

smoke these fish on the beach over a fire made of beech leaves and beech wood. These fish could be kept sweet and palatable for long periods of time.

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### THOSE PIONEERS OF LINCOLN, MAINE

They were brave-hearted men, and true,  
 Those pioneers of Lincoln, Maine.  
 There was so much for them to do,  
 They never thought of wealth or fame.

They cleared the land and tilled the soil,  
 And built themselves a home;  
 A hut at first just made of logs,  
 But a place to call their own.

They killed wild game and fished the streams,  
 And lived the best they could.  
 They cooked in kettles made of brass,  
 And ate from plates of wood.

Men sat at night by the fireside,  
 When their days work was done;  
 The children laughed and played about,  
 While the women knit or spun.

They used a pitch knot for a light  
 And the sun for telling time,  
 They studied the works of nature,  
 And heeded every sign.

Sometimes they slept on beds of boughs  
 Beneath the starlit sky.  
 Their prayers were for the future years,  
 Their dreams, of days gone by.

They knew they had a worthwhile goal  
 And courage with which to win;  
 They knew that God was leading them  
 And they put their faith in him.

They were the founders of our town.  
 May we honor and cherish each name.  
 They blessed the trail and made it safe,  
 Those pioneers of Lincoln, Maine.

THE FOLLOWING INSCRIPTIONS WERE TAKEN FROM  
STONES IN THE OLD TRANSALPINE CEMETERY

- Hannah wife of Wm. Doble died Apr. 24-1834 - 27 years old
- Joseph Davis died July 31-1876 - 75 Years 6 months
- Sarah Jane daughter of Joseph & Rebecca Davis Died July 23 -  
1845 20 years
- Mrs Louise Wife of Stephen P Hewes died Nov. 25 - 1840 aged  
20 y - 10 months Also infant son 13 days old.
- Addison N. son of Andrew & Pomelia Bramley died Nov. 2 -1853  
20 years . 3 months.
- Charlie. Son of Andrew & Lucy Edwards died Feb. 2 - 1863 10 years.
- Andrew Edwards died Mar. 12 - 1852 50 years 21 days His wife.  
Lucy Frost died Nov. 16 - 1876 51 years 4 months 20 days.
- Moses, son of Rev. Winthrop & Martha Frost, died July 10, 1843
- Hezekiah Lombard died Jan. 2 - 1879 85 years of age.
- Petience Lombard, wife of Hezekiah Lombard, died Aug. 25 - 1851  
50 years 9 months.
- Ruth, wife of Joseph Gowen, died Oct. 9 - 1843 65 years.
- James M., son of William and Lydia Gowen died Sept. 10 -1852  
5½ years of age.

There are others buried in this cemetery whose names  
are not listed above but these people did not have stones and  
for this reason are not given.



The  
Deserted  
Cold Stream  
Shore

THE OLDEST LIVING DESCENDANTS  
OF LINCOLN PIONEERS

1937

Tristram Coburn, now residing in Methuen, Mass.

He is 92 years old.

Rheobe Buck Coffin, now residing in Centrelia, Wash.

She is 87 years old.

Elmire Yelland Phinney, now residing in Bangor, Me.

She is 83 years old.

Orlando Lowe, now residing in Danforth, Me.

He is 82 years old.

Arthur Coburn, now residing in Portage Lake, Me.

Ass C. Cley, now residing in Lincoln, Me.

He is 77 years old.

Eli Delenc, now residing in Transelpine, Me.

Ben Eskell, now residing in Lincoln, Me.

Daniel Cley, now residing in Lincoln, Me.

He is 74 years old.

Prince Delenc, now residing in Transelpine, Me.

It was the writer's good fortune to take an automobile trip up through the northern part of the state, last summer. After leaving Smyrne Mills (on the road to Massardis) there is about twenty-two miles of forest. The driver stopped for a brief rest about midway on this road. There was a clearing on the left hand side of the road, going north. Some unaccountable feeling seemed to urge the writer to get out of the car and wander about. Never before had I ever had a stranger feeling of being led on by an unforeseen power. It was evident that this spot had once been a farm. There were still indications of a house, which appeared to have burnt down. Then a force still more undescribable drew the writer to the back field. Here, much to my amazement, I found a lonely stone projecting above a low growth of underbrush. The inscription read-

JULIA ANN, Wife of Benj. H. Hewes  
 Died June 13, 1850  
 (There was also mention of their three children)

This took the writer's thoughts back to Transplaine - to Chandler Bruce's place which was cleared in the year 1800 by Benj. H. Hewes.

Perhaps it was the wind that spoke  
 In tones both soft and low.  
 A gentle breeze among the trees  
 Just blowing to and fro.  
 Perhaps it was an angel's voice  
 Sent forth on wings of night  
 To guide the wanderer's weary feet  
 To a grave ne'r hidden from sight.  
 It was such a lonely, desolate spot  
 And yet it seemed to be  
 Alive with things both old and young  
 Like a garden of memories.  
 There was a silence about the place  
 That soothed the wretched mind.  
 It took away the present day  
 And brought back olden times.  
 A bird sent forth a lonesome song  
 As heavenward he flew  
 Like a beautiful benediction-  
 O'er the grave of JULIA ANN HEWES.

## THE OLD SPRUCE TREES BY THE ROAD SIDE

Note: It has been said that Rev. Joseph Gowen was at one time a representative to the Legislature. He was one of the finest and best educated men of his time. He helped survey the road between Burlington and Transalpine. He preached in Burlington when he had to blaze his own trail through the woods. The following lines were written by Miss Gertie Fiske, great-granddaughter of Rev. Joseph Gowen, who at one time lived with her family at Bruce's Corner. The spruces of which she speaks can be seen today on the left hand side of the road, going over, on property belonging to Lore Libby.

