Address

to the
10th Annual Assembly
of the
Maine River
Rutgers Park,
East Oak Park Cala.
May 4th 1889

No 25

Subject:
The Mass of Maine
It has tried me greatly even to commence a preparation for this occasion.

Maine, Maine, has been ringing in my head ever since the firm-set face of the Chairman of your Committee told me that he never took to his petitions no for an answer.

What in the line of praise has not been offered up on this altar?

The stalwart men, the superb women, the promising children owning origin to the grand hills of Maine, who are always here and everywhere represented, no fancy of the human brain has been left to a new orator to portray their increasing merit. The statesmen, from King the first Governor, to Blaine the plumed knight, could not catch from my emery an additional polish.

Their scholars, their poets, their historians, their clergymen, lawyers and doctors, have better than by a soldier been depicted by one of their own number, as he
If we fail in the Emergency, we cannot warn the Members of the Committee of the imminent danger of being concealed in their secret recesses. The situation, from which all

the aspect, men, the superiors, women, the prominent girls,

and every wreath of Kiwi, were here, and everywhere represented, to look at the missions, the three of me, for a new effort to bolster their infantile merit. Little Governor, to bring the Piwai Knights, could not
cost from my money an additional pension.

Their sacrifices, their efforts, their frustration, their
collection, their tears and groans, have better than pay a soldier's deep regret. By one of their own number, as we
sings:

The lives of great men oft remind us,
That we may make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the Sands of Time.

Their farmers, their merchants, shipbuilders, lumbermen
and Sea Captains, sowing and reaping, or cutting and pounding beside all waters, or farrowing distant seas, have published their own records in books, or emblazoned their names upon high places in every sort of spot visible to the following eyes of men. So, So! - as the German interjects it—who shall come after these Kings?

There is a strange fatality following me. I was a mild child, yet early involved in unescapable conflicts.

I ought to be a rich and conformable lawyer—but became a contentious soldier. I again endeavored to climb the Ministerial stairway, but was thrown violently back into the dark mazes of War. Now I search for a peaceful topic and even consult a cherished Maine friend, Oh, no not that—tell them about War—"The wars of Maine", 
The life of great men at Harvard as
must make one live stiffly
and generally live pasting on
coarse prints of the same of Time.

Their letters, speeches, ceremonies, diplomas, plays, improvements
and sea captain's speeches and toasts, of cutting and pouring
the prose of memoirs of famous great men, have
made them fill books or periodicals in books, or companionship stories
or memoirs, chiefly those of the works of men of the German interest.
The following are a few.

So, is the German interest
with which we are familiar in American life, and
with our assistants and our American and
I attempt to do a little and some assistance to
come a companion to a... I mean to have
and come a companion to the}

I think the ministerial assistance, but we have not
in and back into the great men of W.

I mean for a

Great! topic, and now come to another a...
how will that do?" I might have known it!

After the Rebellion, at Washington, with my friends, I tried to build a "house of peace"—but had to roof over the tower when it was hardly above the chimney, and wait for another Generation to finish it. Therefore, bear with me while I take up my cross and glance at the wars of your ancestors and mine.

ending

Here is a glimpse into "King William's war" about 1690. On the border-land between the New Hampshire White Mountains and the Maine hills, lived Major Waldron who 13 years before, being the Indian's great friend, invited for Peace negotiations, some 400 of them to his house. This house was a kind of fortress. They came trusting the Major as their advocate and protector.

About the same time, a body of English troops from Boston appeared at his stronghold. Their Commander was under instructions to capture all these Indians on account of past depredations laid to their charge.
After the recognition and identification with my teacher I
sought to obtain a "place of peace"-and had to look over the
sower where he was partly above the plumed, and must
therefore pass for another generation to listen to the
wisdom in white I place up my cane and sit in the manger
while you mean any mine

Here is a picture into "kind William's" way, and
1890. On the barrier-land between the New Hampshire
White Mountains and the Maine hill, lives Major Mathew
who in ease and peace, paint the Indians' great friend. In
which for peace recognition, some 400 of them to the
house. The house was a kind of fortress. Then came
standing the Man as great namefacture and pleasure
About the same time's book of English books from
Boston appeared as the announcement. Their commerce was
winter instead to embrace all these Indians on each
convey of best generations large to spare country.
After a show of reluctance, Waldron concluded to cooperate with the troops. This was his plan and execution:

They had a sham battle; the Indians muskets having blanks and the soldier's ball-cartridges. The Indians as agreed fired first, when every piece had been discharged so that there could be no explosion to frighten their enemies," the English soldiers rushed upon them, some with swords drawn, and others with guns aimed and ready, so that the poor Indians before they could recover from their astonishment, were seized, disarmed and bound." A number of these prisoners were afterwards released on proving their innocence of any of the previous depredations; still many were killed, and some two hundred sold as slaves.

This reminds us of the "Pinola treaty" made a few years since in Arizona, where a feast was made by King Woolsey, and during the repast armed men lying in ambush sprang in
After a short interview, I watched some a few people from the plane and ex

We were picked up.

After the interview, we had a short walk to the Indian market. The Indians
in their best attire and their solitary path attracted the attention of every passer-
by. The beautiful silence and the bright sun shine seemed to be some kind of
amusement to the English officers on duty there. Some were smoking and others
were chew. The poor Indians were still mourning from their losses.

A number of the government were seized, tried, and hanged. These prisoners were after careful examination of the court's
merit. Some were killed, and some two hundred sold as slaves. The remnants of the Pitoos are now a few only.

Since in Arizona, where I was, there were many good and friendly
and genuine Indian friends, I made a few visits in

(continued)
and killed 37 of the savage guests. So history repeats itself!

But in 1690, a dreadful revenge came. Major Waldron, was 80 years of age. War had come again, the Indians did not forget. They in force crept stealthily near to his stronghold. Two hungry squaws begged for admission, food and a night’s lodging by the kitchen fire. The same expedient was resorted to at other houses in the vicinity; two squaws without raising suspicion, went to each.

When the family of Waldron retired, the squaws were left by the fireplace and shown how to unfasten the bar of the doors to enable them to depart early in the morning. After all were asleep, the sound of the signal agreed upon, the squaw unfastened the doors, and the savages made their silent entrance into the houses. Of course there followed the usual scenes of outrage & carnage. Waldron, old man though he was, seized a sword-hanging near and drove the assailants from his bed and from his chamber—but turning to
and filling 2/3 of the several houses. So picturesque.

But in 1890, a great change came. For the first time, no
30 years of age or small had come even to the vicinity, and not
large. Then in 1890, great affluence heart to the
affluence. Two families of families bought for combination, food
accompanied. Two families of families bought for combination, food
and a right's lodging by the kitchen rice. The same
bequeath were arranged to be other houses in the activity.

