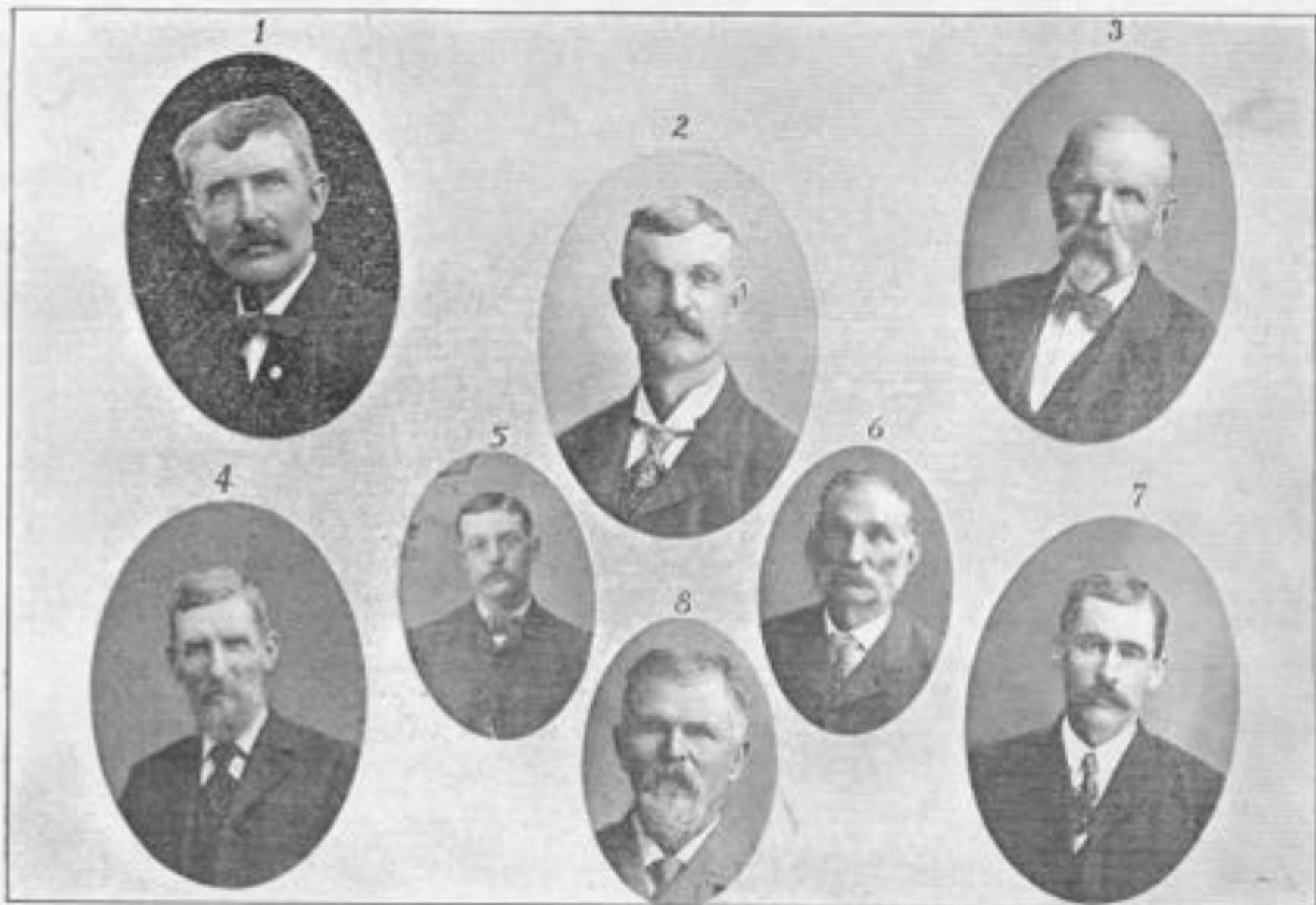




SURRY'S
CENTENNIAL SOUVENIR,

1903.





1. Willis G. Rich, 3rd Selectman. 2. Frank T. Jellison, 1st Selectman. 3. Edward M. Curtis, 2nd Selectman. 4. Joseph E. Galt, Town Clerk.
5. Dyer J. Curtis, Treas. and Coll. 6. Henry J. Milliken, Auditor. 7. Elwin C. Lord, Supt. of Schools. 8. Joseph H. Westcott, Road Com'r.

SURRY'S EARLY DAYS.



THE OLD FLOOD HOMESTEAD.

treating forest. Then, at last, a beautiful town, the center of a prosperous region, the happy home of hundreds, and above the trees the tapering spires of churches.

The town of Surry was Number 6, one of the first six, or David Marsh townships, surveyed east of Penobscot river. It was situated on the westerly side of Union river bay and extended northerly to near the first bridge on the river. It is said it also included a gore on the easterly side of Union river, now the city of Ellsworth. Just when this gore was incorporated into Ellsworth may not be so easy to see.

FIRST, unbroken, primeval forest, stretching back from the rugged shores of a beautiful bay. No echo of human industry to break the silence of the savage region, only the red man and his wild beast companions wandering in undisputed possession through the pathless forest depths. Then a rude wigwam village on a little fertile plateau where the fires burn a niche in the forest close by the banks of a beautiful bay. Then the coming of the English settler, bearing the ax as well as the musket. Then the calm of peace and the growth of log huts, the ring of the ax in the great forest, and the hum of life in the home of the hardy pioneer. Then, as the years fly by, the growth of the settlement to a village and a town; roads and houses on the hillsides in place of the re-

It is said that at an early day there was a French settlement at Newbury Neck, probably when the ancient French fishermen dried their fish. It is pretty hard to locate the first settlers. I give them as I find them. The first English settlers were Symonds, Weymouth and Flye. Symonds settled upon the farm now owned by George Wasson; Nicholas Weymouth upon the point which bears his name, a part of the old Joy farm now owned by Gerone Young. Other settlers were Matthew Patten, 1768; John Patten, Andrew Flood, Wilbraham Swett, Matthey Ray, Samuel Joy, Hezekiah Coggins, Rev. John Urquhart, the first minister, 1784; Stephen Strong, Edward Sinclair, 1774; Solomon Annis, 1769; Moses Annis, Robert Patten, 1774; John Mann; David Sinclair, Isaac Lord, 1794; Leonard Jarvis. Mr. Jarvis was a representative in Congress from 1831 to 1837.

Surry was incorporated as a town, June 21, 1803, and included that portion of Ellsworth known as ward five.

An act to incorporate the township called Number 6, on the eastern side of Penobscot river, in the county of Hancock, into a town by the name of Surry:



DAHRUS SAUNDERS, 89 YEARS.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, in general court assembled, and by authority of the same, That the township called No. 6, on the eastern side of Penobscot river, in the county of Hancock, bounded as follows, viz.: On the west by Bluehill and Bluehill bay; on the north by the towns of Penobscot and Ellsworth, and on the east and south by Union river and Union river bay; with the inhabitants thereon, be, and they hereby are incorporated into a town by the name of Surry; and the said town is hereby vested with all power, privileges and immunities which other towns in this commonwealth do or may by law enjoy.

SECTION 11. And be it further enacted, That Meliah Jordan, Esq., be and hereby is empowered to issue his warrant to call the first meeting. Approved June 21, 1803.

In 1807 a large petition of inhabitants of Ellsworth and Surry was sent to the General court, asking for annexation to Ellsworth of a part of Surry and Trenton. The town of Ellsworth, by the selectmen, remonstrated against this petition.

In 1809 the petition succeeded and the following act was passed March 3.

An act to set off a part of the town of Surry, and a part of the town of Trenton, and to annex them to the town of Ellsworth:

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, in General court assembled, and by authority of the same, that that part of the town of Surry, in the county of Hancock, which lies northerly of a line beginning at a stake on the western side of Union river, near its mouth, where the line between lot No. 20, now improved by John Jordan, and lot No. 21, now improved by Benjamin Lord, touches said river; thence running on the line between said lots north 72

degrees west one mile and 22 rods to a marked tree; thence north 50 degrees west to the westerly line of said Surry; and that part of Trenton, in said county, included as follows, viz.: Beginning at the southeast corner of the town of Ellsworth, in said county; thence running south 24 degrees west, three miles 110 rods; thence south 81 degrees west to Union river bay; thence northerly by said bay and Union river to the southern boundary line of said Ellsworth; and thence east two miles to place of beginning, be, and they are hereby set off from the towns of Surry and Trenton and annexed to the said town of Ellsworth. And inhabitants of the said parts thus annexed to said town of Ellsworth shall hereafter be considered inhabitants of said town and shall there exercise and enjoy all civil rights and privileges, and be subjected to all civil duties and requisitions in like manner as the other inhabitants of said town. Provided, however, that the said inhabitants of the towns of Ellsworth shall be respectfully holden to pay their due proportion of all monies granted prior to the passing of this act by either of the towns to which they heretofore belonged, the same being legally assessed.



