

Address
to the
10th Annual ~~Assn~~^{Meeting}
of the
Maine Ass'n
Badgers Park
East Oakland Cal.
May 4th / 88th

No 25

Subject:
The Wars of Maine

Spokane

to

10. (Census) (See history)

of the

Spokane Park
East Spokane Park

May 27/1887

No 28

Subject:
Old Town of Spokane

State of
Address of Gen Oliver O. Bowdoin
before the Maine Society
Ladies and Gentlemen:-
delivered at Oakland
Park May 7 1884

It has tried me greatly even to com-
mence 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 an answer.

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

The stalwart men, the superb women, the promising chil-
dren 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

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Ladies and Gentlemen:-

before the Maine Society
Ladies of the Maine Society
Sept. 7 1887
Maine at Portland

(2)

says:

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.

(also the 2nd verse)

Their farmers, their merchants, shipbuilders, lumbermen
and Sea Captains, sowing and reaping, or cutting and pound-
ing 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 inter-
jects 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 be-
came 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',

inches 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

(3)

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Oh, no not that-tell them about War-The wars of Maine."

(3)

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.

(2)

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(4)

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 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 show of resistance, Waldron concluded to co-

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and during the feast armed men lying in ambush sprang in

(5)

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

But in 1690, a dreadful revenge came. Major Waldron was 30 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 fire-place and shown how to unfasten the bars of the doors to enable them to depart early in the morning. After all were asleep 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 & 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

(a)

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But in 1890, a dreadful revenge came-Major Waldron was

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(6)

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."

and did other barbarities
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.

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(7)

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 Presumscot river in this town were among the first attacked. The family of Thomas Wakeley, consisting of ^{of} nine persons, remote from others, was destroyed with details of shocking barbarity; one little girl of ^{fourteen} 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 Androscoggins 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.

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(8)

once upon the English settlements. Behold a touch of them in Maine. Within two months of the Treaty at Portland(or Casco)^{ee} the whole Eastern country was in a conflagration, no house standing or garrison unattacked.^{ed.} 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 Kennebeck 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

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(9)

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 plans of the French. ^{Me!} 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. ^{Twenty} It was a furious fight but did not last long. 30 warriors were slain and

(2)

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(10)

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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 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* 600 or 700 Indians (Penobscots) coming in ~~to~~ trade at Fort Pownall 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 fight fire. *Two hundred* 200 friendly Indians & *forty* 40 soldiers under Captain Ben. Sweat & Lieut. Richardson came by water to Black Point in Scarborough in 1677. The latter part of

(10)

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11)

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, and 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 assailed 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

inches
1
2
3
4
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6
7
8

11)

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(12)

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 ~~unceasingly~~ *unceasingly* honored his father who was a Captain in the Continental Army. He bore the same name as himself, Seth Howard. My Grandfather *seventeen* 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.

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(13)

in a written manuscript

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.

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.

"After great suffering and hardship they (the troops that escaped from the transports) found their way through

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Mr Rufus Buck says: "In July 1779, the Penobscot Expe-

in a written manuscript

(13)

(14)

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." *We are ^{now} strong enough for the truth.*

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.

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(15)

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 ^{nine} 9 years old and my next brother ^{five} 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

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(16)

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 ⁱⁿ 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 ^{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.

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(17)

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 ~~they~~ 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.

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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 Ensuing 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. E. 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 to the happy throng gathered beneath the shady oaks, not only in the cordial meeting and greeting of old friends from the Pine Tree State, and their families, 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 delights 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, Esq., 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 heretofore 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 Tree 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.

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 Stebbins, LL.D., Orator.
H. J. W. Dam, Esq., Poet.
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.
Luke Doe, Esq., President.
Hon. S. G. Hilborn, Orator.
J. G. Severance, Esq., Poet.
1885. Eighth Annual Reunion.
Hon. J. E. Farnum, President.
T. F. Batchelder, Esq., Orator.
J. G. Severance, Esq., Poet.
1886. Ninth Annual Reunion.
E. L. Smith, Esq., President.
Rev. Chas. Dana Barrows, 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. F. 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 OF CALIFORNIA.

PLAN OF ORGANIZATION.

Revised May 15, 1886.

