

# SCARBORO WITCHCRAFT AND HAUNTED HOUSES

Ghostly Tales That Our Fathers Related With as Much Sincerity  
as They Did the Battle of Bunker Hill.

Though Scarboro never followed the example of the Massachusetts Puritans in putting her witches to death, by hanging and pressing to death, yet it was not for the reason that there was any lack of witches, for as late as the beginning of the last century there were plenty of women in town who were reputed to be witches and marvellous were the tales that were told by our ancestors of their wonderful supernatural gifts. These women were generally widows or spinsters, who lived alone, and it would appear that few who were thus unfortunately situated or conditioned escaped the imputation of being gifted or cursed, with these supernatural powers, which were generally exercised for mischievous or revengeful purposes.

It would seem as though if human testimony could establish any fact, there could be no more disputing the strange happenings that were attributed to the peculiar powers of these women, than there would be to dispute the battle of Bunker Hill or the most obvious facts in history.

About 125 years ago there was a woman reputed to be a witch, who lived by the edge of the marshes near Hannah's landing, about a mile below the post road, where it runs along near the base of Scottow's hill.

It was the custom of this woman to drop around when the neighbors were churning and "borrow a little butter" and it was considered a poor policy to refuse her as the butter would never come, unless she was given to understand she could have a "pat," and more strange, if possible, it was no use to try to cheat her by churning at odd times or in the evening for she would always turn up just the same with her pewter platter.

On one occasion her "request" being refused, on account of "company" being expected, she went away muttering and a neighbor who was calling said that they had better told her to wait and get her pat as the butter would never come, and sure enough the goodwife churned all day and about all night, and got up at daylight the next morning and pounded away until the middle of the forenoon without any sign of butter. She then sent one of the boys after the witch with the promise of some of the butter and the moment she stepped into the door the butter began to gather and the witch went off with her platter loaded down, and the goodwife never made that mistake again.

In those days Harmons landing on the Dunstan river was a place of much business, vessels going out loaded with lumber and returning from the West Indies and other parts bringing sugar, molasses and no small amount of rum and other liquors.

Ships were also built in other parts

though cautioned to desist by the older neighbors, he persevered until he stuck his spade into the ground directly over the sunken grave, when the digger heard, "Don't, dont," clearly, but continued his sacrilegious work, when the spade was suddenly and violently twisted out of his hand and he fled in haste and terror from the spot.

The following was related to the writer years ago by as hard headed, practical a woman as ever lived in the town of Scarboro:

There used to live on the Broadturn road a woman who was also supposed to be a witch, and many were the pranks that would be cut up with teams when passing her door.

This time this woman was on her way to Parson Tilton's church with her husband's sister, when opposite the witch's house the nut came off from the thoroughbrace chaise, and no amount of hunting could find it.

They managed to get to church somehow, and on returning there they found the nut right in the wheel rut just where they had looked for it and where it should have been.

The pages of a modern newspaper would not contain a tithe of these and similar stories told about the firesides of the earlier settlers, and apparently told seriously and as seriously and even religiously believed. The strangest part of it was, and the greatest puzzle to the modern student of these times and people, is that no more hard headed, practical, unromantic people ever lived than the early settlers of Scarboro and their immediate descendants, and so little sentiment did they have concerning the dead, that most of their graveyards were located close to their dwellings and in some instances directly in front of their windows and within a stone's throw, and yet they believed in ghosts, and believing feared.

Every vacant house was sure to be the headquarters of the ghostly visitants and some of the reports of their noisy doings would appear incredible to this generation if it did not involve the sin of disbelieving our sturdy and generally truthful ancestors.

The following was recently related to the writer by one of the oldest couples in town either of whose word no one would question on other matters. The old gentleman related the incidents, all of which were assented to by his wife, and were that some fifty years ago a man started to build a new house on the farm adjoining his and concluded to build on a circular knoll a short distance from where the old house stood.

The builder was a newcomer in town and the neighbors as soon as they learned his determination hurried to inform him that one of the early set-

hollow and over I went and landed all sprawling right on top of that ere animal that was fast asleep.

Now you may believe I was skeered for Squire Storer didn't live very near me and I don't think I ever knew anything about the jackass then so I thought the devil had me sure for the animal was as frightened as I was and in plunging to get up he took me in the side of my head with one of his hoofs and sent my hat spinning and finally getting on his feet he gave a great bray and plunged off in the darkness and I want you to understand that as soon as I could scramble to my feet I made off in the opposite direction without thinking whether I was headed for home or not.

But I got home without any more frights but I was tireder when I settled into this very chair that I'm now sitting in than ever I was from the hardest day's work I ever done in the hayfield," and here the veteran old Scarboro Democrat, warming up at the remembrance of the alarms of that far away night, gave his cane a swing that brought the end in dangerous proximity to the glassware on the dining table and brought forth the warning ejaculation from his spouse (who sit by to verify his statements) to "look out Pa." "But this is a incredulous and gainsaying generation slowly concluded the veteran and don't 'spose that there is a single one of the readers of the EXPRESS who will laugh at these old time supernatural happenings and I guess it is just as well if they don't for I have allus noticed that the more you believe in ghosts, witches and haunted houses the more you will see of 'em.

"But say," continued the veteran as the EXPRESS historian arose to depart. "In a previous sketch you gave some reminiscences of Captain Elison Harmon which we all read with much interest as some of us older ones can remember him and all have heard the old folks tell of his strange doings when he would have one of his "spells," but I will tell you of one of his times that my father saw and has told me many times when I was a boy.

"Captain Elison got out of his cage one time and got an axe and backed into a barn and defied the whole town to take him. In the previous account you stated that there were a few men in town who could always manage him when he had these spells, but the only one I ever heard of was Leland King, who was a son of old Dick King, as we called him, who was a brother to Governor William King.

"My father said that about all the men and boys about Scottow's hill gathered about that barn but not one of them would have dared to go in as Captain Elison was racing with

or the town and hauled here to be launched, and at one time a small vessel was being hauled by her house by an ample team of stout oxen, for in those days every farmer kept four or six yoke of heavy cattle and as there was always plenty of rum at the haulings there were always plenty of oxen. On this occasion when the ship was opposite the witch's house the load stopped and no amount of gee-ing and haw-ing and bradding and shouting to the oxen could budge the vessel an inch.

Finally some one suggested that it was "no use" prodding the cattle as the witch was responsible for the holdup and that the only thing to do was to exorcise her evil spirit, which they proceeded to do by running around the house, rattling chains, beating on the house with their goads and yelling like Indians. Round and round the house they ran until they were about exhausted when they heard an unearthly noise within and when they looked at the vessel what was their astonishment to see it moving down the road as the oxen had started up without a single driver.

It is understood with what "huhs" of incredulity this will be received by the present gainsaying generation, but this was confidently believed by our fathers, and related with much less discrepancy of detail than were the accounts of the battle of Bunker Hill.

It is now our purpose to relate something stranger than this, if possible, in connection with this reputed witch, and stranger yet, it occurred not only within our own time, but less than two years ago. This reputed witch was buried in a field near which her house stood, and her grave may be seen to this day, and there has always been a superstition against disturbing it in any way, as some strange stories were related of lights seen there in the night, and the spot was always given a wide berth by the past generations.

But the present generation is as little moved by these things as were the old Athenians by Paul's preaching and only a year ago a young man undertook to dig out some bushes that had grown over and about the grave, and

but the newcomers remarked that the "early settler was past objecting" and he laid one of the corner stones of the new house directly upon the grave.

The neighbors shook their heads dubiously at this profanation and prophesied that the ghost of the "early settler" would make it warm for the newcomer. His troubles began at once for such was the superstitious nature of our fathers that he had difficulty in getting anyone of his neighbors to work on the house and when it came to placing that corner foundation stone over the grave he had to do it alone, for money would not have hired any of his neighbors to have raised a hand.

The house was finally finished but one misfortune and another pursued the builder and his moving in was long deferred.

"But after a long time," continued the old gentleman, and here we will let our informant narrate the events that followed in his own words, "One evening after supper my wife looked out of the window across the field and saw the windows of the house all lighted up and said she guessed the newcomers had moved in." We noticed the lights moving about for a number of nights when one dark, moonless evening I told my wife I guessed I'd go over and make our new neighbor a call, so I put on my Sunday-go-to-meetin' suit and started across lots. Well, every room in that house was lighted up and lights seemed to be moving about within as I noticed on my way and I had to go around the corner of the house where the grave was, but I gave that corner plenty of room and went up to the door and gave a loud knock and listened expecting to hear the newcomer's steps and have him open the door and say, "Why! How do you do, Mr. ——— step right in."

"I waited and listened but heard no sound save the reverberations of my knocks through the tenantless rooms and a second louder knocking and still no response began to make my flesh creep. Glancing into the curtainless windows I saw there was no furniture or indications of any human beings about the house and then I found my hair beginning to stand up straight as burruses all over my head.

"Just then I heard a groan coming from that corner where the old settler was buried and I tell ye I didn't wait to hear any more but made a bee line for home as fast as my legs could carry me.

"Now you may think I was pretty skeered by this time and I was, but I wasn't half as skeered as I was before I got home, and I'll tell you why.

"All the older folks about here will remember a little white jackass that old Squire Storer owned when he lived near here and the animal lived to be very old, some said he was over fifty when he died.

"The Squire never worked him and he used to run anywhere and sleep wherever night overtook him. As this was quite late in the fall and a cold, windy night, the jackass had laid down in a little hollow in the pasture to keep the wind from him and in the darkness and my haste I tripped over one of the cradle knolls that surrounded the

head and declaring that "every vagabond from Scottow's hill to Dunstan Landing had their hand against him and he would brain the first one of them who set foot inside the barn."

"Leland King lived close by but was away so the crowd watched the barn and waited until Leland came home and when he did he came and walked right into that barn and straight up to Captain Ellison and took the axe out of his hand and marched him out and back to his cage.

"Leland was a powerful man but so was Captain Ellison, but of course was no match for him with an axe, but do you know it was thought by many that Captain Ellison was shamming crazy and that he would not have harmed a child, but nobody cared to take the chances.

THE END.  
W. H. McLAUGHLIN.

# NIMROD, THE SCARBORO SLAVE



NIMROD MOWED AROUND THE PERIPHERY OF THE CIRCLE.

It is not generally supposed that Scarborough was even a slave holding community but a few of the wealthier planters of the earlier times had a black man for a slave and among these was Samuel Libby, a grandson of the first John Libby who about 1731 settled on the farm where his great grandson, Samuel Manson Libby, now lives.

Nimrod was the name of old Sam Libby's slave and he was appropriately named for he proved like his namesake of old to be a "mighty hunter" and he was the most famous of all the black slaves of the early times, for the stories that were told of his enormous strength and his exploits in quest of bears and wolves and his peculiarities would fill a volume.

His mind was of the simplest possible order, so much so that Marsa Libby always had to send one of the boys with him whenever he went to the woods for a load of wood for on one occasion he was sent alone and loaded a heavy load in the dense woods and at the end of the road so he had

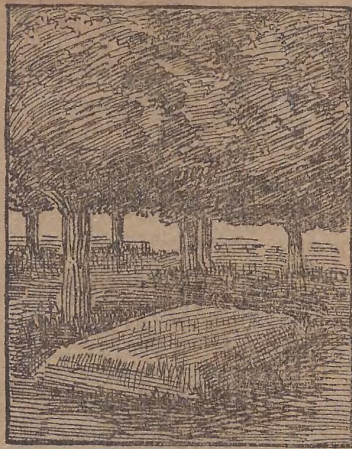
he walked into the porch and flung the bear on the floor and went into the kitchen where the family were, when presently a terrible racket was heard among the tin pans in the porch and Nimrod rushed out followed by the family only to find the bear had come to life and was making havoc among Mrs. Harmon's milkpans by drinking the milk. Nimrod made for the axe which he had thrown on the floor and the bear made for Nimrod but the great strength of the slave prevailed after a desperate struggle in which Mrs. Harmon and the others took part, each attacking the bear with such weapons as they could lay their hands on.

On another occasion Nimrod was mowing alone on the marshes when he saw an enormous bear making for him and having no weapon he dropped his scythe and started to run for home but finding the bear gaining upon him he made for a stack of hay and ran around and around it followed by the bear: but Nimrod had the advantage

tered about among our old families may be brought together and preserved in some suitable memorial building erected to the memory of the early settlers.

Nimrod outlived his master many years being included among his effects in his will and mentioned as "a negro man called Nimrod" and was tenderly cared for by the family in his declining years and now sleeps in a pasture, (then a field,) with an apple tree for a monument.

W. H. M'LAUGHLIN.



WHERE NIMROD SLEEPS.

no chance to turn. He would seldom think of so necessary a preliminary no matter how much he was cautioned.

His master was a great mower but Nimrod was a greater and in cutting the grass on the marshes his master would begin and mow around a straddle, leaving Nimrod to follow around the periphery of the circle unable to understand why he had to work so hard to keep up with Marsa Sam.

But hunting the bears and wolves that were numerous in those times was the ruling passion of Nimrod's life and it is related that once he caught a large bear in his trap and after knocking bruin on the head with his axe he slung the bear over his back, trap and chain, and started for home. Stopping to rest at the house of Samuel Harmon

to stop and suddenly turn and go the other way when Nimrod several times narrowly escaped falling into the bear's clutches. This adventure proved a close call for Nimrod as he was nearly exhausted by the bear's tactics when his master, who saw the affair from the house, hurried with his gun to the scene and dispatched the bear. After this the slave always claimed that he owed his life to Marsa Sam and could never do enough for him.

The writer recently paid a visit to Mr. Harmon Libby whose farm was the scene of Nimrod's exploits and there he was shown the little low table on which Nimrod used to eat his meals besides many other interesting relics of the continuous occupancy of 172 years of Samuel Libby and his descendants.

Miss Lida Libby, Scarborough's efficient supervisor of schools, a great great granddaughter of old Sam Libby, took great pride in exhibiting these family heirlooms which comprised the "one clock" mentioned in Samuel Libby's will made in 1754 and a heavy door brought home by Samuel Libby when the garrison house on Scottow's hill was demolished about 1750.

A musket evidently of great antiquity was shown which was carried through the French and Indians wars and there has long been a tradition in the family that it was the famous "Buccaneer," the death dealing weapon with which Hunnewell, the "Indian killer," pursued with such unrelenting ferocity the murderers of his wife and babe. A large package of documents relating to the business affairs of the family is also carefully treasured, the earliest dating back to the year 1735. It is to be hoped the time is not far distant when these and other interesting relics of our early history scat-

# STIRRING EVENTS IN HISTORY OF ANCIENT SCARBORO

## THE BATTLE OF DUNSTAN LANDING.



AN INCIDENT OF SCAR BORO'S EARLY HISTORY.

(First in a series of several interesting articles dealing with Scarboro's past.)

There is no town in the state whose soil has been the theater of so many stirring and dramatic events as the ancient town of Scarboro.

Few of the multitude who ride through the peaceful village of Dunstan on the cars of the Portland and Saco electric railroad realize that one of the most desperate battles ever fought in the state between the Indians and the early settlers took place in the little field on the left of the road opposite the large brick house known as the Southgate House, that is passed at the top of the hill just after the cars have crossed the Scarboro marshes on their way to Saco.

Dunstan was settled about the year 1651 by Arthur and Andrew Alger, brothers, who came from Somersetshire in England and gave the name of Dunstan to the new settlement in

drove off, their houses and their barns were burnt, their cattle killed, and the chief of all they had was destroyed," though it is generally supposed that their "families and their children and their families" were safe at the garrison.

Another account says that Andrew survived long enough to make a will, and as Arthur left no children the entire estates of the Algers finally passed to a granddaughter of Andrew, who married John Milliken, and through them much of the original purchase the Algers made of the Indian Sagamore Wackwarrawaskee, who lived at Blue Point, yet remains in possession of the Millikens of Dunstan and their descendants, an instance of property passing from heir to heir for so many years, that has few parallels in this country. No man who has lived in Scarboro within the memory of men now living was more familiar with the traditions of the early settlers respecting the events of our early history than

WEDNESDAY MAY 23 1903

honor of the name of their native village in England.

The Algers built their rude cabins and barns on each side of a small stream (now dry) running through the lower part of the field only a few rods from the Landing road. If Southgate, the historian of Scarborough, can be considered as correct, though Jacob Milliken, who died at Dunstan some twenty years ago at the age of a hundred years, and who was familiar with the traditions of the early settlers, always claimed that the oldest men with whom he talked when a boy claimed that the homes of the Algers were on opposite sides of the "run" but on the right side of the Landing road in the field now owned by Noah Pillsbury.

The attack of the Indians upon the Algers was made on the morning of Oct. 12, 1675, and was continued after the desultory manner of Indian warfare until late in the afternoon. The first Indian war known as King Philip's war, broke out in Massachusetts in June of that year, and soon spread along the entire coast to Falmouth, now Portland, and the settlers of Scarborough had all removed to the garrison house at Black Point.

The Algers had allowed their cattle to run on the marshes during the summer and had filled the barns with the marsh hay, and on the fatal morning had come from Black Point with a large force of retainers to drive away their cattle and remove the hay to the garrison.

The "Indeans" were known to be numerous in the vicinity of Dunstan, and only a month before had killed Robert Nichols and his wife who lived but a short distance from the cabins of the Algers, but the little force relied on their superior use of firearms to keep the "barbarous sons of violence" at a safe distance. The brothers and their retainers had no sooner arrived at their barns and began their work of removing their hay than the savage warwhoops of the Indians resounded through the woods on all sides of them and a shower of arrows was poured upon them, varied with the occasional crack of a musket.

The besieged settlers rushed for their guns and returned the fire, and from the occasional unearthly chorus of yells from the skulking foe believed that they had killed a number of the savages.

The battle continued until after the middle of the day, the Indians creeping up and discharging their arrows and muskets and then raising their blood-curdling whoops and breaking to the remoter and denser growth for cover, to be followed by the surer bullets of the settlers.

The cattle had been stampeded by the firing and mostly shot by the Indians, and seeing the futility of trying to take away their hay, the beleaguered settlers decided on a retreat, and in regular order, with their most expert marksmen in the van and rear. They sallied forth from the protection of their rude barns and began the retreat to the Black Point garrison.

The Indians now assailed them on all sides and a desperate conflict ensued in which Andrew Alger was killed and his brother Arthur mortally wounded. Unfortunately there are but scanty materials to enable us to learn the details of this sanguinary struggle but one account says that "their families and their children and their families were

was Jacob Milliken, who was one of the Algers descendants, and who lived to see his one hundred and first birthday. According to the accounts of the battle that "Uncle" Jacob had heard from the lips of old men, whose lives run back to within a few years of the event, the running fight took place about where the present King house now stands, the settlers having come from Black Point in boats which they moored at the "landing," and to which they were then retreating.

W. H. McLAUGHLIN.

# STIRRING EVENTS IN HISTORY OF ANCIENT SCARBORO

## THE MOBGING OF RICHARD KING.



THE MOBGING OF RICHARD KING.

(Second in a Series of Articles on  
Scarboro History.)

For thirty years Richard King was the most active and prominent citizen of Scarboro. King was born in Massachusetts and was a commissary in Colonel Waldo's regiment at the siege of Louisburg and after the surrender of that stronghold of the French he bought land at Dunstan Landing and settled there about 1745, and soon became extensively engaged in shipbuilding and general trade in lumber and supplying masts for the royal navy.

He also kept general store of which West India goods and rum were the leading staples. He carried on a large trade with the settlers about him, buying their fish, lumber and farm products and having them in goods from

courts for a number of years, and John Adams, afterwards president of the United States, was counsel for King in some of the suits, and in his letters to his wife he refers to the affair and was very severe upon the spirit of mob violence, but which he viewed with much greater complacency a few years later.

One of the leaders of the mob was confined in the jail at Portland where he diverted the tedium of confinement by writing letters to King, which are curiosities in orthography and grammatical construction, or the lack of it, but the sentiments expressed showed no hard feelings or resentment towards King, but rather a spirit of contrition.

It was always the belief of King that the principal instigator of the midnight attack was Jonathan Andrews, then a

his store, the greater part in rum, which seemed to be a popular beverage with the early settlers of Scarborough and as a natural consequence, in course of time many of the settlers became more or less heavily indebted to King.

There is no reason to believe that King was more exacting as a creditor than were other men of the times who did a similar business but a feeling of resentment against him had been nourished for some time, by a certain part of his neighbors, and on the night of the 19th of March, 1766, about 11 o'clock, a mob composed mostly of his debtors, many being disguised as Indians, broke into his store and the "Landing" which was but a few rods from his house.

The meetings of the conspirators had been held at the house of one Henley who lived about where the new car barn of the Portland and Saco Electric railroad now stands and from there they sallied forth with the purpose of destroying King's accounts and papers containing the evidences of their indebtedness.

On arriving at the store about a half mile, away two of the heaviest of the mob hurled themselves against the door which being strongly barred on the inside refused to give away until after a hewn stick of timber was brought into requisition as a battering-ram when the heavy oaken door gave way with a crash and the mob poured into the store with shouts and Indian war whoops.

By the light of a few torches the ring-leaders began the work of destroying the accounts and papers, while the main body were not slow in discovering the huge puncheons of West India rum that were "horsed up" (to employ a modern term) against a long side of the store.

There is no doubt that every one of the mob was aware that the liquors would be found there, but whether the fact had anything to do with investigating the affair, or augmenting the numbers or stimulating their courage, it is not possible to determine at this late day.

The destruction of the liquor, however, or as much of it as could be swallowed, proved to be as desirable as the destruction of the obnoxious accounts and as soon as a "sprinkler" could be found a cask showing the evidence of the greatest age was attacked and soon the little store resounded with shouts of "We'll have no King to reign over us."

King was aroused from his slumbers by the crashing of the door and the ribald shouts of the mob, and now appeared before them in the store and besought them to stay their work of destruction, but they were by this time in no condition to be reasoned with.

King stood in the open door as he harangued his midnight visitors, until finally Henley and the ringleaders made a rush for him. King fled for the house with the furious and yelling rabble at his heels, and as he disappeared through the door Henley hurled a heavy hatchet at his head, which struck the door, leaving a scar that could plainly be seen within the memory of men now living. Richard King was not the kind of a man to tamely submit to such indignities, and he pursued the instigators with fines and imprisonment. The cases dragged on in the

deacon in the Second Parish church at Dunstan, and who lived in that part of Scarborough since annexed to Saco, though it was not claimed that "Arch-deacon Andrews," as he was called by Southgate in his "History of Scarborough," was present at the attack on the store.

That King associated other members of the "Second Parish" (a religious organization long since defunct) with the assault on his castle is evident from the following verses he composed shortly after the affair, and it is a somewhat singular fact that of the many men of varying literary gifts produced by Scarborough in the earlier times that an active business man like King should be the only one who ever employed the medium of verse to express his thoughts. That he was not lacking in this gift these verses afford ample attestation.

When Asaph's sons selected stand,  
To praise the Lord in vocal band,  
With hearts and hands from violence free,  
Nor stained with wilful perjury.

Descend O Lord to hear their song,  
And with them bless the general throng,  
If mixed with these vile sons there are:  
Who burn and steal and falsely swear.

Or make their gains by such foul deeds,  
Select them, Lord as vicious weeds  
Shall false confession save the soul,  
Who still retains what he has stole.

Or having done his neighbor wrong,  
Will God be pleased with his song,  
Not half so strange was Nadab's fire,  
No Ananias so great a liar.

W. H. McLAUGHLIN.



# STIRRING EVENTS IN HISTORY OF ANCIENT SCARBORO

## THE ADVENTURES OF CHARLES PINE.

(Fourth in a Series of Articles Dealing With Scarboro's History.)



THE SHATTERED JUG AND ITS CONTENTS FELL UPON THE HEAD AND SHOULDERS OF THE ASTOUNDED CHIEF.

The exploits of Charles Pine as an Indian slayer, and his unerring skill with his rifle are second only to those of Hunnewell's.

Pine was one of the seven who came to Scarborough with Capt. John Larrabee in a small sailing vessel from Lynn, shortly after the close of the second Indian war and later settled on Pine Point from whom the place derives its name.

Pine was a man of great stature and of enormous strength, and unlike Hunnewell was of a genial and convivial temperament, and when not absent on his hunting and trapping expeditions was frequently to be found at the ordinaries and trading posts, where the early settlers resorted to hear and discuss the events of the period. Pine was famous for his accuracy with his rifle, and it was a common report, believed by the Indians and the settlers, that he was never known to fail to bring down anything that he fired at.

On his hunting expeditions he always carried two guns, one which he always had slung to his back to be used in case of emergency, which was much shorter than the one he relied on which was of great length and unusual weight and its discharge was like the roar of a cannon, carrying dismay and terror among the Indians, who always used a small amount of powder in charging their firearms.

Muskets were not loaded as quickly in those times as now, and Pine carried the lighter arm in case of an emergency so sudden as to leave him no time to reload, but it was current among the accounts of Pine's prowess as a hunter, that he never had occasion to use the spare gun, and whenever he was bantered by the settlers to give them a test of the accuracy of the extra gun he always replied that it would be time enough to try the spare one when the other failed him, or the time was too precious to stop to reload it.

Pine used to delight in exercising his skill as a marksman upon the Indians, not from any particular enmity he bore them, but from pure love of adventure and excitement.

At one time shortly after the second settlement of the town the Indians were in the habit of resorting to a deserted building that stood on Winnock's Neck, where they would hold nightly pow-wows, and when under the influence of the "fire water" of the palefaces, the savages would keep up an unearthly chorus of yells and howlings the entire night much to the annoyance of the settlers.

Pine decided to put a stop to these pow-wows and taking his two guns he crept into the building and secreted himself among the rafters and waited the Indians, whose calls could be heard in the woods as soon as darkness set in.

Pine lay on one of the beams and kept his long rifle covering the open door, when presently two huge savages darkened the door, closely followed by a straggling file when a deafening report rang out that shook the tickety building and filled the room with the fumes of burnt powder.

Pine quickly reached for his spare rifle but the Indians fled shrieking with terror to the woods, and when Pine came down he found the two savages dead in the doorway, and the settlers were no longer disturbed by these nightly pow-wows.

But none of Pine's exploits with his gun were related by the early settlers with greater gusto than another lesson he gave the Indians some years later, at this time the Indians and the settlers were at peace but the red men

were much given to annoying the settlers by driving off their cattle and by occasionally mistreating them and by other little acts of an exasperating nature.

As the settlers were discussing these annoying pranks of the Indians one evening at one of their resorts Pine came in and after listening to the story of their antics before the movers quietly remarked that he would "give them another such a lesson he he gave them further up the river a few years ago."

Rising early the next morning he paddled his canoe up the river until he came opposite to where the savages were accustomed to disport themselves. With a single stroke of the paddle he sent the boat under a hanging bank and hidden by the long, coarse thatch that abounded then as now in its season, he rested his deadly rifle over the stern of the canoe and crouching in the bottom of the boat he patiently waited for the redskins to appear and begin their antics.

The settlers soon appeared and began their labors all unconscious of their close proximity to Pine, and presently the Indians began to gather on the opposite bank and commenced their capers and insulting gestures.

Presently to relate the affair in the expressive language of Pine, "a strapping buck whose body shown like a glass bottle, came down to the extreme edge of the bank and began his antics and gestures, when a puff of smoke came out of the tall grass on the other bank, and the heavy roar of Pine's rifle (which the savages well knew) shook the air and the Indian pitched forward and fell dead in his tracks.

Pine unlike his brother hunter Hunnewell bore no special enmity towards the Indians and he always observed the treaties of peace between the redmen and the settlers, though even then the Indians did not escape his love of playing what we would call "practical jokes" upon them. One of the favorite resorts of the Indians for holding their pow wows after the peace that followed Queen Ann's war was at Winnock's neck, in a field that was later a part of the farm of a family named Plaisted who were the ancestors of our late Gov. Plaisted, but is now a part of the farm owned and occupied by the family of the late Luther B. Oliver.

This favorite resort of the Indians for feasting and their rude sports was a short distance from the Nonsuch river which was reached by climbing a steep bluff, then as now, skirted by a fringe of woods, which extended to the marshes that lay between the river and the island.

Beds of clam shells that the Indians left after their nocturnal feasts can be seen at the present day and it was here that Pine paid one of his practical jokes upon the savage revellers.

Following up the river from Pine Point and fastening his canoe under the shadow of an overhanging bank Pine cautiously crept up the bluff to the vicinity of the feasting grounds as the Indians were holding one of their midnight pow wows, keeping in the shadows of the dense woods that extended to within a few rods from the clearing in the center of which about a circular depression of the ground the savages had placed stones to roast their shell fish and game.

On the occasion of these barbecues the savages generally supplied themselves with a liberal quantity of the fire water of the "pale faces," which it was their custom to imbibe, by the great sagamore, first lifting a large jug containing the "devil water" above his head, and generously treating himself and then passing the jug around to the

medicine men, and down to the expectant braves, in their order.

Pine lay quietly in his cover waiting for this part of the ceremony to begin with his long rifle resting on a low twig to insure greater accuracy of aim, and covering the chief. When the burly savage arose in the center of the Indians who were grouped about him in a squatting posture, he raised the jug above the Indians, and just as the savage was about to connect the nozzle of the jug with his mouth the heavy roar of Pine's gun started the savages and the shattered jug and its contents fell upon the head and shoulders of the astounded chief. Pine waited only long enough to see by the light of their flambeau that his bullet had found its mark and turning his rapid strides took him to the foot of the bluff before the terrified Indians regained senses, and with yells of rage started in pursuit.

The revelers well knew the sound of Pine's gun and the way he came and they rushed for their boats near the foot of the bluff only to find their oars hidden and to see Pine sending his canoe with powerful strokes rapidly down the river on his way to the friendly lights of the Pine Point shore.

W. H. McLAUGHLIN.

# UNCLE BILL LARRABEE'S BIG BEAR FIGHT

A Wonderful Tug of War In Which Neither Contestant  
Was Victor.



THE BAR WENT TO CHEWING MY SHOULDER.

One hundred and twenty-five years ago bears were almost as numerous along the heavily wooded cliffs that lined both banks of the upper waters of the Nonesuch river as woodchucks are today.

Uncle Bill Larrabee, as he was then called in his last days, was one of the pioneers in that part of Scarborough where he had cleared up one of the largest farms in the extreme northern part of the town. The pioneer was a short but heavily built man, who always worked with his sleeves rolled up showing arms on which the muscles stood out like coils of rope.

In his younger days he had a tussle with a bear, the story of which he used to relate many times to his grandchildren as he sat about the old fashioned fireplace during his declining years.

Shouldering his rifle and taking his axe he started out for the woods one spring forenoon to cut some young trees to make a hayrack. On reaching the woods he placed his rifle against a tree and proceeded to his work by cutting such trees as suited his purpose, and then rolling them down the steep bank at the bottom of which flowed the river which at this spot ran close under the bank.

Shouldering a big stick on his broad shoulders, carrying it to the brow of the cliff and throwing it over, the sturdy settler had just turned to retrace his steps, when he walked right into the embrace of a big bear, that was standing on its hind legs.

What followed we will let Uncle Bill tell, as he used to relate it to his grandchildren, who would cluster about him and say "Grandpa, tell us the bear story."

"Well," as Uncle Bill used to say, "when that bar (for the early settlers always pronounced bear as though it was spelled 'bar') grabbed me he gave me a hug that nearly drove the breath out of me and if he had got both under hoits as he tried to I guess he would, but I was quick enough to get one arm free.

"My rifle and axe I had left in the woods and they would have been no use if I had them and the only weapon I had was a heavy knife, but I could not get at it, as it was in my pocket on the side of my pinioned arm.

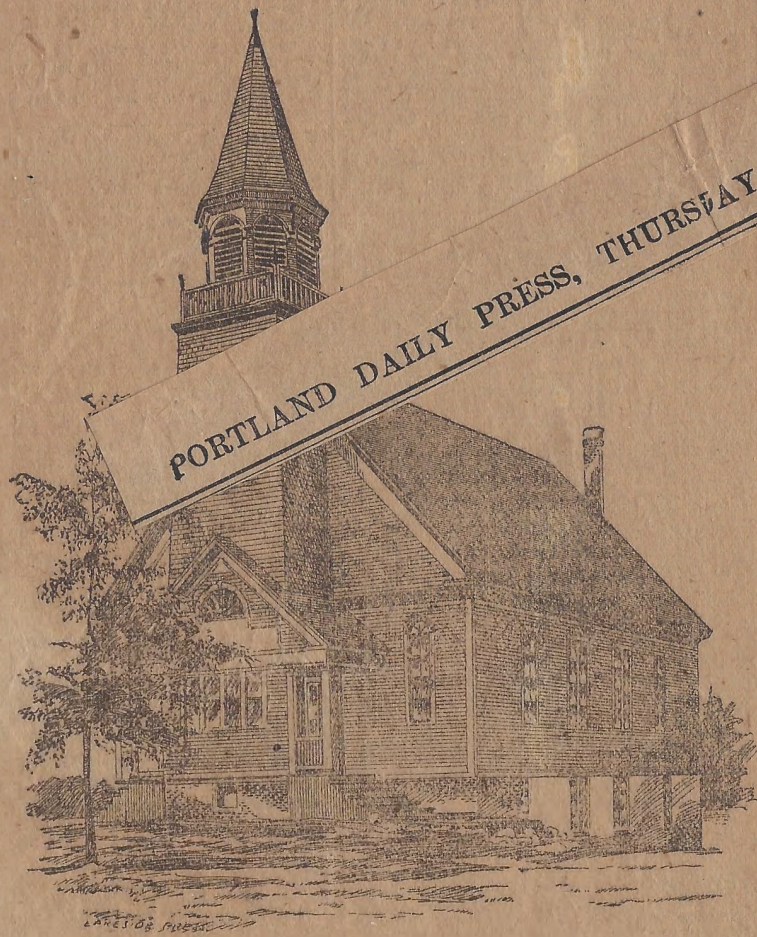
"The bar was about as tall as I was and went to chewing on my shoulder, but I had a stout leather jacket on

that saved me for a while. I got my free arm under his chin and got a good hold on his whiskers, and tried to keep his head back, but his thick neck was too strong for me and he kept on chewing and hugging me.

