

**PROCEEDINGS OF THE JOHN BEAN
(1660) ASSOCIATION, AT ITS ANNUAL
REUNION AT BOSTON,
SEPTEMBER 5, 1900; FIFTH REUNION OF
THE DESCENDANTS OF JOHN BEAN, OF
EXETER(1660), PP.153-195**

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Proceedings of the John Bean (1660) Association, at its annual reunion at Boston, September 5, 1900; Fifth Reunion of the descendants of John Bean, of Exeter(1660), pp.153-195 by John Bean Association

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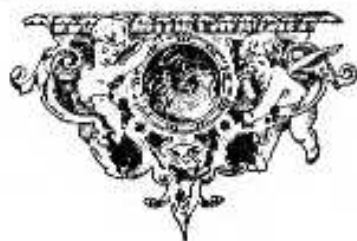
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FIFTH REUNION

OF THE DESCENDANTS

OF

JOHN BEAN, OF EXETER (1660).

The fifth reunion of the descendants of John Bean of Exeter, was held in Boston, Mass., September 5th, 1900, at Commercial and Pilgrim Halls, 694 Washington Street, in compliance with the following notice which was sent to every member of the Association whose P. O. address was in possession of the Secretary, in July, preceding:

JOHN BEAN ASSOCIATION.

(1660.)

The Fifth Annual Reunion of the JOHN BEAN ASSOCIATION (1660), will be held at Commercial and Pilgrim Halls, 694 Washington Street, in Boston, on Wednesday, September 5th, 1900.

The Parlor at 694 Washington Street will be open Tuesday evening, and those reaching Boston that day are invited to meet there that evening. *Take the elevator.*

The Hall will be open Wednesday morning at eight o'clock, where we shall be happy to meet all as they arrive.

Not only all the descendants of JOHN BEAN of Exeter, *but all of the name*, of whatever descent, are cordially invited to be present.

Our Boston friends have made splendid arrangements for the meeting, and we hope their efforts will be rewarded by the presence of a greater number of the Clan than has ever been together.

Blow, bugle, blow! The summer air
 Is soft, and cool, and clear;
 Hark to the rustling of the leaves,
 The robin singing near,
 And all the sonnets of life and love
 That make existence sweet:

And bring again to mind the time
 When friends and kindred meet,
 Blow, bugle, blow! And let thy notes
 Ring wide from shore to shore;
 To each descendant, old and young,
 Clan-Chattan calls once more.

ALICE BEAN LODGE.

Per order of the Committee,

D. G. BEAN,

Secretary.

EAST WILTON, ME., July 10, 1900.

PROGRAM.

Tuesday Evening, September 4th.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEETING IN PARLOR, 694 Washington Street.

Wednesday Morning, September 5th.

RECEPTION, from 8.00 to 10.30 A. M.

BUSINESS MEETING, from 10.30 to 12.00.

LUNCH.—(50 cts. per plate) 1.00 o'clock.

Wednesday Evening.

BUSINESS AND SOCIAL MEETING.

MEMO.—The notice was a folder prepared by the Special Committee of Arrangements of which Dr. Newell W. Beane was chairman. It contained advertisements and other items of temporary interest.

In accordance with the notice a goodly number met in the parlor connected with the hall, the evening before and spent a few hours "after the manner" of the Beans in making new acquaintances and reviving old ones, and in social intercourse.

The next morning the hall was opened at an early hour and representatives of the clan were continually arriving and the pleasant scenes of the evening before were renewed.

The Reception Committee were indefatigable and successful in their efforts to make all new comers feel at home from the moment of their arrival. There were few formal introductions, as they were not needed; and the time was spent in the delightful social manner for which our reunions have become specially noted. Lines of descent and relationship never before known were discovered, and grandfathers and grandmothers were in great demand. Many facts and the sources whence other facts might be ascertained were discovered, which it had been previously impossible to get. The time passed so rapidly and so pleasantly that the time for the formal meeting seemed to come almost too soon.

The meeting was called to order by the President, Hon. Josiah H. Drummond, at ten o'clock, A. M., and "Jesus, Lover of my Soul" was sung by the Association under the lead of Rev. J. Wesley Bean, of Blackwater, N. H., with Miss Minnie F. Bean, of Blackwater, pianist.

Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. S. C. Beane, of Newburyport.

Jacob Bean, Esq., of Boston (108 Water Street), the President of the Boston Bean Association, made the address of welcome.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

It becomes my pleasant duty on this occasion in behalf of the Boston branch of the original John Bean, to welcome you as the Original, or National Association of the said John Bean family to the city of Boston and the festivities of this occasion; and, I therefore give you, one and all, *hearty* and *cordial* welcome to our beautiful city and the enjoyments awaiting us on this lovely day;

and I may venture to ask to be excused for making a few broken remarks, being probably the *oldest Bean* present if not the oldest person; having been born in Sandwich, New Hampshire, May 21st, 1817, I am now in my 84th year of age. I find, by a careful research of Judge Drummond's able address, delivered at Exeter, New Hampshire, at the reunion of the Bean family in 1896, that I am a direct *descendant* of the original John Bean who came from Scotland in 1660 and settled in Exeter, N. H., and that I am of the 7th generation thereof, my grandfather, Captain Josiah Bean of Sandwich, being the son of *David Bean* who was of the 4th generation in the direct line of children of the said original John Bean; and I have lived to see the 9th generation, my grandfather being the 5th, my father, John Bean, being the 6th, I being the 7th, my daughter being the 8th, and her little daughter (nearly five years old), being the 9th.