1. This Association shall be known as THE STATE OF MAINE ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA.
2. Its objects are social enjoyment and keeping alive memories of Maine.
3. Its membership is composed of former residents of Maine, and their husbands or wives and children, and is acquired by signing the roll and paying fifty cents.
4. Its officers are a President, two Vice-Presidents, a Secretary, and Treasurer, to be elected from the members in May, annually, at the place where the annual reunion is held, and an Executive Committee of nine, to be appointed annually by the President, which committee, together with the elected officers, and all Ex-Presidents, shall transact all the business of the Association for the year following their election and appointment.
5. All meetings shall be held in the City of Oakland whenever ordered by the President, or, in his absence, by one of the Vice-Presidents, and notice thereof shall be given through the Post-office. This provision does not apply to the Annual Reunion and Picnic, which shall be held on some Saturday of May in each year, at some convenient place in Alameda County, of which full public notice shall be given. The presence of five officers shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.
6. A Register shall be kept at the office of the Secretary or Treasurer, in Oakland, in which it is desired to enter, without charge, the names of all State of Maine people in California, with their places of birth or residence in Maine, present residence, and other particulars. This Register is not confined to members of the Association, but is intended as a book of reference and information, for inspection and use by all interested parties. Registration can be made at any time.
7. This plan of organization may be altered at any annual meeting by a majority vote of the members, not less than ten voting for the proposed alteration.

State of Maine Association.

TENTH ANNUAL REUNION.

In calling the assemblage to order, President E. 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 maturer 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 reach 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 Moosehead, 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, rivaling 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-

ing slabs so large that her school-houses can show solid slate black-boards, 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 spank 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 comfortable 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 land 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-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 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 repast 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 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 fire-place, 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. They then 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 Androscoggins, the Kennebecs, the Penobscots, and the Norridgewocks.

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 Presumscott 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 Androscoggins, 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, 208 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 war-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 through and 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 fight fire. Two hundred friendly Indians and forty soldiers under Captain Ben. Sweat and Lieut. Richardson, came by water to Black Point, in Scarboro, 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 neighbourhood. Coming suddenly upon the savages they fled. The flight was but a ruse. 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 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 and Indians assailed 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 Howard. 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.

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

Mr. Rufus Buck, 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 3,000 men, 600 of whom were from Maine.* * * The fleet was commanded by Commodore Santonstall, and 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.

"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 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.

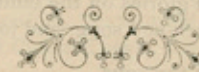
George Washington George, my father's cross-eyed substitute, the old blunderbus with its flint lock and ramrod, the unique equipments, as a large-sized cartridge-box and belts stout enough to hold up a cart-tongue; These were brought back by George Washington George and preserved for many years at the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

Thus we see that, in our old State, so full of honored town-

ships, 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 disquietude 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. F. SWASEY.

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.

Ah! 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 clime 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.

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 deified;
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 strained 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 loins girt and braced, midst war's dread alarms,
Full panoplied 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 homes" and cemeteries tell
Of those still living, and where sleep the brave.
Amid the fiercest conflict, the rockets' red glare,
The hurtling of red shot and shell, her sons were there.

Oh! poor 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 sits, 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 undefaced,
For every brilliant stripe and star is there;
Symbol of a power too great to lightly be defied,
Grand emblem of a mighty race now unified.

*Major-General O. O. Howard.

We cannot here and now invoke by name
 Each noble son devoted to the State;
 No geographic line can bound their fame;
 The page of history they illuminate.
 The glory and the laurel that they so nobly won
 Belong alike to all and not to us alone.

But I would here, with humble tone and phrase,
 Revert to one to whom my thoughts arise;
 By all accorded a just meed of praise,
 By all admitted to be great and wise.
 And I would not the glowing flush of pride restrain
 Whene'r I hear pronounced the honored name of Blaine.

O, let us not, while here to consecrate
 With simple rites the spot that gave us birth,
 Forget the love we owe to this dear State,
 To us the fairest land of all the earth;
 To us, of all the world, the brightest, sunniest clime.
 Our own dear chosen home of manhood's riper prime.

O, Time, in thy inexorable flight,
 Deal gently with us through the coming year;
 Preserve us, each and all, from sere and blight,
 That we, unchanged, again may gather here;
 That we, unmarked by thy dread hand, again may meet
 In health, with love fraternal, and with ranks complete.

Names of Members.