Two families without retaining affection, went to care.

When the family of Watson retired, the edgeways were
fell in the little place, and shown how to measure the part
of the goods to ample stream of Society every in the month.
After all, the effort is main. The coming of the material spread, from the stream
instinct. And of the house, and the sausage make the night
influence into the houses, of course. From the Robinson's
waste seem of outmost a content. Watson, oh man the
were, seizing a remarkable meet and grove, the sausii-

sate from the pen and from the ampler, part summing to
get hold of his fowling-piece, a tomahawk blow on the head felled him in a swoon. When he came to himself, he was seated in his arm-chair placed upon his dining table. The Indians first plundered the house and completed their diabolical feasting—nagging and hurting the old man to their fill. They then cut him—each in his turn—crying, "That is to cross out my account."

They next cut off his ears and his nose, and when he was falling in faintness and extreme pain, they caught his body upon the point of his own sword and fortunately its thrust ended this inhuman torture. That "King William" War was waged between France and England, and as always, the Colonies were involved. The French often used the Indians and so did our fathers also. The Indians who were engaged in this and subsequent wars, have given names to our towns, rivers and lakes; for example the Androscoggins, the Kennebecs, the Penobscotts, the Norridgewocks.
set point on the topmost piece of the small plate on the
head. Laying him in a warm
he was seated in the airplane plane that night and
inside. The Ingersoll printers' house and company
and Searle's apartment, last minute printing and buttressing
the
old man to sleep. I try and help in this regard.

"Swimming," there is to come out of my mouth.
They note one all he later and the noise and when he was
lying in the water and extreme pain, great concern and
both know the point of the own ward and conversation.

It is strange and such information to me.
There will be no way we are aware between France and
England or in Sweden, the Colomes were inciting
for a battle.
The reason other was the Indians and on the contrary
are solely. The Indians were angry in this and
supposedness were have given names to our sorrow, if not
my failure for example the Androsenonian the Kentucke
and preoccupations the Nottoway ones.
To get another glimpse of these early troubles, it is only necessary to turn to the Gazette account of any town along the Coast. Take for example, Falmouth, the old Falmouth which embraced the present site of Portland, and had at first 80 square miles of territory.

"The settlements on the Presumpscot river in this town were among the first attacked. The family of Thomas Wakeley, consisting nine persons, remote from others, was destroyed with details of shocking barbarity; one little girl of 14 escaping massacre only to be carried away captive."

The fort (Loyal) and settlement at Casco Neck (Portland) were destroyed by the Indians in 1690, probably just after the torture of poor Waldron. The Androscogginians at the first Conference for peace in 1703 held at New Casco, numbered some 250 warriors. A new conflict called "Queen Anne's War", began a little after this time.

The Canadian-French made inroads at
To any number of these early emigrants, it is only necessary to come to the garden scene of any town upon the Coast. Take for example, "Lavon", the old patriarch with experience the presence of Men of Land, and lead at least 80 acres of fertile soil.

"The settlement on the Physicans River in this town were some of the earliest settlers. The family of Thomas Wetherby, coming from New Orleans, were geologists with geology of equal merit and perspective until the city of LA occupied property only to be entirely taken by captain "

The town (Iowa) and settlement of Cape Fear (Portland) were geologists by the Indians in 1800, property built first. The fortune of "Beau "Ward," the Andrews' fortune of the "Cape Fear" were counterfeit, for none in these parts of New Cape, a new counterfeit settled...

"Green Anne's War" began a little after this time.

The California flower made increase of..."
once upon the English settlements. Behold a touch of them in Maine. Within two months of the Treaty at Portland (or Casco), the whole Eastern country was in a conflagration, no house standing or garrison unattacked. 500 French and Indians assaulted the new fort, just in the nick of time an armed vessel came and saved the capture & massacre of the garrison.

This vessel with its guns scattered and forced to retreat 250 canoes filled with Indians.

For another illustration notice the account of Norridgewock. This interior town high up on the Kennebec river took its name from a large tribe of Indians.

A Jesuit Missionary, Sebastian Rasle, began his work among them as early as 1637. He built a chapel and improved them greatly.

When the King William War broke out they sympathized naturally went with the French. Their numerous raids
upon the neighboring settlements which followed, were laid to the charge of Rasle. At any rate he was their Interpreter in all conferences. Several expeditions were sent against them wily foes in both wars but with little success. In 1723, Rasle's enemies succeeded in capturing a strong box of his that held his Dictionary of Indian languages and other documents, which are now in the Harvard Library. These documents revealed to the English plans of the French. In August 1724, 208 armed men set out from Richmond, ascended the Kennebec in whale boats, disembarked at Waterville, and marched all together to Skowhegan. Here the force was divided—Captain Harmon with 60 men crossed the river and ascended the right bank, while Captain Moulton with the remainder pushed straight ahead. It was not a complete surprise; an old Indian gave the war whoop & 60 warriors flew to arms with Rasle among them. It was a furious fight but did not last long. 30 warriors were slain and
when the unfortunate sicknesses which followed were
left to the care of peace. We may trace to our present
interventions in all controversies. Several expeditions
were sent out with free pace in both ways and with
little success. In 1926 La Perse's entrance succeeded in
capturing a strong fort of the great base of the
united nations and other powers, which we now
in the Kersia Empire. These resources leading to
the Empire plane of the President.

In August 1928, the English plan of the President
succeeded in while a wave, accompanied by earthquakes and
wars. the Chicago Korean, 10 men secured the North and
geographic together to Koreans. Make the peace was given
and Captain Johnson with 60 men crossed the river and
secured the right bank. White Captain Johnson with the
remained during at least with the same number of men. It was a fortune
left to change with have not Jones. 80 waiters were slain and
14 wounded, the remainder escaping across the river and
in other directions with the squaws and children."

The Church was pillaged and with the village itself
was burned. It is said that the brave Rasle was shot
through and through, scalped & mutilated. The only
thing preserved was the Church bell now kept in the Ar-
chives of Bowdoin College. After this the tribe fled to
Canada.

By noticing the history of Bucksport, near the mouth
of the Penobscot, we find 600 or 700 Indians (Penobscots)
coming in to trade at Fort Pownal after the French and En-
glish war had ceased. By able management, the set-
tlers here kept peace with the neighboring tribes.

One more incident sufficient for our purpose, will be
where our English ancestors used the Indians as fire to
fight fire. 200 friendly Indians & 40 soldiers under
Captain Ben. Sweat & Lieut. Richardson came by water to
Black Point in Scarboro in 1677. The latter part of
In reaching the reservation several of the towns and
villages were visited, and with the villagers itself
the advice was given and with the villagers itself
we were welcomed. It is said that the brave people we saw
were burned. It is said that the brave people we saw
with such and strong, electric and multiplied.

