

THE STAPLES SCHOOL.

Marble Memorial Tablet Placed in Building Saturday.

The former pupils of master Staples, placed in the old school room, in the Staples School building, on Center street, Saturday last, a marble tablet in token of their regard for their old master of forty or more years ago. The tablet is of white marble, 45 inches by 30 inches, on which is the following inscription in gold letters.

FRANKLIN STAPLES,
Principal 1856—1891.

A teacher of rare talents, a beloved physician and an honored man.

His "old boys" tribute,
1901.

This marble tablet is placed opposite the teacher's desk, over the door, on the back wall of the main school room. It is an ornament to the room, where the "old boys" sat before the Rebellion and is an object lesson to those who will come after them.

This is not all that was done. They had the pleasure of hanging, on the wall, back of the platform, where Master Staples and his assistants sat, and opposite the tablet, a fine portrait of the old master which is presented to the school by his family and was sent from Winona, Minn., arriving at the building while the tablet was being put up, a most fortunate circumstance that the work might be completed in the room at that time.

His old scholars have in preparation, a granite tablet to be placed in the front of the building, on which will be, in large raised letters,

STAPLES SCHOOL.

This will be put up later.

The Boys Center Grammar School of 1856-1891, at that time, was thought to have been a well managed school and the scholars stand as high as any in the city. Since then the results of those boys lives compare favorably with those of any other school in town. They have shown what they learned under Master Staples instruction and thoughtful care and have taken this opportunity to show their appreciation of his interest and devotion to their good. It is well that this is done while Dr. Staples lives. Although unable to make the journey here to see it, he is enjoying most fully the pleasure of knowing that his work has not been forgotten in Portland where his heart remains to this day.

A reunion of the old scholars of Master Staples will be held in the old school room, at a later date of which due notice will be given them, when the arrangements are completed. It is proposed to have an enjoyable afternoon for the "old boys."

REV. ELIJAH KELLOGG
AND HIS ANCESTRY

Eminent Divine and Famous Story Writer
Nearing the End.

REVIEW OF HIS REMARKABLE CAREER

Native of Portland and Came of Good Stock—Wrote Many
Juvenile Books That Were Widely Read—As a
Preacher He Was Original and Sincere—Story of His
Early Life.

(BY NATHAN GOULD.)

"The pages of thy book I read,
And as I closed each one,
My heart, responding, ever said,
'Servant of God! Well done!'"

ELIJAH KELLOGG'S name will remain with us as one of the noted authors who were born in Portland. His fame rests in his authorship of nearly 20 good, wholesome books for boys that have been of the most intense interest to at least three generations. As a preacher he has exhibited qualities that have stamped him as a man of originality, sincerity and sense and no man could wish to have more genuine regard felt for him than is that held by the people of Harpswell, among whom he has lived for over half a century. It is my purpose to deal with his ancestry and some facts known to me of his life.

Mr. Kellogg came of good stock. He was born in Portland, May 20, 1813, in a house that stood on Congress street, nearly opposite Owen Moore & Co's store. He was the son of Rev. Elijah Kellogg and Eunice McLehan, who were married July 1, 1792. His father, after his marriage, bought a lot on Free street of Dr. Watts and built himself a house opposite the head of South street. Brown street was called Watts' lane in 1785. Judge Isaac Parker came here from Castine in 1799 and bought the house and made large additions and improvements. In 1806 Parker sold to Benjamin Willis and moved to Boston. Willis lived here and the house was destroyed by fire in October 1842, whereupon his son, Hon. Wm. Willis,

South the house now occupied by Dr. Charles W. Bray, where he lived until his death in 1870.

After selling his house his father seems to have removed to the Congress street home, but about 1813 moved to Cumberland street into the house, now standing, near Brown street, where his granddaughter, Mrs. Sophia B. Hedlow, now lives. Elijah, Jr., was then about six years of age and the trees, in front of the house, he assisted in setting out. Here he spent his boyhood and here he grew up.