"It struck me purty quick that my only chance was to get that bar to the edge of the cliff and throw us both over it and if we could roll into the river I should be on more of an even footing with the varmint. So I tried to push him along backwards, but I soon found that you couldn't push a bar any more than you could a hog so I began to back myself and I outwitted him there for he followed me up and as we were only a few feet from the edge of the bank I soon had him there. The moment I got there I pulled myself and the brute right over backwards and gave a great thrust with all the strength I had to cause the bar to land underneath me, as I was afraid if he landed on top of me it would knock out what little wind I had left in me.

"As good luck would have it I came down on top, and the moment we struck I gave another lurch, and over and over we rolled, crashing through the raspberry bushes while that bar was getting madder and madder all the time and was growling and tearing at my leather jacket, which was purty well torn to shreds and my shoulder was getting a good chewing. But over and over we went until splash we went into the river with me agin on top, and I kept my hold on the bar's chin whiskers and I kept his head under the water until he was glad to let go his grip on me and the moment he did I struck out for shore as fast as I could swim and when I got to the bank and began to scramble up I looked around and the bar was scrambling up the opposite bank. When we got on the bank, we both turned and eyed each other a moment and the bar turned and shuffled off into the woods and I started for home as I had got all the bar fighting I wanted that day."

# CHURCH DEDICATED AT SCARBORO.



Yesterday, the new First Parish Congregational church at Scarborough was dedicated with interesting services. The society were forced to vacate their old place of worship on account of its nearness to the Boston & Maine railroad track. The Sunday trains made the holding of services very difficult. Then it was decided to erect a new place of worship near the old one, but far enough from the railroad to avoid the noise. The new edifice is only a few minutes' walk from the Scarborough beach station. It is a handsome building, with a seating capacity of 250 or 300 people. It is the first church in the town to have a bell,

Wiggins farm. This church was destroyed in 1690, when the town was evacuated.

In 1728 the first regularly organized church was organized at Black Point with 15 members, and Rev. Wm. Tompson was ordained as pastor. In 1731 a new church was built at Black Point. A new church was soon after built at Dunstan, Mr. Tompson preaching at both until a second society was organized at Dunstan in 1744.

Mr. Pierce labored until his death in 1759.

Rev. Thomas Pierce was settled in 1762, and remained until his death in

which was donated by Thornton of Boston the old Scarborough whose family have

PORTLAND DAILY PRESS, THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 20, 1893.

Church. Mr. Frederick, of this city, was donated by the daughters of the late H. Esq. Mr. B. Scott Larrabee of Scarborough, chairman of the building committee, has also been very liberal. Two handsome memorial windows have been donated, one by Rev. Fred A. S. Storer as a memorial of the Storer members of the church, and another in memory of Rev. Samuel Merrill, long a beloved pastor of the church. Mr. Merrill's widow and his son, Mr. Edward Merrill of Portland, have given this window.

Several representatives of old Scarborough families that have belonged to the church in times past were present yesterday. Among them were Mrs. Fannie Calef of Saco, and Miss Mamie Thornton, Rev. Fred A. S. Storer of New York, Mr. Milton Higgins and Mrs. Tompson of Portland.

The services began at 2 p. m., with an organ voluntary by Mr. Charles K. Hinkley of Gorham, played upon an organ donated by Mrs. B. Scott Larrabee, in memory of the late Captain John Larrabee.

Rev. G. W. Reynolds of Gorham followed with an invocation, and then Rev. G. W. Kelley of Cape Elizabeth followed with a reading of scriptural selections relating to the building of the ark of the covenant by the early Israelites.

The historical sketch by Deacon J. F. Small was next in order. He recalled that the history of the first church in Scarborough dated back at least to 1671, when Rev. John Thorp was pastor. Little is known of him except that he was called to an account for some of the things which he preached to the people. In 1686 the preacher was the Rev. George Burroughs, who was executed in Salem in 1692 for witchcraft. On account of the Indian wars the town was evacuated in 1690, and not resettled until about 1703.

The first church edifice was built sometime before 1671, on the Plains, below Prout's Neck, what is now the

1775. The same year Rev. Thomas Lancaster was ordained and was pastor for 56 years. These three first preachers lie side by side in the Black Point cemetery. Their immediate successors were Thomas Jameson, Daniel Sewell, A. M. Tobey and J. B. Thornton.

In 1790 a new church was built at Oak Hill where the First Parish worshipped until 1843, when the old church at Black Point was built.

After worshiping there fifty years Sunday trains have compelled its abandonment.

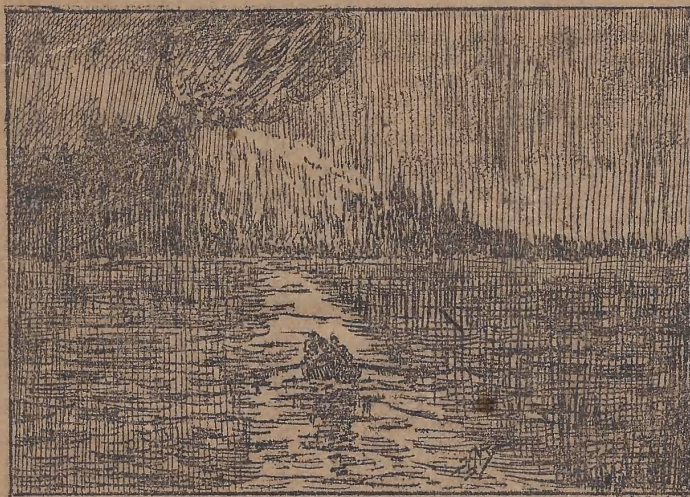
The cost of the new church has been \$5500, of which \$4500 have been paid in. Among those to whom thanks are due for contributions, are Mr. Simon Libbey, who presided at the late Ladies' Aid Society; the daughters of the late H. Libby, who himself was wont to contribute so liberally; Col. C. C. G. Thornton, who gave the bell, which is a new feature in a Scarborough church; Mr. Fred Tompson of Portland, who has given his services as architect; the members of the Thornton family; the Second Parish of Portland; Mrs. Fenn of Portland; Mrs. B. Scott Larrabee, who gave the organ; Mr. C. K. Hinkley of Gorham, and Messrs. Fuller and Trefethen.

Following the historical address was a reading of Scriptures by Rev. Arthur Smith of Freeport, formerly of Scarborough. The dedicatory sermon was next preached by Rev. Dr. Jenkins, of State street church of this city. Dr. Jenkins took his text from Revelations 21, 22, "I Saw No Temple Therein."

Following the sermon, which was a scholarly discussion of the relation of the place of worship to the Christian life, the dedicatory prayer was offered by Rev. Fred A. S. Storer. There being then an opportunity for other addresses, the pastor, Rev. A. Redlon, called on Rev. Dr. James G. Merrill of this city, Rev. Mr. Kelley, a Presbyterian clergyman of Washington, and a friend of the Scarborough church, and Rev. Messrs. Freeman of Scarborough, and Bean of Cape Elizabeth, representing the Methodist denomination. All made cordial remarks. The Doxology and benediction by Mr. Redlon, closed the services. In the evening a praise meeting was held in the church.

# SOME EARLY SKETCHES OF CAPE ELIZABETH

Clashing of Claimants Caused Lots of Trouble.  
Robert Jordan Fled For His Life by the Light  
of His Burning Home---Indians Were Hot on  
the Trail.



JORDAN AND HIS FAMILY ESCAPING BY THE LIGHT OF THEIR  
BURNING HOME.

No. II.

Early Land Grants.

Cape Elizabeth was cursed for many years, with troubles growing out of the claims of rival claimants to the soil. On the first day of December, 1631, the whole of Cape Elizabeth was granted to Robert Trelawny and Moses Goodyear by the Plymouth Council. Trelawny and Goodyear were merchants of Plymouth, England, but Goodyear's name does not appear in future operations.

Trelawny appointed John Winter, who was then in this country as his agent to "develop the property" as we would now say. When Winter came to the grant in July, 1632, he found George Cleaves and Richard Tucker had already located at the mouth of the Spurwink river having been settled there about two years on a valuable claim of 2,000 acres, but they were hustled off their lands by a superior force, and to the result of this eviction, the peninsular of Machigonne (now Portland) owes its settlement.

The history of Portland would probably be very different from what it is if Winter hadn't obliged Cleaves and Tucker to pack up and betake them-

boundaries afford a very interesting study and show him to have been a man of great shrewdness and if one resource failed he was ready to try another. One of his methods to secure a foothold beyond the present Fore river was to secure the names of a large number of the small proprietors inviting them to cross the Rubicon of the time and improve the country by putting up saw mills, etc., but it is evident to the later historians of Jordan's business methods if not to those who extended the invitation that if he had once got his foot planted beyond the Fore river he would have kept it there.

Jordan was generally successful before the courts in his contests with Cleaves, and but for the appearance of an unexpected enemy, Jordan might have driven Cleaves and the Falmouth proprietors away from the "Neck" and old Falmouth or obliged them to have paid tribute, but while the contest was at its height the Indian War of 1675 broke out. When the savages swept along the Maine seaboard leaving behind them a trail of burning homes and murdered settlers, Jordan was living not far from the mouth of

seives elsewhere.

It would appear that Winter didn't allow Cleaves and Tucker to pack up much but drove them away pretty nearly empty handed, for when Gorges had established his courts in the year 1640, Cleaves brought an action of trespass against Winter wherein they stated that "this defendant John Winter came and pretended an interest there by virtue of a succeeding patent surrepticiously obtained and so by force of arms expelled the plaint from his house, lands, and goods."

Winter proved to be a shrewd man of affairs and not only drove sharp bargains with the Indians but succeeded in getting the entire grant to Trelawny into his own hands. After the death of Winter, the management of the entire grant passed into the hands of Robert Jordan, who had married Winter's only daughter and heir.

#### Robert Jordan.

Robert Jordan who came to this country from England as an Episcopal clergyman, proved to be a worthy successor of his father-in-law. Jordan was the ancestor of all the numerous descendants of that name in this state, and for many years was one of the most active and strenuous characters of these stirring and unsettled times.

It is difficult to delineate the character of Jordan as reflected by the uncertain lights of these times.

Although he maintained his calling as a clergyman, and occasionally performed the services of the Episcopal church, until "silenced" by the Massachusetts Puritans, yet it is very doubtful whether he was the possessor of much vital piety, though he might have had as much as the greater part of those with whom he was in almost continual clash during the greater part of his long career.

Although he was in constant collision with the Massachusetts government after the authority of Massachusetts had been extended over Maine, yet he managed to maintain his position most of the time as one of the commissioners or judges, as we would now call them. After Jordan came into possession of the Trelawny grant, as Winter's executor, he was engaged for years in constant litigation with Cleaves and the Falmouth proprietors over the true northern boundary of Cape Elizabeth.

How little those of the present day realize as they pass over Fore river anything of the long and bitter quarrel between the original settler of old Falmouth and Winter and Jordan as to whether the "Casco river" of the Trelawny grant was the present Fore river or the Presumpscot. Not only did they quarrel over the boundaries of their grants but they would call one another hard names and actions for slander and defamation of character occupied the attention of the courts.

A somewhat singular condition concerning the dispensing of justice appears in one trial where Cleaves was beaten and he charged the result to the fact that Jordan was one of the judges, but whether this meant that Jordan sat in judgment on a case where he was one of the litigants or was only one of the judges making up the commissioners court does not appear.

Jordan's methods for enlarging his

the Spurwink in what was probably the most pretentious and substantial set of farm buildings east of Portsmouth. It was at Jordan's house that the Massachusetts commissioners met in 1658 when Maine finally submitted to the jurisdiction of Massachusetts and Jordan had hardly time to flee from his house with his family when the Indians surrounded it and in a few minutes the heavens were lurid with the burning of the buildings.

As the buildings were on high ground overlooking the bay, it is said that the ocean was lighted as bright as day as far as the ragged shores of "Prouts Neck," and even to Richmond's Island, and that Jordan crossed the bay to Richmond's Island by the light of his own burning home.

Jordan never returned to Maine and the last we hear of him with the exception of the brief notice of his death a few days after, is that he made his will at Great Island in the Piscataqua river, which was proved on July 1, 1679. At this time Jordan was in the 68th year of his age and had lost the use of his hands so as to be unable to sign his last will and testament. He left besides his widow Sarah, six sons between whom he divided his extensive possessions, which in addition to his Cape Elizabeth lands, included 2,000 acres along the Spurwink river in Scarboro, and it is a remarkable fact that though that will was made more than 200 years ago yet much of that land is yet held by his heirs today.

What is yet more remarkable the descendants of Robert Jordan to this day have inherited in a goodly measure the more prominent traits of their stout ancestor and it is rare to see a poor and shiftless Jordan.

W. H. McLAUGHLIN.

Note. The baptismal font brought by Jordan to this country and used by him, at the baptising of the Wallis children for which he was carried to Boston and cast into prison by the Massachusetts Puritans is to be seen at the rooms of the Historical Society over the Public Library.

# SOME EARLY SKETCHES OF CAPE ELIZABETH

Interesting Account of the Time When Richmonds Island Was a Prosperous Trading Port—One of the First Tragedies Through Trouble With the Indians.



EARLY RICHMOND ISLAND JUSTICE.

## No. 1. EARLY SETTLEMENT.

Cape Elizabeth originally included the present city of South Portland, and the present town of Cape Elizabeth, which also includes Richmonds island and several smaller islands. Richmond's island was the earliest settled land in the town and for years was the chief commercial part of all this section of the New England coast.

It is difficult to realize that the Richmonds island of today, about whose shore no sound is heard but the breaking of the waves over the rocks or the distant roar of the surf, was once the scene of busy activity, with ships coming and going to England, and an incessant stream of Indians coming in their boats from the mainland to barter their furs with the merchants of the island.

The first settler on the island was Walter Bagnall or "Big Walt" as he was known, who had established himself there and was carrying on a thriving trade with the Indians when the first settlers arrived along the adjacent shores.

Bagnall's name is associated with a double tragedy, among the first in those times.

It appears that Bagnall was given to over-reaching the Indians, who came from great distances along the mainland to trade with him. Among others who had suffered from Bagnall's sharp practices was Scitterygussett, the chief of the tribe that had its seat along the Presumpscot river, and whose corn fields were along that river where the present village of Cumberland Mills now stands.

On the 3d of October, 1631, the chief and a large number of his braves rowed out to the island from the Presumpscot, and murdered Bagnall and another man who was living with him, burned his house and carried away all his possessions. About all we know of Bagnall is derived from the brief statement of Winthrop that "He had lived alone upon the island for three years and had accumulated about 400 pounds, mostly goods by trade with the Indians whom he had much wronged," but the verdict of posterity has been that "Big Walt" probably deserved the fate that overtook him.

But the sequel to the murder of Bagnall and his nameless companion which occurred some time later was not received with so much resignation by the present generation and has received the merited condemnation of posterity. Some time after, some

authorities put it three years, an expedition was fitted out from Portsmouth to punish some acts of pirating along the eastern coast and other misdemeanors probably including Bagnall's murder.

On reaching Richmonds island the regulators landed and in searching about for traces of Bagnall's body, came upon a harmless Indian by the name of "Black Will," who was wandering about the island without any companions.

How a solitary Indian came to be on the island does not appear but he seemed to be known to the "regulators" and the historians of the event that followed.

The pirate hunters saw in the capture of this harmless and solitary Indian an opportunity to "report progress" in their extirpation of the dangerous and murderous characters that were all too numerous in those unsettled times when everyone was pretty much his own law giver.

Hastily rigging a rude gallows from some of the timbers of Bagnall's house that were lying about on the ground where the Indians left them, the unoffending Indian was hastily strung up and infinitely worse than the murderers of "Big Walt," retired to their boats, leaving the body of the luckless red man to become the prey of the birds of the air.

There was no attempted justification for this foul and unprovoked murder, for it seemed to be well known to his murderers that "Black Will" was not of the Ammoncongion tribe or branch but was a western Indian.

It was such dark and wicked deeds as this, too frequently committed by the English adventurers and sailors probably done in most instances in drunken wantonness, that were responsible largely for the later outrages that were committed by the Indians upon the early settlers and their families.

The Indian had plenty of small vices and could be a fiend, when stirred by the fire water of the pale face, together with the hope of plunder and goaded by the sting of past wrongs, but it is doubtful if the Indian was ever the aggressor in the long and bloody conflicts with the early settlers which cast such a lurid light over the annals of the times.

W. W. McLAUGHLIN.

# “OLD BAB”

## The Last New England Slave Whose Grave Is in Scarborough.

### Faithful Negress Rescued From Cruel Taskmaster in West Indies — Bought by John Maynard, Whose Descendants Are Now Living in Portland.

(BY W. H. McLAUGHLIN.)

Some few rods in the rear of the barn of B. F. Kimball on the line of the electric road in Scarborough (about a mile beyond Oak hill) lies buried Old Bab as she was known in her last years. She was said to have been the last of those, who were at an earlier period held as slaves in New England.

Old Bab was a St. Croix negress. She was purchased by John Maynard in the latter part of the eighteenth century and by him brought to Boston in the year 1800. John Maynard was the maternal grandfather of Col. Fred N. Dow. Maynard's father, William, was a lieutenant and in the patriot forces at Bunker hill where he was wounded. He was afterwards a captain in the Continental army.

Old Bab lived with "Massa Maynard" as she was wont to call him for a while in Boston and then came with the family to Scarborough where she lived until her death about 1820. She was then more than sixty years old.

It was her last request that she might be buried just "behind the barn" so she might be "near the family."

The ex-slave was a typical "mammy" whose kingdom was her kitchen, and where her reign was undisputed, as she bustled about with her black shiny face, with her locks tied up with a kerchief knotted behind. As she was about the only negro in the town and was known as an "old slave" she was an object of curiosity and interest to many whites in the town and some traditions of her were preserved.

The story of how Old Bab came into Maynard's possession was familiar to the past generation of Scarborough's older people. It was that as her future master John Maynard was riding past a plantation in the interior of the island of St. Croix in the West Indies he heard the cries of a slave and dismounting and entering the building from which the cries proceeded he found the owner of the plantation unmercifully flogging a young female slave.

The slave was tied to the upright post of a sugar mill and the upper part of her body was stripped bare, and her cries of agony at every application of the lash excited the compassion of Maynard, who was a resolute and determined man and he ordered the master to desist. This command was received with ill grace by the master, who inquired angrily as he lowered his lash, what business it was of the strangers. Maynard replied, that it was none except that it was not the custom in his country to punish slaves with so much severity.

The master finally remarked that "If the stranger took so much interest in the slave he had better show it by making a fair offer for her, and he could have her as he could do nothing with her." Maynard asked what value he put on her and the master named at once what appeared to Maynard as a pretty stiff price, but he closed the bargain, cut the thongs, and ordered the slave to follow him, and mounting her on the horse behind him soon left the plantation and astonished master behind, and on his return to Boston brought her with him and finally to Scarborough.

John Maynard was the senior member of the firm of Maynard and Lamb, an old time Boston firm who carried on a large trade with the West Indies, owning their own ships.

Lamb was the Boston manager while Maynard passed most of his time in the West Indies as the purchasing representative of the firm. During the trip in which he purchased Old Bab his partner disposed of most of the property of the firm, even selling the very ship in which Maynard was embarked at that time. That act resulted in a law suit which Maynard won and

which has long been a leading case on the point involved.

Though Maynard succeeded in retaining possession of this ship as being in actual possession at the time yet, when he returned to Boston he found himself financially ruined. Soon after he came to Scarborough and settled on the farm mentioned above. This farm had been owned by Cornelius Durant, an uncle of Maynard's wife, Mary Durant. Cornelius Durant was taxed for it as a non resident in 1795 as appears by the tax bill of that date still extant. Cornelius gave the farm to his niece Mary (Durant) Maynard, and thither, after his business reverses, John Maynard repaired. There he died in 1815. His remains repose in the old "Blackpoint" cemetery.

John Maynard was a direct descendant of Sergeant John Maynard, one of the most celebrated of the great lawyers of the English commonwealth and the restoration. Maynard was one of the most intimate as well as one of the strongest of the strong characters of those times. He managed to maintain his popularity, and extensive practice amidst all the strenuous passions and shifting political currents of the times. He was one of the framers of the articles of Stratford's impeachment, but steered a middle course during the trial and execution of Charles I. though he "followed the bier of the lord protector," and was the solicitor general during the few months that the sceptre of power remained in the feeble grasp of Richard Cromwell, Oliver's son.

When in his old age the bloody Jeffries twitted him of having forgotten his law, he replied that, "If that is so then I have forgotten more than your lordship ever knew." Maynard was alive and found daily in the courts as late as the arrival of the prince of Orange, to supplant James II. When the old barrister was presented to William, the new king, complimented him on having survived so many troubles and all of his contemporaries, to which Maynard replied, "and I had liked to survive the law itself if you hadn't come over."

A son of this famous old lawyer was the first of the family to come to this country. I have seen a ring owned by Col. Fred N. Dow bearing the coat of arms of the Maynards and the motto, in Latin, "Manus Tusta Nardus," which being freely rendered means, "Just hands are precious ointment." This ring has been handed down from generation to generation, coming to Colonel Dow through his mother who was a daughter of John and Mary (Durant) Maynard.

An old Scarborough tradition is to the effect that, with the love of personal adornment peculiar to her race, Old Bab, took a great interest in this ring when it belonged to her Massa John Maynard, and she made it a part of her household duties to always keep it clean and brightly polished.

Old Bab, though free by the act of the law abolishing slavery in Massachusetts, always preferred to speak of herself "as belonging to Massa Maynard." She mourned his loss and used to say she would like "to go to heben to see him." She survived her friend and old time master but five years.





### *New Sign Needed*

The sign reads "Scarboro Post Office" but all that will change May 1 when the official name of "Scarborough" will be used. (By Staff Photographer Merrill)

# Scarboro Post Office To Change Its Spelling

By **ELINOR CLARK**  
Correspondent

**SCARBOROUGH**—The Scarborough Post Office is scheduled to change its name May 1 and its location Sept. 25.

The Post Office Department in Washington notified the town this week that after May 1 "Scarboro" will be listed with the department as "Scarborough".

John D. Swygert, director of Installation Management Division, U.S. Post Office, said studies had disclosed that the name of "Scarborough" in general usage and would be more appropriate.

Post Office personnel, town officials and several residents reported that attempts have been made, especially during the tricentennial year, to have the spelling corrected.

They maintain that "Scarborough" has always been the official name of the town, because it was named after Scarborough, England.

The residents, because of the confusion in spelling, felt it necessary in the early 1940s to vote that the town would be known as "Scarborough".

Fred Skillings, the late postmaster, was a strong proponent for the change in spelling.

**FRANK HODGDON JR.**, postal clerk said the Post Office department at one time made a ruling that the town's return envelopes could carry the "ugh" spelling but the mailing address had to be "Scarboro."

Hodgdon said the "boro" ending was the result of poor

spelling by early residents. Mrs Dorothy Shaw Libby, historian for the Scarborough Historical Society agreed that early settlers spelled everything phonetically.

However, Mrs. Elizabeth Newcomb Libby, daughter of former postmaster Fred M. Newcomb claimed the short spelling was because the Post Office department wanted to save on the printing costs.

**The LeTourneau Construction Co. of Lewiston signed a contract Wednesday to have the new Post Office building built by Sept. 25 on Route 1 at Oak Hill.**

The local Post Office has always been in its present vicinity and originally was housed in the side of the building now occupied by V. T. Shaw. The latter store and the Post Office exchanged locales when the Post Office needed to be expanded.

**THE NEW POST OFFICE**, designed by John Calvin Stevens III of Cape Elizabeth, will be made of brick in a colonial design with a cupola.

It will be 66 feet long and 45 feet wide. It will have three service windows and a parking area for 16 cars along the side.

The building will be owned by Frederick Foley Jr. of Falmouth and leased to the postal department.

# Where Was Maine's First Road? It Was 'Kennebunk By The Sea'

77.22.9

It is a surprising fact that Saco, Scarborough, York, Wells and Kittery were busy communities long before Maine could boast of its first made road—the Kennebunk road by the sea.

This was built in 1653 by order of the Crown Commissioner of Massachusetts who complained of the lack of decent roads when they came into the state to hold court.

In the same year the inhabitants of Wells, York and Kittery were ordered to make straight and convenient pathways along the east coast for man and horse. A few years later Portland, then known as Falmouth, and Scarborough were bidden to make their roads more passable, so by this time there was an irregular and exceedingly rough, though fairly continuous shore route from Portland to Portsmouth.

These primitive roads however, were merely staked out a definite width and nothing was done towards improving them as highways.

Two rows of cartwheel ruts with a horsepath in the middle constituted the King's Highway for several generations, and during the 17th and 18th Centuries Maine towns were often rebuked and fined for failure to maintain roads. Progress along these lines, too, was considerably hampered, by the long and savage Indian warfare.

The customary mode of travel on the King's Highway, even up to the eve of the Revolution was by horseback or by 'shank's mare,' the roads being too bad—except in Winter — to admit of comfortable passing in any other manner.

### Before Bridges

As it was before the era of bridges the brooks and rivers

wading-place at Goosefare Creek but the Saco was too deep and had to be ferried.

Reaching the shores of Biddeford Pool then known as Winter Harbor, he followed close to the shore, past the seawall at Fortune's Rocks, across Batson and Little rivers on to Cape Porpoise where the ancient trail forms part of the present Main Street.

### Scenic Walk Today

At Kennebunkport, the highway is a favorite walk for the visitors of today as it winds by the Spouting Horn and Blowing Cave. Here the minister gradually ascended to high land to Ocean Bluff passing the present colony of summer hotels until it crossed the Kennebunk River near its mouth by ferry, to reach the long beaches of Kennebunk, Wells, and Ogunquit.

The tip of Cape Neddick, barren and forbidding in those days was crossed by trail and ferry where the highway led to York Beach then through York Village and on to York River.

The Stage Neck ferry conveyed him across the river, and the route from then on for the most part, ran through primitive forests, over rocky hills and swamp lands, until it reached the ferry at Kittery Point. This took the traveler across the swift waters of the Piscataqua River to Portsmouth.

The journey to Boston along this arduous and circuitous course was about 20 miles further than the present Route One and a dozen miles a day was good progress.

It is easy to understand however that when the first roads that constituted the King's Highway had served their purpose, and the towns became more prosperous and more populated, it was necessary to improve the travel

were forded where practicable, the fords being termed 'wading-places.' These were made by placing large logs on the river-bends or creeks where the water was not too deep. At low tide the traveler rode or waded across, and at high tide there was a ferry to transport him.

The ferrymen who were appointed by the Massachusetts authorities were regarded as pretty important personages as they generally served a double capacity as innkeepers, for the entertainment of their fares and accommodation for their horses.

When Thomas Smith, the young parson of the First Parish Church in old Falmouth, journeyed to Boston in 1726, he traveled by horseback along this ancient route, which took from 10 to 12 days to reach his destination. In these days of swift cushioned transportation it might be of interest to trace his actual itinerary.

He was ferried across the harbor from the ferry landing near the foot of India Street to the shores of Purpooduck (South Portland) where he took an Indian trail which skirted Meeting House Hill, then followed along the shore toward the end of Cape Elizabeth.

This old pathway was the foundation for what is now known as the Shore Road. About a half mile beyond Pond Cove the highway turned sharply to the east and led nearer the coast, then towards the southwest through the woods near the Spurwink meeting-house.

Crossing the Spurwink River by another ferry that conveyed him to Higgins Beach, he avoided the marshes and estuaries as much as possible until he reached the Black Point plains to Ferry Rock situated at the western end of Prouts Neck golf club. At this spot stands an historical marker stating that it was on the route of the old King's Highway.

Here was the Scarborough ferry which landed him at the easterly end of Pine Point and the long stretch of firm beaches almost to the Saco River. There was a

necessary to improve the travel facilities.

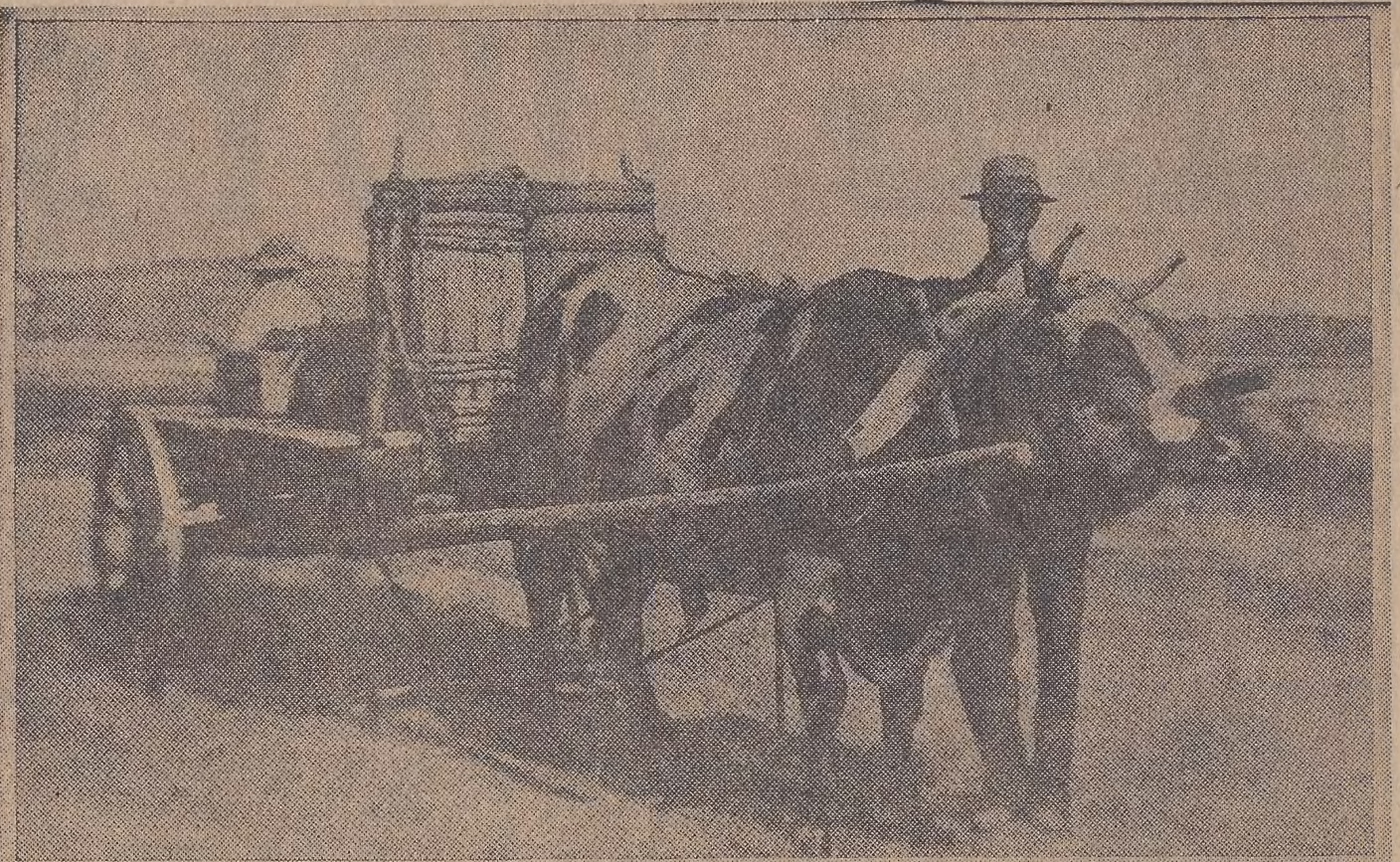
Much progress was made prior to the Revolution in communication between settlements particularly with the introduction of bridges in the middle of the 18th Century, but travelers continued to use the old seashore route until all fears of Indian raids ceased, with the defeat of the French, at Quebec, in 1759.