The only
strong and strong, electric and multiplied.

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June, Captain Sweat with a detachment increased by the inhabitants of the vicinity to 90 persons, set out to meet some hostile Indians who were reported in the neighborhood. Coming suddenly upon the savages they fled.

The flight was but a ruse. Sweat & his men were drawn into ambush & all but 30 left dead or wounded upon the battlefield, & the Captain among them. A little later a good fort was built at Scarboro, but the inhabitants were so harrassed by Indians, that the village in 1690 was wholly abandoned.

Again in Queen Anne's war, 500 French & Indians assaulted this fort, then manned by a small garrison under Captain John Larrabee. Siege was laid to the fort and the surrender demanded. Prudent men within the garrison begged the Captain to yield so as to prevent the effusion of blood. Larrabee declared that he would shoot the first man that used the word "surrender". A mine was sunk by the French, but before it was ready a heavy rain
June Captain went with a great amount increased by the
importance of the activity to 30 percent, only out to meet some positive Indians who were reported in the reports.

Our food... Come back to put a Jason. Sweet & the men were drawn
into camp, and on the 20th, to prepare for cooking from the
particular side of the Captain's money. A little later the
book left was part of scorpion, but the importance was
no longer a part of the Indians. sweet & the advice in 1990 was
written above.

Again in Green Anne, we're 500 percent & Indians then.
by the letter, you managed a small relaxation under Captain
John Larrabee. Since we left to the fort and the officers,
put among men within the relaxation package.

the Captain to reply to as to prevent the attention of
food. Relaxation relaxed first the morning before the first
man that we got the word & consideration. A little were
it was
came on and the mine caved in. The beseigers now exposed to the fire of the garrison, had to abandon their work and soon the siege was raised and Larrabee was triumphant. So much for Maine pluck—what Robert Colyer would call "Clear Grit."

The Revolutionary struggle had its history in every township. My Grandfather honored his father who was a Captain in the Continental Army. He bore the same name as himself, Seth Howard. My Grandfather was 17 years old at the close of the war. From him I heard many stories of the Revolution. His old friend Lieutenant Lothrop or "three fingered Lothrop" as he called him, came often to see him. Two old soldiers, veterans of the Rebellion doubtless appear to children now as those two did to me. There was so much in common—so much to talk about—now in sadness—now in laughter.

Fort George below Bucksport, was taken by the British, and Fort Pownal at the village was given up.
came on and the mine came in. The president now spoke
as to the time of the meeting, and to explain the
work and soon the mines were ready and the men were
employed. So many for black-mine, great copper
government.

Henry called "Green Cliff." The population atlas to the district nearest
Company. My government furnished the iron
and was a captain in the government army. He bore the
name Cage as principal, Sarah Howard.

My government. We were only at the edge of the war, because of the losses of the Revolution. He left their
heart many stories of the Revolution. He died young
and the government turned to "green television population," as he
called them. Come often to see him. Two of soldiers, not-
states of the Revolution government opposed to soldiers
so close two and to me there was no more in common.

Fort George of the frontier was taken by the British.
Mr. Rufus Buck says: "In July 1779, the Penobscot Expedition, so called, was fitted out in Boston, consisting of 20 armed vessels carrying 330 guns and 24 sail of smaller ships and vessels or transports, with 3000 men, 600 of whom were from Maine. x x x x x x."

The fleet was commanded by Commodore Saltonstall & the Army by General Lovewell."

They made all due preparation for attacking Fort George and the English fleet, should it come and interpose.

On the 14th of August a number of the British armed vessels were seen standing up the Bay. Immediately all was confusion in our Army. As speedily as possible, our troops were re-embarked and the vessels set sail up the river pursued by the British, who chased some of them as far as Bangor; the whole American fleet was either burned or blown up and sunk x x x x x x.

"After great suffering and hardship they (the troops that escaped from the transports) found their way through..."
In a letter written by Lt. Kline, he describes the events involving the British fleet. The letter mentions the British fleet, consisting of 300 guns and 30 sail of men, moving toward the American fleet, which was commanded by Commodore Woolsey. The letter states, "The fleet was commanded by Commodore St. Heliers of the Navy."

Then came the preparation for attacking Port George and the British fleet, despite the heavy weather conditions. On the 1st of August, a number of the British fleet immediately fell several miles away from us. We continued to our anchor as quickly as possible, and the troops were re-embarked and the vessels set sail in the night, burying the British who accused some of them as being Pontiac's whole American fleet after Puerto Fort. After several miles up and away, the troops were no longer in sight.
the woods to the settlements on the Kennebec x x x."

Mr. Buck remarks: "So disgraceful was the conduct of the officers of this Expedition, and so humiliating the defeat to the people of New England, that no particular history of the affair was ever published in this Country."

The next day after the defeat, vessels, boats, saw-mills, barns, houses and shops were burned; the remnant of Bucksport was pillaged—and all the horses and cattle that could be found were taken. The inhabitants had mostly fled to other towns or hid in the forests not then hard to reach.

Thus we have a single item of the Revolution, which reveals to us a little of the reality of the sometimes hardship which misconduct and incompetency brought to a brave and heroic people.

The War of 1812 sprinkled Maine as it did other States, with its heroes. They have nearly all passed away.
I had an uncle "called out", but his term of service was very brief.

Our Maine people were much troubled concerning their boundary on the East & North,—whether it was the St. Croix, or its Eastern branch mistaken for the main stream; whether the St. Johns or the water-shed was intended by the words of the original grants & treaty.

Whether "the high lands" between the St. Lawrence and the streams flowing South, were definitely established or not. These were sore questions as they always are,—as boundary questions are like to be between neighbors who at best are not over-friendly one with another.

When I was about 9 years old and my next brother 5 years, we were one day at school. Great excitement existed on account of the draft, and it reached the school just as we were let out for the day.

My brother and I hearing that our father was drafted ran all the way home. We were much frightened
and in tears on account of the assertion that father must go to the War. This was the Madawaska or Aroostook war of 1839. It was bloodless—but its accompaniments left a strong impression on our boyish minds.

George Washington George, my father's cross-eyed substitute, the old blunderbus with its flint lock & ramrod, the unique equipments as, a large sized cartridge box, & belts stout enough to hold up a cart tongue; these were brought back by George Washington George, and preserved for many years at the old homestead.

Thus we see that our old State so full of honored townships—where there are good homes, many Churches & capital schools, and where the greater portion of the years from the middle of the 17th century to the close of the 19th, have been fraught with peace and the victories of peace, there have also the years of War, with all the disquietude and terror that always go with that fearful word.
This was the handwriting of a man.

