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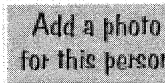
**John Clemons**

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Birth:            1737  
                     Danvers  
                     Essex County  
                     Massachusetts, USA

Death:           1790  
                     Hiram  
                     Oxford County  
                     Maine, USA



JOHN CLEMONS 2 (Isaac I) was born at Danvers, Massachusetts, prior to 1743. Dr. William Teg, Hiram historian, wrote in 1964: "About John Clemons, Senior's youth, we know very little. The year and date of his birth have escaped us so far, but must have been recorded somewhere ... He was a colonial soldier in 1755."

He came to the Saco Valley in 1779 with his wife and six children. Llewellyn A. Wadsworth wrote in his Journal in 1870: "The date of their coming (to Maine) in 1779 is proved by the fact that Eli P. Clemons (son of John), who was born in Danvers, Mass., 8 Sept 1775, remembers that they passed the night at Capt. John Lane's, Eli being then four years old ... also that they had some bean porridge poured into the hollow or sag of a leather bottomed chair and the children ate it with spoons."

Abigail Southwick, wife of John Clemons, is believed to be the daughter of Jonathan Southwick (b. 1697; d. 28 Aug 1786) and Hannah Osborn (m. 1735); or the daughter of John Southwick 3d (b. May 1709; d. 1 Oct 1784) and Mary Buffum, widow (b. June 1703; d. May 1790), who were married 12 Dec 1730; and a great-great granddaughter of Cassandra and Lawrence Southwick, Quakers. Dr. William Teg wrote in his History of Hiram, "Concerning John Clemons' wife Abigail, we have been better informed, thanks goes to Miss Ruth



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Clemons (1849-1934), the daughter of Col. Aldrick L. Clemons (1815-1892), and the last occupant of the Clemons Homestead to bear the family name. Abigail was the granddaughter of the famous Cassandra Southwick who was persecuted by John Endecott and his underlings according to Danvers, Mass., Vital Records, Abigail Southwick and John Clemons were married on 27 Oct 1757.

Mrs. Cora Tebbs Marlack of Dayton, Ohio, wrote in a letter dated 7 Apr 1929 to Miss Ruth Clemons of Hiram: "This Daniel Southwick (son of Lawrence and Cassandra) had two sons, John and Jonathan. The descendants of these two sons owned the potteries and tannery at Danvers for several generations. I think Abigail was a descendant of one of these brothers. There is a 'Southwick Genealogy,' but all lines are not complete in it, and this Abigail... is not mentioned."

John Clemons and his family lived first in Fryeburg, Maine, after his arrival from Danvers. In 1780 he was living in Brownfield and in October of that year while hunting he discovered the two ponds on the Notch Road in Hiram that bear his name and soon purchased land near them and moved his family there. They built a log cabin and cleared the land between the two ponds. Their only neighbors for seven years were Torn Heagon, the Indian hunter and trapper, and his squaw, who lived in their wigwam on a ridge near Big Clemons Pond. These two families were always friendly and the Heagons and Clemons are said to share the same resting place near the "Indian Mound."

John Clemons died circa 1790 and was buried on his land. Shortly after his death, Tamar and Delilah, two younger daughters, died suddenly; and Mrs. Clemons traveled by trail four miles to the nearest neighbor, Mr. Daniel Boston, to get him to help bury her children. Abigail Clemons was still alive in 1826, as she conveyed property to her sons in July and August of that year. Mrs. Mary Newton Clarke, her great granddaughter from Ohio, wrote in 1903 that Abigail lived to be 104 years old and left 164 descendants when she died.

Family links:

Spouse:

Abigail *Southwick* Clemons (1728 - 1832)

Children:

John Clemons (1763 - 1845)\*

\*Calculated relationship

Burial:

Non-Cemetery Burial

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# SACO VALLEY SETTLEMENTS AND FAMILIES.

HISTORICAL, BIOGRAPHICAL, GENEALOGICAL,  
TRADITIONAL, AND LEGENDARY.

EMBRACING

THE MOST IMPORTANT EVENTS IN THE TOWNS ON THE SACO RIVER,  
FROM THEIR PLANTATION TO THE PRESENT, WITH MEMORIALS OF  
THE FAMILIES AND INDIVIDUALS INSTRUMENTAL IN THEIR  
SETTLEMENT, ADVANCEMENT AND PROSPERITY.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN PREPARATION

BY G. T. RIDLON, SR.,

AUTHOR OF "EARLY SETTLERS OF HARRISON, ME," "BURBANK GENEALOGY," "HISTORY  
OF ANCIENT RYEDALES," AND "RAMBLES IN SCOTLAND."

BEAUTIFULLY EMBELLISHED WITH PORTRAITS, VIEWS OF FAMILY SEATS AND  
OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS.

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,  
When fond recollection presents them to view;  
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild-wood,  
And every loved spot which my infancy knew."

PORTLAND, ME.:  
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.  
1895.





G. J. Rideau Sr.

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PRINTED AT THE LAKESIDE PRESS,  
PORTLAND, MAINE.

A. H. W.  
L. E. C. 453  
\$8



## Introductory Compendium.

ORE than a quarter of a century has passed away since the author began to assemble notes containing the documentary data now embraced in this book; the traditional, incidental, and legendary materials represent the gathering of a life-time. An inherent taste for local history and reminiscent narrative of pioneer experience was immensely stimulated in early years by association with persons whose birth occurred before the settlement of the township, and by occasional contact with relatives whose mothers' slumbers had been disturbed by the red man's startling war-whoop. Those who are unfamiliar with historic chronology can scarcely comprehend the fact that it has required but three generations to transmit an account, orally, of events that occurred more than two centuries ago. The compiler of this work has conversed with men who had a distinct recollection of the French war and the fall of Louisburg; and his grandfather, with whom he lived contemporary thirty-five years, was personally acquainted with men who served as scouts against the Pequawket Indians, and often related an account of their adventures as received from their own lips. It will thus be seen that our traditionary history has not traveled so far down the stream of time that its truthfulness need be lost.

When midwinter storms were howling around the high gabled old farm-house, causing its great timbers to quake and creak in every joint; when the snowy wreaths were being woven about the narrow casement, and sharp sleet rattled against the window pane; when King Frost had fringed the door jambs with his royal ermine, and the wind gusts roared in the chimney flue; when the great sheets of flame swayed about the "back-log" and the bank of coals between the fire-dogs glowed like a sunset baptized in liquid gold; when the social tea-kettle sang sweet, simmering songs upon the crane and the gray cat purred in the corner, then the family patriarch and his good dame would beguile the evening hours by relating, in quaint and rustic phrase, incidents of "ye olden time"; some tragic, weird, and serious, others so well seasoned with humor that the mellow old beams overhead became responsive with the echoes of hilarious laughter. From such fountains of inspiration, the author, then a frowzy headed boy upon his lowly "cricket," drank until the impulse for writing chronicles became too strong to be resisted.

At the time researches were instituted for collecting data for this book, there were many venerable persons living, who had passed the whole period of their

existence in the Saco valley, and their vigorous memories were well stored with incidents savoring of their early years. Such were visited, interviewed, and the notes taken down from their recitations were tied in bundles and packed away. The publishers of county history offered tempting sums for this collection of documents, but they were retained to be verified, as far as possible, with the more reliable public records. A general acquaintance with numerous sources of information, acquired when compiling a "History of the Ancient Ryedales," greatly facilitated the search for data to be used in this work.

While in Great Britain, during the summer of 1886, the author was favored with the longed-for privilege of examining many ancient records and time-stained documents found in the National Register House, Edinburgh, Scotland, and in the British Museum and Somerset House, London. The rich and venerable odors of vellum and ripe parchment, that have conserved the quaint, cramped chirography of scribes who drove the crow-quill six centuries ago, to the genuine, mousing antiquary, are as "savory meat that his soul loveth"; and only such as belong to this class of *literati* can appreciate the mental exhilaration experienced when engaged with such pastime. The covers of the old registers, bound in skins dressed into velvet softness that is tickling to the fingers, are warped and corner-worn; the parchment and paper within is stained, and marked by hands that have long been dust. The old characters used when these records were made puzzle those who have not become familiar with them. Here is a sample:

Last bypast for y<sup>e</sup> rausst and  
 confidrat rontomit yron Gaule  
 am<sup>th</sup> and Dispondt to y<sup>e</sup> sau rom.  
 plouit zis curis and uffyn<sup>e</sup> just  
 sumndt protabellu and reddmable  
 oll and Gail Es Todell Landm  
 Ovd Arung nez y<sup>e</sup> no yrof and  
 Gail outlodris - - - Lyand in y<sup>e</sup>  
 Parigud of Stromndt.