THE OLD JARVIS HOUSE NOW OWNED BY H. J. MILLIKEN.

districts as follows: South district, Middle district, Morgan Bay district, Eastern district, North district, Dollardtown or West district and Patten's Bay district. Among the early teachers we find the following names: Amanda Dutton, Sally Fisher, Vespasian Ellis, Martha Jellison, Catherine Jellison, Joseph Wardwell, Francis B. Morgan and Hatch Macomber.

In 1806 the town formed a military company, with Alfred Langdon as captain.

Up to the year 1820 about 13,000 acres had been alienated and were held under grants to settlers and quiet possession titles. The quantity of land remaining was purchased by the Jarvises. In 1790 Surry had a population of 239.

In 1821 all that part of the original township of Surry lying west of Union river in Ellsworth was set back onto Surry, through the influence of Leonard Jarvis. This was against the wishes of every inhabitant residing in the territory, the most of whom continued dating their letters in Ellsworth as before. The Ellsworth post office was in Surry and the Surry post office six miles away. In 1829 the Surry territory was re-annexed to Ellsworth through the influence of John Black.

When Surry was incorporated it was divided into seven school dis-

The first town meetings of Surry were held in the schoolhouses, sometimes in the Eastern district and sometimes in the red schoolhouse in Patten bay district. In 1829 or 1830 the town purchased the materials of a meeting house and erected a town house near where the residence of Capt. S. J. Treworgy now stands. This building was also used to hold meetings in. In 1843 it was moved to its present location and continued to be used for municipal purposes until the present time.

The first board of selectmen were Moses Adams, Porter Sawyer and Moses Hammond.

The chairmen of selectmen of Surry have been, Moses Adams, 1803-8; Leonard Jarvis, 1809-14; Phillip Jarvis, 1815-19; Leonard Jarvis, 1820-21; Calvin Peck, 1822-24; Donald Lord, 1825-34; John Clark, 1835-54; Edwin Wood, 1855-56; Robert Hopkins, 1862; John Clark, 1863; Samuel Wasson, 1864-76; Nahum Hinckley, 1877-79; Henry H. Eldridge, 1880-87; Edwin H. Torrey, 1888; Henry H. Eldridge, 1889; Edwin H. Torrey, 1890-98; Frank T. Jellison, 1899-1903.

Town treasurers, Benjamin Joy, Jr., 1803-5; Sabin Pond, 1806-07; Elisha Austin, 1808-11; Asa Green, 1812-14; Benjamin Morgan, 1813-20; Calvin Peck, 1821; Donald Lord, 1822-27; Edward S. Jarvis, 1828-30;

Benjamin Morgan, 1831; George W. Barrett, 1832; Nealand Osgood, 1833; Frederick A. Jarvis, 1834; Ambrose Patten, 1835; Nathaniel Treworgy, 1836-37; Wm. Morgan, 1838; Robert Long, 1839-40; Edwin Wood, 1850-56; Ambrose Patten, 1857; James W. Davis, 1858-60; Knowles G. Eldridge, 1861; John M. Merrill, 1862-70; Luther Lord, 1871-2; Nahum Hinckley, 1873-4; Franklin W. Morgan, 1875; Nahum Hinckley, 1876; Byron G. Morse, 1877; E. A. Eldridge, 1878;



VIEW ON PATTEN'S STREAM.

Francis H. Clark, 1879-87; Jesse M. Ray, 1888-98; F. H. Clark, 1899-1900; Dyer J. Curtis, 1901-03.
How well Surry responded to the National appeal for help at the opening of the Civil war is shown by the fact that she sent to the front 135 men and paid a town bounty of \$22,048.



TOWN OF SURRY.



MAIN STREET.

CENTENNIAL EXERCISES.

GENERAL COMMITTEE ON CELEBRATION.

F. T. Jellison, M. E. Linneken, W. G. Rich, E. M. Cunningham, J. F. Staples, F. I. Gaspar, Mrs. Nellie Hagerthy, Mrs. Ellen Hopdins, Mrs. W. E. Emery, Mrs. Sarah Treworgy, Miss Mabel Morgan, E. C. Lord, I. E. Luffkin, J. W. Staples, Mrs. Henry Blaisdell, G. B. Davis, E. M. Rich, E. M. Curtis, E. H. Torrey, E. C. Jordan, Mrs. Otis Conary, Mrs. F. T. Jellison, Mrs. M. E. Linneken, Mrs. H. H. Harden, Mrs. E. D. Smith, Mrs. Harry Young, B. H. Chatto, W. M. Lord, A. H. Mann, H. N. Blodgett, Mrs. W. S. Treworgy, Jr., A. L. Treworgy, Mrs. F. L. Jordan, Varden Lord.

PROGRAM.

Singing, Old Oaken Bucket,	Lotus Male Quartette, Lewiston
The Past of Surry,	Dr. R. P. Grindle, Mt. Desert
Music,	Lynch's Band, Ellsworth Falls
Poem,	Mrs. Nellie Hagerthy, Surry
Address,	Rev. Adelbert H. Hudson
Singing, Rock of Ages,	Lotus Male Quartette, Lewiston
The Future of Surry,	Rev. F. L. Hayward
Music,	Lynch's Band, Ellsworth Falls
Speeches—Former and present residents of Surry:	Dr. R. L. Grindle, Bluehill; O. P. Carter, Sedgwick; Capt. Nehemiah Means, Ellsworth; Mrs. Lynch, Ellsworth.
Singing, Annie Laurie,	Lotus Male Quartette, Lewiston



SCENE AT THE GROVE WHERE THE EXERCISES WERE HELD.



MAIN STREET DURING THE CELEBRATION.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

REV. J. D. MCGRAW, OF SURRY.



REV. J. D. MCGRAW.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

I am very glad today for the privilege of looking into your faces and we as a people have reason to look up to God for His goodness. Our nation has been wonderfully blessed, our homes are happy, our barns are filled, our work shops are busy, our land is a land of milk and honey, and our nation blessed of all others. No doubt many of you in taking up your papers, a few weeks ago, when reading of this Centennial, thought how good it will be to get back to the old home; and as you come you find some things are gone, and the familiar faces are not here, the hands are folded and the voices are silent; but if we could draw the veil aside we could show you mothers and fathers who have built your roads, churches and schoolhouses, waiting at the beautiful gate. So you meet again today and the thought comes to me that never can any of us have this privilege again.

I am glad to see the people of Surry have spared no pains to make this a day of joy and for the people I say we extend to you a hearty welcome.

In the town of Surry we have not a single rum shop. In the town of Surry we have no drunken men that I know of. We have beautiful churches and beautiful homes, so we extend to you a hearty welcome and trust it will be a day long remembered. But we only meet today to say goodbye. I want you to feel as if you were at home. In my welcome I voice the sentiments of all the people in the town of Surry. May the Lord bless you.



PART OF CENTENNIAL COMMITTEE.

THE PAST OF SURRY.

DR. R. L. GRINDLE, MT. DESERT.

Friends and Fellow Townsmen:

I want at first to make a little explanation. The part that is assigned to me is a little misleading, for it gives the impression that I am to give a historical sketch of the town; but I am not. I think the person who was to give a history of the town disappointed the committee and they asked me to do it. I told them I could not do that, but would try to be there and make some remarks. But thinking it very probable that I would be unable to attend, I decided to write a letter of regrets which could be read in case of my absence, and if present I could read the letter myself. But instead of reading regrets of absence, I will say that I am happy to be here, for the name of Surry awakens within me the tenderest feelings of which I am capable—the remembrance of my childhood days and earliest years of my life. And it all seems to me like a dream or fairy tale, when I think of myself as a small boy moving along among so many busy people, all actively engaged in the pursuits and business interests of the time, farming, ship-building, lumbering and shore fishing. And in Surry, as I remember it in those days, there was really much business activity with every thing on a large scale: large farms and



DR. R. L. GRINDLE, MT. DESERT.

mowing fields, great piles of mussel-bed, with large barns and hay crops. And as to other industries there were often three or four vessels on the stocks building at one time, employing fifty or seventy-five ship carpenters; with five or six wood coasters continually running to Boston, and even a larger number running to Rockland with kiln wood. These things impressed my youthful mind with a sense of hustle and rush, and as a kind of reflection of the sentiment of the time, they actually named a new wood coaster the "Rush." Some of you will probably remember Warren Patten and the schooner "Rush."