They took me to the west. It was bleakness and the wilderness.

I took West at 1850. It was plodding and the unknown.

More felt a strong impression on our party at the cross-roads.

George Washington George, my letter's close-up,

attitude, the old plumpet, with the final look & name.

its waving of Washington's pen, as a veal was offered.

ought to know enough to hold up a car to continue these words

perhaps enough enough of George Washington George and breezing

for many years of the old homestead.

Thus we see that our old stage is half of homestead,

somewhere where there are good homes, many children &

capital schools, and where the greater portion of the

years from the middle of the 18th century to the present

near of peace have seen into the years of war, with all

the suspected and person that witnessed on with her.

Leaping mirth
The great Rebellion through which we passed, has revealed anew to our generation the hardship, the suffering and the heroism of our ancestors. And may our children never need the lessons of war to show how true we have been to duty & country!

But should be obliged to meet foreign aggression—put down rebellion in their own midst, or struggle for the maintenance of their free homes, free Churches and free Schools, God grant them the same measure of courage and patriotic devotion that those sons of Maine had, whose graves with sons of other States, are scattered from Pennsylvania to Texas, or who now living in every clime, are fearlessly loyal to the principles for which they fought.
The great rebellion which we passed through
led me to our generation the patriotic, the military
and the heroism of our ancestors. And may our
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Tenth Annual Reunion

of the

State of Maine Association

of California,

at

Badger's Park, East Oakland,

May 7, 1887.
TENTH ANNUAL REUNION
OF THE
STATE OF MAINE ASSOCIATION
OF
CALIFORNIA,
HELD AT
BADGER'S PARK, EAST OAKLAND,
Saturday, May 7, 1887.

POEM BY
CAPTAIN W. F. SWASEY.
ORATION BY
GENERAL OLIVER O. HOWARD.

TO WHICH IS ADDED
The Plan of Organization of the Association and the List
of Members to May 7, 1887, and Officers for
the Enusing Year.

OAKLAND, CAL.:
PACIFIC PRESS PUBLISHING HOUSE, TWELFTH AND CASTRO STS.
1887.
Officers for 1887-88.

PRESIDENT
A. W. STARBIRD.

VICE-PRESIDENTS:
B. P. FLINT.
T. K. WILSON.

SECRETARY:
C. G. REED.

TREASURER:
C. L. DINGLEY.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:
J. F. CHAPMAN, A. M. SIMPSON,
T. O. CRAWFORD, B. F. WESTON,
FRANK J. FRENCH, J. M. LITCHFIELD,
W. D. GARLAND, THOMAS FLINT,
J. K. WILSON.

To which are added Ex-officio the Officers above and the following Ex-Presidents of the Association:

EX-PRESIDENTS:
N. W. SPAULDING, C. G. REED,
GEO. H. WHITNEY, LUKE DOE,
G. A. NOURSE, J. E. FARNUM,
C. H. CHAMBERLAIN, E. L. SMITH,
E. W. MARSTON.

Next Annual Reunion, May, 1888.

PREFACE.

The Tenth Annual Reunion of the State of Maine Association, held at Badger's Park, Oakland, on Saturday, May 7, 1887, was, like all its preceding reunions, a marked success—a success not only in the number in attendance, estimated at three thousand (3,000) or more, not only in the bountiful supply of edibles furnished for the occasion, but also in its musical and literary features.

While in the past we have been favored with addresses from able and eloquent orators, sons of Maine, this year we have had the pleasure of listening to one who is not only a scholar and orator, but who is a distinguished soldier, whose services rendered in the preservation of our Union place him in the foremost rank of the sons of Maine, whom she deigns to honor.

Soon after 12 o'clock the orator of the day, General O. O. Howard, a native of Leeds, Maine, was received with a military salute, and was cordially welcomed by the officers of the Association and a host of friends.

At 2 o'clock P. M. the exercises commenced with an opening address by the President of the Association, E. W. Marston. After, a native of Waterville, Maine, followed by vocal music by the Grace Choir Quartette, of San Francisco; a poem by Capt. W. F. Swasey, a native of Bath, Maine, and a California pioneer, and then came the able address by Gen. Howard, which was listened to throughout with marked attention by the large audience; and closing with a solo, "Home, Sweet Home," by Mrs. Marriner-Campbell, of the quartette.

It is proper here to speak of the kind services herehore and this year rendered by Mrs. Campbell to this Association. A native of Waterville, Maine, she, in common with others hailing from the Old Pine State, cheerfully joined in making the occasion one of pleasure and happiness.

Altogether the Tenth Annual Reunion was an event which will long be remembered by all those who were present and participated in its festivities.

And now that this Association is established upon a basis that determines its permanency, it seems, on this its Tenth Anniversary, a proper time to publish a list of its Presidents, Orators, and Poets, since its organization, and they are here given, as follows:

The First Annual Reunion was held
May 11, 1878. Hon. N. W. Spaulding presided, and Judge Chas. H. Chamberlain delivered an address and also a poem.

1879. Second Annual Reunion.
Hon. N. W. Spaulding, President.
Hon. Geo. C. Perkins (ex-Governor of California), Orator.
Hon. Frank Soule (since deceased), Poet.
TENTH ANNUAL REUNION

1880. Third Annual Reunion.
Hon. Geo. E. Whitney, President.
Hon. Geo. A. Nourse, Orator.
J. G. Severance, Esq., Poet.

1881. Fourth Annual Reunion.
Hon. Geo. A. Nourse, President.
Rev. Horatio Stedman, LL.D., Orator.

1882. Fifth Annual Reunion.
Hon. Chas. H. Chamberlain, President.
Hon. Geo. E. Whitney, Orator.
J. G. Severance, Esq., Poet.

1883. Sixth Annual Reunion.
Chas. G. Reed, Esq., President.
Hon. Chas. A. Washburn, Orator.
Hon. Chas. H. Chamberlain, Poet.

1884. Seventh Annual Reunion.
Hon. S. G. Hill, Orator.
J. G. Severance, Esq., Poet.

1885. Eighth Annual Reunion.
Hon. J. E. Foran, President.
T. P. Butfield, Esq., Orator.
J. G. Severance, Esq., Poet.

E. L. Smith, Esq., President.
Rev. Chas. Dana Barrow, D. D., Orator.
Mrs. Sarah B. Earle, Poet.

1887. Tenth Annual Reunion.
E. W. Marston, Esq., President.
Gen. O. O. Howard, Orator.
Capt. W. F. Swasey, Poet.

After the close of the exercises, officers of the Association for the ensuing year were elected, as follows:

A. W. STARBIRD, President.
B. P. FLINT and
JUDGE, T. K. WILSON, Vice-Presidents.
CHAS. G. REED, Secretary.
CHAS. L. DINGLEY, Treasurer.

