in eloquent language of the past glory and the rising greatness of the Dudley family; and our venerable historian, Dean Dudley, with his delightful rhetoric, has "gilded the path to the Tomb!" I have been asked to follow with a few words for the State of Maine Dudleys, but, as I have said, the hour is late, and with their permission I will suppress my carefully type-written impromptu speech, and tell a short story, out of respect to my professional forerunner, the first lawyer of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, who "was looked upon with suspicion" probably because he was in the habit of telling stories. Being called upon, in these surroundings, to speak in praise of one's ancestors reminds me of a circumstance which happened to a friend of mine one Sunday last summer, at a small coast town in Maine. He attended the little church in the morning, and the minister, a gaunt, cadaverous man, offered up a most humble and abject apology to the Almighty, that a vile, wretched, grovelling worm of the dust should presume to address Him in behalf of other grovelling worms no more worthy than himself. My friend said to his companion, "That man is hungry! What he needs is something to eat!" So, after service, he made the minister's acquaintance, took him off to his hotel and gave him the best dinner he ever had. That evening, he said, the man stood up in the pulpit as straight as an arrow, looked the Almighty right in the face and thanked Him fervently that he had "made man just a little lower than the angels!" So much for what a good dinner can do!

But if we can believe much that has been written, the Dudleys have never stood in need of such adventitious aid to self-respect; for the "Dudley pride" is traditional from Sir Walter Scott to Dr. Holmes. I do not know how much historic justice there may be in this, but I cannot believe it to have been an arrogant pride or an o'er-weening self-esteem, for these are weaknesses which ill comport with the strength of character which made our ancestors men of authority; but that the Dudleys have been possessed of that degree of personal dignity and self-respect which by small minds is often mistaken for pride, I can well understand. The Dudleys whom I know of the seventh and eighth generation had that kind of pride written in their faces, and, as an aged friend of mine used to say, "God writes a legible hand!"

The sons and grandsons of the brave Lieut. James, the great-grandson of Gov. Thomas, were early settlers in Maine. The virgin forests and the broad waterways attracted them from Raymond and Brentwood in New Hampshire, and as early as 1760 we find their names in the records of Pownalborough (now Dresden), Pittston, Readfield, Winthrop and Mt. Vernon, in the region of the Kennebec. Timber-lands and kindred enterprises seem to have been attractive to the Dudleys, from the days when