Now, as I look back, I can see that the men who were doing Surry's work fifty years ago were men of much energy and activity. Of course, among them were loafers then as now; but laziness was not a dominating quality of Surry's people at that time. On the other hand, they were not afraid of work. They could plan enterprises and execute them, lay out work and do it. They were not continually looking for soft places and short days. What would Thomas Smith, Benjamin Smith or John Conary have thought of an eight or nine hour day? Or, what would Newell Wood and John Merrill have thought of such a day when running the old schooner "Arabine?" And among other hard working men of Surry village whom I remember at that time were Paul Clark, Andrew Flood, Levi Treworgy, Jesse Ray,

Leonard Wood, Johnathan Dow, Stephen Goodwin, John Clark, William Townsend, Alex Grant, Thomas Cousins, John Morse, Knowles Eldridge, Dudley Wood, Roswell Swett, Ambrose Patten and Henry Jarvis. The earliest merchants of whom I have remembrance were James W. Davis, Samuel Merrill and Hezekiah Means. They all kept stores of general merchandise and bought wood, hoop poles, cedar posts and farm products. And I also well remember Phillip J. Milliken, James Augustus Milliken and Henry J. Milliken as prominent men engaged in a variety of business enterprises. Among the earliest teachers of whom I have remembrance are the names of Ruth Swett, Luther Lord and Charles Jarvis. Mr. Jarvis taught many terms of town schools, and, being an excellent singer and teacher of vocal music, for many years in succession taught large singing schools in Surry village, and I often think of the excellency of his work in developing the musical tastes and talents of the young people of that time. Evangelistic music, so called, had not yet arrived. The tunes sung were generally selected from singing books of well known authors, to which were applied standard hymns from the church hymn book. Mr. Jarvis was always present at the Baptist church services, and led a good choir of young singers. And the question has often come to me, whether many souls have not had enkindled within them the first feeling of spiritual life by singing those inspiring hymns. Among the older men who were active in the work of the churches at that time were Andrew Flood, Benjamin Wood, Benjamin, Abram and Jacob Lord in the Methodist church, while among those who



MORGAN'S BAY AND NEWBURY NECK.



EXTREME POINT OF NEWBURY NECK.

took active part in the Baptist church services were Frederick and Charles Jarvis, Captains William, Levi and Hezekiah Treworgy, Ambrose Patten, Jesse Milliken, Edwin Wood and Lowell Grindle. The two latter, however, while taking active part in the religious services, were not connected with the Baptist church, but kept their connection with the Congregational churches to which they belonged before coming to Surry.

Among the younger men who became identified with the churches were Joseph Emerson, Samuel L. Lord and Myrick Wood. Mr. Emerson was a teacher, a man of good education and excellent character, and while I had for him great respect, yet circumstances did not bring us enough into contact to make us sufficiently intimate to exert much influence on each other. But the example of Captains Lord and Wood had much influence on me. For while my personal relations were not particularly intimate with either of them, yet they were such men as a thoughtful boy takes note of, for they were bright, temperate and smart; men of sound healthy bodies, self esteem and good ability. And what to my young mind seemed important, they had the right kind of politics, and when they acknowledged that they felt that the Lord had claims on them and took their places in the church I felt that their course was right and manly. And although it was years before I followed them in this course, still their example was an important lesson to me.

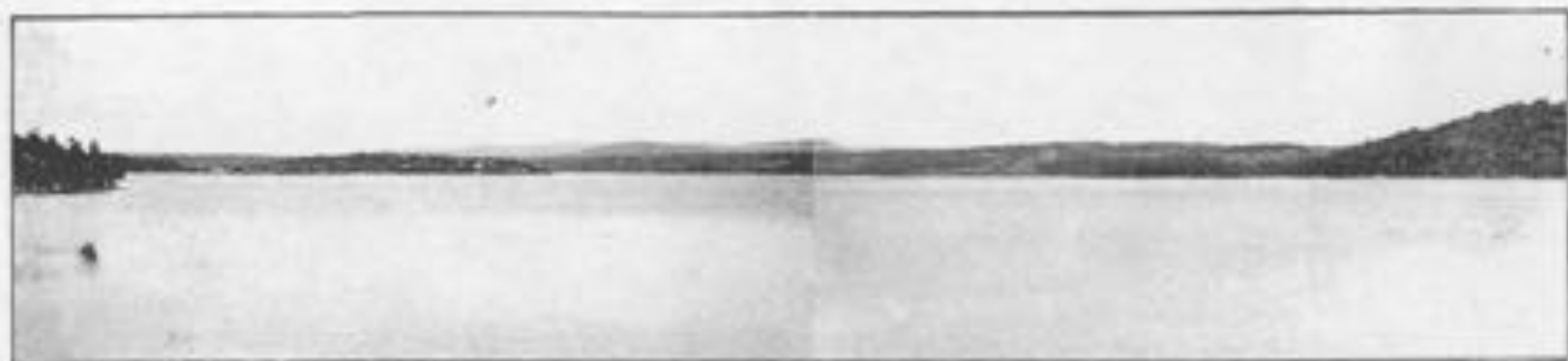
During the Civil war, Surry's patriotism was fully equal to that of any town in the State. And of the heroes who lost their lives in this struggle, I distinctly remember Simpson Carter, James Gaspar, Thomas Conary, Leroy Varnum, Algernon Morgan, William Green, Henry Young, Levi C. Treworgy, Robert S. Grindle, and Levi Oliver.

And, finally, I believe it can be said truthfully that there has always been in Surry a strong sentiment in favor of religion, temperance and civic righteousness; that the work of its churches has not been fruitless in its results. But that every boy and girl that has grown up in Surry have heard the gospel's claims urged on them, and been more or less influenced by the work of the churches and their auxiliaries. And so I expect that the people of Surry will take no small interest in the coming contest between rum and righteousness in our State. I believe that you will clearly understand the situation. That the movement in favor of resubmission is a rumsellers' movement, backed up by money from the distilleries, breweries and wholesale liquor dealers. That the issue is simply this: whether the government of the State of Maine shall be "a government of the people, by the people and for the people," or whether it shall be a government of the people, by the politicians for the benefit of the rumsellers. And with a clear understanding of the issue, there is no reason for doubt as to what your action will be.

In addition to this letter all I have to say will be a few remarks relating to certain individuals and events which impressed me at that time of my life. Among the first is the first day I attended the public school in Surry village. My



UNION RIVER BAY LOOKING NORTH FROM NEWBURY LANDING.



VIEW OF PATTEN POND.

folks moved from Toddy pond and as I looked from the old house on the hill it looked to me like a great city. One May morning Allen Meader and I started for school together. When we got there school had begun. Allen opened the door and I peaked in. There were ten or twelve times as many people as I had ever seen together in my life, more imposing than 1,000 people would be today, for there were sixty or seventy faces and twice as many eyes and all looking at me. I wanted to run or sink but did neither but just crept in with Allen till we got into a seat and then I drew a long breath saying to myself, I hope those boys and girls will not look at me again. As I look around this audience today I wonder how many were there. I think Frank Clark, Josephine Emerson, Mrs. Samuel L. Lord and Mrs. Henry Phillips are probably all that were there on that morning.

I mentioned something of Surry's industries. I remember particularly the Jarvis barns, and I often think of the enormous amount of work those men had handling tons and tons of hay, nearly all of which was mowed and raked by hand. In speaking of the lumbering business here I might have added that when there was sufficient water you could hear two or three saw mills night and day, and, if nearby, sometimes the grist mill grinding late into the evening. In speaking of the shore fisheries I remember particularly the name of Captain Samuel Merrill and his boys, also Hezekiah Treworgy, Benjamin Wood and Isaiah Conary. Porgy fishing was another industry of the place. The oil was very high and there was a large porgy business done all along the shores. The people who engaged in this business soon got the name porgy attached to their names and so there was Porgy Carter, Porgy Romer and Porgy Freethy. I well remember all of these men. Captain Romer was a very smart, active and energetic man, who, after going out of the porgy business became a sea captain. While sailing a topsail schooner he at one time had among his crew my brother Doss and Frank



BLUEHILL BAY FROM THE END OF NEWBURY NECK.

Clark. And I distinctly remember one amusing incident. They were going ashore to fill water, and as the boat lay alongside Frank threw the empty bucket down into her. Romer roared out, "What in thunder are you doing, are you going to stave that bucket all to pieces?" Frank simply answered, "No sars, Captain, no sars." The idea of a boy before the mast calling down the captain for "sars" was so amusing as to bring out a general laugh. I remember this other person called Porgy Carter on account of his singing. He attended the prayer meetings held in the Baptist parsonage and many times I have heard him sing the hymn beginning "Come Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove," in a way that was soul stirring. I often think of the faithfulness of the men of that time. Week after week they would come there with their lanterns, sometimes through snow storms, offering their prayers and giving testimonies of their faith in God and hope of eternal life. Among those who attended these meetings I remember distinctly Frederick Jarvis, Edwin Wood and Lowell Grindle. Their talk was always earnest and impressive. And I remember Bainbridge Freethy as a very active, energetic and industrious man. At one time Edward S. Jarvis was a prominent figure in Surry village. He was a little short active man with strong convictions and a very emphatic way of stating them. But what impressed me most was his peculiar pronunciation for he strongly trilled the letter "r" and gave the letter "a" the sound as in the word far. And I remember once of hearing him talking politics to William Townsend, and he said, "Townsend you must follow the democratic party if it leads you to

the davie." A very common expression of his was "go to the davie." At one time several other boys and I were standing in front of the old school house. Someone had been trying the sharpness of his knife by cutting several not very modest characters on the clapboards. Jarvis came along and, looking at the cuts said, "I don't know who cut that vulgar character, but I know this, he was a d—ed poor artist."