President Starbird appointed the following
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

FRANK J. FRENCH, J. E. CHAPMAN, T. O. CRAWFORD.
A. M. SIMPSON, B. F. WESTON, W. D. GARLAND.
THOMAS FLINT, J. K. WILSON, J. M. LITCHFIELD.
State of Maine Association.

Tenth Annual Reunion.

In calling the assemblage to order, President H. W. Marston spoke as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen, Sons and Daughters of Maine:

Again, thanks to kind Providence, we are permitted to assemble at our tenth annual reunion.

If your chosen victim for the opening remarks on this joyous occasion could put half as much gladness and rejoicing into his words, as he can plainly see in all your eyes and faces, you should have the most eloquent speech ever delivered on a similar occasion.

But he is sure of one thing—that we are not here as critics, but as old friends, yearly growing older, and yearly more and more glad to welcome into our ranks those later comers who shall soon take the place which we now fill.

I extend to you, one and all, a hearty greeting and most cordial welcome. The heartiest welcome! the double welcome of two States in one, the Birth State of our dear old youth—if youth can ever be called old—and the Home State of our mature years, in which so many of us are proud to have been among its pioneers. The blending, if one may be allowed to coin an expression, of the Pine and the Gold.

Most of us came to this State in the early days of her history, and are now classed among her pioneers. So, with your kind indulgence, I propose, in these brief remarks, to be again a pioneer in making a speech somewhat out of the beaten track.

Outsiders often accuse us Americans, and especially us Californians, of extreme fondness of boasting of our greatness, how far and how much we beat the whole world in this, and in that, and in the other; more particularly, some of them say, in the art of bragging.

But, great as California may truthfully claim to be in many things, we can name some things in which this State of our adoption has to take a second row, or even a back seat, when compared with the dear old mother State of Maine. For example, take our shore lines; that of California stretches nearly seven hundred and fifty miles, ours of old Maine, measuring all its ins and outs, extends two thousand and five hundred miles. In other words, it is more than three times as long as that of California.

Straighten out that coast line and stretch it down the Atlantic coast, and it would reach clear down round Florida, and run some way westerly along the coast of the Gulf of Mexico.

And this whole vast stretch is studded with islands of all shapes and sizes, and indented with beautiful bays and excellent harbors, to an extent which this bleak and bayless coast of ours cannot begin to equal, or even to imagine possible.

Then, as to lakes and ponds. If California has a single lake or pond of clear, bright, blue and sparkling water, lying wholly within her own limits, I have never seen it and do not know of it. But Maine has over seventeen hundred, some of them, like old Mooselook, large enough for inland seas.

If you want rivers, where in all our bounds, great as they are, is there one river running clear and free to the sea? Our California rivers, like too many of the old Californians themselves, seem only too fond of having a “bar” in front of their mouths. But Maine has not only Androscoggin, Kennebec and Penobscot, rivalling even the world-renowned Hudson in the beauty and grandeur of their scenery, but scores of other small but lovely streams running unvexed to the sea.

And, then, too, if the old State yields no gold and silver in the mineral form direct, she has millions of tons of the finest-grained granite, and thousands of acres of quarries of roofing slate, yield-
TENTH ANNUAL REUNION OF THE

ing slabs so large that her school-houses can show solid slate blackboards, made of one single slab of slate, twelve feet long and five feet wide, built right into the walls of the school-room.

She has ship-timber enough to construct the merchant marine of a dozen nations; lumber enough to house the world, and have shingles enough left to soundly span all the disobedient brats of a refractory universe.

She has fish enough to satisfy the Good Fridays of the whole creation, and manufactures enough to give a big silver dollar, every year, to every man, woman and child in the whole Union.

But her crowning crop is men and women. Men of talent, men of genius, men of bravery, men of honor; women of worth, women of accomplishments, women of signal beauty, and of even greater virtue. Men and women who have gone forth over all the world, as founders of empire and mothers of nations.

In the hour of our nation's deadliest peril, foremost among her bravest defenders, were the stalwart sons of old Maine, and one of the bravest and most valiant of them all, the hero of Gettysburg, we delight to honor as our orator this day.

Once more, then, let me say I am more than proud to serve you, though but for a moment, and in such a consciously imperfect way. To render any service, however slight, to the sons and daughters of Maine is, indeed, one of the highest honors. Everywhere we find them. The last census shows that over two hundred thousand of the natives of Maine are scattered through the other States.

Everywhere they are building up the world of commerce, of manufactures, of learning and of goodness. Everywhere the world better for their having lived, and for their living in it.

And may it so continue in greater and greater degree, and that forever and forever. God bless all the sons and daughters of the old Pine Tree State.

ORATION.

DELIVERED BY MAJ. Gen. OLIVER O. HOWARD, U. S. A.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

It has tried me greatly even to commence a preparation for this occasion.

Maine! Maine! has been ringing in my ears ever since the firm-set face of the chairman of your committee told me that he never took, to his petitions, No for answer.

What, in the line of praise, has not been offered upon this altar? The stalwart men, the superb women and the promising children, owing origin to the grand hills of Maine, which are always here and everywhere represented; no fancy of the human brain has been left to a new orator to portray their increasing merit. The statesmen, from King, the first Governor, to Blaine, the plumed knight, could not catch from my emery, an additional polish.

Their scholars, their poets, their historians, their clergymen, lawyers and doctors, have better than by a soldier been depicted by one of their own number, as he says:

Lives of great men oft remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us,
Foot-prints on the sands of time.

Their farmers, their merchants, shipbuilders, lumbermen, and sea captains, sowing and reaping, or cutting and pounding beside all waters, or furrowing distant seas, have published their own records in books, or emblazoned their names upon high places, in every sort of spot visible to the following eyes of men. So! so!—as the German interjects it—who shall come after these kings?

There is a strange fatality following me. I was a mild child, yet early involved in unescapable conflicts. I sought to be a rich and comformable lawyer, but became a contentious soldier. I again
endeavored to climb the ministerial stairway, but was thrown violently back into the dark mazes of War. Now I search for a peaceful topic, and even consult a cherished Maine friend. “Oh, no, not that; tell them about wars, the wars of Maine! how will that do?” I might have known it.

After the rebellion, at Washington, with my friends, I tried to build a “House of Peace,” but had to roof over the tower when it was hardly above the chimney, and wait for another generation to finish it. Therefore, bear with me while I take up my cross and glance at the wars of your ancestors and mine.