Rev. Elijah Kellogg, Jr. entered Bowdoin college and graduated in the class of 1840. He graduated from Andover Theological seminary in 1843 and then went to Harpswell, where they had built the Center Harpswell meeting house for him, in which he has preached since that time. The church was dedicated Sept. 28, 1843 and Rev. John W. Chickering of the High Street church, preached the dedicatory sermon. Parson Kellogg's salary was \$100 a year. For lack of support he went to Boston in 1854 but his connection with the church was never broken, although for several years he only officiated in the summer season. About 1856 he married Hannah Pomeroy, a daughter of Rev. Thaddeus Pomeroy, who formerly was settled at Gorham, but in 1839 removed to western New York, where he died in 1855, aged 76 years. Their children are Frank Gilman Kellogg and Mary Catherine, the wife of Harry Bachelder, both residing in Melrose Highlands, Mass. He was the son of a Revolutionary soldier and a member of the Massachusetts Society of the Sons of the American Revolution.

At Boston Mr. Kellogg was the chaplain of the Seaman's Friend society and it was here he did most of the literary work that has made him famous. Of his books there were six in the Elm Island stories, six in the Forest Glen series six in the Pickering Cove series, in the Whispering Pine series, 10, and a volume, Norman Clint, published in 1897. There may be others recalled. His wife died in 1881, having been born in 1821. She was buried in our Western cemetery.

Mr. Kellogg's Ancestors.

Rev. Elijah Kellogg, the father, was born in South Hadley, Mass., Aug. 17, 1741, and in the spring of 1775 at 13, became a drummer boy in the minute men and helped to carry off the wounded at the Battle of Bunker Hill. He joined Colonel Dike's regiment and served at Dorchester in the siege of Boston. Jan. 1, 1777, he enlisted for three years in Colonel Thomas Marshall's regiment and marched to Fort Mifflin and was in the retreat from that fort in July of that year. He, no doubt, was at the battles of Stillwater and Saratoga and witnessed the surrender of Burgoyne. He was at Valley Forge during the dismal winter of 1777-1778 and fought in the battle of Monmouth on that hot June day, marching back to the Hudson river, where he served out the balance of his enlistment. He was pensioned as a drum major.

After Mr. Kellogg's discharge from the army he entered Dartmouth college where he graduated at 25 and became a Congregational minister. He came to Portland and his preaching aroused intense interest and he was

ordained as the first pastor of the Second Parish in 1788 whose church was on the corner of Middle and Deer streets. He remained with this church 23 years and during the latter part of the time, Rev. Edward Payson was his colleague. He became the pastor of the Third parish in 1807, at its formation as the Chapel society where he remained 9 years. He was a missionary in the eastern part of Maine for 11 years but his family resided in the Cumberland street house when he died March 2, 1842, aged 80 years. His wife Eunice died Oct. 17, 1850, aged 80 years. They had five children—die in infancy, and two daughters who died when young women. The oldest son, Joseph McLellan Kellogg was born May 27, 1794, married Nov. 12, 1823 Sophie Brazier and Mrs. Sophia B. Hedlow, of this city, is the youngest of the four children. He died Sept. 8, 1870, aged 71 years. The Rev. Elijah Kellogg, Jr., was the youngest son. The father, with Elijah Dix of Boston, bought about six acres where Hancock street is, and had that street laid out through it, in 1800, to develop the land. He was one of those quaint parsons, with strong parts who graced the pulpits of the former generations, but are not known to the present.

Originated in Massachusetts.

The Kellogg family originated in Massachusetts with Joseph Kellogg, a weaver, of Farmington, Conn., in 1651, who removed to Boston as early as 1659 and to Hadley not later than 1662. His first wife Joanna, who died in 1666, was the ancestor of this family. He was the father of 20 children and died in 1707. He was a proprietor in 1663, a sergeant in the military that year, ensign in 1678 and a lieutenant in 1679. He took part in the Indian battle called the Wallis fight, in 1676 and was the ferryman at Hadley and his family kept it nearly a century. He was often a selectman. In 1673 his second wife was presented to the court for not wearing silk according to law and acquitted.