With the completion of the 'upper Kings Road' about 1750, which later with the introduction of the Colonial Post, became the famous Post Road, over which hovers the romantic traditions of 'stage-coach and tavern days' the venerable Kings Highway became a relic of the past, relegated to the vale of 'forgotten things.'

Such as it was however, it furnished our forefathers for more than a century with the only means of land communication between the Province of Maine and Massachusetts. It still serves its useful purpose even today, as not a little of the historic pathway, has been intermingled and absorbed in the present routes of U. S. One and One A.



10 Portland, Me., Press Herald, Tuesday, April 11, 1967



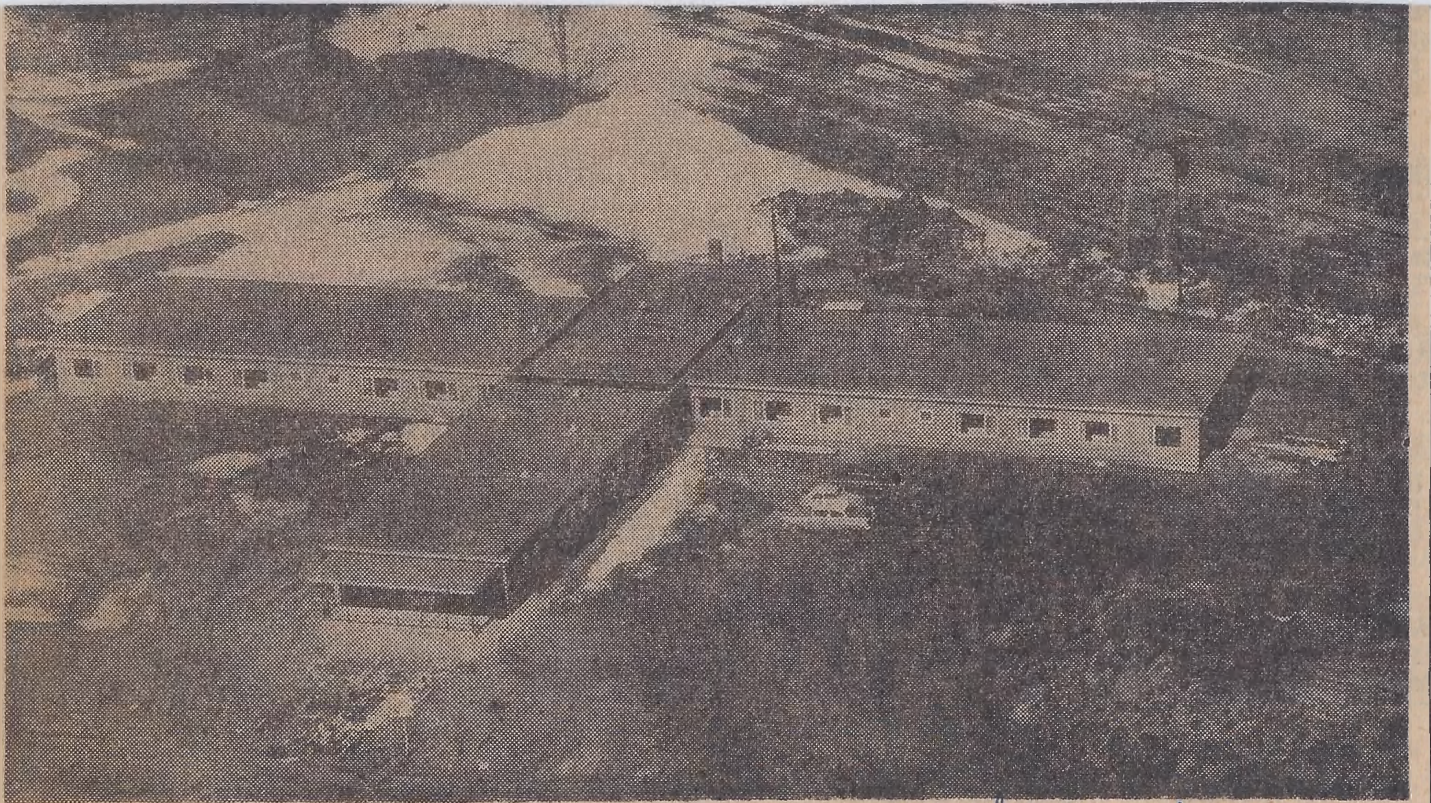
**The bull which swam or forded the Spurwink River to bring supplies to Higgins Beach in 1890**

(From an old photograph)

# ONCE UPON A TIME...



**FIRST PROUT'S NECK HOTEL**—This hotel was known as the Libby House when the picture was made, 50 years or more ago. Part of it still stands nearly on the same site, and is used as a private summer home. The rest was moved by former County Commissioner William J. Robinson years ago to a near-by site where it's now V. T. Shaw's store. (Photograph loaned by Mrs. Charles Walker, Scarborough, whose late husband made it.)



**New Nursing Home Opens** *Monday apr. 4-1960*

Pine Point Manor, Scarborough, the only nursing and convalescent home built exclusively for that purpose in the state, opened today. The

\$235,000 home will accommodate 62 patients. Route 1 is out of picture at top; Route 9, at right. (Gannett Air Photo by Roberts)

Whiskerpuss Chronicle ... E.E. JUNE 1958

# Scarborough Chin Drapery Recalls Those Libby Beards

By F. E. BARBAROSSA  
(Staff whisker researcher)

Beards are the coming thing in Scarborough these days. All in token of the town's observance of its 300th anniversary the coming summer.

But beards aren't anything new at Scarborough. Town historian Dorothy Shaw Libbey will assure you of that.

You have only to glance through "The Libby Family in America 1602-1881" to find how right she is. Scarborough and Libby have been synonymous from time immemorial. And most Libbys sported beards of one style or another.

John Libby born in England in 1602, came to the New World in 1630 and was among the first settlers of Scarborough. The first settlement was at Black Point. In 1640 he sent back to the old country for his wife. In the course of time he became one of the colony's principal planters and a leading citizen.

Before he died at the age of 80, he had had 12 children by two wives. Eight of them were boys. Two of them perished when the Indian outbreaks that flared up during King Philip's War engulfed the Black Point settlement.

**BUT THE LIBBY SEED** had been sown in rich soil. John's descendants were as prolific as he. Soon there were Libbys all over New England. As the winds of continental emigration blew up, the seed was carried west and thrived there as the country grew.

The book about the Libby family in America was compiled by Charles Thornton Libby in 1880. He was the son of Matthias Libby and Eliza Gookin Thornton of Biddeford. He was graduated a Brown Medal Student at Portland



Author Cha's T. Libby

Scarborough as a selectman, to be its first representative to the Legislature when Maine became a state in 1820 and to sire five sons and four daughters. In beards Capt. Libby was a conservative sideburner.



Capt. Cyrus and George  
(Sideburns and frieze)

He also founded and became editor of an Oberlin, Ohio, paper when the paper already publishing in that city wouldn't accept his advertising. He eventually put the opposition paper out of business. He also published medical journals, expounding his theories that nature's way of treating diseases was with herbs and vegetables.

In later years he practiced in Boston, with a suboffice in Cleveland. By the time he had worked his way back to his native city, physicians had got their profession more formally organized than it was in the still relatively uncivilized West. The doctors of the East viewed Dr. Libby with a somewhat jaundiced eye. But he kept right on receiving his patients, resplendent in a set of Picadilly drapes.



Dr. Hosea and A. A.  
(Picadilly drapes and long)

Arthur Albion Libby, born in Westbrook in 1831, became one of the most famous and richest, if not the richest, of the Libbys. He went West as a young man and started packing tongues in Chicago. The business he founded grew into the nationwide form of Libby, McNeill and Libby. He wore a long beard. A true Libby, he had

member of the firm of Symonds, Butler and Libby. His associates were Joseph W. Symonds and Moses M. Butler. Libby was Cumberland county attorney from 1872 to 1878 and served on the Portland School Committee. He wore a neat Van Dyke with handlebar mustache.

**HISTORIAN LIBBEY** doesn't for a minute imply that the Libbys invented the beard. She knows they go back beyond recorded history. The Book of Psalms 133:2 speaks of the precious ointment on Aaron's head and beard. That's only one place in the Bible where beards are mentioned.

Kings of Egypt used to weave gold threads into their beards. Greek philosophers wore long beards, confident the more luxuriant the growth the more imposing their dignity.

Eleanor of Aquitaine objected to her husband shaving his beard. When King Louis VII insisted, she divorced him and married Henry II of England, who had a beauty. The dowry she took with her made England more powerful in France than Louis himself.

So the boys went to war over it. Englishmen and Frenchmen kept fighting each other off and on for 300 years.

Mrs. Libbey's research also has uncovered these facts about the historical ebb and flow of beards:

In the early 1600's, at the time the first white men settled in Scarborough, the style called for small beards and mustaches. "Van Dycks" or the smaller beards or tufts on the chin then called "Imperials."

By 1680 men were most all smooth-shaven. This lasted for more than 100 years. During the early 1800s, men started clipping their hair in the back to the contour of their heads, leaving the top hair long enough to curl, especially around the forehead. Whiskers were started again in the form of sideburns.

By 1840 they were being grown longer and bushier till finally they had the magnificent sweep of the "Picadilly weepers" or "Dundrearays." Some of the men grew their side-whiskers right around their jaw in a fringe of beard.



High Schol in 1879.

Charles Freeman Libby, Portland attorney, got young Charles interested compiling the Libby genealogy. The lad postponed entering Harvard for a year or two to do the job.

He eventually became a lawyer in Portland and was one of the oldest members of the Maine Bar Association when he died in his Yarmouth home in 1948 at the age of 86.

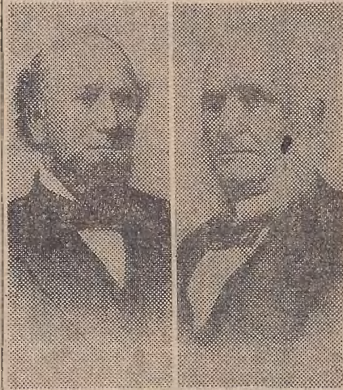
**YOUNG CHA'S**, as he signed his name, filled his book with pictures of Libbys of great and little note. Their beards represent most of the types in vogue during the 19th century.

There was the Dundreary, sort of muttonchop glorified with fringes; the frieze, which nestled in the wearer's collar underneath his chin and jowls; the long beard, the one which posed the problem of whether to tuck it beneath the covers or sleep with it on the outside; the Van Dyke, its name a corruption of the name of the painter Van Dyck, who wore one, and the beard which is often confused with the goatee; the sideburn, which really wasn't invented by Elvis Presley, Audrey; the full beard; and the Picadilly drape, another elaboration of the muttonchop.

Among Libby exponents of these type you'll find Capt. Cyrus Libby (1788-1838) of Scarborough, master mariner in the East Indian trade and to European ports. He commanded a privateer in the War of 1812. But although on the seven seas much of his 50 years of life, he was ashore to serve

George Libby (1800-1878) was a Saco trader and tavern keeper. He was the conservative type, too; grew a frieze beard.

James Small Libby (1820-1885) of Scarborough was a contractor. He built some of the early railroads in this section and many wharves along the Portland Waterfront. He represented Scarborough in the Maine Legislature in 1858-59. He wore a full beard.



Two James S's  
(Full and Dundreary)

Another James S. Libby (1805-1871) was born in Tuftonborough, N.H. He was a hatter by trade but went to New York City to become a hotelman and president of that city's first horse car line. He's credited with introducing to this country the European plan — whereby you pay for just your lodging and service and your meals are put on a separate tab. He greeted his guests from behind an austere Dundreary.

Dr. Hosea Wait Libby, born in Boston in 1834, was the son of Moses Libby of Lebanon who had moved to Boston. Son Hosea headed west as a young man and settled in Ohio. He wanted to be a medical man but didn't have the money to go to a medical school. So he attended what lectures he could, read medicine and went to practicing.

seven children. He died in 1899 a millionaire.

Charles Ezra Libby, (1844-1880) was born at Danville in 1844. He attended Bangor Theological Seminary and became a Methodist minister. He held pastorates at Guilford, Lincoln, Brewer, Thomaston, Pittston, Rockport, Camden and Belfast. He added a dapper mustache to his ecclesiastical set of Picadilly drapes.



Charles E. and Charles F.  
(Mustaches with muttonchops and Van Dyke)

Charles Freeman Libby, inspiration for Charles Thornton Libby's "The Libby Family in America," was born at Limerick in 1844. He was graduated from Bowdoin in 1864 and went into law in Portland. He became a

some wore their upper lip smooth while others wore mustaches in addition to their whiskers.

When the country boys went courting they used b'ar's grease or tallow to keep their hair in place.

Side whiskers remained for a long time. The neat muttonchops were worn by many of the businessmen. The longer, clipped chin-beard such as Abraham Lincoln's was worn by many. Older men wore beards covering the lower part of the face well into the 80s. Young men settled for long drooping mustaches without beards.

During the 90s came the style of parting the hair in the middle and waxing the tips of the mustache. Some of the older men raised those droopy "walrus" mustaches, the one that used to gleam with the head of a schooner of beer after the wearer had quaffed deeply.

Today, except on occasion like Scarborough's celebration, mustaches have deteriorated to thin, wispy little things. Beards are pretty well a thing of the past now, except for the Van Dyke, still favored by some doctors and artists — or by just plain exhibitionists.

# Josselyn Botanical Society Of Maine Named For 17th Century Scarborough Man

Older Members At Recent Meeting Recall Days When Train  
Was Halted To Permit Guest To Pick Some Rare Posies By Way



Mary Carpenter Kelley Photos

**WHEN BOTANISTS FOREGATHER** — The Josselyn Botanical Society of Maine, 50 years old, held its annual meeting and field days a few days ago at North Bridgton, and members of the organization, named for a Scarborough horticulturist of the 1600's, had a wonderful time. In the top row, left to right, are John Crawford Parlin, 83, of Buckfield, only charter member attending; Clena DeCoster Adams, East Sumner, vice president; Prof. Fay Hyland, Orono, secretary, and Dr. Anne E. Perkins, Berwick,

widely known as a collector of plants for Cornell University. Bottom, Herbert M. W. Haven of Portland, founder of the Maine Mineralogical Society and ardent botanist; a group ready to set forth in the fields and woods including Mrs. Frank W. Lowe, Portland, Dr. F. W. Steinmetz, Orono, president, Dr. Eugene C. Ogden of Orono and Prof. Hyland; Leroy F. Norton, Presque Isle rural mail carrier, registered guide, Deputy Master of the State Grange and a flower enthusiast.

## By Mary Carpenter Kelley

Fifty years ago this month the Josselyn Botanical Society of Maine held its second annual meeting in Farmington, the Maine Central Railroad selling round-trip tickets to members for one fare and the Stoddard House offering room and board for \$1.25 per day, one in a room, and \$1 per day, two in a room. In 1899 the Society met at Houlton, the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad was then new and by special arrangement with the officials, the engineer was allowed to stop the train so that Merritt Lyndon Fernald, now curator of the world-famous Gray Herbarium at Harvard College, then a student and secretary of the newly organized society, could gather the large yellow lady's slipper, *Cypripedium hirsutum*, in a certain bog.

Nowadays trains do not stop for botanizing and hotels charge at least four times the 1896 rate, but one thing has remained unchanged, the enthusiasm of botanists. It was this same enthusiasm that prompted Mrs. Jenny May Morrill of Gardiner a half century ago to suggest that a society of botanists be formed and a meeting held for that purpose in the rooms of the Portland Society of Natural History in July, 1895. Here the Josselyn Botanical Society of Maine was organized and named for John Josselyn, who had botanized in Scarborough in the latter part of the 17th century and who had published a book in 1672 called *New England's Rarities Discovered*. In his book Josselyn stated that in the eight years he had lived at Scarborough there were grown "Peas of all sorts, the best in the world. I never heard of, nor did see in eight years' time, one worm-eaten pea."

The only charter member present at the 50th anniversary meeting held last week at Bridgton Academy was the renowned Maine botanist, John Crawford Parlin, 83, of Buckfield, who is said to have

done more for botany in Maine than any other person. Mr. Parlin specializes in lichens and mosses and is the discoverer of two mosses in Mexico and Hartford that are nowhere else to be found except in northern Europe. Another octogenarian in attendance and active in the field was Miss Sue L. Gordon of Livermore.

A talk on *How I Botanize*, by Leroy F. Norton of Presque Isle, was the feature of one of the evening sessions. Mr. Norton is a rural mail carrier on a 39 3/10-mile daily route comprising the towns of Chapman, Westfield, and outskirts of Presque Isle, and always has an eye out for a new plant. He is a Granger, in fact, Deputy Master of the Maine State Grange, and began his botanical career when delegated some years ago to gather a fresh bouquet of grasses for a part of the Grange ritual. He did not know the names of any that he picked, so resolved then and there to learn them. After mastering the grasses and sedges, he went on to ferns and flowering plants and has already made some important finds in Aroostook County. As a registered guide with a camp in the wild, he makes frequent canoe trips to unexplored country and has to his credit several stations of the rare *Fragrant Shield Fern*, a station of the most uncommon orchid in the state, the *Small, Round-leaved Orchid*, and one plant never before reported in Maine, *DRABA lanceolata*, one of the *Whitlow?grasses*.

Dr. Eugene C. Ogden, State Taxonomist now transferred to the Department of Botany at the University of Maine, was also in attendance. He was to start for Mt. Priestly in northern Piscataquis County July 1 for a Summer in the wildest parts of the state along the Canadian border to explore the flora. He was to be accompanied during the first week by Dr. J. M. Trefethen, State Geologist, and Glenn D. Chamberlin, instructor of

biology in the Presque Isle High School. Mount Priestly and also Debouillie Mountain are composed of serpentine and Dr. Trefethen is to determine whether it is the valuable variety or not.

The Society's new vice president, Mrs. Cleora DeCoster Adams of East Sumner, is not only a fine botanist, but a fine photographer, her kodachromes are rare plants proving that she not only knows her plants but understands how to manage her camera in the most difficult situations. She is the daughter of Mrs. Edith B. DeCoster of Dixfield, long known as *The Butterfly Woman*.

The president, Dr. F. H. Steinmetz, head of the Departments of Botany and Entomology down at the University of Maine, and the secretary, Prof. Fay Hyland, Dr. Steinmetz' assistant in the departments, are known everywhere in the world of botany for their joint work. The *Woody Plants of Maine*, published two years ago. With Dr. Ogden they are now at work on *The Maine Flora* which they hope to get out in two years. Prof. Hyland has recently taken a course in the preservation of plants and seeds in plastics at Amherst College. It is a dangerous and difficult process, and he is one of only 10 men in the Country who have learned to produce specimens such as he showed the Society.

Dr. Anne E. Perkins of Berwick, who for years has been collecting specimens for Cornell University's Department of Botany in many parts of the Country including Florida and Maine, Herbert M. W. Haven, Portland, founder of the Maine Mineralogical Society and owner of an exceptionally fine private collection of minerals, Ralph C. Bean, head of the Science Department in the Girls' High School, Boston, oldest high school in the United States, Miss Dorothy C. Rowell of New Haven, Conn., Mrs. Mary B. Libby, Westbrook, the

Society's treasurer, and Mrs. Frank E. Lowe, Portland, whose particular field is the mosses, were among other botanists present at the meeting.

An exhibition of oil paintings and a large and beautiful collection of butterflies were placed in the assembly room of the Academy for the pleasure of the Society by Mrs. Horace R. Sturgis of Florida and Broadacres, Augusta. The paintings were Mrs. Sturgis' own work. She is a student in the Jerry Farnsworth School of Art, Sarasota, and a collector of many beautiful things in addition to botanical specimens.

The only plant found during the day trips that had never been reported in Maine before was a station of *New Jersey Tea*, *Ceanothus Americanus*, in the Town of Waterford. Pleasant Mountain yielded the round-leaved yellow violet, Hooker's orchid and the black oak. The Harrison Bog which was explored, a typical result of the invasion of a pond by mosses, shrubs, water-loving plants and even the Black Spruce, in a dwarfed form, until it is overlain by a thick mat of vegetation, was found to possess a long list of real bog plants. Some of the more uncommon specimens taken here and exhibited in the evening were *Wild Rosemary* or *Marsh Holy Rose*, *Andromeda Polifolia*; *Dwarf Cassandra* or *Leatherleaf*, *Chamaedaphne Calyculata*; *Labrador Tea*, *Ledum Groenlandicum*; *Privet Andromeda*, *Lyonia Ligustrina*; *Kalmia Polifolia*, one of the laurels; *Swamp Loosestrife*, *Decodon Verticillatus*; two orchids, *Rose Pogonia* and *Grass-pink*, *Calopogon Pulchellus*, and the *Virginia Chain-fern*, *Woodwardia Virginica*.

Plans for the 1947 meeting are already being discussed. It will then be 17 years since Washington County was visited and the region about Machias is being considered. The Jackman region is also a possibility.

E.E.6,26,79

## On the trail of things both great and small

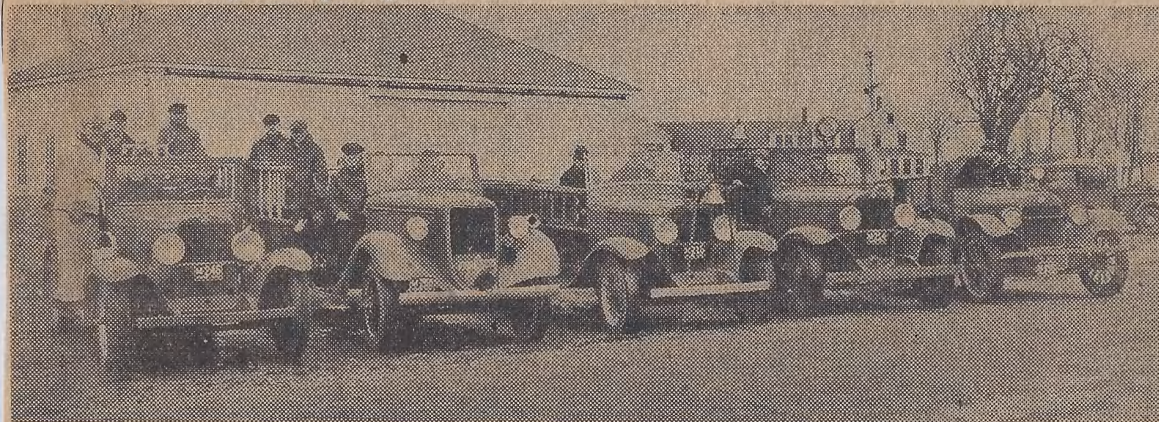
Staff photos  
by  
John Patriquin



Members of the Josselyn Botanical Society of Maine made a field trip to Mackworth Island, Falmouth, this week in search of plants, both common and uncommon. The trek was in conjunction with the society's annual meeting at the University of Southern Maine. The group in the above photo appears to have discovered something sufficiently interesting to make its members turn their backs on a clump of wildflowers. At left, Dr. Charles Towne of Waterville captures the colorful foliage on film. At right, a society member goes her own way. More than 125 persons registered for the annual meeting.



# Big-City Equipment And Volunteer Personnel Protect Scarborough From Fire



nearly the entire membership. This is considerable of a feat when one considers there is no alarm system in Scarborough, rather the individual members, including the driver of the fire truck, may be reached by telephone.

Only at Pleasant Hill is there a 24-hour man on duty, yet he does not draw a single penny in salary. Here the department built an apartment over its fire house and allows a man his keep free in return for his availability 24 hours a day. A nearby store and gasoline station afford him a livelihood.

Mr. Nutter, the only president the association has had, knows the reason for this achievement.

## No Politics

"We have succeeded where others have failed for two good reasons. First, the town allows the association to purchase all equipment. Second, we have kept the department out of politics."

Too often, Mr. Nutter said, politics, even though well-meaning, has wrecked good fire departments.

"Our membership, and that means all seven departments, willingly donate their services without reward, just so long as the town will keep up its equipment by appropriating money each year. The association, which has the spending of the money, divides it among all departments. Wherever the need is felt, the money goes."

Currently, Mr. Nutter said, a five-year spending program has ended with new 500-gallon pumpers having been installed in four firehouses at Scarborough.

## Pine Point First

The first company to be organized in Scarborough was that at Pine Point with its formation dating back to Jan. 5, 1914. Little is known of its early history.

On June 30, 1915, the Dunstan Fire Company at West Scarborough came into existence, in fact two companies were formed and gained the designations of "A" and "B" companies



By Staff Photographer.

A graphic indication of how rapidly the Scarborough Fire Department has grown is indicated in the two pictures at the top. At the left are the five pieces of equipment in the department as of Feb. 15, 1937, and at the right is the new 500-gallon pumper of the Pleasant Hill department, the pumper being typical of five now in service in the town. Standing beside the pumper is Louis E. Manter, the driver and only 24-hour man in service at Scarborough.

Below, some of the directors of the Fire Association and deputies of various departments pose in front of the equipment. Left to right are John Dougherty, Prout's Neck, deputy; Benjamin Roberts, North Scarborough, deputy; Vance Turner, Pine Point, deputy; Charles P. Nutter, Pleasant Hill, deputy; Ray Littlefield, Oak Hill, director; Henry Goold, Dunstan, deputy; Leon Larry, first selectman and chief of the department; and Robert Nutter, president of the association. The inset is Thomas Cocroft, Pine Point, a director.

Company A included members on the easterly side and Company B members on the westerly side of the Saco road. This system prevailed until July 7, 1920, when the companies united.

The Black Point Hose Company came into being Dec. 7, 1915, at a meeting in the vestry of the First Congregational Church.

On May 31, 1916, a company was formed at Prouts Neck as it had been determined the community could not be adequately covered by other companies in distant areas.

Next in line came the Pleasant Hill Unity Club, its date of formation being listed as March 10, 1927.

Newest of the companies is that at North Scarborough which came into being March 11, 1936, at a meeting held with Benjamin F. Roberts.

Each of the companies, although banded together in the one big association for the common good of the entire community, maintains its own records. The recounting of the trials and tribulations of one might well be that of the others because "the sledging" in getting a good start was difficult in each community.

#### Form Association

Feeling that as a unit they could accomplish more than as individual companies, the several fire department brigades Nov. 1, 1935, organized the Scarborough Firemen's Association, the organization which presently guides the destinies of fire-fighting in this large community.

The first funds raised allowed for the purchase of a new chassis for the fire truck of the Dunstan Company with the balance of the money distributed among the Black Point, Pleasant Hill, North Scarborough and

the approval of these residents to donate their first year's insurance savings to the fire company to aid in paying for the pumper.

At the 1937 town meeting, an appropriation of \$5,000 was voted and the town, likewise, agreed to carry liability and accident insurance on the trucks and to take over a blanket accident insurance policy which the association maintained for the fire-fighters.

#### More Improvement

This year marked some real additional improvements in the department. Out of the \$5,000 a new 500-gallon pumper to be installed on the new chassis at Dunstan was purchased.

In 1938 another \$5,000 was appropriated by the town and, for the first time, the article in the town warrant called for the money to be expended "only at the request of the Scarborough Firemen's Association, Inc," tangible evidence that the association at long last had found its place in an appreciative community.

This money was used to purchase a 500-gallon pumping engine for Pine Point with each of the other companies receiving their share of funds remaining after the purchase price had been met.

Through all of these improvements in the way of equipment, the association was keeping pace through rules and regulations governing its membership. The association had been incorporated, has set rules governing the action of members at fires, had designated an official badge, and had set forth rules governing the care of equipment.

The next \$5,000 appropriation from the town came in 1939 and this al-

lowed for the purchase of a pumper for the Black Point Company.

The year 1939, too, found deputy chiefs designated as special police officers and saw the association uniting with the Lucien T. Libby Post, (AL), in carrying through a program to mark the graves of departed comrades.

#### Extend Field Of Activity

Hardly satisfied with fighting fires and being prepared in the event of a conflagration, the association in 1939 formulated plans for an educational program involving fire prevention.

One of the first achievements in this regard was the passage on March 5, 1940, of a building code for the community. Then, too, the association conducted a poster campaign in the schools on fire prevention and awarded cash prizes to the winners.

Along these protective lines, 14 members of the department in January of 1940 took and completed a Red Cross first aid course.

The newest piece of equipment, purchased this past Summer, is a 500-gallon pumping engine at Pleasant Hill.

If one could chat with any of the association officials or members, for that matter, it would consume but little time to determine that the task has just been started.

It is well realized by members that they have come a long way in a short-time, but as one said, "We have just started." There is still much to be done, but the spirit is there and with continued cooperation from the community, Scarborough is destined to jump still further to the front.

PORTLAND SUNDAY TIMES, SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 30, 1904.

## THIS DAY IS THE CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY OF COLONEL SAMUEL MARSH OF SCARBORO.

Some Breezy Notes About a Famous Old Resident of the Vicinity of Portland, Who Took  
An Important Part In Local Doings.

BY W. H. McLAUGHLIN.

Sunday, Oct. 30th, marks the 100th anniversary of the death of Col. Samuel Marsh of Scarboro, who was one of the most ardent and active patriots of the stormy times of the Revolution, and a Lieut. Col. in the Continental Army. Col. Marsh was born in 1729, and in his younger days was a cordwainer by occupation, but when the Revolution came on he espoused the cause of the colonies, and was commissioned by the Massachusetts Provisional Congress to raise a regiment of foot for Cumberland County for the Continental Army. In the confusion of hasty preparation for war Edmund Phinney of Gorham was also given authority to raise the same regiment and when the men were about ready to begin their long march for the American Camp at Cambridge some delay was had by reason of the conflict of authority as to whom should be the commander but Marsh waived his rights, on the score of Phinney being the oldest man and that the regiment was needed at once at this siege of Boston.

The difficulty was thus speedily adjusted by Phinney being made Colonel and Marsh Lieut. Col., and the regiment started out at once to join Washington's army that was then besieging the British who occupied Boston. Marsh was a great favorite with Washington being with the exception of Gen. Henry Knox who weighed nearly 300 lbs, the largest and finest looking officer in the army before Boston.

The regiment of which Phinney and Marsh were commanders were selected by Washington to lead the assault the night which was selected to storm Boston and drive the British out at the point of the bayonet or capture them, and which was only given up on account of a raging storm of rain and hail that set in after the town had been furiously bombarded for three hours and Marsh was waiting at the head of his regiment for the signal for the assault.

A council of war at Washington's headquarters at the last moment decided to abandon the night assault in the teeth of the storm much to the disappointment of Marsh, but when the British evacuated the town shortly after, Washington compensated Marsh for his disappointment, by selecting his regiment to lead the van of the patriot army as it marched from Dorchester Heights, through what is now Washington street into the town. So, following close after Washington and his general officers came Phinney and Marsh, and as Phinney was also a large fine looking officer, and the Cumberland County regiment was made up of the most soldierly looking men in the army, the two Colonels and their command were greeted along the entire line of march by the most uproarious enthusiasm by the cheering patriots who lined the street.

Col. Marsh shared the fortunes of the regiment in its march to Ticonderoga and Crown Point and at the close

of the war returned to Scarboro where he settled on what is now known as the Sweetsir Place on the present line of the Portland and Saco electric road about a mile Portlandward from Oak Hill, where for the remainder of his days he kept a tavern that was a famous place for travellers between Boston and Portland, especially for army officers and public men.

After his return to Scarboro he filled nearly every office in the gift of his townsmen and for a number of years was a deputy Sheriff of the county of Cumberland.

His wife was Annie Libby who was a great great granddaughter of old John Libby, the immigrant, and was brought up on the farm lately known as the Abraham Plummer place near the Black Point station.

Col. Samuel and Mary his wife became the parents of fourteen children, eight girls and six boys, which was the second largest family ever produced in Scarboro by one mother, and they all lived to grow up but one.

The girls all lived to grow up and marry, and it was said that the eight daughters and their husbands all followed their father to his grave, and if it would be too violent an assumption to suppose the grand children were all there the procession was lengthened out by 58 of his children's children. Verily it might be said, of this patriot of Scarboro's earlier history that he went to his grave full of years and honors.

# RECORD and TRADITION.

## ANDPA'S SCRAP BOOK

Week of Oct. 17-20, 1900.

DR. ROBERT SOUTHGATE.

Of Dunstan, Scarboro, Ancestors and Descendants.

BY LEONARD B. CHAPMAN.

Part First.

Rev. William Scott Southgate who compiled the history of Scarboro performed some labor on the genealogy of the branch of the family to which he belonged. He departed this life on Sunday, May 21, 1899, at Annapolis, Md., where he had been Rector of St. Ann's church for thirty years, leaving his genealogical collection with his niece, Mrs. Harriet A. (Southgate) Graham residing at West End, Va., from whom we have obtained the loan, and, having made additions to the original, now present the whole to the public.

John Southgate of Coombs, Suffolk County, England, was united in marriage with Elizabeth ———, of the same place.

