
Centennial History

of

Harrison, Maine

Containing

The Centennial Celebration of 1905, and Historical and Biographical Matter

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"All human beings, not utter savage, long
for some information about past times."

LORD MACAULAY

"It is wise for us to recur to the history of
our ancestors. Those who are regardless
of their ancestors * * * * * do not per-
form their duty to the world."

DANIEL WEBSTER

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front of the corn canning industry in Bridgton; as a large stockholder and director in the Bridgton and Saco Valley Railroad Co., and as a promoter of the successful establishment of the Bridgton Hotel, the Water Company and other local enterprises. He was a liberal contributor to the support of religion and the preaching of the Gospel. In politics he was an ardent Republican. In 1886, he married Miss Mildred Johnson of Yarmouth, who survives him and resides in Bridgton. Mr. Burnham's death occurred on January 7, 1902.

AI, third son of Abraham, b. June 21, 1807, married Polly Whitcomb of Waterford and lived at Bolster's Mills for several years before 1850. They afterward lived at Barrow's (Scribner's) Mills, where he built a dwelling house. Their last years were spent at South Windham, in Gorham. They were universally esteemed by all who knew them for their Christian character, and many virtues. He died July 26, 1881.

NATHANIEL BURNHAM married, January 24, 1799, Abigail Scribner in Waterboro, Maine, born January 22, 1778, a sister to Abraham's wife, and settled in Harrison on the farm owned and occupied by the family for more than fifty years; since become famous as the location of the Summit Spring, one of the most remarkable springs ever discovered in New England. Mr. Burnham built one of the first frame houses in town. He was a very industrious and prosperous farmer. He was a leading citizen, serving his town as selectman and town treasurer many years in succession from the date of its organization. He had seven children by his first wife. He died October 12, 1837. His first wife died November 25, 1819. His second wife, who was Nancy Marshall of Alfred, Maine, to whom he was married April 30, 1820, was the mother of two children. She died November 12, 1866. Children by first wife were:

BANI, b. Nov. 12, 1799, married Eliza Haskell in 1820, settled on a farm adjoining that of his father and had seven

With these recollections in mind it certainly gives me great pleasure to have the privilege of meeting with you today, and joining in the celebration of the anniversary of this grand old town of Harrison. Of course there are other towns and cities in this broad land of ours, which may be larger in area, and may be able to boast of a much greater population, of more manufacturing industries, and of a larger valuation, but, with all this in their favor, there is probably no spot on earth so dear to many of us here today as Harrison. Its situation makes it the most lovely spot that the sun ever shone upon. So beautiful, so lovely, is this situation that it can justly claim to be at the head of this great County, seated as it is at the head of the line, watching over the destinies of the grand old County of Cumberland.

Harrison, with its beautiful Long Lake reaching down through the center of the County, or nearly so, with its charming long arms still further stretched out as if inviting both strangers and friends to come and enjoy with us its pleasures and beauty; to roam over its beautiful hills, which are so high that they overlook nearly all of the County; to wander in its forests; to drink of God's only beverage for man or beast at Summit Spring, that fountain of life, the drinking from which will renew the youth of the old, if any such a place was ever created; to enjoy the lovely lake at the northern part of the town known, I believe, to the younger people here as Crystal Lake, but to us older members of the tribe as Anonymous Pond; to delight, in the eastern part of the town, in the beauties of the valley of Crooked River, which, besides being known far and wide for its picturesqueness and charm, also affords

us excellent water power for our mills; and to note at the southern part of the town the same beauties which the eastern and western parts can boast. You may travel the world over, go into every corner of the earth if you like, and you can find no more suitable location for the Garden of Eden than the town of Harrison. This is the land which flows with milk and honey. Here is the place where many of us spent our childhood days. It is here we had our greatest pleasures and enjoyments, but like all others we did not fully realize the blessings with which we were surrounded. We were in the spring-time of life, and we could not comprehend it, always wishing for something better, for something different from what we had.

But now we are at a mile-stone, and, while we do not wish to turn back after having put our hands to the plow, we do want to stop and review the past, talk of the present, and consider the future. Let us look at the blessings which we had in our younger days, and comprehend and enjoy now through memory those things which we ought to have enjoyed more in our youth; and let us pass in review some of the pleasant things which have happened, some of the kind acts and charities performed in this good old town. While this is a day of joy, I feel that there is somewhere also a note of sadness. Let us speak not only of the bright side of the picture, but somewhat of that which lies in the shadow. As I look about me and go over the past, I call to mind those good old citizens who were ever maintaining the puritanic ideas, and were always faithful and true to their own convictions; those men and women who lived a life which made other men and women better, which made them true to themselves and to their God; who always had