John Kellogg, son of the above, was born in 1616 and married, in 1639, Sarah Moody, a daughter of Samuel, who died in 1689 and he died between 1723 and 1728. His son Joseph Kellogg, was born in 1645, went to South Hadley and married in 1711, Abigail Smith, a daughter of Ebenezer, who was born in 1632. Their son Joseph Kellogg, Jr., was born in 1724 and married Dorothy Taylor. She was born in 1710 and died Aug. 23, 1801. He was on the committee of correspon-

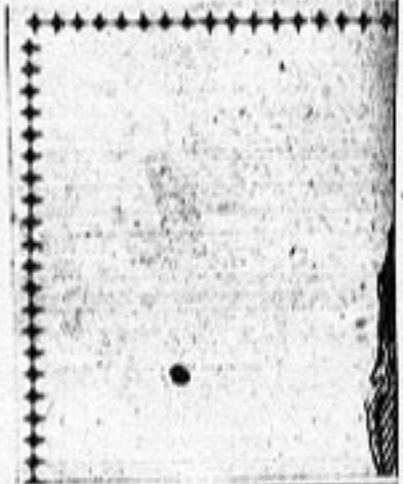
debce and inspection at South Hadley, in the revolution, and died Oct. 14, 1810, aged 84 years. His son Elijah, born in 1741, was the father of Rev. Elijah Kellogg of Harpswell.

Mother of Elijah Kellogg.

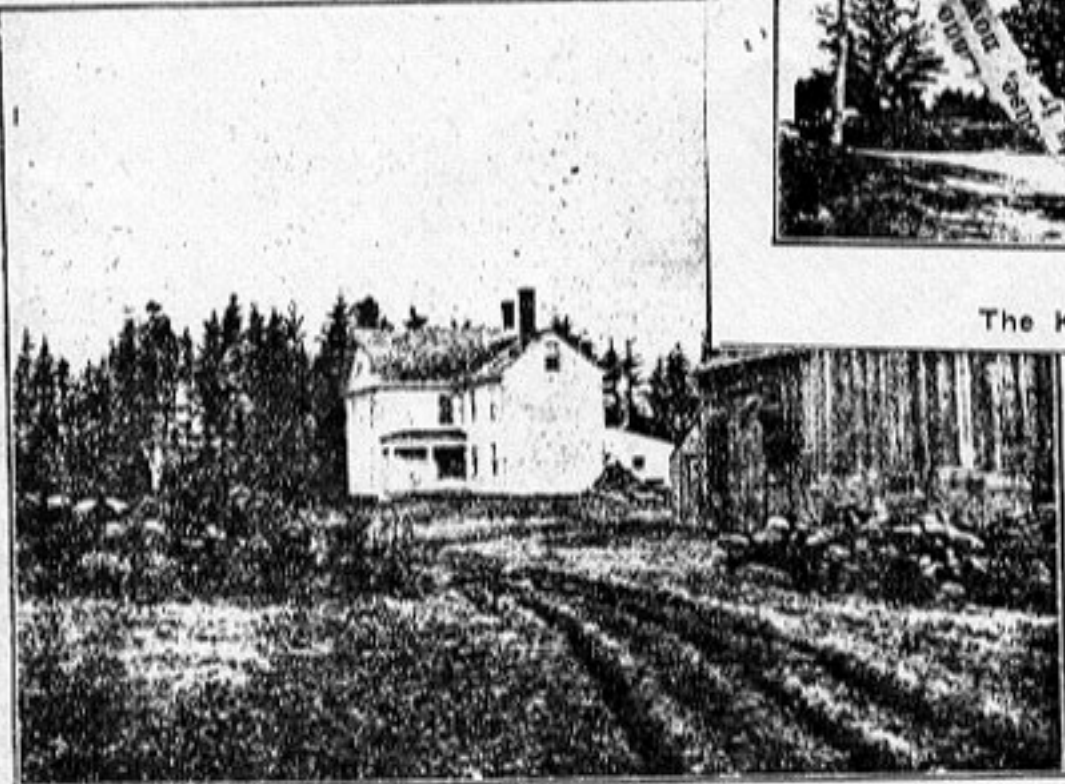
Eunice McLellan, the mother of Elijah Kellogg, was the daughter of Joseph and Mary McLellan of this town and was born Jan. 1, 1775. Her father's house stood on Congress street, where Foster Avery & Co's. store now is, nearly opposite Casco street. He was the son of Brice and Jane McLellan, who lived in what is known as the old house in town, on York street, where he was born in 1732. Brice McLellan came from Antrim, north of Ireland, and died in 1776. Joseph McLellan died in 1830, aged 55 years. He was a sea captain and was at the siege of Quebec when Gen. Wolfe was killed and was a company and