To give the reader a faint idea of the pleasure derived during a ten days' search among old documents, relating to the early generations of the Scottish and Shetlandic families, we quote from our note book what was written at the time.

"If I read the name of one who had lived three centuries ago, it instantly became associated with the personality of him who had borne it; while the invisible hand of fancy, with the most delicate facility, drew aside the mystic veil between me and the vanished years, and vividly exhibited for my enraptured contemplation the most realistic pictures of the faces and forms of the departed. My spirit seemed to be carried backward on the swift pinions of imagination, over the dead eras of time, to the period in which these individuals had lived; they were mentally resurrected for my accommodation, and invested with life for my entertainment; they did not come forward to meet *me* in transformed adaptation to the active present; but my own capacity for discernment and comprehension seemed infinitely enlarged and nicely adjusted to the time in which these beings had walked the earth. Their primitive abodes, even, emerged from the misty obscurity of the past for my inspection and were re-inhabited for the administration of hospitality to him who had journeyed so far over the barren wastes of time to visit them."

More than one hundred pages quarto were filled with closely written notes, copied from the ancient registers of conveyances, "hornings," and births, deaths and marriages, which were brought home to enrich the introductory sections of the family history of those of Scottish and Scotch-Irish extraction, who settled in the Saco valley.

When the compiler began the classification and composition of the mass of indigested matter he had accumulated, there were stupendous chasms to bridge, and many disconnected family chains to be linked together. To procure the addenda necessary for this purpose, the author has traveled hundreds of miles with his team, to copy from probate, town, church, and family records; he journeyed to old homesteads in the Saco valley towns, where documents relating to the early land grants might be found, and there, bureaus, meal-chests, boxes, and birch buckets, containing musty old papers, were overhauled, and wills, deeds, inventories, agreements, petitions, commissions, muster-rolls, and letters examined. We traversed the fields and pastures along the way and crawled on hands and knees through the tangled shrubbery and briars of neglected burial-lots, to cut the moss from the leaning and sunken slate head-stones to ascertain the ages of those who had long reposed below. Many interesting and mirth provoking adventures occurred during these visitations, and a description of the ignorance and stupidity encountered would not be the least entertaining feature of this book. We cannot refrain from mentioning one old yeoman to whom we applied for family records. He was full of demonstrative unction, but not burdened with "book-larning." Said he: "Now look a-here stranger, there's not a name, date, nor scratch of pen in my house, but if my old Aunt Bets was alive she'd tell ye all about our ge-nology, for she had all the chronicles and proclamations clear back to Adam. But there,

she's dead and lies up yender, so ye cant git a word out of her an' I dunno what ye'll do." Some were suspicious that we had found a "rich dowry" in England, and would not allow us to copy records, lest they should be defrauded out of their share of the treasure. To others we had the infinite pleasure of furnishing the names of grandparents, of whom they had no knowlege. Some were interviewed whose genealogical store was so limited that they could not recall their father's name—if, indeed, they ever had one.

Since taking our seat at the desk-side three years ago, three thousand letters of inquiry have been written, containing from one to eight pages. All of the matter filling three thousand quarto pages of manuscript was written three several times; first, in note books, then arranged on a slate, and finally transferred to paper in form for printing. Considerable was copied by a careful amanuensis in the libraries of Boston, and from probate, town, and church registers, in distant towns and states, by clerks who had custody of such records.

From the first inception of the plan upon which this book was formed, it has been the object of the compiler to produce a reliable and entertaining result, but the attempt has been attended, all along, with almost insuperable obstacles of a character scarcely thought of by the general reader. There is a vast difference between this class of books made from data gathered from innumerable sources, disconnected and often contradictory in character, and some fictitious work which represents the fruit of a vivid imagination. The material for the former must be searched for as "with a lighted candle"; that for the latter is made to order. The author has had too much experience in this kind of work to even hope that the book will be free from errors; such are absolutely unavoidable. When the doctors do not agree, the patient is exposed to danger from their prescriptions. Family records preserved in old Bibles and framed registers do not harmonize with the births, deaths, and marriages recorded in town and church books, while the dates chiseled on the old grave-stones do not correspond with either. Living men and women solemnly declare, upon exclusive opportunity of knowing—being the only surviving witnesses who were present at the event—that they were born several months later than their more honest parents, who made record of their advent, supposed they were. To dispel the shadows from wedlock, such "set the clock forward" and confuse the data. Another prolific cause for errors is the illegible and often insufferable chirography the compiler finds in the letters written by those who cannot convey their thoughts to paper. One can sometimes transform "pot-hooks" and "trammels" into figures and letters, but what of rams' horns and crookshanks? Those who allow such brain-wearing writing to leave their hands must bear the responsibility of errors resulting from the same.

In the arrangement of the materials incorporated into the topical sections of this work, an effort was made to weave historic incident, tradition, and legend, by a pleasing descriptive style, into a literary fabric, that might, by

perusal, be equally entertaining to old and young. We have written for the common people with the design of producing a real fireside companion. In illustrating the customs that prevailed among the pioneers, and the manners of the sturdy yeomen and their helpful dames, we have put old wine into old bottles; have purposely employed old-fashioned and obsolete words with a two-fold object. First, such belonged to the period of which we wrote, and were significantly suited for our descriptive treatment; second, they were part of a dialect peculiar to the early settlers, now fast passing away, which we wished to permanently preserve on the printed page. In many instances we have permitted the old fathers and mothers to speak for themselves in their own favorite parlance. The style of composition, to the extent of ability, has been adapted to the character of the various subjects written upon. Dry, hard facts have been recorded in a concrete form; when the subject was pathetic or picturesque, the resources of the imagination were drawn upon for scenic drapery.

We shall be disappointed if a perusal of the first part of the book does not *amuse* as well as *instruct* those who can appreciate lively incident. From long-faced old Pharisees we may look for criticism, because of a light vein running through things ecclesiastic and religious; let them come. We have cordially adopted the sentiment expressed by the saintly and sainted Dean Ramsey, in his popular book on "Scottish Life and Character," in which he writes: "It must be a source of satisfaction to an author to think that he has in any degree, even the lowest and most humble, contributed to the innocent recreation of a world, where care and sorrow so generally prevail." The author's own temperament was such that from his youth he saw the humorous side of every event—if such side there was—and his picturesque fancy invested many occurrences with a lively color, when others saw only the practical, serious, or lamentable. While depicting some amusing episodes, of which he was cognizant in early life, he has beguiled many an hour of its sadness, and fondly hopes his readers may find something, formulated by his pen, to divert their minds from the cares and worry of a burden-bearing and rushing age.

Without wishing to offend any one we have written of men and events as they appeared to us without fear or favor. There are plenty of living witnesses who can corroborate our descriptive narratives, and we adopt the old adage that "a good story should never be spoiled for relation's sake."