James Southgate, a son, came to New England and settled in Leicester, Mass., where he died, leaving no male issue.

Another son of John was named Richard. He was born in Coombs, Eng., March, 1671, and married there Oct. 17, 1700, Elizabeth, daughter of William and Elizabeth Steward of Bridley, Eng., b. June 11, 1677. In 1715, Richard came to this country with Daniel Denny, arriving in Boston, Sept. 12. June 7, 1716, he returned to England, but came back the next year with Rev. Thomas Pierce, arriving in Boston, July 20th. In 1718 he settled in Leicester, Mass., where he died April 1, 1758; his wife, Nov. 3, 1751.

[For a notice of Denny and Pierce, see Vol. I, page 187, Maine Historical and Genealogical Recorder. L. B. C.] Children of Richard and Elizabeth (Steward) Southgate all born in Coombs, England.

- 1—Steward, Sept. 8, 1703, m. Elizabeth Scott; 2d. Elizabeth Potter.
- 2—Elizabeth, March 23, 1705, d. 1791.
- 3—Richard, Aug. 3, 1708, d. Aug. 24, 1708.
- 4—Hannah, Dec. 10, 1709, m. Nathaniel Waite, d. March 30, 1754.
- 5—Mary, June 9, 1712, m. Daniel Livermore.
- 6—Richard, July 23, 1714, m. Eunice Brown Jan. 20, 1741. Descendants residing in Vermont.

(1.—Steward, eldest child of Richard and Elizabeth (Steward) Southgate, b. in Coombs, Eng., Sept. 8, 1703, m. March 28, 1735, Sarah, 3d daughter of William and Sarah Scott of Palmer, Mass. She d. Sept. 19, 1748; he m. second, at the Quaker monthly meeting, Oct. 26, 1749, Elizabeth, dau. of Nathaniel and Rebecca Potter of Smithfield, Mass. They resided at Leicester, Mass., until 1730 when they removed to the "Elbows" (now Pal-

for the sum of Twenty-nine pounds," etc.

In settlement the Doctor received an acre and half of land which was the first he received at Dunstan.

Nov. 15, 1748, "Richard King of Scarboro, gentleman," purchased the Nathan Knight house lot at Dunstan, (Nathan Knight, who was noticed in our Dunstan articles), located on the easterly side of the road leading to the "Landing." The career of Richard and his descendants are full of events, many of which have been described in print. A part of the King house may even now be seen on its original foundation, which is the ell to the main house. Mary, the second child of Richard King in a family of nine children by two wives, became the wife of Dr. Southgate. One son of Richard King, named William, became Governor of Maine, and two others were statesmen.

The exact time Dr. Southgate left the practice of medicine and adopted that of farming and became also a counsellor at law we cannot state.

In 1800 he was appointed a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas which position he held ten years.

In the years of 1807-8-9 he erected "Dunstan Abbey," located a little easterly of the parting of the highway leading to Portland from Dunstan Corner—a large, brick, two story dwelling, long ell, large barn and all the other buildings necessary to make complete a not only first class farm house but at that time a genteel appearing residence. But it seems the house was in the prospective quite a while before it was commenced. In the work entitled "A Girl's Life Eighty Years Ago," made of letters of Eliza (Southgate) Bowne, a daughter of the Doctor, under date of New York, July 8, 1803, an allusion is made as follows: "How comes the new house? We are to come as soon as ever that is ture you wish, perhaps cheaper and finished. If you choose to send so far, I will purchase any kind of furniture better than you can get elsewhere."

At another time she writes her parents she is ashamed of the old house. Our authority for the assertion it was commenced in 1807 is a statement made by Hon. Seth Scammon. It now remains as originally constructed and in its history a wonderment to the stranger who passes, and ten years ago, or thereabouts, when we first visited the premises, they were owned by Mr. Scammon, who had occupied the "Abbey" since 1864 when he and Ezra Carter, the first of Saco, the last of Portland, purchased the home farm and seven other pieces of real estate of the heirs of Horatio Southgate, who received the property by will from the Doctor, who was the father of Horatio, paying \$18,000—the homestead of Horatio Southgate at Portland not being included in the \$18,000 sale.

It was in front of or adjacent the "Abbey" that Andrew Alger resided when he was murdered by the Indians two hundred and twenty-six years ago.

Looking southward from the front of the "Abbey" countless acres of marsh land appear, a belt of English grass land intervening; beyond, the ocean; while both sides, the scene is skirted by woodlands. Looking towards the



mer) in the county of Hampshire, Mass. He d. at Leicester, Dec. 1764.

Children of Steward and Sarah (Scott) Southgate:

- 1—Elizabeth, b. Jan. 26, 1735, d. Jan. 28, 1738.
- 2—John, b. Jan. 13, 1737, d. Sept. 23, 1748.
- 3—William, b. Aug. 29, 1739, d. Sept. 25, 1748.
- 4—ROBERT, (doctor), b. Oct. 26, 1741, m. Mary King of Dunstan, Scarboro, Me.
- 5—Margaret, b. July 17, 1743, d. same day.
- 6—Sarah, b. June 18, 1744.
- 7—Mary, b. Oct. 16, 1746, d. May 13, 1756.
- 8—Steward, b. Sept. 10, 1748.  
By second wife.
- 9—Sou, b. Oct. 21, 1750, d. same day.
- 10—Amos, b. Dec. 3, 1751, d. Sept. 30, 1775.
- 11—Rebecca, b. Aug. 23, 1754, d. Oct. 14, 1756.
- 12—Sou, b. March 11, 1757, d. same day.
- 13—Ruth, b. Dec. 3, 1758, d. Oct. 16, 1777.
- 14—Moses, b. July 19, 1761, d. Sept. 1777.

#### (4.) DR. ROBERT SOUTHGATE.

It is a family tradition that Dr. Southgate arrived at Dunstan June 21, 1771, who was then thirty years of age lacking three months, born at Leicester, Mass., Oct. 26, 1741, son of Steward and Sarah (Scott) Southgate, coming on horseback, his saddle-bags containing his entire personal outfit. What induced the Doctor to come hither is among the hidden things of the past. That no records of his career in early manhood were left to the public is a matter of regret. That the compiler of the history of Scarboro did not say more relative to his ancestors and insert more genealogical notes in his work is, at this date, a source of wonderment, but such things were not so much in demand as now, and people were then less inclined to pay for printing.

It is apparent that Dr. Southgate upon arriving here engaged in trade of some sort; this the records show. Every shop and inn keeper then held a license to sell alcoholic liquors. In 1771 his application was granted and renewed yearly till 1785. He was in company with one Samuel Southgate, but no records have yet been found showing the family relationship between the two. Prior to the year of 1774, however, Samuel Southgate had departed this life and Dr. Southgate was appointed and commenced actions in court as administrator against those indebted to Samuel's estate. Following is a copy of one record:

"Whereas, Robert Southgate of Scarboro, in Our County of Cumberland, Physician, and surviving Partner of the late Company of Robert & Samuel Southgate the said Samuel now deceased; by the consideration of our Justices of Our Inferior Court of Common Pleas holden at Falmouth within and for Our County of Cumberland, aforesaid, on the last Tuesday of March, 1774, recovered judgment against John Milliken of Scarboro' aforesaid, Saddler,

south-west in the direction of the base of the King house, the land is undulating, and all, independent of the marsh, of a rich quality in fertility, the marsh prized higher by the first settlers than the up-land. But it was the northerly view, at the rear of the "Abbey," and much nearer, and far less in magnitude as to the question of number of acres, that attracted our special attention outside the historical consideration, where lofty evergreens had by the hand of Nature been placed, earth embankments, water-jets, rills, surface table rocks containing sculptured names of those whose "strife is past and triumph won"—reflections of Nature in all its miniature beauty by placid water, with stepping stones naturally arranged, paths carpeted by the waste of trees, all canopied by outstretching boughs of lofty specimens of monarchs of the forest. But a few years later when we again visited the scene—Alas! the venerable, long, white bearded Saco school master, like the builder of the "Abbey" had been called—obeyed—and the woodsman axe in hand, had come and felled the trees; so where natural beauty once abounded and there were expressions of glee in the early history of the Abbey and its surroundings and echoes from the lofty tree-domes, the evil spirit of the Indian of two centuries had appeared and permeated the minds of the lords of the land in the manner we here indicate. And now—

"We search the world for truth, we call

The good, the pure, the beautiful  
From grave-stone and written scroll,  
From all old flower-fields of the Soul."

and here present the record as we see it.

Hark! The voice of the Indian or something else. Do you hear it?

"Who wants recorded family records?" "Let the dead bury the dead." "Who wants eternal sunshine or shower?" "Who would fix forever the loveliest cloud-work of an autumnal sunset, or hang over the earth an everlasting moonlight?"

The echo—two hundred years earlier—"Give us desolation!"

For us let there be Nature's landscape perpetually displayed, rational glee and its echo—in realization "the dream that lovers dream," for Nature's path leads up higher in thought, and rational thought has made man what he is in his improved estate.

"Earnest words must needs be spoken,  
When the warm heart bleeds or burns  
With its scorn of wrong or pity."

(To Be Continued.)

# RECORD and TRADITION.

## GRANDPA'S SCRAP BOOK

Week of Oct 24-27, 1900.

DR. ROBERT SOUTHGATE.

Of Dunstan, Scarboro, Ancestors and Descendants.

BY LEONARD B. CHAPMAN.

Part Second.

### FIRST GENERATION IN MAINE.

Within the cemetery enclosure at Dunstan, Scarboro, may be seen a tall, thick, white marble slab that discloses the date of the demise of Dr. Robert Southgate and wife Mary (King) Southgate, but his name is without a title. To other sources of information the cemetery visitor must look to ascertain what he was as regards his occupation. The face inscription is as follows:

ROBERT SOUTHGATE,  
died  
Nov. 2, 1833.  
Aged 92 years.

MARY SOUTHGATE,  
died  
March 30, 1824,  
Aged 68 years.

The back of the slab points to another story—a story with many branches—the story of ten children whose names are inscribed, time of demise and ages, but there were twelve, two that did not receive names before they were called away.

Clustering around the parental record stone are five others bearing the name of Southgate—then the long row of Horatio's wives and children in another place.

### SECOND GENERATION.

Children of Dr. Robert and Mary (King) Southgate.

"There were six daughters, all remarkable for great personal beauty."

- 1—Mary King, b. Sept. 4, 1775, d. unmarried, June 22, 1795.
- 2—Daughter b. and d. Jan. 9, 1777.
- 3—Son, b. and d. Nov. 7, 1777.
- \*4—Isabella, b. March 29, 1779, m. Joseph C. Boyd of Portland.
- \*5—Horatio, b. Aug. 9, 1781, m. 1st, Abigail McLellan; 2d, Mary Webster; 3d, Eliza Neal.
- \*6—Eliza, b. Sept. 24, 1783, m. Walter Bowne.
- \*7—Octavia, b. Sept. 13, 1786, m. William Browne, son of Rev. Thomas Browne who has been noticed in previous issues of the Deering News. She d. Jan. 9, 1815.
- 8—Miranda, b. Feb. 15, 1786, d. unmarried July 17, 1816.

3—Charles Orlando, b. March 6, 1799, d. Dec. 12, 1821, unmarried.

4—Isabella Susanna, b. Dec. 28, 1801, d. North Conway, N. H., to which place she went hoping to recover lost health, July 17, 1825. She did not marry.

\*5—Robert Southgate, b. Aug. 24, 1804, m. Margaret A. Hall.

\*6—Samuel Stillman, b. May 27, 1807, m. Catharine C. Wilkins.

7—Frances Greenleaf, b. Nov. 25, 1808, d. Dec. 11, 1824, unmarried.

8—Horatio Erald, b. April 17, 1810, d. March 11, 1833, unmarried.

9—Walter Bowne, b. April 21, 1811. A farmer at Andover, this state, but removed to St. Paul, Minn., where he continued the calling, and where he resides unmarried.

10—Miranda Elizabeth, b. Dec. 24, 1812, d. May 31, 1830.

\*11—Frederick William (Reverend), b. March 15, 1815, m. Mary Eliza Railey.

12—Octavia Caroline, b. March 15, 1815, d. April 6, 1826.

13—Edward Augustus, b. June 10, 1816, m. Sarah Farrington of Andover, this state, and settled in St. Paul, Minn., where he was first a farmer than a doctor.

14—Ellen Almira, b. Aug. 8, 1817, d. April 6, 1826.

15—Augusta Murray, b. Jan., 1819, intention of m. with Lloyd Tilghman of Baltimore, Md. He was a civil engineer; was in the Mexican war; took the side of the South in the war of the Rebellion, and was killed at Champion Hills while serving as a General. The widow died in New York city Feb. 1, 1898, where descendants reside.

### HORATIO SOUTHGATE.

5.—Horatio Southgate, b. Aug. 9, 1781, son of Dr. Robert and Mary (King) Southgate, at the age of thirteen was placed at school at Exeter (N. H.) Academy with Henry Wadsworth; Joseph S. Buckminster, Augustine and Bushrod Washington from Virginia; Daniel Webster and others as companions. From there he went to the law office of Salmon Chase of Portland.

At the October term of court holden in New Gloucester in 1802 at the age of 21 years and two months he was admitted to the Cumberland bar as a practitioner with an office where the Canal Bank building is located in Portland, and one at Dunstan Corner in Scarboro.

In 1806 he purchased of Joseph Dilans a two story dwelling house and lot, which was his first venture in real estate, for which he paid \$2,700, where he ever after resided while a citizen of Portland. The property was located,

- \*9—Frederick, b. August 9, 1791, d. unmarried May 29, 1813.
- \*10—Arixene, b. Sept. 17, 1793, m. Henry Smith.
- 11—Robert, b. Oct. 14, 1796, d. July 6, 1799.
- \*12—Mary King, b. May 6, 1799, m. Grenville Mellen.

\* This sign indicates the name will be further noticed.

ISABELLA SOUTHGATE.

4.—Isabella Southgate (Boyd), b. March 29, 1779, daughter of Dr. Robert and Mary (King) Southgate, m. Jan. 24, 1796, Joseph Coffin Boyd, b. at Newburyport, Mass., 1760, son of James Boyd of Boston, Mass. His mother was a sister to the Rev. Paul Coffin of Buxton. James C. and brothers were all brought up to mercantile pursuits, and all left home young. One became a clergyman; one went to India, where he joined the English army, upon returning he engaged in the cause of his country and became a Brigadier in the war of 1812-15.

Robert came to Portland first, then Joseph C., and they engaged in trade on the corner of Exchange and Middle streets, where the "Boyd Block" appears.

Joseph C. first resided on Pleasant street, where the first children were born, in a house that Dr. John Merrill sold as guardian to the Boyd children in 1833 to Joseph Adams for \$1,600; he resided second in the large three story residence numbered 65 situated on the northerly side of Spring street which he built where Dr. John Merrill later resided whose heirs still retain and occupy the premises.

In 1800 Joseph C. went to France where he remained a year and a half. Upon his return he became a Notary Public. In 1812 we find him as clerk of the court of Common Pleas.

In 1820 he became State Treasurer, which position he held at the time of his death.

Miss Isabella Southgate was a pupil in 1793 at Leicester, (Mass.) Academy. From an address delivered in 1847 by Rev. Dr. Pierce of Brookline, Mass., who had been an assistant, we extract the following:

"Miss Isabella Southgate, from Scarboro, Maine, was a youth of transcendent beauty and accomplishments. Though in my class which I instructed at the university were Dr. Channing, Judge Story, and other respectable scholars, yet I have been in the habit of remarking, I never knew one male or female, of a more extraordinary mind than was evinced by that gifted young lady."

She d. Jan. 28, 1821, aged 42 years; he, May 12, 1823, aged 63 years.

Children of Joseph Coffin Boyd and Isabella (Southgate) Boyd.

- \*1—Mary Southgate, b. Jan. 20, 1797, m. Dr. John Merrill.
- 2—James Joseph, b. July 25, 1798. Intention of m. recorded Oct. 15, 1825, with Miss Harriet Dummer of Hallowell. They resided in the Boyd Spring street residence, where he d. April 30, 1829, and the widow returned home. One child that died in infancy.

on the southerly side of Pleasant street, is now owned and occupied by Moses H. Foster, proprietor of the Preble street dye-house and is numbered 124. The front door was originally in the end but Mr. Southgate had it changed to the side as now observed. In it fifteen of the sixteen Southgate children were born—the other at Dunstan.

In 1809 he was a trustee of the Portland Academy.

In 1814 he was appointed County Treasurer.

In 1815 he became register of the Probate Court for Cumberland County and held the office twenty-one years.

In 1818 he was one of the founders of the Portland Benevolent Society, and a member of the Board of Foreign Missions.

In 1821 he was a member of the board of overseers of the Portland House of Correction.

In 1830 he prepared the "Probate Manual," a work of much merit.

In 1840 he was the Portland Democratic candidate for mayor. The vote stood:

Greeley, (Whig),.....	497
Cutter, (Whig).....	509
Southgate, (Democrat).....	702
Scattering .....	98
Total .....	1717

Under date of April 17, 1840, Rev. Caleb Bradley records in his diary as follows:

"Election in Portland, but no choice of mayor. Four candidates—two in each of the political parties. Whig candidates, Levi Cutter and Eliphalet Greeley; Tory [Democrat] Horatio Southgate and C. B. Smith. Thus they are divided in the city and so through the nation and a nation divided against itself cannot stand, and unless we become better united as a people our ruin is inevitable; there is no help for it; nothing can save us but the blessed influence of an overruling Providence. Lord turn the hearts of the people. O, save us with an everlasting salvation! These are days of calamities; we have brought down judgments, and more judgments are in reserve unless prevented by repentance. We are a wicked nation and have forgotten God and what He has done for us and our fathers—how He drove out the heathen, or suffered them to be subdued in order to make a way for our European fathers. We seem to have forgotten how He appeared for us in our struggles for independence. Now, God seems to be saying: 'Shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation?'"

In 1841 Horatio Southgate Esq., was again run and received 680 votes; Churchill, 710; scattering, 137; total, 1527, and Southgate, "the Tory-Democrat" (according to Parson Bradley), was beaten by the Whigs.

(To be Continued.)

# RECORD and TRADITION.

## S ANDPA'S SCRAP BOOK

Week of Nov 7-10, 1900.

### DR. ROBERT SOUTHGATE.

Of Dunstan, Scarboro, Ancestors and Descendants.

BY LEONARD B. CHAPMAN.

### OCTAVIA SOUTHGATE.

7.—Octavia Southgate (Browne), b. Sept. 13, 1786, daughter of Dr. Robert and Mary (King) Southgate, has been noticed in our Browne articles in the News as the wife of William Browne, son of Rev. Thomas Browne of the Stroudwater, or 4th Parish of Falmouth, now the First of Deering.

Several of Octavia's letters appear in the book entitled "A Girl's Life Eighty Years Ago," which show her as a woman of culture. William Browne and his wife Octavia accompanied Mrs. Eliza (Southgate) Bowne on her fatal sea voyage to Charleston, S. C., and the contents of his first letter addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Southgate of Scarboro, dated at Charleston, Jan. 1, 1809, we will present, as follows:

#### Our Most Esteemed Friends:

We have now been in the city a week. We find that Eliza has gained a little strength since she arrived, and her cough is not quite so distressing as before leaving New York. She complains of no pain, but her fever and night sweats continue to trouble her every other day and night, as was the case before. She can walk about her room with ease; and she rides when the weather is fine, which she is much pleased with, and no doubt it is of great service to her. The streets are entirely of sand, as smooth as possible, no pavements, not a stone to be seen, which renders it very easy riding for her. It is as warm as our first of May, (if not the middle), and when the weather is fine, the air is clear, very mild and refreshing. The change is so great between this and New York that I cannot help thinking it must have a great and good effect on Eliza. I find as to myself that my cough is done away entirely, and I had a little of it most of the time at home in the winter. Octavia has certainly grown fat, and our little Frederick is certainly very well indeed. Eliza eats hominy, rice and milk, eggs and oysters cooked in various ways, vegetables, too, which we find in great perfection here; fruit is plenty of almost every description. The oranges raised here are not sweet but are very large. The olives, grapes and figs are excellent. The meats and fish are not so good as ours. Their poultry is fine; a great plenty of venison, wild duck and small sea-fowl; green peas we shall have in about a month, so that, besides the change of climate, we have many of the luxuries of a Northern summer. Uncle King gave us letters to Gen. C. C. Pickney and his brother Maj. Thomas Pickney,—both of them being out of town on their plantations, their sister, Mrs. Hovey, received the letters and has been very attentive and kind to us all. She is a widow, about

time studying divinity with Rev. Mr. Payson, when he was chosen a tutor of Bowdoin College, but his days of usefulness were few in numbers. Quick consumption seized him and he died under the parental roof.

His memorial slab at Dunstan is inscribed as follows:

The  
Remains  
of  
FREDERICK SOUTHGATE,  
son of  
Hon. Robert Southgate,  
Born Aug. 9, 1791.  
Graduated  
at Bowdoin College,  
1810,  
Died May 29, 1816.

### ARIXENE SOUTHGATE.

10.—The marriage intention between Miss Arixene Southgate and Henry Smith, she b. Sept. 17, 1793, daughter of Dr. Robert and Mary (King) Southgate, was recorded in Portland, Jan. 31, 1813.

John Smith was born in Plainfield, Connecticut, where he was united, June 25, 1699, in marriage with Miss Susanna Hall, daughter of Stephen Hall. Their son Lemuel was born there February 25, 1711, who married in 1736, Martha Coit, daughter of Rev. Joseph and Experience (Wheeler) Coit. Their son, named John, born at Sterling, (another record says Stonington,) Conn., March 7, 1749, graduated from Princeton College, 1770, and became a clergyman. He married July 3, (or 8), 1773, Alice Andrews, daughter of Elbanah and Alice (Beals) Andrews.

Rev. John Smith was for many years pastor of the Congregational church in Dighton, Mass., where a large family of both sons and daughters were born. In 1802 he removed to Canandaigua, N. Y., from there to the state of Pennsylvania, thence to Kentucky.

One of the sons of Rev. John Smith, named Isaac, a clergyman, made a first home for himself in Gilmanton, N. H., where he resided twenty years. Another son was Judge Smith of Plainfield, N. H., for some years a trustee of Dartmouth College. The other children of Rev. John Smith made homes in Kentucky and Illinois, excepting Henry, born in the town of Dighton, Mass., Dec. 10, 1783, who came to Portland and engaged in trade but failed in business. He then became superintendent of a cotton mill at Sacarrappa village, a village situated in the town of Westbrook, seven miles from Portland, where he took an active part in municipal and church matters, exerting a salutary influence for good in both respects.

His wife died Dec. 6, 1820, aged 27 years.

(To Be Continued.)

fifty-five, I should judge, of the finest respectability, and appears a very respectable and pleasant, amiable and cheerful old lady. She sends some nice things to Eliza almost every day. Her daughter, Mrs. Ruthlege, two Miss Pickneys (daughters of the General), Mrs. Gilchrist and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Mannigault, Mrs. Middleton, Mr. and Mrs. Izard, Mr. and Mrs. Dessault and Mr. Heyard make an extensive acquaintance for us. They all seem very kind and hospitable, plain and open in their manners, and yet of the most genteel and easy. Eliza has seen only Mrs. Hovey, Mrs. Ruthlege, and the two Miss Pickneys, but she thinks in a few days to be able to receive short visits from her friends, and even thinks it may be of consequence to enliven her. She rides whenever the weather is fine, and is very much pleased with the appearance of everything growing in the gardens here like our June. We have had one visit from the physician only; he thinks taking a little blood from her will be of service, but she has not yet consented. He approved of her diet and of the Iceland Moss tea which was recommended at New York, and which is said here to have had a great effect in removing complaints of a cough. Mrs. Mannigault told us yesterday she found immediate relief from it after she had been sick a long time. We expect Mr. Bowne in the course of a fortnight, and then I shall return towards Scarborough immediately. We hope to hear from you in a few days; not a word have we yet from New York since we arrived. Our darling boy we think we see every day playing about us, without thinking who is admiring him at the distance of 1100 miles.

Our best wishes attend you always.

Affectionately,

W. Browne.

The author of the foregoing interesting letter was born in a house that stood a few feet northerly of where Dr. Albion P. Topliff resides at Woodfords district of Deering, (taken down some fifty years ago), and written at a period when foolish physicians vomited and bled their patients, thus aiding untimely death. What would the public do today with the doctor that vomited and bled a consumptive? The practice was as bad as "voting straight" now when clowns are put in nomination for an elective office, as is often the case, but the fallacy of voting "straight" when incompetents and tricksters are held up for office is on the decline hereabouts for a time at least, and like the practice of vomiting and bleeding the consumptive to effect a cure which practice has long since been abandoned, we hope voting "straight" for objectionable candidates may share the same fate.

#### FREDERICK SOUTHGATE.

9.—Frederick Southgate, b. August 9, 1791, son of Dr. Robert and Mary (King) Southgate, graduated from Bowdoin College, class of 1810, and while reading law in Portland the earnest preaching of Rev. Edward Payson, to whom he listened, so changed his plans that he concluded to prepare for the ministry, and at once commenced preaching himself, at the same

# RECORD and TRADITION

## GRANDPA'S SCRAP BOOK

Week of Nov 28 - Dec. 1, 1900.

Dr. ROBERT SOUTHGATE,

Of Dunstan, Scarboro, Ancestors and Descendants.

BY LEONARD B. CHAPMAN.

Part Seventh.

### THIRD GENERATION.

1.—Mary Southgate Boyd, b. in Portland, Jan. 20, 1797, eldest child of Joseph C. and Isabella (Southgate) Boyd and a granddaughter of Dr. Robert Southgate, m. Sept. 26, 1820, Dr. John Merrill, b. in Conway, N. H., son of Thomas Merrill and his fourth wife, who was a widow, Elizabeth (Abbott) Cummings. Benjamin Merrill, brother of Dr. John, was a lawyer in Salem, Mass., where he died unmarried. Thomas, the father, seems to have been of a roving nature and died in the autumn of 1789, aged 65 years. [See p. 178, vol. 3, Me. His. and Gen. Recorder.]

Dr. Merrill fitted for college at Exeter Academy, graduated at Harvard, studied medicine under Dr. Warren of Boston and graduated from Harvard Medical school in 1807, and was a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society.

He was appointed guardian of the minor children of Joseph C. Boyd (father to his wife) and occupied the Spring street Boyd residence, the title to which is still in the Merrill name. He was senior warden to St. Luke's church—the only office of which we find a record that he filled. His name appears as one of the founders in 1851.

He d. May 27, 1855, aged 73 yrs., 6 mos. She d. April, 1861, aged 64 years.

The Merrill burial place is in Evergreen cemetery, the lot enclosed by an Arborvitae hedge, within which are various designs, sizes and patterns of lettering memorial stones.

The epitaph on Dr. Merrill's is as follows:

I look for the Resurrection of the dead and the Life of the world to come.

That of his wife, as follows:

Having the testimony of a good conscience in the communion of the Catholic church; in the confidence of a certain faith: in the comfort of a reasonable, religious, and holy home. in favor with thee our God, and in perfect charity with thy word.

Children of Dr. John and Mary S. (Boyd) Merrill.

1—Isabella Southgate, b. July 3, 1823, d. Feb. 6, 1871. She did not marry.

2—A daughter that died young.

\*3—Charles Benjamin, (Colonel) b. April 14, 1827, m. Abba Isabella Little.

\*4—John Cummings, (doctor) b. Nov. 3, 1831, m. Clara Brooks.

lege shows a face of finely cut features.

11—Rev. Frederick William Boyd, D. D., b. March 15, 1815, son of Joseph Coffin Boyd and wife Isabella (Southgate) Boyd, and brother to the preceding, entered Bowdoin College, but did not graduate. He went South and Jan. 4, 1844, at Nates, Mo., was united in marriage with Miss Eliza Railey. Just before or during the war of the Rebellion he went abroad and for a while had a parish in Scotland. Returning, he went to the State of Wisconsin, where he was settled at Waukesha as an Episcopalian clergyman. He d. there 188—. They had nine children of whom we have a record of five, as follows:

1—James Railey, D. D., b. Aug. 13, 1836.

2—Frederick William, b. March 4, 1848, m. Oct. 12, 1871, d. Nov. 6, same year.

3—Charles Mayo, b. Dec. 15, 1856.

4—Walter Stewart, b. March 9, 1859.

5—Lloyd Tilghman, b. Dec. 19, 1861.

### ROBERT SOUTHGATE.

2.—Rev. Robert Southgate, b. in Portland, January 27, 1807, son of Horatio and Nabby (McLellan) Southgate, and grandson of Dr. Robert Southgate, graduated from Bowdoin College class of 1826; then he attended the Theological Seminary at Andover three years; studied theology a year under Dr. Taylor at New Haven, Conn.; accepted the pastorate of a Congregational church in Woodstock, Vt.; then went to Wethersfield, Conn., where he was settled. From there he removed to Monroe, Michigan, then came back to Ipswich, Mass., where he officiated.

In 1832 he was united in marriage with Miss Mary Frances Swan, dau. of Benjamin Swan of Woodstock, Vt., where he died suddenly while on a visit, February 6, 1873, leaving three living children. The wife died Oct. 2, 1868.

Children of Rev. Robert and Mary Frances (Swan) Southgate:

1—Robert Swan, b. August 7, 1834, m. Dec. 13, 1865, Caroline Louisa Anderson.

2—Horatio, b. Aug. 24, 1836, d. Jan. 30, 1842.

3—Francis Swan, b. May 14, 1843, m. Edward Dana of Boston, Mass., June 6, 1870.

4—Charles McLellan, b. Nov. 18, 1845, m. Elizabeth Virginia Anderson, Nov. 30, 1870. A graduate of Yale College, and a Congregational clergyman at Dedham, Mass., in 1871, where Hugh McLellan Southgate was born Sept. 3, 1871.

4—Frederick Charter, b. January 25, 1852, m. Oct. 31, 1877, Ann French of Woodstock, Vt.

5—Mary Boyd, resides in New York city, unmarried.

5—Robert Southgate Boyd, b. in Portland, August 24, 1804—a brother to the preceding—m. Margaret Ann Hall, int. of m. Oct., 1831, dau. of Joel Hall, a merchant of Portland, and sister to the wife of John Neal, Esq., he a lawyer, editor, author, poet and critic of Portland, also to wife of a Dr. Cummings of Portland. They resided at No. 45 Park street. He d. in Portland Dec. 1, 1877, aged 73 years, 3 mos.; she, May 1, 1881, aged 70 yrs., 4 mos.

We find recorded the names of four children of Robert S. and Margaret A. (Hall) Boyd, as follows:

1—Joel Hall, b. Dec. 9, 1836. Intention of marriage with Frances W. Whitmore recorded Jan. 24, 1862. They resided at No. 45 Park street. He d. Jan. 15, 1894. They had no children. He was a Custom House official several years.

\*2—Samuel Stillman, b. May 6, 1838, m. Harriet E. Churchill.

3—Robert Southgate Boyd, b. Dec. 11, 1842. He resided in Boston; m. Elizabeth Wilson, and was burned to death March 17, 1887, in Buffalo, N. Y.

4—William Edward, b. June 4, 1844, d. May 31, 1845.

6—Samuel Stillman Boyd, b. March 27, 1807, son of Joseph C. and Isabella (Southgate) Boyd (and bro. to No. 5, next above) graduated from Bowdoin College in the class of 1826. His name stands at the head of the roll of that year. He then went to Cincinnati where his cousin, Bellamy with him two years, from which place he went to Mississippi. In his first case in court he introduced points of law the court had not heard of which the judge sustained thus making him famous in that region. He grew in public favor rapidly, so that, in 1832, at the age of twenty-five, the office of Attorney General was tendered him, but he declined the offer. In 1837 he became a citizen of Natchez, and held for a while a seat on the Supreme court bench of the state. He often met in the forum his classmate at college, Sargent S. Prentiss, one of the most gifted orators Maine has produced, who was born at Gorham, this state. In the knowledge of law, by direct gift, and studious study, in deep reasoning and flights of speech, he was Prentiss' peer. He was in politics a Whig, and in 1852 President Fillmore urged his name for a seat upon the U. S. Supreme court bench. In 1837 he was united in marriage with Miss Catharine Charlotte Wilkins, daughter of Col. James C. Wilkins. He performed a large amount of legal work, retired from active business with a fortune, indulged in literary pursuits and the pleasures of a large circle of children. A photo of him in the history of Bowdoin Col-

#### South Portland's Vanished Village.

One of the oldest settlements on the Cape has now entirely vanished and the only reminder we have of its existence is the name still given to the street on which it was built, which is still called Village street.

Every house but one of the Village itself has long since fallen into decay, and the present generation is fast forgetting why the old Village road was so called, since it is now more sparsely settled than almost any other in town. There are now very few residents living who remember the old village as it appeared 75 years ago, and I give this brief and imperfect history, gathered from the few survivors who remember it, of this little settlement of our pioneers.