Here is a glimpse into “King William’s War,” ending about 1690. On the border line between the New Hampshire White Mountains and the Maine Hills, lived Major Waldron, who, thirteen years before, being the Indian’s great friend, invited, for peace negotiations, some four hundred of them to his house. This house was a kind of fortress.

About the same time, a body of English troops from Boston appeared at his stronghold. Their commander was under instructions to capture all these Indians on account of past depredations laid to their charge.

After a show of reluctance, Waldron concluded to co-operate with the troops. This was his plan and execution: They had a sham battle; the Indian’s muskets having blanks and the soldier’s ball-carriages. The Indians, as agreed, fired first; when every piece had been discharged, so that there could be no explosion from their enemies, “the English soldiers rushed upon them, some with swords drawn, and others with guns loaded and ready, so that the poor Indians, before they could recover from their astonishments were seized, disarmed, and bound.” A number of these prisoners were released on proving their innocence of any of the previous depredations; still many were killed, and some two hundred were sold as slaves.

This reminds us of the “Pinola Treaty,” made a few years since in Arizona, where a feast was made by King Woolsey, and during the repeat armed men lying in ambush sprang in and killed thirty-seven of the savage guests. So history repeats itself!

But in 1690 a dreadful revenge came against Major Waldron. He was 80 years of age; war had come again, and the Indians did not forget. They in force crept stealthily near to his stronghold. Two hungry squaws begged for admission, food and a night’s lodging by the kitchen fire. The same expedition was resorted to at other houses in the vicinity; two squaws, without raising suspicion, went to each.

When the family of Waldron retired, the squaws were left by

the fireplace, and shown how to unfasten the bars of the doors to enable them to depart early in the morning. After all were asleep and at the sound of the signal agreed upon, the squaws unfastened the doors, and the savages made their silent entrance into the houses. Of course there followed the usual scenes of outrage and carnage. Waldron, old man though he was, seized a sword hanging near and drove the assailants from his bed and from his chamber, but turning to get hold of his fowling-piece, a tomahawk blow on the head felled him in a swoon. When he came to himself he was seated in his arm-chair, placed upon his dining-table. The Indians first plundered the house and completed their diabolical feasting, nagging and hurting the old man to their fill. Then they cut him, each crying in their turn, “That is to cross out my account.” They next cut off his ears and his nose, and did other barbarities, and when he was falling in faintness and extreme pain, they caught his body upon the point of his own sword, and fortunately its thrust ended this inhuman torture.

“King William’s War” was waged between France and England, and, as always was the case, the Colonies were involved. The French often used the Indians for battle, and so did our fathers also. The Indians who were engaged in this and subsequent wars have given names to our towns, rivers and lakes, for example, the Androsoggin, the Kennebec, the Penobscot, and the Norridgewock.

To get another glimpse of these early troubles, it is only necessary to turn to the “Gazette” account of any town along the coast. Take, for example, Falmouth,—the old Falmouth which embraced the present site of Portland, and had at first eighty square miles of territory.

“The settlements on the Presumpscot River in that town were among the first attacked. The family of Thomas Wakeley, consisting of nine persons, remote from others, was destroyed with details of shocking barbarity; one little girl of fourteen escaping massacre only to be carried away captive.”

The fort (Loyal) and settlement at Casco Neck (Portland) were destroyed by Indians in 1690, probably just after the torture of poor Waldron. The Androsoggin, at the first conference for peace in 1703, held at New Casco, numbered some 250 warriors. A new conflict, called “Queen Anne’s War,” began a little after this time. The Canadian-French made inroads at once upon the English settlements. Behold a touch of them in Maine.

Within two months of the Treaty at Portland (or Casco), “the whole eastern country was in a conflagration, no house standing, or garrison unattacked.” Five hundred French and Indians
assaulted the new fort, and just in the nick of time an armed vessel came and saved the capture and massacre of the garrison. This vessel with its guns scattered and forced to retreat 250 canoes filled with Indians.

For another illustration notice the account of Norridgewock. This interior town, high up on the Kennebec River, took its name from a large tribe of Indians. A Jesuit missionary, Sebastian Rasle, began his work among them as early as 1687. He built a chapel and improved them greatly.

When the King William War broke out, their sympathy naturally went with the French. Their numerous raids upon the neighboring settlements which followed were laid to the charge of Rasle. At any rate he was their interpreter in all conferences. Several expeditions were sent against these wily foes in both wars, but with little success. In 1723, Rasle's enemies succeeded in capturing a strong box of his that held his dictionary of Indian languages and other documents, which are now in the Harvard Library. These documents revealed to the English the plans of the French. In August, 1724, 200 armed men set out from Richmond, Me., ascended the Kennebec in whale boats, disembarked at Waterville, and marched together to Skowhegan. Here the force was divided. Captain Harmon, with sixty men crossed the river and ascended the right bank, while Captain Moulton with the remainder pushed straight ahead. It was not a complete surprise; an old Indian gave the warn-whoop and sixty warriors flew to arms, with Rasle amongst them. It was a furious fight, but did not last long. Thirty warriors were slain and fourteen wounded, the remainder escaping across the river and in other directions, with the squaws and children. The church was pillaged, and, with the village itself, was burned. It is said that the brave Rasle was shot as he had it through, scalped, and mutilated. The only thing preserved was the church bell, now kept in the archives of Bowdoin College. After this the tribe fled to Canada.

By noticing the history of Bucksport, near the mouth of the Penobscot, we find six or seven hundred Indians (Penobscots) coming in to trade at Fort Pownal, after the French and English war had ceased. By able management the settlers here kept peace with the neighboring tribes.

One more incident, sufficient for our purpose, will be where our English ancestors used the Indians as fire to fire fire. Two hundred friendly Indians and forty soldiers under Captain Ben. Sweat and Lient. Richardson, came by water to Black Point, in Scarboroh, in 1677. The latter part of June, Captain Sweat, with a detachment, increased by the inhabitants of the vicinity to ninety persons, set out to meet some hostile Indians who were reported in the neighborhood. Coming suddenly upon the savages they fled. The flight was but a rude. Sweat and his men were drawn into ambush and all but thirty left dead or wounded upon the battle-field, and the captain among them. A little later a good fort was built at Scarboroh, but the inhabitants were so harrassed by Indians that the village, in 1690, was wholly abandoned.

Again in Queen Anne's War, 500 French and Indians assaulted this fort, then manned by a small garrison under Captain John Larrabee. Siege was laid to the fort and surrender demanded. Prudent men within the garrison begged the captain to yield so as to prevent the effusion of blood. Larrabee declared that he would shoot the first man that used the word surrender. A mine was sunk by the French, but before it was ready a heavy rain came on and the mine caved in. The besiegers now exposed to the fire of the garrison had to abandon their work, and soon the siege was raised and Larrabee was triumphant. So much for Maine pluck—what Robert Collyer would call clear grit.