We anticipate expressions of disappointment from such as do not find a history of their families in this book, but there are good reasons for any seeming partiality. First, books devoted to the history of many of the old families have already been compiled and published, among them the genealogy of the Wentworths, Woodmans, Bradburys, Hazeltines, Jordans, Harmons, Cutts, and Scammons. Incidental mention of many members of these old families will be found, but no extended notices. Second, many of the pioneer fami-



lies did not long remain in the Saco river townships, and only meagre records could be found of them. Third, we have by urgent letters of inquiry sought to compile the history of certain families, but because representatives of the same manifested so much indifference and declined to furnish any information, they were let alone. Fourth, the scope and title of the book did not propose to embrace all Saco valley families; to do this a book would be required as large as that mentioned by the sacred writers. After condensing as much as consistent with the plan of the book it has grown out of all expected proportions, and the author regrets that he did not use a coarser sieve when winnowing his materials. The cordial co-operation of members of many old families, their painstaking exertions to collect records, and the carefulness exercised in arranging the same for the author's use, has greatly lightened his burdens and enhanced the pleasure of his work. We mention with much gratitude, among the many who have aided us, the names that follow: Capt. Eli B. Bean, Brownfield, Me.; A. F. Lewis, Esq., Fryeburg, Me.; Joseph Bennett, Esq., Denmark, Me.; Hon. L. A. Wadsworth, Hiram, Me.; Thomas Shaw, Esq., Standish, Me.; A. H. Barnes, Sumner O. Haley, and E. E. Abbott, Esq., Hollis, Me.; Capt. Horatio Hight, and Hon. Seth L. Larrabee, Portland, Me.; Charles H. Boothby, and Wm. B. Trask, Esqs., Boston, Mass.; Hon. James Larrabee, Gardiner, Me.; Hon. Jesse Larrabee, New York City; Hon. Wm. F. Larrabee, Phœbus, Va.; Hon. William Larrabee, Clermont, Iowa; Prof. John A. Larrabee, M. D., Louisville, Ky.; Prof. William H. Larrabee, LL. D., New York City; Dominicus Milliken, Esq., St. George, N. B.; Hon. James Milliken, Bellefont, Pa.; Hon. Seth L. Milliken, M. C., Washington, D. C.; Hon. Daniel Milliken, Malden, Mass.; Emery A. Milliken, Esq., Lexington, Mass.; Daniel Milliken, M. D., Hamilton, Ohio; S. E. Milliken, M. D., Shade Valley, Pa.; Charles J. Milliken, M. D., Cherryfield, Me., and Cyril P. Harmon, Esq., West Buxton, Me.

As an extra precaution against typographical errors, R. Fult: Wormwood, of the *Evening Express* editorial staff, Portland, has with great faithfulness read one set of proof sheets while this book was passing the press, and to him we are under obligations.

We also make grateful mention of Mrs. Nellie E. (Ridlon) French, of Cambridge, Mass., who has with much patience and tidy execution made copy for this work in the libraries of Boston.

To the Hon. Charles E. Boothby, of Brighton, England, we are indebted for valuable MSS. and photographic views.

This work contains 1,200 pages composed of more than 600,000 words, and in which are the names of rising 15,000 persons. The book comprises 209 topical sections and genealogies of 105 families. It contains 56 portraits and 12 plate views. For the common edition of 1,200 copies, more than two tons of paper were required.



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With the hope that this book may prove the conservatory of such valuable data, rescued from scattered and frail documents and vanishing traditions of the Saco valley, as may entertain the descendants of the early pioneers and aid the future historian in compiling more exhaustive works, we now commit to the public the result of our many years of patient and pleasurable toil, asking the forbearance of all for any errors that were overlooked in editing.

G. T. RIDLON, SR.

KEZAR FALLS, ME., Jan. 30, 1895.

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## The Saco River.

Forth from New Hampshire's granite steeps  
Fair Saco rolls in chainless pride,  
Rejoicing as it laughs and leaps  
Down the gray mountain's rugged side;  
The stern, rent crags and tall, dark pines  
Watch that young pilgrim passing by,  
While calm above them frowns or shines  
The black, torn cloud, or deep blue sky.

Soon, gathering strength, it swiftly takes  
Through Bartlett's vales its tuneful way,  
Or hides in Conway's fragrant brakes,  
Retreating from the glare of day;  
Now, full of vigorous life, it springs  
From the strong mountain's circling arms,  
And roams in wide and lucid rings  
Among green Fryeburg's woods and farms.

Here with low voice it comes and calls  
For tribute from some hermit lake;  
And here it wildly foams and falls,  
Bidding the forest echoes wake:  
Now sweeping on, it runs its race  
By mound and mill in playful glee;  
Now welcomes with its pure embrace  
The vestal waves of Ossipee.

—James G. Lyons.



EATHEN NATIONS have worshiped rivers as divine and with offerings of wealth have sought to propitiate their seeming wrath. Along these mighty water-ways, which are the life-giving arteries of Nature's system, the most remarkable events in the world's history have transpired. Guided by the course of rivers the early explorers found their way, and along their borders the tide of immigration has been directed. From the mountains through which, with the unyielding axe of ages, they have cut a highway, deposits are conveyed to enrich the valleys below; they bring man food from the resources of the hills, and by commerce, from lands afar. By their unceasing flow they have leveled the land where the skill of human engineers would prove unavailing.

How unequally puny man, with all his art, contends with the mighty force of rivers! Increasing in volume, they upheave and bear away the most solid masonry; being diminished, they obstinately refuse to carry the burdens imposed upon them. Although man has harnessed the untamed waters to the chariot wheels of industry, and has made them, like an enslaved Samson,

"grind at the mill," yet, when detained too long in artificial channels, they break down all barriers and rush with impetuous fury to the lower levels of their natural pathway.

With what various changes of aspect great rivers proceed on their way! Now trembling, foaming, and roaring in mad haste over the uneven pavement of the ragged defiles from which they emerge to pass with grand and measured sweep between the alluvial intervalles below. We observe the tortuous rapids, the clinging curves with which the passing waters embrace each jutting boulder, and the gentle transition to calm repose as they reach the unobstructed channel, and, like heated coursers flecked with foam, pass into the cooling eddies for rest.

To the beholder of natural phenomena there is a common propensity to invest moving water with the conscious power of feeling, while, to the thoughtful observer, it is impressively suggestive of lessons which involve the issues of human life. There is the natural effect of impending ruin, desperate resolution, and fearful agony. When nearing the falls the waters become visibly agitated and seem to struggle backward in the extremity of fear before being hurled into the abyss below. Approaching the narrow gorge with its towering walls of granite upon which the sentinel pines lean forward to watch the coming conflict, the contracted stream, like a column of armed men, closes ranks for the final charge against the opposing bulwark. And the rocks mid-stream, that rise above the surface, seem to be tortured with supernatural dread and fling back with giant force the menacing waters.

Should the venturesome observer find a foothold upon the shelving ledge, and gaze downward upon the dark and impenetrable waters, he will be oppressed with a sense of profound gloom; an unexplainable dread seizes upon him, an unearthly shudder passes over him. At a distance the river has the appearance of a corrugated band of silver laid down in the rocky chasm.

There are few rivers in New England that present a greater variety of formation along their borders, few environed by natural scenery more picturesque and beautiful, than the Saco. Its course downward from the mountains to the sea is marked by a succession of rapids of remarkable violence which alternate between the cataract, the whirlpool, and the deep, dark eddy.

How often, when sitting upon the mossy bank under the whispering pines, watching the ceaseless, unwearied flow of this stream, have we asked, "Ancient and majestic river, when and where hadst thou birth?" If invested with the power of articulate speech we might have heard thee respond in the language of sacred story, "Before Abraham was I am."

What mean those writers of European history who designate our continent as the "New World," and who boast that *we* have no antiquity! Had they perused the records cut in our tables of stone, they would have learned that we have foundations as ancient as their own. What is the age of ivy-grown



cathedral, or crumbling stones of feudal fortress, when compared with the awful pillared structures reared by the architect of the eternal hills, or when measured by the vast chronology of creation! Storied Saco! Long before the yellow moccasin of the stealthy red man had pressed thy banks, or ever Naaman had bathed in the healing waters of Jordan; antecedent to the day when the bullrush basket containing the infant law-giver of Israel had been laid beside the sacred Nile, or the pyramids were founded; ere Noah had laid the keel of his ark, or Abel had offered sacrifice; aye, when the streams of Eden flowed through a sinless world and watered the gardens of Paradise, this unknown river of the Western hemisphere was cradled in the cloud-curtained security of the templed hills, baptized by the rain-giving heavens, and kissed by the benignant sunshine; yea, had marshalled its forces behind the embattled terraces of the north, forced a passage through the granite gateway of the mountains, and in the majesty of its strength had swept down from the tablelands on its hastening march to the ocean, demanding tribute from a hundred subordinate streams, unchallenged and unhindered. Upon these passing waters the leaves of unnumbered centuries had fallen, and the giant oak, conservatory of its own unquestioned chronology, had reached forth its wide-spreading arms and dropped its annual acorns into these uncrediting waters.