Leonard Wood was another hard working man. One incident I remember very well. When I was about ten or twelve years old he wanted someone to help him get his hay. He went to my father and father said I could go. I went down to work and there were some two or three girls there older than I. I was frightened almost to death at the table fearing that I would drop my knife or upset my teacup or something else and I wanted some excuse to get away but did not want to tell Leonard what the real trouble was. He would be up early in the morning and work until dark so I made up my mind to leave off work the next night at sun down and so, of course, he would discharge me. So just as soon as the sun went down I said, "I guess I won't work any more tonight," but he squealed out, "Hell, you going to knock off now? When I was a boy they worked from daylight till dark." I went off and left him and that was the end of it.

Two men prominent in the Methodist church were Jacob Lord and Benjamin Wood. I became acquainted with them by going fishing and coasting with them and I had many conversations with Uncle Jacob and among the many things he told me I remember him pointing out a beautiful cove in Fox Island Thoroughfare and saying, "I don't want to be cast



VIEW OF TODDY POND.



TOM BEACH AND LEDGE FROM NEWBURY LANDING.

away but if I ever am that's the place in which I want it to take place, right in that cove." Once when Jacob was reading an advertisement in the paper about hair dyes he said: "All a lie; the Bible says you can't change one hair white or black and that's true. He had a singing book on the vessel, an old American Vocalist, and he would sit for hours at a time on the deck and sing the bass of these tunes. I thought there was not much music in this bass without melody but I understand it now. The words inspired him with spiritual life and he found satisfaction in thus giving expression to his religious feelings.

Benjamin Wood (everyone called him Uncle Ben) was a very religious man. When at sea he read his Bible regularly and "asked a blessing" before every meal. He told me many things that had happened during his sea going days, and among others an experience while sailing the old topsail schooner "Orator." The vessel was very crank and so when the wind blew hard there was great danger of upsetting her. One night off Boon Island they encountered a gale. The wind blew furiously, the sea ran high, and with the continual fear of capsizing, things became very uncomfortable. Among other trouble the binnacle light went out. Uncle Ben sang out to the boy George Bonsey to "fix the binnacle light." Looking in Bonsey saw that the only way to fix it was to roll something round the candle to hold it in position, and seeing nothing else he grabbed the Bible saying, "Come here, you're needed now as much as you'll ever be" and snatching a handful of leaves rolled them round the candle.

Perhaps someone will ask me what we had for amusements. We always had singing schools and we had John Merrill. He is here today, and there are many people of his time who remember his funny pranks. There was an old man named William Young who lived on the Toddy Pond road. He used to tell funny stories and at the end of every sentence would use the interrogative "what?" but he spoke it through his nose in such a way that it sounded like "whun?" I think he was well disposed but at times he was not very agreeable. One day, when feeling a little cross, he went into John's store. It was just at the close of the Civil war and John said, "Uncle Young, peace is declared." "Peace! peace be d—ed, there is no peace, whun?" I remember on one occasion Dudley Wood went out on a fishing trip and caught less than half a dozen. Somehow John Merrill got hold of it so he sent five or six boys along the road to ask him how many fish he had caught; so first one boy would ask him and then another and at last he got rather mad. It happened that the last one to come along was the Baptist minister, Mr. Hawes, and Brother Hawes said the same thing the boys had been saying: "Been out fishing? How many fish did you get?" Dudley straightened up, swung his long arms and answered, "None of your d—m business, Sir." Probably John Merrill remembers that. I want to say this in all sincerity, I have never been in a place where there were so many excellent singers as in the town of Surry. This was partly due to the work of Charles Jarvis, Benjamin Smith and Joseph Emerson, all of them faithful and industrious singing masters. But it was more due to the fact that a very large percentage of all the people could sing, had good voices, time and musical taste. Among the singers at Surry village who had remarkably good voices were Adelaide Means, Josephine and Ella Wood, Mary Jane Lord and Phebe Goodwin. At North Bend there was a large number of singers. All of the Smiths and Millikens had good voices, learned to read music and became good singers. Augustus Milliken's twins, Frances and Flora, developed strong musical voices and did some excellent singing in their very youthful days.

SURRY ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY F. B. FOSS, VICKSBURG, MISS. READ BY MRS. NELLIE HAGERTHY.



F. B. FOSS.

Surry, my dear old native town,
I hail thee, 'tho miles away,
And send greetings to many friends,
On this, your centennial day.
The summer suns have come and gone,
And also the winter's snow,
Since first our fathers tilled your soil
One hundred years ago.

Since first the echoing ax was heard
On the shores of Patten's Bay,
To cut away the mighty forest,
Where green fields are seen today,
'Twas then that happy homes were built
By honest hardy toil
And the morals of those former days
Were planted in the soil.

For 'twas in those good old days
Good morals were begun,
And for generations have been passed
From father down to son.
And so old Surry smiles today,
'Tho not a city grand,
But to her sons and daughters far away,
The fairest of all the land.

Has Surry been a failure
In the hundred years that have passed?
And must we all forsake her
And turn her down at last
Because she is not a city
Filled up with sin and strife,
With noisy streets of bustle,
Which make up city life?

Where every man with a selfish aim,
Knows not a friend or brother,
Where neighbors just across the street
May never know each other?
No! Surry is proud of her noble sons,
And they are proud, too, of their town.
The time, my friends, will never come,
When they will turn her down.

Our fathers had their struggles
Mid the storms of a hundred year,
And for the victories they have won
We give them many cheers.
Let the present generation
Do as much and little more,
And the dear old town will flourish
In the future years in store.

They built ships on old Surry's shores,
And by Surry's sons were manned,
That floated the glorious Stars and Stripes,
To many a distant land,
But from the merchant ship to the pleasure craft
Have our sailors changed today,
To guide the worn-out city folks
To restful Patten's bay.

And when the cry of war was heard
With me you will agree
Surry sent her share of volunteers
Who fought on land and sea.
No doubt that some of the old veterans
Are with you there today,
And perhaps some of my townsmen
Right here in Vicksburg lay.



MRS. NELLIE HAGERTHY.

Old Surry was blessed by nature
With her harbor, hills and streams,
The streams that furnished water power
Before days we knew of steam.
But the mills that once run buzzing saws
Have now gone to decay
And the business men who built them
Have long since passed away.

I must now bid you all 'good bye,'
In far off Pine Tree State,
And were I with you, friends, today,
I would help you celebrate.
No doubt that others will join me,
Who also are far away,
In wishing you all a happy time,
On this Centennial day.



VIEW OF TODDY POND FROM ARTHUR MOOR'S SHORE.



REV. A. L. HUDSON.

ADDRESS.

REV. ADELBERT L. HUDSON.

[Rev. Adelbert L. Hudson, of Channing church, Newton, Mass., who was introduced as one interested in Surry, though not a resident but a summer visitor, responded in part as follows:]

Mr. President and Fellow Townspeople of Surry (For I claim to be a bona fide resident here two months in every year:) (Laughter and applause.)

I was very much pleased, a few days ago, to see in one of the daily papers of Boston that one of the prominent features of Old Home week in Maine would be the Centennial celebration of the town of Surry. It seemed to me that the splendid effort which has been made by the committee and citizens of Surry deserved to have such recognition from the press of that great city which is in the heart and center of the commercial, intellectual and political life of New England. It was fitting, too, that the significance of such an occasion as this should be duly emphasized.

Most of our lives are lived upon the level plane of homely duties. We sow and reap, make hay or sell goods and think little of the significance of what has gone before. But on an anniversary like this we climb the heights from which we can see and understand the meaning of the past and gain a nobler impulse for our future conduct. I congratulate the youth of Surry upon the large opportunity which comes to them with this first starting point.

There is a distinct value, also, in the good feeling and good fellowship of such a day as this when you shake hands with old comrades and welcome back those whom you have not seen for many years. The sons of Maine who have gone to live in other States have done honor to the old home. They have won distinction in public and in private life. A few years ago when one Washburne was governor of Illinois, and another of Minnesota, I could count twelve States of the Union whose governors were born in Maine. Wherever you go you find the "Man from Maine," and usually you find him succeeding in what he undertakes. The sons of Surry have been no exception, but have exemplified the old saying that "Maine's best crop is men."