captain in the army of the revolution. When the town was burned by Mowat in 1775, Capt. Joseph McLellan arrived off our harbor and for protection put into Harpswell harbor to save his vessel. His wife, Liary McLellan, was in the Congress street house and when the notice was given that the town was to be burned she packed off her furniture to Gorham. She took out the windows and sent her second son, with their horse and chaise, to remove the aged and infirm in which duty he was engaged all night. Then a chaise was a rare article in town and, in 1775, the

experience of one woman during that trying time. She spent the winter at Gorham and her house was used for a commissary store and barracks. The one-story ell of the house is now standing near the foot of Preble street. The above Mary McLellan, wife of Joseph, was the daughter of Hugh McLellan of Gorham. Her ancestors emigrated from Aberdeen, in Scotland, in 1580, to the County of Kent, England, and from there to Antrim, from which, Hugh McLellan came to Boston and then to Back Cove where he bought a



The Kellogg Church at Harpswell Center.



The Elijah Kellogg Homestead at North Harpswell.



Provincial Congress voted seven pounds to Joseph McLellan for damage done to this chaise by the Penobscot Indian chiefs when on their way to Cambridge, in 1775. She started her children to Gorham to their grandfather's. Elijah Kellogg's mother was then but five, but she proceeded the whole distance on foot. Mrs. McLellan staid by her home in which was stored a large quantity of salt then of great value. A shell from the vessels fell into the garden and she immediately ran out and heaped damp earth over it and put out the fuse and prevented an explosion. A round shot came into one room while she was passing through it, but she still remained in the house to protect their property. People came in pretending to save her goods when in reality they were after plunder and they stole considerable of her salt in spite of her vigilance. Such was the

then a wilderness. Mary McLellan died in 1804, aged 63 yaers. Hugh McLellan died at Gorham in 1787, aged 77 years. His wife, Elizabeth, was the daughter of Carey McLellan and they were married in Ireland. The Eastern Argus said at the time of her death, "As a wife she did her husband good and not evil all the days of her life. She was very determined but at the same time, a very discreet and tender mother, a kind neighbor and an interesting and agreeable companion. This mother in Israel lived to see her descendants of the fourth generation (the whole number being two hundred and thirty-four) all of whom, excepting twenty-five, are now alive and rise up and call her blessed." Such was the ancestry of Elijah Kellogg and who could wish for better ancestors. Is it any wonder that he has

been a man of strong parts and has lived a life worthy of his forefathers, holding an enviable place in the world fairly won by honest and worthy efforts.

"The men of old—
They of undaunted wills—
Grew jubilant of heart and strong and bold,
On the encuring hills."

Honest and Conscientious.

Although small in stature and spare in flesh, Elijah Kellogg has been what might be called a rugged man. He had a clear complexion and a bright eye and had the appearance of health. One could not be with him but a few moments before they would discover that he was not an average man, but one who had a clear understanding of the world and had an honest and conscientious purpose in life that was not in the least guided by any selfish ends. It is refreshing to turn one side from this busy, selfish world and meet such a man.

