of the modern attorney.

In 1823, Wm. Frye, a young man, and grandson of Gen. Joseph Frye, came from Fryeburg to Bethel. Scholarly in his tastes, a peacemaker by nature, correct in his decisions, ever sustaining a high degree of integrity of character and cautiousness for his clients, he secured a prominent position among the lawyers of the Oxford Bar, and important political trusts, and died honored and lamented, in 1854.

From that time there have been several lawyers who have succeeded well in their profession, and by their ability to engage in other kinds of employment, so that we regard them as honest as any other class of citizens, provided, the rest of us are equally so. There are now seven practicing attorneys in the town.

EDUCATION.

The first settlers brought with them the habits of their Puritan ancestors, and early took measures to have their children enjoy the advantages of education. The first school of which I have any account was kept in a private house by John Mason, near John Barker's. This was near the year 1788. About this time a log school-house was built at the corner of the road opposite Mills Brown's house. The seats were made of slabs. Rev. Eliphaz Chapman taught there in 1792. Sally Fessenden, daughter of Rev. Wm. Fessenden of Fryeburg, taught a school in the summer of 1793. In 1798, Rev. Caleb Bradley taught a private school in Lieut. Clark's house. He had twenty scholars. Gen. John Perley taught about this time. He left a reputation of being a noble schoolmaster.

Abigail Chapman, having studied grammar with Rev. Daniel Gould, opened the first grammar school in what is now Hanover, in 1799. In that year Rev. Daniel Gould opened a boarding-school at his house on the farm now owned by Aaron Cross, where for fifteen years he continued to board and educate youth of both sexes. Probably his school did more to give character to the town than anything else ever done for it. He was a good linguist and mathematician, and took pleasure in teaching. Subsequently many of the young men in town fitted for college and graduated. It is believed that the name of at least one student has been on every annual catalogue of Bowdoin College for more than forty years.

In 1835 the citizens formed an organization as trustees of the Bethel High School, and employed your speaker as its principal. A hall was fitted up for a school-room in the ell of the late Lovejoy House, first built by the late Jedediah Burbank, Esq. Here assembled for three terms the young men and women of the town, out of which have emanated much of the subsequent literary and executive ability of the town. More than one-third of that number are now dead. Board of principal at hotel, $1.25, with wood, candles, and washing.

It is of interest to notice the aspirations of the young men in

this school at that time. From a catalogue now in my possession, I find the names of Zenas Bartlett, M. D., of Dixfield, now dead; Moses B. Bartlett, A. M., a lawyer, in Wyandote, Kan.; Rev. Ezekiel W. Coffin, Mass.; John P. Davis, lawyer, Senator from Cumberland County; James H. P. Frost, A. M., M. D., Germantown, Pa.; Maj. Abernethy Grover, A. M., representative to Legislature of Maine; Talleyrand Grover, A. M., Professor of Ancient Languages in Delaware College, Delaware; Maj. O'Neil W. Robinson, A. M., lawyer, Bethel; Rev. Addison Abbott, Bethel; Samuel B. Twitchell, A. M., M. D., Wakefield, N. H.; Lawson Allen, M. D., Andover; Augustus J. Burbank, A. B., settled West; Maj. G. A. Hastings, representative to Legislature of Maine; David R. Hastings, A. M., Esq., Fryeburg; Moses Ingalls, A. M., M. D., Ohio; Lafayette Grover, M. C., now Governor of Oregon; Brevet Brig. Gen. Wm. Kimball, A. M., Marshal of Maine, Paris; Eli Wight, A. B., principal of N. Yarmouth Academy; Col. Robert I. Burbank, A. M., Boston, member of Massachusetts Legislature; Rev. Wellington Newell, Mass.; Rev. John G. Pingree; Wm. Williamson, M. D., Bethel; Rev. Javan K. Mason, A. M., Thomaston; Hiram Ellingwood, Esq., Milan, N. H., representative to Legislature; Hiram Bartlett, M. D.; Almon Twitchell, M. D., Bethel, senator for Oxford Co.; Leander T. Chapman, M. D.

Of this list nine are dead. The isolated condition of the town at this time kept the young people at home till they were of mature age.

Encouraged by their success, the trustees reorganized the coming year and obtained a charter for an Academy, and a building was erected and a school set in operation in the autumn of 1836, Isaac Randall, Esq., now of Dixfield, as preceptor. By a donation from Rev. Daniel Gould it was named Gould's Academy. A grant of half a township of land was made in 1850. The patronage of this Academy has been more uniform and better sustained from that time to the present than that of any similar school in the State. It needs an endowment from some of the wealthy sons and daughters of Bethel to erect a new building, and to render its benefits of still greater value to coming generations.

It was a remark of the late Prof. Parker Cleaveland to your speaker that Bethel sent more students to college in proportion to its population than any other town in the State.

OFFICERS IN THE LATE WAR.

During the late civil war Bethel furnished her quota of men. The following is a list of officers resident or native-born:

Lieut. Wm. F. Twitchell, 5th Maine Battery, killed at second battle of Bull Run. Lieut. Washington F. Brown, 5th Maine Inf., wounded, died at Soldiers' Home, Washington, D. C. Lieut. Harlan P. Brown, killed at Antietam. Lieut. Wm. H. H. Brown, died at Thibodeaux, La. Maj. O'Neil W. Robinson, 4th Maine Battery, died. Capt. Elisha Winter, 12th Maine Inf., died in Bethel. Maj. G. A. Hastings, 12th Maine Inf. Brev. Brig. Gen. C. S. Edwards. Capt. John B. Walker, 5th Maine Inf. Lieut. Cyrus M. Wormell, 5th Maine Inf. Lieut. Simeon Sanborn, 5th Maine Inf. Lieut. Melville C. Kimball, 4th Maine Battery. Lieut. James C. Bartlett. Lieut. John M. Freeman, 4th Maine Battery. Lieut. Timothy M. Bean, 12th Maine Inf. Brev. Maj. Adelbert B. Twitchell, Maine Artillery. Lieut. E. Mellen Wight. Capt. and A. Q. M., S. F. Gibson. Lieut. James E. Ayer, 12th Maine Inf. Capt. John S. Chapman, Corps d' Afrique. Capt. Preston Twitchell, Massachusetts Cavalry. Capt. Augustus J. Burbank, Maine Cavalry. Brev. Maj. Gen. Cuvier Grover. Maj. Abernethy Grover, 13th Maine. Capt. George W. Thompson, Mass. 34th Inf., killed at battle of Winchester. Lieut. Enoch W. Foster, jr., 13th Maine Inf. Capt. Joseph B. Hammond, 16th and 32d Maine Inf. Lieut. Geo. W. Haskell, 11th Maine Inf. Maj. David R. Hastings, 12th Maine Inf. Lieut. Oliver Hapgood, Mass. Inf., killed. S. Henry Needham, a native of Bethel, was killed during the passage of the Mass. 5th regiment through Baltimore, April 19, 1861.

SOME MEMORANDA OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF BETHEL.

1797.—The town gave its first vote for State officers. The vote for governor was—for Moses Gill, 14. No person could be a voter who had less than an annual amount of three pounds, or an estate

of the value of sixty pounds. The first house covered with clapboards was the *castle* built by Capt. Eleazer Twitchell. The clapboards shone so splendidly in the sun as to attract a great deal of attention.

1798.—The town voted to raise $50 to pay town charges.