Across the placid coves the swimming otter wove his chevroned wake and reached his subterranean cell unharmed. Upon the untitled meadows the beaver, guided by nature's unerring law, summoned his industrious artisans and built the dome-like huts of his populous hamlet undisturbed. Into the miniature harbors the decorous wild goose convoyed his feather-plated fleet, and cast anchor for the night under the shelter of the woodland bank. Unheard by human ear, the clatter of the wandering kingfisher reverberated above the roaring waterfall, while the red-deer dipped his antlers, and cooled his flanks, in the shadowy coves. When darkness fell, the ambling bear came down the bank to drink; the lonely serenade of the loon mingled with the plaintive note of wakeful night bird, and the alternating scream of panther and howl of wolf passed as a challenge across the unhumanized solitudes from mountain to valley. While the graceful foliage of the overhanging hemlock was reflected upon the unruffled waters from above, the opulent cowlily launched her golden boat below. Upon the mossy log by the riverside the male grouse beat his rumbling reveille, while his mottled consort brooded her young upon the nest of pine boughs near at hand. Here, the graceful squirrel chattered as gleefully to his mate as now; here, upon the spruce limb, he arranged his morning toilet and dropped his nutshell into the passing current; here, unheard by man, the multitude of birds sang the same measures carolled on creation's morn, and skimmed, on shining wing, the glimmering waters of the restless river.

In these vast solitudes nature's grand cathedral, whose terraced walls were the created masonry of the granite hills, whose lofty towers were the

## THE SACO RIVER.

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n-splintered pinnacles that pierced the clouds, whose pillared aisles were aled and architaved with foliage work more exquisitely beautiful than ole touched by Grecian sculptor's chisel, whose organ notes were the voice any waters that rose and swelled like the chorus of some mighty orchestra, ned and subdued by the mingling music of the chanting pines in the real galleries above, had been erected.

Here, in the deep primeval forest, the brave aboriginal inhabitants searched hose medicinal treasures stored in the pharmacy of nature, and from these ounded the curative preparations for which the tribe has long been wned. Here, upon the river bank, the Sokokis built his bark wigwam, t these waters he propelled his beaded canoe of birch with noiseless pad. of ash, and in the pellucid depths saw the reflection of his dusky form.

The adventuresome Vikings, reared in a land indented with intersecting , when they discovered our rivers upon which the tide ebbed and flowed, osed them to be channels leading through the continent to some western and with the contempt of danger and ambition for exploration charac- ic of their race, boldly entered some of these broad estuaries in their narrow galleys and were soon astonished to find themselves confronted frowning waterfall. So the early mariners, who felt their way around New England coast, and entered the mouths of our streams, sailed not far e having encountered impassable barriers. How true was this of the ! The topography of the country traversed by this river seemed designed nstitute it a chain of water powers nearly its entire length, and some of nost valuable of these are close to the seashore, linked with navigation.

The voices of the inland waterfalls were invitations to the enterprising ists to arise and build; they told of latent power that might be used for ood of the inhabitants, and they were not long allowed to remain unim- ed. But for these mill privileges what might have been the condition of Saco valley to-day! To them the thriving villages, the broad farms, and populous towns, owe their existence. Along the banks by the trail of man the millwright penetrated the timber-abounding forest; upon some e above the wasted waters he stood and formed his ideal of the initiatory dation from which the mills and hamlets arose; and soon the workman's t, the mallet stroke, and the ringing saw were heard about the falls. ses were erected for the mill-men and a mansion for the owner; fields g the rich intervalles expanded into broad and smiling farms, and thus our / settlements grew. Great boats were built with which to float the wares n the river, and noble oxen, tugging at the bow, moved the odorous lum- from the mill-house to the landings.

Gradually, but firmly, the materialized wave of settlement moved inland, stream, and spread itself along the Ossipees, tributaries of the Saco, and valley to valley until cosy homes, surrounded by fruitful farms, nestled

Science has found no golden key by which the phenomenal mystery involved in the movement of water within and upon the surface of the earth can be unlocked; this is one of Nature's secrets which she declines to unfold. Regulated by its own peculiar law, the floods of water obey their Creator's behest with as much regularity as do the bodies of the planetary system. But we are often led to inquire how the great reservoirs, elevated upon mountains, from which the rivers rise, are supplied with water. Some of these are supported at such altitudes that the law of gravity has no discovered part in filling them, and no season's rainfall could replenish them. Somewhere under the earth's crust, unheard by mortal ear, some potent enginery is forcing the water uphill into these mountain ponds, from whence they are thrown down into the river and carried to the exhaustless ocean.

In our Saco river we find a remarkable example of this action of water. Taking its rise from Saco pond, which is nearly 2,000 feet above the sea level, it drains the southwestern district of the White Mountains. The small stream passes through the Notch, falling 600 feet in the first three miles, and nearly as much more in the next nine miles. Along this distance it flows between lofty mountains, walled in by solid granite. At the west line of Bartlett the Saco is 745 feet above the ocean. In the next eight miles, to the mouth of Ellis river, its descent is about thirty feet to the mile. At the line between Maine and New Hampshire, the water of the Saco is elevated 400 feet above the high tide level.

The course of the Saco spans a distance of about 140 miles; it is a rapid and remarkably clear stream. Its head is in the western pass of the White Hills, while the Ellis river, which forms a considerable tributary of the Saco, rises in the eastern pass. After flowing in a southeast course for about thirty miles, receiving several streams on its way, it enters Maine across the line between Conway and Fryeburg; then, as if something had been forgotten and left behind, turns north and runs in that direction about fifteen miles, when Cold river pours its crystal and refreshing tribute into the wandering stream. The Saco then turns in a southerly direction, forming a great bend, and separates the towns of Brownfield and Denmark. In Fryeburg the river runs thirty miles and has formed, where once there was evidently a great lake, extensive and very productive intervalles. In all this distance it progresses but four miles on an air line, thus forming a natural curiosity that has excited the wonder of many a visitor. In 1817 and 1818 a canal three miles in length was cut across about four miles below the extremity of the curve, which laid the river bed above entirely dry. Lovewell's pond, through which the Indians used to pass when journeying up and down the Saco, lies three miles below the canal. This whole district was early known as the Pequawket country. From this point, the river runs sixty miles in a southeasterly direction before its waters mingle with the tide. At the Great Falls in Hiram the stream plunges down seventy-two feet.

## THE SACO RIVER.

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Thirty miles from its mouth, the Great Ossipee contributes one-third the Saco's water; this stream issues from Ossipee pond, eighteen miles toward. Between this point at Cornish, and the incoming of the Little Ossipee at Limington, Steep Falls, twenty feet in descent, are formed. Passing onward to Bonnie Eagle Falls it then rushes madly down through a rock-walled channel to Moderation Falls, Bar Mills, and Salmon Falls, where it plunges on, boiling, roaring through a narrow defile cut deep in the solid rock. Now are Union Falls; thence the river descends to the head of Saco Falls, where it is divided by Indian Island, and on either side falls over a precipice twenty-two feet and mingles with the salt water of the bay. The view of the tract on the Saco side is majestic and grand.

Saco river is greatly disturbed by freshets. The water frequently rises ten feet, and has reached the height of twenty-five feet, resulting in a great destruction of property along its entire course. In 1775 a stream called New River broke out of the White Mountains and discharged into the Ellis river; once into the Saco, which was so enormously swollen by this avalanche of waters that mills, bridges, large quantities of lumber, and many domestic animals were swept away. Very destructive freshets occurred in 1814, when saw-mills and bridges were taken bodily from their foundations and carried down the mighty current. Again in 1843 there was a memorable rise of the river which nearly cleared its banks of mills, houses, and lumber. Some of the saw-mills, chained to sturdy old oaks upon the bank, were carried away, the heavy chains being torn in pieces by the resistless flood.

Although the lands adjacent to the river have been nearly denuded of the old and pines that once grew there, the lumbermen land their logs upon the banks, and the stream is the great highway, or rather water-way, over which brawny, blue-shirted river-men "drive" them to the mills below.

Who that spent their early years on the Saco, that has fished along its banks, sailed upon its surface, bathed in its eddies, or listened to its murmur, can cease to look back with pleasure to those careless, happy days?