The Revolutionary struggle had its history in every township. My grandfather unceasingly honored his father who was a captain in the Continental Army. He bore the same name as himself, Seth Howland. My grandfather was seventeen years old at the close of the war. From him I heard many stories of the Revolution. His old friend, Lieutenant Lothrop, or Three-fingered Lothrop, as he called him, came often to see him. Two old soldiers, veterans of the Rebellion, doubtless appear to children now as those two did to me. There was so much in common, so much to talk about—now in sadness, now in laughter.

Port George, below Bucksport, was taken by the British, and Fort Pownal, at the village, was given up.

Mr. Rufus Frock, in a written manuscript, says: "In July, 1779, the Penobscot Expedition, so called, was fitted out in Boston, consisting of twenty armed vessels carrying 330 guns, and 24 sail of smaller ships and vessels or transports, with 5,000 men, 600 of whom were from Maine. The fleet was commanded by Commodore Sifton, and the army by General Lovewell. They made all the preparations for attacking Port George and the English fleet, should it come and interpose.

"On the 14th of August a number of the British armed vessels were seen standing up the bay. Immediately all was confusion in our army. As speedily as possible our troops were re-embarked and the vessels set sail up the river, pursued by the British who chased some of them as far as Bangor. The whole American fleet was either burned or blown-up and sunk."
After great suffering and hardship they (the troops that escaped from the transports) found their way through the woods to the settlements on the Kennebec.

Mr. Buck remarks: "So disgraceful was the conduct of the officers of this expedition, and so humiliating the defeat to the people of New England, that no particular history of the affair was ever published in this country." We are now strong enough for the truth.

The next day after the defeat, vessels, boats, sawmills, barns, houses and shops were burned; the remnant of Bucksport was pillaged, and all the horses and cattle that could be found were taken. The inhabitants had mostly fled to other towns or hid in the forests not then hard to reach.

Thus we have a single item of the Revolution, which reveals to us a little of the reality of the hardship which misconduct and incompetency sometimes brought to a brave and heroic people.

The war of 1812 sprinkled Maine, as it did other States, with its heroes. They have nearly all passed away. I had an uncle "called out," but his term of service was very brief.

Our Maine people were much troubled concerning their boundary on the east and north—whether it was the St. Croix or its eastern branch mistaken for the main stream; whether the St. John’s or the water-shed was intended by the words of the original grants and treaty. Whether "the high lands" between the St. Lawrence and the streams flowing south were definitely established or not. These were sore questions, as they always are, as boundary questions are likely to be between neighbors who at best are not over-friendly one with another.

When I was about nine years old and my next brother five, we were one day at school; great excitement existed on account of the draft, and it reached the school just as we were let out for the day. My brother and I, hearing that our father was drafted, ran all the way home. We were much frightened and in tears on account of the assertion that father must go to the war. This was the Madawaska or Aroostook war of 1839; it was bloodless, but its accompaniments left a strong impression on our boyish minds.

George Washington George, my father's cross-eyed substitute, the old blunderbus with its flint lock and ramrod, the unique equipments, as a large-sized cartridge-box and belts stout enough to hold up a cart-tongue; These were brought back by George Washington George and preserved for many years at the old homestead.

Thus we see that, in our old State, so full of honored townships, where there are good homes, many churches, and capital schools, and where the greater portion of the years from the middle of the 17th century to the close of the 19th have been fraught with peace and the victories of peace, there have been also the years of war with also the discontent and terror that always go with that fearful word.

The great Rebellion through which we passed has revealed anew to our generation the hardship, the suffering, and the heroism of our ancestors. And may our children never need the lessons of war to show how true we have been to duty and country!

But should they be obliged to meet foreign aggression, put down rebellion in our own midst, or struggle for the maintenance of their free homes, free churches, and free schools, God grant them the same measure of courage and patriotic devotion that those sons of Maine had, whose graves, with sons of other States, are scattered from Pennsylvania to Texas; or who, now living in every clime, are fearlessly loyal to the principles for which they fought.
POEM.

BY CAPT. W. P. SWASBY.

Here in this favored land of sun and vine,
Afar from the loved scenes of childhood's days,
We gather now to quaff the generous wine,
With pledges of affection, songs of praise.
To that far distant spot, the best beloved of earth—
To the dear old Pine Tree State that gave us birth.

Aye! dear old natal State, there's not a spot
Within thy broad domain—thy rock-bound shore,
The princely dwelling, the lone fisher's cot,
Less dear to-day than they were dear of yore;
And from our kindred hearts so full of joy and glee,
We waft our tenderest thoughts and benisons to thee.

And on this day thy absent sons have met,
To interchange kind greetings, to cement
The natural tie of brotherhood, that yet
Makes one vast link across a continent;
To laud thy deeds and glories on the land and sea,
With hand-clasp, speech and song, and joyous repartee.

To glorify the valor of thy sons,
To sing the virtue of thy daughters dear,
To hail with joy and love, the living ones,
And o'er the lost to drop the silent tear;
And with united voice, with filial tender strain
And proud acclaim, to hymn thy praises, dear old Maine.

The proud tablets of our country's story,
That vie with any cline of any age,
Resplendent with its great deeds of glory,
That tell of warrior, patriot, and sage,
Would surely lack perfection did they not relate
Some record of thy children's honor, dear old State.

STATE OF MAINE ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA.

Their glorious deeds can never be effaced,
Their names on monumental stone inscribed;
High on the scroll of honor they are traced
And in our loving hearts are diversified.
And when we speak their names, the cheek, the brow, and lip
Are mantled o'er with pride at such high fellowship.

But we can here, in our brief speech and song,
Give but slight mention to the deeds they've done,
And as their honored names our memories throng,
Keep fresh and green the fame their labors won.

Bright in the annals of our country's history
Glean forth from every page both praise and eulogy.

When ruthless war assailed the nation's life,
And brother hands with cruel rage and hate
Plunged the whole country in fraternal strife,
And strangled the loyal tie that binds each State,
And the long roll beat echoed over all the land,
Promptly, for loyalty, Maine nobly took her stand.

She faltered not, nor did she hesitate,
To question nor to quibble did she pause;
She only knew her duty as a State,
She only felt it was a holy cause;
And with loans of gold and silver, midst war's dread alarms,
Full panoplyed for the conflict she sprang to arms.

And where her noble heroes fought and fell
On every battle-field or on the wave,
Let soldier's home's* and cemeteries tell
Of those still living, and whose sleep the brave.
Amid the fiercest conflict, the rockets' red glare,
The hallowing of red shot and shell, her sons were there.