And now, the history of this said John Bean and his *numberless* descendants reminds me of a little of my childhood experience, when I was asked to speak a few words on the stage. They are as follows: "Tall trees from little acorns grow; Large streams from little fountains flow." And the history of John Bean is applicable to the foregoing quotation. Little did John Bean think, when he came across the water in 1660, that his descendants would form so *important a factor* in the *population* of this broad land. They have gone out of their native homes and expanded gradually and steadily till every state in the Union can report the name of Bean; and their *onward march* has been impeded only by the *waters* of the Atlantic Ocean on the east, the Pacific on the west, and the Gulf of Mexico on the south, and the corn and wheat fields of the west have felt the effect of the husbandry of the *Beans*. The dense forests of Minnesota have felt the effect of the *financial ambition* of the Beans. The fruit orchards and gold mines of California have felt the effect of their love of wealth. Now, having made these broad statements, I am prepared to furnish ample *proof* by *personal reference*, which is *logically right*. Many long years ago, but within my remembrance, there was one Jacob Bean—a brother to my father—who bought a beautiful tract of land in the northerly part of Sandwich, New Hampshire. He went to work cutting away the timber, and erected a comfortable set of buildings; and there he lived until his family began to grow up around him; and he, realizing that the productions of a *farm* in New Hampshire would *not meet* his *financial ambition* in behalf of his

boys, sold his place and removed to Maine, and settled down in Stillwater; and then he and his boys went into the express business, running from there to Bangor, and they continued in this business until the two sons, Jacob and Charles, grew to the stature of manhood. Feeling that their desire for *wealth* could not be gratified in their present occupation, they complied with the injunction of Horace Greeley, "Go West, young man," and the two sons, together with a man by the name of Roberts, migrated from Stillwater to the far west, and landed in the *dense* forests of *Minnesota*. There they bought the *whole* of a *county* very heavily timbered, and went to work cutting away the timber, erecting saw-mills and converting the timber into lumber and shipping it in all directions, thereby becoming very wealthy, said to be millionaires. Not contented with this, the two brothers, Jacob and Charles Bean, have gone down in Southern California and bought valuable property at Alhambra, erected elegant and costly residences, where they reside in winter and in Minnesota in the summer. They are also largely engaged in raising fruit, such as oranges, peaches, etc., as a pastime. They named the place in Minnesota, Stillwater, in honor of the one they left behind, and I am told it is now a *large place of much business*. So much for *Bean ambition and push!* One other case I will cite to show the result of Bean ambition. About twelve years ago it was announced in many papers in different parts of the country that one Thos. C. Bean had died suddenly in Benham, Texas, without making a will or ever having been married; and, he being very eccentric, would never tell anyone *where he went from or who his relatives were*, and hence the *difficulty* in finding out who are the true heirs to the *ten or more millions* of real estate he left, and the Beans have naturally started up in various parts of the United States to show that they had a son or a relative by the name of Thos. C. Bean, who had gone from home many years ago and never been heard from, and that *he* was the identical Thos. C. Bean. So that five different families in various parts of the country have laid claim to those millions; and their cases have been repeatedly tried in the Texas courts, but as yet are not decided, and are still in litigation, and one Howard, has been appointed as administrator.

Now, I am prepared to show *who* the said *Thomas C. Bean was* and *where* he went from. About the year 1750, there were three brothers who migrated from Exeter, N. H., to Sandwich, N. H., and their names were Josiah, Moody, and James Bean. *Josiah* and

James settled in Sandwich, and *Moody* in Moultonboro, adjoining, and was the father of the Hon. Benning M. Bean, member of Congress several terms from that district. *Josiah* was my grandfather, and always known as Captain *Josiah Bean*, as he was in the Revolutionary War. *James* settled on what was called "Red Hill," and there he raised up a family, one of his sons being named *Colamore*. This son grew up, got married, and went over to the north part of the town and bought a place at *Brown's Mills*; and there he raised up a family, among them were three sons—*John*, *Oscar* and *Thomas C.* *John* and *Oscar* went to California and died. *Colamore* lost his wife, and then sold his place, and *he* and *Thomas C.* went from Sandwich south, and we have traced them to *Palmira, Mo.*, and from there over into *Texas*, where they settled in *Beulah*, and there they continued to live till the father's death; and *Thomas C.* followed his occupation of surveying land and died suddenly about 71 or 72 years of age; and his grandfather *James*, was an own brother to my grandfather, Capt. *Josiah Bean*, and *Thomas C.*, a second cousin to me; therefore I claim that I am a true heir to those millions.

I cite the foregoing instances simply to show the *natural ambition and push* of the *Bean* family. Their number is composed of all occupations and avocations but *one* (and that is a *criminal*, of which I will speak later), from the *honored clergy* down to the common *layman*; including *Doctors, Lawyers, Teachers, Mechanics, Insurance Agents, etc.*; and "last but not least," we have in our Boston Association an inventive genius whose *many valuable* productions from his *fertile brain* have blessed the *world* at large; the last of which is in the *interest* of the *travelling community*; and can be seen at his place of business, No. 35 *Kingston Street, this city*.

And now, I turn to more *general* description of the *Bean* family. They have been noted for *industry, frugality, liberality, good morals, strict integrity, and religion* in some form or other; and, another quality they possess in a large degree, *i. e. Love and Patriotism, love of home, wife, children* and relations, and all that is *pure and good*; and they are ever ready to *discountenance and condemn vice and crime* in any form; and wherever dissensions or troubles have arisen in our country calling for *patriotism and arms*, the *Beans* have ever been *equal to the occasion*, from the throwing overboard of the tea in Boston Harbor in the seventeen hundreds down to the blowing up of the "*Maine*" on the *Spanish Coast of Cuba* in 1898; including