"Hail! hail again, my native stream,  
Scene of my boyhood's earliest dream!  
With solitary step once more  
I tread thy wild and sylvan shore,  
And pause at every turn to gaze  
Upon thy dark, meandering maze.  
What though obscure the woody source,  
What though unsung thy humble course;  
What if no lofty, classic name  
Gives to thy peaceful waters fame,  
Still can thy rural haunts impart  
A solace to this chastened heart."

Brown, Jacob Clark, David Potter, William Bickford, Isaac Fly, Chase Wiggin, Samuel Sawyer, Ebenezer Lord, and Samuel Scribner were early settlers in Flintstown, but some of these families were set off on land conceded to Sebago. Descendants of nearly all are now living in these and adjoining towns, and are among the best citizens and successful farmers.

### HIRAM.

This township was first settled by Lieut. Benjamin Ingalls, a native of Andover, Mass., who came to the Great Falls on Saco river, in company with five others, in 1774. One of this number was Daniel Foster, a brother-in-law. These pioneers surveyed several lots, and the original record, in the handwriting of Lieutenant Ingalls, with its quaint orthography, runs as follows:

"Sept. 5th 1774 then Daniel Foster and Abial Messer and John Curtis and Ebenezer Herrick and Benjamin Ingalls came up to the Great Falls on Saco Rivor the west sid and Laid out a Tract of Land for each of ous as follows viz:—

"Begining [at] a maple Tree on ye River Bank against Bryants Pond So Called Running West 160 Rods then Runing Sowth 80 Rods then Running East to Saco River Ebenezer Herricks Loot N 1 Pine tree then By the Side of Herricks Loot & one for John Curtis N 2 Pine tree 80 Rods down ye Rivor to a Read Oak Tree markt  $\frac{2}{3}$  then 80 Rods own the Rivor to a White Pine Tree markt  $\frac{3}{4}$ .

"Sept. 6th then Daniel Foster Abial Messer John Curtis and Ebenezer Herrick Layed out a Loot for Benja. Ingalls then Begun att a Pine Tree on the Bank of Sawco Rivor about 60 rods above Hancock Brook Runing west 100 Polls to a maple tree markt IIII then Runing Sowth 600 Polls to a hemlock tree IIII then Runing East to a Pine on the Bank of Saco Rivor att the mouth of a Littell Brook which Runs out of the medow Cald Woodsoms medow Laied out and Bownded as above for Benjamin Ingalls & we markt it IIII.

"Sept. 10th 1786 Mr Joshua Davis of flintstown went with me and Pre-ambded the Lines and Bownds of my Lott as above.

"July 15 1786 Mess Joshua Davis and Jess Walker went with me and Vewed the Bownds of my Land that I Laied owt in agust and Sept. 1774."

The above mentioned tract taken possession of by Lieutenant Ingalls was situated on the west side of Saco river, extending from the brook above Hiram Falls to a point above Hancock's brook, and includes the whole plot where the village of Hiram Bridge now stands.

In 1790 Gen. Peleg Wadsworth, a native of Duxbridge, Mass., and a Revolutionary patriot, purchased a tract of land in the plantation of Massachusetts consisting of 7,800 acres, from which he cleared an extensive and valuable farm, where, according to a statement published in the *Eastern Herald*, Sept. 10, 1792, he raised more than 1,000 bushels of corn on burnt land at a place called Great Ossipee, about thirty-six miles from Portland. In

1795 he built a house and settled his son, Charles L. Wadsworth, on this tract of land. On Feb. 27, 1807, the township was incorporated by the name of Hiram, in honor of Hiram, King of Tyre. General Wadsworth being a man of liberal education, wealth, and public spirit, who took a leading part in the affairs of the town, was regarded as its patriarch. In 1800 he built for himself a country mansion here, the most stately and pretentious ever built in town, to which he moved in 1807. We cannot close our brief sketch with more appropriate words than the following, copied from an address prepared by Llewellyn A. Wadsworth, and delivered at the family reunion at Duxbury in 1882: "On a high plateau in the valley of the winding and silvery Saco, whose majestic cataract makes endless melody as its bright waters roll onward to the sea, set like a gem in its circlet of hills and mountains, the old ancestral Wadsworth mansion still stands. On an eminence nearly in the shadow of 'the forest primeval,' sleeps the honored patriarch among his kindred, well worthy of the eulogium upon his tablet: 'He was a Patriot, a Philanthropist, and a Christian.'"

### TRADITIONS.

**Three Hills of Rocks.**—Maj. William Phillips, who lived at Saco, purchased several tracts of land of the Indians; some of these extended back into the country thirty-five or forty miles. In a deed bearing date 1666, Captain Sunday conveyed to him "three hills of rock" about forty miles back from the sea on Saco river. In conveying shares of this property Phillips designates "it as a mine commonly accounted a silver mine," and says he had sold divers shares to gentlemen in Boston. The early inhabitants were deceived by the glistening of the "isinglass," or sheets of mica, in the rocks on the cliffs of the mountains and supposed these to be rich in deposits of silver. It has not been ascertained just where the three hills of rock were situated, and considerable speculation has been rife in relation to them. There are three eminences in Hiram about one-half mile above the great fall on the east side of the Saco, on the line between the counties of Cumberland and Oxford, which correspond with the somewhat indefinite description found in the various conveyances, and the distance from the sea. As these hills are comprised in a tract of 1,500 acres of land taxed to the heirs of Phillips in 1807, in Hiram, and being rocky, hilly, and almost unfit for farming purposes, and on the opposite side of the river from the other lands owned by Major Phillips, there are good grounds for the theory that these are the identical hills purchased because of their supposed value as mining property. Picturesque fancy beholds a group of speculative men with Major Phillips viewing these shining hills as the sunlight glistened upon the mica in the clefts of the rocks, while the owner discoursed upon their great value as he sold shares at

long range to gentlemen from Boston. But they were just such fools as have succeeded them during the nineteenth century.

**The Hancock Ponds.**—These sheets of water, embosomed among the towering hills, derived their names from William Hancock, son of William, who came from Londonderry, Ireland, to Buxton. He had built a hunting camp near the larger pond and retired to that sylvan retreat to hunt and trap for the winter. Tradition, well supported by several reliable persons who lived at the time, makes one John Brown, a native of Scarborough, come to Buxton with a hand-sled loaded with valuable furs and wearing a coat known to have belonged to Hancock. He immediately went to Portland, where he disposed of his peltry, and disappeared to be seen no more. Search revealed the vacant camp and a spoon bearing Hancock's name, but neither his body, gun, nor traps were ever discovered. Hancock's brook furnishes the water power at Hiram Corner and flows into the Saco on the east side, opposite the town-house. It was known as Hancock's brook when the first survey of land was made, in 1774. No mention of this son was made in the will of William Hancock, Sr., made in 1769, but his name was found, with that of his brother John, in the inventory of the estate taken in 1770.

### FOUNDERS OF HIRAM.

**Lieut. Benjamin Ingalls**, the first pioneer, was born to Moses and Maria Ingalls, in Andover, Mass., Aug. 1, 1728, O. S. He entered the British army and was captured at Louisburg by Sir William Pepperill in 1745. In 1761 he was commissioned as lieutenant. About 1765 he left the army and made voyages to sea. In 1774 he came to Great Falls on the Saco river, where he surveyed several lots of land, one of which he settled on; this was at the bend of the river, and the cellar was to be seen not many years back. While living here his nearest neighbors were James Howard, in Brownfield, and Mr. Cookson, in Standish. In October, 1785, the "great freshet" swept away his house, hovel, and blacksmith shop. He then removed to Flintstown, now Baldwin, and settled near "Ingalls pond." He and his wife died in Hiram, at the home of Capt. Charles L. Wadsworth, but were buried in Baldwin. (See Genealogy of Ingalls Family.)

**Daniel Foster** was the second settler of Hiram. He located not far from the bend in the Saco, and the hill in the road there was known as Foster's hill. He died about 1780, without leaving issue. It was the first death after the settlement of the town. His grave was in the pines by the road-side, near the H. Wadsworth road, where a monument has been erected.

**James Eastman** was a soldier of the French and Indian war and served in the Revolution. He and his wife are remembered as they went from house to house among the farmers, when advanced in life, to dress the crop of flax.