As all familiar with the history of Cape Elizabeth know, Richmond's Island and Spurwink were among the earliest settlements in this vicinity; and the Spurwink road, which originally wound around Mr. Charles Waterhouse's farm, and over the hill to the Ferry, or old Purpoosuck, was the principal thoroughfare of the town. For years this road offered the only connection between those first settlers and Portland. Portland bridge and what was called the Ocean House road are modern conveniences that rose up to supply later needs.

On the old Spurwink road, just below what is now Bay View cemetery, was situated the old Village; and many and interesting are the anecdotes related of its quaint inhabitants. Most of the houses embraced in this settlement were built on the land owned by Henry Dyer, the first settler of this part of the Cape, and were occupied by his descendants.

The village consisted of the following buildings: A Quaker meeting house, situated where the cemetery now is, the old town house west of it, and the Green Hill houses of Hannah Plaisted, Lizzie Tobey and Jerusalem Kelley, daughters of Isaac Dyer, and their humble little cottages were built on land inherited from their father. All three of these women were widows for many years so the houses occupied by them have always been identified with them more than with their husbands. A fourth sister Nabby, married a Beckett and lived in Portland, although much of her life was spent with her sisters in the Village. Sylvester Beckett, one of Portland's well-known authors and a poet of considerable ability, was the son of Nabby, and if his muse had led his thoughts aright he might have made the abode of his ancestors as famous as "The Deserted Village" immortalized by Goldsmith, for this humble little settlement had the romances, tragedies and humorous situations common to life every where.

Other inhabitants of the Village were Ephraim Dyer, Miriam Hance, as she was called, although the name may have been Haines, Ephraim Sawyer, Vincent Roberts and Parson Greggs, settled where the Waterhouse farm now is. In its latter day the Village seems to have been a settlement of widows and the anecdotes connected

# RECORD and TRADITION

## GRANDPA'S SCRAP BOOK

Week of Dec. 12-15, 1900.

Dr. ROBERT SOUTHGATE,

Of Dunstan, Scarboro, Ancestors and  
Descendants.

BY LEONARD B. CHAPMAN.

Part Ninth.

Rt. Rev. Horatio Southgate was twice united in marriage, first, January 30, 1839, with Miss Elizabeth S. Browne, dau. of William and Octavia (Southgate) Browne, he a son of Rev. Thomas Browne of Stroudwater Parish, she, dau. of Dr. Robert Southgate.

Hugh McLellan's wife was a daughter of Rev. Thomas Browne, and Horatio Southgate, Esq., the father of Rt. Rev. Horatio Southgate, Jr., and son of Dr. Southgate, married for his first wife Hugh McLellan's daughter. All of this, however, has appeared in former articles.

The Rev. Mr. Southgate's first wife, b. in Portland, May, 1814, d. in Portland August 10, 1850, aged 36 years. Her memorial slab may be seen in the Dunstan cemetery. He m. second in New York city, Dec. 23, 1864, Sarah Elizabeth Hutchinson, dau. of Hiram and Mary Ann Hutchinson of that place. He d. at Astoria, Long Island, N. Y., April 12, 1894, aged 85 years.

Children of Rt. Rev. Horatio, Jr., and Elizabeth S. (Browne) Southgate, all born in Constantinople, Turkey:

- 1—Horatio, April 1, 1841, d. Jan. 29, 1854.
- \*2—Harriet Augusta, Oct. 19, 1842, m. Neil Ferguson Graham, M. D.
- 3—Clara Sophia, b. Feb. 28, 1844, d. Jan. 26, 1849.
- 4—Edward, April 18, 1846, graduated from—— Theological Seminary, entered Church of Rome 1873, now a Priest in charge of St. Mary's Parish, Bianton, Md.
- 5—Octavia, b. Jan. 1, 1848, "Sister Octavia," St. Gabriel's school, Peekskill-on-Hudson, N. Y.
- 6—Frederic, July 29, 1850, m. Renie Caroline Hutchinson.  
Children by second wife:
  - 7—Hiram Horatio, b. in New York, Oct. 25, 1865.
  - 8—Richard King, b. in Astoria, April 29, 1867.
  - 9—Henry, b. in Nyac, Oct. 23, 1868.
  - 10—William, b. Locust Grove, Long Island, N. Y., June 27, 1870.
  - 11—Hutchinson, b. Morrisonia, N. Y., Jan. 10, 1872.
  - 12—Mariam Agnes, b. Harlem, Sept. 9, 1873.
  - 13—Charles Joseph, b. Feb. 29, 1875, d. Falls Church, Va., Feb. 17, 1878.

### FREDERIC SOUTHGATE.

5.—Rev. Frederic Southgate, b. in Portland, Oct. 23, 1814, son of Horatio and Nabby (McLellan) Southgate and

brother to the preceding, graduated from Bowdoin College, class of 1835. It is said of him that he was not a brilliant man but a man of solid sense and a practical thinker. He studied medicine and having taken his degree went to Texas. In 1841 he settled in Burlington, Iowa Territory. Then he changed his calling for that of the ministry and went to the southern part of Illinois. His next move was to take charge of an Episcopal Parish at Edwardsville, and died at Quincy, Ill. Feb. 29, 1844, aged but 30 years. He was united but a few months before in marriage with Miss Mary, dau. of Eleazer Moore, of Gardner, this state. The widow survived till this year—a period of 56 years—all the while clinging fondly to the name of her departed husband, even her last request being that his name might be coupled with hers in the opening paragraph of her obituary. She died in Muscatine, Iowa.

The inscription upon the cross, marking her grave, is as follows:

MARY M. SOUTHGATE,  
wife of

Rev. Frederic Southgate,  
Born Jan. 10, 1817,  
Died Apr. 7, 1900.

### WILLIAM S. SOUTHGATE.

13.—Rev. William Scott Southgate, b. in Portland, Apr. 10, 1831, son of Horatio and Elizabeth (Neal) Southgate, and brother to the preceding, graduated from Bowdoin College, class of 1851, grad. Theological seminary 1855, ordained Deacon at Portland same year; ordained Priest at Portland 1856; Assistant, church of the Advent, Boston, Mass., Sept. '55 to Oct. 27, 1856; Rector St. Michael's church, Brattleboro, Vt., Nov. '56 to April 1860; Rector St. Michel's Litchfield, Conn., Nov. 1, 1860 to Dec. 27, 1863. From Jan. 1864 to Sept. 1869, traveled and sojourned in various



parts of England, Mexico and the United States. Oct. 3, 1869, became Rector of St. Ann's, Annapolis, Md.

While a citizen of Maine the record of the literary productions of Rev. Scott Southgate, D. D. is as follows:

- 1850. Two works of fiction.
- 1853. "History of Scarborough, Maine."
- 1855. "Church in the Catacombs."

He m. Nov. 1, 1858, Miss Harriet Randolph Talcott, dau. of Andrew and Harriet Talcott, b. in Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 9, 1835, d. Annapolis, Md., Aug. 13, 1886.

He departed this life at Annapolis, Md., on Whit Sunday, (May 21) 1899. The newspapers of the place contained long obituaries. The stores closed, bells were rung, and a large concourse of people of all classes attended his obsequies.

Children of Rev. William S. and Harriet R. (Talcott) Southgate:

- 1—Randolph, b. Aug. 10, 1860, at Brattleboro, Vt., civil engineer.
- 2—William Scott, b. Jan. 2, 1862.
- 3—Mary King, twin, at Litchfield, Conn.; she d. May 8, 1863; he a sailor in the British merchant service.
- 4—Grace Helen, b. June 19, 1863, at Litchfield, Vt., m. June 21, 1883, Abram V. Zane, 1st. ass't Engineer U. S. Navy.
- 5—Frances, b. Feb. 14, 1865, at Tancenberg, Mexico.
- 6—Henry Talcott, b. June 19, 1868, at Brattleboro, Vt., d. Feb. 9, 1869, at Fernandina, Fla.
- 7—Eleanor, b. July 18, 1869, at Washington, D. C., d. Aug. 10, same year.

8—Anita Mary, b. June 18, 1861, at Annapolis, Md.

9—Grace Talcott, b. July 25, 1873, at Annapolis, Md.

10—Frederic Charles, b. Sept. 15, 1879, d. June 20, 1883., Annapolis, Md.

#### JOHN B. SOUTHGATE.

14.—Rev. John Barrett Southgate, b. in Portland, July 25, 1833, son of Horatio and Elizabeth (Neal) Southgate and brother to the preceding, graduated from Bowdoin College, 1853, at the head of his class, and delivered the English oration at the commencement of 1856 as a candidate for the degree of A. M. A year later he graduated from the Theological school at New York, with great credit—"the most learned and finished writer and thinker of the school." He was ordained at Portland, July 8, of that year, as Deacon. In 1857 he was Rector of Trinity Parish, Lewiston, this state. March 20, 1859, he was ordained at Portland by Bishop Burgess to the Priesthood and took charge of St. John's Church at Wheeling, Va. His health failed, he returned to his father's home in Scarborough, officiating a

part of the time at Trinity Church, Saco. He died of consumption February 7, 1862, aged 28 years. Obituary notices of considerable length appeared in the New York Church Journal, the Boston Christian Witness and other religious journals.

A poem of his may be seen in the volume of poems printed in 1888 at Portland, page 487, which volume is entitled "The Poets of Maine."

His memorial slab may be seen at Dunstan.

To be continued.

#### Well Known Sayings.

"Where Nature's end of language is declined,  
And men talk only to conceal the mind."

"To show our simple skill—  
That is the true beginning of the end."

Mrs. A. (before the full length portrait of a girl)—"Oh, if I only knew the painter of this!"

Artist (stepping forward joyfully)—  
"Permit me madam, to introduce myself as the painter."

Mrs. A.—"What extraordinary good luck! Now you tell me—won't you—the address of the dressmaker who made this girl's frock?"

# RECORD and TRADITION

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Week of Dec. 19-22, 1900.

Dr. ROBERT SOUTHGATE,

Of Dunstan, Scarborough, Ancestors and Descendants.

BY LEONARD B. CHAPMAN.

Part Tenth.

HENRY B. SMITH.

2.—Rev. Henry Boynton Smith, D.D., LL. D., b. in Portland, Nov. 21, 1815, son of Henry and Aikene (Southgate) Smith, she a granddaughter of Dr. Robert and Mary (King) Southgate, was, from childhood, an invalid, yet he performed a masterly amount of labor. He was, in short, a wonderful man—a graduate of Bowdoin College, tutor, foreign traveler, country parson, newspaper contributor, then editor, book compiler, lecturer, church historian, philosopher, theologian, college Professor, a companion of the most learned of his generation, and yet, his name is seldom heard in the city in which or in Westbrook the step-mother, resided, the inscription upon whose monument in the village cemetery at Saccarappa we have presented in a former article.

And why is this state of forgetfulness so complete hereabouts? The youth is told that if he engages in the cause of his country and falls upon the battle field his name will be revered. Where is the "Hall of Fame" for such hereabouts? Are there even official records of names?

In education, where is the record of the deserving? Where is the "Hall of Fame" located?

The trumpet of fame over the name of Prof. Henry Boynton Smith is so seldom heard now-a-days that the name almost sleeps the sleep of utter forgetfulness, but it may yet be reclaimed, and Westbrook, as a municipality, can perform no wiser act than to cause the erection of a statue in front of the Public Library building as an object lesson of a public character of a worthy citizen of whom in original thought and literary labor few only are his peers. His printed sermons, essays, lectures, newspaper editorials and books compiled by him, and all while in feeble health, are too numerous for us to notice only in a general way,—a reference only to a few of the most salient points in his career can we give.

When a mere child, and before his

parents were aware of the fact, he could read with wonderful accuracy. His perceptions were quick, and his memory extremely retentive. At the age of thirteen he had assigned him for a composition the subject:—

"Which has the most influence in society, wealth or knowledge?"

John Neal, Esq., was present when the composition was read, and so struck was he with the ability displayed that Mr. Neal called at the lad's home and accused the parents of assisting but was assured that the lad performed the whole labor unaided, and furthermore, it was the original, and not a copy of the draft, that was read.

At the age of fourteen he kept a journal of his personal experiences, and in it is an account of his admission to Bowdoin College, then under fifteen years of age, and on the 23d day of July, 1830, he writes: "Here I am up at five o'clock, sitting at my desk in my chamber, writing a preface to it—[his journal.]"

It appears his father was in religious belief a Unitarian who attended Rev. Ichabod Nichols' meeting at the Portland First Parish and young Smith viewed as irrational the doctrines of total depravity and spiritual change, but a "revival" in college, with a student there, changed his views upon theological matters and he not only accepted the light of the "revival" but presented criticisms for publication upon "Scientific Tracts," entitled—"Moral Reform," which were accepted, approved and praised by the radical Orthodox of the Congregational church, Dr. Cummings inviting him to contribute to the "Christian Mirror," the Congregational paper of the state. His college graduation part was entitled—"The Power of the Gospel," which was declared a masterly production.

In the month of October, 1834, he entered the Theological Seminary at Andover, in order to prepare himself for the ministry, but commencing study at six in the morning and continuing till eleven at night soon produced a prostrating illness which required him to leave Andover, but he resumed study at Bangor.

Finishing at Bangor he became a tutor in Greek and Librarian at Bowdoin, aged but twenty.

In 1837, in May, he was a visitor at Philadelphia, and witnessed the scenes of rupture in the Presbyterian Church General Assembly, the healing of which division he was more instrumental than any other person in producing, thirty years later, in the same city and in the same church edifice.

At Bowdoin College, March 4, 1837, he wrote, in referring to a seven

weeks' vacation spent "at home" [Saccarappa] as follows:

"I enjoyed myself in reading, writing, talking, laughing—and preaching—for [Rev.] Mr. Searle was part of the time disabled, and I filled his place. [Rev. Mr. Searle was the Congregational clergyman at Saccarappa.] I like such extemporaneous trials for myself. I think the discipline does me good, and keeps my heart warm in the great work to which I have devoted myself wholly," etc.

Then he spent a period of two or three years in Europe, the state of his health forbidding a continuance of his theological studies in this country, returning and arriving July 1, 1840.

The following is from his diary:

Walnut Hill, [North Yarmouth,] Me., Sept. 11, 1840.

"Father was quite urgent that I should attend the Association [of Congregational ministers] and get a license, so I went to work on my sermon, and in about five hours had written one that I thought might do, for, though in point of style it had many defects, yet it was sound in doctrine, scriptural, presented the grand reconciling truths of our dispensation; the text, I Cor. i. 30.

"For of Him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption."

"Well, on Tuesday morning I went to New Gloucester, [Me.] where the Association met. The examination came on after dinner. They found me orthodox and gave me my commission. More than twenty ministers were present."

It appears that he had kept school at Walnut Hill and was there to preach to the people when he wrote the above, and added as follows:

"I had four invitations to preach this Sunday and five for the next but have refused all, for this I came here. I know the people. A beautiful new church is here."

Dec. 29, 1842, he was ordained as a Congregational minister at West Amesbury, Mass., and assumed the pastoral duties of the position. Of the examination one who was present remarked: "It seemed rather doubtful whether he was before the council or the council before him."

Oct. 10, 1847, he preached his farewell sermon at West Amesbury. During the time he was there he not only interested himself in local improvements of the neighborhood, but delivered many college lectures before college and other societies.

## HIS LUCKY FIND

### Parker Libby's Discovery of Robbers' Booty.

G EXPRESS SATURDAY AUGUST 1 1903

#### Interesting Incident in Connection With Cumberland Bank Robbery.

There was great excitement eighty-five years ago in that part of Scarborough which lies adjacent to the portion of the Paine road from the Nonesuch river to the Cape Elizabeth line when it was learned that the Cumberland bank in Portland had been robbed of a large sum of money and that a liberal reward of \$10,000 had been offered for the recovery of the money which was believed to be hidden somewhere in the woods that bordered that part of the Paine road.

Parker Libby was then a young man, the son of Amos Libby who left Portland when Mowatt bombarded the town in 1775 and built a house in Scarborough near the line of the Paine road. Young Parker was passing the evening with the young woman who afterwards became his wife, when the conversation fell upon the robbery and reward.

The young woman listened to Parker's recital of the facts and the heavy reward offered by the bank, and when the young man had concluded she said to him: "Now Parker you know you are a great hunter and are always telling me every time you come to see me about the coons you have treed and the foxes you have cornered and the squirrels and partridges you have bagged and now why can't you start out early in the morning and see if you can't bag that reward by finding that money?" "Why!" she exclaimed, warming up at the thought of the great amount that would be coming to them, for Mary Libby had already agreed to become Parker's wife, the reward would buy us that farm you have so often said you wished you could buy so we could be married and go to housekeeping."

"I'm afraid that would be better luck than we can ever expect to have come to us" replied Parker thoughtfully, and after a pause he slowly concluded "I guess whatever little may ever come to us Mary will have to come by hard knocks as it did to our fathers before us." But Mary noticed that Parker was uncommonly quiet the balance of the evening and took his departure much earlier than usual. The next morning Parker was astir at the first peep of day and after providing his own breakfast he shouldered his gun, and struck into the woods before any of the family were about. But

state and was attended, with many dramatic features.

The Cumberland bank, which stood on the same spot as the present Cumberland National bank, was entered on the night of Saturday the first of August, 1818 and about \$204,000 in bank bills and \$1,600 in gold and \$5,400 in silver was stolen. Suspicion soon fell upon a citizen of Portland named Daniel Manley who had a place of business on Fore street and who had been observed by a blacksmith as attentively eyeing the lock of the bank which had been brought to his shop for repairs. Manley was arrested as were several others but was released for lack of proof but finally a certain Capt. Benjamin Rolfe was arrested, and by shrewd management on the part of the bank officials and officers was led to make a full confession in which he implicated Manley as the chief and only person beside himself engaged in the robbery.

Rolfe returned about \$2,000 in specie that he had kept from Manley's knowledge, and took the officials of the bank to a spot near where the Portland Co.'s works now are to show them where the remainder was secreted. Going to a small ravine and followed at a short distance by the officers after looking carefully in the brush and young growth he soon discovered, that Manley had stole a march on him, and removed the money. Stepping further into the dense growth he drew a small pistol from his pocket and shot himself dead, pitching forward on his face, while the thick bushes nearly concealed his body from view.

Somewhat oddly none of the officials heard the shot and his sudden disappearance raised the suspicion that Rolfe was working some stratagem on them, and they all rushed forward only to be more astonished by falling over his dead body. Not discovering the pistol, and seeing no blood the officials were completely mystified and it was not until the blood was discovered dropping from his under garments, was the probable solution apparent. The finding of the pistol a few minutes later cleared the case of its mystifying aspects and bearing the remains with them on a rude stretcher of boughs the strange procession wended their way back to the town.

This occurred on the Thursday following the robbery and the news flew

It was not foxes and coons he was looking after this morning, but that stolen money the finding of which would bring a reward sufficient to enable him to realize the long deferred hopes of a home for himself and Mary.

It appears that it was known that the money had been brought out from Portland, in the night and was hidden somewhere along the road, or supposed to be, and Parker followed along the old stump and brush fences along the road and running back and from the road, when about the middle of the forenoon, when peering about among some stumps in the fence not far from the present site of the Red Brook canning factory, his keen eyes detected something that shown like metal.

Bending down and pulling away the brush, what was his astonishment and delight to find that he had unearthed the stolen booty, which comprised nearly a barrow load of packages containing bills of the bank and some boxes filled with shinning gold and silver pieces. Parker found the treasure none too soon for one of the robbers had confessed, and shot himself immediately afterwards but not until after he had implicated his confederate, who finding the game was up was already on his way, with the officers and bank officials to show them where he had hid the money. Parker's luck did not extend to finding the entire amount of the specie as a part of it had been previously buried by the conspirators, and the generation of Scarborough people contemporary with the event always understood and reported that Manley dropped some of the specie in bags over Vaughan's bridge on that eventful midnight ride, to the wildness of Upper Scarborough, and which was also recovered.

But the bank directors handed Parker \$3,500 which paid for the farm that he bought that fall and he and Mary Libby were married the next April and immediately went to housekeeping but Mary died in less than two years, and Parker married her younger sister who was a little girl in the room when her sister Mary was urging Parker to make an effort to secure the reward but little thinking that she would be the real beneficiary.

If Parker hadn't shared in common with many Scarborough people of that time a superstitious fear of ghosts and haunted houses, his lucky find might have resulted in making him as much richer man than it did, for the property, that was afterwards purchased by the state for the present Reform school was for sale at about the same price as was asked for the farm he purchased. But there were stories afloat that the house on the property was haunted and Parker's ears were filled with the most alarming accounts, of the way the ghosts were carrying on every night, as soon as it was dark, and Parker talked the matter over with Mary and was reported to have said that he "didn't care to live in a house where the ghosts were cutting up that way," and so missed the second and last opportunity of his life.

Although it is the intention of these sketches to deal exclusively with Scarborough characters and events yet a brief outline of the prominent features of the robbery of the bank can not fail to be of interest as it was the largest robbery in the amount of money stolen, that ever occurred in the

like wildfire through the town, and Exchange street in the vicinity of the bank was soon packed with a solid mass of humanity discussing and speculating over the strange occurrence of the day. Manley was immediately rearrested and made a clean breast of the whole business, and informed the officials where the money was, and offered to go with them and recover it. Manley first took the officials to the yard of his house, where some of the specie was unearthed and then taking carriages the officials and officers with Manley in their charge hurriedly drove out over Vaughan's bridge on the way to Scarborough to recover the bills and the remainder of the specie hidden there.

But when they reached the spot they met with another surprise nearly as great as when they stumbled over Rolfe's lifeless body for there they found a raw country boy standing guard over their treasure, for Parker had determined to take no chances of having the treasure fly away, or escape him, for he had hailed a passing team and engaged the owner to hurry to Portland and notify the bank officials of his find, while he prepared to camp on the spot until the owners arrived even "if it was a whole week," as he afterward explained, to the crowds that gathered, from far and near, and stood about in open mouthed amazement, to hear Parker relate (as he was obliged to over and over again to each group of newcomers) the story of his lucky find.

In the little family burying ground, on the farm where he found his wives Mary and Hannah, sleeps the finder of the stolen booty of the old Cumberland bank, (and who never coveted a cent of it but what came to him honestly) awaiting the blast of the resurrection trump, that in common with his ancestors he confidently believed would summon him to that judgment, where everyone would be rewarded according to the deeds done in the flesh.

In the Eastern cemetery on Munjoy hill in the city of Portland also sleeps Daniel Manley whose headstone informs us that he died on the 5th of Oct., 1837 in the 64th year of his age.

At the base of Manley's headstone is the following Latin inscription "Implora pace," which rendered into English would read "Let peace be implored." It is a somewhat curious fact, that our puritan ancestors might interpret differently from this practical age that Manley's headstone is broken off square across about two inches above the ground, and yet the stone is a substantial one nearly if not quite three inches in thickness and the old custodian of the cemetery has no knowledge when or how it was done.

By his side sleeps his devoted daughter Emily, who by persistent efforts by petitions and personal appeals to governors and pardoning boards finally secured her father's pardon, after he had served ten out of a twenty years' sentence.

By a somewhat singular coincidence this issue of the EXPRESS makes the eighty-fifth anniversary of the robbery of the bank and as many of its readers will be perusing this story of the robbery and its stirring and far reaching sequels, by their comfortable firesides this evening they may reflect, that just eighty-five years previous before midnight on the evening of Satur-

day the first of August, 1818, Manley and Rolfe were stealthily putting into operation the most dramatic bank robbery in the annals of Maine

W. H. McLAUGHLIN.

# SKETCHES OF EARLY HISTORY OF THE TOWN OF GORHAM

## How Parkers Corners Became Known as Bobadel From Wrecked Spanish Bark.



In the southern part of the town of Gorham, the section now known as Parkers corners, was known in the earlier days as Bobadel and the name is occasionally applied to the locality at the present time though of late years pronounced as though spelled Bobadil.

Why this word came to designate the neighborhood is that when the frame of the first meeting house in that locality (which stood on the hill just easterly of where the Gorham road comes into the Buxton road) was raised, Uncle Bill Larrabee who lived in the vicinity mounted the ridgepole and pointing to the frame below, exclaimed:

"Here is a fine church  
That stands on a hill,  
Where mortals will meet  
To send sinners to hell.  
Oh! Bobadel, Bobadel.

Just where Uncle Bill got the word Bobadel has always been a mystery as the word nowhere appears in English literature, and if it had, Uncle Bill's acquaintance with English literature, like most of the early settlers in this section was rather limited or was the word ever met with in this section as designating place or thing or is it a dictionary word.

The late Joseph Meserve, who died at South Gorham some twenty-five years ago (and who, through his father who lived in the upper part of Scarborough, was familiar with the traditions of the neighborhood) used to relate that someone asked Uncle Bill where he got the name and he said that he had long been looking for a name to give the neighborhood, that, as he said, "would stick by it long after he was in his grave." And he said that he was about giving up in despair, as the meetinghouse was to be raised the next day, and as he was sitting about

his kitchen fire the evening before the raising, and cudgeling his brains for the right word a knock was heard at the door, and on going to the door with his tallow dip a "black fellow" was found without who craved supper and a night's lodging.

Now, Uncle Bill was one of the most hospitable of men and turned no way-farer hungry from his door, and so the black fellow was invited in and was naturally expected to give some account of himself, as our forefathers were not lacking in curiosity.

While the wanderer was eating his supper he related how he was a cook on a Spanish barkentine, that had been recently wrecked on the coast to the eastward and in the course of his narrative mentioned the name of the bark as the Boabadel.

The name struck Uncle Bill at once and the first syllable was shortened by leaving out the a and the right word was found, and pronounced on the frame the next day. There was a Moorish prince and general in the times of the Spanish conquest of Grenada named Boabdel, but whether the Spanish barkentine was named for him is only a matter of conjecture, but the name still clings to the locality though Uncle Bill has long been in his grave.

This custom of the fathers of reciting some appropriate verses on the ridgepole has long since gone out of vogue, for the reason that bards have disappeared from the country and also that buildings are now generally put up by contract, and the only thought of the contractor is get the building up and finished as soon as possible so as to get his money. But this custom was well nigh universal in the earlier times, and was brought here from rural England where it had been

a popular ceremony at raisings from the remotest period. This reciting of verses was usually preceded by breaking of a bottle of liquor over the ridgepole.

When Daniel Davis raised a large two story barn on Fort hill over a hundred years ago, the idea of a two story barn was looked upon as a startling innovation, and the local poet ascended to the top and hit off the new idea of the builder with the following witty effusion which was said to have made Daniel "scringe a bit," when the crowd below broke out into the most uproarious laughter at the verses that they probably thought contained more truth than poetry.

The customary bottle of liquor was broken, and the bard recited:

"Daniel Davis in his glory  
BUILT a barn two story.  
If he should live till his hair was gray  
He'd never fill it full of hay."

Apropos of the statement in the sketch of the falling of the Gorham meetinghouse, that the ballad composed by Tom Shaw, the Standish poet, upon the catastrophe, is now lost, a Standish correspondent writes the EXPRESS that he recalls two lines of the ballad, which is all he can remember from hearing his father recite the entire verses. The two which fixed themselves upon his memory run as follows:

"Oh! Gorham, Gorham, ye silly people,  
That killed your doctor with a steeple."

Our correspondent further adds that he thinks that some of the older people of Standish can recall the entire ballad, and it is possible a copy may be found in some of the older houses, and if so the EXPRESS will be furnished with a copy.

able as brain food, when in fact, by such and careful investigation, the percentages of phosphorus in the specimens analyzed are not larger than are found in the flesh of other animals used for food. Eminent physiologists are of the opinion that phosphorus is no more essential to the brain than nitrogen, potassium, or any other element which occurs in its tissues. The value commonly attributed to the phosphorus is based on a popular misconception of statements by one of the early writers on such topics."

In discussing the belief that "fish contains certain elements which are adapted in a special manner to renovate the brain and so support mental labor," a prominent physiologist says, "There is no foundation whatever for this view."

We should also disabuse our minds of another erroneous notion, and that is that fish is more dangerous to use as a food owing to its poisonous nature, or its greater liability to contain ptomaines, than other flesh foods.

Professor Langworthy again says that there are a few, a very few, poisonous fish in the world, and a small number of these is found in the United States, and the chances few of their being offered for sale in our markets. Such fish are mostly confined to tropical waters.

Fish may contain parasites, some of which are injurious to man. These are, however, destroyed by thorough cooking, to which fish should always be subjected. The formation of ptomaines quite generally, although not always, accompanies putrefaction, and therefore great care should be taken to have fish served only when in perfectly good condition. Other flesh foods, and indeed vegetables, may be infested with animal parasites, and, if not thoroughly cooked, endanger one's health, if not life. All frozen meats which have been kept any length of time after thawing are especially likely to contain injurious ptomaines.

Having at length and frankly told the worst about fish, let us consider its value in the menu.

"The uses of fish as food are (1) to furnish an economical source of nitrogenous nutrients, and (2) to supply the demand for variety in the diet, which increases with the advance of civilization;" thus says Professor Langworthy again.

Persons in varying conditions of life and occupation require different kinds and quantities of food. The diet for the laboring man doing daily heavy work should have a large amount of the fuel ingredients and enough of the flesh-forming substances to make good the wear and tear of the body. These materials are all present in the flesh of animals, but not in requisite proportions. Fish and the leaner kinds of meat are deficient in materials which yield heat and muscular power. But these deficiencies can be supplied by bread, potatoes, butter, etc. Where fish can be had at low cost its advantages in the menu are its supply of protein and leading important variety. Physiologists regard fish as a particularly desirable food for persons of sedentary habits. So far as can be learned, such statements do not depend upon experimental evidence alone, but they also embody the result of experience.—Mrs. Edmund Burke, in Chicago Tribune.

HOW CHOCTAWS HUNT DEER.  
(St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)  
A better illustration of the primitive  
methods of the Choctaw Indian hun-  
ters could not be given than the fol-

1906 PORTLAND DAILY P

# FIRST TO ACT.

## Cumberland County's Declaration of Independence

WAS ISSUED IN OLD FALMOUTH

Even Before the Famous Mecklen-  
burg Manifesto.

(By W. H. McLaughlin.)

A volume of some 200 pages or more has recently been published containing a history of the Declaration of Independence as promulgated by the citizens of Mecklenburg county in North Carolina on the 20th of May, 1775, by which they formally severed all allegiance to Great Britain.

It was from this Mecklenburg declaration that Jefferson was charged with cribbing when he fashioned the immortal document that was signed by the fathers of the Continental congress in the old Carpenter's hall in Philadelphia on the fourth of July, 14 months later. It is quite likely that Jefferson did draw from it as it couldn't be improved upon and Jefferson was probably knowing to it.

This book contains a sketch of all those who were present as delegates to that Mecklenburg convention, and while none would wish to abridge a jot or tittle of the well deserved fame of those stout old Mecklenburgers it seems but just that the delegates from this county that assembled at Portland (then Falmouth) for a similar purpose, and nearly a year earlier should not be forgotten.

As far as words went these men of Mecklenburg county went a step beyond the men of Cumberland county, for they resolved, "That we, the citizens of Mecklenburg county, do hereby dissolve the political bonds, which have connected us with the mother country and absolve ourselves from all allegiance to the British crown, and then declared themselves 'a free and independent people that we are, and of right ought to be,' a sovereign and self-governing people, under the power of God, and the General Congress; to the maintenance of which independence we solemnly pledge to each other, our mutual cooperation, our lives, our fortunes and our most sacred honor."

That was plain talk and the British king could hardly have missed its significance though he was reported to have been so thick headed that when his cook presented him with a new French dish that we call an apple dumpling the dull witted monarch was phased to understand how the apple even got into the dumpling.

There is scarcely a high school boy in the country but has heard of the Mecklenburg declaration but how many are there outside of this State that

# WILLIAM H. McLAUGHLIN.



"his most gracious majesty" in which the "most loving father of his whole people was humbly implored to restore the violated rights of the colonists," whom they declared "fly to the foot of his throne, and implore his clemency."

Nine months later and after the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill the Congress sent another address imploring the King in the most humble terms to do tardy justice to the colonists.

It is true that after the throne had twice spurned their humble petitions, and hailed them as "tam rebels," they later became ashamed of their humble appeals and claimed it was only done to mollify old John Dickerson of Pennsylvania, a wealthy but weak kneed patriot, but there were no John Dickerson in the Cumberland convention, to be held back by their great possessions, though they were the property and business men of their section.

Although meeting nearly a year earlier and under such different conditions a review of the doings and conclusions of our convention will show that the delegates were but a short step behind their Mecklenburg brethren even if they are not fairly entitled to be considered as a step in advance. Our convention is unique and without parallel from the fact that after the people of the several towns had elect-

modern political convention, which has been happily defined by a maker of such resolutions as "like the platform of a car: something to get in on but not to stand on."