But to me the most significant fact of this day's celebration is that these sons of Surry, returning to the old home,

find here the same strong, unmixed type of American manhood which marked its early settlers. Other sections of the country are receiving large additions from foreign immigration, much of which is undesirable. Poles, Hungarians, Russians and Italians of the lowest type, unfamiliar with our language and institutions, and to whom liberty means nothing more than license to do as they please, without regard to law and order. Restless, turbulent and lawless, and holding the privilege of voting merely as something they can sell, this ignorant and vicious class of immigrants are becoming a serious menace to enlightened self government. Amid this and other problems which complicate the life of our cities and more densely populated sections of the country, it is



SUMMER HOME OF THE REV. A. L. HUDSON.

encouraging and inspiring to find here a community which has preserved unmixed and untainted the blood of the early settlers of New England and of our Revolutionary forefathers. It is upon the preservation of this type that the future well being of the nation rests. With all honor due to the sons of Maine who have won distinction in other States, the highest honor still remains with the old guard who have retained at home those standards of sturdy excellence, of energy and thrift, of common sense and common honesty, which have formed the back bone of our nation's progress. Let the youth of this town not be too anxious to try their fortunes elsewhere, but let them be proud to stay by the old soil and see to it that Surry stands for another century well up at the front in raising Maine's "best crop." Our greatest need today is not for money but for men. From the heart of the nation's need goes up this earnest prayer: "God give us men! A time like this demands strong minds, brave hearts, clear thought and earnest lives.

Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor and who dare not lie;
Brave men, sun crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking.
For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in petty strife, lo, Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting justice sleeps.
God give us men!"

ADDRESS.

F. L. HAYWARD, PRESIDING ELDER, BUCKSPORT DISTRICT.

SUBJECT: LOVE FOR THE HOMELAND AND SURRY'S FUTURE.

[I was rather relieved just a little when Dr. Grindle said there was a mistake made in his subject. When a subject was sent to me I was told that I must speak upon "The Father Land" and later on upon the "Future of Surry" and coming into your town the first of this week one of the daily newspapers said I was to read a paper here and after partly working up two subjects I was in worse condition than the Dutchman's wife who gave birth to twins. The Dutchman went into a store the next day and said, "I have just got the biggest joke on mine wife: two babies over to our house and only one cloth's."]

ADDRESS.

The history of the world plainly declares that God has chosen first one, now another nation, state or municipality, for the achievement of victories too sublime to originate in the brain of a mere human being, too presumptuous to be grasped by the mind of man except as led on, step by step, by the Omnipotent One.

But ere ever He calls for action He first instills into the mind of man a deep spiritual life and power, not by decreasing the life of the individual but by making every interest of the individual subordinate and subservient to the higher life and interest of the nation, the State, the municipality. Through the knowledge of our nation's or town's history in the past; through admiration of her greatness; through love of her scenery; through a thousand desires, enjoyments and sorrows, shared by us all, and through the subtle traditional feelings sent down in our blood, interwoven



REV. F. L. HAYWARD.

from childhood into all the physical and moral fibers of our being, there arises an ideal image of our nation, our town,—not a lifeless idol but a living, thinking, moving, feeling being. Take an illustration: Not long after the accession of Queen Elizabeth to the throne of England, the nation began to realize what a victory it had won and passed from the keenest despair to the most intense love of country. Now, the life that sprung from this—the inventions, discoveries, the abounding thought and audacious powers is marvelous, astonishing. Raleigh ascended the Orinoko for 400 miles in a few open boats. Baffin penetrated the unknown regions of polar ocean where none dared to follow him for 200 years. Drake landed on the isthmus of Panama, crossed it, saw the great Pacific gleaming in the sunlight and swore to sail upon its



GOOSE ROCK AND COVE, NEWBURY NECK.

waters, then passed along the coast of South America and saw from the wild cliffs of Terra del Fuego the great ocean that rolls in from the south pole, passed on and fell upon the Spanish Main, captured huge treasure ships, glided boldly around the cape of Good Hope and finally dropped anchor at Plymouth, having sailed around the world. Sir Richard Graville, who for 36 hours, in his one ship, faced an entire Spanish fleet, rendered the name and valor of England a terror to every Spanish sailor.

And the intellectual was not a whit less aggressive. Spencer recreated romance and wedded it to religion. Shakespeare set all the world talking and acting on a ride stage. Bacon opened the closed doors of nature and philosophy, and among the galaxy of greater lights there moved a multitude of lesser ones, who, in any other age, would themselves have been kings and priests of art and song and learning. Now this love followed them to this country and it was not till they were fairly driven to it by England's exorbitant demands, impossible to be obeyed, that they finally changed the object of their love from England to America. Now to come nearer home: That bud of love blossomed finally into the Declaration of Independence. It was still fresh at Lexington. It blighted not even under the burning heat of Bunker Hill and still more bright and beautiful was the blush of its bloom seen on the cheek of every American patriot at the storming of Saratoga. And although by the invention of the cotton gin and employment of slave labor in the South, and the intro-

duction of manufactories in the North, by the easy means of communication between the East and West and not between these and the South, and, most of all, by the treachery and selfishness of a few vile demagogues in either political party, a few ships seemed to be severed to grow for themselves; yet when the first shot was fired on Sumpter, already a large majority of the noble citizens of this land were impatiently panting to lay their lives and their all upon its glorious altar. When the Stars and Stripes went down at Sumpter, it was that they should go up in nearly every State of the Union, not a single county of many of the States over whose precious soil the Stars and Stripes did not wave. Then came the Proclamation of the President calling for defenders of the Old Flag and from every city, town and hamlet as good and brave soldiers as ever answered to any nation's call sprang forward with "here am I, send me."

Ah, how our hearts swell with gratitude as we recall the cheers for men, women and children that greeted those noble fellows as they passed along to the field of sacrifice. How gladly do we recall the fact that wealthy men fairly emptied their purses to procure a few comforts for the boys that were leaving home and loved ones to defend their country's flag. Yea, more gladly still do we recall that host of tender mothers and gentle sisters who for months plied the needle late at night, their heart's bleeding either in sympathy or from bereavement, yet murmured not nor complained. Aye, and that other host of the gentler sect that betook themselves even to the field of carnage and placed their lives in jeopardy that they might minister with the tenderness of angels to the sick and wounded ones—love for the home hand made all our little world akin.

Now every nation—indeed each individual heart—feels this power and God has utilized this mighty sentiment for the establishing of principles, all absorbing in their nature, which have been developed into institutions that have become the beauty and glory of all that national or municipal domain.

No one doubts today that that ancient Hebrew race was set for the establishing of the idea or fact of monotheism and a godly life. Plainly, today, Greece was given the task of developing the idea of individuality and the esthetic as also the most analytical and discriminating intellectuality, up to her time and even beyond. Rome followed in regular order, as we plainly see now, with her immense system of road-beds running from everywhere to the Eternal City and with such an iron bound government that she could easily take that masterly Greek language and force it over the threshold of her farthest subject. Rome stood for the revelation of the beneficause of law and the power of Union.

Now, when the Great Father got ready to establish the greatest nation of all time, the United States of America, note, if you please, the splendid blood he mingled in our veins. Note the Pilgrims and Puritans, refugees from England, first to Holland where they behaved so well as to command the highest respect of that university centre, Lyden, then fearing lest they should not be able there to rear their children before God as surely as they desired, they re-migrated to America. Splendid people, fearing God and loving all men.

Take again the Hollanders themselves, people who even drove back the sea to make for themselves a country, believing in the equality of all men before the law and in the sight of God. Hating the haughty Spaniard at whose cruel hands more than 18,000 of this people perished on the scaffold, trusting in God and believing in an education and the Bible.

Note the Quakers, refugees from Europe, who were put to the most cruel tortures, on account of their religion, that any people ever endured and all for their love for humanity and religious integrity. And last but not least recall the coming of that staunch people divinely thrust out as Huguenots from France. Hating the doctrine of the divine right of kings, fleeing before the haughty soldiers of Louis XIV, they settled in all parts of our land and have had no little part in shaping our national policy.

Now, with such a foundation, with the best blood of all lands flowing in our national veins, who wonders that we should have for our first president a Washington, with the best physique on record, with dignity great enough to spurn the flattery and bribery and threats of every foreign potentate and reject the proffered crown of king, yet not ashamed to withdraw himself into the leafy forest and bow himself before Almighty God and pray for victory, not simply for his arms in battle, where man shoots down his fellow men, but for the right and for the establishing of a government, which should truly be "of the people, by the people and for the people." It is not to be wondered at that we should rear "an honest old Abe," tall, lean, lank and homely, but gentle, brave hearted and true, or that we should allow such a one to climb from the rude hut, beside which he split rails for a living, to the chief mansion of our whole domain. And whatever may be thought of Whittier's interpretation of one of the most critical periods in our nation's history, it is true that there was more than one "Barbara Freische" brave enough to expose her person at the attic window, while she defiantly shook out the folds of that fallen scarf saying "Shoot if you must this old grey head but spare your country's flag," and there was more than one Stonewall Jackson gallant enough to turn upon those dust brown ranks and declare "Who touches a hair of yon grey head dies like a dog, march on!" And a fitting final is found in that scene when the great General Lee was conquered and the southern soldiers fell upon the necks of their northern brothers and wept for joy and the magnanimous Grant was heard to say, "You will need them for your spring plowing."