1800.—The first school-house was erected; the first military company was organized; the first captain was Eli Twitchell; the first chaise was owned by Rev. Daniel Gould. A freshet broke up the ice in the winter.

1801.—Till this year the vote for governor had been unanimous; this year it stood—for Elbridge Gerry, 42; for Caleb Strong, 3.

1802.—The vote for governor was: for Elbridge Gerry, 24; for Caleb Strong, 16.

1804.—First death in village at Bethel Hill, Mrs. Abigail Walker.

1806.—The first painted building in the village was the red store on the spot where Albert Stiles' house stands. It was removed to Phineas Stearns' house, where it remained till within a few years.

1808.—The first representative was sent to the Massachusetts Legislature—viz., Eliphaz Chapman.

1810.—It was voted to choose a committee to make arrangements for celebrating the 4th of July, said committee to inspect the oration before it was delivered in public.

1812.—The first road to Norway was built in 1812–13, over Paradise Hill, and all the other bad hills between Bethel and Norway.

1814.—First post office established; post-master, Moses Mason, jr. The mail was brought once a week, by way of Waterford, Paris, and Rumford. The revenue to government for the first quarter was $2.83. The first mail brought one letter, but no papers for the first quarter. At this time there were but four dwelling houses on Bethel Hill. The first house painted white was erected on the common, by Dr. Moses Mason. When, subsequently, he added green blinds, he was ridiculed for his extravagance. Dr. Moses Mason sold two and a half acres of land for a

clock case, situated on Main street, now occupied by Timothy Barker, Hiram Young, and Mighil Mason as house lots. Gen. John Chandler passed through the town in a chaise after his release from captivity by the British.

1817.—The first Sunday-school was organized. Also the mountains were burned over. Farmers carried their wheat to Westbrook to be ground, and sold it in Portland at $10 per hundred pounds.

1818.—Mr. George Crawford (who died in Durham the present year) bought, for $65, an acre of land situated in the rear of R. A. Chapman's brick store, and extending across the street so as to cover the spot now occupied by Moses T. Cross for stores.

1821.—The first sofa was owned by Dr. Moses Mason. It was made in town, by a Mr. Bonney.

1823.—The low grounds and hills were burned over, and all the growth we now see is fifty years old. The same year scarlet fever was very fatal.

1824.—The first barrel of flour was brought into town by Capt. John Harris. Up to this time the inhabitants had always raised more wheat than they consumed. He also brought a barrel of rectified spirits, a part of which he sold for a dollar a gallon, while his wife brought from Westbrook a barrel of vinegar and a barrel of dried apple, under the impression that there were no orchards in the town.

1827.—The last beaver was caught. It was taken in Alder river. The first temperance society was organized, Dr. Timothy Carter, president.

1835.—At this time the land on Main street, from Sylvester Robertson's house to Charles Mason's, was an alder swamp.

1838.—The first bridge was built across the Androscoggin, and the following January, 1839, an ice freshet, the greatest ever known on the river, swept it away.

1840.—The first piano was brought into town by Henry Ward, from Portland. His wife's mother, Mrs. Austin, claimed to own the first piano ever brought to Portland.

1846.—The second piano was introduced by Hon. Moses Ma-

son. He was never happier than when inviting his little neice, Cyrene S. Ayer, to play Little Bopeep to his visitors.

1852.—The first melodeon was introduced by your speaker, and he has never listened to such sweet music from a thousand instruments since those years.

1856.—The last moose was killed in town by John D. Hastings.

1858.—The first printing press was established in December. It printed the "Bethel Courier," a weekly journal, Cady & Smith editors and proprietors. Only two files are known to be in existence; one is in the possession of Mrs. Cyrene S. Twitchell, of Bethel, and the other of J. Q. A. Twitchell, of Portland. The last bear shot in the vicinity of the village was killed that year by Rev. Zenas Thompson.

1859.—The last loupcervier, a species of wild cat, was killed by Daniel S. Hastings.

1868.—Bridge across the Androscoggin river built at a cost of $20,000.

1873.—The first use of mineral coal in town for warming private dwellings was by Oliver H. Mason.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The area af the town is 25,920 acres. Its length on the line of Albany and Greenwood is eleven miles and twenty-five rods. Diagonally, twelve and a half miles. There are sixteen islands in the Androscoggin river, the largest containing forty acres.

The Androscoggin river runs seventeen miles through the town. The whole length of intervale lands on the Androscoggin river and tributaries, is about thirty-five miles.

Nearly all the farms on the Androscoggin are in the possession of the descendants of the first settlers. It is rare that one of them can be purchased. They are an annual source of an immense income to the town.

Previous to the extension of the Grand Trunk Railway to Bethel, which was opened March 10, 1851, the inhabitants had their heavy goods brought to Harrison in summer from Portland by the Cumberland and Oxford Canal, and then by teams twenty

miles to Bethel. Farmers usually carried their pork and beef to Portland with their own teams in winter, and exchanged them for their family supplies. The opening of the railroad changed everything at once. The village commenced growing rapidly, and new dwelling houses have been erected every year since that time. The local trade is extensive and flourishing, and Bethel Hill having no rival village has attained to the character of one of the pleasantest and most thriving villages in the State.

Every town at its centennial celebration is expected to present to the public proof of something remarkable and worthy of record. Two points are to be considered here. One is the solid character and elevated tone given to the education of the young ladies in the town forty years ago. It is a curious fact that what grave educators are elsewhere discussing as to the capabilities of the female sex to grapple with the languages and mathematics in the same classes with their brothers at school, has been fully tested in this town, and decided in their favor for more than a quarter of a century.

As a consequence, no doubt, no sensible young man residing here ever thinks of going out of town in search of a wife, while a great many sensible men who visit the town whether for that *purpose* or not, rarely leave it without taking with them one of its daughters.

It is certain that there is no town in Maine, and but few in New England, which has such charming natural scenery, and in so great a variety as Bethel. A ride up and down the Androscoggin presents a moving panorama of new scenes, each worthy the attention of the painter. To its citizens these scenes are real pictures and real poems, and give but little room for exciting the imagination. The pleasant and tasteful homes, the enterprise and air of thrift everywhere manifest, strike the beholder from other lands with peculiar emotions. These charming scenes combined with the pure air and inspiring cool breezes from the White Mountains, are always hailed with peculiar pleasure by the summer tourists who flee from the close and hot air of the city to the open country. The broad and rich intervales in the lower part of

this town, and at Middle Intervale, and the varied scenery on the upper part of the town as seen from some elevated spot, leave impressions that cannot be found on the flat prairies of the West, or the low lands of Holland.

CONCLUSION.

We now number a population including that portion of Hanover which originally formed a part of Bethel, and was set off Feb. 14, 1843, about two thousand three hundred souls. It is not a manufacturing town. Every occupant of a farm is supposed to own it. Every prudent mechanic soon has a home of his own. Every man engaged in trade is expected to gain a competency. Bankruptcy rarely occurs. While in England and Wales, one out of every twenty-four persons is a pauper. While in Europe the traveller is beset by beggars that swarm around him, in this town three fourths of its inhabitants never saw a pauper or beggar. Our villages and our dwellings, like our landscapes, improve every year; indicating taste, refinement, and intelligence. Intemperance, the curse of many towns, has been but lightly felt here. Its sons and daughters with habits of industry may be found in every State in the Union, prospering, as a matter of fact. Like a birdling which looks out of its paternal nest and desires to fly, so do the young men and women flee away to form homes of their own. We rejoice that it is so. We are proud of them in their success.