It may not be wise to carry ancestor worship to such an extreme as do the Chinese who will not have a railroad run within forty miles of their cemeteries for fear of having their ancestors disturbed who have been buried 2000 years or more, but it does seem as though our stout ancestors of this county who counted life, ease and property, as naught without liberty should not be allowed to be forgotten.

The British ministry could not and did not make any mistake but what these delegates meant forcible resistance when they read the following from the preamble: "We believe our enemies supposed we must submit and tamely give up all our rights. It is true a vigorous opposition will subject us to many inconveniences, but how much greater will our misery be if we relinquish all we now enjoy and lay our future earnings at the feet of despotic men. We cannot bear the thought. Distant posterity would have cause to curse our folly, and the rising generation would justly execrate our memory."

The prime movers of this convention

ever heard of the Cumberland declaration, and yet taking time, place and circumstances into consideration our declaration is the more remarkable of the two.

Mecklenburg county is in the western part of North Carolina more than 200 miles from the coast and containing no town today with so many inhabitants as Westbrooke.

Their geographical isolation rendered them practically exempt from any invasion of the British in case of war, and even if they had been invaded the most of their houses would have compared with those found by a British officer in another section of the South, that he described as not worth the time and trouble it would cost to set them on fire.

This was not because they were any poorer than their neighbors at the North at that time but the milder climate precludes the necessity of putting much money in houses, and they generally have none for their cattle.

In Cumberland county the conditions were quite different for its chief town was a seaport, and the most easterly place of importance on the coast and would naturally as it was, be the first place to be attacked by the powerful British navy.

Of the nine towns represented at the convention that met at Alice Grelee's tavern on the present corner of Congress and Hampshire streets, on the morning of Sept. 21, 1774, all but Gorham, Windham and New Gloucester were coastwise towns, and most of the settlements were on or near the coast.

Of the 35 delegates all but nine were from the coastwise towns. Falmouth, now Portland, had six delegates and they were all men of property and owned their own houses and most, if not all other property in the town and all lived in the "Neck," the most exposed point along the whole coast for there were no fortifications; only some small arms, and a couple of cannon relics of the old Indian wars then rusting in an open shed.

It should be understood that the Mecklenburg convention did not meet until a month and a day after the battle of Lexington so the war had actually begun. The Continental Congress was then in session yet when the special courier from the convention arrived at the Congress with a report of the proceedings no formal notice was taken of the report as it was probably considered too premature a move for the Congress to indorse or even publicly receive.

Our Cumberland delegates were far in advance of even the Continental Congress which had been in secret session at Philadelphia only two weeks when our delegates assembled in this town. The last of October of this year the Congress sent a "loyal address" to

and their delegates they went along with them to see that everything was done according to their wishes. So as soon as the convention was duly organized it was informed that a "committee from the body of the people then assembled at the entrance of the town" were in waiting.

The entrance to the town appears to have been in front of old Sheriff Tyng's house (near the present corner of Middle and Franklin streets) and the people wanted the convention to join them in ascertaining whether the sheriff was proposing to enforce the obnoxious laws of the British ministry.

The convention complied with the request of the "body of the people" and Sheriff Tyng was rounded up and escorted to the hall, and signed a statement to the effect that he would not attempt to enforce the obnoxious laws.

It was well known that the sheriff did not do this of his own free will, and this coercion of an officer of the crown must have been closely akin to treason.

The business of the first day was concluded by the selection of a committee to report a set of resolutions at 8 o'clock the next morning to which hour the convention adjourned.

Our fathers were not laggards in the morning and while a modern delegate would be leisurely sipping his coffee at his hotel these old timers were at the hall waiting for the report of the committee on resolutions.

Those who are familiar with the formulating of resolutions for political gatherings need not be told that these resolutions were not hastily written in an evening by a special committee brought together for the purpose.

Samuel Freeman has been credited with their authorship but it would probably be more correct to ascribe them to the joint authorship of Samuel and Enoch, his father, as the son was but thirty years of age and living at his father's house. The committee of 14 probably met at the house of the Freemans that evening and the document was gone over, but what modifications, changes or additions were made to the original draft probably none but the members of the committee ever knew.

The report the delegates listened to the next morning is one of the most interesting documents of our Revolutionary era.

It was easy work to prepare the Declaration of Independence when the times had ripened for it, but the time was not ripe when our fathers met at Old Falmouth in 1774.

Anything in the way of a critical review of this report is unnecessary but none can read it in our time without be impressed with the difference between it, and the resolutions of a

were Enoch and Samuel Freeman, father and son, the first being the presiding officer and the latter the secretary of the convention, and the house they owned and lived in was burned thirteen months later by Mowatt.

The other delegates were Stephen Longfellow, Richard Codman, Capt. John Waite and Enoch Ilsley of Falmouth; Dr. Clement Jordan, Peter Woodbury, Samuel Dunn, Capt. Judah Dyer, Dr. Nathaniel Jones, George Strout of Cape Elizabeth; Capt. Timothy McDaniel, Capt. Reuben Fogg and Joshua Fabyan of Scarborough; Solomon Lombard, William Gorham, Capt. Edmund Phinney, Capt. Briant Morton and Joseph Davis of Gorham; Zerubabel Hunnewell, Thomas Trott and David Barker of Windham; William Harris and Isaac Parsons of New Gloucester; John Jervis, David Mitchell, Jonathan Mitchell, John Gray, William Cutter of North Yarmouth; Samuel Thompson, Samuel Stanwood and Capt. Thomas Moulton of Brunswick; Joseph Erving, Capt. John Stover and Andrew Dunning of Harpswell.

The most of these delegates were well known men in their day and generation, and some of them became prominent in the Revolution.

The Scarborough delegates were among the active and influential patriots of the Revolutionary period and all have descendants living in this county.

Capt. Timothy McDaniel was the only man in Scarborough who took a paper before the Revolution (there being none published in Maine) and the captain used to take his paper to the Black Point church and read the news to the people while sitting on the steps of the church at the noon intermissions.

In those days they mixed their religion and politics and the churchman and patriot was so employed in enlightening the minds of the Scarborough people on the secular news on the Sabbath following the battle of Lexington, when the courier on his foam flecked steed dashed up and broke to them the news of the first battle of the Revolution, at which the reader folded up his paper with the remark that "the time for action had arrived."

Tradition affirms that the next morning just as the sun was peering above the Scarborough marshes a company of the younger men of the town marched out of Deacon Small's dooryard (who lived opposite the church) and began their long march to Massachusetts after receiving the blessing of Parson Lancaster and listening to some patriotic remarks from Capt. McDaniels, Deacon Small and the older men.

Reuben Fogg was a lieutenant colonel in the Revolution and for some years after esteemed as one of the wise men of the town as the following incident will attest. One hundred years ago or more there lived a woman in the northern part of Scarborough who was noted for being somewhat plain spoken and one day the tax gatherer called and after concluding his business fell to discussing the burning issues of the day and wound up all his arguments with "and Col. Reuben Fogg says so to."

The woman of the house heard this until it made her tired and, when the town official had so clinched one of his statements she broke in—"Is Col. Reuben Fogg the only man in Scarborough who knows anything."

Joshua Fabyan was a prominent citizen of Scarborough during the latter part of the 18th century, and was an active Whig during the events leading up to and during the Revolution, being one of the committee on "Safety and Correspondence."

This sketch of the Scarborough members of the convention is very brief but will be made more complete and it is to be hoped that the society might be interested to invite some of the local historians in the towns that were represented in this convention to prepare

to be read here a sketch of the lives of the delegates from their towns, with the view to their ultimate preservation in pamphlet or book form, to the end that the memory of the least of these precursors of the Revolution shall not perish from the earth.



... but did not feel over...  
 ... The ship sank...  
 ... I fished her to me, and fastened  
 ... rope which hung loose within reach.  
 ... with my teeth I opened my knife to cut  
 ... her round like a baby in the fur cloak,  
 ... was just coming to herself. I had wrapped  
 ... topmast and got a firm hold there. When  
 ... later. As it was, I scrambled to  
 ...

### TREASURER'S NOTICE.

#### Non-Resident Taxes in the Town of Scarborough in the County of Cumberland for the Year 1884.

THE NON-RESIDENT OWNERS OF REAL ESTATE taxed and unpaid in the Town of Scarborough, in the County of Cumberland, for the year 1884 in the bills committed to Samuel D. Plummer, Collector of said town, on the 28th day of August, 1884, have been returned by him to me as remaining unpaid on the 27th day of August, 1885, as his certificate of that date will show; and notice is hereby given that if said taxes and charges are not paid into the Treasury of said town within eighteen months from the date of the commitment of said bills, so much of the real estate taxed as will be sufficient to pay the amount due therefor, including interests and charges, will without further notice be sold at Public Auction, at the Post Office at Dunstan's Corner, in said Scarborough, on Saturday, April 17th, 1886, at four o'clock in the afternoon.

Connell, Annie H, Lot of land on Pine Point bound S W by Sixth st, S E & N E by land of Scamman & Carter, N W by land of James Donnell; valued 100; tax,	\$1.45
School house tax on same, District No 8	.61
Libby, F A Mrs, Lot of wood and tillage land bounded N E by land of Lincoln Jordan, S W by land of Edwin Moody; 24 acres; valued \$400; tax,	5.83
Credit Work on highway	.80
Now due	5.03
Fogz, Phebe, Lot wood and timber land bounded N W by the Burnham road, N E by land of James Meserve, S E by land of Daniel Moulton's heirs, S W by land of Morris Moulton's heirs, 20 acres; valued, \$200. Also lot of wood land bounded N W by the Burnham road, N E by land of James Meserve, S E by land of Daniel Moulton heirs, S W by land of James Meserve; 20 acres; valued \$200; taxed,	5.03
Chapman, Albion F, Lot of marsh land bounded N W by land of Henry Libby, S E by land of C E Libby, S by land of S Ling's heirs, 5 acres; valued \$60, tax,	.89
Deering, James, Lot of marsh land bounded S W by Dunstan River, N E by marsh of D M Show, S E by marsh of Nathaniel Boothby; 3 acres; valued \$75; tax,	1.12
Burnell, Melville C, Lot of marsh bounded E by Nonesuch River, W & N by marsh of John F Moulton; 6 acres; valued \$150; tax,	2.19
Deering, Reuben, Lot of marsh land bounded eastly by Nonesuch River, southly by a large creek, westly by marsh of Foxwell Deering; 6 acres; value \$160. Also one undivided piece of marsh bounded S E by marsh of Samuel McKenney heirs, N W by marsh of Smith Sweetsir; 3 acres; valued \$60; tax,	3.21
Morgan, Wm S, or unknown, Land and buildings bounded W by road leading from E. Beach Ridge road to J D Foyes, S E by land of Sewell Milliken heirs; 26 acres; valued \$400; tax,	5.83
Skillin, C J, adm'r of estate of Daniel Moulton, Lot of timber land bounded N W by land of Elisha Collins, N E by land formerly owned by Harvey Collins, E by meadow land of Geo. W. & B. F. Carter, S W by brook between said lot and the farm occupied B. F. Moulton and G. M. Low; valued \$8,000; tax,	43.50
Credit on highway	4.75
Tax due	38.75
Andrews, James and Wm H, heirs, Lot of wood land 13 acres, valued \$260, also lot of dyke marsh bounded N W by turnpike road, N E & S E by Dunstan River, S W by land of Stephen Milliken, 8½ acres; valued \$225; tax,	7.50
One-half paid, now due	3.75
Andrews, James, House and lot on Pine Point bounded S W by town line of Old Orchard, N E by Andrews & Thurston, valued \$400; tax,	5.82
School house tax on same, Dist. No 8	2.60
Andrews, James and Geo B Thurston, Two houses and lots on Pine Point bounded S W by land of James Andrews, S E by the sea wall and land of Horatio Hight, N E by H Hight, N W by town road, valued \$750. Also lot of land and stable on Pine Point, bounded S W by land of H Hight, S E by town road, N E by Baker heirs, N W by marsh of Samuel Patterson, valued \$150, tax \$13.07, ½ paid, now due	6.54
School house tax on same Dist. No. 8, \$5.35, ½ paid, now due	2.92
Boothby, Samuel heirs, Lot of wood land bounded S W by town line of Saco, S W by land of Alets and Wm. Saco	

heirs; 24 acres; valued \$225. Also lot of wood land bounded N W by land of C F Moulton, S W by town line of Saco, 20 acres; valued \$100; tax	5.00
Motley, John, Lot of land on Pine Point bounded S W by land of I. C. Baker's heirs, N W by land of Joseph L. Newcomb, N E by Granite St, S E by land of the Baker heirs valued at \$200; tax	2.90
School House tax on the same, district No 8,	1.24
Leavitt, Francis W, lot of land on Pine Point adjoining land of lots of Rufus Leavitt and Geo. Leavitt, valued \$50; tax	.75
School house tax on same, Dist. No. 8,	.29
Leavitt, Alvin B, lot of land on Pine Point, laying between lots of Maffit Milliken and lot claimed by Anna Show, valued \$50; tax,	.75
School house tax on same, Dist. No. 8	.29
Leavitt, Harry G, Lot of land on Pine Point opposite lot owned by Francis W Leavitt, valued \$30; tax,	.75
School house tax on same, Dist. No. 8	.29
Meserve, Freedom, Farm and buildings being a part of the Jonathan Fogg farm 100 acres; valued \$3,275. Lot of land bounded S E by land of Ambrose Deering, N W by town line of Scarboro and Bixton and known as a part of the Woodman field, 4 acres, value \$75; also lot of land on S E side of the Burnham road and bounded as follows: beginning at west corner of land of Phebe Fogg on said road, thence S E by Fogg's land to Meserve's lot so called, thence S W by said Meserve lot to land of Daniel Moulton's heirs, thence N W by land of said Moulton heirs and land of Elisha Collius, Lewis and Granville McKenny to the Burnham road, thence by Burnham road N E to first mentioned bounds; 30 acres; value \$300; tax	52.97
Credit on highway,	6.12
	<hr/>
Now due,	46.85
Trickey, John and William. Lot of marsh bounded Easterly by Nonesuch River, S W by Dunstan River, and adjoining marsh of David and Win. Johnson; 2½ acres; value \$50; tax,	.73
Murch, H. P. House and lot on Libby's Neck on M St., adjoining land of Penel and Libby; value \$200; tax,	2.90
Leavett, Abraham, heirs. Lot of land on Pine Point, bounded S W by land of I. C. Baker's heirs, S E by the sea wall, N E by land of Scamman & Carter, N N W by land of Daniel Moulton's heirs; 14 acres; value \$300; tax,	11.60
School house tax on same,	5.15
Winslow, Amassah. House on Ferry Point occupied as a summer house; value \$100; tax,	1.45
Milliken, Janet, heirs. Lot of marsh, bounded N W by upland of J. H. Snow's heirs, S W and S E by Dunstan River; 6 acres; value \$150; tax,	2.18
Meserve, Mathias, heirs. Lot of wood-land, bounded S E by land of Wm. Temple, N E by the Gorham road, N W by land of E. W. Butler; 7 acres; value \$75; tax,	1.10
McDonald, John. House and lot on Pine Point, situated on the north corner of Granite and Pine St; value \$300; tax,	4.35
School house tax on same, Dist. No. 8,	1.90
Newcomb, Joseph L., or unknown. House and lot on Pine Point, bounded N W by town road, S W and S E by land of Baker heirs; value \$400; tax,	5.80
School house tax on same, Dist. No. 8,	2.55
Prescott, Stephen. Two lots of wood-land, bounded S W and N W by land of John Libby, 4th, heirs, and heirs of Charles Libby; 24 acres; value \$300; tax	4.35
Cutts, Richard, heirs. Lot of land on Pine Point, bounded S W by heirs of Nicholas Dennett, S E by the sea wall, N E by land of the Baker heirs, N W by the salt marsh; value \$350; tax,	5.08
School house tax on same, Dis. No. 8,	2.19
Dennett, Nicholas, heirs. Lot of land on Pine Point, bounded S W by land of Baker heirs, S E by the sea wall, N E by land of Richard Cutts' heirs, N W by the marsh; valu \$336; tax,	4.88
School house tax on same, Dist. No. 8,	2.18
Perkins, Farmington. Lot of land on Pine Point, bounded S by the sea wall and land of L. L. Durell, E by Blain St, N by town road, W by the Baker heirs and land of Wright; also lot laying on west side of town road, bounded W by High St., N by marsh, E by Blain St; also 4 lots, No. 45, 46, 54 and 55 as marked on plan; value \$175; tax,	2.55
School house tax on same, Dist. No. 8,	1.08
Emery, Boston. Lot of land on Pine Point, bounded east by Oak St., south by land of John Motley, west by Baker heirs, north by town road. Value \$75; tax,	1.10
School house tax on same district No. 8	.43
Leavett, Harriet E. Farm and buildings situated on westerly side of Broad Turn road and opposite Stephen Andrews' land so called; 25 acres; value \$600; tax,	8.70
Copee, John C. Lot of land on Pine Point, bounded N W by the marsh; south by town road, west by land of James Andrews, east by land of Perkins; 1 acre; valued \$200; tax,	2.90
School house tax on same, Dist. No. 8,	1.29

# The Westbrook Secret

## A Skeleton In The Woods Solves A 232-Year Old Mystery

NOTE: For several weeks this summer, Mrs. Isabel T. Coburn and a number of others have painstakingly excavated a site in the Scarborough woods in search of the remains of Col. Thomas Westbrook, for whom the City of Westbrook is named. A prominent early Maine colonist who died 232 years ago, Westbrook's body disappeared without record or formal burial. In a special report to the Evening Express, Mrs. Coburn recounts the background and the successful search for Col. Westbrook's body.

ISABEL T. COBURN  
Special to the Evening Express

A casual suggestion for an historical society's Bicentennial project last year has resulted in what appears to be a solution to a 232-year old mystery.

A group of history buffs and amateur archaeologists, digging at a site in the Scarborough woods this summer, have found what they feel certain are the long-missing remains of Col. Thomas Westbrook.

The once-prosperous mast agent for King George III of England, Indian fighter, civic leader and businessman, died a near pauper. His name has endured mostly because the City of Westbrook is named for him.

English law at the time allowed creditors to seize a dead person's body and prevent burial until all debts were satisfied. To avoid such an ignoble conclusion to a distinguished life, Col. Westbrook's family buried him in a spot known only to family members.

**Plans are being made for a rededication service at Col. Westbrook's grave on Saturday. Details are expected to be announced tomorrow.**

Last Tuesday, while the world eyed the Mars landing of Viking I, the group in the Scarborough woods carefully brushed dirt from a ferrous plaque covering some very old bones.

Neatly printed in black paint were the letters "... mas Wes . . ." and "70 yrs." The remaining letters in the inscription are beneath a coating of rotten ledge sediment. Professional help will be required for the cleaning as well as for identification of other artifacts found at the site.

Thomas Westbrook was 70 years old when he died on Feb. 11, 1744 in Stroudwater.

The Colonel arrived in this part of Maine from Portsmouth, N.H. in 1719 with a reputation as an Indian fighter. He also had substantial political influence and vast land holds between the Kennebec and Penobscot Rivers. The combination helped him make a fortune as the King's mast agent.

Following his retirement from the king's service,

Col. Westbrook built and operated the first paper mill in Maine, damming the Presumpscot River to provide water. Other enterprises were scattered throughout the surrounding countryside. Harrowhouse, the home he built in Stroudwater, was renowned for its social occasions and visits by distinguished guests.

In 1737, his business ventures began to suffer reverses and Westbrook had to "beg for the patience" of William Pepperell, to whom he was indebted for repairs on one of his sawmills.

Six years later, when Westbrook's health was declining, he was sued by Samuel Waldo, his former partner in the paper mill and other businesses. When he couldn't raise the 10,500 pounds to satisfy Waldo's suit, Waldo took most of Westbrook's property; extensive land holdings at Capisic and along the Stroudwater and Presumpscot Rivers, several mills and his beloved Harrowhouse.

Debts of nearly 3,000 pounds remained when Westbrook died. The family apparently reared the body might be confiscated for ransom and thus chose the secret burial place.

Historians have disputed the location of the successful hiding place chosen when Westbrook died. Many reasoned he was placed in an unmarked grave in the Stroudwater Burying Ground.

Some argued he must have been taken back to Portsmouth, his original home, where his wife joined their married daughter after his death. Others believed his bones were found when Nahum Fickett,



The long lost Col. Thomas Westbrook comes to light. (C.R. Coburn Photo)



**Roger Knight and archeology student  
Karen Bradley.**

then the owner of Harrowhouse, dug a post hole many years later.

A fourth theory — well-rooted in family lore — placed him at the Scarborough site where he was found.

What better place to hide him than in the forest on his sister's remote, sprawling farm? That story had been passed from generation to generation among the descendants of Westbrook's sister Mary and her husband, Nathan Knight. But no written confirmation was ever found.

The farm, now owned and operated by Roger D. Knight, a Westbrook alderman and direct descendant of Nathan and Mary, lies partly in Scarborough and partly in Westbrook. The city was renamed Westbrook from Stroudwater in 1814 at the suggestion of David Knight, another of Nathan and Mary's descendants.

Roger Knight's older sister, Frances (Mrs. Maynard Marsh of Gorham), heard the family version of Col. Westbrook's burial place from their grandfather, Benjamin. As a little girl she tagged along whenever he went into the woods to work. Every time they passed a small, rectangular stone walled enclosure, Grandfather Benjamin would point and say, "That's where Colonel Westbrook is buried."

He never elaborated and the small child never asked for more details. She hadn't learned yet that Col. Westbrook was a member of the family and she wasn't intrigued by his unusual burying place.

Sometime after their grandfather's death in 1939, she repeated his cryptic statement to her brother Roger, but his interest was no greater than hers.

When the Westbrook Historical Society was formed last year, Roger Knight was a charter member. As bicentennial projects were considered, he suggested, half in jest, that perhaps the members

**See WESTBROOK**

Back Page This Section

## WESTBROOK

(Continued from Page One)

should excavate the forest site.

Society members agreed to undertake the project as soon as spring weather made it practical. Plans were formulated in late April and early May and an exhumation permit was obtained.

Finding professional archaeological help proved to be even harder than maintaining amateur interest once the excavation was started. None of the archaeologists contacted were sufficiently interested to come until something of significance was found. Volunteer diggers became scarce as the weeks wore on without any signs of success. Only a handful remained loyal to the end.

archaeologists contacted were sufficiently interested to come until something of significance was found. Volunteer diggers became scarce as the weeks wore on without any signs of success. Only a handful remained loyal to the end.

The Press Herald was unwittingly instrumental in getting the group the only outside help it had. On May 29, the day the project commenced, a story appeared about Karen Bradley of Freeport, a Holy Cross College archaeology major who was soon to go to Israel for her second professional dig. Knight phoned her and she was willing to come. She provided invaluable direction for the first two weeks.

At the time she reluctantly left the Scarborough dig, another steady worker, Cori Coburn, had to return to Orono for summer anthropology classes. That left this writer, her photographer husband, 80-years young Nellie Spiller who was an indefatigable worker, and vacationing librarian Diane LeConte.

The older Coburns and Mrs. LeConte made the discovery last Tuesday.

They uncovered portions of the coffin's sides, the colonel's thigh bones, and what appeared at first to be part of a thick, rusted steel plate. (They were deceived by the encrusted rotten ledge.)

They also discovered that the body lies east-west, not north-south within a small stonewalled area. From the knees down and the hips up the body was lying under the stone wall and several feet of dirt. The rest of the metal plate was over the torso.

It wasn't easy for the trio to keep their secret until they could complete a new excavation, including removal of two of the wall's largest stones, one estimated at 150 pounds and the other at more than 500 pounds.

Mrs. Marsh, her daughter Mary, and three Knight children left other responsibilities to enable completion of the task in two days. Mrs. Spiller's son, Philip, did heavy work and used his electronic detector to verify that more metal would be found.

Cori Coburn made a special trip back from Orono to participate in the crucial final excavation on Saturday. It was she who first saw the letters on the metal plaque that confirmed the identity of the body as it was being uncovered painstakingly with small brushes.

Col. Westbrook proved to be a small man, even for his time. His skeleton measures about five feet, four inches, or possibly five feet, six inches, depending on how much should be allowed for his slouched position.

His head appears slightly elevated as if it were on a pillow and faces downward toward his left side. His arms are at his sides with the hands under his hips.

The placement of the arms came as a surprise. It was expected they would be folded across his chest. In fact, the general appearance is that of a tired man who just lay down for a nap — a nap that was undisturbed for 232 years.

The body is tilted a bit, with the right hip raised, to fit a coffin that wasn't made any larger than necessary. Since it is set in ledge that had to be chopped out with a pickaxe to a depth of two feet, that is perhaps understandable. As nearly as can be ascertained, it was a rectangular box, less than six feet long, a foot or so high and 16 inches wide. It may have been slightly narrower at the foot, as customary then.

Many questions about the burial and its site have arisen as a result of the discovery.

What rare soil chemistry kept the skeleton in perfect condition? Several archaeologists had predicted it might be difficult to distinguish the deteriorated bones from the surrounding soil. When and by whom was the precisely lettered plaque prepared?



(C. R. Coburn Photo)

The wooded site in Scarborough where legend had it Col. Westbrook was buried.



A plastic cover protects workers at the burial site.

(C.R. Coburn Photo)

Was the grave actually chopped out of the ledge in the middle of February and the body carried there through the snow? Or was it concealed somewhere else in a snowbank until spring?

When was the stone wall erected, and by whom? Where did they get the boulders with which to make it? There are none like them in the fields or woods for miles around.

Parson Thomas Smith was a close friend of Col. Westbrook and might have been assumed to have attended the burial service as a minister. He would then have shared the family secret.

Then there is a question only the Westbrook Historical Society may be prepared to answer: What do they do with the remains of the man who gave the city his name, now that their Bicentennial project is an unqualified success?

### The King Family of Scarborough.

To the Editor of the Press:

Correspondents of the PRESS have lately called attention to the ancient burial place of the King family near Dunstan Corner in Scarborough. There is little difficulty in locating the spot. It is a small but conspicuous mound less than a quarter of a mile from the corner on the westerly side of Broad turn road.

This mound was originally graded with much care and was for years surrounded by a fence. No trace of the gate now remains, and large pines are growing within the limits of the old enclosure. This is the place of burial, not of William King, the first governor of Maine, but of his father, Richard King, with his two wives, Isabella Bragdon and Mary Black, and some other members of the family. Richard King was a man of great prominence in the early history of the District of Maine, though his fame is somewhat obscured by that of his more distinguished sons,—Rufus, U. S. Senator from New York, Minister to the court of St. James and candidate for the presidency of the United States, and William, first governor of Maine.

Richard King, there is little doubt, was born in Kittery in 1718. He was in 1745 appointed by Governor Shirley commissary of the troops and "went in the service to Annapolis Royal." Soon after his return in 1748 he removed to Scarborough and seems first to have built a house and saw mill on the southerly side of the Old Blue Point road on the westerly side of the stream, near the present residence of Thomas Seavey, at "Tyler's bridge." The house cellar still shows plainly. The present roadway evidently follows the embankment, which formed part of the milldam. Some years later he built at Dunstan Landing a stately house on the spot where Hiram Googins now lives, near the old elm. A part of the house still remains. Here Mr. King resided until the time of his death, March 27, 1775. Dunstan Landing was then a thriving place, and Mr. King did a large business. When the colonists prior to the Revolution began to express their resentment against the oppressive action of the British government, King took the unpopular course of counselling moderation. It was to his credit that he should feel a regard for those who had done so much for him, and in whose service he had acted. He went no further than to remonstrate against the tremendous risk to be incurred by a few feeble colonies in a conflict with the most powerful nation on earth, but in the excitement of the times it brought upon him a storm of denunciation. The story has often been told of the mob said to have come from Gorham, which surrounded his house at the Landing one night and compelled him to declare allegiance to the Continental

### *Cumberland Co.* A Distinguished Son of Maine.

One of the great works now in course of publication is the life and correspondence of Rufus King, comprising his private and official letters, public papers and speeches; a work which has special interest to Maine students as the subject was one of the most eminent personages whose birth occurred in our own state. Mr. King was born in old Scarborough, York county, in 1755, and graduated at Harvard college in 1777, having continued his studies there while the college buildings were occupied for military purposes.

Mr. King was a member of the Massachusetts legislature which sent him a delegate to the old congress at Trenton in 1785-'86. Marrying in New York in 1786, he took up his residence in that city. He was appointed United States minister to England by President Washington in 1796, holding that position during a part of Washington's term, all of John Adams' and two years of that of Thomas Jefferson.

In 1813 he was elected to the U. S. senate from Jamaica, N. Y., in which body he very greatly distinguished himself—opposing the establishment of a United States bank, resisting the admission of Missouri as a slave state, opposing the compromise scheme of Henry Clay, on principle, and earnestly advocating a plan for the final extinction of slavery. In 1825 he again accepted the mission to the Court of St. James, upon the earnest invitation of President John Quincy Adams, which, however, he relinquished after a few months' service on account of failing health. His death occurred in New York city April 29th, 1827. His writings now being published under the editorship of his grandson, Charles R. King, M. D., will extend to five large volumes, and it is a source of much regret that they are only to be published in a limited, sumptuous edition of but 750 copies, printed from type and beautifully bound. The publishers are Geo. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, and three of the five volumes are already from the press.

It will be some satisfaction to know that although the cost of this beautiful set will prevent its general purchase by private students who would be glad to own it, copies will no doubt be obtained by every public library in Maine. The works of so distinguished a son of Maine should find a place upon the shelves of every public library in the state.

draws an interesting parallel.

Mr. Chamberlain is today, he says, one of the two commoners in the "big four" who form a cabinet within the cabinet of the strongest government which Great Britain has known since the first administration of Disraeli.

The London cartoonists are fond of caricaturing him in the familiar attitudes of that celebrated leader. Those who would criticize him without going to the length of the "Judas" gibe style him "Dizzy the Second." There is much in his methods to suggest those of Disraeli. Where Salisbury plays the lion's role, Chamberlain plays the fox's.

Chamberlain will fight. He will fight as fiercely as Salisbury; but he prefers, if possible, to get his foe into ambush before the struggle begins. He has all of Disraeli's outward aspect of frankness, but even his warmest admirers—and he has admirers—do not affect to regard his displays of candor as genuine.

As a consequence of a capital constitution and a figure with no tendency to fatty degeneration, he boasts himself superior to physical exercise and as entirely free from malaise when that exercise is not forthcoming. Of wine he takes but little; of tobacco he cannot get enough. In the days of his widowhood he used to say that his idea of luxury was a cab and a cigar—a double suggestion of his liking for the weed and his disinclination to walk. The latter trait is the more remarkable in the case of a man of Chamberlain's vigorous health in a community of sportsmen which all but glorifies physical activity as the chief condition of national development.

Politics is the controlling object of his existence. An unrivaled man of business; master of the plain, unrheterical oratory to which the House of Commons is used; alert, daring, inquisitive, full of expedients, with a dash of Yankee cuteness and more than a dash of Jewish plausibility.

Mr. Chamberlain is a typical English statesman after the most approved pattern of this country. A radical of radicals, by conviction, he is an opportunist of opportunists by policy. Holding tenaciously to his views, he never hesitates to sacrifice a temporary advantage in order to secure a permanent one.

He aspires to be Prime Minister. Eleven years ago every radical in England hoped that he would be; today every Tory in England is half afraid that he may be. In the reorganization of parties which the most distant future will witness it is not unlikely that he will attain the supreme distinction that he covets.

The only way for the United States to meet him effectively in the Venezuelan matter is to meet him with an absolutely unyielding front. He will press America to the limit of patience and endurance, but he is too politic not to compromise at last.

The cardinal maxim of the political methods of Joseph Chamberlain is to begin by insisting on a higher price than he is quite willing to take.



## A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

### The King and Southgate Families of Scarborough.

#### Interesting Extracts From a Scarborough Girl's Letters.

Considerable light is thrown upon these two famous Scarboro families, by a quite recent volume, that contains the letters written by Eliza Southgate beginning, in her fifteenth year, and continuing, up to a few days before her death, at Charleston, South Carolina in her 26th year.

Eliza Southgate was the third of the twelve children of Dr. Robert Southgate and his wife Mary who was the daughter of Richard King and the sister of Rufus King for a number of years. U. S. Senator from New York and minister to the British court. While there is much in the letters to interest Scarboro people, unfortunately there is not as much local color as would be desired as the greater part of the letters were written after she left home, to attend school at Medford, Mass., and from that time she was seldom at her father's home at Dunstan Landing. There was a fine old aristocracy at Scarboro, in those days that is referred to in the introduction (written by a New York gentleman) as follows: "Scarboro was not a large town, but its position as a seaport gave it some importance and the society was far above what was ordinarily met with in such places."