The old spruce trees stand by the roadside,  
 Lined up against the soft blue sky  
 With a soft wind rushing thru them,  
 Like a sigh for days gone by.

Long, long years they have stood there,  
 In winter's sleet and snow,  
 In summer's warmth and beauty,  
 In autumn's golden glow.

Long, long years they have stood there  
 Watching each passer by,  
 Noting the joy or sadness  
 Of each one as he passes nigh.

And the winds sigh sadly thru them,  
 Mourning for those who have gone,  
 And for the lonely loved ones,  
 Whose hearts are so forlorn.

For life and light and beauty  
 Die out when love is done,  
 And only sadness meets us  
 At the rising of the sun.

Why these changes, we know not,  
 But listening to the tone  
 Of the spruce trees solemn cadence,  
 We feel that God does love his own.

-Gertie Fiske

MR. GOWEN'S HORSES

Mr. Gowen owned a famous pair of horses - Whitie and Blackie. One spring ( after much deliberation ) he finally hired them out to Stone & Murrey's Circus which was to travel across the state. Horace Buden went along as teamster to drive Mr. Gowen's horses. The owner of the circus promised to let him know how his horses were getting along from time to time.

Days, weeks and even months passed and no word came regarding the horses. Mr. Gowen was greatly alarmed. He thought a lot of these horses and considered them worth much money.

Mr. Gowen could not sleep nights for thinking about his horses. Most of the neighbors in that particular part of the town knew about the case and each seemed to have a different plan for recovering them. Several people advised Mr. Gowen to put a good smart officer on their trail and this is exactly what he did.

It was late fall before he got his horses home but they returned in good condition and seemed none the worse for their wanderings.



A GREEN TEAMSTER

One summer Mr. Gowen, found himself in need of an extra hand about his farm. Quite a few boys about town came in to apply and he considered them all carefully. He finally selected Young Sam Kneeland. Some people wondered why he hired Sam because he was green and inexperienced. However Mr. Gowen had a wonderful understanding of human nature and various ways of testing a man's worth. He liked Sam's honest, smiling face, the harmless mischief lurking in his eyes and the confidence which he seemed to have in himself.

Sam's first task was to drive the famous horse Whittie on a harrow. It was an old, old saying that the horse usually knew more than the teamster. But this was not always the case because Sam was an exceptionally smart boy.

Sam got along fine until about eleven o'clock when the dinner horn blew. He was then part way across the field and the horse stopped short. He couldn't start him again either. He coaxed him, pushed him and even threw small pebbles at him but still the horse wouldn't budge an inch. Believing that the animal must be part mule, Sam sat down in disgust.

Finally, a man working in the other end of the field came to Sam's rescue and explained that the horse expected to be fed when the horn blew at noon and that he could expect no more work from Whittie until he had first had his dinner.





WHEN SAMUEL WAS A BOY

When Samuel was a youngster  
He worked on Gowen's farm.  
He drove a horse named Whitie  
And helped around the barn.

But he was green, Oh very green  
Though quick and full of vim.  
And of course was new to Whitie  
And Whitie was new to him.

But Sam, he smiled a great big smile  
And whistled a merry tune  
And all went well, and all went SWELL  
'Till the dinner horn blew at noon.

Then the horse stopped short, right on the spot  
And Sam was greatly amazed.  
He gave him a slap and a gentle crack  
But STILL he stood as if dazed.

Then Sam sat down, upon the ground  
To rest his weary feet.  
And things he said, to himself in his head,  
Would NOT be fit to repeat.

Soon an older man, working close at hand  
Who was taller than Sam- and thinner  
Explained to him, with a good natured grin  
That the HORSE expected his dinner.

So this is the story of mischievous Sam  
A man of great renown.  
He got his start as a farm hand  
In the southern part of the town.

But always in school, he obeyed the rule  
And looked extremely WISE-  
But a Long Ridge man, who was jealous of Sam  
Called him -THE DEVIL IN DISGUISE.

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MEMOIR OF FRANCIS YELLAND, Sr.

Mr. Yelland came to America at the age of twenty-two. The following is a little extract from an account which he wrote:

"I left Liverpool, England, for America on April 12, 1845 and landed in Boston on May 18, 1845, making one month and six days in crossing the Atlantic Ocean."

Mr. Yelland was married in 1846 to a young lady who had come from England, two years previous, to her sister's in Pennsylvania. Her sister taught her the milliner's trade. That was when bonnets were being made by hand - which only a few can remember.

Mr. and Mrs. Yelland came to Lincoln in 1846 and bought a farm of Chandler Bruce, who lived at BRUCE'S CORNER. Mr Yelland's farming was not very successful, as the deer and other animals came at night and feasted on his crops. He finally became discouraged and moved back to Massachusetts where he worked at his trade.

In 1860 the Yellands returned to Lincoln again, this time buying a farm of Peter Coburn. This Coburn farm was cleared by Syrus Johnson, who sold same to Mr. Coburn and then Mr. Coburn sold to Mr. Yelland, who lived here until his death.

Mr. Yelland's second attempt at farming was not entirely successful as he farmed mostly on the advice of others. One of his neighbors would advise one method and another neighbor would advise a different method. This kept him alert in both mind and body.

One day he asked a farmer, who happened to be passing, where he thought he had ought to plant his corn. The farmer