

**JOHN TAYLOR GILMAN,
M. D., PORTLAND MAINE:
A MEMORIAL FOR THE
FAMILY**

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John Taylor Gilman, M. D., Portland Maine: A Memorial for the Family by Charles H. Bell

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CHARLES H. BELL

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FAMILY**

JOHN TAYLOR GILMAN,

"The Beloved Physician."



John Taylor Gilman.

JOHN TAYLOR GILMAN, M. D.,

PORTLAND, MAINE.

MEMORIAL
FOR THE FAMILY.

Medical Book Club. A 159
1885

By CHARLES H. BELL.

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MEMOIR.

Dr. John Taylor Gilman was a descendant, in the sixth generation, from Edward Gilman, of Welsh extraction, who emigrated from Hingham in England to this country in 1638, and fixed his residence in Exeter, New Hampshire, about nine years later. His descendants were numerous. The branch from which Dr. Gilman sprang was notable for the position and influence of many of its members. John Gilman, the son of the immigrant ancestor, was a mandamus Councillor of New Hampshire on its erection into a royal province, in 1680; Nicholas, his son, was a Judge of the Superior Court of the province; Daniel, the Councillor's grandson, was a large farmer, a colonel in the militia and a leading citizen; Nicholas, the fourth in descent from Edward, was the right hand of the Chief Executive, and the financial agent of New Hampshire in the Revolution; Nathaniel, the great great grandson of the Councillor, and the father of the subject of this sketch, succeeded his parent as continental loan officer, was eight years Treasurer

of the State, three years a member of the higher branch of the Legislature, and held other positions of trust and dignity. He was commonly known as Colonel Gilman, from having in early life held the command of a regiment of militia.

The mother of Dr. Gilman and the second wife of his father, was Dorothea, a daughter of Captain Nathaniel Folsom of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and grand-daughter of General Nathaniel Folsom, who as a captain at the age of twenty-nine, distinguished himself by a gallant exploit in the old French war, at lake George; was, during the Revolution, the commanding officer of the militia of New Hampshire, and was four times chosen a delegate to the continental Congress.

John Taylor Gilman was born in Exeter, May 9, 1806, and was the eighth of the eleven children of his father. His childhood and youth up to the age of sixteen years, were passed in his native town. His father's dwelling was a typical New England home of the best class. The house was a spacious old mansion with a gambrel roof, overshadowed by a wide-spreading elm, and fronting on a quiet village street. It was flanked on one side by a yard, lined with barns and other farm buildings, and on the other by a well cared for garden which extended far back, filled with old-fashioned flowering plants, and fruits and vegetables. Beyond that the farm ran off into cultivated fields, pastures, and, finally extensive woodlands, stretching for upwards of a

mile along the bank of "fresh river," a winding, picturesque stream, chiefly prized by the boys for bathing and fishing in summer, and for skating in winter.

The house was the abode of plenty and hospitality and charity. Col. Gilman was a gentleman of the old school, who to the last wore ruffles at his shirt front, and his hair in a queue. His frame was stalwart, his figure erect, his voice stentorian. He was a large farmer, and was deeply interested in all agricultural improvements, as well as in every matter of public concern. Whenever a farmers' meeting occurred, or the court opened its session, or any other extraordinary occasion brought an influx of strangers into town, the Colonel caused the "long room" to be filled with tables, and scores of invited guests partook of his bountiful hospitality. It was the rule of the house that no one should depart thence unfilled.

The mistress of the establishment was a helpmeet for such a master. She had the whole art of housekeeping at her fingers' ends. Handsome as she was reputed to be in her young ladyhood, she seemed to grow even handsomer with added years. Her trim figure became a little more full, while her dark eyes and her fresh rich color preserved every jot of their brightness. She, too, was the impersonation of hospitality, and dispensed a liberal charity among her neighbors less favored by fortune. She was never so happy as in giving; her pensioners were a numerous band. For years