"The Hunnewells, Bragdens, Bacons, Emersons, Wadsworths, names that are distinguished in the social history of New England belonged to the early settlers of the neighborhood and are still represented there." The first letter written from Scarboro was to her sister Octavia under date of Dec. 16, 1793 and says in part "You ask so many questions I do not know how to answer them. Isabella is almost recovered. The baby I believe will be named Charles Orlando. The assemblies begin next Thursday, and I shall probably go to the Saco and Portland assemblies. Papa has been confined to the house by a wound made by the ox, he wounded the tendon which leads from the great toe up, he cut it a little above the ankle."

The next letter is dated from Boston, and reports "Since the first week I came to town I have attended all the balls and assemblies. They have charming suppers the table laid entirely with china. To-day I intended to go to Mr. Codman's, but wrote a billet I was indisposed, but the truth was, that I wanted to go and see the play Bunker Hill, and uncle William wished I should. Tomorrow we all go to hear Fisher Ames' eulogy on Washington. As for mourning for Washington the ladies dress as much, as for a relation some entirely in black, but now many wear only a ribbon with a line painted on it. Uncle William has been very attentive to me, carried me to the play three or four times, and to all the balls and assemblies, but the last which I went with Mr. Andrews."

"Uncle William" was a half brother to

Springs, and her portrayal of the new people she met there is very interesting, as the society there at that time was largely composed of the old slave-holding aristocracy of the South that was rather more exclusive than even the old Scarboro aristocracy. Among those who "kept" at the same hotel there was Theodosia Burr the only legitimate child of Aaron Burr of whom it was said that she was the only being Burr ever loved save himself, and who was there, on her wedding tour, with Joseph Allston of South Carolina who was afterward governor of the state.

Theodosia Burr was considered one of the most beautiful and accomplished women of her time, but a few years later, she left Charleston for her annual visit to Saratoga, and the packet she sailed in, was never again heard from. She was described by our Scarboro letter writer as follows: "Lady Nesbit and the Allstons were opposite to us at the table. Mrs. Allston is the daughter of Aaron Burr, and is a little smart looking woman; very learned they say; understands the dead languages, but is not pedantic but rather reserved"

It was while on this tour that she met Walter Bowne a young business man of New York city and the result was what appears to be a case of love at first sight, on both sides, and her letter to her father and mother in which she breaks the news to them would serve as a model to all young ladies who are fortunate enough to have a similar communication to make to their parents.

On Sept. 9, 1802 she writes to her parents and after some general observations upon some of the incidents of her tour as a sort of preliminary she continues "I do not know my dearest parents how to introduce this subject, yet as I fear that you may hear it from others, and feel anxious for my welfare I consider it my duty to tell you all. At Albany we put up at the same house with a Mr. Bowne of New York; he went to the Springs the same day we did, and from that time was particularly attentive to me. I felt cautious of encouraging his attentions tho' I did not wish to discourage them—he knew I was not at liberty to encourage his addresses without the consent of my parents—he only required that I would not discourage them until he had an opportunity to make known to my parents his character and wishes; this I promised, and went so far as to tell him I approved of him as far as I knew him, but the decision must rest with my parents whose wishes were my law." and much more, but it will suffice to say that the parental approval was obtained and they were soon married and went to New York city to live.

While living in New York she saw much of her mother's brother Rufus King who had just returned to New York from the British court, and her opinion of "Uncle Rufus" somewhat curiously corresponds with the opinion of "L. W. S.," as to the abilities and merits of that great man, and in particular in respect to his modesty and desire to shun public applause. On June 30, 1803 she writes "Uncle Rufus has just landed; the hussars have ceased, and the populace retired. Several thousand people were on the wharf when he landed, my husband among the number; as he stepped from the vessel they gave three cheers and escorted him up Broadway to a Mr. Nicholas Lowe's and then three more cheers as he entered the door, when he turned and bowed and the populace dispersed, but the acclamations of the people seemed to embarrass Uncle."

Again she writes "I find most of the Southern people, whom we met at the Springs think Uncle Rufus stands as good a chance of being President as any one spoken of. I have listened for hours to his praises when not one knew how much I was interested and when it was known from Mrs. Derby that I was his niece, it really gave me great consequence.—"I am more and more pleased with New York, there is more ease and sociability than I expected. I admire Uncle Rufus

Mrs. Southgate, and our first governor, and who according to the history of Bath left Scarborough thirty years previous bare-foot, and driving a pair of two year old steers as his share of the King patrimony.

A number of letters were written from her "Uncle William's" home at Bath, whose house commanded a fine view of the Kennebec, and in a letter from there she writes "The place on which this house stands seems to project toward the water, and the river is broad and straight and to one who has been brought up amidst salt marsh and flats, this fine large river affords much novelty and amusement, and I cannot but confess that the sensations I feel in viewing it are more pleasing than those produced by the stagnant water of a Scarborough salt pond."

Considerable of her time was passed in Portland, where her eldest sister, Isabella was married to Col. Joseph C. Boyd (and became the mother of 15 children) and if her letters from there can be taken as a criterion, there must have been about as much difference in the social life and gaiety of Portland, in the opening and closing years of the present century as there is between a funeral and an old time general muster.

In July 1800 she writes to her mother "I hope you will enjoy yourself in Portland this week and I was tempted to wish to stay a week there as there are so many parties, and so gay everybody appeared there" In another letter she writes of a party to "Broads" (an old time tavern at Stroudwater) where they had a very pleasant time danced, played cards, talked and wrote crambo, after which we scribbled the backs of two packs of cards cut half of them up then, eat our supper and set out for home about one o'clock.

No extracts can do justice to her lengthy and lively account of the great snow storm of the last week of Feb. 1802, "when it snowed steady a whole week," and the time she and others had in getting home from the final assembly of the season in Portland. "For two days it had stormed, and was storming dreadfully when about 7 I went down stairs, and found young Chas. Coffin the minister, in the parlor, and after staring at my leathers and flowers he asked where I was going and I said to the assembly, "would you think of going to a meeting in such a storm as this," he said, but I slipped on my coat and socks, and met Horatio (her brother who was afterwards Register of Probate of this county for 21 years) and Mr. Motley who took me up, in their arms and carried me to the carriage. I found a full assembly, many married ladies, and all disposed to end the season in good spirits. At one we left dancing, and went to the card-room to wait for a carriage.

It was storming dreadfully, and we had to wait until after 8 o'clock. Many of the coaches could not get there, and the gentlemen were scolding and fretting, and the ladies complaining; none but the ladies were allowed to get into the few that came. Our carriage was stowed so full that the horses could not move; the door was burst open for such a clamor as the closing of it made I never heard. The cry was a gentleman in the coach, let him get out. We all protested there was none, but the little man soon raised his voice and bid the coachman proceed with a dozen protesting but the little gentleman swore that no power on earth could make him quit his seat, when a gentleman at the door sprang into the coach and would have dragged him out if we had not all protested, and the coach finally started with no gentleman to protect us save the lady man who had crept in among us.

In July 1802 she visited Saratoga

and Mr. Bowne thinks there never was Uncle's equal, such a character as he had often imagined, though not supposed existed.

During his brief time in New York she met at the King's many of the prominent politicians of the old Federal Party including Gen. Henry Knox, of Thomas who was Washington's Secretary of War, and Gen. Pinckney of So. Carolina who "was also mentioned for President," and "Mr. Harper the fine speaker in Congress."

But these happy days were of short duration, for like so many of the Southgate family consumption soon claimed her, and after the birth of her second child she rapidly declined, and on the advice of the physicians left her husband and children behind and took a sea voyage to Charleston, South Carolina in company of her sister Octavia and her husband, but she lived but a few weeks, dying before her husband arrived and was buried in the Archdale churchyard in Archdale St., Charleston, where her monument may be seen to this day, with the inscription

Sacred  
To The Memory of  
Eliza S. Bowne,

Wife of Waller Bowne of New York  
Daughter of Robert Southgate Esq.,  
of Scarborough District of Maine,  
who departed this life, on the 19th day  
of February 1809 aged 25 years.

She had letters of introduction from "Uncle Rufus," to the first families of Charleston, and the State, who became deeply interested in her somewhat romantic career, and brilliant parts that was so soon to be extinguished, and for many years her grave and her memory was kept green by her new made acquaintances, and even to the present time visitors from this State and New York, who are familiar with the pathetic story of her life and death, among strangers when in Charleston turn aside to visit the now moss grown grave in the little Archdale churchyard.

W. H. McLAUGHLIN.  
N. Sarboro, May 13.

## THE GRAVE OF GOV. KING.

**It Is Like Moses', No Man Knoweth  
Where It Is.**

W. H. McLaughlin, of Scarborough, says that the grave of Gov. King, the first governor of Maine, is in the old pasture in the town of Scarborough, and exactly where it is no one knows. The governor was buried about a mile from the stately house he built, and which still stands. The pasture is now grown up to bushes, and the grave of the first governor of Maine is entirely unmarked, and there is nothing to distinguish it from that of other in the old pasture.

Mr. McLaughlin believes that it would be a good thing; for the state to do a work there is now no member of the family of the first chief magistrate to do, mark the place in some appropriate way. Mr. McLaughlin is far from being sure that it would be possible at this time to distinguish the grave of Gov. King from others, but there are but a few graves in what is now an abandoned pasture and it would cost but little to in some way mark the little graveyard where he sleeps.

Attention was called this week to the fact that the grave of Hon William King, the first governor of Maine, is unmarked, and that it is somewhere in the midst of a now pretty much deserted old pasture in the town of Scarborough.

Of late the marked personality of Gov King has caused a sort of revival of his fame, and many stories of the man and his family have been retold. W. H. McLaughlin of Scarborough, who is so well known in many ways to the people of the state, says that long after the death of Gov King his brother Richard, known generally as "Old Dick King," survived, and died at last at an extreme age.

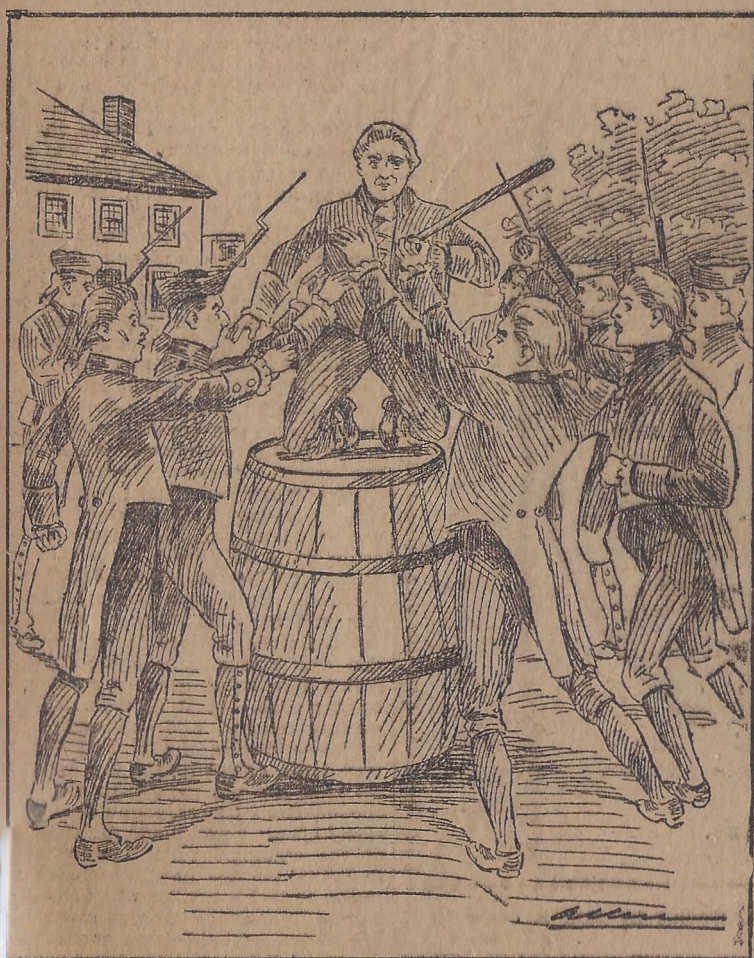
He was in his way as marked a character as his famous brother, who in his time was more of a dictator than any Maine governor is likely to be again.

Now that attention has been called to the fact that the grave of the first governor of Maine is neglected, something will probably be done to mark it. He was a great political boss at a time when the political boss was hardly more than thought of elsewhere.

# DRIVING EVENTS IN THE HISTORY OF ANCIENT SCARBORO

## THE MOBING OF RICHARD KING AND DR. ABATHAR ALDEN.

(Seventh in a Series of Articles Dealing With Scarboro's History.)



DR. ALDEN RETRACTED ALL HIS TORY SENTIMENTS.

remark of King met with their particular disapproval, which was greeted with murmurs of dissent, and the heavy clanging of the butts of their muskets on the ground, when Captain Whitmore interrupted King with the remark, "These soldiers can't endure that sentiment; down on your knees, sir, and retract it."

King was not the sort of a man to lightly retract his honest sentiments, but the shouts of approval with which this command of the captain was hailed by the soldiers and the ominous clicking of their muskets as many of them were recklessly pointed at King's head, convinced him that it would be wisest to take counsel of discretion, and he acceded to the pre-emptory demand of the Gorham militia captain, but with what depth of mortification to his proud spirit we can never know, but that it shortened or numbered his days there is no doubt, as he died on the 19th of March following this unfortunate affair.

It would be useless at this late day to characterize this transaction as it deserves, but it will suffice to say that it was universally condemned throughout the entire province by all judiciously minded people, and nowhere more so than in Gorham.

If the affair had taken place after the War of the Revolution had actually begun, and the armies were in the field, there would have been more justification for the offense as at least it would have been more natural.

There was no sympathy felt at the time for Dr. Abathar, as by his noisy railings at taverns and elsewhere he made himself an "offensive partisan" (to employ a modern phrase), but King was always a prudent man in thought and action, and worthy of better treatment than he received at the hands of the Gorham mob.

W. H. McLAUGHLIN.

Few men ever had a more varied experience with mobs than did the subject of this sketch. His first experience with a mob of his debtors was related in a previous paper, and his second visitation from the Gorham militia occurred some eight years later on the 19th day of June, 1774. King had been a commissary in Col. Waldo's regiment at the siege and capture of Louisburg, and had been frequently in the employ of the home government and was suspected of not being friendly to the spirit of resistance to the acts of the British ministry, which spirit was as rampant in Scarboro and the adjacent towns, as it was in Massachusetts. King was largely engaged in the lumber business and shortly before had sent a shipload of lumber to Boston, but as the port had been closed by order of the British the captain took the lumber to Salem and sold it as reported to be used to erect barracks for the king's troops in Boston.

This story was industriously circulated by King's enemies and when it reached the ears of the active spirits among the Gorham Whigs, (as the advocates of resistance were then called) they determined to make an example of the Scarboro Tory for a wholesale lesson to others, who were suspected of being lukewarm in the cause of the rights of the colonists.

Southgate the historian of Scarboro credits Col. Edmund Phinney of Gorham with being the instigator of this outrage and ascribes other motives for the ill-advised action of the Gorham patriots other than of the promptings of the most exalted patriotism, but Southgate was a nephew of King, and how much weight should be given his statements of the motives of the Gorham Whigs cannot now be determined.

Early in the morning of the 19th of June, 1774, the members of the militia company at Gorham village began to struggle into the village with their arms to the great astonishment of such of the citizens who were not in the confidence of the promoters of the enterprise.

After "refreshing" themselves at Cary McLellen's tavern, in the drinking of several toasts to the "confusion of tyrants," etc., about forty men under the command of Capt. Samuel Whitmore lined up in front of the tavern and at the word of command swung into the Scarboro road and began their nine miles march to Dunstan landing. History is silent and tradition sheds but a feeble light upon the incidents attending the march of the soldiery through the entire length of upper Scarboro but old men living forty years ago had heard from their fathers some account of the straggling column as it wound along, and of the rattle of the drum and the shrill notes of the fife as they neared the houses of the farmers who were known to be in sympathy with the Whigs.

King was now invited by Captain Whitmore to make a statement of his views touching the differences between the British ministry and the colonists, while the soldiers ranged themselves about his hastily improvised forum leaning on their muskets and watching the suspected Tory with no friendly eyes. King proceeded to set forth his views of the unhappy differences between the colonists and the home government in a judicious

and temperate speech which fortunately has been handed down to us by Southgate and shows King's capacity for close reasoning, and forceful and concise expression, but reason and logic were as completely wasted on the Whig partisans about him as would have been an appeal for moderation made by a court preacher of Charles the First to a mob of Cromwell's Puritan roundheads.

The Gorham militia listened awhile with increasing restlessness until some

It was not until Milliken's tavern at Dunstan was reached that Capt. Whitmore and his command emerged from the obscurity of the roads of "Upper Scarboro." There we find them drawn up in front of the tavern and waiting to intercept Dr. Abathar Alden, a malignant Tory whom they learned was on his way to acquaint King of the designs of the Gorham patriots.

They had not long to wait for soon the cry went up "The Tory is coming" and the officers rushing to the door saw the doctor tearing along the road at a furious pace. The fixed bayonets of the soldiery brought the doctor's horse up and some few questions not receiving the proper replies another cry went up to "roll out a hoghead," and with the assistance of a soldier at each arm, and another with a bayonet in his rear the incorrigible Tory was soon on the hoghead, where he was ordered to drop on his knees and retract all the Tory sentiments that he had been credited with.

This being done with as good grace as possible under the circumstances the doctor was assisted on his horse much as he had been to the hoghead and after receiving a bayonet prod in each flank, the horse was soon plunging along the road he came bearing on his back as mad a Tory as any that ever the patriots of the revolution felt called upon to discipline.

Highly elated with their good fortune in being so fortunate as to intercept the most offensive Tory of the district the command to "fall in" was soon given, and the little command filed out into the street and took their way to the "Landing" some half mile distant.

There they were equally fortunate in finding King at his store, where the same preliminaries were gone through as with Alden, but King's replies were not more satisfactory than those of Dr. Abathar's and again the shout was raised "roll out the hoghead," and one of the soldiers brought out a box at the same time and King was assisted to mount the hoghead by stepping on the box. King up to this time was treated with much greater civility than Alden had been, as he was not only the most prominent citizen of Scarboro, but one of the most active and influential men of the province and had never taken a pronounced stand in the troubles with the home government.

The most that was urged against him was that Capt. Mulbury Milliken, the chief officer of one of his vessels had sold a load of lumber in Salem that was sent to Boston, and used to construct barracks for the British troops there, but King could not be considered responsible for the action of his subordinate as he could have had no knowledge of the uses to which his lumber was put until long after the transaction.

and temperate speech which fortunately has been handed down to us by Southgate and shows King's capacity for close reasoning, and forceful and concise expression, but reason and logic were as completely wasted on the Whig partisans about him as would have been an appeal for moderation made by a court preacher of Charles the First to a mob of Cromwell's Puritan roundheads.

The Gorham militia listened awhile with increasing restlessness until some

Well, why didn't you take it? It won't weigh a pound."

It began to dawn upon Si that he had placed a wrong estimate upon the value of his harpoon and missed a chance for a good bargain. He looked disconsolate.

"Never mind, Si," said I, wishing to comfort him. "I'll tell you what we can do. You've got a pistol, and if we wait it up all night we can be the first under old Captain Potts' window and get that half dollar he always gives the boy who fires the first salute after midnight."

"Ben Hunter is going in for that; he's got a gun," said Si, still doleful and dubious.

"But he lives a long way off, and if we go and spend the night with Jim Norton we shall be close by."

Si began to take heart at this and it was arranged that we were to steal out of our homes after going to bed on the night before the Fourth and proceed to Jim Norton's.

As I was creeping softly downstairs on that eventful evening, I heard my grandmother saying in sleepy tones: "I don't believe that Betsey put the cat out."

But the cat was out, and after a pause and another cautious advance, too, was out. The moon was shining brightly, and all was still as I met Si at the appointed corner.

We hurried down the street and found Jim Norton up and dressed with a lantern dimly burning. His indulgent mother had given him the use of the kitchen and Jim had arranged that we were to sit up and tell stories until the hour of midnight. We told a few stories, but soon Jim lay over on a rug and went to sleep and I soon followed. We did not awake until the loud report of a cannon startled all three of us and broke two panes of glass in the kitchen window.

"Come boys," said Jim, "it is ten minutes of 12 and I'll bet Ben Hunter's under old Potts' window now."

We rubbed our sleepy eyes and were soon in the street. As we ran along we kept our eyes on the far end of the street, at which we knew Ben Hunter would enter it. No one was to be seen in the dim starlight, and we hurried along, sure now of being the first on the ground. A minute later, however, we saw a boy enter the street with a gun in his hand.

"That's Ben," said Si, "but we've got the start of him. Now pull for it."

We ran at our topmost speed, Si quite forgetting his lame leg in the heat of the contest, for now Ben had been us, and divining our purpose was pushing down towards us at breakneck pace. He was a swift runner and night perhaps, have reached the captain's doorstep first had he not tripped over a curbing and fallen, sprawling on the sidewalk.

the gun.

Up went the window over our heads and out came the night capped head of the weather beaten old Captain Potts, shouting in his hoarse voice:

"Here you are my hearties."  
The half dollar clanked and rolled on the sidewalk.

Si picked it up and put it in his pocket. Ben Hunter disappointed, hooked his fist at Si and said, "I'll pay you for this."

door lightly but no one answered. The whistle had been blowing for some time and when I heard the noise of the engines and felt the motion of the ship I gave up and decided that after all I would see it out.

So I crawled back into the berth and lay down. It was about a half-hour after the dock was left that I could feel the ship lazily lift and fall on the swell and knew that Portland head had been passed and that the ship was on the Atlantic headed out past Half Way rock. The steamer soon began to roll from side to side as well as up and down and I began to experience the very uncomfortable feeling known on the ocean liners as mal de mere but on the common tramp steamers as plain everyday seasickness. Fortunately the sickness was not very severe and did not last very long though for several days I felt a little uncomfortable and did not eat heartily of the food my friend the cook smuggled into the stateroom under his apron.

I remained in the room four whole days without going on deck. I had asked the cook to let me out at night to breathe a little air which was not contaminated with the stuffiness of a small room or vegetables that were older than they ought to be, but he was a timid fellow and feared the wrath of the mate if I should be discovered. So he kept me in the room.

On the night of the Glorious Fourth, however, I rebelled and when he brought me my supper I told him that he must arrange for me to go on deck during the night or that I would attract the attention of some of the crew and give myself up as a stowaway. This had its effect and he promised that he would make some arrangement to get me on deck. I warned him that I meant what I had said about giving myself up and he opened the door at about 10 o'clock that night and told me that he had fixed everything but that I must be careful. He then explained his scheme and led me to a secluded corner of the deck to an empty hogshead. He watched until the coast was clear and then told me to climb in. I did so and found that he had placed a small box in it for me to sit on. The fog was very thick and the steamer was blowing her hoarse old whistle every minute and now and then I could hear the softer note of a mechanical fog horn which probably came from some fisherman. It felt so good to breathe fresh air that I thought I never had so enjoyed a Fourth of July as I did this one even though cramped in a hogshead on the broad Atlantic. At first I kept my head down but after awhile I gathered courage enough to look out over the top. I couldn't see anything for a minute. Later I had just got my eyes over the edge of the hogshead when I was recalled to my position by the approach of two of the crew one of whom was evidently an officer. I quickly ducked my head but as they

returned to approach I thought that I had In a moment more we were under the captain's window. Just then the old Second Parish clock struck 12. Si elevated the pistol and pulled the trigger. To our consternation it missed fire. In his excitement Si had forgotten to cap it. Ben was now on his feet again, hurrying on, though at a hobbling pace. Trembling with excitement, Si scattered the percussion caps over the sidewalk, but at last succeeded in getting one on the nipple and bang! went the pistol just as Ben was lowering his gun. Ben! too went

# Terrible Tragedy of the Sea Recalled By the Recurrence of the Date--Many Years Ago There Was Another Dreadful Disaster Like This Off Richmond's Island.

BY W. H. McLAUGHLIN.

There are probably few of the many readers of the TIMES who realize that today, Nov. 27, is the anniversary of the foundering of the Portland, somewhere in the waters of Massachusetts bay, the exact spot of which will in all probability never be ascertained.

The anniversary of the most appalling maritime catastrophe that ever occurred on our coast, will never pass unheeded by the writer, as he was a passenger on the boat on her last trip up to Boston and according to his custom made a tour of the boat and conversed with all the crew. One of the most interesting to talk with was the officer in charge of the gentlemen's lower cabin. Whether he was a white or colored man the writer is unable to say with certainty, but his impression is that he was a colored man, though very light; any way he was a very handsome man of a military appearance and bearing. According to his story he had seen much of life in many lands and in many capacities.

He gave an interesting account of the trying and vexatious nature of the duties of his present position, especially in the season of the summer travel when the lower cabin is usually filled with a promiscuous assortment of humanity some of course, accompanied by their best friend, John Barleycorn. He had evidently grown weary of his position, which he had held for some years, and when the writer took his adieu he was invited to "come and see me again," but he wearily remarked that "you may not find me here on your next trip, for my time here will be short." The man seemed to have grown "aware of the great world," but he little thought how soon he was to get his release.

It was the province of the writer as a newspaper correspondent, to see the most of the bodies that were brought from the Cape Cod sands to the Grove Street morgue at Boston for identification, and the scenes witnessed there will never be effaced from his memory as long as memory lasts.

## WRECK OF A FORMER BOSTON BOAT.

It was quite generally believed at the time of the foundering of the Portland, six years ago tonight, (Nov. 27, 1893), that it was the first instance of the loss of a passenger boat plying between Boston and this city, but this is not the case, for on the night of the 12th of July, 1807, the schooner Charles, making regular trips between Portland and Boston was wrecked on Richmond's Island.

The news of that catastrophe flew like wildfire over the country, and hundreds of people flocked to the Spurwink shore to view the schooner that could be easily seen by the naked eye. They came on foot and horseback and every kind of conveyance, not only

from Cape Elizabeth and near by towns, but from places as remote as Gorham Corner and Windham Hill.

The poet Shaw of Standish immortalized the sad affair in a Mournful Ditty on the Loss of the Schooner Charles, which was printed and had a great sale, the title page being embellished with rude drawings of 16 coffins representing the number who perished in the wreck.

July 12th, 1807 the sailing packet, Charles, left her moorings at Long wharf at Boston between the hours of 7 and 8, with 18 passengers, and a crew of four men before the mast and a black cook and a cabin boy.

The morning was a delightful one and everything went well, and about sunset Boone Island was passed with every prospect of reaching Portland safely about midnight. Shortly after passing Boone Island a heavy fog settled down and the officers made the fatal mistake of Capt. Lemond of the Washington B. Thomas and many others by supposing the point of Cape Elizabeth had been rounded, when they were driving into Saco bay with its dangerous islands, and rocky shores and low lying sands along the Scarboro coast.

The first mate, Williams, was on watch in the bow and the packet was bowling along at about eight knots an hour, all apparently unconscious of danger, when the mate heard the roar of the surf and thought he saw the breaking of the white caps directly under the bow and immediately his cry of "breakers ahead" rung through the packet, bringing the captain and the scanty crew hurrying to the deck.

This was about half an hour before midnight, and the next moment the boat struck with tremendous force on the low lying ledge of rocks on the south-eastern point of Richmond's island; the force of the impact being so great that it broke a great hole in the hull through which the waters rushed, while it shivered the packet from stem to stern.

The boat was carried on to the rocks on the crest of a high wave (for the wind had been increasing in violence since dark) and when the wave receded the stern settled until the decks were nearly perpendicular, over which every incoming wave brought in by the swelling tide, and increasing wind swept with resistless force, washing everything into the raging sea. The passengers were most, if not all, asleep in their cabins, from which some of them never emerged, while others rushed to the wave swept deck, only to be washed into the water, their last despairing cry being lost in the breaking of the sea over the wreck and the sullen roar of the surf.

Sidney Thaxter of Portland was the

first passenger to reach the deck, and he at once plunged into the water and succeeded in reaching a large rock a few feet from the boat to where he was quickly followed by two other passengers named Moonie and Cook and in a few moments Capt. Adams gained the rock. The rock afforded but a precarious foothold, as every breaker swept over it and the tide was rising higher and higher about them. The mainland was but about 90 feet distant and the three passengers decided to throw themselves again into the sea and attempt to swim to land and insisted on the captain taking his chances with them, but while they were hesitating the captain's wife reached the deck and her screams could be heard, above the fury of the elements.

Capt. Adams advised his companions to gain the shore while they could, but said that he could not leave his wife, and should stay near to assist, or perish with her; and with a hurried adieu Thaxter again plunged into the water followed by the others, and all reached the mainland. The captain attempted to reach the wreck but failed, and regained the rock, where he remained only a moment when an enormous wave washed entirely over the rock, and the faithful husband was swept into the raging waters.

The other passengers clung to the wreck as long as they could but were gradually swept from the deck by the rising waters that broke over the entire wreck and one by one the watchers, who had reached the shore, could hear their despairing cries as the great breakers carried them from their places and engulfed them in the waters.

Among the passengers who belonged to Portland and were lost were Capt. Adams and his wife, E. A. Jenks, a Mr. Sargent, Mrs. Hayden and one or two children, Mrs. Richards and two children, and a Miss White, also a Miss Lydia Carver of Freeport.

The crew and a few of the male passengers took to the rigging, where Samuel Richards and a Mr. Pote of Portland were taken off about 9 o'clock the next morning, being nearly exhausted and narrowly escaped the fate of others in the rigging whose strength had failed and they had dropped into the water.

The last to be rescued was the mate Williams, who was on watch when the packet struck and was taken off more dead than alive by a man from Cape Elizabeth, named Maxwell, at the risk of his own life, which he narrowly escaped losing.

## FUNERAL OF THE VICTIMS.

A number of the bodies of the victims were recovered the next day, in-

cluding those of Capt. Adams and his wife, Mrs. Mary Stonehouse, the wife of Capt. Stonehouse of Boston, a Mr. Tandy and Mrs. Hayden, and one of her children, were brought to Portland, and the funeral services of all were held the Tuesday afternoon following, at the First Parish church.

That Tuesday was one of the saddest days Portland ever saw. The great bell of the First Parish tolled at intervals all day, and shortly after noon the procession of carriages bearing the bodies came in over the new Vaughan's bridge and proceeded to the church, passing through a great multitude of citizens and people who had come in from all the adjacent towns, and who stood with uncovered heads as the funeral cortege slowly wended its way through the streets. The services at the church were conducted by the Rev. Elijah Kellogg, the father of the Rev. Elijah Kellogg, the author of Spartacus to the Roman Gladiators, and many books, and it is unnecessary to add that the solemn occasion was made the most of to impress upon the minds of our ancestors that "all flesh is as grass and all the glory of man as the flower of grass."

## REVIVAL OF RELIGION FOLLOWS.

Though the most "admired solemnity" penetrated the town of Portland for some days after the funeral, we are not aware that any lasting good followed, but the nearby country towns were swept by a great revival of religion that fall and winter, that in those times always followed close upon any great calamity.

Many sinners of long standing" as a Scarboro deacon expressed it were stirred by the realistic wreck, by the travelling itinerants and some of the strictest sort were disposed to look at the affair in the light of a divine judgment upon all concerned for "entering into a ship" on the Lord's day.

A stranger made his appearance in some of the remotest sections and held forth in the schoolhouse claiming that he went down to the wharf in Boston that Sabbath morning to take ship for Portland in the 'Charles,' but was "warned by a vision from the Lord."

The usual nine days' excitement was by his visions and warnings, but the wiser part generally looked upon him as an impostor and his usefulness was shortened, and the exhorter soon disappeared.

It would be interesting to know something of the after history of the three Portland passengers who succeeded in reaching the mainland soon after the ship struck, but time's effacing surges for nearly 100 years have probably swept over all recollections and knowledge of the swimmers.

The only visible reminder of the

calamity that created such a stir at the time is to be seen in the north-eastern corner of the Eastern cemetery on Munjoy Hill where sleep those whose bodies were recovered from the sea.

Some of the grasses are unmarked, but a modest stone marks the graves where Capt. Adams and his wife repose after life's tragic ending. A more pretentious slab of the old brown stone variety indicates the grave of the Mrs. Mary Stonehouse, and the lettering has withstood the gnawing tooth of time so well, that the name, as well as the brief story of her fate is cut in letters nearly as legible today as when chisled 97 years ago. At the base of the stone is the following couplet, which in its attempt to warn about every class to be prepared for a similar speedy taking off, finds the wide stone too narrow for the last line and the TIMES necrologist was obliged to brush away the dead grass in order that the last word might be found, which was cut by itself below the others, as follows:

"Then young and old and rich and poor prepare,  
For God may summon, when you are not aware."

The meagre accounts given in the Portland papers of this maritime disaster which was the most serious along our coast in the earlier times and the ample reports given of the loss of the Washington B. Thomas, two years ago, afford a striking commentary on the difference in newspaper enterprise of today and 100 years ago. There was a striking similarity in the details of the two disasters as both captains evidently made the same mistake of thinking they had rounded the headlands of Cape Elizabeth, and both struck about the same time of night on islands only a short distance apart, and in both instances the captains made heroic but unavailing efforts to save their wives. But there is no similarity in the way the papers furnished the people with the news of the two wrecks, and the resulting incidents. In 1807 there were only weekly papers in Portland, and as they were not published until the last of the week the news was nearly a week old, and then the two Portland papers only gave about a third of a column and no further mention was made of the affair.