Not to go further, let me say Surry is a part of this same glorious nation. Surry furnished no small quota of "boys in blue." Surry has ever shown a magnanimous spirit of patriotism and generosity. Look at her magnificent showing today from any standpoint. Behold her men in the important positions of life, near and far. Note the thoroughness of today's celebration and rally and who asks for more to prophesy her future as bright and glorious? She is bound to be heard from and to have no small place. The past of a nation or municipality tells largely for its future. Surry's past, Surry's present go to ensure a future that ought to be delightful for her citizens to contemplate. It is well that you

have called so great a company to your town today. To come and see is to desire to stay longer. I predict that your beautiful coast line here will yet be dotted with cottages and your store keepers will be busier or keep more clerks or else there will of necessity have to be more of them. The future of the Old Pine Tree State is to be richer than the past. Surry is a part of it and will be ready for her lot and place and may God Almighty watch over her morals and keep her record bright and glorious forever.

I thank you for my privileges here at this Centennial day of Surry.



NORTH SIDE OF GOOSE ROCK AND POINT.

SPEECHES.

FORMER AND PRESENT RESIDENTS OF SURRY.

DR. R. P. GRINDLE, BLUEHILL.

Ladies, Gentlemen and Friends:



DR. R. P. GRINDLE.

I am very glad for the privilege of being here on this occasion. I am not prepared to make any speech but as this is my native town I feel like expressing to you my gladness in being here today. I enjoy your presence. It has been more than thirty years since I left you, yet as I come among you there is a cordiality on your part which makes me happy to come here and shake hands with you. Your countenances look familiar and I have enjoyed the day and time I have spent here very much. It was my privilege to attend an anniversary in Bluehill, yesterday, which was somewhat different from this. It was the anniversary of the Bluehill Academy. It was not so large a gathering as this as it was not an occasion that would bring out so many people as this but we felt well paid for the trouble and pains we took for it. I speak of this institution in this way to advertise it. People have the impression that it is an old run down institution. Within the last few weeks it has joined hands with the George Stevens Academy and the two are working together and instead of being an old run down institution it is doing good work and we invite any of the young men and women who are looking for education to come there and we will welcome you and make you feel at home, and you will come to an institution that is up to date. I am not bragging but take this as a way to advertise the school.

Young men and women, it is natural for you to look for an education outside of that you get at the schools. Lots of Surry people are represented there and some of them are making their mark there and I say you can't do better than to come there. As I have said I feel richly paid for coming here and I do not forget the place or the people and I feel at home here for there is an expression on your part that you claim me. I thank you for the honor of speaking.

MR. O. P. CARTER, SEDGWICK.

Citizens, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I think the chairman has made a mistake in calling on me. I am a hewer of wood and drawer of water but I want to say I am glad, I want to say when I heard of this Centennial I said I'll be there, and then came a letter inviting me and saying there would be speeches by former residents of Surry and I said that means me. But I wish to say that what these men have said before me and spoken so eloquently, I say Amen. I was born here and my father came here sixty years ago. Surry was then only thirty years old. I think Surry has raised some very great men. I have figured up the doctors and captains and ministers, and we have sent a member to Congress and so Surry ought to be proud. I am glad I am here today. I was not here when Surry was incorporated. I think you ought to be proud of your work and that you have gathered so many men here. I thank you, Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, and I hope I shall meet you one hundred years from now if we have a celebration.



JOHN H. JELLISON.



CAPT. CHARLES M. COULTER.



GILBERT B. DAVIS.



CAPT. WM. A. FREETHY.



ELLIS C. JORDAN.

CAPT. NEHEMIAH MEANS.

I was born in Surry and raised up in a manner, and I want to say here I am not educated and am embarrassed to speak here among these learned men. I remember down here in the little schoolhouse, I went in there and tried to learn something. When you entered into the school there were some seats and long benches. The benches did not have legs in them and they tumbled over very easily and we would hit our heads against them and knock what little brains we had. I got but little schooling and all the grammar I got was in going by the school for they said there was a grammar in it. I have here a list of the schooners which I will read:

Sch. Oronto, Captain N. Morgan, built in 1839.
J. Kennedy, built in 1847.
Franconia, Captain Allen Holt.
Wester Low, Captain Whittaker.

Sch. Marquis, Captain M. Ray.
Albatross, Captain William Treworgy.
Tugwasa, Captain Patten.
Rush.

Sch. James K. Lawrence, Captain Haskell Torrey.
Hattie L. Curtis, Captain Allen Mann.
Bark Indian Bell.
George Emery, Captain Carlton.
Brig H. Means, Captain William Treworgy.
Sch. Ebre, Captain Curtis.
Bark Ocean Home.
Brig Sea Lark, Captain McFarland.
Sch. Adelaide, Captain Treworgy.

Sch. Dash Way, Captain George Clark,
Orator, Captain Ben Wood.
Bark Surry.
Brig Mattanno, Captain James Jarvis.
Sarah Wood, Captain Nahum Wood.
Bark Acadia, Captain Harlow.
Brig Sarah Alney, Captain Flagg,
Sea Lion, Captain Wells.
Sch. Frances, Captain Cousins.

BUILT ON END OF NECK.

Brig William Crawford, Captain Fred Means.
Sch. Frances Ellen, Captain William Clark.
Brig Martin Van Buren, Captain Edward Anderson.
Martha Washington, Captain Hopkins.

Brig George Washington, Captain Thomas Coggins.
Sch. Lydia Jane, Captain Friend.
Brig Mary Ann, Captain N. H. Means.
Col. Coggins, Captain William Anderson.

Speaking of Surry, I remember way back when Surry was one of the towns I thought there was no other town like it. I remember way back in 1850. I was in New York in a broker's office, and I got talking and asked him where he belonged. He said, "Bluehill." I said I was from Surry and he said, "Well, Surry and Bluehill are the only two towns I know of where they chew their cud." I never have forgotten that for I always have thought he was making fun of me. I don't know as I have any more to say. I am happy to meet my old friends and I thank you.

MRS. SARAH LYNCH.

I am a resident of Surry. My father lived here and died here, perhaps some of you remember him. I am the only one left to represent my father's family. I live in Ellsworth and came here today and have enjoyed the day very much.

LETTERS OF REGRET.

NOVO, CALIFORNIA, August 3, 1903.

To the Committee of the Centennial Celebration, Surry, Maine.

DEAR SIRS:—It is with pleasure I acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to be present at the celebration of the 100th anniversary of the settlement of our town. I assure you it would give me great pleasure to be there but I am at present so situated as to make it impracticable if not impossible to attend. I feel glad that it has occurred to some of my friends to remember me with an invitation, as it is gratifying to know that although it has been ten years since I visited my home town, and although at present over 3,000 miles distant, I am not forgotten, I most sincerely wish and predict a fitting and successful celebration, and I believe you can conscientiously feel that many of us whose childhood and youth were spent in Surry and to which we are still bound by ties of kindred, friendship and loving memories, that we whom fortune has seen fit to remove so far from the land of our birth, that we are unable to be present with you in person, will be with you in thought and sentiment. Again thanking you for your souvenir of this occasion.

I am with greetings to all,

A. AUSTIN LORD.

Novo, Mendocino County, California.

PORTLAND, August 7, 1903.

To the Committee on Centennial Celebration:

GENTLEMEN:—In response to your invitation I will say for myself and wife that we regret very much that we cannot be with you today and greet the old friends that we have known in years past. For five seasons I have had the care of Lincoln park and the soldiers' monument. This has been congenial work, but when this season's work is over we shall go back to farm life again. Irving, my oldest son, has bought a farm in Palmer, Mass., and I shall go on it with him. Then we shall be glad to see any old friends. The latch string will always be out.

Yours cordially,

WINFIELD S. GREENE,
HATTIE S. GREENE.

MENDOCINO, CAL., August 3, 1903.

To the Selectmen of the Town of Surry.

GENTLEMEN:—I was much pleased to receive your invitation to the celebration of Surry's centennial. It has been many years since I first emigrated from the old place but I have had many pleasant visits there in the time; and although I am now thousands of miles away here on the Pacific coast my heart still goes back to the old home with its fond memories and associations. I thank you for your kind remembrance of me and send greetings to you all with best wishes for success in all your undertakings.

Yours respectfully,

FLORA D. SHAPLEIGH.

INVOCATION.

REV. F. L. HAYWARD.

Let us all unite in prayer:

Almighty God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the giver of every good and perfect gift, the author of universal life, we thank You for this beautiful day You have given us, the success that has attended our efforts thus far, and now as we freshen up the acquaintances of past days we pray that Your blessing may follow us. We particularly ask Your blessing upon those who have contributed to the success of this day, that this day may be profitable for the good of all that come and upon every heart that looks this way and would like to be here and we pray Thy blessing be upon the letters that come and go and upon our friends that go from us afterwards and so that we may appreciate our land and we pray thy blessing upon those that speak here today and upon all the further exercises. Bless this beautiful town. We pray that Thou will build it up and make it more beautiful. Bless the old ones that remain and bear gently with them and raise up someone to remain at home and bring us to the other home land, by and by, in Jesus' name and we will praise Thee forever. Amen.



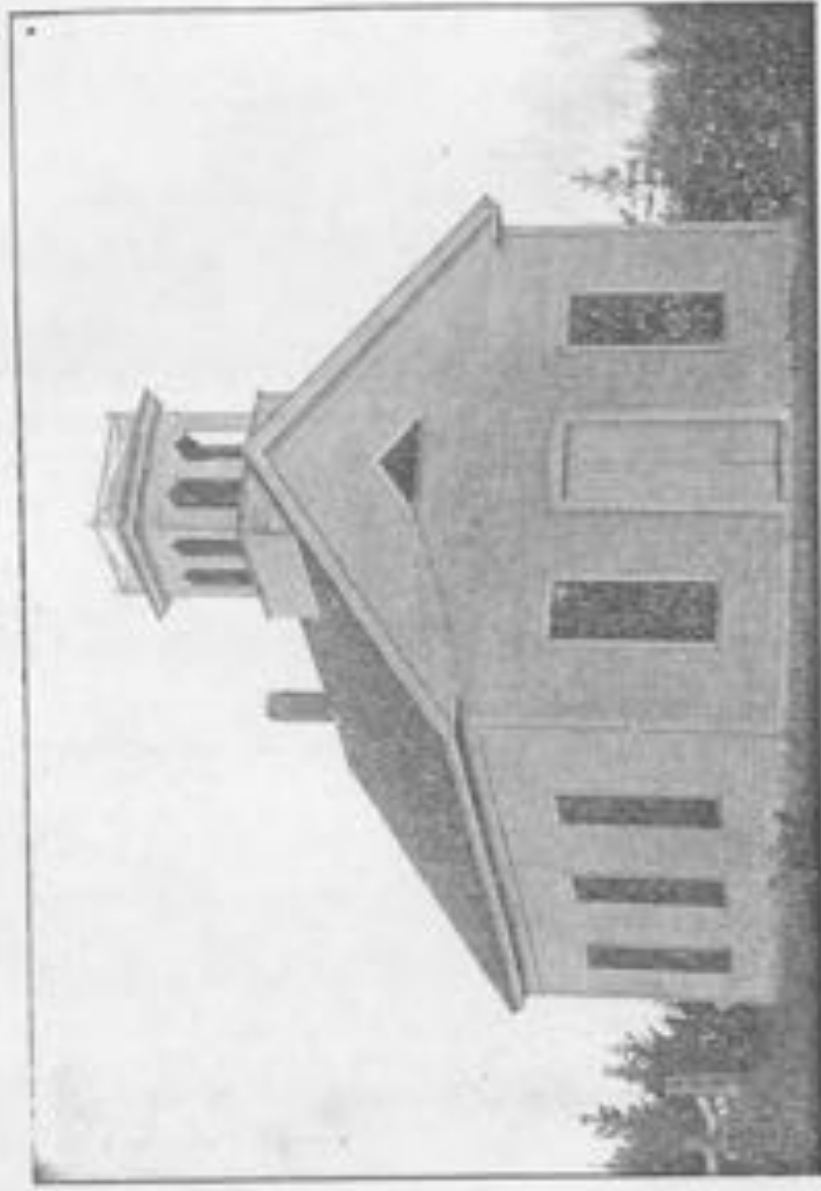
MRS. MARY BROWN, 92 YEARS.



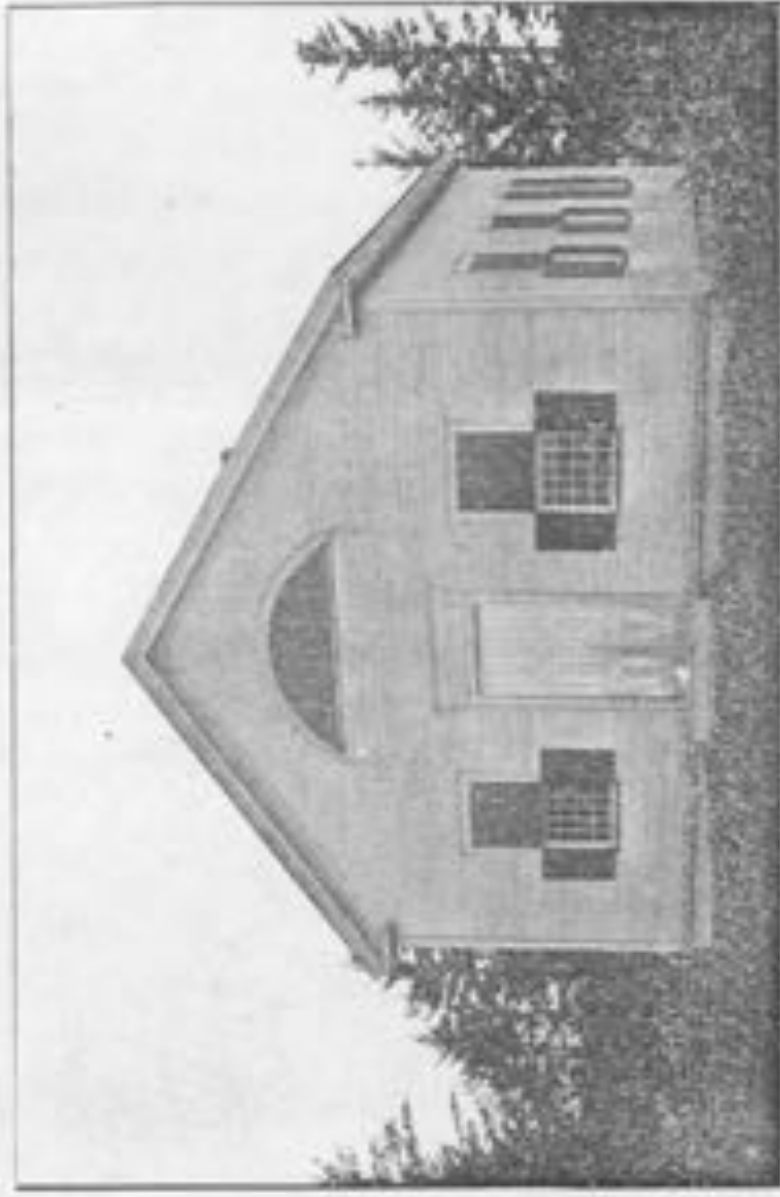
THE LATE REV. H. F. DAY, a former pastor of the Baptist Church.



VILLAGE SCHOOL HOUSE.



UNION CHURCH, SOUTH SURRY.



METHODIST CHURCH AT MORGAN'S BAY.



M. E. CHURCH, SURRY.



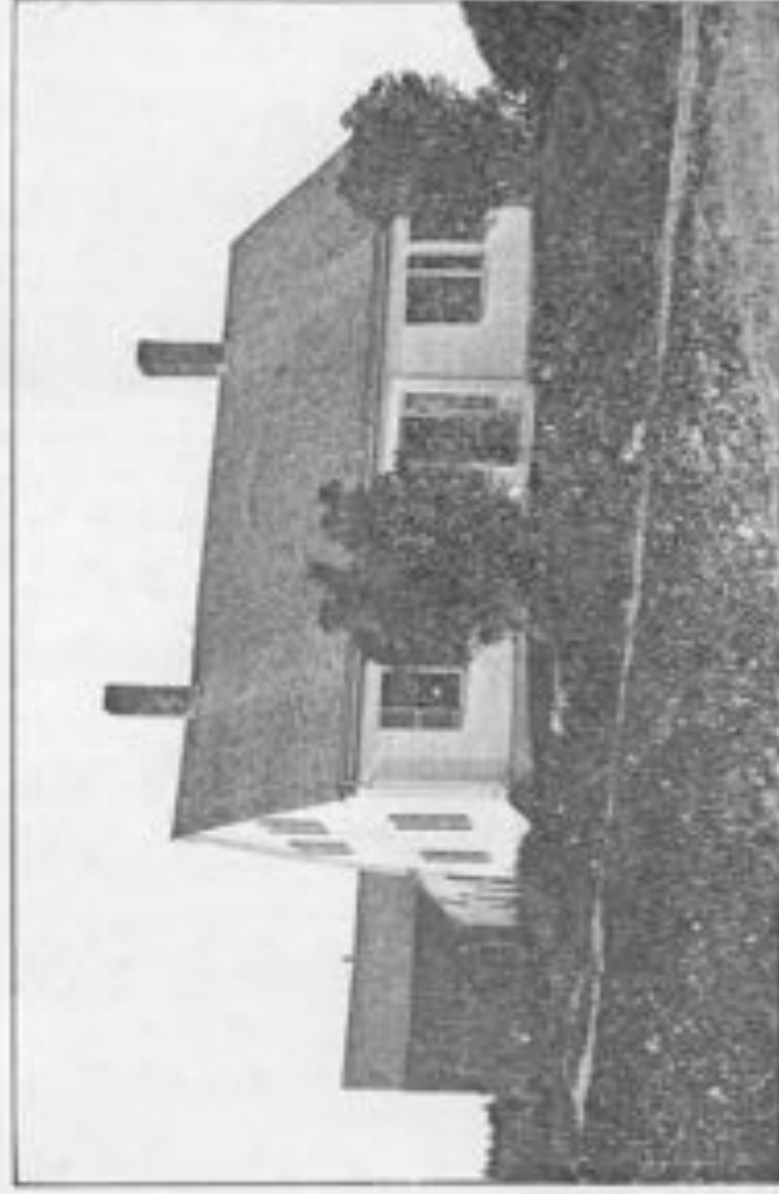
BAPTIST CHURCH, SURRY.



RESIDENCE OF VARDEN LORD.



HOMESTEAD OF THE LATE CAPT. JAMES H. KNOWLES.



THE OLDEST HOUSE IN TOWN NOW OWNED BY C. F. JARVIS.



RESIDENCE OF JOHN W. STAPLES.



RESIDENCE OF D. J. CURTIS.



RESIDENCE OF THE LATE E. H. TORREY.



DR. WM. E. EMERY.



RESIDENCE OF DR. WM. E. EMERY.



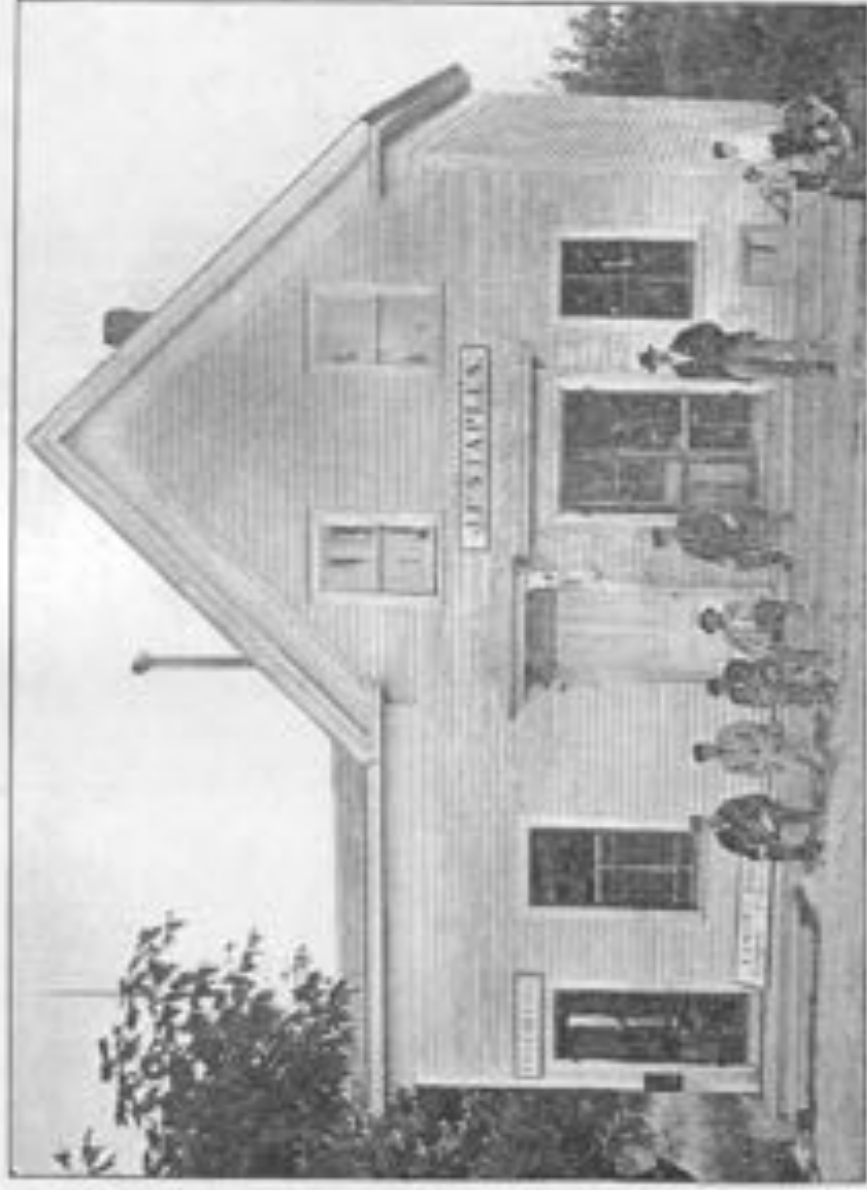
MANFORD E. LINNENEN



MANFORD E. LINNENEN'S STORE



JOHN FAIRFIELD STAPLES.



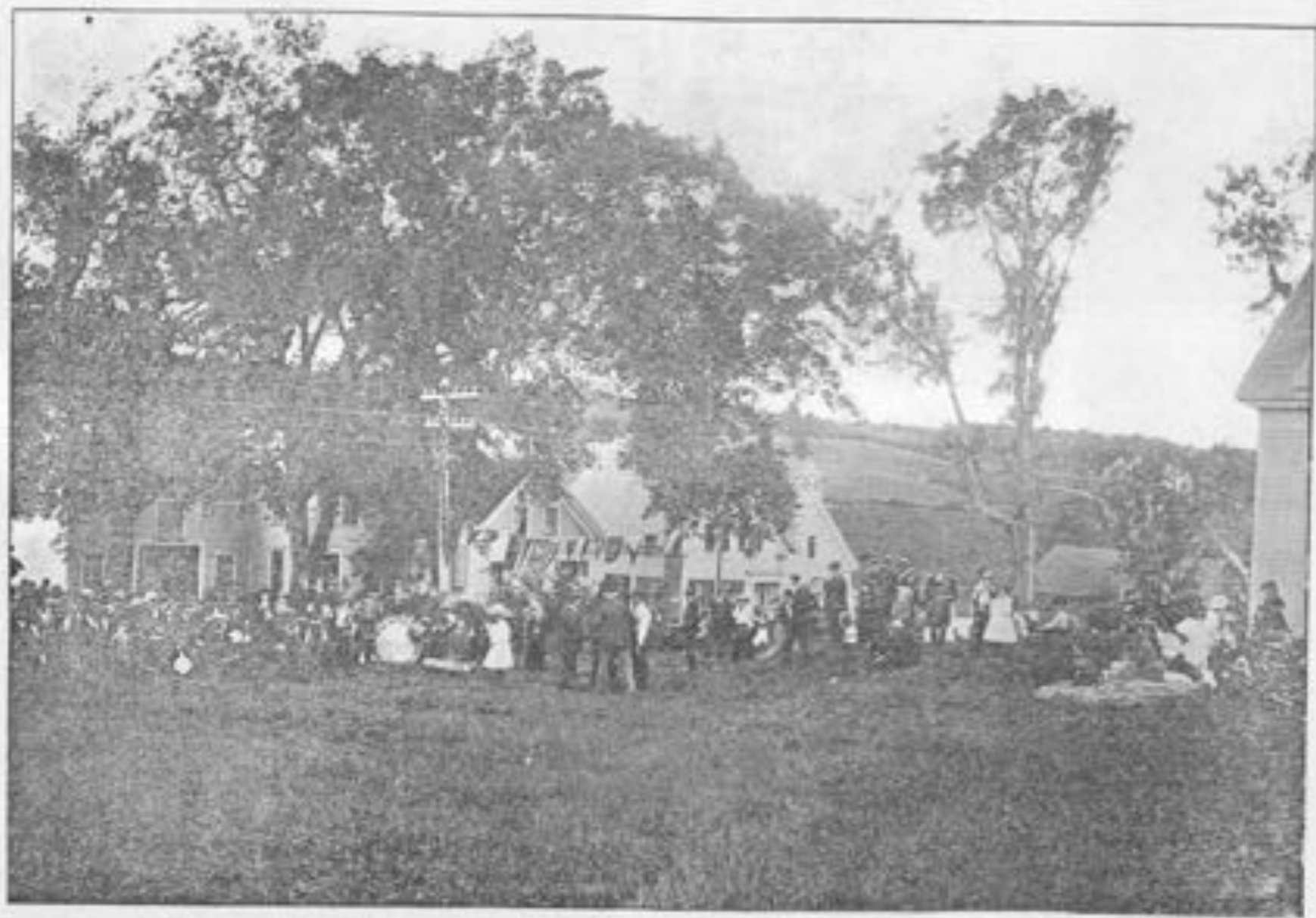
JOHN F. STAPLES' STORE.



CONTENTION COVE AND STEAMBOAT LANDING. MOUNT DESERT HILLS IN THE DISTANCE.



SEA WILLOWS, THE SUMMER HOME OF WM. F. STUART.



SCENE 2, MAIN STREET, DURING THE CELEBRATION.



RUINS OF THE OLD MILL DAM.