

and ambitions centred, lived here; and so, early in March, 1847, having accepted a position as assistant engineer upon the Androscoggin and Kennebec Railroad, he came home from Washington. On March 30, 1847, he married Miss Marcia Winter, daughter of Capt. Samuel Winter, of Portland, and adopted daughter of Dr. John Merrill, of Portland. He entered at once with energy upon his professional duties. In 1850 the Portland and Kennebec Junction Railroad was built under his direction, and the same year he was appointed assistant engineer of the York and Cumberland Railroad; and was chief engineer and acting superintendent of the same road from 1851 to 1853. In 1852 he was appointed city engineer of Portland.

In August, 1853, his father died, leaving to him the old homestead which the family had held from the settlement of the town, one hundred and thirteen years. The farm was one of the best in Cumberland County, and Mr. Anderson at once began with enthusiasm to further enlarge and improve it. His neighborly relations with the farming people about him were always kindly and helpful; and many who had known the bounty of the father and grandfather, felt in more ways and in larger measure the continuance of the bounty by the son. The family had always been popular in the town, and their prosperity was enjoyed by none more than their old neighbors.

There were quaint characteristic criticisms made by some of the shrewd old farmers, when new methods were adopted and improvements introduced, especially when the end seemed to be to add only to the grace, comfort or convenience of living. But when the ornamental trees grew more and more beautiful from year to year, and the handsome cemented stone wall stood the test of several winters; when the improved buildings, barns, stables, dry cellars and warmer houses all proved in the end a saving of time, labor and money, besides greatly increasing the value of the property, they no longer looked upon the innovations as "Mr. Anderson's notions," but as real wisdom and foresight.

No such impulse to stock-breeding had ever been given in town or county as that of Mr. Anderson's introduction of his handsome Devonshire cattle; and in a few years he had the finest herd in New England. But it was not his nature to have, and not wish to share. He encouraged his neighbors in many ways to improve their farms,