Ames, H.*	Dyer, Mrs. E.	Haywood, F.
Ames, A. N.	Eames, John.	Harkell, D. H.
Atkinson, Geo.	Everett, E.	Huntington, F. A.
Atherton, John W.	Emery, C. C.	Hays, D. E.
Brown, W. G.	Emery, W. F.	Herreman, A. H.
Brett, John R.	Emerson, D. L.	Husettena, Chas. E.
Barrett, C. H.	Ellis, H. H.	Ingalls, W. F.
Brown, L. D.	Ewell, Mrs. L. J.	Jordan, M. S.
Baker, H. Y.	Emery, I. C.	Johnson, Mrs. Perry
Bachelder, J. W.	Fuller, F. O.*	Jones, Rev. W. L.
Bachelder, P. J.	Farnum, J. E.	Jones, S. A.
Berry, W. O. M.*	Farwell, F. M.	Kohler, Mrs. C. A.
Bragdon, E.	Fletcher, W. F.	Loring, G. Y.
Barstow, Mrs. D. P.	Fairbanks, Jas. J.	Levensaler, Joseph
Baldwin, Mrs. Elvira	Fogg, J. L.	Leavitt, S. B.
Bigelow, Chas. L.	Farnum, John H.	Larabee, Samuel
Barrows, Chas. D., D.D.	Fogg, Leslie F.	Lowell, Mrs. H. R.
Barrows, Mrs. Chas. D.	Fifield, Dr. Wm. E.	Marston, S. I.*
Burbank, Samuel F.	Fogg, Mrs. Mary E.	Moore, J. A.
Berry, Mrs. A.	French, John B.	Marston, J. S.
Bean, E. T.	Flitner, Frank W.	Marston, E. W.
Bean, Mrs. E. T.	Flint, Thomas	Meads, S. P.
Brainerd, H. P.	French, Frank J.	Metcalf, O. F.
Blake, Francis	Flint, B. P.	Marston, F. A.
Crawford, S. G.	Garland, W. D.	Mellus, G. B.
Chase, Q. A.	Goddard, S. H.	McAllister, Dr. H. H.,
Chapman, Jas. F.	Greene, W. E.	Marston, P. F.
Carlton, Geo. H.	Gray, R. A.	Mower, Mrs. M.
Collins, L. P.	Goss, Mrs. H. A.	Mills, Warren F.
Chamberlain, C. H.	Gage, J. W.	Merrill, Thos. L.
Chamberlain, Mrs. C. H.	Grant, Mrs. Geo. E.	Nourse, Geo. A.
Crawford, T. O.,	Gray, Mrs. Giles H.	Owen, C. W.
Chadbourn, C. F.	Gove, J. W.	Osgood, L. E.
Cowing, Calvin	Glauffin, L. W. W.	Pitts, J. M.
Cole, G. A.	George, H. C.	Pierce, Marshall
Chase, C. J.	Gray, B. D.	Pullen, Granville
Clow, Chas. L.	Glidden, Albert McLane	Plummer, Geo.
Conant, A. F.	Hook, Joseph	Putnam, S. N.
Doc, Luke	Heald, Allen	Pullen, Wm.
Dinsmore, W. G.	Huntington, Hugh*	Pond, Mrs. Wm. C.
Denison, O. I.	Hanson, T. C.	Prescott, Chas. J.
Dunton, C. H.	Hilborn, S. G.	Perrin, C. L.
Dingley, C. L.	Hall, H. C.	Plummer, Geo.
Dam, G. W.*	Hanson, C. S.	Reed, Chas. G.
Dresser, J. A.	Hayes, Thos.	Reed, Geo. W.
Drinkwater, A.	Hayes, Daniel	Reed, Wm.
Dam, Mrs. L. E.	Huntington, Mrs. A. B.	Randlett, H. A.
Dodge, J. W.*	Hussey, J. W.	Randlett, John
Dinsmore, Mrs. S.	Haywood, Samuel	Russell, Joel

* Deceased.

Reed, Mrs. C. G.	Steward, Mrs. J. M.	Whitney, F. E.
Reed, Mrs. Wm.	Sprague, Geo. W.	Wheeler, C. C.
Reen, Mrs. Sarah A.	Starbird, A. W.	Welch, Geo. D.
Richardson, Geo. E.	Simpson, A. M.	White, Benj.
Reilly, G. M.	Sweetland, Wm. P.	Warren, E. W.
Roundy, Chas. H.	Sturtevant, Oren B.	Wiggin, M. P. *
Randlett, H. A.	True, C. F.	Williams Geo. R.
Randlett, Mrs. H. A.	Trefethen, E. A.	Wright, Owen
Redout, H. D.	Twichell, Wm. L. *	White, W. S.
Spaulding, N. W.	Trask, Freeman	Webb, Frank
Steward, Jos. M.	Wilson, Adelbert	Wilson, J. K.
Shorey, A.	Wetmore, J. L.	Wilson, T. K.
Scribner, Geo. W.	Wetmore, E. L.	York, W. M.
Smith, E. L.	Whitney, Geo. E.	Young, H. H.

Hurd, J. H.

Honorary Members.

Grant, Geo. E.	Spaulding, Mrs. N. W.	Whitney, Mrs. M. L.
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Charter Members.

Brett, Jno. R.	Fuller, F. O. *	Reed, Chas. G.
Carlton, Geo. H.	Marston E. W.	Spaulding, N. W.
Doe, Luke	Goddard, S. H.	True, C. F.
Dinsmore, W. G.	Heald, Allen	Whitney, Geo. E.
Eames, John	Huntington, U. *	Wilson, A.
Emery, C. C.		

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 LUKE DOE, ESQ., No. 468 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.