Only one of the papers mentioned the funeral of the victims and that only in three lines, yet it brought hundreds of people to Portland, and was one of the most unique and effecting incidents in the history of the town, and afforded a fruitful theme of conversation for days, and furnished a theme for many an admonitory sermon, from the fact of the packet leaving her wharf on the Lord's day.

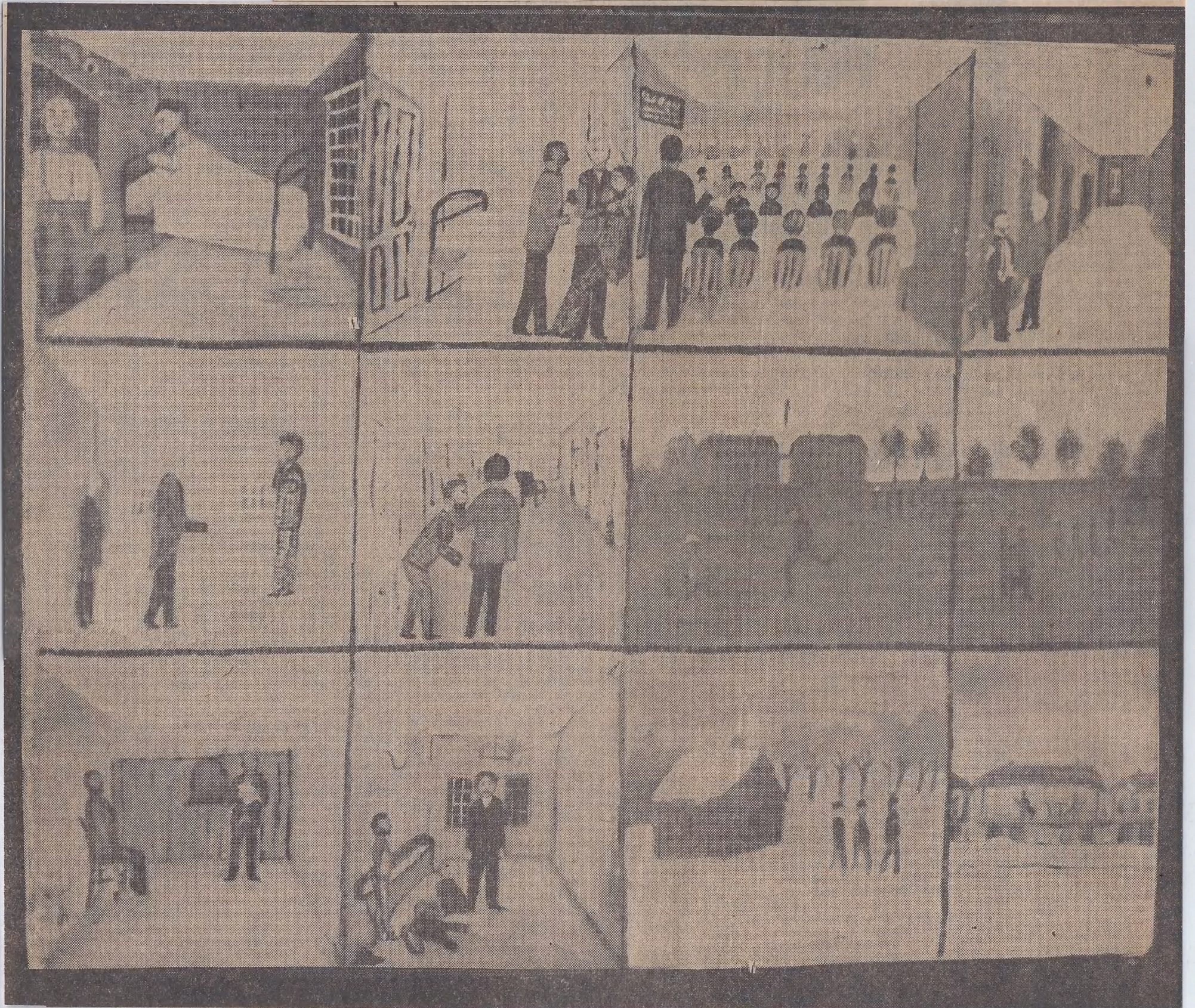
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PORTLAND, MAINE SUNDAY MORNING. NOVEMBER 27, 1904.

# Scarborough Takes A Look

Portland, Maine, Evening Express, Friday, April 10, 1964 21

## At Earlier Days





Paintings with special meaning for Scarborough people were shown when the Scarborough Historical Society held its annual meeting.

Among them was an unusual painting of life in the Augusta State Hospital done by a local man sometime in the period 1865-1880. The man knew what he was painting. He had been there.

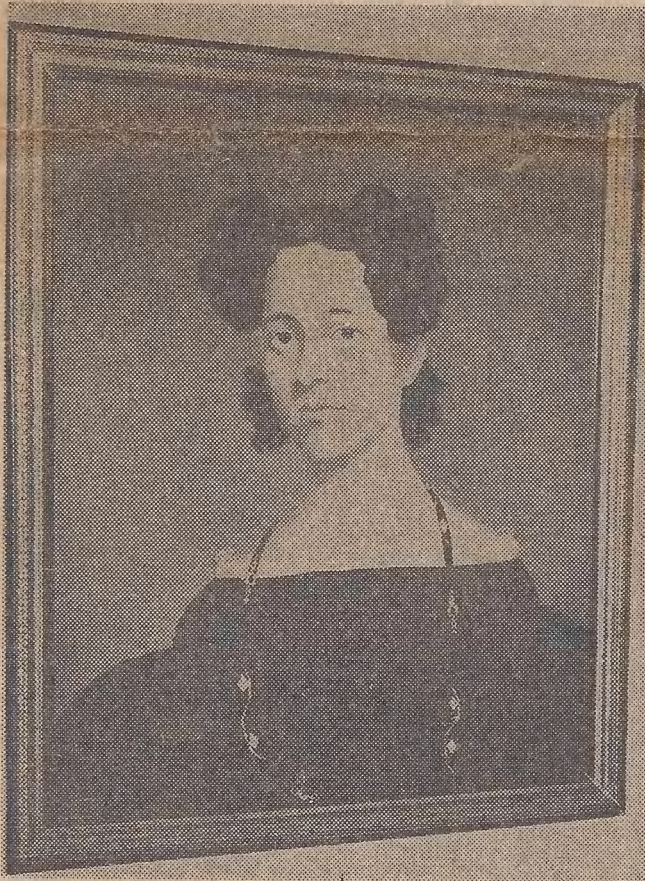
**ELMER PENNELL** lived on what is now the Storey property, Mitchell's Hill Road. He was a recluse, who chose not to associate with people. He was a University of Maine graduate, but at about the time of his graduation, his mother died. This event affected his personality and he spent his life away from other people.

He did a number of paintings on subjects in the area in which he lived.

At one time he was committed to the State Hospital. After examinations and an attempt to escape, he was released and sent home. Upon his return he painted a resume of what had happened to him while he was there.

This painting is among several of his paintings which were loaned for the Scarborough show by Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Storey, Scarborough.

**THE PAINTING'S** 12 episodes show what apparently was Pennell's narrow bed and room with barred window; an attendant holding both hands around his neck as Pennell slumps against a wall; the dining room; corridors, with Pennell apparently being led reluctantly in one view; his escape, with a guard in running chase; his capture and return to the hospital; an interrogation; a scene in which his clothing has been removed; and finally, his escort across a snow field to the train which brings him back to his home in Scarborough.



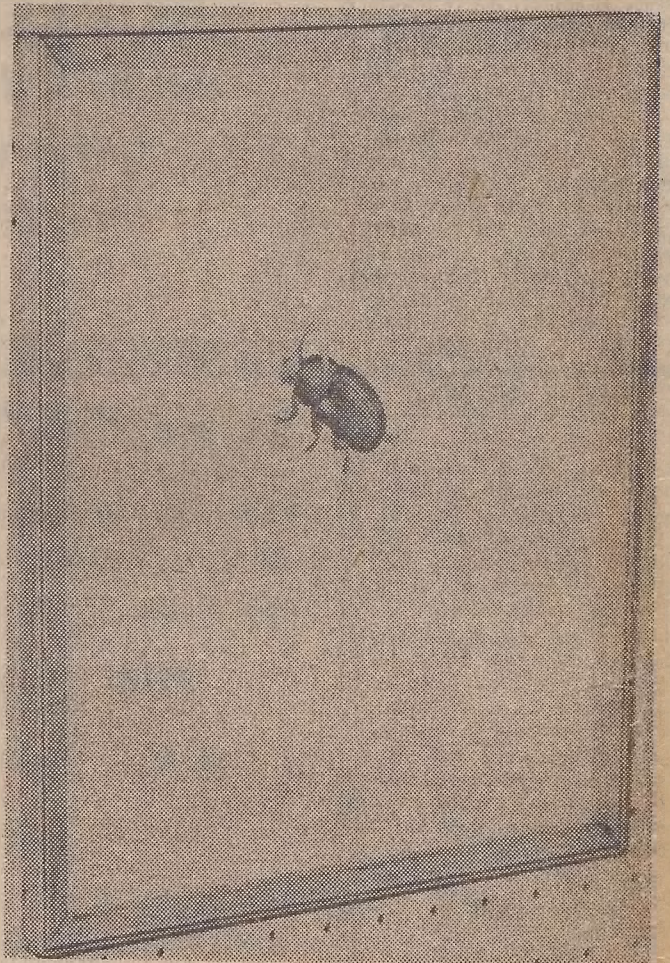
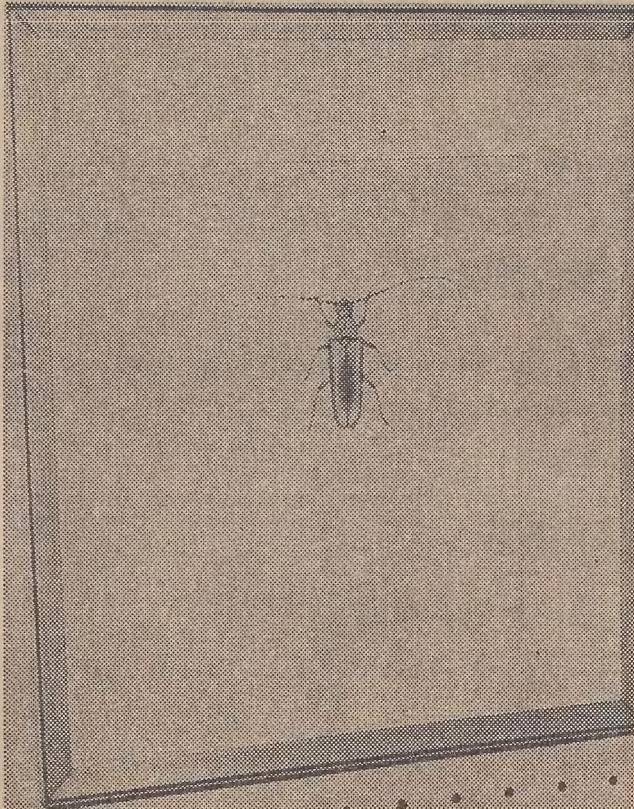
### *South Portland Lady*

This is Catherine Stone, who lived at Thornton Heights in today's South Portland, on the site of the present Howard Johnson Restaurant. The artist, who painted this about 1840, is unknown. The portrait was loaned by Mrs. Alice Johnson, Scarborough.



### *Gov. King*

Portrait of Maine's first Governor, William King, was painted in oils by an unknown artist. It was loaned by Otho Baker, Blue Point. The portrait is completely framed in wood.



### *By The Artist's Mother*

These paintings of beetles were done by Mrs. Henrietta Bimson Homer between 1870 and 1875. They were loaned by Mrs. Mary Batchelder, Prout's

Neck. Mrs. Homer was the mother of Winslow Homer, famed American artist who painted in a Prout's Neck studio for years.

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### Scarborough Views Its History

Part of the scene as the Scarborough Historical Society's members and guests took time out from annual business to view the paintings assembled for the occasion. The show was in the Society's museum at Dunstan, which includes perma-

nent collections representing the history of Scarborough and Maine. Upper left painting on wall here is by Horace Waterhouse, a station agent for the Boston & Maine Railroad. It was loaned by his granddaughter, Mrs. Beulah Chesley, Scarborough.

# SKETCHES OF GORHAM HISTORY

The Wild Men of Stroudwater, Mysterious Wanderers  
Who Frightened Early Inhabitants.



A WILDMAN OF GORHAM.

In the spring of 1788 the inhabitants of that part of Gorham through which flows the Stroudwater river were thrown into a state of the wildest excitement and alarm by reports of wild men who were roaming about in the woods and pastures and even helping themselves to the farmers' growing crops, and at night prowling around their buildings.

Though the early settlers were in many respects the most hard headed and practical of people, yet at the same time, it is useless to deny but what they were running over with all sorts of superstitious notions and fancies, and it was a question that was long discussed by the graver and more judicious part of the inhabitants where these reputed visitors of such strange garb and appearance displayed themselves, whether they were real or imaginary beings.

The accounts that were related by women and children as well as of some men of fair repute for veracity, of meeting these wild men in different places and under widely different circumstances, would hardly admit of attributing their stories to a disordered imagination, or deliberate falsehood.

There seemed to be a great divergence of testimony as to the size and appearance of these strange visitors, as well as to their number.

Women out to make an afternoon call would come rushing into their houses in the greatest terror, and re-

appeared as suddenly as they appeared, and as has been remarked it was long a mooted question, whether there were any facts in these wonderful but somewhat discordant stories. Josiah Pierce, the early historian of Gorham, gives an extended account of the wild men, as he received it from a reliable citizen of the vicinity, who heard the stories of seeing the strange visitors when a boy, and who never doubted their reliability.

Col. Hugh D. McLellen, in his later history, though scarcely anything escaped his notice and record, makes no allusion to the wild men, though he must have been familiar with the accounts of their presence and doings, whether his judiciously trained mind believed them or not. There is always the average per centage of marvel mongers in every age and community and there is not much doubt, that some of that class seized the opportunity to add to the growing alarm, and it was said that as the scare progressed boys would rig themselves up and lay in wait to frighten the timid, and that they were much given to prowling about the buildings of the farmers to keep up the excitement.

But viewing the matter in the mel- low light of history 100 years after the events, and making due allowance for the love of the marvelous and of mischief it would hardly do to discredit our ancestors to the extent of

late that while coming along the road they saw a dozen or so of the strangest looking creatures stripping off the corn and devouring it with hideous grunts of satisfaction.

Boys would come in with their hair standing on end, and declare, that as they were swimming in the Stroudwater river, four or five of these wild men would appear on the bank jabbering in an unknown tongue.

Farmers would hear an outcry in their hen coops in the night, and such as were bold enough to venture out would report that they saw a frightful looking object all covered with hair, shuffling away in the darkness, with a squaling hen in each hand, which was attached to an arm that reached nearly to the ground.

Cattle and horses in the pastures would take sudden alarm and come bellowing and snorting for the barn and no amount of coaxing or driving could get them back to their pastures that day. This condition of general alarm continued for one entire season or from early spring until late in the fall and not only extended over the southern part of Gorham but through the parts of Scarborough and Westbrook that were contiguous and the reports of seeing the wild men were as common in one town as in the others, as the season wore on and the alarm spread.

The number seen varied from one to a dozen but it is somewhat singular that in no instance was it charged that any of the parties were pursued or that any violence was attempted by these strange creatures except the making off with an occasional fowl should be construed as an act of violence. There was a wide discrepancy as to the size of these intruders some averring they were little less than giants and others only beings of diminutive stature, and to some they were naked while others saw them rigged out in the most outlandish garb, though it must be understood that they did not apparently keep together as they were seen in different places at the same time and generally only two or three were together, and frequently a single one would be seen in the wood picking berries.

These undesirable sojourners dis-

22 Portland, Me., Evening Express, Tuesday, Oct. 10, 1967

## Talk Of The Towns . . .

# Scarborough House Built In 1684 Interests Restoration Proponents

By MARGARET FRAZIER

SCARBOROUGH — There's talk here about preserving for posterity the town's oldest house that sits by the side of Black Point Road waiting to be claimed by age and exposure to the elements.

The Hunniwell House was built in 1684 of hand-hewn wooden-pegged timbers. And besides being the oldest structure in Scarborough it also may be the oldest in Cumberland County.

It has had many owners. The present one, Charles J. Nye, of Scarborough, isn't using it and, while he hasn't been directly approached as to whether the house would be available for preservation, he has said he would be reluctant to sell any of the land. Indicating the building would have to be moved if it were to be restored.

SCARBOROUGH once put some money into repairing the exterior and the house was open during the town's 300th anniversary celebration about 10 years ago. Since then, however, it has again fallen into disrepair.

Several years ago, the Scarborough Historical Society looked into the possibility of acquiring and restoring the old house but decided it was too big a project. Some people, however, contend that this is just what a historical society needs.

It is believed selectmen would support a restoration effort as something of a community project. It also has been suggested that state and/or federal funds might be available.

Although Scarborough is the sixth oldest town in the state, there is little remaining to mark its historical heritage. The historical society maintains an attractive little museum and a collection of small items. Individuals have preserved records of events and families of bygone years. But, generally, it has stopped there.

**THERE IS** considerable historical significance in this little red house with nearly three centuries to its credit. It's a primitive building but it's a hardy one, as hardy as the early Indian fighter who built it. History relates he was Richard Hunniwell, who died with 18 other settlers in 1713 when Indians ambushed them at nearby Massacre Pond. Under the floor is a shallow dugout believed to have been used as a hiding place from the Indians.

The old house would take a lot of restoring but if there were enough interest, it could be done. And Scarborough would have a significant link with the past and something authentic from Old Scarborough to show the visitors who come into the area looking for just that kind of thing.



*Hunniwell House - - - Waiting For What?*



### LAFAYETTE'S VISIT.

#### Seventy-Five Years Ago When He Was Last in Portland.

It was 75 years ago (June 25, 1825,) that Lafayette passed through Scarborough on his way from Saco to Portland, being the occasion of his third and last visit to America.

He left Saco at 7 in the morning escorted by a "numerous cavalcade" to the ardent patriots of that then village, who continued their escort as far as Dunstan, where the procession arrived a few minutes before 8 o'clock, but not before the main street there was thronged with spectators from miles around. The Dunstan people had erected a "noble arch" (Dunstan having erected one for Monroe seven years before and one for Jackson when he was expected seven years later).

The citizens had an outrider to herald the approach of the illustrious Frenchman and it was just a quarter before 8 when he appeared on the crown of the hill just beyond the village, swinging his hat and shouting "The Gin'ral's Comin'," and when five minutes later the gorgeous coach that was presented Lafayette by the citizens of Philadelphia hove in sight drawn by four prancing steeds, all resplendent in the dancing sunbeams of the early summer morning, and rapidly bowled down the gentle declivity in full view of all the expectant townsmen a shout went up that Dunstan probably never heard before and from present indications will never hear again.

The General was entirely taken by surprise at the spontaneous demonstration and ordered a halt and held a brief reception on the lawn in front of the residence of Alvin Bacon, where Judge Southwick, Dr. Bacon, "Parson" Tilton and other dignitaries of the town were present to him.

The General also called for a basin of water and a towel to bathe his face, as the morning was hot and the road some-

what dusty, and these together with a cake of soap were brought by a little daughter of Dr. Bacon's, who always treasured the cake of soap while she lived, and it is still kept as an heirloom by the family.

The start was soon made and the General passed under the arch, upon which was inscribed "Thrice Welcome to Lafayette," the cheering was again renewed with added vigor, and Lafayette doffed his chapeau again and again.

Most of the "numerous cavalcade" from Saco returned and their places were supplied by the visitors at Dunstan, many of whom were out for the day, and they filed in after the General's coach and followed to Portland, while many of the young men preceded the coach on horseback, all forming a procession nearly a half mile in length that reached Portland shortly after nine o'clock, entering the city by "Main street," and after marching over the principal streets repaired to the State House, where a public reception was held and an address of welcome delivered by Stephen Longfellow, the father of the poet.

As far as is known the only person living of the hundreds who gathered at Dunstan commons that morning in June is Capt. James Andrews, then a boy of nine years, who then lived in that part of Scarborough afterward partitioned to Saco, and who also rode with his father into Portland and saw the parade there, and heard the address and other exercises at the State House (and incidentally how many are there in the schools of Portland today and out of the school that can tell where the State House stood in 1825?) There are probably few left in Portland today that can recall the great parade, the most elaborate affair of the kind that Portland had ever seen up to that time. Everywhere Lafayette appeared along the route he was received with the wildest demonstrations of delight, while a number of teams containing soldiers of the Revolution, the eldest a veteran in the 96th year, also came in for a goodly share of the applause.

Lafayette left the city the next morning at 7 and it being the Sabbath no ceremonies or escort and he rode alone and passed through the city before many of the burghers had wakened, the route were astir and ready to attend the morning service at the churches, and at 7 o'clock he was on his way to Portland.

# THE FARMER AT ALL SOULS.

Mr. McLaughlin Told Many Tales  
of His Native Town.

Said That Washington Had  
"Hearn Tell" of Scarboro.

Exhibited Large Number of In-  
teresting Curios.

Last evening from 6.30 to 7.30 a supper was served at All Souls' church for which a good number of tickets was sold. The committee in charge consisted of Mrs. C. B. Varney, Mrs. Silas Strout and Mrs. E. O. Varney.

The treasurer of the Ladies' Circle, Mrs. C. B. Varney, reported that the net receipts of the fair are \$472.85. It was also reported that the proceeds of the drama "The Stolen Note," written by James H. H. Bodge and presented at Red Men's Hall recently were \$33.30.

The principal attraction of the evening was a talk by W. H. McLaughlin, familiarly known as Farmer McLaughlin, upon "Scarboro and Its Antiquities."

Mr. McLaughlin began by describing various objects of interest along the old stage road leading from Portland to Scarboro. He gave entertaining descriptions of many old homes and personages in this historic town and amused the young people with some entertaining ghost and witch stories.

The speaker exhibited to the audience the account book of Solomon Bragdon, an old Scarboro trader, which was loaned him by Mr. Goodrich, a member of All Souls' parish. Mr. McLaughlin said that Solomon Bragdon was one of two men who were sent to Portland from Scarboro to guard the First Parish meeting house when Mowatt threatened the city. A man attempted to set fire to the church and Solomon Bragdon arrested him and took him to camp at Cambridge, Mass. Mr. McLaughlin went on to say in a delicious vein of humor that when Washington was told of the young man's valor and his place of he replied that he had "hearn tell" of Scarboro.

Among the interesting relics shown by Mr. McLaughlin were an ancient meat broiler, three generations of shovels, the oldest one with a handle about six feet long and a patch welded into the blade, a tin lantern, a foot stove, a cartridge box carried by his grandfather in the war of 1812, several Indian baskets, made by the last Indian woman in Scarboro, a pewter platter which was an old family heirloom, a stick of wood from a stump from which a ship's mast was cut in 1768. This tree was cut down by Geo. Harmon, an old Scarboro settler. It was over a hundred feet long and was cut and hauled to Fore river, where it was floated a long distance.

Other curios included a flax card, an old singing book, date of 1798, a wooden bill book sewed with wax and containing several tax bills made out by the collector of the First Parish in Scarboro, a pocketbook bought by Mr. McLaughlin's great grandfather in 1739 and the log book of a sea voyage made in 1786.

Mr. McLaughlin proved a most interesting speaker and in the course of his remarks indulged in some very clever repartee with Rev. Mr. Lund, Prof. Hawkes and other members of the parish.

By Hon. Augustus F. Moulton

[Read before the Maine Historical Society, Feb. 6, 1903.]

In the summer of 1902, just past, Mr. Edward King of New York marked the old burial mound of the King family in Scarborough by locating upon it a large granite boulder with a bronze tablet, giving the names of Richard King and his distinguished sons with dates of birth and death and a statement of official positions. This mound is located something less than a quarter of a mile from Dunstan Corner on the westerly side of the Broad Turn road, so called, and stands out conspicuous and alone at some distance from this road.

The first location of Mr. King when he came to Scarborough was on the westerly side of the old Blue Point road where the new electric road crosses the stream near William Edwin Seavey's. There Mr. King had a saw mill, and the travelled road is built upon and over what was the dam of his mill pond. The crossing used to be called Tyler's bridge. Here Mr. King resided until he built the house at Dunstan Landing where the King elm stands. The old King house there was a stately two-story wooden house with small windows, having an addition with sloping roof. The addition still remains and forms part of the house occupied by Mr. Hiram Googins. The main house was torn down and replaced by a new structure, by no means so good as the old house would have been if repaired. Here Richard King resided at the time of his death March 27, 1775. Governor King was born in the old mansion at Dunstan Landing, February 9, 1768, and was only seven years old at the time of his father's death. Rufus King was thirteen years older and had graduated from Harvard college. Richard King left a large estate in lands, but apparently there was little ready money. William King consequently received only a common school education.

Toward Dunstan, on the other side of the road, where a group of large elms now stands was the residence of Dr. Robert Southgate, who married Mary King, the oldest daughter. The present Southgate mansion on the Portland road was built at a later date.

Richard King left his property at Dunstan to be divided among his heirs. It appears from his correspondence that it was his intention to construct a family tomb at the burial mound, but on account of the disturbed conditions of the times, or for some other reason this was not done and the mound was used as a burial lot. It had around it a substantial fence, which remained within the memory of people still living. In line with this fence were evidently planted ap-

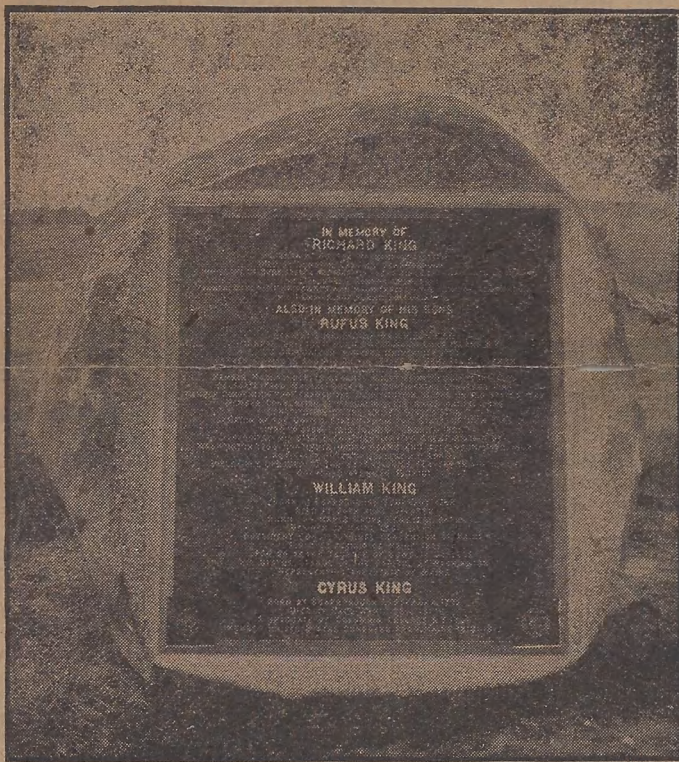
ple trees and a sufficient number of these trees still remain, although dilapidated and decaying, to trace the outline of the old circular line about the mound. Isabella Bragdon, the first wife of Richard King, died October 19, 1759. Mary Black, the second wife, survived him and died May 25, 1816. Both wives, as well as Mr. King, are undoubtedly interred in the burial mound. Besides these there are other members of the King family. No monument or headstones even mark any of the graves, it having been the family intention to care for the place in some substantial manner.

In the division of the real estate of Richard King among his heirs the parcel of real estate, upon which was the burial mound, was conveyed in severalty to Gov. William King. May 4, 1836, William King conveyed this parcel to John Donnell. The deed, as recorded in the Cumberland County Registry of Deeds, contains the following reservation:—"Reserving the mound or hill on the premises, containing about an acre on which there is a tomb containing the remains of my Father and Mother, with the unquestionable right on the part of all the descendants of the family to pass to and from the County road as often as they consider it proper to do so, and to make use of the same."

The ownership of the lot containing this mound passed to Almira, daughter of John Donnell, who married Dr. Stephen Sewall. Mrs. Sewall retained it until March 6, 1880, when she conveyed the same to John W. Leavitt. The conveyance to Mr. Leavitt contained the same reservation as that in the deed from William King. The ownership of the mound consequently remains in the King family, they having always retained the title.

Mr. Leavitt died in 1902, intestate, and the ownership of the land surrounding the mound descended to his sister and two nieces. When Edward King made known his intention to mark the old burial place with boulder and tablet, it was thought that the Maine Historical society might be induced to assume perpetual care of this historic spot. The late Josiah H. Drummond drew up a paper, defining the limits as measured from the boulder and giving to the society the right of access to keep the lot in repair, the same as reserved to the King family. This arrangement was readily agreed to by two of the heirs, who not only showed commendable public spirit in wishing to have the historic spot kept in good condition, but were also aware that their own property would likewise be improved by such action. The third heir has not seen fit to join the arrangement, but her dissent is of no particular consequence since the King family own the land and the right of access is secure. The Historical society at its last annual meeting accepted the trust, so that the ancestral mound will henceforth receive proper care.

On the crest of the mound are four pine trees which have grown to large dimensions, and now with the tree and monumental boulder it forms a conspicuous object which is a source of local pride. It is also a worthy reminder of the distinguished man whose descendants have filled so large a place in the history of our country as well as of the Maine Historical society, which has done so much to perpetuate the land marks of those who in the older days made a record which we of later times cannot afford to forget.



THE KING FAMILY MONUMENT.

[As the photograph does not make the inscription large enough to read, we print below an accurate transcript, word for word and line by line.]

### IN MEMORY OF RICHARD KING

Born at Boston Massachusetts 1718  
Died at Dunstan Landing Scarborough 1775  
Commissary of Subsistence and Captain in the force that captured Louisburg  
in 1745 under General Pepperell  
Farmer Merchant Shipowner and Magistrate in the Town of Scarborough  
His remains are buried on this knoll

### ALSO IN MEMORY OF HIS SONS

#### RUFUS KING

Born at Scarborough March 24th 1755  
Died April 29th 1827 Buried Jamaica Long Island N Y  
A graduate of Harvard University 1777  
Served as Major and Aid on the Staff of General Glover in Rhode Island 1778  
Member Massachusetts General Court from Newburyport 1783  
Delegate from Massachusetts to Continental Congress 1784  
Member Convention that framed the Constitution of the United States 1787  
Member Convention of Massachusetts which ratified the Constitution of the United States 1788  
Senator of the United States from the State of New York 1789 to 1796-1813 to 1819-1820 to 1825  
Appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to Great Britain by Washington 1796 continued under Adams and Jefferson until 1803  
Again appointed in 1825 by J Q Adams  
inflexibly opposed to the extension of slavery in the Union  
Orator Statesman Patriot

#### WILLIAM KING

Born at Scarborough February 1768  
Died at Bath June 17th 1852  
Buried in Maple Grove Cemetery Bath  
Member of Maine Legislature  
President Constitutional Convention of Maine  
First Governor of Maine 1821  
For 28 years Trustee of Bowdoin College  
His statue stands in the Capitol at Washington  
Representing the State of Maine

#### CYRUS KING

Born at Scarborough September 1772  
Died at Saco April 25th 1817  
A graduate of Columbia College N Y 1794  
Member United States Congress from Maine 1813-1817



# One Of Scarborough's Oldest Homes

*Friday Feb. 19-1960*



Staff Photos by Roberts

## *Doe Home Is 232 Years Old*

**THE HOME OF MR. AND MRS. ELMER S. DOE**, Hunnewell Rd., Scarborough, is one of the oldest in the town. Built in 1728 by Richard Hunnewell, it still retains its old floors, doors and woodwork. And

fireplaces that were covered by plaster and paper have been restored. The exterior is white shingles with green blind trim at the side windows.



## *White Woodwork Used In Living Room*

**MRS. DOE** arranges flowers on mantelpiece in living room, which has white woodwork with natural stain on the banisters and newel posts. The nubby paper is in white, red and brown. These colors,

with greens and blues are picked up in a divan and spattered floor. Interesting is the tilt-top pine table and the comfortable old rocker in the foreground.



### *Cozy Kitchen Corner*

**THE LOVELY FIREPLACE** pictured is in the kitchen. When the Does bought the home five years ago this was covered over. They had it restored and added the raised hearth in front. The lower right hand side of the latter contains an opening for

wood storage. The fireplace is decorated with old dishes and copper molds. The woodwork here is a warm yellow; the gay paper has a rose-red background with perky chicken figures. The antique table, Boston and plain rocker make this a cozy corner.