His house was upon a slight rise of ground in a narrow field, now in the woods under the hill below the buildings of Artemas Richardson, and his lonely grave may be seen in the forest on a hill-side, some distance from where he lived. His age cannot be ascertained.

**John Watson**, said to have come from England with a brother who settled in Kennebunk, after serving in the Revolution, came to Hiram in 1778. His house, on the bank of the river, was swept away by the great freshet of 1785. He then built near where Walter F. Watson has resided since. His son John was the first male child born in town. Thomas, another son, was a justice of the peace. From this family the Watsons of Hiram are descended.

**Daniel Boston**, descended from an old family in York, Me., came early to Denmark, then a part of Brownfield, and opened a clearing not far from Saco river, on the southwest side of the three eminences known as "Boston Hills." In June of 1784 he moved to Hiram Hill, on the west side of the Saco. Crossing on a raft he lost his kettles and crockery. His house was built on the farm since called the "Craig place," where Llewellyn A. Wadsworth now resides. The clay used in building his chimney was carried in a basket on his shoulders a distance of a half mile up a steep ascent from the bank of the Saco. He finally removed to Vermont, where he died. (See Boston Genealogy.)

**John Burbank** came from Kennebunk in 1778; was an early school-master in Hiram; a soldier of the Revolution; settled on the farm in Hiram since owned by Nathan Kimball. His son Israel was the first postmaster of Hiram; his commission bears date Dec. 14, 1803; he was in the war of 1812. Asa, another son, was a lieutenant under Gov. Caleb Strong; his commission was dated Sept. 15, 1813; he died Oct. 26, 1858, aged 72. Sarah, his wife, died Oct. 30, 1865, aged 82. Their son John was an assessor in 1805.

**John Clemons** came from Danvers, Mass., some time in 1780. He was in Fryeburg in May of that year on the memorable "dark day." When he came to Hiram he tarried with the family of Capt. John Lane for a night. At supper time the children of the families were so numerous that not more than half could be supplied with gourd-shell bowls from which to eat. Mrs. Lane was equal to the occasion. Having an old chair with a concave leathern bottom she poured two quarts of bean porridge into it, and the hearty children gathered about this *dish on legs* and ate their supper. Mr. Clemons and his wife experienced many hardships during the early years of their residence in Hiram; for seven years she did not see the face of a white woman. (See Genealogy.)

**John Bucknell** came from Fryeburg to Hiram with his son Simeon in 1785. In 1792 Simeon built the house where his son Andrew since lived and died. The latter was constable for twenty-five years; was captain of the militia; so was Simeon.

**Lemuel Howard** came from Brownfield in 1785; married Hannah,



daughter of John Clemons, and settled on the farm since known as the William Cotton place. His son John was an officer in the war of 1812.

**John Ayer** was living in Hiram as early as 1787, where Jacob Buck since lived. He built the first grist-mill in town; it was on "Thirteen Mile brook," just above the old "red mill." He and Capt. Charles Wadsworth built the first bridge across the Saco in Hiram, about 1805; sometimes held religious meeting.

**John McLucas** came from Hollis or Buxton in 1787, and settled opposite Henry B. Fly's lane. He was a soldier of the Revolution. Mr. McLucas was a man of giant strength. At one time, in the presence of General Wadsworth, he requested one son to guide the plow and another to ride on the beam; he then put the chain over his shoulder and drew the plow through the ground powerfully. The astonished General, who had called on McLucas to hire him for farm work, exclaimed: "Bless me! bless me! I wouldn't have such a man in my field." Five of his sons enlisted for the war of 1812 in one day.

**Timothy Cutler** had a grant of land in 1788, consisting in part of a portion of Mt. Cutler, which was named for him. His house was where George W. Osgood has since lived.

**William Gray**, a Revolutionary soldier, went from Hollis to Hiram, and settled below the fall in 1793. He was a blacksmith, as was his son of the same name who was in the war of 1812. Mr. Gray moved to Cornish.

**James Fly** came into town in 1794, sitting down on the well-known Marshall Warren place. He was a soldier of the French and Indian war; probably connected with the Fly family, early inhabitants of Scarborough. Mr. Fly was also a veteran of the Revolution. Henry Fly owned the powder horn he carried in the colonial service, upon which his name was carved. Elder James Fly was of this family.

**Capt. Thomas Spring** settled in Hiram in 1794; at that time brought six children; built his house where Marshall Spring has since lived. He was with Montgomery in the assault on Quebec; in the Revolutionary war; with Arnold on the Plains of Abraham, and with Washington in the battle of White Plains; was the first to open a public house in Hiram. (See Genealogy.)

**John Pierce**, an honored and public-spirited resident of Hiram, came in 1794; was one of the early town officers. He was connected with the distinguished family of Baldwin. The Pierces now living on the homestead are descended from this early settler.

**William Storer**, descended from the old Wells' family of this name, came in 1795. He, too, was a soldier of the Revolution. His house stood where the grave-yard now is. The children lived to old age and were respected. His wife was Sarah, daughter of Joshua Chadbourne.

**Capt. Charles L. Wadsworth** settled in town in 1795. He was the eldest son of General Peleg; was one of the first captains of the militia; held

several town offices. He died in 1848, aged 72, leaving a large family, of whom four sons settled in Hiram. Of "Captain Charlie" many quaint stories are told. He was an owner of extensive timber land; sometimes rode a mule on his excursions among the lumbermen; this animal is said to have carried him safely over the Saco by night on a bridge stringer; an event the rider did not know of until the following day when the workmen making repairs discovered the print of the shoe-caulks in the stringer.

**Marshall Lewis** was among the early settlers. He came from Fryeburg and lived opposite where the Joshua Sargent barn stands. His wife was a daughter of Daniel E. Cross. Mr. Lewis served in the artillery company of Capt. Rufus McIntire, in 1812, and was killed in the battle of Oswego. His widow toiled hard to bring up the children. At one time of scarcity their stock of provisions was reduced to a small quantity of bran. The eldest of the six children was the wife of Col. Charles Wadsworth. (See Genealogy.)

### BRIEF MENTION.

**Jonathan K. Lowell**, a Revolutionary soldier, came from Baldwin at an early day, and settled near where William A. Storer has lived. His son of the same name married Mary, daughter of Lemuel Howard, and was ancestor of those who bear this name in Hiram.

**William Cotton** came from Cornish to Hiram as early as 1799, and settled on land among the mountains where his son Lemuel afterwards lived. His wife was a daughter of Lemuel Howard. He was one of the veterans of 1812, and the progenitor of families of the name in town. Several members of this family are buried in a pretty little grove on a knoll near the old Cotton homestead.

**Asa Osgood**, a Revolutionary soldier, early made his home on the farm since owned by Royal Clark, and was head of the family of this name in Hiram.

**John Tyler** and his brother David, before 1800, lived on the Stephen Ridlon place near "Tyler hill," so-called. The family moved away near the close of the century.

**Josiah Mabry** came from Windham, and succeeded the Tylers on the Ridlon farm. He had first settled near Hancock's pond. From Hiram hill the family removed to the place where they have of late resided. They probably came in before 1800.

**Gen. Peleg Wadsworth** came to live on his land in Hiram, Jan. 1, 1807. He erected his mansion house in 1800. Stephen Jewett, of Cornish, was the carpenter employed, and Capt. Theophilus Smith, of the same town, the mason. This house is standing as a monument of good material and thorough workmanship that have stood the wear and tear of 94 years. (See account of town settlement.)

**Capt. Edmund Skillings** came to Hiram before 1800, and lived below John Spring's.

**Philip Corey** came about the same date and settled on the Enoch Treadwell place at South Hiram.

**Moses Gould** and **Aaron** lived on the Harrison Scribner farm as early as 1800. About fifty acres of second growth wood, some graves there, some cellars near, are evidences of the early existence of a homestead.

**James Gillmore** lived where Alexander Brazier has lived latterly, in 1805.

**Dea. Edward Richardson**, from Standish, was living in Hiram in 1810; was settled on the hill east of Bryant's pond, where John L. Kimball has since lived; a member of the Freewill Baptist church; twelve children.

**Dea. Ephraim Kimball** came to town about 1810, settling on the side of Tearcap hill, near the Mabry place.

**Col. John Warren** came from Gorham, Me., in 1813 and purchased the farm where his son Nathaniel afterwards lived. Major Nathaniel, father of the Colonel, came a few years later and domiciled near. He was a soldier of the Revolution. (See Genealogy.)

### BROWNFIELD.

Brownfield was formed from three grants of land conveyed by Massachusetts to Capt. Henry Young Brown in recognition of his services in the French war. The condition of these grants, which comprised 8,544 acres, mostly included in Brownfield, required him to settle thirty-eight families in the township by June 10, 1770; and in three years thereafter he was to see that a minister was settled there. The first clearing was opened in 1765; the settlement organized as "Brownfield plantation" in 1787. In 1799 a petition was sent to the General Court, signed by twenty-four men, asking for the incorporation of the township, to be called Dover; but when it was incorporated, in 1802, it was named in honor of the principal proprietor. The population in 1812 was less than 900, but of this number twenty-five entered the army; of these, four died in the service, and two of the eighteen who returned were wounded.

The first settled minister was Rev. Jacob Rice, who came in 1806 from Henniker, N. H., at the earnest request of friends who had known him before coming from that place to the new plantation. He was a graduate of Harvard, 1765; was a man of much literary ability, an able preacher, who was universally beloved by those with whom he associated. Another early minister was Rev. Tillius How, a son of Eliakim How, who moved from Henniker to Brownfield about 1800. He was graduated at Dartmouth, 1783; died in Fryeburg in 1830.

eventually engaged in lumbering and acquired a handsome competency. In 1833 he built the house where his son ITHIEL now lives, and made that his residence till his death, Dec. 29, 1865. His wife d. Sept. 27, 1862. A beautiful monument, erected in 1883, marks their place of rest. Children as follows:

1. HON. ITHIEL E., b. in Chatham, N. H., Aug. 26, 1819; m. Oct. 26, 1862, Caroline C., dan. of Jonathan K. and Phebe (Clements) Eastman. He was educated in the common schools and at Bridgton Academy, and became a successful teacher; was two years clerk in a store at Lovell, Me.; engaged extensively in lumber speculation and has become a man of wealth, owning several farms and much wood and timber land. He lost \$30,000 worth of timber by a hurricane, in 1883, and by three failures \$30,000 more; is fond of fine stock and agricultural improvement, and calls his fine homestead "Winnecomet Farm"; was postmaster sixteen years; justice of the peace rising thirty years; selectman and town clerk many years; representative in 1859-60 and from 1881 to 1884, serving on important committees; was a recruiting officer during the Civil war; has been on the "Forestry Commission"; has been mentioned as a candidate for governor of New Hampshire; a man of pronounced convictions and strict integrity.
2. JOHN C., b. Sept. 4, 1821; m. Mary Bouzie and resides in New Jersey.
3. MEHITABLE E., b. Sept. 7, 1823; m. Alfred Eaton; lives in Stowe, Me.
4. MASON H., b. Mar. 14, 1826; m. Maria Carlton and settled in Chatham, N. H.
5. ABBIE A., b. Oct. 16, 1828; m. Francis Smith and lived in Hollis, Me.
6. MERRITT E., b. July 20, 1831; m. Maria Abbott; resides in Stowe, Me.

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## Clemens Family.

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This surname is spelled variously as follows: Clemens, Clemons, Clement, Clemonds, and Clermont. It was probably derived from that of seventeen popes, of which Clemens Romanus, mentioned in the Epistle to the Phillipians, is said to be the first. He was accounted as one of the Apostolic fathers. He died as bishop of the church of Rome in the year 182. Titus Clemens was a distinguished father of the Christian church who flourished at the close of the second and beginning of the third century. He was born at Athens. One of his hymns is preserved. The catholicity of his mind procured him the name of heretic, and lost him that of saint.

The family is now numerous in England and Ireland, and it is believed that the New England branches came from the former country.

**John Clemons** was a native of Danvers, Mass., where he m. Abigail Southwick or Sudrick, Oct. 27, 1757. He was a descendant of one of two children kidnapped on the coast of England and brought to Massachusetts, where they were separated never to meet again. John and Abigail came to Brownfield, east of the Saco river, in 1779, with six children. He settled near Island bridge

and near Clemons hill. They were living in Brownfield on the dark day of 1780, but in October of that year came to Hiram. He and his family passed the first night at the log-house of Capt. John Lane on the west side of the Saco. As Capt. Lane had a family of twenty-two children and Mr. Clemons six, they could not all assemble at one table, consequently Mrs. Lane poured a couple of quarts of bean porridge into the depressed leather bottom of an old chair, around which the Clemons children gathered with clam shells or wooden spoons and ate their supper, an event they remembered well, and often related the circumstances to their descendants.

While hunting, Mr. Clemons discovered the large pond near the Hiram "Notch," which has since borne his name. Being pleased with this locality, which seemed to afford fine advantages for hunting, fishing, and farming, he removed his family and spent the remainder of his days there. His first cabin was built near where the Col. Aldrick Clemons house now stands. The natural environments were and are beautiful. Here mountain, meadow, and broad fields unite with dashing stream and placid pond in forming a charming landscape.

It is related that he and his eldest son were at Fryeburg to get corn ground when one of the old-fashioned snow storms came on, and so deep were the drifts that they were detained for several days. Meanwhile Mrs. Clemons had only a cupful of beans with which, made into porridge, to feed her five children on the last day.

During the first seven years while the family were living near the ponds, Mrs. Clemons saw the face of but one of her sex, that of the dusky squaw of Tom Hegan, the Indian hunter. The first white woman to call at the house was Mrs. Keazar, of Parsonsfield, who accompanied her husband on snowshoes when on his way to Fryeburg. After the death of Mr. Clemons, about 1790, two of the children d. suddenly. The bodies of the little ones were left while Mrs. Clemons went several miles through the woods and secured the assistance of Mr. Daniel Boston, who went back with her and dug a wide grave into which she laid her beloved daughters' bodies without religious services. They were buried on the oak ridge west of the Clemons' homestead, but there is now no indication of graves to be found.

More descendants of Mr. Clemons are living in Hiram than of any other early settler. In 1880 more than ten per cent. of the population were descended from him or connected with the family by marriage. Children as follows:

1. HANNAH, m. Lemuel Howard (uncle of Judge Joseph Howard), about 1780, and settled in Brownfield. They removed to Hiram, and settled on the farm subsequently owned by William Cotton, whose mother was their daughter.
2. JOHN, m. Mary McLellan, of Gorham, Me., and settled in a cabin between Capt. Sam. Wadsworth's and the mill brook, in 1790. It was here that Gen. Peleg Wadsworth passed his first night in Hiram. In the morning he and Clemons ascended the Bill Merrill mountain and made an optical survey of the grant of land of 7,800 acres assigned to Gen. Wadsworth, from which he exchanged 200 acres, known as the

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NOTE.—A conch shell is preserved in the Clemons family with which four generations of them have been summoned to the dinner table by their wives at the door-stone. This primitive "trumpet" was brought from Danvers, Mass., to Fryeburg by the first John Clemons, in 1779; to Hiram, in 1780. It has been carried to Illinois and Aroostook county.

Capt. Artemus Richardson farm, for the 100 acres Clemons had taken up near the Gould place. He built his second house near the Clemons pond; emigrated to Ohio. These had three sons, *Christopher*, *William*, and *John* who was a preacher. Mrs. Clemons was subject to insane spells. On one occasion she rode horseback to Maine with William in her arms. She swapped horses several times on the road, receiving boot to pay her expenses, and is said to have reached Hiram with a better horse and more money than she started with. William, son of John, settled farther west, and his wife and two children were killed by the Indians. He served in the Mexican war.

3. JONATHAN, b. May 7, 1770, in Danvers, Mass.; m. Hannah, dau. of Capt. John Lane, of Buxton, who was b. there Oct. 5, 1783, in 1802, and settled where Daniel L. Clemons has since lived. He d. in Hiram, June 15, 1855, aged 85 years. Children and descendants as will follow:
  - I. SAMUEL, m. Louisa Boston and lived in the John Clemons house near the Sewall Gilpatric well. He had two children, viz., *George*, b. June 15, 1834, and *Samuel*.
  - II. JOHN L., b. Aug. 22, 1806, in Hiram; m. Nov. 12, 1849, Joanna H. Richardson, b. in Baldwin, Dec. 25, 1808. They had *John P.*, b. Oct. 13, 1850.
  - III. CALEB C., b. in Hiram; m. Hannah, dau. of Moses Boynton, and had issue, seven children. He lived in a fine situation near the Hiram Bridge village, just below the old yellow mill where the junction of the Hiram Hill road is formed. Mr. Clemons d. June 8, 1894, and was buried on the 10th, services conducted by the author of this book. He was an industrious, frugal farmer, who acquired a large property; gave and demanded good measure and just weight; was kind to children and won their esteem.
4. RUTH, m. Capt. Charles L. Wadsworth and had eleven children.
5. ELI P., b. Sept. 8, 1775, in Danvers, Mass. He m. in Buxton, Mar. 6, 1804, Ruth Hanscomb, b. there Jan. 29, 1787. He d. in Hiram, Mar. 25, 1860, aged 84. His wife d. Jan. 12, 1855, aged 67. Children and descendants as follows:
  - I. WILLIAM, b. Jan. 29, 1805; d. in Cornish, Jan. 16, 1826.
  - II. SUDRICK, b. July 16, 1806; m. Apr. 18, 1833, Lucy Richardson, of Hiram, b. in Standish, Apr. 17, 1809. He d. Mar. 22, 1885, leaving a widow and four children, of whom hereafter. He was respected for his inoffensive, pure, honorable life. He was a peace-maker, who seldom if ever gave place to anger; a man of regular and temperate habits, who was up at the dawn and enjoyed vigorous health until old age. He was proverbially cheerful and hopeful, inclined to search for the "silver lining" in every cloud. His inexhaustible fund of humor and reminiscent stories afforded much pleasure to those with whom he associated. From his sagacious, well-stored mind he imparted such kindly counsel to the young as was sure to be remem-

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NOTE.—The Clemons family is remarkable for the patriarchal ages of its members. There were but six deaths in thirteen families of this name in Hiram for forty years. This may be attributed to their naturally strong constitutions, regular habits of manual exercise, and cheerfulness.

bered and to bear fruit. On the day of his golden wedding, May 1, 1880, he remarked that he had never been confined to the house with illness but one day in his life, and there had not been a death in his family. His good wife was pleased to say they had never quarreled nor had her husband ever been unkind to her, a truth that should be inscribed in the solid stone for the benefit of the rising generation. The following beautiful lines speak for themselves:

## SOFTLY THE SHADOW FALLETH.

"Softly the shadow falleth  
On the furrowed brow of care,  
Gently the angel calleth  
To the man with silver hair.  
Lowly the pine plumes bending  
Bow when the breezes sigh;  
A useful life is ended  
And the phantom boat draws nigh.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Sadly the good wife weepeth  
By the side of the dying bed;  
Mournfully the widow keepeth  
Her vigil beside the dead.  
'Never a promise broken,'  
She said, 'mid her burning tears;  
'Never a harsh word spoken'  
To me in these fifty years.'"

—L. A. Wadsworth.

## CHILDREN OF SUDRICK.

- (1). *William H.*, b. June 15, 1833; m. Apr. 19, 1857, Eliza J. Smith, of Parsonsfield, Me.
  - (2). *Susan A.*, b. Sept. 21, 1834; m. Joseph A. Holmes, of Porter, and had issue.
  - (3). *Edward R.*, b. June 9, 1836; m. Emily Goodwin.
  - (4). *Laurinda*, b. Feb. 29, 1839; m. Frank Gould.
- III. BARTLETT, b. Oct. 16, 1808, in Hiram; m. in Freedom, N. H., Nov. 3, 1836, Cassanda Lord, b. there Oct. 18, 1809, and d. in Molunkus, Me., May 14, 1845. He m. second, Oct. 17, 1848, Mrs. Sarah (Sargent) Plummer, b. in Porter, Feb. 1, 1816. Issue of Bartlett as follows:
- (1). *Annette*, b. July 19, 1840, in Brownfield; was m. Aug. 12, 1868, to Llewellyn A. Wadsworth, of Hiram, Me.
  - (2). *Eli*, b. Aug. 28, 1843; m. in Cornish, Aug. 8, 1869, Immogene, dau. of Capt. Samuel and Jane J. (Clemons) Wadsworth.
  - (3). *Cassanda L.*, b. Aug. 8, 1850, in Molunkus, Me.
- IV. LAURINDA, b. Dec. 16, 1810; m. Capt. Nathan Winslow (b. Mar. 24, 1811), Sept. 20, 1838, and d. in Gorham, Me., Oct. 27, 1863. Issue.
- V. LYDIA H., b. May 25, 1813; m. Oct. 14, 1844, to Charles Dyer. He d. and she was m. second, in Oct., 1867, to Capt. Nathan Winslow, of Gorham.
- VI. COL.\* ALDRICK, b. Apr. 17, 1815; m. Dec. 21, 1848, Sarah Sawyer, b. in Porter, Jan. 24, 1846. He lived on the old homestead when

\* He was commissioned as captain of the militia by Gov. Fairfield in 1839, at the age of twenty-four. Rising through the regular stages by promotion, he was commissioned as colonel in 1843, by Gov. Kavanagh. As a commander, he was very punctual, precise, and deservedly popular; was probably the last field officer of the old militia in the western part of his county.

his grandfather settled near the pretty sheet of water called the Clemons pond, where he built one of the most imposing and convenient set of farm buildings in the county. From the wide green lawn before the door an extensive and lovely prospect opens to view. A brawling mountain stream dashes down through the rocky ravine back of the dwelling, and in the cool pools the speckled trout finds his home. Col. Clemons was a judicious farmer, and a gentlemanly man of excellent intelligence with whom it was entertaining to converse. He was of attractive appearance and his manners easy. Children:

- (1). *Ruth*, b. Sept. 23, 1849.
  - (2). *Mary*, b. May 16, 1853.
  - (3). *James*, b. June 24, 1858.
- VII. JANE I., b. July 19, 1817, in Hiram; m. Mar. 20, 1845. Capt. Samuel Wentworth, and had issue.
- VIII. PELEG W., b. Dec. 25, 1819; d. Dec. 16, 1823.
- IX. RUTH, b. Oct. 16, 1823; m. Elias Gould, of Hiram, and had issue.
- X. LAFAYETTE, b. July 7, 1825 (or '26); m. Feb. 19, 1854, in Haynesville, Me., to Lizzie Plummer, b. in Brownfield, Dec. 7, 1840 (?). Children:
- (1). *Joseph E.*, b. June 3, 1855.
  - (2). *Nathan W.*, b. Feb. 24, 1859.
  - (3). *Zilpah A.*, b. Oct. 29, 1861.
  - (4). *Nellie M.*, b. June 16, 1864.
  - (5). *Lafayette*, b. Oct. 18, 1866; d. Oct. 29th.
  - (6). *Willie G.*, b. Nov. 28, 1867.
- XI. SUSAN A., b. Feb. 7, 1830; d. Feb. 14, 1832, in Hiram.
6. JAMAR, } d. when children. { Children of John and Abigail.  
7. DELILAH, }

## Coolbroth Family.

### GALBRAITH—CALBREATH—COOLBROTH—COLEBATH.

These names originated in two Gaelic words, "Gall" and "Bhretan," meaning the stranger Britain. The various forms of spelling may be attributed to the fancy of some cadets of the family, who, as younger sons, established junior branches in new localities, and to such early scribes as received the pronunciation of names from men of foreign accent. Fourteen different forms of

NOTE. COL. ALDRICK CLEMONS once loaned a poor boy a few dollars with which to pay his fare to Massachusetts, where he wished to seek employment. He admired the self-reliant ambition of the lad, and supplemented the loan with some kindly words of advice. The money was soon repaid, and the young man prospered. Years rolled on. At length Colonel Clemons received by express, charges paid, a block of polished granite, set in a black walnut base, and the initial letter "C" engraved upon the top. Around the stone, midway, runs an ivy vine, exquisitely and delicately chiseled. This beautiful memorial of a kind word and deed was highly appreciated by Colonel Clemons and kept as a parlor ornament.