At his church at Center Harpswell I heard Elijah Kellogg deliver a sermon on the evil of the love of money and as his example he took Judas' betrayal of the Saviour for 30 pieces of silver. He reduced the value of the bribes to dollars and cents and made a most vivid impression on his hearers of the betrayal and the contemptible meanness of Judas in selling his Lord and Master. It was a rare treat to hear his exposition of his text. He himself was an example of what a man without the love of money is. Without its influence he had a clearer understanding of the true end of life and the value of men's lives to the world. Perhaps that was his source of strength and influence with others.

Mr. Kellogg has been a man who has fully enjoyed the esteem the people have had for him, but shrank from the publicity it gave. *It is also now* Harpswell is as retired *as now* wish and he has enjoyed it. The house is 40 or 50 rods southwest from the main road and his field is surrounded by woods. The house is approached toward the back side, the front toward the sea being hemmed in by the trees, consequently all pictures show the back of the house and the ell. To the right, in those pictures, stands a regular weather beaten country barn. There are no near neighbors and in answer to a remark of that fact by the writer, he said they were near enough and after a pause, added, that no man had better neighbors than he and that the people of Harpswell were very near to each other; almost as one family. His field, which he cultivated, contains about 20 acres and in his later years he has not attempted more than enough for the sustenance of the family, one horse and a cow, which he cared for with his own hands. He has been annoyed somewhat by visits from curious persons who had no comprehension of this man without guile, who have rushed into print with an exaggerated account of his peculiarities.

His Home in Harpswell.

Standing in front of his barn, dressed in overalls with a jacket of the same material as he had just been feeding his animals, he gave the writer an outline of his life. This was an August day in 1892. He said that while at col-

lege he used to go to Harpswell and preach to the people occasionally and a friendship grew between them. He was asked if he would come and settle there after his graduation, to which he replied he would if they would build him a church.

Time wore on and his graduation at Andover was near at hand when a committee called upon him and asked if he was intending to keep his promise to which he replied, "If you keep yours," and they answered that the lumber was then on the ground for the church, to which he said, "Then I am with you." That was nearly 58 years ago. He had never thought that they would build the church and he had then an offer from a Massachusetts society at a larger salary. If he had accepted that offer his life would probably have been much different and his reputation would have rested on the popularity of his preaching. About 10 years later, because of the lack of support, he went to Boston and became connected with the Seaman's Friend society. His stories he wrote to increase his income but received little for them. "Good Old Times" was written for the magazine, Our Young Folks, which indicated to him his talent in that line and is a story that should be read by every boy and girl. One followed another but he spent his summers at Harpswell and after a number of years returned to his home for a permanent residence, where he has since remained.

He said that in the summer season he was besieged after his service sometimes by as many as 20 boys who wished to shake his hand because of the enjoyment his stories had given them. What greater tribute could a man wish than that, but he expressed a desire that he might escape it. I asked him if it was not a satisfaction to have written stories that the boys, with honest impulse, wished, in their gratitude, to take him by the hand. He made no reply but from the expansion of his eyes and mouth I saw he was touched. In answer to my inquiry he said he never now received any income from his books. That was my only visit to his home at Harpswell but the personality of the man made a lasting impression on my mind. As a lady said to me at the church, "He is a dear old man."

Preached in Portland.

During Old Home week Mr. Kellogg came to Portland, preached at the Second Parish and at Yarmouth, on the same day, a great task for such an aged man. He visited the Western cemetery where he expected to be laid at rest by the side of his wife, his father and mother and his brother's family. The lot is about 50 feet southeast of Master Jackson's granite monument, on the avenue next to the Western promenade in Range J.

The Western cemetery is a God's acre to many and should be made beautiful. Longfellow, whose father, mother, brother and sisters lie there, says:

"I like that ancient Saxon phrase which calls
The burial ground God's Acre! It is just:
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust."