

cu rarrington and he could fight if he could men clinched. "The ying. "doing all this time?" ee of witness Magee. "replied witness Alamusic; it hath charms to fight out of them understand me to say fight out of them s was then changed to walk on me. d Magee of Magee. xplained to him his ext?" settled it."

AN OCTOPUS

Colorado, last Sun- e crowd that was en- and ere long it be- at there was in the immer of Colorado. t for Mr. Eddy, but an that in which, at- bing-suit, he issued and walked majesti- eech toward the rag- d snort, Mr. Eddy ing billows, and at e of antics and pranks wildoring. He was at acrobatic aria s heels would change oomething sharp and m by his lost big toe out into deep wa- k kick in the hope of ra assallant, but the dained—in fact, the ead to be shaken off. ashed upon Mr. Eddy ked by an octopus. t ravenous and cruel t coils about its prey, s the juice from the t and finally leaves

money received by it. It shall allow 34 per cent interest on the balances of account and shall receive in payment for its services 14 per cent. of the money it disburses and any such additional sum as may be allowed it by the unanimous vote of the committee.

(B.) Creditors assenting to this agreement shall simultaneously transfer to the trust company all claims against the bank, but shall be entitled to a re-transfer of such claims and drawbacks recorded thereon unless the trust company shall within seven months have received sufficient funds to pay the 25 per cent. divided under the conditions stipulated above.

(C.) Stockholders or their assignees, holding shares of the original \$500,000 capital stock of the bank, who have not paid the assessment levied January 10, 1882, must within five months pay to the trust company an assessment equal to 90 per cent. of par value of their stock.

(D.) Stockholders or assignees holding alleged stock issued subsequent to the \$500,000 original capital of the bank, who have not paid the assessment levied, shall within five months pay an assessment to the trust company equal to 75 per cent. of the par value of the stock.

(E.) Any person, director of the Pacific-bank when it first suspended upon paying to the Trust company his share of the penal sum of the alleged guarantee of \$150,000 running to the said bank, dated January 16, 1882, and assigning his interest in all securities held on account of said alleged guaranty to the said trust company, shall all parties assenting to this agreement, be released, so far as concerns from all alleged liabilities to said bank, or to any of its creditors or stockholders, or to the receiver, by reason of said alleged guaranty, or by reason of everything in any way pertaining to any affairs of said bank or said receiver has notes or other contracts, if any, aside from said alleged guaranty; and, for making this provision effectual, said director or directors is and are and shall be subrogated to all the rights of the parties assenting to this agreement, in the said alleged liabilities, and to all the benefits which said parties may derive therefrom, directly, or indirectly, except the dividends as herein provided, that the amounts paid in by all such directors within six months of the date thereof shall aggregate not less than \$100,000; and provided, further, it said \$100,000 are so paid in, any director contributing toward said \$100,000 shall, upon consent of all the other directors contributing thereto, obtain the benefit of this provision, notwithstanding his contribution may be less than his proportion of said alleged guaranty, and any person whose signature appears upon said alleged guaranty, but who was not a director, as aforesaid, at the time of said first suspension, shall receive the benefits of this clause of this agreement without contributing on account of said alleged guaranty, provided he complies with the terms of this agreement, so far as he is a creditor or stockholder of said bank.

(F.) Every stockholder who has paid said first assessment laid by said vote of said bank, or assigned of such stockholder assenting to this agreement, shall advance said trust company, within five months from the date hereof, 15 per cent. of the par of the shares held by him, upon which said assessment was paid, and shall thereupon be entitled to the benefit of the third clause of the foregoing article A.

All claims so transferred shall not be considered paid, but he held and used by the trust company for the purposes and in the manner specified in this agreement, provided that the receiver shall be induced to compromise with the stockholders and directors upon the basis of this agreement. The agreement shall be effectual, provided it, or duplicates of it, are signed and filed with the trust company, within five months, by the creditors of the bank and a majority of the stockholders. But, if the trust company is not ready to complete the payment to creditors within seven months, all amounts paid in shall be returned, less the pro rata that shall be allowed for expenses. In this case, the agreement, and all its provisions, shall be annulled, unless the committee unanimously decide to extend the time or shall permit the adjustment to proceed without the assent of all the creditors. The time, however, cannot be extended more than thirty days, and no creditor, director or stockholder shall receive the benefit of this

THE ANNALS OF THE TOWN OF CAMDEN, ME.

FROM ITS FIRST SETTLEMENT TO THE PRESENT TIME—BY N. C. FLETCHER.

Introductory.

To the Editors of the Opinion: After due reflection upon the subject, which has so long been the topic of conversation in our leisure moments in your sanctum, I have reluctantly yielded to your solicitations to write a series of articles for the Opinion entitled, "The Annals of Camden." For several years I have resolved the subject over in my own mind, while being urged by many eminent citizens of my own town to assume the task. But I have invariably shrunk, even from its contemplation, for the obstacles to be met with in the way, were so formidable, and my information of the early history of the town so limited, I hardly dared to think of grappling with a subject so important in itself and of so much interest to the people of this locality. But few men of my time of life would voluntarily engage to perform a task so onerous in its nature, with so little prospect of a fair remuneration for the excessive labor which must lie in the pathway of him who enters such a field of toil. Perhaps no town in eastern Maine has more claims or more title to a niche in the history of the "Dirigo State," than has the town of Camden. There are older settlements along our rock-bound coast, but there are incidents connected with her history, anterior to her settlement, which would be interesting if not useful to those now living, and of great value to those who may come after to follow in our footsteps, and complete the designs which two present generations, and those which have preceded them, have neglected to do. But the greatest lies in the fact that but a small portion of the early history of this town has been recorded; much is buried in the tomb of oblivion, known only to our aged citizens, who are trembling on the verge of the grave and just ready to make their exit "to that bourne from whence no traveller ever returns." When Mr. Locke wrote his history, he did well for the material he had upon which to work, and the people of Camden never gave him the credit, when living, which he justly merited. When he compiled the facts which he had gathered from a barren field, he had no idea of their assuming the proportions which they subsequently attained. His sketches were published in the columns of the local press, but he subsequently decided to enlarge the scope of his vision, changed his design, and published them in book-form, and gave to the public the only history that the citizens of Camden ever possessed. A quarter of a century has elapsed since that history was issued from the press. A new compilation has repeatedly been called for, but no one seems inclined to respond to that call. Since Locke's history was published, many errors have been discovered within its pages, and new facts brought to the light of day. The town has taken a new lease of life, and is making rapid strides in population, in business facilities, in the increase of her agricultural product, in her mechanical arts, and consequently in wealth. The object, therefore, in writing these "Annals," is to wrest from oblivion the new facts which have been discovered since Locke's history was written, and to record others which have transpired at a later date for preservation, so that he who may come after us, and has youthful vigor in his favor, and a laudable ambition to stimulate him to action, and more than all, to be qualified to wield an abler pen than mine—that he may

the people have become a "law unto themselves," and peace and quietness reign within our borders. We are an independent people up this way. Espionage is a word not found in our vocabulary. It is the basest lesson in the lives of some men to learn to mind their own business, and sensible men will not yield obedience to the dictates of others no wiser and no better citizens than themselves. SIGRA.

Camden, August 14.

FRUIT OF THE PRESS

Harper's Magazine for September, is an exceedingly attractive number, varied in its contents, and richly illustrated. Frank D. Millet contributes the first of two articles on Dalecarlia, Sweden, full of quaint description, and beautifully illustrated. Mrs. Lucy Lillie writes, in her most charming style, of the Catskills. Her article is magnificently illustrated. Under the title of "Haunts of the 'Swamp Fox,'" P. D. Hay gives some very novel and interesting information concerning Francis Marion, the Revolutionary hero of South Carolina, with illustrations. Ross Hawthorne Lathrop contributes the first of two parts of a strong story, entitled "Prisoners," illustrated by Abbey. The frontispiece is an engraving by R. Hoskin from one of the drawings by Dore for Poe's "Raven." The fifth part of "A Castle in Spain" is given, with five illustrations. General J. F. B. Marshall tells the story of his part in keeping the English out of Hawaii in 1843. Ex-Mayor Grace contributes a timely and important article on "Municipal Government in the State of New York." The Rev. John B. Thompson traces, in a very interesting paper, the origin of the Rip Van Winkle legend. Harper is sold in Rockland by R. H. Burnham & Co.

The North American Review for September is an admirably constituted number, whether we regard the timeliness and importance of the subjects presented, or the eminent competence of the authors chosen for their discussion. First comes "State Regulation of Corporate Profits," by Chief-Justice T. M. Cooley, of Michigan, showing how far, by wise legislation and by applying in the spirit of enlightened jurisprudence the principles of the common law, the harrowing exactions of corporate companies and monopolies in general may be restrained and the interests of the people effectually conserved. John A. Kasson, M. C., writes on "Municipal Reform." Richard Grant White treats of "Class Distinctions in the United States," a subject that is destined to occupy more and more the attention of the American people as great fortunes increase. "Shooting at Sight" is the subject of some pertinent reflections by James Jackson, Chief-Justice of the State of Georgia. In "Facts about the Caucus and the Primary" George Walton Green unveils the tricks practiced by political managers in large cities. The well-known English essayist, W. H. Mallock, contributes "Conversations with a Solitary," in which he sets forth with much ingenuity the arguments adverse to popular government. The Rev. Dr. D. S. Phelan contributes an article sparkling with epigrams, on the "Limitations of Free-thinking." Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York, and for sale at the Opinion Store, 258 Main street, Rockland.

MENTIONINGS

Flanagan's family: "May I have the honor to conduct your daughter to the supper table?" asked a society gentleman of a lady from the country, who is staying with some friends whom she is visiting here in Austin. "May you take her to supper?" was the response; "why, of course, and you can take me too. That's what we came here, for."—Texas Siftings.

"Abe," said an old-time Arkansas gentleman to his former slave, "I hear that you are occasionally arrested for stealing!" "Yes, Mars' John; do law treats de ole man mighty bad." "I sould like to know what makes you steal so, Abe!" "Well, you see, Mars' John, I uster 'long to yerself and I can't help it, ur huh huh!"

Rockland Opinion Aug. 24, 1883 P. 1

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CTOPUS

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his contribution may be less than the pro-
portion of said alleged guaranty, and any
person whose signature appears upon said
alleged guaranty, but who was not a di-
rector, as aforesaid, at the time of said first
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stockholder shall receive the benefit of this
agreement unless he complies with it with-
in the specified time, but a majority of said
committee may extend the time for any par-
ticular creditor, director or stockholder at
his request; upon such terms as it may de-
termine.

I. If the trust company is unable or un-
willing to carry out the trust, or if the ma-
jority of the committee think best to make
a change, another trust company or bank
situated in Boston may be substituted for
the trust company herein named;

The remainder of the document pro-
vides for vacancies upon the commit-
tee, and contains a form of assign-
ment in accordance with the above
agreement.

The scarcity of mackerel this season, as
compared with last year, cannot be fully
accounted for, but the Fish Commission
have a theory which may account for it.
The Commission finds that mackerel spawn
floats about at or near the surface of the
water for a week during the period of
spawning and hatching, and if during this
critical week there is an inshore wind the
young mackerel when hatched have an in-
shore home and never forget it, but will
surely return to it when they become adult
fish three or four years later; if however
the spawn is blown to sea, the mackerel
have no home and do not school, but when
grown will act just as they have this year.

which to work, and the people of Camden
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laudable ambition to stimulate him to ac-
tion, and, more than all, to be qualified to
wield an abler pen than mine—that he may
compile a more complete and accurate his-
tory of the grand old town of Camden,
which shall do her justice and reflect credit
not only on the living, but on the memory
of those who have preceded us in the race
of life, and whose dust rests in quietness on
Mount Repose, as on all who may tread her
soil to the "last syllable of recorded time."
In writing these annals, I shall avail myself
of all the facts which may be known to me,
as well as those which I may derive from
other sources, clothing them in any peculiar
garb with which I may be able to furnish
them, and send them out into the world as
wails to float upon the ocean of time, where-
ever they may. In the sequel, I shall give
due credit to all from whom I have de-
rived any information, and trust I shall add
something to the common stock of informa-
tion which shall enable the future historian
of Camden to complete a work which shall
be permanent, and as lasting as the hills
which cast over us their friendly shadows.

Get your printing done where you please
—it is your right—but please do not, after
spending your money elsewhere, come to
the Opinion begging free local notices. It
isn't business—it isn't decent.

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and I can't help it, ur huh huh!"

Anything more scathingly and contemptu-
ously bitter than the remark of Emory
Storrs, of Chicago, about B. B. Hayes it
would be hard to find in contemporary lit-
erature. It was made concerning the pres-
ence of Mr. Hayes during Garfield's obs-
equies at Cleveland. "There he stood,"
says Storrs, "all alone, in a long linen d-
uster, with a cotton handkerchief in one hand
and a rusty gripsack in the other contain-
ing his lunch and possibly a picture of Lucy.
Not a human being noticed him or spoke to
him with the exception of a policeman who
told him to keep off the grass."

We took occasion last winter to speak of
the lumber tariff as affecting Aroostook in-
terests. We regarded the existing tariff as
favorable to the protection of the lumber
interest of Canada and detrimental to ours.
It is a well known fact that Maine has been
robbed of her pine. Aroostook has been
made to give up her wealth of lumber to
enrich New Brunswick lumbermen, till
now we are without pine for building pur-
poses. Presque Isle is a point where, if at
any place, pine should be found, yet in the
building of the Seminary the contractor is
obliged to bring here Michigan lumber fit
for good finish. Our forests have been cut
down with recklessness to make rich our
neighbors while our own people must suffer
in consequence—and yet: "our tariff is the
best possible to construct."—Presque Isle
Star.

Continuation Aug. 24, 1883

pinion.

1883.

NUMBER 453.

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swallowed an extra-sized mouthful, and when the ramming ceased I could see daylight through the touch-hole. A fuse was inserted and touched off, and no doubt the fiends retreated to a safe distance to watch my flight into Alabama. I heard the fuse sizzling as the fire drew near me, but I felt safe, for not a grain of powder had I left lying around loose. The fuse went out with a sudden spurt, and I felt that my life had been saved. The would-be murderers could not understand why the gun missed fire, and they began drawing the charge to see what ailed her. Just about the time they got me out a lot of our cavalry charged upon them, and I was saved. But, boys I can taste that saltpeter and sulphur, to this day."

PECULIAR PARAGRAPHS

The San Francisco Post criticises an advertisement which reads: "Large stock of ready-made children's suits," and says: "Ready-made children must be another of the giant strides of science."

From a passage in Xenophon it is inferred that books were articles of traffic four hundred years before the Christian Era, and from that time frequent allusion is made to book shops and booksellers.

Mark Twain has had set up at Elmira, N. Y., a solid stone watering trough by the roadside for each of his three children. Mark's children must be a very thirsty set. They probably have their father's dry humor.

Something strange: His Excellency—"You have brothers?" Captain—"One, your Excellency." His Excellency—"It's curious. I was talking with your sister, and she said she had two brothers. How is that?"

Baboo Magoomdar is coming to this country in September. The popular impression that Baboo Magoomdar is a new kind of ape who will travel with a circus is wrong. He is one of the most eminent preachers and lecturers of India, and has been drawing immense audiences in England.

Commercial travellers or drummers sometimes meet with a questioner who paralyzes them. A certain Boston drummer felt all tore up when, in his boarding-house, at the dinner table, yesterday, his little nine-year-old sister from the country innocently asked him: "When are you going peddling again?"

A Montana belle, says the Bismarck Tribune, being asked by a Bismarck man if they possessed any culture out her way, replied: "Culture? You bet your variegated socks we do! We kin along more culture to the square foot in Helena than they kin in any camp in America. Culture? Oh, loosen my corsets till I smile!"

A New York merchant, who lost patience while waiting for an answer to a message which he entrusted to the wires during the strike, remarked that the company had ample time to get him an answer by mail, and he could account for so long a delay only by assuming that the company was waiting to take advantage of the reduction in postage which goes into effect in October.

When at Cambridge, Gen. Washington heard that the colored soldiers were not always to be depended on for sentries. So one night when the pass-word was "Cambridge," he went outside the camp, put on an overcoat, and then approached a colored sentinel. "Who goes there?" cried the sentinel. "A friend," replied Washington.

THE ANNALS OF THE TOWN OF CAMDEN, ME.

FROM ITS FIRST SETTLEMENT TO THE PRESENT TIME—BY N. C. FLETCHER.

Chapter I.

As one who launches on an unknown sea
His little bark, adventurous is he
Who writes and prints. He can but spread his sail;
Approving patrons must supply the gale—
The auspicious gale, which must his labors bless,
And waft him to the haven of success.

In compiling the history of a people, it must occur to the minds of the most astute as well as the most stupid reader, that many obstructions will hedge up his pathway. He will meet with many difficulties not easily removed and discouragements will attend the compiler, at every step he takes in his labors. He may be well qualified for the task he is to perform, he may be ambitious to have his name enrolled among the historians of the day, and possesses a strong desire to give a faithful delineation of the locality in which his labor lies, and an impartial sketch of the character of the people who have subdued the soil and converted it into fruitful fields; but he will find the road which he has travelled to be a rugged one, and that his pathway has not always been strewn with flowers.

The tracing of historical records, through a series of years, is a task not to be coveted, especially when they are like barren fields and yield but a spare crops to reward the historian for his labors, and but little is left for the patient gleaner who follows in his footsteps. And when but a small portion of the history of a town has been written, oral testimony must be resorted to; and this, so conflicting and unreliable, that one might as well "draw on his imagination for his facts, and his memory for his wit," and save all the trouble which must arise in the attempt to harmonize them. But whether they be facts or fancies they must be duly considered, the chaff sifted from the grain, and what is deemed worthless thrown aside, and that which appears most reasonable and truthful be retained.

In my researches among the various authorities as to who first visited the coast of Maine, I find so many different opinions expressed, that I long since came to the conclusion that we can learn little more about the facts to-day than our fathers knew. who first settled in these regions, and it is time and labor spent in vain to attempt to prove who did or did not discover the Penobscot river and the islands adjacent, lying off our coast, or which dot the surface of the pure waters of this noble river. I have often thought of the mad girl's dream, when sitting at my window in some beautiful starlight night, and gazing out upon the placid waters upon whose bosom these islands rest, who "visited the stars," and found them to be mere islands of light floating gracefully in the deep blue ether of a pellucid sky. It is an easy transition for one's imagination, when gazing, at that graceful arch over our heads, and decked

pitched their tents. How long they tarried there, is not known; but it is quite certain that they were there for some length of time. They fully explored these islands, traversed, unmolested, these dense forests, untrodden by the feet of the Caucasian race of men, and where the stillness had never been broken save by the savage in his hunting visits in search of his favorite game. There was no doubt an abundance of game of all kinds, birds filling the air with their songs, and beasts of prey roaming at will in this silent retreat. One, the fox, whose cunningness is known of all men, is entitled to special consideration, for he has immortalized his name by giving an appellation to two of these islands, now known as Vinalhaven and North Haven. The silver gray foxes were very numerous, and they suggested the idea to Pring, to call them "The Fox Islands;" hence this name by which they have been called from those early times to the present day.

These visitors were well pleased with their discovery. The scenery in every direction was beautiful, especially when viewed from the lofty eminences on the mainland. They must have crossed over the bay to the mountains, for on the record of his voyage we find it stated that when viewing with a keen eye his surroundings, Pring exclaimed, "A high country with great woods."

It is to be regretted that Martin Pring did not give a more exact account of his voyage. It appears that he sailed from England with two vessels on a trading voyage to America. One of his vessels was named "Speedwell," her crew comprising thirty men and boys; the other was the "Discoverer," with only thirteen men and one boy. It was early in the month of June, 1602, that Pring entered into Penobscot bay, as before stated. He brought with him a stock of flashy clothing, such as the dusky savages love to array themselves in, with hatchets, knives, kettles, brass and silver bracelets, rings and other cheap and showy ornaments, such as the red men of the forest delight in, supposing that he should meet with a horde of Indians at every landing place along the coast of Maine, readily dispose of his cheap trinkets at an enormous profit to these simple savages, return home and live at his ease the remainder of his life. But he was sadly disappointed, for he found no Indians on either of the Fox Islands, or on the western side of the bay. Discouraged, he returned on board his vessel, weighed his anchor, spread his canvas, and sailed rapidly away to the southward. He passed along through Casco bay, among its numerous islands, ascended a few miles up Saco river, and again moored his vessels and landed, still hoping to find the native savages, to whom he could dispose of his cargo. But he was again doomed to disappointment. No savages came within the scope of his vision, no voice broke the stillness which reigned in this primeval forest, no smoke from a single wigwam curled gracefully up among the green foliage, and not a single canoe was seen among the sinuous windings of the capes, estuaries and islands of this delightful bay. Sad, weary and discouraged, he turned once more on board their vessel, and once more sailed away. They were delighted with the stately forest and the many beautiful groves, which everywhere met their eye, and the strange animals in large numbers which bounded across their pathway filled them with wonder and astonishment. But hope deferred maketh the heart sick. The delightful Summer months were on the wane, Autumn was approaching with rapid strides, and nothing had been accom-

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"sah!" was the response. "Medford," said Washington. "No sah!" returned the colored soldier. "Charlestown," said Washington. The colored soldier immediately exclaimed, "I tell you, Massa Washington, no man go by here 'out he say Cambridge!" The colored troops were at once relieved in that army from sentry duty.

DEFERRED EDITORIAL MATTER

A correspondent writes: "I am surprised to learn that all the lime-kilns in Rockland are kept going Sundays, the same as other days of the week, so that the men employed have no sabbath, and no day of rest. I am told that the proprietors of the kilns—many of them professing christians and members of the churches—excuse this course by the plea that the expense of closing the kilns on Sunday is so great that it would be too much of a sacrifice to allow the men a day of rest. I know nothing personally as to the cost, but I am informed that all the Rockport kilns are closed at 12 o'clock every Saturday night, and remain closed till 12 o'clock Sunday night. If the Rockport manufacturers can do business without Sunday work, why cannot the Rockland manufacturers do so?"

About three hundred gentlemen, creditors of the great tanning house of F. Shaw & Bros., met in Boston last week, to analyze the condition of the insolvent firm. The report made to them showed a state of affairs far more discouraging than the worst rumors had predicted. The liabilities—over seven and one-half millions—are more than twice greater than any previous statement had indicated. The firm's own estimate of assets—five and one-quarter millions—is regarded as a very high appraisal, especially the valuation of \$1,000,000 placed upon hemlock lands in Maine, New York, and the provinces. The meeting was, as a whole, harmonious indeed. The surprise at the figures presented was so great that no one had any policy to advocate until a committee should have an opportunity to make a thorough investigation.

Dr. Frederick G. Parker, editor of the Presque Isle North Star, died August 18, after a brief illness, of heart disease. Dr. Parker occupied a high position in his profession, in journalism, and socially. He went into the army as a private soldier soon after graduating in medicine, and was subsequently appointed assistant surgeon of the 19th Maine regiment and promoted to be surgeon of the 5th Massachusetts cavalry. After the war he engaged in business in Texas for two years, and then returned to Maine and practiced in his profession. In 1874 he became connected with the Star, and continued in its management till his death. He made it a very fine paper. He was formerly a Republican, but in 1878 joined the Greenback party, and was a prominent leader in it. In 1879 he was a member of Gov. Garcelon's Council. The Aroostook Republican pays the following fitting tribute to his memory: "In all the relations of family Brother Parker was gentle, affectionate and true, and as a neighbor and friend he was kind, obliging and free-hearted. Differing as we have on many points of current discussion, no gall or wormwood has ever embittered the debate, or poisoned arrow been left to rankle in the heart. Brother Parker has been our generous and honorable political opponent, and our personal friend, and now, standing by his new made grave, we sincerely mourn with those that mourn and weep with those that

upon the fact that they are the work of the same Almighty hand.

I shall in these annals introduce no extraneous matter to divert the attention of the reader from the grand central point to which my labors are to be devoted. I shall controvert no author's opinion, as to what adventurers first landed upon our shores; but I shall take it for granted, if you please so to consider it, an established fact—that in the year 1603, one Martin Pring, an English navigator, approached nearer to Camden than any other man of whom we have any reliable knowledge or data by which to base an opinion, had been previous to that time. It is supposed that in directing his course to the eastward, he made the island of Monhegan, and, night approaching, he anchored his "shallop" and there he and his weary men sought quietness and rest, after their long and tedious voyage over an unknown sea.

Christopher Columbus made his famous voyage of discovery in 1492, but he discovered islands only, and did not reach the western continent until his third voyage, which was made in 1498. But John Cabot and his son Sebastian were before him here; for they had sailed along the coast from Newfoundland to Albemarle sound the year previous. And the set of the two latter navigators cannot be considered the first European ones that left their impressions on our soil, for there have been certain traces, or marks, found on the rocks of Monhegan island, and at several points on the main land, which lead us to suppose that others had visited our immediate vicinity at a still earlier period, and left indelible impressions upon the rocks of our sea-beaten coast. Indeed some adventurous explorer from every civilized nation known to history, has visited or sailed by within sight of the whole coast of Maine. The French navigator Venazzani gazed at it through his telescope in 1524, and Gomez, a Spaniard, in 1525 viewed with interest its cloud-capped mountains, until lost in the distance. Still later, an Englishman named Rut visited these eastern shores in 1627; and a Catholic priest, named Andre Thetvet, sailed in a French ship along the whole coast, spending several days in Penobscot bay, holding conferences with the natives.

These well authenticated facts cannot be disputed, though they belong to a period in which the present generation feel but little interest. But when we come to a later period, when the "Good Queen Bess" swayed her scepter over willing subjects, and Bartholomew Gosnold was sailing along the coast of Maine, which was in the year 1602, we begin to wake up, and feel some interest in the subject which we are considering. Gosnold gives but a short account of his voyage, but he gave a name to a cape in our mother State, now well known in history; for as he "came to a long bending arm of land stretching out to sea," where he caught many fish, he called it Cape Cod.

Pring and his company, as has been stated, passed the night at anchor off Monhegan. At dawn, having partaken of their morning meal, they landed upon the island and explored it. Having discovered, in the blue haze of the morning, a range of mountains towering up their huge heads above the clouds at the north of them, they reembarked and shaped their course for these elevated hills, which would lead them to the mouth of Penobscot bay. Here they again cast anchor near one of the islands. They selected the most picturesque, and the

ventures, and a more profitable locality for the successful prosecution of their hazardous voyage. Scanning the coast along as they sailed, they found nothing worthy of their attention until they reached Narragansett bay. Here fortune favored them, and her fickleness ceased to tantalize them longer. Here they found a plenty of Indians, who were ready to traffic with the voyagers and exchange their furs and sassafras for their baubles. They soon disposed of their merchandise, and, with a full cargo of valuable furs and other articles, returned home to England. I thus take leave of the first visitors to the shores of Camden and vicinity, and had Pring kept a journal of his voyage and published it for the benefit of other adventurers who might visit these shores in after years, he would have conferred a lasting benefit upon future historians, and enabled them to have given a more satisfactory sketch of his own adventures in these waters.

FRUIT OF THE PRESS

In St Nicholas for September, Mr. Daniel Beard tells us of his young friends "Tom, Dick and Harry, in Florida," and shows us many pictures of the odd things they saw and the curious adventures they had. "Lost in the Woods," is a graphic account of the remarkable adventures of the Lorra children, who for more than a week last Summer wandered through the forests of northern Michigan, and were vainly sought by miners from the "Allouez," "Calumet and Hecla," and neighboring mines, over thirteen hundred men at one time joining in the search. The "Work and Play" department contains the first half of a profusely illustrated article on "The Playthings and Amusements of an Old-fashioned Boy," who lived when boys had to make their own toys or go without. Modern boys will be able to get many hints from his clever contrivances. J. T. Trowbridge tells how the "Tinkham Brothers," came out of the small end of the legal horn but gained much in popular sympathy. "Swept away" continues to grow in interest, and there are three entertaining chapters of Harry M. Kieffer's "Recollections of a Drummer-boy." Buy St. Nicholas at the Opinion Store.

Unusual variety and range in illustrations and reading matter and an out-of-door quality befitting the season are the distinctive qualities of the September Century. A fine portrait of Robert Burns is the frontispiece. In the same number is a delightful account of "A Burns Pilgrimage," by H. H., who relates several anecdotes freshly gleaned in the poet's country. A richly illustrated paper on "Cape Cod," by F. Mitchell, transforms that curious hook of sea-sand into a homely Yankee paradise, where the fields are green, the woods are filled with birds, the villages are quaint and prosperous, and the inhabitants are honest and witty. A forcible argument to prove the future supremacy of New York over all the other great cities of the world is made by W. C. Conant, under the title, "Will New York be the Final World Metropolis?" And H. C. Bunker, in the "Open Letters," department, talks encouragingly and entertainingly of "New York as a Field for Fiction." The second part of "The Breadwinners," the anonymous story which is exciting wide interest and curiosity, reveals its motive as a satire on labor unions or socialism. As such it is weak and contemptible, and unworthy a place in the Century. In the eighth part of "A woman's Reason" (which will be concluded in the October number,) Lord Rainford proposes marriage to the heroine, and is rejected. The third and last part of Joel Chandler Harris's "Nights with Uncle Remus" is offered, in addition to two humorous short stories: "Our Story," by Frank E. Stockton, showing how marriage resulted from literary collaboration; and "Love in Old Clothes," a modern New York love-story, in the quaint style and spelling of three hundred years ago, by E. C. Bunker. The Century is published by P. H.

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Troy Times. Good-cook medium has heard He reports that he has y, and has suffered much summer.

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ung lady singer went to he name of Mary Jane cognomen is now Mdlie. does twist some persons' ly out of shape to travel th them. It must be the the water.

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rethren cannot with good their taunts at "Yankee ating new forms of rascal- officials of their section een guilty, as charged, of b" on the government by illicit stills, for the sake of -making a regular industry rowing thought!—perhaps als are the flag end of the

s told of a gentleman who o church, but occasionally y contributed to the box- ion seeing a miserly o he inquired: "What do o with the money?" "Give unctuously responded the , sir," said the gentleman. chance of seeing the Lord d as yours, I prefer to wait in in person," and he put ack in his pocket.

ay with \$100,000?" said a president of the — Bank. ed the president, with a it is not the worst of it." take convertible bonds be- "No, sir," retorted the villain got away with my h an elopement." "Yes, h!" murmured the reporter

E. A. Wentworth of Appleton has taken out a patent for a fish-trap, or spring hook.

Mr. Joseph A. Foye of Saco, who is well known in this section of the state, has gone Steele, Dakota, and will there engage in the dry goods business.

Count de Chambord, representative of the Bourbon line of kings of France, is dead. He never got a chance to do anything in the reigning business. The empty title descends to the Count of Paris.

The Bath Times, after a very brief trial, has abandoned the "ready-set matter" system. No paper that is disposed to give its readers their money's worth, will attempt to palm off that stale stuff as news.

Architect Hill says the work of his office has been delayed some two months by the Muroh investigation. As the work of the office seems to be principally stealing and making fraudulent contracts to swindle the government, the delay will no doubt be a good thing. It is a pity that the progress of other frauds on government could not be "delayed" a bit.

In reply to a letter of inquiry addressed by the Opinion to Mr. C. B. Williams of Nicholson, Pa., that gentleman informs us that Louis Vinandon, the Hurricane burglar, was at Nicholson two different times during the past Spring and Summer, remaining but a brief period each time. He worked for Mr. Jerry Williams as a quarryman. People in Nicholson knew nothing of his history, and he always behaved himself well while there, so far as known.

The treasury department are having constructed, at enormous expense, new vaults for the storage of silver coin. What a damnable outrage on the people of this country! Here we are, owing a billion and one-third of silver dollars, and paying interest on the debt. And yet these Republican officeholders, presuming on the ignorance or the carelessness of the people, continue storing the silver in the vaults, and building new vaults for its accommodation. And every month they send out through the Associated Press the gilded lie that "the public debt has been reduced" from ten to fifteen millions; whereas as a matter of fact the debt has not been reduced a dollar, and all that has been done is to increase the hoard in the vaults. It is evident enough that this policy has been adopted at the instance of the bondholders. They do not want the bonds called in. They want to continue to hold them and beat a living out of the country—the miserable, degraded, lazy paupers that they are. It is for everybody else's interest to have the vaults of the treasury emptied and the bonds paid. Yet the Republican party is the servile tool of the bondholders, and does their bidding at the cost of the people who have entrusted it with power. Is it not time for the Republican party to go?

THE ANNALS OF THE TOWN OF CAMDEN, ME.

FROM ITS FIRST SETTLEMENT TO THE PRESENT TIME—BY N. C. FLETCHER.

Chapter II.

In 1605, Capt. George Weymouth left Dartmouth on the 31st day of March in the ship Archangel, with a crew of 29 men; and, after a passage of 47 days, made the island of Monhegan. It was on the 27th day of May, at early morn, when the "look out" aloft, peering through the haze, anxiously looking for land, descried a blue mist resting upon the crest of a hill, and the welcome announcement of "Land ho!" re-

called Boothbay, and there they tarried for some time, resting themselves from their long voyage. Some planted a garden. They sowed pease and barley, and planted beans and other vegetables, while others explored the rivers, harbors and islands. In sixteen days from the planting of their garden, some vegetables had grown to eight inches in height. They were the first fruits of English culture on the shores of New England. Our forefathers were more fortunate than their descendants have ever been, if the record be true; for we think ourselves lucky if we can discover the germ of the seed of our vegetables, or the most of them, at least, protruding through the soil in a month at the present age of the world.

I stated in my introduction to these annals that I should not attempt to controvert any of the opinions of authors who had preceded me in marking out the locality of any particular objects beyond the entrance to Popobscot bay; but, as it was important to ascertain and establish the facts as to who did discover and visit the shores where the town of Camden now stands, it was necessary for me to turn aside from my direct path and deviate a little from my original intention. It seemed to me very strange, on first reading the works of the various authors who had written up the history of Maine, that so much difference of opinion should exist among men of ability, on a matter of so great importance; but in seeking among musty tomes, files of old newspapers, or listening to the improbable statements of some garrulous old man in his dotage or an old crone whose memory had long since been a thing of the past, I did not wonder that so many discrepancies had crept into history and gained credence among very sensible readers.

It is, I believe, generally conceded, that the island first visited on our coast by Weymouth, in 1605, was Monhegan. Locke, in his history of Camden, says that until 1797 the places visited by Weymouth were a matter of conjecture. Why so? And upon what or whose authority did those astute doubters hang their doubts? Why, they hung them on so slender a thread as the authority of an old author who started on a voyage of discovery to this coast, and, having arrived in the latitude of George's Banks, the turbulent waters, as they swept his deck, having deposited thereon a large body of sand, he became somewhat bemuddled himself, and was at a loss as to his future course. But when he suddenly encountered a bank of fog, densely packed, which extended from the Bay of Fundy to the capes of Virginia, he came to the conclusion that he had arrived at the end of the Atlantic Ocean, and would soon be wrecked on Agamenticus, or the White mountains of New Hampshire; and he sailed away for the capes of Virginia. Now if these doubters had only consulted the account given of Weymouth's voyage in the Historical collection of Massachusetts, vol. 8, or Holmes's Annals, vol. 1, p. 123; or taken the trouble to have gone further back in history to "Purcha's Pilgrims," they might have been convinced of their erroneous opinions, and adopted a more plausible theory than that which was taught them by Oldmixon. Had they but read the journal of Bosier, who was with Weymouth, in the capacity of journalist, (and it was his express duty to keep a faithful and accurate account of their voyage), they would have got the facts. And I doubt very much if after reading all that has been written since upon these disputed points, we would be any the wiser for it; and we are certainly as much in the dark as we were before Mr. Locke wrote his history.

Tower City, and west as far as Jamestown, which is forty miles from here, is rolling prairie land, and generally the crop is magnificent—in fact, the best they have had since 1881. My three years' experience has demonstrated to me that the rolling prairie is the surest for a crop, year after year. The valleys are a dead level, and Spring rains keep the lands wet a long time. We have had several hail storms in the territory, during July and August, but we have been fortunate here. They have followed the Cheyenne river down and passed south of us, or have split north and followed the Rush and Geose rivers and gone to the northeast of us. There has been considerable damage done by these hail storms. In some cases farmers lost all their crops, and have plowed the stubble under. So you see we do not have all plain sailing here. When I located here at Tower City, I thought I would like to live here better than on the level plain, for it looked more like old New England, and as yet I never have regretted my choice. We have a nice quiet little town here. The people are most all Americans, from Michigan, Ohio and New England. Most of them have seen better days in the past, and have come here to get another start in life. You will find men who have represented the most every department of business, back in the States, educated, refined people. I like them very much to live with, and if the whole territory is made up of the same material, there is nothing to prevent this country taking a front rank with other States of the Union. They are an energetic, shrewd, pushing class of settlers, and would about paralyze some of the State of Maine farmers to see what has been done here in improvements in the short space of four years. Just stop and think that Dakota has nearly half as much population as Maine already, and if nothing happens in the next five years, will be way ahead of you, both in population and wealth. We have now in Tower City about 800 population, and the first shafty was built a few years ago. It has not built up much this past year, but now we expect to see it loom up again, brighter than ever. Last Fall, there was a railroad surveyed from here to Millbank, south about 100 miles, to connect with the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad. Recently, the company had sold their charter, right of way and franchise to the Dakota & Great Southern railroad company, who propose to run their road from St. Louis to the British Possessions, and to build a branch from Tower City to Grand Forks, 100 miles northeast of us, which will make us the crossing and junction of the two roads, and Tower City is to be a division and general headquarters for the company. They have located their grounds for machine shops and round houses here, laid out side-tracks and very spacious grounds for passenger and freight depots. This road will open up this great wheat belt, the coal mines of Iowa, and the timber county in the Red Lake region, and will give us direct communication with St. Louis and New Orleans, as they connect at St. Louis with the St. Louis New Orleans Barge Transportation company. So appearances now indicate that we will boom from now on, until Tower City will make one of the finest towns in Northern Dakota.

I have one of the finest located stores here for business, and I am in hopes that this railroad scheme will benefit me in proportion to others around me. There is a good chance for capitalists to invest in town lots and lands along the road, and I assure you

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in an elopement." "Yes, but" murmured the reporter (date) thoughtfully, "falsus in omnibus." "Omnibus be the president; "omnibus, ir; steam cars." Darn 'em, the steam cars. Only a could elope in an omnibus,

young man got hold of the writ- scientist, which he studied. He spent all his spare rial with which to make ng experiments referred to y among the other curious y of the great philosopher was e so fond of music that it as played near one it will ad drink in the magnificent y borrowed an instrument r in the house across the as large and intelligent an ad find in the market, and rior to try the experiment. ying an air from "Pina- ferent style, which caused or to wince occasionally. ut boldly on the "Sweet This was more than the and, and it flew at the boy everely that he had to go on eral days.

ough they may not wish to ng a train for a short trip, seat in the smoking car. case of a crowd, when once t in the smoking car, it is choose to give it up. Be- the company there; it is free d-natured and jolly. One our face in the smoking car. it soon vanishes to the rear ed puffing its own cigar. asant stories of the train ere ing car, many good songs and no one objects to music ghter. Contagious diseases t like to hang around in elling upholstery of the old n older and more rickety to be. The good railroad rides a comfortable con-, cheery coach for his cigar- ers, and as they smoke they e smoking car is one of the American travel. Long may

rious thing happened at the t the Probate Court in this yld W. Haswell, of Monroe, the will of her husband, and her, the Register, that she ake the usual course. The ed her that a notice of the ublished, which subsequently e Journal. Our reporter, in he doings of the court, made the will, giving a list of the e children of the supposed de- lved away from home, saw d there learned for the first ir parent was dead, and im- pt to Monroe. A young he Good Templar lodge re- nder, the sympathies of her Mr. Haswell is not dead; ell is well. This is how it r. Haswell made his will ce, and an obliging neighbor well that it must be recorded. ilding her husband, and not n such cases, Mrs. Haswell self at the Probate Court. Of etcher did not ask a supposed e last will and testament of n her hand if the man was e the legatees have been en- the will of Mr. Haswell before *Belfast Journal*.

welcome announcement of "Land ho!" re- sounded sharp and shrill throughout the ship. None but a mariner, after having been tossed about by a turbulent sea, for some length of time, can realize the electric thrill, which these words send with lightning rapidity through the whole system. They shaped their course for this welcome spot on the horizon, and cast their anchor on the north side of the island. The long-boat was immediately lowered from the "davits," drawn alongside of the ship; Capt. Weymouth stepped on board, and his men rapidly pulled for the shore. On land- ing, they ascertained it to be an island. Capt. Weymouth took formal possession of it in the name of his sovereign, and called the island St. George. He set up a cross, in token that he meant to establish there the Christian religion. They discovered where a fire had been only a short time before. The coals were smouldering in the ashes. And by this they knew that human beings were not far off. Here, where the fire had been, were the shells of eggs larger than those of a goose, and many sea fowl were sailing around with fleetness of wing, and now and then dipping their pinions in the waters of the surrounding sea. Turning their eyes to the west, they beheld the grand White mountains of New Hampshire, looming up in the distance above the clouds, rising from a chaos of peaks which gleamed and glittered in the sunbeams that were re- flected from their snowy sides. Wrapped in astonishment, and delighted with this sublime panorama of Nature below them, they named them "The Crystal Hills." Turning their eyes to the north, they dis- covered the main land in the distance, ap- pearing somewhat depressed. But, a little further toward the northeast, they discovered a range of "high mountains," extend- ing some distance in the same direction, and losing themselves in the deep blue ether of heaven.

The reader of these "Annals" will readily perceive the necessity of my giving a cur- sory account of most of the islands which line our shores. They are intimately con- nected with the history of Camden from the earliest period of her history to the present time, and I could not do justice to the one, without taking somewhat of a critical and respectful notice of the other.

Capt. Weymouth and his crew tarried for a few days at the island of Monhegan, where they found plenty of fish, and then weighed anchor and proceeded on a southwest course along the shore. They soon arrived at a fine haven "on the main land," which Capt. Weymouth named "Pentecost Harbor," be- cause they entered it on that day of the Christian year. This is supposed by some to be Townsend Harbor, in Boothbay; others believe it to have been George's Island Harbor, which is a little to the east. Why anyone could think it to be the latter, and not the former, when the record dis- tinctly says the haven which they entered was "on the main land," I cannot imagine. From my researches, I have not a shadow of a doubt that they entered what is now

in the dark as we were before air. Locke wrote his history.

Then there is another point in dispute, which appears to me so simple that it is hardly worth mentioning. That is, whether Weymouth's "fine haven" which he called "Pentecost Harbor," was on the main land, or on an island. What does he (or Rosier, who kept a journal of his voyage) say? Why—"We came to a fine haven on the main land." And when either of these writers can convince me that Rosier did not know an island when he came to one, or that he wilfully purposed to deceive those who might peruse the history of his wanderings, then, and not till then, shall I give heed to the opinions of these men, who, it seems to me, have suffered themselves to be so de- luded. But what has Mr. Locke, or any man who preceded him in the labors of the historian, to base his opinion upon, that Capt. Weymouth landed on St. George's Island instead of Townsend Harbor, or Boothbay? Simply because a cross was set up on the shore of the island sometime alter- wards by some one religiously inclined. But did not Mr. Locke know that it has been the custom in all ages of the world, for a trav- eler when landed on a desolate coast, or on an uninhabited island, to raise a cross, as a symbol of the Christian religion? Both Protestants and Catholics deem this a sa- cred duty, and it is no proof that Weymouth landed on George's Island, because a cross was planted on the rocky shore of that is- land.

The last most ridiculous idea of the dis- puted points on the coast, to which I shall allude in these annals, is the one regarding the three rivers, one of which, it is conceded by all writers, Weymouth ascended—viz., the Penobscot, the Kennebec, and the Androscoggin. But I think it an established fact that the Penobscot has the balance of proof in its favor. Indeed, I do not think it admits of a single doubt. The Kennebec can with more propriety claim the honor, for that river, as is well known, is naviga- ble to Augusta, the capital of the state, whereas, it is well known that the Andro- scoggin is only navigable to Topsham, or Brunswick Falls, about 8 or 10 miles above Bath. Strachey, in his account, which was completed in 1618, says that Weymouth sailed 60 miles up the Androscoggin, and Weymouth's journalist says: "We sailed up a great river; and I boldly affirm it to be the most rich, beautiful, large and secure harboring river that the world affords." I am certain that he alluded to the Penobscot, for no river on our coast so nearly agrees with the description given of it by Wey- mouth's journalist as does that. I leave this matter to others, who are more tenacious of their opinions than I am of my own, and consign these disputed points to the tomb of the Capulets.

In my next chapter, I shall take up the subject of Capt. Weymouth's treatment of the Indians with whom he met on our shores; and if the record be true, it will affix an indelible stain upon his character which time can never erase.

and lands along the coast, and I assure you there will be fortunes made here within the next year in land deals. I am not much of a hand to go into outside speculations, and will stick to my business, and think I will do just as well. I would be pleased to see many of my acquaintances back east, and trust that it will not be very long before I will have an opportunity to make a visit to my old home, and among my friends. We will always be glad to have any one who hails from Knox County visit us, should they ever be in this section of the country, and any information in regard to the coun- try and lands will be cheerfully given when wanted. M. H. KIFF.

MENTIONINGS

By the time Tennyson gets a loyal excuse framed for not writing an ode to the memory of John Brown, in obedience to the Queen's request, he will probably exclaim: "Dat the Scotch gillie!" The Queen is doing her best to justify the gossip about the late "personal attendant."

The Hill committee is agreed that the in- vestigation has developed the existence of a very careless system of doing things in the office of the supervising architect, but does not think him either incompetent or corrupt. It would be interesting to get the commit- tee's definition of "incompetency." Lord, what a whitewashing world this is!—*Lew- iston Gazette*.

The Haverhill Gazette prints a letter from an able-correspondent sojourning in Eastern Maine, who says there isn't a ripple in politics, and "the prospect is for a very light vote at the coming election." If the correspondent had known that the coming election wouldn't come until next year, perhaps he wouldn't have ventured to prophesy about the size of the vote.

The annual parade of that utterly need- less body, our Maine militia, is being had at the State capital, this week. Tenting, marching, consuming rations, firing at a mark and other mockeries of war are the order. Vainglorious officers with gay feathers and gilt lace will gallop hither and thither, and all for what purpose? There is not the remotest possibility of war at present; and should there be a war, not one of those companies could be relied upon as such to march to the front. The con- siderable amount of appropriation from the State treasury, annually, to keep up this useless show, could be much better spent toward fixing up our dilapidated State House.—*Belfast Age*.

"There is something beyond calculation in the speed of yachts" said one of John Rosch's experts. "Two boats may be built simultaneously from the same model, with every effort to make them precise duplicates as to shape and machinery, and yet one will prove faster than the other. Why this is, no man can tell. The steamer Mary Powell has for fifteen years been the swiftest on the Hudson river. During all that time she never has been beaten. Time and again an exact counterpart has been built, with everything copied to a hair, as nearly as the best mechanics and facilities could do it; but none of these have turned out as good as the original. As the reputation of un- rivalled speediness is a valuable advertise- ment for a passenger boat, you can see the object of trying to build a second Mary Powell. Experience has been the same with yachtsmen. They order copies of the swiftest craft, or combine the supposed good points of several, and nine times out of ten are disappointed in the result."

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THREE WISE MEN

Three wise men were on the marsh in Waterville Sunday night. They walked up Main street behind a trio of young ladies until they arrived at the corner of Temple street, where the "girls" stopped to speak with some acquaintances. Our three wise men passed on to the junction of Main and Elm streets, where they waited for them to come up.

As they passed, one of the ladies suddenly looked up and began to laugh.

"What are you laughing at?" said the chief wise man.

"O," said she, "I was only laughing to see you three fools try to pick up two married women and a grass widow!"

The three wise men silently wended their way to a quiet and secluded spot and drew lots for the beer.

A visitor propounded the following question of law to a young member of the Norwich (Ct.) bar recently: "Is it legal in Connecticut for a man to marry the sister of his widow?" adding, "I am quite positive it is legal in some places, although illegal in Massachusetts and England." The hedging sild his fingers nervously through his hair, and, after a few moments of deep thought, responded: "It is. I know a man who did it, and his right was never questioned." The hearty laugh which followed reminded the limb of the law that a widow's husband rests where there is no marrying or giving in marriage.

DEFERRED EDITORIAL MATTER

We do not often agree with the Republican papers, but we are compelled to acknowledge that what they say as to the position of those Democrats who declare for a "tariff for revenue with incidental protection," is reasonable enough. The idea is absurd. A duty on an article cannot be protective unless it prevents importation; and if importation is prevented there can be no revenue from that article. A tariff that will protect American manufacturers and produce a revenue is an impossibility. To advocate such a thing is like trying to "eat your cake and have it too." Democrats should meet the tariff question squarely, and oppose protection on the true ground—that it is unjust and wrong for government to protect one class of people at the expense of all the rest, whether "incidentally" were that possible, or directly.

We frequently see newspaper expressions of the understanding that the vote on the prohibitory constitutional amendment, to be taken next year, is to be a test of popular opinion on the question of prohibition itself, as a principle. It will be no test at all. Many prohibitionists will vote against the amendment, some because they recognize the impropriety of incorporating criminal law into the constitution, and others because they see very clearly that the adoption of such an amendment will do nothing whatever towards securing the enforcement of the present law, while it will prevent the adoption of additional laws in the interest of temperance, should

THE ANNALS OF THE TOWN OF CAMDEN, ME.

FROM ITS FIRST SETTLEMENT TO THE PRESENT TIME—By N. C. FLETCHER.

Chapter III.

I stated in a former chapter that Capt. Pring found no Indians in the vicinity of Camden, either on the islands or on the mainland which he first visited. But Capt. Weymouth met with a great number, and his conduct towards them was not much to his credit. These simple natives of the forests received these christian (?) Europeans with open arms, welcomed them to these shores, admitted them to their wigwams, and placed implicit confidence in their protestations of friendliness, only to be deceived, cheated and wronged, as all others have been who ever have come in contact with the Saxon race. The English, true to their instincts, have ever proved to all other nations a selfish, grasping and treacherous people, and whoever in their simplicity, have placed any confidence in them, have done so to their sorrow, and been left to mourn over the sad consequences of their folly, whether they have belonged to a savage or a civilized race. Some writers have attempted to smooth over the conduct of Capt. Weymouth toward the Indians on this coast, by saying that he intended to have them instructed in this language and religion, which would be a great benefit to them and their brethren. What crimes have been committed under the cloak of religion, and how many hypocritical pretenders have knelt beneath the sacred banner of the cross, and straightway imbrued their hands in their brothers' blood!

The Indians in great numbers met Capt. Weymouth and his company, when they landed upon our shores, in a friendly manner, and brought their furs to exchange for trinkets of but little value; and the Englishmen repaid them by invading their humble wigwams, and wrenching from the mother's fond arms the best beloved boy, and from the father the girl, the delight of his eyes, who cheered him in his lonely hours in his embowered wigwam, when returning from his hunting grounds. The simple children of nature, who roamed the everglades of the Meganticook valley, and rested upon the crests of these mountains, upon which I am now gazing, are entitled to a niche in history as well as those who have succeeded them in their possessions, and whose splendid mansions and picturesque cottages rest upon the same soil where the camps of the copper-colored race were erected, from which gracefully curled upward the smoke from their domestic firesides. These altars were as sacred to them as ours are to us, and their orisons were as acceptable to the "Great Spirit" as those of the present day which ascend from the gilded altars of our fashionable churches. I am not in the least tinctorured with a kind of philanthropy which may be called rosewater philanthropy, which is so prevalent among a certain class

Among those who came before him, as well as those who followed after, were many christian gentlemen. For, as early as 1606, a number of noble men belonging about London and Plymouth, formed a company for the purpose of sending out colonies "to make christians of the heathen nations." This association was called the "North and South Virginia Company," and King James granted to them all the territory between the thirty-fourth and forty-fifth degrees of north latitude. The London men chose for their portion the division south of the Hudson river, while those of Plymouth took the part north of the mouth of that river. In a few months more ships were dispatched, with an hundred and twenty colonists, the leader of the expedition being Capt. George Popham, brother to Lord John Popham, chief justice of England. His ship was named the "Gift of God" and the other ship, commanded by Capt. Raleigh Gilbert, was named the "Mary and John." On the sixteenth of August they landed on an island, finding a cross by which they knew it to be the one Capt. Weymouth had visited, afterward called Monhegan. On board the Mary and John was Skidwarroes, one of the savages who had been carried away by Weymouth the year before. When he found himself once more so near his home, he became much excited, and wished to go at once to his native place, near by on the mainland. Near midnight, Capt. Gilbert manned his boat, and, guided by the eager savage, ere day dawned they were at Pemaquid, now the town of Bristol. They landed in the early light of the morning, and approached a village of the natives. There was a sudden cry of alarm, and the warriors ran with hasty steps, and snatched their weapons to drive the intruders back. At the head of his braves was the chief of the village, Nahanada, who was also one of those carried away by Weymouth, but returned with Hanham. As soon as Nahanada and Skidwarroes perceived each other, they ran together and embraced. Then the brethren and family of the restored savage came forward and joined in the hearty greetings. Two hours soon passed, when Gilbert's party returned to the vessel, taking Skidwarroes with them. The next day was Sunday, and the crews of both ships went ashore on Monhegan, and here, beside the cross which Weymouth had planted was preached the first sermon in New England.

Having established, I think, as indisputable facts that Pring and Weymouth were the first white men who visited these regions, of whom we have any definite knowledge, and that the Penobscot bay and river were distinctly marked out on their charts and traced with an indelible pen on their records, I should do injustice did I not include in these annals the history of the inhabitants of the islands, which lie in the immediate vicinity of Camden, as the constant intercourse between them and the mainland by regular packets constitutes them near neighbors, and the trade and traffic between us in the course of a year amounts to a considerable sum. They bring us the products of their fine farms and the treasures which they wrest from the placid waters which lave their shores, in exchange for our merchandise. The islands from which Camden draws considerable trade, and which may justly be called her feeders, are North Haven, Islesboro (or Long Island) Seven Hundred Acre Island, and Job's Island. All these except the first, form a single town by the name of Islesboro. The first farm-house built on Long Island,

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case they did not recognize the prohibitory principle. On the other hand, the liquor interest will not generally oppose the amendment, and in some cases liquor dealers will vote for it, believing that it is likely to save their business from legislation of an adverse nature. It is a significant fact that liquor dealers as a class do not fight prohibitory legislation, and in some instances seem to favor it, though of course they would all be opposed to prohibition which would practically prohibit. They consider an unenforced prohibitory law the very best for their business that could be enacted, since it saves them from taxation and from all restrictions, being equivalent to "free rum." So that the vote on the proposed amendment will not be in any sense a test of popular opinion as to the prohibitory principle.

HAMPTON BEACH

Editor of the Opinion: I had the pleasure recently, of spending a day at Hampton beach, known to many who seek relief from the oppressive heat of Summer at the cool seaside, as one of the pleasantest beaches of the Atlantic, and made of late years somewhat famous as the place where the sweet American poet Whittier, wrote much of that entrancing production, "Tent on the Beach," and as Maine is blessed with several watering places, three of them among the most noted of the country—and what is that but to say of the world?—I thought I might interest some of your readers by telling them something of this place. Hampton beach is located about midway between Cape Ann in Massachusetts, and the Isles of Shoals, N. H. It has been a place of Summer resort, beginning like most other places, on a small scale—for the past forty-five years. It began with one hotel of moderate size, and humble pretensions—which hotel, after serving some twenty years, was burned—and, so slow has been its progress, that now it can boast of but six, and two of these are of very indifferent dimensions and style. It has cottages which accommodate nearly as many, probably, as the hotels. Two of the hotels are on Boar's head, the one on the promontory so named,—i. e. on the elevation, overlooking the ocean east, west and south—and the other, claiming ocean views equal to the former, at the base or beginning of the promontory. The beach is one of the finest on the coast. The sand is white, and it packs hard, like that of Old Orchard, which it most resembles, making a good roadway for pleasure driving—said, indeed, to be firmer for this purpose, than the Old Orchard beach—and so gradually receding as to afford the very best facilities for bathing. But, though its natural advantages equal, and its scenery is superior to, most places of resort on the coast, it evidently can never be a place of popular resort. And for the reason mainly, that its population is, and always must be, of too mixed a character. Many families of wealth and distinction, seek this resort, but with them an equal or larger number of the plain people of the adjacent country. Facilities are afforded these, being whole cottages, let to them, by the day, where the number is sufficient to require it and the purse will stand the strain, or single rooms to self-boarders, where the strictest economy is studied. The hotels have their parties, concerts and "hops" as at other resorts, at which the country people are allowed to be spectators, aside from which the place has the air constantly, of Sunday quiet. For those who seek, not display, but rest and recreation, it is a most desirable place. Indeed, I do not know its

interest in the whole race of red men, and are at the same time devising some scheme whereby, *professedly*, they can improve the condition of these "wards of the government," as they are now called, but have a very selfish object in the foreground, upon which their eyes are intently fixed; either they intend to make the people believe they possess a more sympathetic nature than do others, or, the glitter of the golden dollar which "Uncle Sam" has locked up in his strong-box has given birth to a strong desire to gain possession of the same. But I have always had a strong conviction that the rightful owners of these shores were wrongfully used by such adventurers as Weymouth, who proved himself to be a mere freebooter, and entirely devoid of that innate principle, which was implanted in man by his beneficent Creator, which would lead him to recognize his brother man beneath the tawny skin of the lowly and simple children of nature, whom he sought out amidst the desolate shores of Maine with protestations of friendship, and then, like a grovelling sycophant as he was, to rob, to betray, and inveigle them on board his ship, and convey them to a distant land, among a people they knew not, under the hypocritical pretence of christianizing them, when, pagans as they were, they possessed more of the christian spirit, more of the milk of human kindness, than those who betrayed them.

In all my researches among musty records, I have found no condemnation of the dastardly conduct of these English pirates, save one sentence of a compiler who, in giving a succinct account of Weymouth's treachery to the Indians, very modestly, and perhaps *piously*, says: "This act of Capt. Weymouth was no doubt wrong, but it must be remembered that the idea of personal rights in that day was not as clear as in ours; besides, he intended to have them instructed in his language and religion." One cannot help smiling at the simplicity of the man who penned this sentence. The less the Indians knew about such religion, the better for them and for the world. In the great temple of nature they breathed in a better spirit than ever emanated from the loftiest cathedral ever made with hands. The whispering zephyr amid leafy bowers, spake peace to the perturbed spirit of these children of the woods, and when they ascended the mountains and from their lofty crests "saw God in the clouds and heard him in the winds," it was to them, as Horeb was to Moses, "The Mount of God." They learned their first lessons of the Great Spirit around them, and in their solitudes formed the thoughtful, stern and decided character which has characterized them in all ages. They trod the deserts, free and untrammelled. With naught but Nature and God to teach them, their characters must be simple and manly, and their principles upright and pure. They loved freedom and enjoyed it till the "pale faces" came among them and learned them their odious lessons of selfishness, of treachery, of cruelty and revenge.

I have been led to speak of those who preceded us in peopling these regions, when Camden was a solitude, as was the group of islands before me, which gracefully rest upon the peaceful waters of "Penobscot bay," as an act of simple justice, and to leave on record my utter detestation of the villainous conduct of those freebooters, now grandiloquently called "English discoverers." I would by no means convey the idea that all adventurers who visited these regions were of the like character of Weymouth, for they were not

about 1790, and was occupied till about five years ago, when it was razed to the ground. It was a one-story house of ancient style, built for convenience and not for show. I visited it in 1876, and found it in a fair state of preservation; it was then occupied by one of Pendleton's descendants. The soil of North Haven is good, and yields to the husbandmen an abundant harvest. In fact, all the islands which I have named are very prolific, and contain many fine farms, whose owners know how to till them, and draw from them a good living, and in many cases abundant wealth. They are generally a stalwart set of men, and Islesboro especially has furnished Camden with as fine a set of seamen as ever "spliced a mainbrace," and as capable ship-masters as any other section of Maine. They are peopled by a race of men who, in point of religion, morality, temperance and literary attainments, will not suffer when compared with their neighbors in the various towns on the mainland. They excel in kindness and hospitality. These islanders ought to be happy, for their farms yield them good crops, their taxes are low, they are generally free from debt, and have accessible banks from which they can draw at will, without any danger of their falling and from which they cannot over-draw; these are the fishing banks.

I have lingered around the outskirts of Camden longer than I intended, but I could not pass over those with whom we come in daily contact, and with whom we are so closely identified. From these gems of our bay, I turn to the west, to scan our mountains, upon whose summits the earliest rays of the morning's sun, shimmer and flash amidst the hazy clouds that emanate from their recesses, and wake the toiling masses from their heavy slumbers.

MENTIONINGS

In a London court a youth was sentenced to pay a fine of 20 shillings or to labor ten days for kissing a young woman against her will. The plaintiff's satisfaction over her victory was turned to bitterness when the youth volunteered an apology, saying, "Of course I was under the influence of liquor or I should not have dreamed of kissing her."

The following characteristic anecdote is told of the late Judge Black: One day he was surrounded by a bevy of his personal friends on the floor of the House, among the rest Judge Mercur, then the Bradford Congressman, who turned to him and said: "Judge Black, you have more friends on our side of the House than on your own. You ought to be a Republican. If you would join us, we would appreciate you, and give you due prominence." To which Judge Black made reply that he knew it all to be true; the Republicans were good fellows; he would like to belong to them, and there was only one thing in the way. "If," he said, "there was no hereafter, I would join the Republican party at once. Nothing deters me but the fear of hell."

A young Connecticut scamp named Lockwood has invented what appears to be an absolutely new form of swindle. It consists of a circular informing those who receive it that a deceased philanthropist has left in the hands of his executor \$780,000, to "save persons who had been guilty of defalcation from ruin and disgrace." The philanthropist had once committed irregularities in a Boston bank, and has been saved by a rich old man, who advanced him \$780,000 on a pledge that this sum should ultimately be used to save others from a similar ruin. How this sum, after being used to make the irregularities good, could be used over again in this way does not appear. This circular was mailed all over the country, and, strange to say, numerous replies were received, with confessions of dishonesty and applications for money, where upon their correspondent proceeded to blackmail them. At this point

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of an upward ten- in this state. Republican journals to alleged inconf- Democratic con- protection of local or districts, while general principles. In it. They be- regard protection if the robbery is to ot try to secure a their friends and willing to vote for do not ask for any localities. But if ssue, they propose cure for their own at terms possible. or regard their ts present a splen- n many respects. striking contrast re Ohio and Penn- assigned to hold e side and catch er. The Omaha government of the tutional or other upon the people, result of getting asury with which ide for the com- l welfare of the tax-s called pro- obrent intent and abolished." The mplement of the "protection," so- of a few selfish idizement at the of the people; ad harbor bill, ur, the worse a more likely it e log rolling for ore shameless." principles, the Nebraska declare r of the state or g but a commit- o attend to cer- tain body of people ananged, and all on of the func- in any direction tly watched and eople." What n the circum- latitudes of luring to local ned the right of ale of intoxicat- good order, but sters to prohibit nks, as contrary tutional rights tation may be is at least un- ng for the tem- plicit is the de- pita, whether in sturing establish- eep its hands off e people. The nounce all rail- igh elect or at- sence or attempt political conven- ture and seque- reas. Corporate

THE ANNALS OF THE TOWN OF CAMDEN, ME. FROM ITS FIRST SETTLEMENT TO THE PRESENT TIME—BY N. C. FLETCHER.

Chapter IV. However much this vicinity may have been visited by Europeans previous to the year 1614, we have no means of ascertaining, as there are no records available to establish the fact. The Camden mountains, which for many leagues distant serve as a landmark for the mariner, have always attracted the attention of persons approaching this coast, and it is reasonable to suppose that many a bold adventurer has traced these shores, whose names, if ever known, have long since been forgotten. Samuel Argal (afterwards governor of Virginia) visited these shores for the purpose of trading with the natives about the year 1613, but in all my researches I have found no records or memorials to warrant me in classing him among those who visited these regions. The celebrated John Smith, whose history was in former years so familiar to every student, and whose life was once eaved by Pocahontas, the Indian princess, in Virginia, visited the Penobscot in 1614, and with his crew built several boats on the island of Monhegan. Two years subsequently, he published a book accompanied with a map, giving the details of his voyage. In that book he speaks of an Indian settlement at Camden, called Mecaddacut, as follows: "The most northern part I was at, was the bay of Penobscot, which is east and west, north and south, more than ten leagues. I found in the bay that the river ran far up into the land, and was well inhabited with many people; but they were from their habitations, either fishing among the isles or hunting the lakes and woods for deer and beavers. On the east of the bay are the Tarratinnes; the tribes westward of the mountains, under Basheba, are their mortal enemies. Here [in the east] inhabited the French, who live with the people [the natives] as one family, or nation. To the northwest of Pentaoget [Penobscot bay] is Mecaddacut, at the foot of a high mountain, a kind of fortress against the Tarratinnes, adjoining the high mountains of Penobscot, against whose feet doth the sea beat. But over all the land, isles or either impediments, you may see them, sixteen or seventeen leagues from their situation. Segocket is the next; then, Muscongus, then Pem- aquid." Smith, on his map, calls Mecuddacut, Dunbarton; but it is probable in submitting his map to Prince Charles (afterwards Charles I.) at which time this section of country was called North Virginia, he gave it the name of New England, and substituted English names for places bearing Indian appellations. Smith's book retains the original name, while the alterations noted are made upon the map, and hence the discrepancy. The name of Dunbarton does not appear to have been recognized generally, while that of New England was officially announced in the charter granted to the "Council of Plymouth" since which time it has been retained. Not a vestige is left to indicate the spot on which the Indian settlement was located alluded to by Smith. The settlement probably consisted simply of wigwams, the permanency of which depended upon the abundance of game and the migratory habits of these nomadic tribes. This glance at the history of the aborigines, gives but a faint idea of the stirring events that are associated with this vicinity before Camden was invaded by a civilized

of the Muscongus Patent, and was granted by the Council of Plymouth, England, to John Beauchamp of London and Thomas Leverett of Boston, March 13, 1629. The limits of the patent extended from the river Muscongus to Penobscot river on the seaboard, running back far enough to embrace an extent of territory equal to 30 miles square. The name of Beauchamp is perpetuated by a point of land in Rockport, known as "Beauchamp point," but better known by the present generation, as McIntire's point. Capt. John McIntire owned this peninsular for many years. He was a man of fine physique, of sterling integrity, industrious to the last degree, and as a citizen was held in high estimation, and died a few years since, universally regretted, leaving this valuable farm to his descendants, and perpetuating his name, by which the point will be known by after generations. But little is known of Thomas Leverett of Boston, the partner of Beauchamp. On the death of Beauchamp, Leverett, as the surviving partner to the estate, gave his name to what is now known as Jameson's point, in Rockland; but it was an empty honor, and the name given it passed away at the death of him who gave it: The location of this grant would never have been known had not the names of "Penobscot" and "Muscongus" occurred in the patent. They did their business in such a loose manner in those days, that in looking at what records can be found, they would lead one to suppose that in taking possession of the land in this locality it was a mere "grab-game," and the so-called "proprietors," a mere set of squatters. In 1719, John Leverett, who was then president of Harvard college, represented himself as sole heir of his grandfather's estate, according to the English laws of primogeniture, and took possession of the whole patent. But, meeting with some difficulty in establishing his title, as sole proprietor, he divided the estate into ten shares, granting one share to a son of Gov. Bradford, to extinguish some interloping claim, one share to Spencer Phipps, an adopted son of Sir William Phipps, two shares to Elisha Cook, and one each to Nathaniel Hubbard, Hannah Davis, Rebecca Lloyd and Sarah Byfield, descendants of Thomas Leverett; and the two remaining shares he retained for himself. These constituted the "Ten Proprietors." The same year, Jahabel Brenton and nineteen others became associated with them, and hence forth were known as "The Thirty Proprietors." After the treaty of Utrecht David Dunbar, the "King's Surveyor General of the Woods," claimed a "quit-rent" for the King. Fearing it might ultimately extinguish their claims, the "Thirty Proprietors" engaged the services of Brigadier Samuel Waldo to visit England, and obtain a relinquishment of this arbitrary claim. After untiring application at court, he succeeded in getting Dunbar removed and successfully accomplished his mission. On his return, the Thirty Proprietors surrendered to him for his services one-half of the patent. In 1732 Waldo caused his portion to be set off in severally, and made preparations for extensive settlement. He sent agents to Germany and circulated documents, offering flattering inducements to emigrants. He soon formed a colony of Germans at "Broad Bay," now Waldoboro. In 1753 he sent his son to Germany. The son was an energetic

The preparations for the dance commenced eight days previous to the occasion, during which time the Indians fortify themselves for the ordeal by taking a kind of medicine compounded by Nat-Chee-Wah, one of the "high priests" of the tribe, who is the only man entrusted with this important business, and who also has charge of the snakes. Wee-Kee, another priest, and Wah-Schin-Wee, a subordinate, have charge of the estufa, in which place they hold their councils, etc., and on the stone floor of which is an altar composed of brown and blue meal and brown sand, painted with paint of their own manufacture. This altar is surrounded by thirty-three sticks set in an earthen vessel, which are called "rain-sticks." They breathe across the sticks, and at the same time make their petitions to an Idol, sitting at the head of the altar, for rain. If it is a good breath, rain is the result; if a bad breath, no rain, and the Idol is displeased. They then address their prayers to the rain-sticks, after which the high priest takes them, together with "consecrated" meal, and burns them in the village. Then he prays that his wife (not himself) may be granted a good crop of corn. Meantime, five Indians are hunting snakes, which hunt they continue until noon of the day when the dance takes place. Then they bring them in and the high priest takes charge of them. About 4 o'clock p. m. the dance commenced. First came Nat-Chee-Wah, with a large sack full of snakes, bull snakes, blind racers and garter snakes, all in delightful confusion. He was followed by six Indians, each carrying a buckskin sack of rattlesnakes, all of which were deposited in the "snake shade," a small canopy of brush; after which the Indians went to the estufa and donned their costume for the dance. This costume consisted of buckskin knee breeches, decorated tortoise shell rattles on their ankles, bands on their arms, and—last, but not least—a breech-cloth, familiarly known by the Americans in this country as a "G-string." Their heads were adorned with feathers of a dull red color, and their breasts were covered with pearl shells. In their left hands they carried beads and a pair of moccasins, and in their right hands they held the sacred rain-sticks. Everything now being ready, the first company, consisting of eighteen men and nine boys, emerged from the estufa and marched four times around the sacred rock in the center of the circle in which the dance was to be held, and each Indian in passing the snake-shade would stamp with his right foot upon a board directly in front of the snakes. The second company now came from the estufa and went through the same performance as the first, with one additional feature—that of throwing meal on the snakes by each Indian as he passed by. There were twenty men in this company, and each company now formed in line facing one another, and commenced a doleful chant, accompanied by a rattling noise, produced by shaking small stones enclosed in a buckskin drum. The snakes were now in a terrible state of excitement, especially the rattlesnakes, which were coiled up, ready to strike any object that came within their reach. At a signal from Nat-Chee-Wah, the Indians broke ranks and started for the snakes. And now commenced one of the most horrible jamborees it has ever been my fortune to witness. The Indians greedily snatched the snakes and crammed them into their mouths, holding them fast with their teeth,

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ness, gives but a faint idea of the stirring
events that are associated with this vicinity
before Camden was invaded by a civilized
race of men. These mountains served as a
watch-tower for many an Indian scouting
party, and from their summits, command-
ing such an extensive prospect, has been
witnessed many an artful ambush, and
many a deadly conflict. Our lakes have
borne upon the bosom of their placid waters
the light canoes of contending tribes, while
from the dense forests, came echoing the
sounds of the thrilling war-whoop. Pacific
scenes would now and then intervene; and
then these dusky savages would have their
days of rest, and engage in all the pastimes
which they so much enjoyed. Thus lived
and acted the red men, who once roamed
around these hills and reclined amid the
stillness of nature in these valleys, or linger-
ed away the dreamy hours by the sea-
beaten shore, while the murmuring of the
surt lulled them to sleep.

During the year 1615, a sanguinary war
broke out between the two great divisions
of aborigines, in this state, the Etchemins
and the Abenagues, the former having do-
minion over the eastern, and the latter over
the western portion. Camden mountains
were said to be the dividing line between these
two confederacies—the barrier which sepa-
rated the two hostile tribes. Nultonnet
was the Sachem of the eastern, and Bashoba
the Sagamore of the western Indians. The
eastern tribes constituted the brave Tarratines
and the western by the mighty Wawenocks.
This was continued for two years, when the
Tarratines became victorious in conse-
quence of the death of Bashoba in battle.

In savage, as in civilized warfare, disease
slays more than weapons of war. A famine
ensued, followed by an epidemic, which
continued from 1617 to 1618, and which ex-
terminated several clans, and swept from
existence the most of the western tribes from
borders of the Tarratines on the east to the
Narragansetts on the west. This locality
was embraced in the territory of the Wawenocks,
but the Bashoba's dwelling place
was near Bristol, then called Pemaquid.

Succeeding this devastating war, and
pestilence, nothing worthy of notice is found
on record for nearly 60 years, which will
bring us down to the year 1696, when Major
Benjamin Church made his fourth expedi-
tion to the east. At this period of our his-
tory, Baron de Castine exercised almost
supreme control over the Tarratines, who
were in the service of the French, and at
war with the English Major Church, in the
language of his instructions, was sent on
this expedition "to persecute the French and
Indian enemy." On his voyage up the
river, he anchored abreast of "Mathebestuck
hills," as Camden mountains were then
called. They here "landed and hid their
boats," but found no trace of Indians. He
speaks of taking in one Joseph York, in his
voyage this way, and he must have belonged
in this region. Probably he took him for a
pilot. Drake, in his history, (written 1820),
says he belonged here, but there is no proof
of it in existence, to my knowledge.

The grant of patent, in which Camden is

soon formed a colony of Germans at "Broad
Bay," now Waldoboro. In 1753 he sent his
son to Germany. The son was an energetic
young man, of great shrewdness and popu-
lar manners, who used indefatigable exer-
tions to induce the German young men to
emigrate to America. He entered with a
zeal and great zeal into the furtherance of his
father's schemes, and was very successful in
persuading many of the early settlers of
Waldoboro to migrate to "Broad Bay," as it
was then called, to subdue the land and build
up a colony of their own kith and kin, whose
descendants should infuse into many genera-
tions the blood of an industrious, thrifty and
virtuous people. In early life I met and
mingled with many of these people, and be-
came strongly attached to many of them. I
studied their habits, heard their principles,
and was favorably impressed with their
strict integrity and their honorable virtues.

In the year 1836, in company with Gen.
Donny McCobb, then collector of customs
at the port of Waldoboro, I visited the Rev.
Mr. Starman, pastor of the German church
in that town. He received us very cordially,
and I felt at once perfectly at home in his
presence. He gave us a sketch of his early
life, of his emigration to this country, of his
first impressions of it, and the hardships
which he encountered in life in a new and
strange land. We spoke of the old and new
world. He laid before us several German
books, and numerous papers and pamphlets
in the German language. My attention was
called to one of the papers by Gen. McCobb,
and on reading it, I found it to be the Im-
perial Post, No. 47, March 23, 1753. It con-
tained a translation of one of Waldo's pro-
clamations, and I penned off the following
extract from its columns on a slip of paper.
In alluding to the climate of this section it
said:

"The climate is acknowledged to be
healthy, and the soil is exceedingly fruitful,
since the wood which grows there is mostly
oak, beech, ash, maple, and the like, and it
yields all manner of fruit as in Germany,
but hemp and flax in greater perfection.
Also, there is much game in the woods, and
many fish in the streams and every one is
permitted to hunt and fish."

Locke, in his history of Camden, quotes
from the same paper, and says he has a copy
of the paper in his possession and "doubts
whether its duplicate is to be found in
America." If he had a copy of the same
paper in his possession, (which I have no
doubt,) then there must have been two
copies of the same paper in this country at
the time he wrote. But, as Rev. Mr. Star-
man was very choice of his old documents,
I am pretty certain it was not the one I
copied from, at Mr. Starman's house. I
think it very probable that several copies
could be found among the papers of the old
German settlers, which their descendants
never saw, and never read, having but a lit-
tle interest in a land they never saw, and
known only to them by what their ancestors
had taught them.

The most enterprising, liberal and fair
merchants in the city advertise in the Opin-
ion. Give them your patronage and we
will engage that you

to witness. The Indians greedily snatched
the snakes and crammed them into their
mouths, holding them fast with their teeth.
Then, taking as many as they could hold in
their hands, they formed a circle around the
sacred rock, and danced to the music of the
hissing and rattling of the snakes, which
continually plied their death-dealing fangs
with a vigor and wickedness peculiar to
their species. One huge rattler in particu-
lar fastened his teeth in an Indian's throat,
just over the jugular, and he was coolly
pulled off by the Indian, the poisonous
fangs tearing through the flesh and causing
the blood to flow in streams. Altogether,
it was a scene which might well be termed
a "holy terror," and it should not surprise
the readers of the Opinion that the writer
got a little weak in the knees.

At this point eighteen Indian women and
girls arrived on the scene, and commenced
sprinkling meal upon the snakes as they
were swung around by the dancers. The
reason for this I could not ascertain. The
dance was now carried on with increased
earnestness for the space of one hour, when
it ceased, and a circle was made on the rocks
by throwing meal around. The snakes
were all deposited therein and left for
about a minute, when they were gathered
up by armfuls, carried in four different
directions into the valleys and turned loose,
not one of them being killed.

Thus ended the dance. It was witnessed
by several Americans, all of whom were
deeply interested. KNOX BOY.

MENTIONINGS

In Connecticut lives a boy whose arm
grows out of the middle of his back, indicat-
ing very clearly that nature cut him out for
a member of the Legislature or a policeman.

The makers of imitation coins used as
pendants for bangles and other jewelry are
to be prosecuted by the government as
counterfeiters. That's right. Many a poor
fellow, deluded by these shams into believ-
ing that his girl was worth seven or eight
dollars in gold money, has lavished his
young affections upon her, only to discover,
when too late, that she is not worth a cent.

"Aw, can you tell me, Miss Fair," queried
George Washington LaDude, after a brief
period of intense study, "why the aw-
Ponto's caudal appendage is like a coming
event?" "No, Mr. LaDude." "Well, aw,
it is something to a cur, don't you know—
hal hal!" "Very good, Mr. LaDude, very
good. But can you tell me why your hat
is like a bad habit?" "Why, er-r, aw; well,
no—why is it?" "Because it is something
to avoid." "Oh! weally, now, Miss Fair,
you are just too bad for anything, don't you
know?"

A timid young man is traversing a lonely
wood near Paris, when suddenly a gloomy
and sullen looking man accosts him, and
toying with the trigger of his gun, re-
marks: "Ha, my friend? I am delighted
to meet you. I know you would like to
buy this pheasant—a beautiful bird—and you
shall have it for twenty francs. You would
have to pay that for it at a restaurant, any-
way. Come, will you have it? Here, Bar-
er, don't bite the gentleman's legs unless I
tell you. Is it a bargain?" His young
friend says faintly that a pheasant is pre-
cisely what he came out to look for, and
pays the money. He hastens to the nearest
police station to complain of the highway
robbery of which he has been the victim,
there he is promptly fined for

Continuation SEPT. 21, 1883

pinion.

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NUMBER 457.

KNOX COUNTY PROBATE COURT.

SEPTEMBER TERM—E. M. WOOD, JUDGE—
B. K. KALLOOH, REGISTER.

Accounts filed—First and final account of J. S. Willoughby, executor of the last will and testament of Mary Bailey, late of Rockland; first account of R. P. Thorndike, guardian of Minnie C. Thorndike, minor child of Eben A. Thorndike, late of South Thomaston; first account of Mrs. R. P. Thorndike, guardian of George F. Thorndike, minor child of Eben A. Thorndike, late of South Thomaston; first account of Mrs. R. P. Thorndike, guardian of Lucy H. Thorndike, minor child of Eben A. Thorndike, late of South Thomaston; first account of Mrs. R. P. Thorndike, guardian of Alice A. Thorndike, minor child of Eben A. Thorndike, late of South Thomaston; first account of J. F. Stetson, administrator on the estate of Joshua G. Norwood, late of Camden; first and final account of Carrie M. Bowers, executor of the last will and testament of Elizabeth W. Bowers, late of Camden; first and final account of M. R. Mathews, administrator with the will annexed on the estate of Hiram K. Jones, late of Warren; second account of W. A. L. Rawson, executor of the last will and testament of John B. Stetson, late of Camden.

Accounts allowed—The final account of W. A. Albee, special administrator on the estate of Randall Albee, late of Washington; first account of Josiah Tolman, guardian of Philena Clements, non compos, of Rockland; the first account of H. E. Ingraham, executor of the last will and testament of Henry Ingraham, late of Rockland.

Petitions filed—By Lucy E. Packard, widow of Leander H. Packard, late of Warren, for allowance; by Margret Crockett, widow of Enos Crockett, late of Rockland, for allowance; by Rose F. Andrews, widow of Elden P. Andrews, late of Warren, for allowance; by Rose F. Andrews, administrator on estate of Elden P. Andrews, late of Warren, for license to sell real estate; by T. W. Hix, jr.; guardian of Hudson D. Ames, of Rockland, for license to sell real estate; by J. W. Knowlton, executor on estate of Randall Albee, for appointment of commissioner on disputed claims; by T. B. Bickmore, for partition; by J. S. Foster, administrator on estate of Robert McLaughlin, late of Camden, for license to sell real estate; by Julia E. Robbins, guardian of Emma F. Robbins, for license to sell real estate.

Licenses granted—To M. R. Mathews, administrator, with will annexed, on estate of Hiram K. Jones, late of Warren, to sell real estate; Emeline Hathorn, guardian of John A. Hathorn et. al., of Cushing, to sell real estate; to Hannah Libby, guardian of Eddie Libby, et. al., of Rockland, to sell real estate; to H. E. Ingraham, executor of last will and testament of Henry Ingraham, for license to sell real estate; to Joseph E. Moore, trustee under the will of H. E. Alden, late of Camden, for license to sell real estate.

Will filed—William Gregory, late of Camden.

Wills allowed—Hannah C. Ludwig, late of Thomaston—Henry C. Levensaler, M. D., and Frank H. Jordan, both of Thomaston, executors; Nahum Thurston, late of Union—Ann E. Thurston of said Union, executor.

Inventories returned—By Wm. H. Titcomb, executor on estate of Enos Crockett, late of Rockland; Rose F. Andrews, adminis-

THE ANNALS OF THE TOWN OF CAMDEN, ME.

FROM ITS FIRST SETTLEMENT TO THE PRESENT TIME—By N. C. FLETCHER.

Chapter V.

The last chapter bring us down to Gen. Waldo's death, which occurred May 23, 1759. In order that these annals shall be full and reliable, for the benefit of those who may peruse them, and more especially for the future historian who may be ambitious enough to follow the reapers who have preceded him in those barren fields, I deem it of importance to speak of the circumstances attending the death of one who stands out so prominently in the history of this section of our country. I have heard several accounts of his death given, so variable in their nature and so improbable that one hardly knows whether there is any truth in either of them. The most reliable and the best authenticated of the many which I have listened to from the lips of old settlers, is that from the late Judge William Crosby, one of the oldest settlers of Bellast. Gen. Waldo, said he, died on the 23d of May, 1759. After he succeeded in his efforts in having his portion of the remaining land, belonging within the limits of what was known by the name of the "Thirty Proprietors of the Waldo Patent," he went up the Penobscot river in a row-boat with his men, accompanied by a surveyor, to ascertain the limits of his patent and to permanently establish the bounds of the tract of land. Arriving in the vicinity of Eddington bend, and carefully surveying the whole of the line along the sinuous course of the river, he paused, and, after reflecting a moment, exclaimed: "Here is the bound of my patent;" and, taking up a silver plate with some inscription upon it, he continued: "I will sink this here as a land-mark, by which it will be known by all subsequent generations;" and immediately fell backward and expired—it is supposed, in a fit of apoplexy. From whatever source I have ever derived any information respecting Waldo's death, they all concur in attributing the remark above quoted as the last words he ever uttered in regard to the limits of his patent.

Previous to Waldo's death, it was agreed among the proprietors to dissolve the partnership existing between the different parties, owning the then Muscongus grant; but the necessary surveys were not made until after Gen. Waldo's death. The "Ten Proprietors" and "Twenty Associates," by which names these two companies were designated, had agreed to accept as their proportion eleven hundred acres each. The surveys were delayed from year to year until 1766, when one of the Twenty Associates, viz., John Jeffries, and the heirs of the remaining owners, by petition, obtained a warrant to call a meeting of the proprietors to be holden on the 6th of September, 1766. Sixteen of the original Twenty Associates were represented. At said meeting a committee was chosen to confer with the heirs of Gen. Waldo in regard to the eleven hundred

able to all who may desire to pore over these musty records. But if any attempt is, they will find it a tedious task. For these records are very voluminous, and they will soon find themselves in a bewildered state, and will be glad to be well out of this labyrinth, into which duty or ambition has led them.

As we approach the period of time which brings us to the confines of a new town soon to be traced upon the map of Maine, I can but stop and reflect awhile upon her surroundings. Seated in a commanding position, about 30 rods (facing east) from her shores, where the lapping waters can be distinctly heard rolling in upon her rock-bound shores, from the waste of waters, and my eyes sweeping the whole horizon, I cannot but exclaim, in the language of one of our old, "Beautiful for situation." The joy of all who have ever gazed upon this splendid panorama of nature which lies spread out before me. It requires a more perfect limner than I am to do justice to the scene, or impress upon the minds of others the beauties which everywhere present themselves to all who can appreciate their value. It is a beautiful morning; not a cloud overshadows the landscape, and the purple mists of the morning are resting lazily upon the many islands which gem the bay of Penobscot, and whose glassy waters seem to worship the loveliness of their intrusion. In raising my eyes to the south, I catch a very distinct view of the Fox islands, their last line bounded on the sea; and Islesboro, a little to the left, with her velvet green fields overlooked by the chalk-white cliffs of Cape Roster, named for Capt. James Roster, who accompanied Weymouth in his first voyage up the Penobscot in 1605. A little sweep of your eye, a trifle farther east and you will discover a dull, dreamy haze floating lazily in the vast field of ether. This is Mount Desert, standing out solitary and grand, and it rears its cloud-capped summit like some far-off sentinel, keeping his ceaseless watch and ward over the thriving villages, flourishing towns and fertile fields, which dot the beautiful landscape in this locality, while old Ocean's broad expanse is sleeping beneath him, or lashing in his fury the rugged sides of his stony fortress, as when he first mounted guard, six thousand years ago. Then, a little farther to the north, the sugar-loaf peak of Bluehill is seen looming up its weird aspect far up into the blue veil of ether which nature has spread over it, as if striving to reach grim, solitary and grand old Katahdin in his loneliness, whose home is a little farther up to the North, amid a stretch of interminable ranges of thickly wooded hills and charming lakes that look like beautiful crystals in their setting of emerald green, beyond which the line of the distant horizon so perfectly blends with the exquisite tints of the whole landscape, that the eye fails to detect the line of infinite space that marks the boundary of the world.—But it is useless for me to attempt to describe the beauties to be found in this portion of Maine's heritage. Indeed, one would hardly imagine that from the point of land upon which I am reclining, just below the old Jacob mansion, now the residence of the writer of these annals, could be found so much to enchain the attention, soothe the senses, and lull him a repose so perfect that he almost forgets the busy outside world and its many cares and perplexities, and lives only in the present moment, fleeting as that may be. But it is true, nevertheless. But all were not made to see it.

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on estate of Maria S. Wythe, late of Thom-
aston; Fred A. Packard, administrator on
estate of Leander H. Packard, late of War-
ren; Benj. F. Sprague, executor on estate
of Alvin Sherman, late of Appleton; Wal-
bridge A. Field, guardian of Eleanor L.
and Elizabeth L. Field, of Boston Mass.;
Frank Pullen, administrator on estate of
John G. Laeman, late of Union; John C.
Levensaler, of Thomaston, trustee under the
will of William R. Keith, late of Thomast-
on; Emeline Hathorn, guardian of John A.
Hathorn, et. als., of Cushing; Eunice A.
Clark, executor on the estate of Eunice H.
Cook, late of Warren; Walbridge A. Field,
guardian of George W. Allen of Boston.

Decree of Adoption.—Gertie May Orbet-
ton, child of Lizzie T. Orbeton, of Thomast-
on, adopted by Daniel Hibberd and his
wife, and her name changed to Gertie May
Hibberd.

On petition for Application and Inquisi-
tion in the case of Patrick Cain, alleged to
be insane, the selectmen of Vinalhaven re-
turned the said Cain to be insane.

Margaret Crockett, widow of Enos Crock-
ett, waives the provision made for her in
her husband's will, and elects to claim
dower.

In Court of Insolvency.—In the case of C.
N. Fogler, petition for examination of debt-
or, filed by Nathan B. Conant of Rockland.

FRUIT OF THE PRESS

God and the State. By Michael
Bakounine, founder of Nihilism and apostle
of Anarchy. Translated from the French
by Benj. R. Tucker, Boston. Benj. R.
Tucker, publisher, Box 3,366. Price, 15
cents. The works of Bakounine have been
less read in this country than any other, but
they are destined to be well known here.
The tendency of thought in America is
toward the doctrines advocated by the great
Anarchist, although few will accept them
unreservedly. The publication by Mr.
Tucker of cheap editions in English will do
much to introduce these works. To review
the above pamphlet, would be to write a
philosophical essay, which is hardly the
thing to print in a local newspaper. The
work is for sale at the Opinion Book Store.

The October number of St. Nicholas
opens with a beautiful poem by Philip Bourke
Marston, entitled "Summer Changes,"
which is followed by the second part of
Louisa M. Alcott's charming child story,
"Little Pyramus Thisbe." All big and
little people who are fond of pets will read
with interest about a big and a little pet of
which John R. Coryell writes. They are
respectively an elephant seal which was
once tamed by a sailor, and which was the
"Largest Pet in the World," and a Breton
"Midget Sheep" so small as to hide behind
a bucket. There is also an entertaining
chapter on army pets in Harry M. Kieffer's
"Recollections of a Drummer-boy," together
with an amusing anecdote of how General
Grant once had to go thirsty. The two
popular serials, "The Tinkham Brothers'
Tide-Mill," by J. T. Trowbridge, and
"Swept Away," by Edward S. Ellis, are
brought to eminently satisfactory conclu-
sions. St. Nicholas is sold at the Opinion
Book Store, Rockland.

October brings the concluding number of
The Century year, and of the twenty-sixth
volume of the magazine. Illustrated arti-
cles and critical biographical papers, give
a popular look to the number. The por-
trait of Longfellow which accompanies Ed-
mund C. Stedman's admirable essay on the
poet, is thought to be one of the best of The
Century series of frontispieces. Richard
Grant White's "Old New York and its
Houses" is one of the most interesting
among the illustrated articles, being a racy
criticism of the commercial spirit and build-
ing taste of the past twenty years. W. J.
Stillman's "Characteristics of London," and
the paper of an anonymous "Foreigner in
Florence," succeed in making travel pictu-
resque without the aid of pictures. Mr.
Howells brings "A Woman's Reason" to an
effective conclusion. "Through Water-
spout and Typhoon," by James G. Walt, is
a story of the tropical seas, of graphic and
realistic power. The poetry of the number
is contributed by Roger E. Jordan, L. Frank
Tucker, Miss Charlotte Fiske Bates, Edna
Dale; and in "Eric-a-Brac," by Richard A.
Jackson and others. Bay Century of R. H.
Barnham & Co., Rockland.

They reported that the action of said
heirs was agreeable to previous agreement,
and the following gentlemen, who were of
that committee, were empowered to execute
deeds of indenture with the heirs of Waldo,
viz., Benjamin Lynde, James Bowdoin,
Robert Treat Payne, Henry Locke and
Nathaniel Appleton. The tract selected by
the Twenty Associates was surveyed and set
off by them on the 7th of April, 1768, at
which time the deed was dated. This em-
braced Camden, Hope, Appleton, Montville
and a part of Liberty. The tract was to
extend from the sea shore, 5 1/2 miles wide,
and to embrace several islands on the coast,
containing about 2,000 acres more or less;
but, according to Colton's map, the width is
6 miles. On making the survey, it was
found that, after running back about twenty
miles, it encroached on the Plymouth
patent. But, in order to avoid any diffi-
culty, Montville and a small part of Liberty
was taken from the greater and added to
the lesser part, which completed the eleven
hundred acres. In the year 1773, the
"Ten Proprietors" had their portion by
Waldo's heirs set off, supposing that their
patent extended as far up the river as Bang-
or. But they were mistaken. Instead of
reaching to the interior as far as Eddington
bend, or even to Bangor, they found, when
a correct survey was made by scientific sur-
veyors, and the true line established, that
it extended from the northeast corner of
Frankfort, to the northwest corner of
Thorndike, and thence down to the source
of the Muscongus river. Here was a sad
mistake, for the "Ten Proprietors" lost
south of Frankfort about 43,000 acres of
land. To be sure, they could not, strictly
speaking, lose what they never had; but they
felt like the Irishman, who claimed a good
farm, and no doubt would have had one if
another man's had not been on top of it.
To make up the deficiency, Gen. Knox, who
had bought in some of the claims of the
"Ten Proprietors," became the clerk of the
company, and was called upon to make up
the deficiency; and he gave a bond to re-
munerate them for the great loss of 43,000
acres of land. But the bond was lost, and
the indemnity was never obtained, thus
proving a statement of mine before made in
these annals, that it was a mere grab game
with the early proprietors of all these lands.
On the 9th and 19th of February, 1798,
meetings were held, and if the accounts of
those meetings which have come down to
us be true, there was much language used
that might offend ears polite at the present
day. The residue of the "Muscongus
grant," containing about 400,000 acres, fell
to the Waldo heirs, which was finally set
off in deed of severance in the year 1773,
when it took the name of the "Waldo
Patent."

It will be perceived by the reader that, in
transcribing the "facts and fancies," the
traditional and recorded facts, connected
with the history of the Muscongus grant,
they have differed slightly from statements
heretofore made by former writers. But I
have carefully sifted the mass of rubbish
which had accumulated on my hands for
many years, retained the wheat and thrown
the chaff aside. I have relied principally
upon the records of the Massachusetts His-
torical Collection for my facts, as the most
reliable source from which I could draw.
But, at the same time, I acknowledge my
indebtedness to many who have trodden in
the same paths before me. The documents
relating to the history of the "Ten Propri-
etors," the "Twenty Associates," and the
"Waldo Patent" are in the archives of the
Massachusetts State House, and are avail-

able at hand, containing a large amount
of fashion intelligence and literary matter.
Subscription price \$3 per year, with con-
siderable deduction to clubs; single copies,
20 cents. Address, 1,006 Chestnut Street,
Philadelphia. For sale at Opinion Book
Store.

The report of the committee to investigate
Architect Hill's management of his office
pronounces Architect Hill "incompetent, if
not positively dishonest." How conveni-
ently silent republican organs now are with
reference to Ex-Congressman Murch! A
little while ago it was "Congressman
Murch's investigation," now it is "Secre-
tary Folger's," and he is to have all the
credit of ventilating Mr. Hill's incompe-
tency and dishonesty. But the g. o. p.
must go.—Augusta Age.

A shooting affair occurred at a shanty
near Reed's Pond in the town of Dedham,
Wednesday evening on Wednesday of last
week. Edward Gibbons who has been at
work driving a team for J. W. Palmer &
Sons, on the Shore Line railroad recently
had some trouble with one Ransford Gratz,
who is also employed on the Shore Line.
Gibbons says that Gratz came to Bangor
and said that he (Gibbons) was neglecting
his work. Mr. Palmer Wednesday went to
Reed's Pond, to investigate the matter.
Gibbons then heard of the complaint (that
had been made against him. The men both
board at the same shanty and about 7 o'clock
Wednesday evening Gibbons asked Gratz
what he meant by telling such a story to Mr.
Palmer. Thereupon Gratz drew a revolver
and fired at Gibbons had not moved the bul-
let would undoubtedly inflicted a fatal
wound. As it was the bullet struck Gib-
bons in the left arm close by the shoulder,
inflicting a painful but not necessarily dan-
gerous wound. Gibbons was removed to
this city, and the bullet probed for but it has
not yet been found.

A prominent official of the government
is authority for the statement that the new
postal notes are made so simple that their
counterfeit will be very easy. At the time
the proposals were being considered the
Bureau of Engraving and Printing submit-
ted with its bid a sample far superior to the
note adopted by the Post Office Department
and one that counterfeiters could not imi-
tate. The paper upon which it was to be
printed could not be obtained except from
the government mills. Although the cost of
manufacturing the notes might have been
somewhat greater than the contract rates,
it would have been cheaper in the end, how-
ever, for the work to have been performed
by the government. Numerous complaints
have been received, especially from bank-
ing institutions, relative to the flimsy char-
acter of the new notes, and a pretty fair im-
itation of one of them for a small amount
has been sent to the Secret Service Bureau
for investigation. A better note should be
required for the contractors in future, the
official thinks, in order to prevent a repeti-
tion of the offense, and if the contractors
cannot comply with this requirement other
proposals should be invited, when there
would undoubtedly be more competition.

The New York Sun says of the report of
the Hill investigating committee, that it
"aims to split the difference between duty
to the country and fear of offending the
Building Ring. Acting on the testimony,
duty would lead the committee to declare
that the contractors had run the Supervising
Architect's office. Restrained by the power
of the contractors, the committee, while
they will not dare to acquit Hill of blame,
will not declare that the administration of
his office has been positively incompetent,
if not outrageously corrupt. It is notorious
that a pressure has been brought to bear on
the committee to make a whitewashing re-
port. Such the report would be but for the
public opinion which begins to be felt even
in the Treasury Department, demanding
that if the jobbery and corruption cannot be
stopped, the officials shall not, on every
occasion they are found out, be endorsed
over as perfections of official honesty and
ability. The report has been in Secretary
Folger's hands for some time. There is a
rumor that he will improve the opportunity
to stifle the works of the contractors and
corruptionists by drawing his own conclu-
sions from the testimony and making his
own recommendations. This perhaps is
too much to hope for.

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pinion.

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NUMBER 458.

DEFERRED EDITORIAL MATTER

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The Bellast Age has recently appeared enlarged and in a new dress of type. At the same time, the price to advance paying subscribers has been reduced to \$1.75 per year. The Age is a splendid newspaper, and we are glad to see that it is evidently well appreciated in Waldo county.

The offensive censorship of the mails exercised by the present administration, under the pretext of checking lottery enterprises, has about arrived at a point where a halt must be authoritatively called if there is to be in future any security whatever for the correspondence of the people against the officiousness of officials. Postmaster General Gresham's recent order forbidding the postmaster at New Orleans to deliver registered letters or to pay money orders to the New Orleans National Bank, because the business of the Louisiana lottery is conducted through that bank, is an outrageous assumption of power. The Supreme Court has decided that no letter can be withheld from delivery because it is suspected. Each communication withheld must be first shown by competent evidence to be a communication forbidden to be carried in the mails, and that evidence cannot be obtained from the sealed communication itself. General Gresham's order applies to letters which may be written hereafter, and concerning which he has no evidence and can have none. It also applies to letters which have no reference to the lottery. The order is an attack upon the general and legitimate business of a bank authorized by the government to do business. Lotteries are bad enough no doubt, but espionage by postoffice officials and interference by them with the correspondence of the people, involves far worse evils and is more dangerous to the country. Let the departments of justice of the state and of the United States government attend to the work of regulating or crushing out lotteries, and let the postoffice department attend solely to its business of transporting the mails, its only legitimate hold of operation. It is only a step from the present administration of the postal department to the European style of systematic official inspection and censorship of the mails for political purposes.

THE ANNALS OF THE TOWN OF CAMDEN, ME. FROM ITS FIRST SETTLEMENT TO THE PRESENT TIME.—By N. C. FLETCHER.

Chapter VI.
Having cautiously traced the earliest adventurers in their trackless wanderings to a new world, met them on the bleak shores of a continent they knew naught of, having a world in which to choose a place of rest "and Providence for their guide," I think I have wandered far enough away from home to admit the full truth of the exclamation of Attala, "Happy are they who have not seen the smoke of the stranger's fire." I have approached the period when I must com-

cabn, near where the "Corporation hall" now stands. He must have been a man of good judgment and keen foresight, for he certainly selected one of the most eligible situations for his simple dwelling that the township afforded. Here he spent his first Winter, and in the following May, 1769, made preparations for the removal of his family to their destined home. He arrived in a small vessel with his family on the 8th of May, as it was but one or two day's sail from his former home (Bristol.) There were but few Indians in this vicinity at the time of Richards's arrival. There were a few wigwags, containing women and their progeny, on what is now called 'Eaton's point,' and a still less number on what is called at the present day, 'McIntire's point,' in Rockport. The males, (or bucks, as they were called by the white race, and braves by their own people,) were probably absent in the interior or in pursuit of game, or following their nomadic instincts in visiting other tribes. Mrs. Richards especially must have felt her loneliness, and shed many a tear through the long dreary days in the absence of her husband. But women in those days were made of sterner stuff than are those of the present generation, or the town of Camden would have never occupied her present position, in the number of inhabitants which she now fosters within her borders. But they were born, grew up, and were educated under very different circumstances from the people of the present day. Inured to deprivations and hardships from childhood, they arrived to manhood and womanhood, a sturdy race, self-reliant, and fully equipped to fight the battles of life with strong hands and willing hearts. Mr. Richards had brought with him a grind-stone, a very necessary article for a new settler, which was placed beside the door of his log hut. It was a new article to the natives of the forests, and one which they highly prized. "They used to come," says Mrs. Richards, "in the absence of my husband, to grind their knives and tomahawks upon this stone, where it sat by the side of the door-way. They thought much of it and seemed to be grateful for the use of it. At first," she says, "I must confess I was a little afraid of them, and felt somewhat alarmed at their appearance, but as they always appeared friendly and treated me with due respect, my timidity soon wore off, and we often met on the most friendly terms."

But Mr. James Richards was not destined to be long the solitary settler of the town. For, the same year, his two brothers, Joseph and Dodapher, joined him and built them log houses, this making a nucleus around which numerous settlers might gather in a surprisingly short time.
In the following July, 1770, Robert Thorndike, who then lived in Falmouth, (now Portland,) removed into that part of the town called Rockport now, then Goose River, from the large number of wild geese which were wont to congregate there in

began to increase gradually until the War of the Revolution commenced, when emigration ceased, and a long dreary period ensued, during which Camden remained in rather a desolate condition, until the close of the war.

A TRIP TO MALONE, N. Y.

To any not familiar with the route from New England via central Vermont, to northern New York some incidents of such a trip that interested me, may prove interesting. First, let me say, that I learned—what I had never known before—that the "trunk line" of railroad, known to the general public as the Vermont Central, is composed of three sections—the Concord road, which extends from Boston to Concord, N. H.; the Northern, which extends from Concord to White River Junction, Vt., and the Vermont Central, which extends from White River Junction to St. Albans, Vt.—each with its several branches. To know this, may save the traveler some confusion. I need not inform any one that the several railroad routes through both New Hampshire and Vermont, though following, for the most part, water courses, run through a continuous succession of hills and mountains. There are rare exceptions, but I did not see a city, nor village, that did not present the uniform appearance of hiding in a basin, or at the base of an inverted tunnel, the green hills or mountains rising on every side, and shutting it in. "Nestling among the hills," is the common attitude, and the effect can be realized only from actual observation. The Green mountains appear as we pass Waterbury and approach the Notch, with their peaks—among them Mt. Mansfield and the Camel's Hump, each over 4,000 feet high—piercing the clouds, are hardly less towering and grand than the White mountain, of so much greater celebrity. Passing through the Notch, we cross into a new country, a luxuriant valley, at its widest parts, I should judge, not more than two or three miles, but stretching on to, and beyond, St. Albans. This is the celebrated butter making region of Vermont. Here the dairy herds dot the valley from end to end, and each dairy establishment resembles a hamlet, only that it far exceeds the average hamlet, in its exceptional neatness. Here too I came upon another interesting peculiarity. These mountains, dividing the western from the eastern slope, had also proved the limit of the rain area of the past season. This valley I found clothed with a luxuriance of grass, the heaps of rowen standing thick upon its surface, in many a field. Here too the frost king had found this valley so fair that he could not find heart to blast its vegetation with his withering touch. I saw a field of corn, as green as in mid-summer, and even the pumpkin vines in the corn fields had been touched. This green was in beautiful contrast with parched New England and struck one as very strange, that this northerly region, where first and hardest we would expect the hoar frost to strike, should be freest from its blighting breath. There has been some frost throughout this section of northern New York, but it has been light. The ride from St. Albans to Malone, a distance of 80 miles, has also some interesting features. The foot of the slope upon which St. Albans stands, is laved by the waters of Lake Champlain, only three miles away. Rouse's Point is twenty miles northwest, and on the opposite side of the lake. The railroad crosses the lake at this point, on a long pile and draw-bridge, in crossing which a fine and exten-

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thirty years of rather a busy life, and to their characters, their habits and their aspirations, I am no stranger. I only regret that their fathers did not leave on record more of their doings in the stirring times in which they lived, that their children might have had a more vivid impression made upon their memories for the benefit of future generations. But we must take things in this life pretty much as we find them, and make the most of them.

In 1768 "The Twenty Associates" had the plantation, now called Camden; surveyed by David Fales of Thomaston. The boundaries then determined upon were subsequently changed. According to Fales's survey, the township was six miles in length by five miles and sixty-two rods in width. The northeasterly boundary commenced at a rock on the sea-shore on what is now called Eaton's point, about two rods south of the steamboat wharf, belonging to the Boston and Bangor Steamship company, marked XX, and from thence runs north 33 1/2 degrees west. To be more explicit, the line would now pass from the rock marked XX directly between the houses of William G. Alden and Mrs. Elijah Harden, on High street; thence to the southwest base of Mount Battie, up by the late Timothy Fay's house; thence to the easterly corner of the town of Hope. According to this survey, Camden mountains were then embraced in Canaan, now known as Lincolnville. The territory north of the above mentioned line was ceded to Camden by Canaan, before Camden was incorporated, in answer to prayer of certain petitioners, who wished to be set off, because of the near proximity to Camden Harbor village. The other boundaries were nearly the same as are described in the "Act of Incorporation of Camden." The southeast corner is indicated by a rock marked AX on the north side of Owl's Head bay. From thence, according to the "Act of Incorporation," the line runs "northwest by north seven miles and sixty-four poles," which brings it to the southern corner of Hope. From thence it runs northeast five miles and ninety-four poles, which brings it to the eastern corner of Hope, and then includes the ceded territory before mentioned, by running east three miles and a half and twenty poles to a spruce tree. Thence it runs southeast by south one mile to "Little Duck Trap," and thence by the sea shore in a westerly direction to bounds first mentioned, at Owl's Head bay. According to these limits, were the lines unchanged, Camden would contain 23,600 acres of territory; but changes have taken place, ancient landmarks have been removed, no doubt, in many places unwittingly, but the old hoary-headed town of Camden, is still large enough for all practical purposes.

From the best information that can be obtained from recorded facts, and from the oral testimony of his numerous descendants, James Richards was the first settler in the town of Camden. He was living when I became a resident of Camden, thirty years ago, and for several years afterwards, but was unable to mingle among his fellow men, owing to his burthen of years. He was a native of New Hampshire. He was born in a town on the Piscataqua river, and removed to Bristol, Me., in 1767. He then, in the Fall of the following year, 1768, removed into the town of Camden, which was then a solitary wilderness. What is now a thriving village, and called the "Harbor," was known by the Indians by the name of Megunticook. There he erected a rude log

ble acquisition to a new settlement and from what I know of his descendants he must have been a man of strong mind and having every qualification for a first-class pioneer to a new country. The name of Thorndike is very numerous in this part of our state, and is identified with the town of Camden in every step of her progress, from the incipient settlement at the Harbor to its present gigantic proportions. Mr. Thorndike was born in the town of Beverly, Mass., and in that good old town his early life was spent till he arrived to manhood, when he removed to Camden with his young family, "planted his roof tree" and lived and died here, and left his impression upon the age in which Camden was first registered as a town in the State of Maine. Mr. Thorndike did not take a leap in the dark when he came into this wilderness with his numerous family, for I am informed by one of his descendants that he came to Camden two or three years previous with his vessel in search of timber, and finding a plenty of the kind he was in search of, he loaded his vessel and departed, but not before he had thoroughly prospected the Megunticook valley, and determined in his own mind to make it, sometime in the near future, his abiding place.

The next settler who followed Mr. Richards was Major William Minot of Boston, who selected a lot upon which to erect mills, at the foot of Megunticook stream, near where the present grist and flouring mills, in Market square, stand. The present mills are now owned by the heirs of the late Deacon Samuel G. Adams and Carleton, Norwood & Co. Mr. Minot erected the first frame house in Camden. It was situated in the rear of the late Ephraim Barrett's dwelling house; on Chestnut street, now the property of Mr. Barrett's son, William George Barrett. How long Mr. Minot resided in Camden, I am unable to say, for no records are to be found touching this matter, nor have I met with any early resident of the town from whom I could derive the desired information.

Lewis Ogier, of French descent, it is said, was the next settler. He came from Quebec, and selected a lot of land on what is still called Ogier's hill, at the head of Chestnut street, and where one of his descendants still lives, Mr. Joseph W. Ogier. Mr. Ogier was a Huguenot, and he retained all the characteristics of that people during his life and transmitted them to his descendants, down to the present day. He was a man of strict integrity and of remarkably social habits, and always exhibited a strong affection for those who were bound to him by kindred ties. The same may be said of all his descendants. They partake somewhat of the characteristics of the Scotch. They are plannish, and cling together with all the tenacity of one of the old Scottish clans—a good trait, surely, in the character of any people, and it is a great pity that it is not more generally possessed and more highly cherished. If it was, the world would be much the better for it. Mr. Ogier erected a house on the point of land near the shore, opposite Negro island, and the site can readily be distinguished by a depression in the soil, where the old cellar was.

Paul Thorndike, a brother of Robert, soon followed him to Rockport village. Then came James Simonton, John Harkness, Peter Ott, John Ballard, William Gregory, Mark Beckland, William Forterfield and William Upham, the last four settling down

is rather uninviting, the country having been until recently covered most of the way by the Chateaugay (pronounced Shatogay) forest, of wilderness, a part of the Adirondack region. The land is poor and rocky, but an excellent quality of iron ore has been discovered, in considerable abundance, and the iron works here and there principally break the desolate monotony. The Adirondacks, however, are in plain view in the distance, fifteen to twenty miles away, and though you look only on a forest, imagination supplies so much, of lake and stream, trout and deer, and the odors of the fir, hemlock, and pine, as to make the view next to entrancing. Malone is a pleasant and thriving village, of 5,000 population, having excellent graded schools, several churches, a fine court-house building, an opera house, good business blocks of brick, several manufactories—lumber, sash and blinds, woolen cloth, starch, etc.—and a good proportion of fine residences. It is also somewhat noted, your readers will remember, as the home of ex-vico-President Wheeler, a gentleman of some distinction formerly, but who, with his chief, has mostly dropped out of mind; a wealthy, kind hearted, benevolent gentleman, much respected by his neighbors and fellow citizens; and all the more now, mayhap, that he is out of health. P.

September 24, 1883.

MENTIONINGS

This is the time for sentimental girls to gather Autumn leaves and hornets' nests.

Congressman Murch, of Maine—himself a practical stone-cutter—has proved too formidable a foe for Supervising Architect Hill. The latter tried to put a brave face on the Congressman's charges, and got all the Republican papers to print dispatches in his favor; but Murch's accusations of favoritism to "rings," and corruption generally, prove to be too strong to be resisted, and to-day Hill "passed in his checks" and "stepped down and out." He will try to do business as a private citizen and an architect in Washington. His fall is as signal as Belknap's; he goes down with a hard thump and nothing to ease the descent.—*Hartford Times*.

Dr. Hammond, of New York, supposed to be the highest authority on nervous diseases, condemns as injurious the smatterings of physiology taught to children, and especially to girls, in the schools. He thinks that the lively imaginations of young girls will be so wrought upon by the revelations of physiology as to the bodily functions that nervous diseases are likely to result. The doctor does not hesitate to declare that: "It does a woman harm to know where her liver is; for instance, I am quite sure that the large increase in disease of the nervous system among women in recent years is to a great extent due to the pernicious system of calling their attention in schools to organs that they had better know nothing about. I know that such attention deranges their health, mentally and physically."

Consul-General Merritt of London has sent to the state department a report on the alleged Bradford estate in Great Britain. He says he has received numerous letters from the United States inquiring as to the existence in the vaults of the Bank of England of the sum of \$100,000,000, the accumulated principal and interest of the estate of Gov. William Bradford, first Governor of Plymouth colony, of whom the writers claim to be heirs. He says that, although he was well aware that the Bradford estate was like scores that had appeared before, he addressed a letter on the subject to the Bank of England, and received in reply a letter which he forwards, in which S. O. Gray, chief accountant, says: "There is no unclaimed stock or money recorded in the books of the bank in the name of Gov. William Bradford, nor is there, so far as I am aware, any foundation for the assertion that there is."

Continuation Oct 5, 1883

DEFERRED EDITORIAL MATTER

According to an estimate made, at least \$300,000 of the national debt is held in Europe. This is about 20 percent. Of the remainder, the larger part is held by Wm. H. Vanderbilt and a few other millionaires. For their benefit, the debt, which could be reduced one-half without any increase of taxation, is maintained, and the people are taxed to pay interest to this monied aristocracy. If the people like it, let them by all means continue the Republican party in power.

Now that O'Donnell, the Irishman who killed the infamous informer Carey, has had an opportunity to tell his story, the theory that the killing was done in self defence is very reasonable. He says that he did not know who Carey was until near the end of the voyage. Learning that he was the man, he accused him; of being the informer and Carey acknowledged it to be true. Soon after, O'Donnell says, he alluded to the matter, and Carey got angry. A quarrel ensued, and both drew their pistols—Carey drawing his first. O'Donnell gripped Carey's collar with his left hand, but being paralyzed lost his grasp. Carey then crushed him down against the end of a table, putting his pistol in O'Donnell's face. O'Donnell grabbed the pistol and fired his own, Carey's weapon falling on the floor six feet away. Carey ran partially stooping, to pick it up, when O'Donnell fired again, not deliberately, but to save his life. According to O'Donnell's statement the story of Carey's son, that he took his father's pistol from a boy after the shooting, is untrue. He took it off the floor.

The forthcoming report of the comptroller of the treasury will show a very considerable falling off of the national bank circulation during the past year, says a Washington dispatch. During the last month of the year it fell off over \$1,000,000. For the year the falling off will be about \$8,000,000. The removal of the tax of one-half of 1 per cent from bank capital and deposits by the last Congress led many to believe that an increase of circulation of the capital in the banking business would follow, but this expectation has not been realized. There has been no material increase in the number of new banks chartered. Those opened do not, as a rule, take out much circulation. On the contrary, they, as a rule, start with a small capital, and issue as little circulation as the law will permit. The comptroller, who is the creature of the banks and looks out for their interests, urges the removal of the tax on bank circulation, as an inducement to the banks to maintain their circulation. But why should government do that when it can supply the place of the currency which disappears by bank contraction by issuing greenbacks? It cannot be shown that bank currency is any better than greenbacks, and the latter are better in many respects. They are a legal tender; they cost government nothing, while the bank circulation is maintained by issuing bonds and paying interest on them; and, what ought to be a great point with hard money men, the greenbacks are redeemable in coin and the bank notes are not. The national bank currency must go.

THE ANNALS OF THE TOWN OF CAMDEN, ME.

FROM ITS FIRST SETTLEMENT TO THE PRESENT TIME—BY N. C. FLETCHER.

Chapter VII.

Previous to the time at which Major Minot erected his mill at Camden, the set-

to his friends, "I should a little rather have been at home in my log hut than out in the woods fighting those cursed varmints." This battle of Richards with the wolves taught these early settlers a lesson which they never forgot. They were more cautious, and never ventured far from home without their muskets and plenty of ammunition to give these wild beasts a warm reception should they cross their pathway in their wanderings in the future.

They derived their subsistence principally by hunting and fishing while they were clearing their land and preparing the soil, that store-house of nature, for future crops. The woods abounded in game and the waters in fish. They had but to grasp their guns and enter the forest at their very doors, and in a short time would return, laden with the finest game that any forest ever produced; or they could take their canoes and their fishing tackle, and glide out into the bay, cast forth their lines, and the finest fish that ever swam in salt water would readily take the bait, and in a few hours they would have a supply that would last their families for many days, with a surplus sufficient to supply their neighbors, should they need them. If they hungered for the succulent clam, they had banks, to which they could resort, far more valuable to them than our national banks are to the toiling millions of the present day, from which they could draw at pleasure, without interest, and no fears of their notes going to protest in sixty days, with grace. They were a happy people then, and I doubt very much whether any of their descendants ever enjoyed more real happiness than their fathers and mothers did, when the virgin soil of Camden was opened up to the rays of the sun, and the songs of the numerous birds of the woods cheered them in their daily toil and lulled them to rest when the evening shadows had gathered around and the hour of repose wooed them to rest and sleep.

There were likewise mills, both in the towns of Belfast and Union, before Minot built his mill in Camden, and the residents in this vicinity would occasionally go to Union, through the woods, and to Belfast, with their boats, to get their corn and grain ground. At these times they would club together and carry a load sufficient to supply their neighbors for some length of time.

At one time, Robert Miller of Belfast was returning in a boat from Camden, having a bag of meal on board. He called at Northport to get a dinner prepared at a cabin situated at "Duck Trap," which was the only cabin at that time in Northport. He found the family entirely destitute of provisions, and nearly in a state of starvation. They were sick, and hope for succor had nearly deserted them. They had subsisted on clams only for many days, and their weakness would soon have prevented them from obtaining even a supply of this simple food. He at once, like a good Samaritan, repaired to his canoe, supplied them with a generous share of his own stock of provisions, which he could ill spare, prepared a repast, and, after partaking with them of the much needed food, left for home, happy in the reflection that he perchance had rescued a family from a suffering condition and relighted the hopes which were flickering within them.

Robert Thorndike was the first male child born in Camden. At his advent, there was great rejoicing among the few settlers. It was an event that was worthy

Three cases for Nov. 1. 11. ... Greenback stone-cutter of Maine. He has grappled the treasury department. He has fastened his eye and levelled his gun upon that corrupt man who has cost the people \$40,000,000 of stolen money. Architect Hill. Every monopoly organ flew to Hill's relief. The Secretary of the treasury stood at his back. Muroh, without money, practically fighting the government itself, pressed on, exposed the criminal and his crimes, and has at last, forced Hill to resign and compelled the treasury department to accept his resignation. It takes a Greenbacker to clean house for the people. "One man shall chase a thousand and two shall put ten thousand to flight."—*Ioysa Tribune*.

A suit has brought in the Circuit Court, in which the Hon. James G. Blaine is made one of the defendants. Three years ago the James river and Kanawha canal company's property and franchise were bought, and the Richmond and Allegheny railroad company organized. Among the projectors of the enterprise was James G. Blaine. The railroad was built on the towpath, and the stock, which cost about \$10 a share, was boomed to \$70, when Mr. Blaine and others, it is understood, sold out at that figure and made a handsome sum. The road has not been successful, and the stock is now down to \$7 a share, and the company has been placed in the hands of a receiver. G. W. Mitchell and Thomas S. Agee, who brought the suit, were unable to collect a bill of \$2,263 due them, because the receiver did not feel authorized to pay. They therefore bring the suit, and allege that the company's capital stock of \$5,000,000 has never been paid up, but is, in fact, fictitious. The action is instituted to make those stockholders, among whom is Mr. Blaine, pay up the \$5,000,000.

The magnificent buildings of the Pittsburg exposition were totally destroyed by fire on Wednesday, October 6. The structures with their endless variety of exhibits which were on Tuesday visited by thousands of people, and since the opening, September 6, by hundreds of thousands, are now a mere mass of splinters and powdered embers and curled and tangled iron. The destruction is complete and nothing but the site remains. The fire was first discovered in the boiler room attached to Machinery hall at south end of the building, and before the watchman could give an alarm the flames had spread and in less than ten minutes the buildings were on fire from one end to the other. When the fire department arrived on the ground the flames were beyond control. It is estimated that not less than from 75,000 to 100,000 people witnessed the conflagration. The reflection of the flames lighted up the immediate country for miles around. In one hour from discovery of the fire a mere skeleton of one magnificent structure was all that was left. The loss will probably reach \$1,000,000. Secretary Paterson values the buildings destroyed at \$150,000; insurance \$40,000. The exhibitors sustain a loss of about \$30,000. An irreparable loss, however, is occasioned by destruction of the relic department. The cash value of the articles contained in them did not exceed \$10,000, but many cannot be replaced.

When Enoch Arden came home after that memorable and disastrous voyage, which shipwrecked him and his hopes, he crept up to his old home, as Tennyson informs us, and looked in the window. There he saw Phillip Ray and Annie, his wife, and their child, all seated around the hearth cracking walnuts. The whole bitter truth came on him at once with terrible force. Annie, supposing Enoch to be dead, had married Phillip, so as to have a home for herself and child and a man about the house in case of tramps. It was a sad coming back for Enoch, and he was mad about it. Not so much because Phillip had married his wife, for there were plenty more wives to be had; not because his child had learned to call another man "pa" though that was a bitter pill, inasmuch as the child looked a little like Phillip anyhow. Neither of these things worried him half so much as to note that Phillip was wearing his (Enoch's) clothes. With a menacing gesture Enoch was just about to dash into the house and annihilate them, when suddenly the anger in his countenance was supplanted by a

Rockland Opinion October 12, 1883 p. 1

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FROM ITS FIRST SETTLEMENT TO THE PRESENT TIME—BY N. C. FLETCHER.

Chapter VII.
Previous to the time at which Major Minot erected his mill at Camden, the settlers were under the necessity of carrying their grists of corn upon their shoulders to Warren, through the forests, dark and dreary, and guided in their pathway by blazed (or spotted) trees. Dodapher Richards, one Autumn day, left home for Warren, laden with his bag of corn, accompanied only by his dog, a distance of twelve miles. He plodded along his devious way, through the entangling underbrush, now and then resting himself in some sunny spot, by the side of some limpid stream, or quenching his thirst from a cooling spring, whose pure waters trickled from beneath some mossy ledge, until nature had recovered her wonted vigor, and then, refreshed, resuming his lonely way for the mill, where he could have his bag of corn converted into the coveted meal. He had traveled until the shadows of evening had begun to gather around him, when, footsore and weary, he arrived at a log house and requested the privilege of resting beneath the humble roof until morning. The woman of the house was alone, her husband being absent from home, and she was distrustful of the stranger. Her timidity outweighed the womanly instincts prompting her to grant the shelter of her roof until morning, and she reluctantly refused him admittance. Richards, saddened and disheartened, pursued his wooded pathway, and plodded along in the darkness till he heard in the distance the dismal howlings of a pack of wolves. Preservation of his life was now only thought of, and what was to be done must be done quickly. Seeking out a large tree, and grasping a large club, he quietly reclined against the tree and awaited their approach. They were soon on the scent of his track, and as they drew nearer and still nearer their yelpings began to increase, louder and still louder, until about thirty approached the spot where he stood. As each of them sprang towards him he would strike at them with his club, when they would retreat, and his spunky little dog would spring out at them furiously. Then they would return and renew the attack. Then the howls of others, more distant, could be heard responding to the yelps of those near him and come bounding through the forests at the call of those in advance. But the cowardly beasts could not withstand the agility of the courageous dog, nor the blows from the stalwart pioneer's club. He was safe. At one time, when he was hardly pressed, thinking he might pacify the most ferocious of the wolves, he caught up his dog and threw him in their midst; but they shrank from a contest with him, and the dog ran back to his master and crouched at his feet. Richards said he had no heart to repeat the experiment; he would rather die. He and the dog kept them at bay till the dawn of day, when they one by one slunk away to their lairs and left Richards to pursue his journey to the mill with his bag of corn. He was not much the worse for his skirmish with the wolves, and, after obtaining his meal, he returned unharmed to his home. "But," said he afterwards, in relating his exploit

within them.
Robert Thorndike was the first male child born in Camden. At his advent, there was great rejoicing among the few settlers. It was an event that was worthy to be noted in a new settlement, for the parents would be distinguished as the progenitors of a race in a new country, and the boy as the first white child who first saw the light of day beneath the shadows of Megunticook mountains. He was born in that part of Camden called "Goose River," now Rockport, on the morning of September 17, 1773. Betsey, his sister, who was about two years younger, was the first female white child entitled to that distinction. On arriving at maturity, she married Joseph Hardy, and by him she had eight children, five of whom are now living. Intermarriages frequently took place between the children of the first settlers, and they followed strictly the injunction of scripture, "to multiply and replenish the earth." They were a sturdy race of people, healthy, industrious and long-lived, and before I close up these Annals I shall have occasion to allude to others of these families, who have filled many prominent positions in the archives of the town.
Mr. Richards, the first settler, having selected the Harbor as his place of residence, adhered strictly to his first choice, through a long and eventful life, and his descendants clustered around him as twigs to the parent stem. So Mr. Thorndike having selected Goose River, now Rockport, he, and his descendants of the first and second generations, still linger around the familiar scenes of their childhood. There they have lived and there they have died, and were there buried.
Goose River, it is said, derived its name from one of the early settlers finding the nest of a "wild goose" in a tuft of grass on a ledge of rocks in a beautiful lake, known as "Hosmer Pond," which derived its name from a Mr. Hosmer who resided near it, and owned the farm upon which it was located. The finding of the "goose nest" in or near its center, determined its name for a time, but it still retains the name of "Hosmer Pond" and that right worthily in honor of the gentlemen who wrested the soil contiguous from the hands of nature, and made it "bud and blossom as the rose." (But more of the Hosmer family hereafter.) The first name therefore given to this sheet of water was "Goose Pond," for the reasons before given, and it being the source of the winding stream which empties itself into the harbor of Rockport, naturally this took the name of "Goose River." But that name is now obsolete so far as the thriving village situated at the confluence of the stream and the waters of the harbor is concerned. Rockport is still within the limits of the town of Camden. A few years since, the postoffice department at Washington changed the name of the old office from "Goose River" to "Rockport," by the request of its citizens. And henceforth let it be known by that name; and let the mirrored lake in its western suburbs, around which so many fond recollections of earlier times cluster, be known as "Hosmer Pond."
The largest and best assortment of five and ten cent toys in the city may be found at the Opinion Store.

little like Philip anyhow. Neither of these things worried him half so much as to note that Philip was wearing his (Enoch's) clothes. With a menacing gesture Enoch was just about to dash into the house and annihilate them, when suddenly the anger in his countenance was supplanted by a look of terror, and he slunk away as silently as he had come. He had caught sight of Annie's mother, who during Enoch's absence, had broken up housekeeping and come over to live with her daughter, and had to become a fixture there. Enoch told some of the boys afterwards that it was the narrowest escape of his life, and that he would rather be shipwrecked every five minutes than encounter his mother-in-law.

WHY WE ARE SICK

No device that can add to the comfort and convenience of a dwelling is omitted in our modern architecture, and money is not regarded when the luxury of clothing or beauty of personal adornment is in question. Hence we all live in better houses and wear better clothes than did our forefathers. Why should we not take the same or better care of our health? Why should dyspepsia, and the train of diseases that follow it, almost unknown in the olden time, be so prevalent now? Simply because of the poisonous and indigestible trash which in these days is forced upon the public as genuine food, or used to adulterate those articles that go to make up the daily bill of fare of every household. Our forefathers were content to make money by plain and honest methods; but the hot competition of the present day and the strife for rapid riches have called forth all the ingenuity of modern science to devise cunning deceptions that shall enable the avaricious dealer to more rapidly increase his profits, even though he destroy the health of the public thereby. The consequence is adulterated, impure, poisonous and bogus food on every hand.

The people buy these adulterated articles of food because they are cheap, entirely ignorant of their poisonous qualities. A few years ago this evil had reached such alarming proportions in England that the public sentiment demanded legislative interference, and parliament enacted the most severe repressive laws. Dr. Small, U. S. A., after an examination recently made under the direction of the War Department, concludes that the adulteration of food is as great in this country to-day, and of as dangerous a character, as it was in England at the time referred to. No article enters so generally into the food of every family, has been found more villainously adulterated than baking powder. For the purpose of underselling an absolutely pure powder like the "Royal"—which has become the standard for purity and strength in baking powders—hundreds of dealers are pitting up baking powders with cheap and adulterated cream of tartar containing lime, earth, etc., adding strength by the free use of alum. These powders are sold cheap, but their use is expensive, for they are one of the chief causes of the dyspepsia from which the American people are suffering. This species of adulteration, at least, can be avoided by following the advice of Prof. Mott, the chemist to the government, who recommends consumers "when purchasing baking powder to select one standard powder, as the 'Royal Baking Powder,' rather than to risk purchasing adventurous compounds put upon the market by persons who have no higher motive than dollars and cents."

We hope to see Congress take hold of this important matter in a sufficiently vigorous manner to put an end to the wretched business. In the mean time, people will be as careful to buy the purest and best food as they are to wear the best clothes, and build the most comfortable houses, it will not be necessary to ask frequently the question, "Why are we sick?" Every scientific test has proven the "Royal" to be pure and wholesome.

Continuation October 12, 1883

REDUCTION IN PRICES.

and Winter styles for Hats and Bonnets, and now Ladies we are ready to change the leading styles, your **Chap, Straw, Tape, Beaver Hats and Bonnets.** If you are told Beavers cannot be done over to look nice, it, but give me a trial and you will be convinced.

SARGENT, 261 Main Street.

on are in want of the nicest kind of LAF. me a call, or send your order and it will be attended to.

Read, then Buy.

RED APRICOTS, RASPBERRY
New and Nice, by the pound or Bucket.

Fresh Invoice of Genuine **IMMIDLOTHIAN SCOTCH OAT-**
The Finest thing imported.

assortment **John Moir & Sons**
fine **SCOTCH JAMS**, in
ound pots. Very choicé.

Imported **SPICES**, always *full*
and Strictly Pure. They can-
excelled. Try them once
you will never use others.

COFFEES.

Fresh Roasted and kept in air-tight
preserving the aroma. Rio
, 20 and 25 cts. per lb.; Java,
, 22, 25 and 30 cts. per lb.; Ma-
sted, 20 to 25 cts. per lb.; Male
Mocha, 35 to 40 cts. per lb.

TEAS.

30, 40, 50 and 60 cts. per lb.;
40, 50 and 60 per lb.; Uncolored
genuine "Basket Fired," 50 to
per lb. Also, in small chests for

Currants, Raisins and Citron. Largest
lot of Canned Goods, Jellies, Ketchups,
Sausages, etc., in the city.

Imported Pickles, Chow Chow, Cuildower,
Picallilli, Mustards, Etc., Etc.

Ice by the pound or keg. We have the
best Flour sold. One trial convinces.
Breads, etc., in great variety.

ent of Fancy Groceries in this section.

Wholesale and Retail.

WHEAT & CO.,

19 Main St.
promptly delivered.

Social Bargains.

at low figures. Blended Tea in Pound
etc., former price 10 cts. Pure Jellies in
Tare set consists of Sugar Bowl, Cream
er Dish and Spoon Holder, filled with
closing out for \$1 per set, former price

Appointment of Assignee

Assignee of his Appointment at Rockland,
of Knox and State of Maine the Sixth day
of D. 1883.

igned hereby gives notice of his appoint-
ment of the estate of Charles A. Robbins of
County of Knox, Insolvent Debtor, who
lared an Insolvent upon his petition, by
Insolvency for said County of Knox.
B. BURTON, Assignee.

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

If they are poor, are wrestling with great
trials are between two fires. On the one
side disease moves up to attack and destroy,
and on the other the flame and fere of medicinal
quackery, and extortion.

se of gross injustices to deceive the sick;
sympathy and assistance always. Thom-
Oil was never sold upon the strength of a
ne quality of its work and the thousands of
received from those whom it has benefited
recommendations.

roust, colds, asthma and catarrh, Thomas'
is no mistake the best known remedy in
"A few drops snuffed through the nose,"
name, of Corry, Pa., writes "will clean out
very, very form of catarrh." Mrs. E. H.
Rockland, N. Y., takes the pains to state
as troubled with asthma for four years;
bottle Oil ultimately effected a complete
very pleasant recommendation from P. O.
Druggist of Marine, Ohio, he states that
this of Thomas' Balm Oil a neighbor
saw that of eight years standing. That
the patient was cured.

draft of water was 26 feet. Her comple-
ment of men including officers, seamen
and mairnes, was 820. She sailed first
from New York in 1837, under command of
Captain L. Kearney, for Boston, where she
was docked. In 1838 she sailed for the
Mediterranean under Commodore Isaac
Hull and Captain Joseph Smith. In 1846
she returned and was refitted. February 4,
1847, under command of Capt. S. H. String-
ham, she sailed for special service in the
Gulf of Mexico. In 1855 she took the place
of the Franklin as receiving ship, and was
used as such until several years ago, when
the Wabash was substituted for her.

THE ANNALS OF THE TOWN OF CAMDEN, ME.

FROM ITS FIRST SETTLEMENT TO THE PRE-
SENT TIME—By N. C. FLETCHER.

Chapter VIII.

The time had now arrived when the pro-
mitions of war, which had so long been
rife among the sparse settlers of Camden,
was to become a reality, and the pulsations
of every heart responded to the sentiments
of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, uttered
in Parliament more than a year before,
when he said, "I rejoice that America has
resisted. Three millions of people, so dead
to all the feelings of liberty as to submit to
be slaves, would have been fit instruments
to make slaves of all the rest." There was
much of heroism in the founders of our
town, or they would not have chosen to
come where forests must be felled and the
rough earth swept by fire before the seed
could be planted and crops grown, and
where they were liable to sudden destruc-
tion from the revengeful and blood-thirsty
savages. It is not strange that their bodies
grew sturdy and their manners rude. Yet,
if their natures were rugged, like the
mountains among which they dwelt, the
beauties of their valleys lived in their deep
affection towards the loved ones for whom
they toiled and suffered. When the war of
the Revolution commenced, our people,
with a few exceptions, were among its
ardent supporters, and their deeds show
what stern patriots they were, and what
sturdy material they were made of. The
plantation of Camden, previous to its incor-
poration as a town, has no records separate
from those of other settlements in this
vicinity, which, under the jurisdiction of
Massachusetts, were governed by her con-
stitution and her laws. They looked up to
her as their "counsellor and guide," and
followed her edicts and examples set them
as do children those of a parent. Accord-
ingly, when war actually came, they
appointed their committees of safety and
their censors to have supervision over those
settlers within the limits of the plantation,
or those who might come within her bor-
ders, to observe their conduct and report
any treasonable word uttered, or any mis-
conduct whatever against the United States.
The struggle had fairly commenced else-
where, but it was some length of time
before the people of Camden were visited
by any hostile invaders. It was only the
lull before the storm, however. English
and Tory marauders would visit our coast
with their small vessels and barges, stealth-
ily glide into our harbors, and plunder the
settlers of their cattle, sheep and poultry,
and frequently commit personal outrages.

ing came, but brought with it no privateer.
Jameson, seeing no hopes of redress from
that source, yielded, and left the barge and
went peacefully on shore, declaring in the
most emphatic language he would have his
revenge ere long, especially on Pomeroy,
the pilot and instigator of the raid on his
person and property. They were as glad
to be well rid of him as Jameson was to be
rid of them, and a little more so, and no
sooner had he stepped on shore than they
returned on board their vessel and sailed
away to parts unknown. This affair slum-
bered for years in the breast of Jameson,
gathering strength in the meanwhile, until
the time should arrive for him to glut his
vengeance on Pomeroy's devoted head.
About three years after peace was declared,
Paul Jameson, a brother to Robert, went
master of a Waldoboro vessel, and this
same Pomeroy went as his pilot. On a
return trip from Bangor, with a cargo of
lumber, the vessel put into Clam cove for a
harbor. Learning that Pomeroy was on
board, Robert Jameson told his brother (the
master) that he had sworn vengeance on
him (Pomeroy), and he was determined to
have satisfaction then and there. His
brother endeavored to dissuade him from
meddling with the despised Tory, but his
mild counsel prevailed not. The scene of
that well remembered day in which he was
taken from his home, his family insulted
and his house plundered by the direction of
one with whom he had been on intimate
terms, known from boyhood, and never in-
jured, still lingered in his memory. As he
pondered over it, his feelings became more
and still more intense. He thirsted for re-
venge and he resolved to quench that thirst.
Accordingly, he repaired on board the vessel
where Pomeroy was resting in fancied
security, and, meeting him, announced his
intention of repaying him for all he had
suffered through his means. The cowardly
fellow, trembling with fear, besought
Jameson to forgive him, but to no avail.
Quick as the lightning flash pursues the
thunderbolt, so the blows of Jameson came
on Pomeroy's devoted head, and had others
not interfered and took Jameson from off
him, he would have rid the world of us
despicable a wretch as ever trod the soil of
Camden. From information I received
many years ago from one of Jameson's re-
latives, I think it was his intention to shoot
Pomeroy, for he had his musket with him,
well charged, and with fixed bayonet; and
as Pomeroy lay insensible upon the deck,
as Jameson was leaving the vessel, to go
on shore, he thrust the bayonet of his gun
slightly into him to ascertain whether he
was dead or alive. He was not dead and
from all I can learn in regard to the matter,
I judge that no one cared whether he lived
or died. Capt. Jameson (the master) was
not on board. When his brother left him he
had supposed that his mild counsel and
good advice had dissuaded him from so rash
an act, but he was mistaken. As soon as
the transaction was made known to him,
he went on board his vessel, weighed
anchor, and left the cove. Such was the
feeling of indignation among the people of
Camden against Pomeroy that no notice
whatever was taken of the matter subse-
quently, and thus it ended; no one had any
sympathy for Pomeroy, for they had not
forgotten his treachery to his friend, nor
his treason to his country in the hour of

	HOPE.	6
Barrett Waterman, dyspepsia,		6
Allen Albon, rheu, dia heart and malaria,		8
Bill Theodore, 1812,		8
Bartlett Sarah P, widow 1812,		8
Althean Lucy J, widow,		8
Boardman O B, widow 1812,		8
Mansfield Priscilla,		8
	HURRICANE.	
Holmes Nancy C, mother,		8
	MATINICUS.	
Marshall Lydia, widow 1812,		8
	NORTH APPLETON.	
Hanson Llewellyn, dia kidneys and liver,		18
Waterman Albert A, inj kidneys,		8
Whitney Ezekiah H, chr cystitis,		9
Meservey Barrett, 1812,		8
Perry Thos,		8
Richards Margaret, mother,		8
Keene Isabel, widow 1812,		8
	NORTH HAVEN.	
Kestabrook Geo C, malaria and neuralgia,		17
Norton Jones, paralysis legs,		24
Murch Rebecca, widow 1812,		8
Wooster Rachel,		8
Greenlow Lydia D, mother,		8
Carver Hanson T, fracture r leg,		6
	NORTH UNION.	
Brackett Chandler, sunstroke, rheu and heart dia,		12
Hipley Miles, dia heart,		16
Overlock Jas W, g a w r sh,		2
Hart Joel B, inj abdomen,		8
Fish Jas, g a w l foot,		8
Grinnell Joshua, g a w l foot,		12
Mitchell Jeruel B, inj back,		6
Maddocks Jason, sheli w r side,		8
Pesao Chester B, inj back and kidneys,		10
Overlock Ansel A, partial deafness, inj r leg,		6
Newbit Wm T, g a w r fore finger, mal poison,		6
Robbins Harvey, 1812,		8
Day Elmira, widow,		8
Hubbard Mary A, mother,		8
Knouiton Charlotte,		8
Romes Nancy B, widow,		8
Fractor Clara, mother,		8
Keaney Sallie, widow,		8
Snow Hannah, widow 1812,		8
Knowlton Alvira, 1812,		8
	NORTH WARREN.	
Payson Alvah,		8
Bogge Nancy, mother,		8
	NORTH WASHINGTON.	
Howard Leander, g a w l hip and knees,		4
Jones Leonard, chr diarr,		8
Savage Nancy, widow 1812,		8
	PORT CLYDE.	
Skinner Charles, shell w l side and wrist,		8
Rice Torrey, 1812,		8
Horn Lydia, widow 1812,		8
	ROCKLAND.	
Jackson Miles, g a w r leg and hemiplegia r side,		18
Keizer Addison F, w l foot,		6
Ham John, g a w r side,		10
Fuller James, loss finger,		8
Fly James, g a w r arm,		8
Wells Isaac, inj abdomen,		8
Gregory Sam H, scapula and weak back,		10
Fish Charles E, w head,		8
Driscoll Timothy, inj hand,		8
Miller James, g a w body,		12
Farrington Alden L, chr diarr and dia lung,		12
Maker Allen J, g a w r side and arm,		18
Wheeler Edw D, inj l side and hip,		4
Cross George E, inj abdomen,		8
Morgan Isaac M, loss r eye,		18
Spear Thos B, chr diarr,		4
Simmons Wm H, rheu and chr diarr,		4
Silverstone Wm H, g a w r sh,		4
Steele Wm O, inj abdomen,		4
Barker Wm C, w l thigh,		10
Dunstan Jas B, chr rheu,		12
Wood Jerome B, inj abdomen,		4
Eyard Henry D, w l thigh,		6
Bramhall Geo A, loss finger,		2
Dean Daniel, debility resulting from typhoid fever,		2
Brackley Beniah F, heart dia,		18
Wheeler Edw D, loss r arm, contusion r thigh and side,		4
Stevens Killy G, w r leg,		18
Southard Charles A, g a w l hip and dia heart,		8
Studley Benj O, g a w r hand,		2
Sleeper Burpham O, loss r arm,		24
Cowing Edmond B, w r side chest,		10
Olark Edw H, dia ankle and fracture tibia r leg,		16
Robinson Sullivan N, fever and ague and dia liver,		4
Chapin Heriah L, g a w l arm,		4
Loring Jacob B, inj abdomen and dia l hip,		12
Rowell David, chr diarr,		6
Richardson Chas S, inj r leg,		6
Pray Joel B, chr diarr,		4
Wade Edwin, w l sh,		8
Watson Gilbert, chr diarr,		2
Coombs Esqign H, chr diarr,		4
West Hoses, heart dia,		8
Winslow Jacob, inj abdomen,		8
Ware Jason, g a w l hip,		10
Spinson Christopher O, mal poison, heart dia and general debility,		12
Keyes Sam A, w r arm,		6
Wichard David, g a w l r arm,		6
Kestman Edw G, g a w r leg,		8
Jones Geo B, w l sh and arm,		5
Doran Martin, berria,		4
Fuller John S, chr diarr,		4
Fish Simon A, g a w r sh,		4
Farwell Wm S, g a w r hand, l thigh and leg,		16
Green Charles, w l hand,		4
Guthrie David, g a w r hand,		4
Dunston Zolus A, inj r hip and side,		12
Maddocks Joe G, w r arm and l chest,		8
Miller Parkes, dia kidneys,		4
Kenniston John S, fracture r leg,		6
Miller Edwin M, dia lung,		8
Spear Josiah D, chr diarr,		6
Wright John F, mal poison and dia liver,		4
Samuelson John E, inj abdomen,		8
Harper John, g a w l arm,		8

Rockland Opinion October 19, 1883 p. 1

Y GOODS

— AT —

UCTION!

Balance of the Stock belonging to

KITTREDGE

old to the highest bidder, consisting of

st Dress Goods!

ks, Plushes, Velvet, Alpacas,

al variety of Goods usually kept in a Dry

chance seldom offered to the public, as

icle will Positively be Sold

ulture of store. Sale to commence

DAY, OCT. 15TH,

g, and continue at 2 o'clock afternoon and

the whole stock is sold.

are particularly invited to attend the sale.

C. F. TUPPER, Auctioneer.

Oct. 1, 1883.

HILLINERY.

Reilly & Co.

ANNOUNCE THEIR

PENING

OF

AND WINTER

nets and Hats,

pecial attention to their fine assortment of

OTHERS, BREAISTS, and OSTRICH

stock of Germantowns, Zephyrs, and

tony Yarns.

l. BEILLY & CO.,

street, - Rockland, Maine.

SS ETTA PHILBROOK,

turned from a visit to New York and

ness to her patrons, old and new; that

all occasions, be prepared to show them

styles in DRESS AND CLOAK

Also a fine line of Dress Trim-

Fancy Goods.

REDUCTION IN PRICES.

nd Winter styles for Hats and Bonnets,

and now Ladies we are ready to change

be leading styles, your Chip, Straw, Tape,

ver Hats and Bonnets. If you are told

Beavers cannot be done over to look nice,

t, but give me a trial and you will be con-

fyed.

SARCENT, 291 Main Street.

THE THREE ROSES

There lies across the mother's knee,
And gather'd in her hand,
A robe of purple and blue,
With an embroidery fine;
I see her needle, and her eye,
And oh, I see a thought of joy,
Light up her bright blue eye,
It is a robe for her dear child,
To be cherished in!

There lies across the mother's knee,
And gather'd in her hand,
A silken robe, with pearls of lace,
And an embroidery hand,
The white, and like a cloud at eve,
That floats across the sky;
But, oh, I hear the mother give
An oft-repeated sigh—
It is a robe for her dear child,
To be cherished in!

There lies across the mother's knee,
And gather'd in her hand,
A robe of softest wool; but it
Has no embroidery hand,
And on her cheeks the mother and pale,
The mother's tears I see,
And hear her pray, Loth, give me strength!
Oh! give Thy strength to me!
It is a robe for her dear child,
To be cherished in!

—Portland Transcript.

DEFERRED EDITORIAL MATTER

An order has just been issued by the general manager of the telephone company in Maine, forbidding the operators carrying on conversations through the telephone between the offices. It is said that this was made necessary by the loquaciousness of the lady operatives; but that is, without doubt, a slander.

The Butler men in Massachusetts agree that Mr. Robinson evidently doesn't expect to be elected, since he has not resigned his seat in Congress and has engaged rooms for the winter at the Riggs house, in Washington. The Republican papers reply by citing an instance, several years ago, when Gen. Butler did not resign the seat in Congress which he held when running for governor. Very true; and he was not elected either, was he? That is precisely the point. If Butler had expected to be elected governor then, or if Robinson expected to be now, they would have resigned.

Is it not about time for Secretary Folger to give to the press the report of the Hill investigating committee? Instead of having the report published when submitted, as any honest man in his place would have done, he placed it in the hands of Hill, who has confessed his rascality by resigning, and allowed the latter to send out a garbled and no doubt false synopsis of the report, and accompanied it with a mendacious and dust-throwing reply to and criticism of the same. Why does not Folger give the report itself to the press? And why does he keep the condemned and confessed Hill in office after he has resigned?

The United States war vessel Ohio, the purchase of which by Capt. Israel L. Snow of this city was ~~announced~~ as one of the old line-of-battle ships; and in her day was considered one of the finest frigates in the world. She was designed and built by Henry Eckford, a Scotchman, who distinguished himself in building vessels of war for service on the lakes in 1812. She is 198 feet long, 54 feet 6 inches breadth of beam, and is 22 feet 5 inches deep from the main deck. Although rated a "seventy-four," she mounted 84 guns, and was considered a match for any first-rater in the navies of Europe. Her cost of building was \$575,889. When ready for sea her mean draft of water was 26 feet. Her complement of men, including officers, seamen and maines, was 820. She sailed first from New York in 1837, under command of Captain L. Kearney, for Boston, where she was docked. In 1838 she sailed for the Mediterranean under Commodore Isaac Hull and Captain Joseph Smith. In 1846

excursion entered Clam Cove, which was then deemed a good harbor, on one of these stealing expeditions. They had for a pilot, one John Pomeroy, who resided at Friendship, a well known Tory. He and Robert Jameson, the one who gave the name to Jameson's point, had attended the same school together when they were boys, and later in life had been a voyage to sea together in the same vessel, and must have been pretty well acquainted with each other. Pomeroy was a Tory of the deepest dye, but Jameson was a patriot of the first water. At the time Pomeroy landed with his prodatory crew, Jameson was in his mowing field at work. There were nineteen of them in number, and it was useless to offer any resistance. They seized him and took him on board their vessel, to prevent him from giving an alarm and rallying his friends to the rescue. They then proceeded to Jameson's house and took from it two guns, two firkins of butter and many other things of value. They then visited his barn, killed his oxen and two hogs, and took them on board their vessel and departed. They offered to set Jameson on shore, but he, discovering an American privateer hovering off the coast, which was on the lookout for just such fellows, declined their offer and deliberately hailed the privateer. But a dense fog, shutting down upon the two vessels, prevented the one from distinguishing the other, and consequently they escaped the clutches of their enemies. Jameson seemed to take the matter so coolly that his captors began to entertain the opinion that he might be willing to join them in their marauding expedition, but he spurned the proposition with the utmost contempt, and replied with a good deal of temper that he was in hopes the privateer would overhaul them, that he might wreak his vengeance upon them. They little understood their man. He possessed undaunted courage and a revengeful disposition, as Pomeroy, to his great sorrow, learned afterwards. They then sternly ordered him on shore, but he very decidedly refused to comply. He doggedly stuck to his determination to stay on board the barge as long as there were any hopes of the privateer returning to the place. They then went on shore, and took his wife on board their barge to induce her husband to return home without their resorting to forcible means, but he was still unyielding, and his wife returned to the house without him. It was then near nightfall. The slanting shadows of the sun's rays were just tipping the elevated lands of the Fox islands, and soon silence and darkness would lay her dark mantle over the bosom of Penobscot bay. Jameson quailed not. The slumbering hopes within him were still smouldering feebly, that the privateer would still heave in sight in the gloaming, discover her enemy, and sweep down upon the barge with relentless fury. And oh, how sweet would be the revenge! But she came not. So they concluded, after a private consultation, to remain at anchor in Clam Cove until morning, and then rid themselves of their mulish customer by force if necessary. The tedious hours of the night soon passed away, and the morning came, but brought with it no privateer. Jameson, seeing no hopes of redress from that source, yielded, and left the barge and went peacefully on shore, declaring in the most emphatic language he would have his revenge ere long, especially on Pomeroy, the pilot and instigator of the raid on his person and property. They were as glad

THE ROLL OF HONOR

LIST OF PENSIONERS IN KNOX COUNTY.

Below is a list of those drawing pensions belonging in this county, and the reason assigned for the drawing of the pensions; also the amount in dollars each receives per month:

The following abbreviations are used in the list below: g. a. — gun shot; w. — wound; l. — left; r. — right; ch. — chronic; diarr. — diarrhea; inj. — injury; sh. — shoulder; dia. — disease; nerv. — nervous; rheu. — rheumatism; mal. — malarial; dial. — dislocation; int. — intermittent.

APPLETON.

Charles Earl A. dia nerv system, sunstroke,	\$ 6
Gushee Elijah D. dia heart and lungs,	8
Gushee Frank A. g a w of head,	10
McLain Jacob, g a w left leg,	4
Peabody Jason T. loss 2 fingers right hand,	4
Pease Norton, injury abdomen,	8
Proctor Francis, g a w of arm,	24
Slooper Stephen L. loss 2 fingers r hand,	12
Wellman Randall, chr diarr,	4
Wiley Margaret, widow,	8
Simmons Friedilla, widow,	8
Davis Sally, widow,	8
Robbins Lucy, mother,	8
Measer Lucinda F., widow,	8
Keller Jesse, father,	10
McLain Lucy A. mother,	8
Sylvester Martha B. mother,	8
Lane John, inj r sh,	18
Mcservey Elvira G. widow 1812,	8
Garkin Esther, widow 1812,	8
Simmons Geo, 1812,	8

CAMDEN.

Aldus Fred D. g a w l sh,	4
Hopkins Nathan B. g a w r arm,	6
Knowlton Geo F. g a w r breast,	6
Ludwig Alex, dia kidneys and bladder,	12
Sherman Eph L. dia lungs,	4
Tyler Simoon O. shell w, ribs fractured,	4
Thorndike Richard N. loss of mind, deafness,	18
Tobin John F. g a w l foot,	2
Pease Estabrook J. dia lungs,	8
Henderson Richard F. w r thigh,	4
Carlton John W. ulcers on back and hip and deaf-	6
ness,	18
Clark Joseph E. w r arm,	18
Young Beth M. g a w both hands and l knee,	18
Young Jas L. B. g a w r cheek and sh, inj r ankle	8
and chr diarr,	2
Young Oideou A. inj l leg,	8
Young Francis M. inj r knee,	8
Hall Wm F. inj l elbow,	6
Irish Wilder S. inj back and l leg,	8
Herrick Frederick A. w l thigh,	8
Miller Alden Jr. w r leg,	4
Lamb Daniel G. w l thigh,	4
Richards Philander F. results fever and chr diarr,	12
Payson Hollis M. dia eye,	4
Richards Elvasha F. w head,	4
Triggs John D. g a w l knee,	18
Ellis Alfred, loss l forearm,	4
Young Gilbert, ancylostis l elbow sh joint,	4
Farnsworth Jane, widow 1812,	8
Pierce Mary L. "	8
French Mary, "	8
Foster Nancy, "	8
Hill Eliza H. "	8
Knight Lucy, "	8
Tyler Deborah, "	8
Thomas Mary, "	8
Hopkins Josiah, 1812,	8
Fletcher Francis, "	8
Cobb Betsey, mother,	8
Calderon Hannah D. mother,	8
Dunton Betsey E. "	8
Keitrons Mary, widow,	17
Murch Blanza, "	8
Wadsworth Lois, mother,	10
Hall John C. minor,	8
McFarland Louisa, mother,	8
Aurea Hannah N. "	8
Davis Margaret, "	8
Proctor G. D. g a w l knee,	8
Simonton Elizabeth E. widow 1812,	8

CUSHING.

Barton John F. w r elbow,	18
Hunt Sheldon D. chr diarr, sunstroke, nerv dia,	4
Bradford Wm B. g a w r forearm,	10
Smith Mary Ann, widow 1812,	8
Kelleran Lovina A. "	8
Rivers Betsey L. "	8
Payson Jane M. "	8

EAST FRIENDSHIP.

Bradford Wm, chr dia,	4
Kennedy John M. loss l leg,	18
Winslow Artell, g a w, inj l side and dia lungs,	10
Morse Wm H. g a w r foot,	12
Jameson Nancy, widow 1812,	8
Burrows Mary, "	8

EAST UNION.

Gould Ben T. w r hand,	6
Stahl John D. chr diarr,	6
Lermond Ephraim, inj l side, hand and wrist,	6
Moore Albert D. loss finger r hand,	2
Walker Jane T. widow,	8
Wellman Sarah, mother,	8

FRIENDSHIP.

Mink Margaret, widow 1812,	8
Morton Hannah, "	8
Cook Mary, "	8
Geyer Henry, chr diarr,	4
Wotton Lorenzo, g a w l forearm,	4
Bickmore Eli, w r leg,	6
Wotton Edmund, chr rheu,	6
Cook Melville B. g a w, loss leg,	6

HOPE.

Starrett Waterman, dyspepsia,	6
Allen Albion, rheu, dia knee and malarial,	6
Hill Theodore, 1812,	8
Barlett Sarah F. widow 1812,	8
Athearn Lucy J. widow,	8
Boardman Olive, widow 1812,	8
Mansfield Friedilla, "	8

HURRICANE.

Holmes Nancy C. mother,	8
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Continuation October 19, 1883

EXCURSION TO CALIFORNIA!

E. D. MERRIAM, MANAGER.

Arrangements have been completed for the transportation of a party of residents of Knox County to California.

AT GREATLY REDUCED RATES.

A SPECIAL TRAIN

Will leave Boston Tuesday evening, October 20, at 6 o'clock; the route is from Boston to Buffalo, via Fitchburg and N. Y. Central railroads; from Buffalo to Chicago via Michigan Central railroad; from Chicago to Kansas City via Chicago & Rock Island railroad; from Kansas City to San Francisco via Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe and Southern Pacific railroads.

Parties wishing to go to Boston by rail will take the train at Rockland at 8:15 on Tuesday morning, October 6, arriving at Boston at 5:10 p. m. Those going by boat will leave Camden or Rockland Monday evening, arriving in Boston the next morning.

Mattresses will be furnished in Boston at the cars at 1.50 each. Two Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe freight cars will be sent to Rockland October 17, for the transportation of the effects of excursionists, to remain until added.

Fare from Boston to San Francisco, \$74.25.

First-class cars will be furnished to Kansas City, and sleeping cars beyond.

For further information, call on or address, E. D. MERRIAM, Rockport, A. A. NEWBERT, Rockland.

FLOUR.

Not all our customers may have a chance to put in their winter stock, shall make them

SPECIAL LOW PRICES.

We have provided an enormous stock of our regular & well known brands, made from the very best wheat. Every housekeeper will appreciate this, and will positively insure having that indispensable article.

ELEGANT BREAD,

by ordering of us a barrel of

Wheatburn, Crosby & Co.'s Extra Flour, which still stands at the head as the finest bread making flour produced in the country.

Only \$8.50 Per Barrel.

Neptune St. Louis Haxall, The Finest Straight Family Flour on this Market, \$7.75 Per Barrel.

Our \$7.00 FLOUR

just the one for butter-milk mixture. Everyone likes it.

FINE PASTRY FLOUR \$6.75 Per Barrel.

We have HILLSBURY'S BEST FLOUR in stock.

Wheat for Hen Feed has Arrived.

Stock of all kinds of Grain in store.

CHAS. T. SPEAR, 329 MAIN STREET, Rockland, Me.

DEFERRED EDITORIAL MATTER
Ben. Butterworth, the obscure orator of the last Congress from Ohio, has been appointed commissioner of patents. He knows nothing of the duties of the office, and, with refreshing frankness, says that he accepts the office in order to learn the business and fit himself for practice as a patent lawyer. His appointment is an admirable illustration of the present administration's idea of civil service reform.

The Supreme Court have rendered a decision pronouncing the civil rights law unconstitutional. Nobody ever had the slightest doubt it was so, but the Republican party went on and enacted it all the same. They did it for party purposes, and they, in accordance with their usual policy, paid no regard to the constitution. And they have kept the statute standing for several years. Now that no party can be accomplished by continuing it, they allow it to go to the court and have it passed upon and pronounced unconstitutional and void. That is a good illustration of Republican party policy. The party organs and speakers have for years been abusing the Democrats because they objected to the law which is now admitted on all hands to have been in plain violation of the constitution. The Republican party must go.

THE ANNALS OF THE TOWN OF CAMDEN, ME. FROM ITS FIRST SETTLEMENT TO THE PRESENT TIME—BY N. C. FLETCHER.

Chapter IX.
But time moved on, and the rancor and bitterness of the feeling against England wore most intense. Soon after the Jameson and Pomeroy affair, Leonard Metcalf and Andrew Wells observed an English schooner approaching Camden Harbor, and, suspecting they were intending some mischief, conceived the following stratagem, in order to deter the enemy from landing: Wells took his drum and proceeded to the shore and commenced the "roll-call," while Metcalf, armed with his musket, gave, in a stentorian voice, as if he was in command of a large company of men, an order to fall into line and prepare for action. It seems the vessel intended to send but one barge on shore, but, hearing Metcalf's orders to his men, and supposing, from the spirited sound of the drum, that a large number of men were in readiness to meet them, they dispatched a larger force, consisting of three barges with a large number of men. They landed at or near where Adams's wharf now is, and, arrayed in their scarlet uniforms, ascended the bank, and, seeing Metcalf and Wells, fired at them. Metcalf quickly returned the fire and fled, reloading his gun as he ran. In his haste, he stumbled and fell, when one of the assailants exultantly exclaimed, "There is one of the d—d Yankees dead." Turning around, and rising from behind the log over which he had fallen, Metcalf fired again, and retorted with much spirit, "That's a d—d lie," and immediately disappeared in a dense thicket. Both men were soon out of reach of the enemy's guns and on their way at "double quick" for "Goose River" (now Rockport,) to give the alarm to their friends at that place. Metcalf and Wells were not long in reaching their friends and raising a sufficient force to make a stand at that place. The enemy dared not pursue them farther, but wreaked their vengeance on the people at the "Harbor." They sacked and burned Major Minot's house, and then visited Lewis Ogier's cabin on Ogier's point, in which was Mrs. Ogier, who was alone. She was

was cold and wished to warm himself; and added that there was a man present that he intended to burn. Ota, thinking he was joking, stepped on the wood, and soon there was a roaring fire. Then Jameson, who was a very robust man, all muscle and nerve, seized Long and threw him on the fire. By the time Long got out of the fire, he was severely burned, his face and hands were blistered and his hair well singed. "There," said Jameson, "after he had risen upon his feet, 'you will burn the Harbor village again, will you?' Those present said not a word; and Long did not dare retaliate, but left the house much quicker than he came into it. Nearly twenty-five years afterward, Long ventured into Camden (says an old settler) again, supposing that the lapse of time had softened the feelings of his old enemies. Meeting Leonard Metcalf in the street, he recognized him, and extended his arm to shake hands with him. Metcalf's temper was at fever heat in a moment, and he exclaimed, "Let every dog shake his own paw," and, pointing to the charred timbers of the old mill, which were lying near them, he continued, "There, look at that timber, you infernal scoundrel," and as Long turned to look, Metcalf gave him a stunning blow in the face which brought him to the ground and severely punished him for his former dastardly act. Col. Erastus Foots, who was then a resident here, on hearing of the affair, declared the retaliation to be just, and, handing Metcalf a dollar, bade him go and drink his health in honor of the occasion.

In the year 1776, Camden was again visited by the enemy. An American coaster, being pursued by an English barge, containing twelve men, was run ashore at Ogier's cove, when the alarm was given, and Metcalf, who resided in the vicinity, alarmed the settlers. They immediately came to the rescue. They secreted themselves in ambush with the vessel's crew, and awaited the enemy's approach. When within shooting distance, a volley from three of the settlers' guns held them in check. Metcalf then emerged from the thicket, and fired at them a second time. Then he returned to his ambush, reloaded, and repeated the act, and thus kept them at bay, for their lives were in imminent danger if they came within reach of Metcalf's musket. After lying upon their oars, and consulting together upon their situation, they concluded that discretion was the better part of valor, and withdrew for the night. The settlers, after a consultation, came to the conclusion that the enemy would return in the morning to take the vessel, as the tide would then prove favorable. They mustered their forces during the night, and awaited the re-approach of the enemy, prepared to give them a warm reception. But they did not renew the attempt. On the rise of the next tide, the vessel was floated off, and, the wind being fair, she sailed for her port of destination.

About this period of time, the commanding general at Castine dispatched his son, on an armed vessel, with orders to burn the settlement at Camden. Gen. Campbell was a full-blooded Scotchman, and so in fact was his son, the colonel, who was to have charge of the expedition. Pursuant to orders, the vessel sailed for Camden, to lay the infant settlement in ashes. But what was their surprise, on arriving here, at finding nothing but a few straggling log huts, surrounded by a dense forest, and no living creature in sight but a few half-

blight. It seems that the lad was shirt, and, there being a hole in his pants, on looking behind as he discovered the red shirt protruding, the rent in his pants and though blood.

MORE PENSIONERS

By request, we print the lists of drawing pensions belonging in a part outside the county where we have the figures indicating the amount received per month by each:

The following abbreviations are used in the g. a.—gun shot; w.—wound; l.—left; r.—right; chronic; diarr.—diarrhea; inj.—injury; m. d.—disease; nerv.—nervous; rheu.—rheumatism; dial.—dilatation; int.—internal.

- EAST JEFFERSON.**
Lincoln Geo E, w r leg,
Pitcher Geo O, chr rhen,
Noyes Wm H, g s w r thigh, chr rhen,
Clark Henry D, dia kidneys, diarr, obilias and
Meese Liver B, dia liver,
Keen Nehemiah, dia lungs, liver and kidney,
Clark Joann, mother,
Hatch Susan, "
Bond Clara, "
Keen Sam, 1812,
Gray Rebecca, widow 1812,
Jones Mary Jane, "

- JEFFERSON.**
Newell Barilla B, inj abdomen,
Boynton Alden O, int fever, chr diarr,
McCurda John E, dia liver,
Jackson Eugene R, chr diarr, rheu and debi
McCurda Alonzo B, chr diarr and general d
Erskine Geo E, g s w l ankle and inj knee,
Braw Jas G, g s w l arm,
Hodgkins Sam R, m r poisoning,
Weeks Rebecca, mother,
Robinson Elsie, "
Foye Mary, "
Kastman Mary, "
Day Phoebe, "
Lane Betsey, "
Taylor Eugene A, minor of,
Briery Lucy, widow 1812,
Weeks Jane, "

- NORTH WALDOBORO.**
Hoffess Lorenzo W, loss r leg,
Bank Orchard F, g s w l knee,
Sprague Franklin, obilias and fever and dia i
Strout Hiram T, dia lungs and catarrh,
Stahl Wm H, chr rhen,
Mink Esther, mother,
Begues Sarah, "
Flanders Harriet, widow,
Shuman Lucy, widow 1812,
McCabe Nancy J, widow,

- ROUND POND.**
Little Joel H, w r arm,
Hinkley Olive, mother,
Rhoades Wm, father,
Taylor Wm, father,
Marshall Benj, 1812,
Hawes Ann, widow 1812,
Yates Sally, "
Elliott Jane, "

- SOUTH WALDOBORO.**
Hickmore Chas E, g s w r sb,
Tobey Betsey A, widow 1812,
Sprague Ota, varicose veins, legs and thigh,
Rackliffe Ezekiel, inj back and chr diarr,
Kimball David H, varicose veins leg and thi,
Turner Barden, chr pleurisy,
Ludwig Jas Jr, w l thigh and int fever,
Kaiser Edwin, w r hand and l hip,
Stanwood Jas A, g s w r thigh,
Vose Geo, shell w l thigh,
Turner Thos F, inj abdomen and int fever,
Nash Jas A, w r hip,
Williams Dan B, varicose veins l leg,
Allon Wm L, g s w l arm,
Feyler Geo L, inj abdomen,
Loversaler Wm H, inj l ankle,
Chapman Edw, m r sb,
Hodges Raymond W, loss r leg,
Bennet Geo G, g s w r thigh,
Hock Byvester L, malaria,
Hock Gideon 2d, l abdominal hernia,

- WALDOBORO.**
Black Patrick, g s w finger, shell w side,
Bowden Thos B, alias McMasters Geo, mair
Hilly, mother,
Wallace Harriet E, widow,
Davis Betsey E, mother,
Ludwig Sarah I, "
Rice Betsey, "
Cummings Mary Ann, mother,
Cramer Esther M, "
Flagg Sarah, "
Chapman Edw F, father,
Kaiser Chas, "
Parker Elnorah, widow,
Mink Harriet M, "
West Martha, "
Demuth Ellerd J, "
Kaiser Caroline, "
Elliott Abia A, "
Killock A bigall, "
Feyler Martha A, "
Smith Margaret E, "
Siddinger Mahala J, "
Cook Ellen E, "
Oliver Rebecca, widow 1812,
Small Lorana A, "
Pomeroy Benj, 1812,
Hovey Alfred, "

- LINCOLNVILLE CENTER.**
Colburn John, loss r eye, fever sore,
Janis John C, inj back, rheu, chr diarr,
Norton Henry D, inj back,
Neal Amanda M, widow,
Rankin Moses, father,
Neal Mary, mother,
Neal Betsey, widow 1812,
Edgcomb Abigail, "
Shaw Mary J, "

Rockland Opinion October 26, 1883 p. 1

Block of all kinds of Grain in store.

CHAS. T. SPEAR,
329 MAIN STREET,
Rockland, Me.

Flour delivered in Thomaston, South Thomaston, Camden, and in city, free of cartage.

WOOD AND COAL

REDUCTION IN PRICES.

Big Coal, delivered, - \$6.00
Broken Coal, delivered, - \$6.00
Trove Coal, delivered, - \$6.50
Enterprise Coal, delivered, - \$6.75
Franklin Coal, delivered, - \$7.50

LOOK! LOOK!

Grey Cleft Wood, delivered, - \$6.25
Green Cleft Wood, delivered, 5.50
Green Round Wood, delivered, 4.25

CALL AND SEE IT.

Dressed Hay at
Bottom Prices.
ICE STRAW FOR FILLING BEDS.

All my goods are guaranteed first quality in every way, and will always be sold at bottom prices.

FRED R. SPEAR,
No. 4 Park Street.

AN ELEGANT

Hanging Lamp GIVEN AWAY

to any one who will sell for us \$15 worth of Tea. Get up a Club and make yourself, or some friend, a beautiful Christmas Present; also, Gold and Moss Rose Tea Sets, Silver Baskets, Casters, and Pickle Cars, Stone China Tea and Dinner Sets, Plain and Decorated Toilet Sets, besides many other Premiums. Send for price list and circular.

HICKNELL TEA CO.,

294 Main Street.

WATCH.

The human body is like a watch—in order to give satisfaction it must keep perfect time. The main spring, the stomach, must be looked after carefully. Broken stomachs must be mended and weak ones strengthened. Bardock Blood Bitters used freely and perseveringly will give you a very satisfactory result. Sold everywhere.

to make a stand at that place. The enemy dared not pursue them farther, but wreaked their vengeance on the people at the "Harbor." They sacked and burned Major Mingo's house, and then visited Lewis Ogier's cabin on Ogier's point, in which was Mrs. Ogier, who was alone. She was a woman fitted for the times. On seeing them approaching the humble tenement in which she resided, she took to her bed and feigned sickness. On their entering, they ordered her peremptorily to leave the house as they intended to set it on fire. Assuming the voice of an invalid, she said she could not leave her bed for she was very sick and she would die if they attempted to remove her, and begged of them to leave her alone and spare her house. They relented. Her ruse proved a success, and her house was not damaged. She, no doubt, laughed within herself at the simplicity of the assailants. After burning James Richards's house, several hay stacks, and the house of a man by the name of Thayer, who afterwards removed to the Fox Islands, where his descendants now live, I am told, they proceeded to Minto's saw mill and applied the match to it, and it burned to the ground. His grist mill would have met with the same fate had not a cripple, by the name of Dow, from Belfast, quenched it. As often as they fired it, Dow would persistently extinguish the flames, despite their rough treatment and threats of more severe punishment, until at last they relinquished their efforts and exclaimed, "Well, we'll let it alone as the damned rebels will die if we burn their grist mill." Dow saved the mill, although Williamson, in his History of Maine, and Eaton, in his Annals of Warren, attributes its preservation to Metcalf. The settlers of Camden during this holocaust, had fled to the woods for safety, and, with aching hearts, saw from their retreats the smoke ascend in blackened wreaths from their burning dwellings. Mr. James Richards, jr., the son of the first settler in Camden, now living at about ninety years of age, says, in explanation of the fact that Dow was so persistent in subduing the fire at the grist mill, when the Camden people had all fled, was that Belfast was at that time evacuated, and many of the settlers in that town had stored their goods in the Camden mill; and Dow, belonging in Belfast, had them in charge. After accomplishing their destructive purposes and gratifying their revengeful feelings, the British re-embarked on board their vessel, hastened by continual shots from those lying in ambush. It was ascertained afterwards that the schooner was an English armed vessel from Castine, fitted out for the express purpose of laying the little village of Camden in ashes. But, as I gave the sequel to the affair of Jameson, at Clam cove, so I will also give the result of the treatment of the pilot who was on board the vessel, the crew of which made the raid on Camden. A very short time after the War of the Revolution had closed, John Long, the Tory who piloted the English schooner from Castine here on the occasion before mentioned, stopped at the tavern of Peter Ouz, at Goose River (now Rockport.) Robert Jameson drove up to the tavern to obtain some refreshments. It was a cold day, and he told Ouz he wished him to get some fire wood

have charge of the expedition. Pursuant to orders, the vessel sailed for Camden, to lay the infant settlement in ashes. But what was their surprise, on arriving here, at finding nothing but a few straggling log huts, surrounded by a dense forest, and no living creature in sight but a few half-starved hogs, lean and lank, working for dear life among the stumps to find something to appease their appetites. Col. Campbell, perfectly disgusted with the duties assigned him, ordered his men on board his vessel, and left the harbor without doing any damage. The Colonel, in his report to the commanding officer, excused himself for the non-compliance with the orders of his father, by declaring that there was nothing to burn but a few "pig sties," and he wouldn't risk the life of a single man for all the property there was in the place. Eaton, in his "Annals of Warren," in referring to the history of this town at this period, gives an account of the following transaction:

A kind of tavern in a log house, was kept by William Gregory, a jolly, light-minded man, much fondler of a merry story than a political discussion, and more eager to amass a fortune than maintain the rights of either country, and reckoned a Tory. His house was frequented by illicit traders, though he was often plundered by both parties. On one occasion, a knocking was heard at night at his door. He, answering, was requested to open his door to a friend. When he did so, he rushed a file of men, all except the commander speaking a foreign tongue, probably the Scotch language. They inquired if two deserters, whom they described, were in his house, and, being satisfied they were not, they compelled Gregory to go with them as a guide to the ferry at Thomaston. On their arrival, the boats were all on the other side; but, after a little talk not understood, one stripped off his clothes, notwithstanding the coldness of the weather, and, plunging in, soon returned with a boat. Leaving him to dress and warm himself, as he could, the rest went over to Watson's house, found the deserters, returned to Clam cove, and embarked before the dawn of day.

It will be perceived by the reader of these Annals that Clam cove, in the early settlement of Camden, was quite a noted place, and was the objective point, and the scene of many a thrilling transaction. I have listened with pleasure to many a laughable story from the lips of the late John Gregory, who died a few years since at the ripe age of nearly 100 years. Among them was the following:

An English barge attempted to land on Crockett point, in Thomaston (now Rockland.) The settlers in that vicinity, with a few Camden people who happened to be present, armed with their muskets, rushed down to the shore to repel the invaders. The crack of the guns was heard incessantly for a while, and the bullets from the barge rattled merrily among the trees on the shore, behind which the settlers secreted themselves. Among them was a young lad who fought bravely as long as there was any prospect of keeping the invaders at a distance; but, being short of ammunition, they turned and fled. The enemy gave them a parting volley, and, as the young man was running at his highest speed, he turned his head to watch the flying balls. He suddenly exclaimed, "I am wounded!" On entering his home his father quickly looked for his wound, but finding none, they concluded he was

Hovey Alfred, "
LINCOLNVILLE CENTER.
Colburn John, loss r eye, fever sore,
Innis John C, inj back, rheu, chr diarr,
Norton Henry D, inj leg,
Heal Amanda M, widow,
Rankin Moses, father,
Heal Mary, mother,
Ness Deseey, widow 1812,
Edgcomb Abigail,
Shaw Mary,
Caldwell Ezekiel, 1812,
Heal Chesley,
Dunton Frederick B, rhen heart,
Cross Israel H, w i band,

LINCOLNVILLE.
Richard Francis W, chr diarr,
Brown Parker, inj abdomen,
Crooker Benj S, w r arm, abscess elbow,
Ames Geo B, w scrotum,
Young Thos J, mal spine and side,
Wadsworth Chas, malaria,
Mathews Wm R, dia bowels and lungs and m
Snow Mary H, widow 1812,
McKinnon Lydia H,
Burgess Martha A, widow,
Dean Delora J,
Manning Ann L,
McKish Susan, mother,
Fletcher Susan,
Dean Hannah,
Munroe Hannah,
Metcalf Eliza Jane, widow 1812,
Branor Mary,
Witham Sarah E,
McCobb Lois,
McCobb Andrew, 1812,
Moyle Radras,

DEER ISLE.
Joyce Moses B, partial paralysis r leg,
Higgins Israel B, inj leg,
Lufkin Johnson H, w i hand,
Small Andrew, sunstroke,
Hastell Mary,
Toothaker Lucy H,
Gray Jos H, father,

GREEN'S LANDING.
Richardson Amos T, chr diarr,
Gott Jas E, abscess maxillary bone,
Robbins Hannah, widow,

NORTH DEER ISLE.
Powers Joel H, dia r arm, typhoid fever,
Newbury Eliza, widow 1812,

OCEANVILLE.
Gray Lucy, mother,
Badler Mary,

SOUTH DEER ISLE.
Redman John W, shell w r leg and thigh,
Colby Richard J, inj abdomen, chr diarr,
Duncan Andrew J, dia heart and lungs,
Robbins Nathaniel, father,
Stinson Wm,
Powers Hepzibah C, mother,

SWAN'S ISLAND.
Bridges Nancy, widow 1812,
Smith Lucy,
Whittaker Jas, father,

COL. JOSEPH CILLEY

Among the art exhibits at the county fair, was a large and finely portrait in oil of the above name man, contributed by his nephew, Commander Greenleaf Cilley, U. S. Navy. Mr. Cilley favors us with the sketch of the distinguished character:

Col. Joseph Cilley was born in Ham, N. H., January 1791, and educated in the schools of his native entered the U. S. army as Ensign in 1812, and was ordered for duty John McClary's Company, 11th U. S. Infantry, then commanded Isaac Clark. He was promoted Lieutenant March 1, 1814, and transferred to the 21st Infantry, then commanded Col. Miller. He participated in the engagements with the enemy at New Orleans, Queenstown, Sacket Harbor, and Miller's Fields on the St. Lawrence. At the memorable charge of the 21st Infantry on the enemy's battery, 1814, he led in the charge in command of his company, and every commissioned non-commissioned officer. In his company, he was either killed or wounded. He was severely wounded in the leg producing a compound fracture of the thigh bone. This was one of the sanguinary battles of the war of 1812, the gallant act of Col. Miller and the 21st was the admiration of every eye. Lieut. Cilley subsequently, by an excess of cartridges, lost his right eye. He signed his commission in the U. S. Army July 1816. June 31, 1817, he was

Continuation October 26, 1883

will leave no burthens on those who may come after us if he can help it.

If any are desirous of using incandescent matches, or wax lighting tapers, just call at James S. Cleveland's store and obtain a box of each, and you will never willingly use any others.

A sure sign that the love of liberty is declining among the people, is a tacit subordination to the usurpations of wealth exclusive of merit; when monopolists rule, the masses become hewers of wood and drawers of water for those who have nothing to recommend them but their ill-gotten gains.

In listening to a sermon, a short time since, I was reminded of old Father Ballou, of the School-street church, in Boston, who once said to me that flowers of rhetoric in sermons are like the blue and red flowers in corn, pleasing to those who come to church only for amusement, but prejudicial to those who would profit by the instruction intended to be given. This admirable hint was intended for me, but I fear I did not profit by it, for the world was new to me then, and everything appeared rose-colored to my young eyes. Things appear in a different light to me now.

The fools are not all dead in the Nutmeg state. At East Haven, Ct., a bevy of respectable ladies and gentlemen were arrested for gathering hickory nuts by the way-side under one of the old "blue laws" of 1702, for breaking the sabbath. Is the law of self-preservation abrogated in that state? One would be inclined to think so, else these dudes would have received their just deserts by the application of a hickory limb from the same tree upon their backs.

A plank sidewalk is being laid from Elm street to Washington street. This is the new street without a name. It is but a continuation of Washington street, but it must be given a new name, let it be Church street; that is short, appropriate, and easily spoken. Let it be named for no individual, lest it give birth to envious feelings. This is my opinion, freely expressed. I do not think it would confer much honor on any one, if named for him; therefore it is immaterial to me as a citizen what it is called. As a stranger, in casting my eye along its line of buildings, I should think Zig-Zag alley would be a very appropriate name.

In looking at the stalks of corn in my garden, the other day, I noticed that those which raised their heads the highest were those that were the emptiest. Just like some men, who assume the greatest consequence, and have the least share of judgment and ability.

Camden, October 23. SIGMA.

MILLIONAIRE PULLMAN'S POCKET CITY

Some of our exchanges have published glowing accounts of the city of Pullman, near Chicago, all of which is owned and run as a private property by the rich palace car man. That there are some drawbacks to happiness in this earthly paradise, has been suspected by us, and that view is sustained by the following, which we copy from a western paper:

The famous town of "Pullman" is a regular slave pen. No Lord of the Manor in olden times ever had such supreme control over his "vassals" as Pullman has over the workmen whom he employs. The buildings are good, it is true, but the rents are enormous. The leases are the worst cut-throat leases that the sharpest cut-throat lawyer could possibly get up. The tenant who signs one signs away his last right as the master of his own home. The landlord can enter at any time and inspect the house; he can eject the tenant, without even process of law for non-payment of

THE ANNALS OF THE TOWN OF CAMDEN, N.J. FROM ITS FIRST SETTLEMENT TO THE PRESENT TIME - BY N. C. FLETCHER.

Chapter X.

I am now upon the threshold of an important period of the history of our infant settlement. It is still dressed in its swaddling clothes, and breathes in the air of freedom with the vigor of manhood. The distant murmurings of contending forces are wafted across the waters, the premonitions of a war, which may last for many years, the result of which is known only to Omniscience. But, "live or die, survive or perish," their whole hearts leaped in unison with those of the people in other sections of the country, and they resolved to abide the final result. Though isolated from their neighbors, and a sparsely settled country surrounded them, they shrink not. They realized their exposure to raids of cruisers of an inveterate enemy, which had already been prowling along their shores committing depredations on their property and abusing their wives and children; yet this had no terrors for them, and they manfully faced the danger, and prepared themselves for the approaching evils. The question was no longer whether they would be able to obtain their rights from England, but whether they would be a nation or a subjugated people. The few Tories they had among them were no longer considered citizens, but enemies, spies and traitors, and to be treated as such, or in pity allowed to depart from their shores branded with infamy. The English took possession of Castine on the 12th of June, 1779, and a force of 1,200 men was ordered by the state to be severally raised in the counties of Cumberland and Lincoln, in the latter of which Camden was then embraced. Camden's quota was four, as we learn from the pay-roll in the secretary's office, Boston, viz: William Gregory, Peter Ott, Andrew Wells and Leonard Metcalf. They promptly responded to the call, and were mustered in at Townsend. There they were under Generals Wadsworth and Lovell, previous to embarking in the flotilla, which consisted of 19 armed vessels and 24 transports, at the head of which was the frigate Warren of 32 guns. The fleet was under the command of Commodore Saltonstall. They arrived at Castine on the 25th of July, but, owing to the surf occasioned by a fresh breeze, were unable to land for two days. On the morning of the 28th, as they landed, a brisk fire was opened upon them by the enemy. The only accessible place of ascent was up a precipice nearly 200 feet high, up which one company of our men ascended amidst a deadening volley from the enemy, while two companies deployed to the right and left. As they gained the heights the enemy fled to their entrenchments, leaving behind them 30 killed, wounded and taken prisoners, while our loss was 100 in the twenty minute skirmish. Instead of following up their success, our men threw up a breastwork about 700 yards from the enemy's fort, where they made their stand, which enabled the enemy to strengthen their position - for they were on the point of surrendering, as was subsequently learned. This was rather an unfortunate expedition, owing to the counsels of the traitorous and detestable Saltonstall, commander of our fleet. The next day an English fleet from Halifax under Sir George Collier, carrying 200 guns and 1,500 men, entered the bay, and Gen. Lovell immedi-

ately man, Gregory and others. They were made to feel at home, and immediately proceeded to plan and provide means of defence. The oath of allegiance which the English General Mollen tendered to the Americans at this time, may be found in the account of the "Siege of Penobscot," on page 30. A counter proclamation, issued by Gen. S. Lovell, the American officer, one month afterwards, may also be found in the same book. Thus the poison and the antidote comes down to posterity together. The "barracks," as they were called, were merely a temporary structure, situated about half-mile from the fort at Pine hill, near Mr. John Gregory's house, and near the residence of his son, Mr. Hansen Gregory; and one half of Mr. Gregory's log house was appropriated for the officers' quarters. The force stationed here was 200 men, under the command of Gen. George Ulmer. Among the officers were Lieut. Kelloch of Warren and Capt. Blunt. John Marsh of Orono was Indian interpreter, as a company of Penobscot Indians was connected with our force there and rendered this officer a necessity. I have listened to Mr. John Gregory quite often, when I was a resident of Rockland, as he gave interesting accounts of the transactions of those early times, and was often surprised at the readiness with which he would answer my questions put to him in relation to matters pertaining to those early times which were recorded in history, and therefore correct. I am indebted to him for many facts related in these annals, and shall have occasion no doubt, before I close up my work, to draw on the store-house of memory for incidents which I have received from his lips. Mr. Gregory lived to a good old age. He had witnessed the changing scenes of life for near a century, and abided his time like one of the patriarchs of old, with cheerfulness, and was ready to sleep with his fathers whenever the summons should come. Such men should never pass away, but the ad. "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return," was sent forth in the infancy of the race, and must be submitted to. He stamped his own impressions upon the age in which he lived.

The Indians who were attached to the troops under Gen. Ulmer, comprised all in the service in the whole territory between Maine and Rhode Island, and Mr. John Marsh was appointed by the government, "general interpreter," and stationed at Camden. His family lodged in the "barracks," and while there his son Benjamin, who was living in Orono but a few years since, was born, October 29, 1780. William Gregory acted as commissary at the time the encampment was established near Clam cove. Lieut. Benjamin Boston was stationed at Camden Harbor, with an inferior force.

As the settlers of Belfast were agriculturists, and were an industrious people, and had raised good crops, it was important these should be gathered. When they left for the encampment at Pine hill, they were obliged to leave their crops standing in their fields. Accordingly, when fit for harvesting, one Pelatiah Corthell, with others, were detached in a boat to proceed up to the harbor and gather them. This they did; they found the crops undisturbed, gathered them and returned unmolested laden with supplies for their families' sustenance during the approaching Winter.

It was all peaceful now, but it was only

EDITORIAL MATTER
He says: "John Beach
ent to pay him \$21,000
steamer Boanoke lie at
It is said that he will
of the same nature,
\$100,000. Better give
all it square." Do you
can? As a gift, an ele-
preferable to the lot of
which our people are
dering a navy.
esses before the Sena-
election, and labor un-
od deal to show the true
demand for a protective
Daly, a harness maker,
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of work. He thought
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But this led to ques-
of living, etc., and it
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d prohibitory tariff on
labor. Mr. Daly is just
e protectionists, only a
They all want to be
hat they mean that other
axed for their benefit;
it to be taxed for the
arbill, who is the largest
it bonds in this country,
for these bonds ever to
rview the other day, he
: "There is one thing
see, and that is the re-
vernment bonds. Look
7. They are quoted at
e at 104. They ought
the way they are. The
a larger debt and give
an opportunity to buy."
s the intention of the
control the Republican
ever pay off the debt in
re continued in power,
se the first opportunity
ese harples propose to
t people in perpetual
r perpetual tribute to
the bond system. This
re both to the material
try and to liberty. But
Their motto, as stated
The public be damned."
dge and register of pro-
perty become vacant next
ors will be appointed
1881, Mr. Robie, then a
outive council, insisted
of Gov. Plaisted to fill
by the appointment of
he offices, who had been
le. And the Republican
g issue of this theory.
party now have an ex-
to carry out his idea in
s political opponents are
seriously, since both the
ficials whose terms ex-
Of course Gov. Robie
nce with his principles
ago; or it he doesn't,
oil will remind him of
m consistent by refusing
r persons whom he may

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officials whose terms ex- a. Of course Gov. Robie
nce with his principles
ars ago; or if he doesn't,
will remind him of
in consistent by refusing
er persons whom he may
oint. Queerly enough,
papers seem to have
und taken by them in
tristiously advocating the
y Republican strikers to
consistency is an article
ensive that Republican
em to feel able to adorn

CANDIDATE ROBINSON.

box, insurance commis-
sachusetts, has addressed a
inson in relation to the
for J. E. Shepard in his
fajor Shepard is a native
d well known here, our
to see what Mr. Tarbox
letter is as follows:

Boston, Oct. 13, 1833.
Robinson—Dear Sir: In
xington last night, as
pers, you say: "Go into
missioner's department;
the change in the head
you come to two clerks,
r suffering almost to an
be war in the prisons of
g but a wreck of his
efficient and faithful and
ny years; and, although
commissioner declared
political or partisan
conce, yet that gentleman
re. For what reason?
a unfaithful? That was
this: Because the place
er man."

misinformed in that mat-
been made in this
n reasons. Had Mr.
ou refer to, been as cap-
character and habits as
missioner, the chief clerk
mputing clerks—all of
would not have been
successor, Mr. Shepard,
soldier of nearly four
several times wounded
s a sufferer in Libbey
or that—though, as one
y, I feel a soldier's sym-
—did I urge and finally
nce of the appointment.
ities I well knew: from
harge for a series of years
city clerk of Lawrence,
signs as a favor to me, to
of no greater dignity or
insurance department.
his appointment; was to
of a singularly efficient
ut in the public work I
re were other considera-
political nature, why Mr.
ot be "officer of mine,"
w to state, that generous
Aside from the ordinary
high attach to me as a
ive and disburse annu-
als of public moneys, and
ry-bonds for the faithful
rust. I ask you, then, as
are reputed to be. If it is
possible that I should be
cavil to select one, at
ial subordinates whom I
a in
a duty upon this depart-
my predecessor, was
I intend to fulfill it, as
possible. But I certainly
possible for me to perform
to employ assistants,
to be disappointed by

learned. This was rather an unfortunate
expedition, owing to the counsels of the
traitorous and detestable Saltonstall, com-
mander of our fleet. The next day an Eng-
lish fleet from Halifax under Sir George
Collins, carrying 200 guns and 1,500 men;
entered the bay, and Gen. Lovell immedi-
ately ordered a retreat; and it was so skill-
fully conducted by Gen. Wadsworth that
during the night the whole of the American
force were embarked undiscovered. Sal-
tonstall soon destroyed his fleet by running
some aground, burning others and blowing
up the remainder, and thus the fate of all
was sealed, and Saltonstall damned to ever-
lasting infamy. He was cashered by the
court of enquiry held in the following
September, the proceedings of which will
be found on file in the state house at Boston.
They are voluminous, and no one can possi-
bly have any interest in the matter except
for historical purposes. With a scanty sup-
ply of provisions, our soldiers and mariners
shaped their course for the Kennebec.
They divided into two parties; One passed
through the woods to Fort Halifax, in the
town of Winslow, opposite Waterville.
The other division followed the shore,
passing through Belfast to Camden. When
they reached Camden, they were hungry,
footsores and weary, and in passing the
house of Mr. Richards, they observed a
churn standing at the door, and on
approaching it found it to be full of the
lacteal fluid. They soon appropriated it to
their own use; and with raw pease and
other eatable vegetables which they gath-
ered from Mr. Richards's garden, they
appeased their ravenous appetites. After
resting for a while, they left for their own
homes, the most of them belonging in this
vicinity. They numbered about forty men.
Thus, four of our Camden settlers were
introduced into military service in the Rev-
olutionary War. Their memories are still
fresh and green in the hearts of a grateful
people, while their treacherous leader, the
sole cause of the unfortunate result of the
expedition, is doomed to execration by all
who tread our soil at this remote period.

A short time previous to the expedition to
Castine, Gen. George Ulmer of Lincoln-
ville erected a breastwork at Clam cove, and
mounted an 18 pound gun; the logs of this
breastwork remained till about the year
1837. Grape and chain shot, have been
found near the site of this old fort, but not
a vestige is now left of this fortification.
The locality was called "Pine Hill." The
surrounding scenery was said to be beauti-
ful, and the prospect from this eminence
the most commanding that could be obtained
for many miles distant. A better situation
for a fortress was not obtainable in this
vicinity. After the English took possession
of Castine, many families who resided along
the shores of the Penobscot river removed
to Camden, considering it the best location
for protection on the coast. The citizens of
Belfast who were unwilling to take the
oath of allegiance to the English govern-
ment, left their homes and came to Camden.
They arrived here on the morning of the
14th of August, but only about six or eight
families remained here. The remainder
continued on to Warren, Bristol and New-
bury, and a few to New Hampshire. Those who
stopped at Camden, soon sympathizing
with the British, and were cheerfully given quarters

others, were dispatched in a boat to proceed
up to the harbor and gather them. This
they did; they found the crops undisturbed,
gathered them and returned unmolested
laden with supplies for their families' sus-
tenance during the approaching winter.
It was all peaceful now, but it was only
the calm before the storm. On the 14th of
August, 1779, a boat with a crew of 12 men,
entered Goose river, for the purpose of raid-
ing on the premises of the settlers there,
and carrying off their live stock to replen-
ish their empty barrels. At the time, the
men whose houses they first visited, Robert
and Paul Thorndike, were gone down to
West Keag mill, in Thomaston, with their
grists, to have them ground. The first in-
timation which Mrs. Thorndike had that an
enemy was near, was the report of a gun in
the back yard. Supposing that one of her sons
had been shot by some marauders, she
seized her child, James, then three weeks
old, and awakening another, a daughter,
who was asleep, she fled to the woods just
back of the house, and there remained until
morning, when she cautiously entered her
house. Silence reigned within it, and its
contents were undisturbed. The men had
shot a calf which was quietly feeding in the
back yard, and, securing that, the cowardly
miscreants withdrew to some other locality
for fresh plunder. They probably did not
enter the house at all. Supposing the men
were not far off and that the report of the
musket would alarm them, they suddenly
left with their ill gotten gain. On such oc-
casions as this, the settlers and their families
generally fled to the woods for safety,
knowing that resistance would be useless
against an armed force of superior numbers.
Therefore, they were often robbed of their
substance, and suffered indignities which
were hard to brook. But revenge was sweet,
and whenever an opportunity offered itself
to retaliate, the settlers never let it slip, but
their enemies were well repaid, both prin-
cipal and interest. A few weeks after Thor-
ndike lost his calf, the name of the leader of
this gang was ascertained. He was a Tory,
but was not generally known to be such.
But one night his Toryism was all knocked
out of him by "vigilantes."

STATE ELECTIONS IN NOVEMBER

The state elections yet to occur this year
will be held on Tuesday, November 6.
The complete list is as follows:
Connecticut will elect one-half its Senate
and its full House of Representatives.
Maryland will elect Governor, Controller,
Attorney General and legislature.
Massachusetts will elect Governor, Lieu-
tenant Governor, Secretary of State, Treas-
urer, Attorney General, Auditor and leg-
islature.
Minnesota will elect Governor, Lieuten-
ant Governor, Secretary of State, Treasurer,
Attorney General, and Railroad Commis-
sioner, and vote upon three proposed
amendments to the constitution of the state.
Mississippi will elect its legislature.
Nebraska will elect a Justice of the Su-
preme Court and Regents of the State Uni-
versity.
New Jersey will elect Governor, part of
its Senate, and its full House of Represent-
atives.
New York will elect Secretary of State,
Comptroller, Treasurer, Attorney General,
Engineer and Surveyor, and both branches
of the legislature, and vote upon a resolu-
tion to abolish slavery, and upon the ques-
tion of the right of suffrage.
Pennsylvania will elect Governor, Lieuten-

ants are enormous. The leases are the
worst cut-throat leases that the sharpest cut-
throat lawyer could possibly get up. The
tenant who signs one signs away his last
right as the master of his own home. The
landlord can enter at any time and inspect
the house; he can eject the tenant, without
even process of law for non-payment of
rent; the tenant is not privileged to make
even the slightest repair; nor can he even
drive a nail in the walls; if any repairs are
to be made the landlord makes them, and
then makes the tenant pay whatever he
(the landlord) may see fit to ask. In short,
the workingman who enters the Pullman
service and occupies the Pullman buildings
is just as near a slave as a man can be with-
out absolutely wearing a chain and having
his ears cropped. The Pullmans are no
more like Peter Cooper than Avarice and
Greed are like Benevolence and Patriotism.