If we cannot record among our citizens great orators, statesmen, or warriors, we can present a long array of names who have become good citizens of our Republic in the highest sense of the term. Six of its citizens have represented their constituents in Congress. One native born is now Governor of a State. One is now a Colonel in the United States Army. Three have been professors in our colleges, while many have honorably filled the positions assigned them by their fellow citizens. The number who have entered the learned professions is very large.

This day is an important event in the history of this town, and when the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and seventy-four rolls round, though scarcely a dwelling now existing may remain as a land-mark of the past, yet progress will be stamped all

over its surface, and our names and the names of our fathers will be held in grateful remembrance by those who shall celebrate the next centennial of Bethel.

Mr. President, I want to live one century from to-day, and see what changes will have occurred in the world's progress. I want to see how this town will look at that time. I want to see what discoveries have been made in science, what inventions in the arts, what advancement in human culture, in virtue, and happiness. Some present may yet have grandchildren who will witness and read the annals of a century yet unborn. It is a grand thought, on which we cannot expatiate, but must leave the problem of man's highest destiny to be wrought out by future generations.

Farewell to the great Past, and welcome to the great unknown Future! May that kind Providence which has watched over our fathers still hover over their sons and daughters to remote generations.

CENTENNIAL POEM.

BY PROF. HENRY LELAND CHAPMAN, OF BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

When Jacob, with his father's blessing crowned,
Went forth toward Haran,—'mong whose flocks he found
That Rachel for whose sake he patient wrought
Twice seven years and gained the love he sought,—
His steps upon a certain place did light,
And tarried, so the Scripture saith, all night;
His heart, perchance, went forward in its quest,
His feet were weary, and they needed rest.
Wild was the spot the footsore pilgrim chose,
Most fit to urge, but scarce to give, repose;
Thick-strewn with stones, and frigid 'neath the reign
Of utter silence, lay that eastern plain,
Where mother earth so stern and cold did keep,
How could she lull a tired child to sleep?
The shadows deepened, and the pilgrim lone
Sought his hard couch, and, from the pillowing stone,
Saw the slow step of night, and in the sky
Her twinkling footprints as she glided by.
What though, indeed, the stones that formed his bed
Gave little comfort to his weary head!

He saw the solemn beauty of the skies,
And peace and rest fell on his closing eyes.
And thus he slept; when, lo! a fairer sight
Broke through the shadows of the silent night;
Floated his senses on a noiseless stream
Touched with the radiance of a heavenly dream.

A ladder rose, whose countless rounds of light
Wearied the dreamer's upward-climbing sight;
From earth to heaven it stretched—a glorious way,
From shades of night to realms of endless day.
And angels walked thereon, whose shining feet
Came tripping down in eager haste to greet
The sleeping pilgrim, in whose quest of love
The angel host did sympathize above.
And where the mystic ladder pierced the sky,
Shrouded in light, and clothed in majesty,
Appeared the Lord of heaven and earth supreme,
Whose gracious accents crowned the blissful dream.
"Lo, I am with thee! and my love shall trace
The path that leads thee from thy resting-place;
Thy father's God am I, and Abraham knew
My gracious guidance, and to Jacob, too,
I promise all the riches of this land,
And ceaseless blessings from my open hand.
Yea, like the dust of earth thy seed shall be,
In number countless; and all eyes shall see
It spread from North to South, from East to West,
'Till all the families of the earth are blessed
In thee, who takest here thy needed rest."

O mortals, weary with the cares
That round your pathways throng,
The hardest resting-place may be
The fittest ground for song.

The feet that falter not, tho' faint,
  May reach, at setting sun,
A spot more rugged than the road
  With which the day begun;—

The head no softer pillow find
  Than the unyielding stone,
The shadows gather round a soul
  That weary is, and lone;

But heaven consoles whom earth afflicts,
  And opens wide its gates,
To him who, reckless of the road,
  On duty ever waits;

And ministers of love descend
  With healing on their wings,
And in sweet visions of the night
  Reveal celestial things;

And, best of all, the voice of God
  Falls on his ravished ear,
And sleep grows sweeter at his words
  Of hope, and peace, and cheer.

When morning kissed the earth with lips of light,
And won it from the cold embrace of night,
Jacob, refreshed, arose, with heart serene,
And eyes still radiant from the vision seen.
And now his feet were eager to depart,
But lingered at the prompting of his heart.
The place was sacred; he had known it not,
Yet God was here, and graciously had wrought
Such wonders, and to him such visions given,
It seemed none other than the gate of heaven.
The wilderness had blossomed; and its name
Henceforth was *Bethel*—chosen word to frame
Its sacred memories.

Then, that other days
Might read the glad memorial of his praise,
He reared the stone on which his head had lain,
And journeyed onward in his quest again.

So we, whose eyes have seen, whose ears have heard
How here the desert blossomed, hail that word,
And in this newer Bethel joyful raise
A simple, heartfelt monument of praise
To Him whom Jacob saw, and whom we know,
By all the wonders of his love below.

A hundred years! Their light and shade
A wondrous web have wrought:
The eyes that watched, through smiles and tears,
The shuttle's flight in by-gone years,
Perchance some glimpses caught,
But tarried not, nor saw the plan
That through the widening texture ran.

A hundred years! The mellow ray
Of history o'er us streams,
Pierces the darkness, and displays
The garnered light of vanished days;
As one, who, lost in dreams,
Sees gleams of glory through the skies,
And wonders whence they take their rise.

A hundred years! Their stately steps
Fell on no mortal ear;
Yet, gathering in this honored place,
The tell-tale footprints we can trace,
That marked their progress here;
And here a monument we raise,
In memory of departed days.

Our verses with our thoughts will chime,
And wander to that distant time
Which fills our fancy, flees our sight,
Half-hidden in the hazy light
That tells of day, but hints of night.
In Sudbury Canada we stand;
Above us tower the stately trees,
Which, stirred by every passing breeze,
Make murmurous music thro' the land.
Far from the thoroughfares of trade,
Remote from all the noise of men,
A spot of calm and sweet repose,
Save where the gurgling streamlet flows
Along some mossy-haunted glen
That flickers with soft light and shade;
Or where the Androscoggin pours
Its tide, impatient for the sea,
Or, with a sound like minstrelsy,
Loiters along its shaded shores.
The forest, whose vast realms of shade
Hide homes that to the birds belong,
Spreads a green canopy o'erhead,
All interlaced with threads of song;
Beneath the tiny wild-flower shows
Its petals, moist with lingering dew,
That trembling stays, and swiftly goes
Whene'er the sunlight trickles through.
And through the silence and the shade
That hover o'er this sylvan scene,
Among the giant trunks that show
Long vistas of repose between,
The timid hare fears not to take
Its halting leaps, with awkward grace,
Nor rifle shot presumes to wake
The sleeping echoes of the place;
Only the red man's stealthy tread

Falls noiseless on the yielding ground,
Whose arrow to its mark hath sped
Unerring, with no tell-tale sound.
Here Beauty dwells, and Silence sweet,
In nature's undisturbed retreat.

The scene hath changed; the white man's eyes
Have rested on this lovely spot;
And lo! his feet have tarried not
To follow and possess the prize.
With patient toil his arm doth wield
The glittering axe, and where it falls
The ancient trees unwilling yield,
And form his rude but sheltering walls.
And day by day the sunlight looks
Upon a slowly changing scene,
And, searching out the hidden nooks,
Of which, in other days, it sought
A moment's glimpse, and gained it not,
It lingers lovingly and late,
And comes again,—and while we wait
To count its visits, lo, its sheen,
Hath clothed the nooks with living green.
The sturdy pioneers, whose toil
Doth thus transform the virgin soil,
Dwell not, meanwhile, secure from fear;
In every rustling leaf they hear
The footstep of the stealthy foe;
In every storm that mutters low,
In every gale that shrieks, and fills
With nameless dread the gathering gloom,
They hear his war-cry, and their doom
Reëchoed from the circling hills.
A sense of danger broods around,
And clothes with dread each slightest sound;
Prompting the hearts that feel the stress

Of danger, linked with loneliness,
To seek the comfort and the aid
That lie within a neighbor's hand;
And, straightway, through the forest shade,
The conscious want a path hath planned,
And notched the trees on either side,—
A simple, but unerring guide
To him who seeks, in peace or war,
A neighbor's house that stands afar.
Along the lines, thus faintly traced,
The postman rides, with ringing horn,
Or Doctor, whose impatient haste
Tells plainly, ere the day be passed,
That some one will be dead—or born.
Thus lives, 'mid changing hope and fear,
The stalwart, steadfast pioneer.
Slowly he conquers; slowly yields
The sullen wood to smiling fields;
But, dauntless still, he bides the fates,
And patient works,—and working waits.

Again the scene hath changed; and fair
The meadows stretch; with peace the air
Is laden; and the kind earth yields
The bounty of her fruitful fields.
Gone is the wilderness! and where
It stood, behold the homes of men,
And bustle where repose hath been.
But why this later change rehearse
In cold and inexpressive verse?
Behold the beauties that before you rise,
Bethel herself salutes your wondering eyes.

O ye, whose wandering feet retrace to-day
The path that led you from these scenes away,
Within whose breasts, wherever you may roam,

The faith still lives, that points to childhood's home,
We bid you hail! The old-time charm still dwells
Upon these meadows, in these shady dells;
The sunlight gilds, with all its ancient grace,
The winsome beauties of your native place;
Still Bethel sits, a queen, in modest pride,
And calls her willing subjects to her side.

We bow, most gracious sovereign, at thy feet;
Our loving lips thy garment's hem would greet,—
Our age renew the love that childhood gave,
Our loyal hearts thy benediction crave,
Our eyes thy crown of beauty view once more,
That thrilled our senses in the days of yore:
And ere the setting sun bids us away,
Our heartfelt wishes at thy feet we'd lay.

Long be thy reign among thy native hills!
The peace unbroken which thy valleys fills;
The river, rushing onward to the sea,
Bring verdure on its dancing waves to thee;
The stately mountains, like grim sentries, stand
To guard thy sunny fields on every hand;
Within the bosom of each wandering son
The pride be steadfast which thy charms have won.
Dwell thou in peace, secure of all our love,
And crowned with countless blessings from above.

After the Poem a blessing was invoked by the Rev. William Warren, D. D., and the great crowd repaired to the tables assigned to the different districts. Such a sight as was presented here was never before witnessed in Bethel. Every kind of food, of ancient and modern times, made the tables fairly groan with their burden. Everybody was invited to come and bring their friends with them. They ate and were filled, and the

question was asked, "Is there any one that hasn't been to dinner?" until none said "Nay." One man who is fond of quoting scripture, said that the whole number of men, women and children were five thousand, and of the fragments were gathered seven baskets full.

The company then returned to their seats, and the Secretary, R. A Frye, Esq., read the following letters from gentlemen who could not be present:

AUGUSTA, ME., Aug. 18, 1874.

DR. N. T. TRUE, Chairman of Committe:

My Dear Sir,—I regret that a prior engagement to be present at the State Educational Convention at Rockland on the 26th inst., will prevent my acceptance of your kind invitation to participate in the exercises of your Centennial Celebration on the same day. I have no doubt that the exercises of the day will be such as to increase the love and veneration which every native of Bethel can but feel for a town which has so much to inspire regard, and at the same time to increase the reputation which your grand natural scenery and health-inspiring air have so justly given you elsewhere. Accept my thanks for your courtesy, and believe me as ever the warm admirer and well-wisher of the goodly town which you have the honor to represent.

NELSON DINGLEY, JR.

SALEM, OREGON, Aug. 7, 1874.

R. A. FRYE, ESQ., Secretary of Centennial Committee:

Dear Sir,—In acknowledging the receipt of your invitation, extended to me on behalf of your fellow-townsmen, to be present at the approaching celebration of the centennial anniversary of the settlement of the town of Bethel, on the 26th instant, it is with more than ordinary regret that I am impelled by circumstances to forego the pleasure of compliance.

Wherever I have wandered in life, there has gone with me, next to the love and remembrance of parents, the love and remembrance of the hills and vales, the free air, the sparkling waters, the rugged and ever striking landscape, the summers and the winters of my birthplace.

The bold uplands of Oxford County, and the neighboring White Mountains of New Hampshire, have impressed their images upon my mind, and stand as emblematic monuments of a people, hardy, intelligent, and honorable.

The first settlers of Bethel were remarkable for physical, mental, and moral strength; and the hazards and hardships which they endured were well calculated to test these qualities.

Their success in subduing the wilderness and their savage foes, and in rearing school-houses, churches, and the higher institutions of learning, is the best evidence of the character and culture of our worthy ancestors.

May your celebration be alive with the spirit of the pioneers of Bethel and with the genius of a hundred years ago.

Most faithfully yours,

LAFAYETTE GROVER.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., August 21, 1874.

R. A. FRYE, ESQ.:

My Dear Sir,—Your note of the 29th ult. informing me of the intended celebration by the citizens of Bethel of the one hundredth anniversary of the settlement of that town, was duly received, and, but for sickness, would have been earlier acknowledged.

I thank you very much for your kindly invitation to be present and take a part in the ceremonies on that occasion; an invitation I should most gladly accept but for ill health, which at present unfits me for any exertion whatever, either physical or mental, and confines me to the house nearly all the time.

As my years roll on to near "three-score and ten," each successive one brings more vividly to recollection my native town and its inhabitants, as they were in the days of my youth. In that homestead, beside its brook, and in its new cleared fields, I gamboled many a day with brothers who have long since passed away; there, our father's quiet but impressive word, was law, both indoors and out. Within its walls the echoes of our sainted mother's voice still linger, and her loving presence yet casts its strengthening shadow, within sight of that old house; all which was mortal of each of these dear parents has found its last earthly resting place, and memories such as these may well make Bethel the dearest spot on earth to me.

I grieve that I cannot personally join with you in the reminiscences and festivities that will mark your Centennial Celebration, but I shall be with you in spirit, and it is pleasant for me to know that others bearing the old, familiar name, and many of my kindred who still dwell among you, will represent (more fitly perhaps than I), the family, on that day.

In looking back over the history of the years that have resulted in such wholesome and steady growth to you as a community, I doubt not but you will realize that to the moral and truthful training of your people, is chiefly owing your prosperity. A lesson (it seems to me) that might at this time fitly be impressed on the minds of those who are to succeed you on life's battle-field.

But I must not weary you. In conclusion, I pray that God may bless you all, especially in your "assembling of yourselves together" on the day you will meet to celebrate, and that He will continue His mercy and loving kindness to your posterity for all time to come.

Yours, in the bonds of common sympathy,

LUTHER C. CARTER.

EARLVILLE, LA SALLE CO., ILLS., Aug. 23, 1874.

R. A. FRYE, ESQ.:

Dear Sir,—I find it impossible to be with you on the 26th instant, to take a part in the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the settlement of my native town; and on account of the pressure of business and professional engagements, which just at this time seem to be under the control of

my evil genius, I am unable to prepare anything of value to be read on that interesting occasion.

I assure you that no one can be half so regretful and disappointed at this privation as I am. It would indeed have been a great happiness to me to meet and take by the hand my relatives, old school-mates, and friends, and my honored and now venerable teacher, N. T. True, who is to be your orator on that occasion. I assure you that it is with the utmost self-denial that I am able to keep myself at home on duty under such circumstances. But if I could be present with you, or if I should attempt to write an appropriate letter, what should I say? Standing between the two centuries contemplating on the one hand the achievements of the past along the dim prospective of a hundred years, and on the other, the possibilities of the future enfolded in the unknown and undeveloped resources of the century to come. Who shall utter words fitly to be spoken? Whose conceptions can properly embrace the occasion? Whose vision is clear enough, whose comprehension is broad enough, and whose judgment is just enough, to understand and to weigh the history of the last century, and to epitomize it on such an occasion? More difficult still, on whom rests the spirit of prophesy to forecast the future? Who can fairly state or fully learn the great lessons which are taught by the ages which are gone? Who can understand the significance of the "eternal now," or penetrate the veil which hides the future?

The most we can do on this occasion is to recognize it, to greet each other and in the spirit of faith and trust in the Infinite Father of us all, "Await the great teacher Death, and God above."

Thanking you for your invitation, I am,

Very truly, etc.,

A. J. GROVER.

REGULAR TOASTS.

Hon. Enoch Foster, toast master, read the following toasts:

The State of Maine, ever true to her motto:—May her sons and her daughters everywhere do honor to her principles by their industry, intelligence and virtue.

Responded to by Hon. Sidney Perham, ex-governor of Maine.

MR. PRESIDENT:—I rise to respond to the sentiment just offered under more than ordinary embarrassment. It is always embarrassing to stand before an audience in a place that has been assigned to another, but for an ex-governor—one who has been dropped from the calendar of living government—to attempt to fill the place of the real *live* one, is especially so. To this audience it will be like bringing out and attempting to adjust to one's person an old garment that has been laid aside for years. It is old style—out of fashion—ill fitting, and can never be worn as satisfactorily as one made especially for the present time. It affords me great pleasure to meet so many of the sons and daughters of Bethel on this deeply interesting and very pleasant occasion. I congratulate you in the prosperity that has marked all the interests of the good town of Bethel since the first settlement within her borders. Many pleasant memories of Bethel rise before me whenever I visit your beautiful village.

Thirty-six years ago my parents sent me to the academy here, giving me twenty dollars to pay the cost of board, tuition, and incidental expenses for one term. This sum I found sufficient, though but little could be appropriated for incidentals. It costs

more now, as those who have children to educate have occasion to know. I boarded in the family of Capt. Grout, who lived just this side of the present location of the depot. I have some vivid recollections of mince pies and doughnuts, of the apple-tree in the little orchard near the house which I visited every night and morning, and of the ride I took one day on an island in your river on the back of a wild colt, and what came of it. I do not recollect so distinctly as to the progress made in my studies, though it was such that a school agent in one of the adjoining towns offered me nine dollars a month to teach a winter school in an unfinished room of an old farm-house. But I am talking at random. I had almost forgotten that I was called to the stand to respond for the State of Maine. In common with this whole audience, I regret that our excellent Chief Magistrate has been prevented by other duties from being present and speaking for the State, over whose interests he so acceptably presides.

What can I say of the State of Maine that is not known to every person in this large assemblage? I might point you to our rivers, that take their rise in our northern forests, and fed by immense lakes, whose waters can be used in time of need, and, until mid-summer, by melting snow, furnish, in their descent to the ocean, facilities for manufacturing operations unequalled in the country; to our safe and capacious harbors, sufficient to accommodate all the commerce and the navies of the world; to our extensive shipping interests; to our forests of wood and timber; to our fisheries; to our inexhaustible quarries of granite, slate, and lime, yielding already a large income, which is rapidly increasing; to our ice which has become an important and profitable article of export; and last, though not least, to our men and women, who honor not only the State of their birth, but every other State in the Union. To all these and many other reasons for honest pride in the State we love most of all, I might call your attention at length. But little of it would be new to you, and the time will be better occupied by those who will follow me.

We stand to-day amidst the scenes that mark the progress of a century from the settlement of your town. What changes have

been wrought. What joys and sorrows have been experienced, what hopes and fears have been realized, what progress has been made in these hundred years, I will not attempt to recount. The occasion is opportune for a review of the past, and a glance at the possibilities of the future. But I must not longer occupy your time. The road over which the next hundred years will take us, is wisely covered with mist and shadows that intercept our vision. But, gathering wisdom from the experience of the past, let us apply it to the duties of the present, and go forward in the hope that whatever vicissitudes await us, our pathway will lead us upward and nearer to the realization of our noblest aspirations.

Our Elder Sister, Fryeburg:—She cherished us in our infancy, and we honor her in her maturity.

Responded to by D. R. Hastings, Esq., of Fryeburg.

The Clergy of Bethel:—Like a good *Mason* they strive to lay a solid foundation on which to erect a superstructure that cannot be easily shaken.

Responded to by Rev. J. K. Mason of Thomaston.

Mr. President, Ladies and gentlemen of Bethel, and of other towns and cities whom this occasion has brought hither:—To decline speaking to such a sentiment as the one just uttered, I should be untrue to my own instincts. To be present "on my native heath again," environed by these hills, familiar to my boyhood's look and tread as to any boyhood's since; overarched by the same sky that in my childhood I looked upon and wondered at so often. Thrilled by the memories which these faces and our historian of to-day have recalled, and remain silent would involve a wrong to my instinctive promptings to be ashamed of forever. The Clergy of Bethel have done good foundation work. Its *Masonry* will outlive time itself. The superstructure erecting in institutions, industries, enterprises of different kinds, in the intelligence, taste and character everywhere evinced, is a monument to be proud of. Incomplete, indeed, to-day, but rising

higher, and rising ever; to present more beautiful proportions until the glintings of yonder sun on these forest clad mountain slopes shall cease; the river fail of its winding way; the sky become starless; and all this charm of nature sketched by artist, and admired by lovers of the beautiful, from city and town near and remote, yield to another *fiat* of creative power. The monument complete will then remain in all its chief essentials. Truth, principles, compacted, dovetailed by these "workmen needing not to be ashamed," will stand. The "lively stones" built thereon will be as enduring as eternity. To have had a succession of such ministers of religion as have lived and wrought here from the earliest settlement of the town, has been a blessing difficult to overestimate. Many of them liberally educated, and so prepared and earnest to care for the mental as well as the moral and spiritual welfare of the people. Our historian has just enumerated and characterized them, giving you an index to the kind, amount, and success of the work they did. I may not, therefore, particularize to any extent, lest I seem to be invidious. Still, I love in fancy to run up the years of the century, and look in at the *old steep-roofed mansion of "Priest Gould,"* (as "SINNERS" used to name the first settled minister), and see the youth, inspired by his love of letters, grappling with sturdy will, principles underlying all thorough education and mental discipline. That mansion known to me only as the home of "Dr. Grover," once a pupil in it; long time after, the owner of it, had for me a charm, and commanded my boyhood's reverence as no other ever did. Not for the minister's sake who lived there long before I was born, but for the doctor's sake, who not only dealt out to me more physic than all other doctors, but did more to excite in me the desire for an education, and to help me gratuitously in my incipient beginnings with Greek and Latin roots, than any other. I see him now, massive head, hair erect, face radiant with pleasure at my success, or frame shaking *all through* at my blunders in translation, somehow, meanwhile awakening an enthusiasm in me, and my then classmate (Gov. Grover of Oregon), which, I trust, has experienced no abatement to this day. The "Parson's" influence on

him and others lived, and was perpetuated. Others of the clergy who succeeded were not slow to recognize the same need, and meet it. Hence it has been that Bethel has sent out more educated men and women,—many of them distinguished Christians, several ministers of different denominations,—than any other town in the county, and more than any other town in the State of equal population.

The times have changed; the work of the clergy in its essentials is the same as always, yet more multiform and varied in its needful adaptations; the men engaged in it to-day not a whit behind those of former years; as indispensable to the uprearing superstructure as the earlier to the laying of good foundations. That you appreciate the sentiment, I have no doubt. That the Bible you have been taught to cherish in your homes and in your hearts; whose principles your children have been nursing with their mothers' milk; whose influence underlies all good government; secures the purity and safety of society; sanctifies every home that is worthy the name of home; and whose light makes the pathway of life plain, and reveals glimpses of the great beyond that cheer amid many a trial and conflict, heightening, too, many a joy by the way; that this old Bible, dear, precious, God-given, *is* and *is to be talismanic*, not only in its power to protect from evil, but to bless with positive good, you have learned to believe with all your heart.

The century from which we step into the coming, to-day, and desire to leave here in these services and festivities, our latest track, has been one of great changes in church and state; in letters and science; in practicalizing theories and utilizing forces. The march has been onward, not backward and downward, as some misanthropes have thought and insisted, and so preached that nothing but a miracle could turn the current; nothing but the Omnipotent hand, by sheer, sovereign act, could arrest and turn back the destructive drift of human kind. The march has been *onward* and *upward*. The years have been rolling up new or increased light, and the day is brightening. The Sun, some of whose rays the prophets saw, and which in his rising the shepherds of Bethlehem rejoiced at the sight of, has been ascending toward

the zenith, flooding the earth more and more, sending his blessings into dark places, and despairing hearts; assuring the already believing, and convincing the skeptical, that the promise is on the eve of fulfillment when "the earth shall be filled with his glory as the waters fill the sea." That croaking that sees nothing good but in the past, that sees nothing but premonitions of a coming destruction in these upheavals in society; these clamorings of philosophy, and developments of science; these utilizations of all natural forces seemingly shaped toward *material* ends, may do for a raven maw, or swell the melody of an owlet song; but they shall not disturb us here to-day. Ours is a faith that looks before, and reaches its hand to *one* that leads and lifts to clearer visions and purer joys. Old truths remain, affecting and underlying every relation and every hope; but *these* shall brighten, and others be seen clustering about them, adding brilliancy, beauty, and glory, until we shall see that God's plan, universal, is one *grand symmetric whole*, and that the accomplishment of it is as benevolent and wise as it is certain.

When invited, a few weeks ago, by your committee to prepare the historic address for this occasion, I considered myself honored as I have seldom been, since, a young man, I went out from you to the battle of life. The honor of the invitation I appreciated, but the *honor of standing here as your historian* I was obliged to decline, because it rightfully belonged to another. No man could do it as gracefully and well as he. No other man, with my consent, should deprive him of the honor. No other could have earned and worn so rightfully the laurels with which you crown him to-day. *True*-born, a *True-man!* skilled in historic lore as well as scientific research, an educating chief, whom Bethel will never forget, nor her sons and daughters, near or afar, cease to remember with love and respect.

Friends, this is the last time. The old century has faded, and with it many dear to you and me have faded and fallen, and they sleep among the silent. Peace be to their ashes! The future is hastening up bidding us too—"make haste,"—gird well for the conflict! there is battle ahead! Earnest and achieving work for the

world we live in! "The night cometh!" Some of you are already at the sunset hour! One more effort; one more look of faith; one more inspiration of hope, and the reward shall come! Some of us will have a little longer, and some have just begun,—are in life's morning.

To such let me say, regard you the sentiment uttered here just now by our worthy ex-governor, "religion, education, and labor are at the foundation of all good government, and of all local and individual prosperity." The sentiment is true. The world has come to believe it. Twenty nations of Europe, by their representatives, and as many States of our own have incorporated it as a principle into their platform of penal reform. In that Congress of Nations, in the city of London in 1872, to which your honorable governor sent me a commissioner, the sentiment was discussed and urged in its broadest scope and minutest bearings, and incorporated in the special platform by *unanimous* vote. So the nations are beginning to "see eye to eye." The forces are concentrating. Old differences are vanishing. Opinions and purposes in regard to vital achievements and reforms are harmonizing. And it is true, thank God, it is true, that instruments like this I now lift in your sight, a sword that did service in the war of the revolution, resulting in our national independence, will be "beat into plowshares and spears into pruning hooks." May you and I be cöoperators in the work that shall result in such a consummation! Now, let me say, Farewell! citizens, friends, all. Let your future, as your past, show that you are not unmindful of the foundations, or those working at them, or the superstructure that is erecting. A good *masonry* is needed all the way up, until the *top stone* with *shouting* is secure.

Clergymen of Bethel, you know your work. Well some of you have wrought at it these many years. Others are fresh in it. Your memorial will be looked upon by other eyes than those which look on *you* to-day. It shall be honorable.

Meet, we all shall, but not here. *There* let it be, in the "*Bethel*" above. Nay, rather, in the "Blessed Home."

The Medical Profession :—They show by their *practice* rather than by words, what they do.

Responded to by Dr. N. T. True.

Wiley, as some men claim to be, they cannot easily escape justice, so long as the *legal profession* maintains integrity.

Responded to by Hon. James S. Wiley of Dover, Me.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen :—A little more than twenty-four hours ago, I was more than one hundred miles away at the mouth of Penobscot Bay, on the verge of the Atlantic. I debated with myself for a moment whether I would return home, a comparatively short distance, or come to Bethel. I did not long hesitate. I wished to view once more your unrivaled scenery, to gaze once more upon your beautiful and grand panorama of valley, river, hill, and mountain. I longed to greet again with cordial grasp the few remaining friends of my youth, and to renew my acquaintance with those whom I had known in later years. I concluded to come, with not the remotest idea, however, of taking any part in your celebration. But your historian, an energetic geologist, famous for *discovering* things, found me out after I had retired to my room for rest and repose. He said I must take a part. I declined, (urging fatigue and want of time for preparation). He *insisted*, claiming that I was a son of Bethel; and as a dutiful son, I obeyed. I am glad I came. I *have* been highly gratified. I *have* had the pleasure of receiving a hearty welcome from old and dear friends, and of feasting my eyes upon the beauties of nature surrounding my old home! Your President has announced me as "*almost* a son of Bethel." I do feel, Sir, that I may claim to be *almost* a son of Bethel. You have a history of one hundred years; concerning *forty-eight years* of that history I know something *myself*. I knew the Chapmans, the Twitchells, the Beans, the Hastings, the Kimballs, the Masons, and most of the old worthies, some of whom by their presence honor our meeting to-day. And, can I ever forget your adopted son, our old

brother, William Frye. I knew him well, and cherish the fondest recollections of his gentleness and kindness to me. To him I was accustomed to recite many a lesson in my school-boy days. A gentleman, a ripe scholar, a worthy member of the legal profession, whom we delight to honor.

But, Mr. President, I am expected to say something more particular about the legal profession. This subject presents a very broad field of discussion, and time will permit me to glance at only a few points.

Law, in its true sense, is the very foundation of all civilized society. All nations which have made the least advance beyond the lowest barbarism, have found it necessary to restrain and govern themselves by rules and regulations for their own good. In the earlier stages of society, when the governing power is lodged in the hands of a few, these regulations may be few and simple; but as nations and communities become more numerous, and their affairs more complicated, laws must become more numerous and complex. Then there must be a class of men, learned men, who are able to make, expound, and administer, the law. Hence the profession.

Moses was a great law-giver and lawyer to the tribes of Israel. All great lawyers, who really understand their profession, are statesmen; he was such, learned and wise.

Solon and Lycurgus were great statesmen, law-givers, and law yers, under whose wise administration the Greek nation made unprecedented advances in useful knowledge. I trust, sir, it will not be considered sacrilege to say that our Saviour himself was the greatest, wisest, and best law-giver the world ever saw. He gave us the Golden Rule, the very essence of all true law and justice. I fear we do not properly estimate the importance of the legal profession in founding, building up, and sustaining all great and enlightened nations. Consider how much England owes to her system of jurisprudence. What would she have been without her great statesmen, judges, and lawyers? I have time only to name Lord Mansfield, the great lawyer, and upright judge, and

champion of English liberty, who decided that slaves cannot live in England. "They touch our country and their shackles fall!"

Consider, for a moment, our own glorious United States. The fathers of the Republic, the framers of our incomparable Constitution were good men, wise statesmen, and *most* of them, practical, sound, learned lawyers. And if we will but consider the matter for a moment, I think we may conclude that we are more indebted to the legal profession than to any other cause alone for the exalted rank which we hold in the scale of nations. As great judges and expounders of the fundamental law of the land, we are proud of a Marshall, Taney, and Chase; as great lawyers, we may boast of a Lee, Livingston, Wirt, Clay, Webster, and Choate. In short, our Constitution and the whole framework of our government and jurisprudence—all the work of the legal profession—are such as justly to challenge the admiration of the civilized world. A wonder indeed. But I might repeat the same in regard to almost every State in the Union. I *cannot* omit our own State of Maine. We can boast of judges, lawyers, and a judiciary system which will compare favorably with those of any sister State.

But I am reminded my time is limited.

The other learned professions are well represented here to-day, and I would make no invidious comparisons. There is no antagonism among us; there *should* be none. The physician labors to eradicate or regulate the evils and disorders of the physical system; the clergyman strives to inculcate the true principles of morality among the people; while the lawyer, the *true* lawyer, strives to eradicate or correct those evils which infest the body politic. The good clergyman teaches the true principles of Christianity, the true foundation of all laws; the lawyer *expounds* and *enforces* them. So we see that neither is sufficient of himself alone, but each must aid and assist the other. Then let us work together, each in his own appropriate sphere, striving to fit and prepare the world for the coming in of that happy time—

> "When Peace o'er earth her olive wand shall sway,
> And man forget his brother man to slay;
> Plenty and peace shall spread from pole to pole,
> And earth's grand family possess one soul."

Our Mother State, Massachusetts:—The blood of her citizens still courses in the veins of our sons and daughters.

Responded to by Rev. Mr. Tilden of Boston.

Mr. President:—I believe this is the first time in my life I was ever called to speak for a State, save, when a young man, I popped the question for the state of matrimony. But as I had such good luck then I shall not hesitate to try again, especially as I know full well that Massachusetts, the dear old mother of States, does most cordially reciprocate the kindly sentiment you have just expressed. Like all doting mothers she is very fond and proud of her children *when they do well.* Besides, as we all know, she has special reasons for a tender regard for the sons and daughters of Maine, since they are not only bone of her bone, and flesh of her flesh, but soil of her soil.

I remember a conundrum I used to hear in my boyhood, "Why is Massachusetts like a sheared horse?" "Because she has lost her Maine."

The good mother, if I remember right, was a little troubled about that shearing process, but she soon got over it, and has long since seen that it was best every way that her "down East" children should have their portion of the farm set off to them and set up for themselves. You certainly have shown your capacity for managing successfully your part of the old homestead, and of becoming a strong and worthy member of the great family of States, now happily *reunited*, we trust forever, in the bonds of Liberty, Equality, Justice, and so, of Peace.

Mr. President, this is a memorable day for Bethel, and I am right glad to be with you, even as a visitor, and share in the pleasures of your centennial celebration. A more delightful day you could hardly have had; a more charming spot you could scarcely have selected. I was greatly interested in your procession, exhibiting the handicraft of a former day, and the old-time way of doing things. I was pleased with the pioneer woodsmen and hunters; though, really, I could hardly have believed that you had a dog in Bethel *a hundred years old*, if I had not seen with

my own eyes the veritable animal led by one of the hunters. I was gratified to see so fine a representation of glorious old men and women, showing the hardy stock from which you sprung, and the healthiness of your climate, together with the *youth* and *beauty* of Bethel so finely representing the "Old Thirteen" and "the coming woman." I have been glad to listen to the interesting story of the last hundred years told by your historian, and put into sweet and musical rythm by your poet. Glad to hear the letters of your absent sons, full of filial affection, and the spoken words of those present with you. Glad thus to learn that while your forests yield sound timber, and your valleys rich grain, your homes yield historians, poets, preachers, physicians, lawyers, and above all, good, honest, industrious men and women; the strong arm of future prosperity as of past achievement.

Mr. President, I was gratified to hear the cordial welcome extended to *visitors* to-day. There seems to be a special propriety in this. For dear as Bethel is to her own sons and daughters, she has also a growing interest to visitors from abroad. There is something in your charming valleys and background of "everlasting hills" that is common property. It can never be bought or sold. Beauty and grandeur are above all price. Every appreciative mind claims them as its own. Bethel is rich in this kind of wealth, and this will always make your pleasant town a place of happy and restful resort for all lovers of the beautiful.

And now, in place of a speech, permit me to offer a responsive sentiment:

Bethel: The child of Massachusetts! Though in the waywardness of her youth she did run away with the "Maine" branch of the family, taking with her a part of the old homestead; still, she has done so well ever since that she has her mother's forgiveness and blessing. May her prosperity be as perennial as the beauty of her scenery; and in all coming celebrations may she be able, as to-day, to select from her own children a "True" man for her orator, a good "Chap" for her poet, and a rosy "Garland" for her chaplain.

The Merchants of Bethel.

Responded to by Abner Davis, Esq., of Bethel.

Our Native Born Citizens from other States:—We honor them because they have honored their native home.

Responded to by Jacob Brown, Esq., of Illinois.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—My position here to-day is a strange and phenomenal one. Not to the Bethel manor born, nor yet an invited Bethel-born guest even; I am here by the pressure of Providence, or, peradventure, as the worldling would term it, by sheer accident. Born fifty years ago and more, in the goodly town of Albany; an important adjunct to the town of Bethel in many respects. For the past week I have been treading my "native heath" again, and lingering around the half-forgotten scenes of my boyhood. A view of this dear old town awakens vivid recollections of other days.