Oh! how indeed would be our speech to-day,
If scant in tribute to an honored one*
Whose form was ever foremost in the fray,
Maine's Christian soldier and most gallant son;
And there he lies, one-armed and mutilate,
Fit emblem for posterity to emulate.

That dear old flag, so cruelly menaced,
Now grandly floating in the ambient air,
Proudly defiant, and still unfaced,
For every brilliant star and sun is there;
Symbol of a power too great to lightly be defied,
Grand emblem of a mighty race now united.

*Major-General O. O. Howard.
TENTH ANNUAL REUNION OF THE

STATE OF MAINE ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA

Names of Members.

AMES, H.
AMES, A. N.
ATKINSON, Geo.
ATHERTON, John W.
BROWN, W. G.
BRETT, John R.
BURCH, C. H.
BROWN, L. D.
BICKER, H. V.
BACHELDER, J. W.
BACHELDER, P. J.
BERRY, W. O.
BRADSHAW.
BARNES, Mrs. D. P.
BALDWIN, Mrs. Elvira
BAGWORTH, Chas. L.
BARRONG, Chas. D.
BARRONG, Mrs. Chas. D.
BARKER, Samuel E.
BERRY, Mrs. A. B.
BROWN, Mrs. E. T.
BRAINERD, H. P.
BLAKE, Francis
CRAWFORD, S. G.
CHASE, Q. A.
CHAPMAN, Jas. P.
CARTER, Geo. H.
COLLINS, L. P.
CHAMBERLAIN, C. H.
CHAMBERLAIN, Mrs. C. H.
CRAWFORD, T. O.
CHADBORN, C. F.
COWING, Calvin
CLOU, Geo. A.
CHASE, C. J.
CLOW, Chas. L.
CONANT, A. P.
DOE, Luke
DINMORE, W. C.
DENISON, O. L.
DUNTON, C. H.
DUNLEY, C. L.
DUNN, Geo. W.
DUNNE, J. A.
DINKERTON, A.
DINGWELL, Mrs. L. E.
DODGE, J. W.
DINMORE, Mrs. S.

DYER, Mrs. E.
DUNNE, Mrs.
EVERETT, R.
EMERY, C. C.
EMERY, W. F.
ENMAN, D. L.
ELLIS, H. H.
EVEL, Mrs. L. J.
EMERY, C. D.
FULLER, F. O.
FARRAUGH, J. E.
FARRELL, F. M.
FLETCHER, W. F.
FAIRBAIRN, Jas. J.
PEGG, J. L.
FARROW, John H.
PEGG, Mrs. Mary E.
FRANCIS, John B.
FRITZ, Frank W.
FRITZ, Thomas.
FRENCH, Frank J.
FRENCH, R. P.
GARLAND, W. D.
GODDARD, S. H.
GREENE, E. W.
GRAY, R. A.
GOSS, Mrs. H. A.
GAGE, J. W.
GRANT, Mrs. Geo. E.
GRAY, Mrs. Giles H.
GOVE, J. W.
GOWIN, L. W.
GRAY, H. C.
GRAY, R. D.
GLADDEN, Albert McLean.
GLECK, Joseph.
HEND, Allen.
HUNTINGTON, Hugh.
HANSON, T. C.
HILLBORN, S. G.
HALL, H. C.
HANSON, C. S.
HAYES, Thos.
HAYES, Daniel
HUNTINGTON, Mrs. A. B.
HUNTER, Mrs. J. W.
HAYWOOD, Samuel

HAYWOOD, F.
HARKE, D. H.
HUNTINGTON, P. A.
HAYS, D. E.
HENDRICK, A. N.
HUSETMAN, Chas. H.
HAGG, W. J.
JORDAN, M. S.
JOHNSON, Mrs. Perry
JOHNSON, Mrs. William L.
JONES, S. A.
KOHLER, Mrs. C. A.
KIRBY, G. Y.
LEVANS, Joseph
LEAVITT, S. B.
LARABEE, Samuel
LOVELL, Mrs. H. R.
MARSTON, S. I.
MOORE, J. A.
MARTSON, J. S.
MARTSON, E. W.
MEAD, S. P.
Metcalf, O. F.
MARTSON, P. A.
MILLS, G. B.
MACALISTER, Dr. H. H.
MARSTON, P. F.
MOWER, Mrs. M.
MILLS, Warren P.
MERRILL, Thompson L.
NEURIS, Geo. A.
OWEN, C. W.
OSGOOD, L. S.
PITT, M.
PERRY, Marshall
PULLAN, Graville
PLUMMER, Geo.
PUTNAM, S. N.
PULLAN, Wm.
POND, Mrs. Wm. C.
PRESLEY, Chas. J.
PERRY, C. I.
PLUMMER, Geo.
REED, Chas. G.
REED, Geo.
REED, Wm.
RANDELL, H. A.
RANDELL, John
RUSSEL, Joel
TENTH ANNUAL REUNION.

Reed, Mrs. C. G.
Reed, Mrs. Wm.
Reen, Mrs. Sarah A.
Richardson, Geo. E.
Reilly, G. M.
Rasdall, Chas. H.
Randall, H. A.
Randlett, Mrs. H. A.
Redout, H. D.
Spaulding, N. W.
Stewart, Jos. M.
Shorey, A.
Scribner, Geo. W.
Smith, E. L.
Steward, Mrs. J. M.
Sprague, Geo. W.
Starbird, A. W.
Simpson, A. M.
Sweetland, Wm. P.
Surtevant, Oren B.
Thompson, C. F.
Treat, E. A.
Tricker, Wm. L.
Trow, Freeman
Wilson, Adelbert
Wetmore, J. L.
Wetmore, E. L.
Whitney, Geo. E.
Whitney, F. E.
Wheeler, C. C.
Welch, Geo. D.
White, Ben.
Warren, E. W.
Wiggin, M. F.
Wright, Owen.
White, W. S.
Wells, Frank
Wilson, J. K.
Wilson, T. K.
York, W. M.
You, H. H.

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Goddard, S. H.
Heald, Allen.
Huntington, U.
Reed, Chas. G.
Spaulding, N. W.
True, C. F.
Whitney, Geo. E.
Wilson, A.

Note.—All persons from the State of Maine, residing in California, are respectfully requested to hand in their names for registration, at the office of Louie Doe, Esq., No. 463 Ninth Street, Oakland, Cal., where the Register is kept containing the name, birthplace, residence in Maine, age, date of arrival in this State, occupation and present residence. All those who desire to join the Association can do so at the same place; also, pamphlets for free distribution at this place.

*Deceased.