"There I was birched, there I was bled,
There like a little Adam fed
From learning's woeful tree."

There my father lived, and there he loved, and there he labored, and there he died. And how he died, and how he labored, and how he loved, I can well imagine; but how in *thunder* he lived so long and so well in this quaint old town, amid the barren valleys and naked mountains, to me is a sealed book—the mystery of all mysteries.

The generation that knew me in boyhood has passed away. The present generation knows me not. Along the highways and by-ways of this rough old town I passed and repassed without recognition from my fellowmen. The mountains bent their heads in greeting. The hills knew me well. The ponds and the pond-lets caressed me. As I passed these old-time friends they turned up their sunny and familiar faces in hearty welcome and warm recognition. I was glad to meet and greet these gray old sentinels

of time, and gently put my hand upon their furrowed cheeks and wrinkled faces, and feel that no change can obliterate our early love. Never until the crack of doom shall these stupendous monumental piles crumble and lose their terrible grandeur and shivering sublimity. I looked around and noted all things else had changed. It was a sort of satisfaction to know I too, had changed past recognition by the friends of my early years. I love the play-place of my early years. As the Esquimaux, who never feels the summer sun, nor sees the flowers of spring-time, is inspired with patriotic love of country; so I can stand upon the hills of Albany, fold my arms around me, and complacently exclaim with the Esquimaux, this, my dear, old, native town, is the finest country the sun ever shone upon.

But what business has Albany, her living and her dead, in a centennial celebration of Bethel? Modestly, I can only reply, because I am here. Not that I love Bethel less, but Albany more. But in my present sunny mood I will sing my song of

PATTEE'S OLD MILL.

Of all the pictures in memory's hall,
No one doth me so thrill;
As pictures of boyhood days that were spent
Down by Pattee's old mill.

There radiant morn, in her milk-white robes,
Tripp'd o'er meadow and hill,
Scattering light, and never so bright, as
Down by Pattee's old mill.

And the brave old saw went up and went down,
Through knot, splinter and frill;
And the well-worn wheel turned round and around
Down by Pattee's old mill.

And the mist crept up from the old mill pond
To pine trees on the hill;
The rainbow promise of youth gilded all
Down by Pattee's old mill.

And, oh! how I panted and longed for fame—
These longings trouble me still
When I think of the boyhood days I spent
Down by Pattee's old mill.

So oft as of life I'm sick—am aweary,
Memory haunts me still;
Of young romance I skim'd in my youth,
Down by Pattee's old mill.

The dear one I loved with a boyish love,
Meets me in dreams at will,
And hallows the scene that memory wakes
Down by Pattee's old mill.

Along the wide ways of sin I may fall;
O God, be it Thy will!
If of Heaven I fail, to grant me rest
Down by Pattee's old mill.

Bethel! Dear old town! There is no town in the State which possesses so many and so fascinating attractions to the lover of nature in her beauty, grandeur, and sublimity. Favored above all other towns in the State of Maine in the profuse distribution of nature's largesses, she has truly husbanded her resources. Her soil is tough, and so are her people. Her soil has the true grit, and so has her people. The town was settled by a proud and heroic race of men. The tough soil and the rigorous climate have given well-knit muscle, strong arms, and sturdy courage, and fertile brains to her people. Bethel Hill, the center of the town, has been and will continue to be the center of learning and literature, the very Athens of Oxford County. Bethel Hill, picturesque and lovely beyond comparison, clings to the bold mountain sides in the background, in shadow and sunshine, like the frighted babe to its mother's breast.

No outward-bound son of Bethel will ever forget to love and honor her. As long as the sun in his setting shall throw a flood of light and glory over the shivered peaks of New England mountain tops, lighting up the whole heavens as with molten gold; as long as the mists shall cling around the hill-tops, and the rivers seek the sea, so long, in the future as in the past, true as the needle to the pole, whether upon the land or upon the sea, upon the farm, or in the mines, at the bar, in the pulpit, or in the workshop, rich or poor, high or low, the true son of Bethel will love and honor her,

and keep green her bays forever. I will now recite my poem, and bid you all hail and farewell forever, entitled:

BETHEL ACADEMY.

By barren rocks and deeply tangled wildwood,
Mid valley, lake and glen;
Here babyhood was cradled into childhood,
And boys grew up to men.

Anear the corner of this quaint old building,
With the windows all arow;
That sturdy and that stately growing elm-tree
Grew thirty years ago.

The Androscoggin still is flowing sea-ward,
As thirty years ago;
Oft down whose gliding waters just at night-fall
I've paddled my canoe.

Westward winds that little silvery brooklet,
In tune to my poor rhyme;
Life's wreck-besprinkled waters still are surging,
Against the shores of time.

I look adown the lane from this old building,
Down to the dusty street;
But gone are all the bright familiar faces
Of those I used to meet.

And stricken dumb is my poor heart with sadness,
Bright boyhood's dreams are fled,
Flowers that bloomed by every humble wayside,
All are withered and dead.

Poor, timid soul! The dead may bury their dead.
As soldier brave in fight;
Conquer the red-hot battles of life and learn
To win and love the right.

The Ladies of Bethel:—celebrated alike in the present as in the past for their untiring devotion to every noble enterprise, their intelligence, their beauty and their virtue.

Responded to by the Band.

After the toasts and speeches, the audience led by the Norway Band joined in singing the Centennial Hymn, composed for the occasion by Geo. B. Farnsworth, Esq., to the tune of Old Hundred:

CENTENNIAL HYMN.

As,—when to Jacob it was given
To see, mid Eastern deserts lone,
A ladder reaching up to Heaven
Along whose steps the angels shone,—

He knew the Lord was, surely, there,
And what had seemed but wilderness
Now God's own dwelling did appear,
And "Beth-el," thence, he named the place:*

So, when our fathers, eastward led,
Chanced to this lovely vale to roam,
Seeing its emerald floor outspread
And spanned by yonder crystal dome,

Into whose depths the mountains soared
Like heavenly ladders angel-trod,
They said, "Here, surely, dwells the Lord!"
And named their home the "House of God."

And here, from youth to age, they strove
Their goodly heritage to keep
For Freedom, Knowledge, Virtue, Love—
Now in the dust all, silent sleep!

May we, their children, aye defend
The heritage they loved so well;
This heir-loom from the Past descend
To children's children, nobler still;

A place for homliest labors meet;
Ever of manly worth the abode;
And aye a place of worship sweet,—
A temple high,—a "House of God!"

Dwell with us, Thou! And when the stone
Shall be, at eve, *our* resting-place,
Heaven's ladder be to *us* let down,
And may we see Thee, face to face!

*i. e., "House of God." See Gen. 28: 10—19.

The President now announced the audience adjourned for ONE HUNDRED YEARS.

Many were the greetings of old and familiar faces. It seemed as though everybody saw more old friends and acquaintances than ever before in one day, and the crowd slowly dispersed to their homes, exclaiming to every body, "What a splendid time we have had."

Thus has ended the first Centennial of Bethel. It was a voluntary effort on the part of the citizens. There was no factitious exhibition which money might purchase, but the spontaneous offerings of the people. This feature characterized everything, and it passed off as planned by the committee of arrangements. It would have been hard to improve on what was done, for during the day everybody seemed to have their expectations more than realized, and a happier and better behaved crowd of five thousand people, never was seen anywhere in happy New England.