FRUIT OF THE PRESS

Henry N. Copp, Washington, D. C., has
issued a book containing all the informa-
tion to be derived from the "Blue Book,"
and a good deal more. All the government
salaries are given from President Arthur's
\$50,000 to postmasters with \$500, officials
of the treasury, interior, war and navy de-
partments, custom houses, postoffices, and
fully 20,000 federal offices arranged by
states and territories. Specimen examina-
tion questions for admittance to the civil
service throughout the country added. The
price of the book is only 35 cents. For sale
by R. H. Burnham & Co., Rockland.

In illustration, important articles, and
American fiction, the November Century
attempts to raise its own standard of excel-
lence—a significant way of beginning the
new magazine year. Among the engravers
of the number, five are women, who con-
tribute seven engravings. In technical skill,
Mr. Cole has hardly surpassed the full-page
engraving of Wyatt Easton's portrait of
Mojeaka, accompanying a study of Mojeaka's
Shaksperian characters, by J. Ranken
Towse. T. Johnson's engraving from
Thomas Sully's portrait (owned in Phila-
delphia) of Queen Victoria at the age of
nineteen, is the most pleasing of the number;
also, with Mrs. Oliphant's sketch of the life
of the Queen, is printed with a copy of a re-
cent portrait. Mrs. Oliphant's paper is
valuable for its analysis of character, which
is interestingly shown, also, in several
anecdotes of Queen Victoria's courtship and
of her attention to public affairs. A particu-
lar interest attaches to Cole's engraving of
the full-page portrait of Tourgueneff, since
it is an authentic likeness from life, painted
within the last two years by E. B. Butler,
specially for 'The Century.' Alphonse
Daudet contributes reminiscences of "Tour-
gueneff in Paris," the paper having been
written early last summer. Besides afford-
ing a charming estimate of the Russian
novelist as author and man, by the leading
modern French novelist, it gives a deligh-
tful view of literary fellowship in the French
capital. The Century is sold in Rockland
at the Opinion Book Store.

MENTIONINGS

Mrs. Bugby has got a nice place some
three miles from Danbury. But the family
don't like it, because it prevents them from
getting to church. They were in to visit
the circus to-day, and told us about it.—
Danbury News.
Judge Foraker has found out what it was
defeated him. It was because the election
was on the 9th of October, which he thought
is an unlucky day for him. On this day
when a child, he fell from a walnut tree
and broke his shoulder-blade (on the 9th of
October, while in the army, he fell off a
horse and had to go to the hospital for a
month, and on the 13th of October, 1877,
lost an important lawsuit, which he
changed the course of his life forever.
He thinks he would have been defeated
for that. It is a good thing that he
has finally found out that the day is
unlucky.

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MIXED

"Yes," said the western editor, "I had to discharge that foreman. He was a good printer and a good fellow, but he would get drunk and then trouble followed. Why the other day he got things mixed awfully. They got a young orang-outang at the zoological gardens and one of the reporters wrote a paragraph about it. And may I never be asked to drink if that bandy-legged jackass from Jacksonville didn't go and put the headline: 'A Young Orang-Outang' over the notice of a son to Col. Blood. I knew when I saw it in the paper that Blood would call. I tried to invent some explanation. I knew if I told him the truth he wouldn't believe me. He'd say that it was 'the old gag,' smoking the blame off on the printer, and it wouldn't do. The case wouldn't have been so bad if the story about the orang-outang had got in with the headline: 'Happy Event in the family of a Prominent Citizen' over it. I could have showed where the transposition occurred. But the inebriated outcast had left that out. As I said, I knew Col. Blood would call; he's that kind of a man. I'd have gone home sick, only I knew it wouldn't do any good; he'd grow more mad instead of less so."

Well, the time I spent between the moment of discovering the blunder and the hour of the colonel's arrival was about as disagreeable a period of my life as I ever endured. When the colonel came he was the maddest man I ever saw. He said if I had called him a miserable pole cat whose existence was only tolerated from a fear that his foul carcass would stop up the public sewer and breed a pestilence he wouldn't have complained, (I have my doubts about that, though, as nobody but a miserable cur would stand that,) but when it came to assailing his innocent babe, less than 48 hours old, he couldn't stand it. He didn't think it was legitimate journalism, either. I admitted it and offered to publish a retraction, and hastily scribbled off this: 'The son born to Colonel Blood yesterday is not a young orang-outang, as the types made us call it.' That only made him madder. He said the idea that it was necessary to state that an offspring of his was not an orang-outang was worse than the original insult. He added that it was no use for me to apologize as his wife had seen the paragraph and told him not to dare to come home till he had thrashed me, and of course he didn't dare to. Then I realized the inevitable. We had it. I don't want to admit that I was thrashed. If I lost two teeth I must have swallowed the most of his left ear, for it's gone somewhere and we couldn't find it on the floor after the caucus was over. But I'm pretty badly used up all the same, and I've discharged that printer. I can't have such things happening too often."

PECULIAR PARAGRAPHS

It is rumored that a serious disagreement exists in the Cabinet at Washington. The dispute must be about the size of fish caught during the vacation.

An Australian judge, who could not get a jury to convict a murderer, on the plainest evidence that he had sandbagged his victim, upon discharging him, said: "You are discharged. Go and sandbag some of those jurymen; they deserve it."

One of the felines at the Boston cat show bore the name of "Bon Butler." It nature

THE ANNALS OF THE TOWN OF CAMDEN, ME. FROM ITS FIRST SETTLEMENT TO THE PRESENT TIME.—By N. O. FLETCHER.

Chapter XI.

About this time incident followed incident in quick succession and were I to attempt to relate one-half of them in these Annals, they would swell a volume to such undue proportions as would be very cumbersome, and out-rival any of the old musty tomes that were rescued from the "catacombs" under old Rome. I shall therefore allude only to such as may be connected with the history of this vicinity, and interesting to those whose ancestors played their parts so well on the stage of life. There are but few of us who have not some pride in our ancestry, and read with delight a record of their lives, and those who trace them in their devious pathways, and note their worthy deeds and rescue them from the graves of forgetfulness, are deserving at least of the thanks of the better part of the generations of men as they glide swiftly down the stream of time.

Among the daring and most successful heroes of Revolutionary times, was Capt. Samuel Tucker of Marblehead, who afterwards settled in the town of Bremen, Lincoln county, Maine, and there died some years ago. I visited him several times with the late Gen. Denny McCobb, then collector of customs at Waldoboro, a neighboring town. I found the old commodore borne down with the weight of years physically, but his intellect was unimpaired, and in conversation all the fire of his youthful days would flash in bright scintillations over his countenance, especially when any allusion was made to any of the scenes of the Revolution of which he had been an eye witness, or to any battle in which he had participated. He would relate to us some of the incidents of his cruises on the coast of Maine with the greatest precision, and with all the vigor of manhood, as if the whole panorama of his active life was spread out before him until he was nearly exhausted; and he would lie back in his easy chair until nature would rally her forces, and then proceed in the continuation of some incident in his life which he had not completed, as if nothing had occurred to obstruct the chain of his narrative, or mystify the intensity of his thought. He was an octogenarian then, and it was a melancholy thought to me to think that such a man must soon pass away and his semblance be lost in his mother earth. He died soon after my last visit to him, with Gen. McCobb, full of years and honors. In his manners he was as rough as the rocky coast of Maine, but his heart was soft and forgiving and generous to a fault. In speaking of him to one of his neighbors, on my last visit, he said to me: "You found the old commodore a rough specimen of humanity, sir, but he has a heart as large as a bullock's." He came from Marlboro, the birth-place of patriots, and was appointed captain in the

to receive his proper share of the prize money, which amply rewarded him for his trouble, and returned to his home in Camden.

It was but a short time after this occurrence that Capt. Tucker was ordered to take charge of the sloop of war "Boston," carrying thirty-six guns, with the intention of searching for and capturing Capt. Mowatt's vessel. He had not forgotten his old pilot, Thorndike. He therefore came to Goose river and took him on board as pilot of his new vessel and sailed on a cruise to the eastward. At the Cranberry Islands he learned that some Tories had informed Mowatt of the expedition against him, and the British vessel had lost no time in getting away from the Maine coast out of reach of the pursuers.

Soon after this unsuccessful expedition, an American privateer of about 50 tons came into Camden harbor with a prize, an English schooner of about the same size, which she had captured near Mount Desert after a desperate conflict. The names of the vessels are not known. Both showed signs of the battle, the decks being covered with blood and the spars splintered by shots, while many of the men on board were suffering from wounds received. Our men were mostly absent, but one boarded her and said he never desired to behold another such a sight. They remained only until morning and then left for Portland, where they landed their prisoners and repaired damages.

Near this time, a daring exploit of John Harkness occurred. Mr. Harkness was a veteran of Lexington and Bunker Hill, having been severely wounded in the last named battle. He came to Camden after his recovery, and settled at Goose River. He was unmarried and lived alone. A number of English guerrillas landed at Goose River when he was absent and plundered his cabin of about everything movable, including his musket and powder horn. They carried the stuff to their boat and left three men to guard it while the rest of them went in search of more booty. While they were gone, Harkness discovered the boat when returning home, and surmised what had occurred. Boldly approaching the three guards, entirely unarmed as he was, he jumped into the boat before they divined his intention and seized his gun. Cocking the piece, and thus "having the drop" on the rascals, he commanded them to remain quiet at the peril of their lives. Astounded and dismayed at his boldness, they permitted him without interference to leave the boat, and, moving backwards and keeping them covered with his musket, he reached the thicket and escaped. The marauders carried away the remainder of his goods. Harkness soon after married a lady named Elizabeth Ott, daughter of Peter Ott, one of the pioneers who came from Germany to Waldoboro and settled that town. Mr. Ott removed to Camden and the same gang of ruffians who had plundered Harkness visited his cabin, which was between Goose River and Clam Cove. They went to the cellar and attempted to draw some liquor from a barrel there. Miss Ott resolutely placed herself in front of the barrel and ordered them to desist. One of them drew a pistol and pointed it at her, but she struck it aside and maintained her resolute attitude and repeated her order to them to get out. Moved either by a gallant admiration of her beauty and heroism or by apprehension as to what so brave and fearless a woman might do, they departed

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for an investigation into alleged sales of bodies of defect cats to fiddle string manufacturers.

During the strike of the telegraph operators a worthy deacon who "got left" telegraphed home as follows: "Awtull Missed the train. Will be home to-morrow." Somewhere along the line there must have been a green hand, for when that innocent little message reached the loving wife it read: "Am full! Missed the train. Will be home to-morrow."

Texas boasts of a magic water that not only cures all the ills of the flesh, but ministers to a mind diseased. It is at Toyah, and is reported to have completely cured a ringer who was supposed to be hopelessly insane. We're not surprised. We've always thought it some of those Texans, supposed to be crazy, would try drinking water, it would help them.—Boston Post.

DEFERRED EDITORIAL MATTER

Satanist Frank M. Fogg bobs up serenely in Michigan, in company with Mr. J. M. Potter, they being editors and proprietors of the Lansing Sentinel, a Greenback paper.

The newspapers taken from under the corner-stone of the Episcopal church building, recently demolished, contain an advertisement of Wilbor's compound of cod liver oil and lime, substantially the same as that now seen in the Opinion. Even the neat cut at the head of the advertisement is in the same style as that used then. These papers were deposited in 1853, over 30 years ago. The medicine must be a sterling article to maintain its popularity as a remedy during so long a period. Its sale is larger now than ever before. It is still manufactured by the chemist who first compounded it, Mr. A. B. Wilbor of Boston.

The Courier prints a communication from T. P. Pierce, esq., urging the adoption of a fifteenth amendment to the constitution according negroes full civil rights and providing plenary powers for their enforcement. Mr. Pierce will find that his party will not rally around his suggestion to any great extent. When it served a partisan purpose to enact a civil rights law, the Republican party did it without hesitation, in plain contravention of the constitution. But, though it did not scruple to violate the constitution to do a thing which it deemed expedient as a party measure, it will not, we judge, go out of its way to do the same thing in a lawful manner, now that it is no longer likely to be useful in its partisan purposes, because it is esteemed just and right. For ourselves we do not believe that the so-called civil rights law was a just measure of itself. It undertook to prohibit proprietors of inns, public conveyances and places of amusement from making distinctions in the treatment of patrons on account of race or color, but did not forbid such distinctions on account of other things even less objectionable. And as the law was construed, it even gave the colored race rights not accorded to the white race. There is no equality or justice in that. There is no more reason why persons should be excluded from hotels because they are Jews—as has been done in some places without violating the civil rights law—than that other persons should be excluded because they are negroes. Indeed, we believe it has been held by the higher courts that the law was enacted for the sole purpose of guaranteeing to colored people certain rights—though the terms of the law as enacted do not seem to bear out that construction—and that no white person can be protected in any rights under its provisions. We should not wish to see the constitution amended so as to give any advantage to one

and when the messenger was sent to him with his commission he was joining sawing wood at the door of his humble home. He responded at once to the call of his country, and repaired immediately on board of the vessel to which he was attached and sailed eastward in search of the enemy. He seemed to be intensely impressed that the coast of Maine was to be the scene of his exploits, and accordingly he at once sailed for this latitude and shaped his course for Penobscot bay. He was not long idle. He fell in with an East Indiaman, sailing under the Danish flag, a little east of the Penobscot, bound from Halifax to Castine with a cargo of East Indian goods of considerable value. With but very little resistance, Capt. Tucker captured her, and with his prize sailed to the West. Capt. Mowatt, the infamous and brutal English commander, was at Castine, in a vessel of war, at the time, and started in pursuit of Tucker and his prize, but failed to take them. While sailing by the islands off Camden, Tucker fell in with a fishing craft, on board of which was Robert Thorndike of Camden. Capt. Tucker took Thorndike, who is said to have gone reluctantly, as his pilot. Mowatt, having sighted them, gave chase and kept up a continual fire, but he found that a stern chase was a hard one. Tucker ran up to New Meadows, near Harpswell, passed inside the ledges, and reached an anchorage beyond the reach of Mowatt, whose vessel was larger than the other and of much deeper draft. The English commander did not dare to make an attack with boats, esteeming discretion to be the better part of valor; but he undertook to blockade the place, and sent for reinforcements, by means of which he hoped to capture the little Yankee privateer and her prize. This plan would probably have succeeded had it not been for Mr. Thorndike's intimate acquaintance with the coast. The shrewd pilot assured Capt. Tucker that he could take advantage of a dark and stormy night and get safely out without the knowledge of the British. They were blockaded for three days, and were getting impatient. At length, as the evening shadows began to gather around them, and the light on the island of Seguin gave out a sickly appearance though the haze, and the rippling waters gave indications of a northeasterly storm. Their spirits became more buoyant and they waited patiently, amid the sighing winds, for the sound of the rain. At length it came, and the pattering on the skylight over their heads was a joyful sound. With the deepest silence among them, and darkness reigning around them, they weighed their anchors and sailed out of the river. They steered for Portland and arrived there without disturbing their enemy. Early the next morning, Mowatt ascertained that Tucker with his prize had escaped him in the darkness. Surprised beyond measure, he immediately started in pursuit, but he was too late. He caught sight of him but once, and the Americans were soon safely riding at anchor in Portland harbor. Soon after, Tucker ran his prize into Salem, and there he disposed of her cargo, and sailed again in pursuit of farther spoils. Thorndike was given the authority of prize-master, and was led on board of the prize alone. He was instructed to take, in payment for his services as pilot, anything he chose from the vessel's stores. He had conscientious scruples against such an irregular method of settlement, thinking it smacked of piracy. The goods were disposed of in Boston according to the rules of war, having been taken from a vessel

whom he wedded were certainly well mated, and both were possessed of a spirit and will which fitted them to live in those troublous times.

May 19, 1780, the "Dark Day" occurred, which inspired so much terror everywhere. A few years since, while conversing with an aged citizen (now dead) on the interesting scenes of his early days, he gave me a lucid description of that day and the varied effects it had upon the minds of the people in Camden. He informed me that his father was at work in the field near his house, and the darkness came gradually upon them, until it was so dark he had to unyoke his oxen and put them into his barn. They retired into the house and found his mother sitting at the table, with a lighted candle before her, with folded arms and timidly awaiting the issue of so strange a phenomenon. The fowls went to roost, supposing it was sunset, and the cattle laid down as at night and quietly commenced chewing their cud. There were but few who could say, they were not frightened. Many thought the "Day of Judgment" had come, but others were of the opinion that the day of judgment would not come in the night, but that some miraculous upheaving of nature was about to take place, and a new heaven and a new earth were to be created for the American patriots, while the hated English, with the Hessians and Tories, would be doomed to the regions of everlasting darkness.

The Winter of 1780 was the coldest of any year since the settlement of the town. Lieut. Benjamin Benton, then stationed at Camden, crossed over to Castine on the ice with a flag of truce, to secure the exchange of a young man named Isaac Libby, a resident of Warren who had been captured on an American schooner a few months previous.

In 1831, the infamous John Long, the Tory whom I have before mentioned in these Annals, was arrested in Camden and taken to Boston under charge of Philip Robbins to Boston. Sibley, in his History of Union, alluding to this event, says that Robbins's bill, dated May 1, 1781, so great was the depreciation of the continental currency, amounted to £128 2s., including the expenses of his return to Union. Long afterwards escaped, but Robbins again captured him and took him back to Boston. What disposition was made of him I know not.

The termination of the war was now strongly anticipated, and our citizens were greatly elated at the prospect. They had become weary of war and earnestly desired peace. They had fought well, accomplished their object and were ready to lay aside their weapons of war for the implements of peace.

MENTIONINGS

This is a droll story about Simmons. Frauds in the custom during his administration, official proof on file in the treasury department, and yet the facts have been covered up for years, and no details are given even now, though Simmons is Butler's friend and the canvass has developed an extraordinary amount of bad temper. Mr. Beard should have said more, or less.—Portland Advertiser.

A man with £300,000 a year eats the whole fruit of 5,656 men's labor through a year, for you can get a stout spademan to work and maintain himself for the sum of £30. Thus we have private individuals whose wages are equal to the wages of 7,000 or 8,000 other individuals. What do those highly benefited individuals do for society for their wages? Kill partridges. Can this last? No; by the soul that I am a man, it cannot and will not and shall not.

Continuation Nov. 9, 1883

show you the inner nothing or Brown, your (fin-) a tennis on! Nine ready, this feeling an-
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 ported by the that every from France lraigs, which ity that may f his hearers, clerk present, ke a brief ad- rded. "I am and know all e last speaker s deleterious, age, as he has got this addi- tleman whose nformed." In- t there is one rik continued; f every article 'bogus' who of pure grape to the expense at least than wip." Think three, of those e their prodic
 ble and pure patriot, Robert M... is not supposed that the humble dwellings of those days were of sufficient capacity to admit all who might assemble on such an occasion as this beneath one roof, but they had now a free soil beneath their feet and the "milky baldrick of the skies" over their heads, and they were satisfied. They could bide their time, and partake of the "flowing bowl" and the simple viands which were prepared for them when their turn came with deepest satisfaction and thankfulness. It was the custom in those days at all gatherings of the people, whether social or political, to jog nature, if she lagged, by imbibing of the contents of the flowing "punch bowl" which was always at hand, until they raised her to concert pitch, and then the sound of revelry would be heard. The surroundings of a people have much to do with their conduct, and the customs of the age in which they live control them in a great measure. It is not strange then that our forefathers "should rejoice with joy unspeakable" at the advent of peace, and go to the very limits of human customs at the closing of a war which every one was tired of, and was anxious to receive the olive branch of peace which had been extended to them. Some men, who are no better than they should be, may condemn them in bitter words, but such men know but little of human nature, and no sensible man or woman will heed the ebullitions of those who possess the spirit of those of old, and would say to better men and women, than themselves "stand by, for we are holier than thou." These men whose history I am sketching, need no apologist. Their patriotic labors in the cause of freedom speak for themselves. As a faithful chronicler of the times, I shall give a mere transcript of the proceedings, on that joyous occasion as I have often heard them from those who were participants in the exhilarating scenes. The host called for silence, and when obtained he repeated, in simple language, the details which had been wafted across the Atlantic, of the proclamation of peace, and the great rejoicing throughout the country, at the reception of this glorious news, and he invited them to partake of a collation of humble pretensions with him and his neighbors and invited guests, and make a merry time of it. They of course were in nowise backward in partaking of his hospitalities, and the revel commenced in earnest. Numerous toasts were drunk as we'll as patriotic songs sung some of which were not very complimentary to the mother country, whose fostering care they had repudiated forever. But few of them are now remembered. They are buried in the grave with those of a past generation, but the memories of those who gave the toasts and sung the songs will forever remain fresh and green in the hearts of their descendants. Among the songs sung on the occasion was one so appropriate, I cannot but give it here, not merely to show that those sung were not all mere doggerel rhymes, emanating from maudlin brains, but applicable to the occasion, correct in sentiment and in exceeding good taste. A fragment of it is only left in memory:
 The lords of haughty Albion
 May send their borders for aye,
 The vernal fens may bayside be,
 And his narrow shores will never cease
 To break a tyrant's sway
 While Freedom's colors still wave o'er
 O'er her's one to stand firm
 While Freedom's colors still wave o'er
 O'er her's one to stand firm

Every newly settled country has had its Nimrods, and Camden has had hers. Game was plenty and many of the settlers the year succeeding the Revolution obtained their living by ranging over the mountains and securing the game with which the forest was infested. Moose were numerous and bears were plenty. If one hungered for venison, he had but to grasp his musket and step out to the everglades or ascend the gulches of the mountains, and the crack of his sowing piece would announce to his family that the hunter had been successful, and a dinner provided, which an epicure of the present day would deem delicious. James Richards and Leonard Metcalf were the most noted hunters of the day. Their aim was sure and their muskets never missed bringing the game to the ground, and their dogs were always faithful. In the Winter of 1784-5 there came to the settlement an eccentric character dressed in the garb of a hunter, and subsisting entirely on the game gathered from the forest. Eaton in his annals of Warren and Thomaston represents him as being clad in the skins of beasts. His long white beard, gave him the appearance of one of the remarkable patriarchs of olden times. He was social and intelligent and his gentlemanly demeanor was evidence of his having moved in good society. From some cause he left the haunts of men, and sought companionship with the more humble denizens of the forest. Many incidents of his life were related of him by the old citizens of Thomaston which shew the kindness of his heart, and that he was not destitute of the finest traits which go to make up the perfect character. How long he was in this vicinity, I know not. It is certain he was not poor. His name was Michael Davis of Dover, N. H. His daughter took him home when he became aged. He lived to the age of 85 years, but the cause of his strange conduct he never revealed to his friends in this vicinity. He had no enemies to harm him here, but had the sympathy of all who knew him.

RESOLUTIONS OF REGRET

The Ladies' Temperance Aid society of Union, wishing to express their deep regret at the death of their young sister, Miss Roena Cummings, and also to extend their sympathy to her bereaved parents and brothers, appointed a committee to draft resolutions in relation to the same, and send a copy to the family, and also copies to the Rockland Free Press and to the Rockland Opinion for publication. They are as follows:
 Resolved, That in the death of our young sister, Miss Roena Cummings, we feel that we are losing one of our most interested friends and temperance workers; one upon whom we expected to see the mantle of the mother fall, rather than that the mother should bury the daughter.
 Resolved, That we extend our sympathy to her parents, brothers and other friends; but while we sorrow with them, we and they are called upon to remember that it is not only our hearts that have been afflicted for death has had a busy season in our community; and while we would be submissive to these sad afflictions, we can but ask "Is it not enough?" Will not our people learn the ways of temperance and righteousness from all this?
 Miss E. E. Norcross
 Miss E. H. Cummings
 Mrs. J. A. ...
 Union, Nov. 16, 1883

in their examination at the close most excellent progress and thorough discipline. Those not absent one-half day are, Mamie Ware, Edna Davis, Hattie Peaslee, Harry Grinnell, Herbert Grinnell, Bertie Winslow, Lee, Roy Cole. Those absent only one-half day are Nellie Messer, Willie Messer, Ida Coggan, Ada Coggan, Minnie Barnard. SUPERVISOR.

NORTH WALDOOBRO.

A new street lamp will be placed before the chapel shortly.
 Mr. George Cushman has bought the Heyer lot, so called, of W. Grinnell.
 Mr. Robert Dolham has sold his farm and bought a place near Warren village.
 A sociable was held at the residence of Mr. Washington Burnbairner Tuesday evening of last week, the proceeds go to buy a chandelier for the Methodist church. By the way of a gentle reminder, how would it be to have a few sociables this Winter to pay up the old debt? Perhaps it wouldn't be too religious. L. B.

EAST WARREN.

Messrs. Copland and Swift are extensively engaged in the manufacture of lime casks.
 A fire escape has been placed on East Warren hall, in accordance with the requirements of law.
 WARREN.
 The second Congregational society have ordered a nice organ from Hutchins, Plaisted & Co., Boston, at an expense of \$1,200. DUNN B.

MENTIONINGS

"There is nothing new under the sun," wearily sighs the Yale Record, finding that Plautus once wrote: "ille quem dudum dixeram," he whom I call a dude. Plautus is understood to have been a former editor of the Record.
 "Marriage is a partnership," said the minister, after joining the couple in matrimony; "and both partners should work for the interests of the firm." A year later the wife informed the minister that, if marriage was a partnership, she guessed her husband was the sleeping partner, as he kept in bed every morning until the fire was made and the breakfast ready.
 Among all social nuisances the recitation fiend is one of the most grievous. He is found everywhere—in the unpretentious cottage in Clementina street and the imposing mansion on Nob hill. He is always around, always ready to read a "poem" and considers an invitation to spend the evening a hint to bring his stock of verse with him and inflict it on the company. The man who does stale tricks with cards is a companion nuisance; to the recitation guest. But he is not so intolerable because easier squelched. As he usually begins his entertainment with the question: "Have any of you seen this trick before?" by a preconcerted arrangement the company answers: "Oh, yes!" and down he goes like a ninepin. The allocationist never takes any of those chances. He launches himself boldly into "Curfew Shall not Ring To-night" or "Jim Bludso?" and at the close of each piece, while the applause is still ringing in the air, remembers "something very pretty which perhaps some of you may not have heard" and is off again another five minutes of emotional agony. He is a tough citizen to muzzle, being yare and tricky, cool and we have known one who stood a volley of books from printed matter of his audaces with flourish, and went on through "Eton Hall" to the "bliss" and "San Francisco"

Continuation Nov. 16, 1883

REFERRED EDITORIAL MATTER

The New York Sentry thinks it a mistake for Greenbackers to take part in the discussion of the tariff question. We do not see it in that light. Every man ought to have opinions on all public questions, and to be able and ready at all times to give his reasons for holding them. We are as pronounced in our Greenback views as is the Sentry, but we have equally pronounced views as to the tariff question. We do not see why we should be silent as to one more than the other.

It is now more than three years since the Morey letter, purporting to have been written by James A. Garfield, was published. The Republican papers all charged that it was a forgery, and the leaders of the Republican party promised to prove it to be so and to expose the alleged forger. And they intimated that they would show that the Democratic politicians were concerned in the crime charged. Those who charged that the letter was a forgery have spared no expense in the endeavor to justify their statements, but have utterly failed to do so, and have finally dropped the subject. Is not it a fair inference that the letter was written by Garfield? We have always thought it was, and still believe it. And we claim that our view has been sustained by the break-down of the Republican attempt to show it to have been a forgery.

THE ANNALS OF THE TOWN OF CAMDEN, ME.

FROM ITS FIRST SETTLEMENT TO THE PRESENT TIME.—By N. C. FLETCHER.

Chapter XIII.

At the close of the long war, the people of Camden were left in a state of poverty. They now laid aside their weapons of war and resumed the implements of peace. During the long contest there had been but few additions to their settlement, and many who had migrated from the west before the war commenced, returned to their former homes, disgusted with the hardships of a frontier life. But those who remained were made of "sterner stuff." They came of a race of men who knew no fear, and were possessed of bone, nerve and muscle, well fitted for a pioneer's life. They were men of intellect, of sound common sense, and much of that Yankee shrewdness which has ever been the characteristic of the people of the New England states, and they transmitted to their descendants, who are now living in our midst, the same love of country, habits of industry and devotedness to those principles which form the character of honest and upright citizens. The proprietors of the soil in this region were desirous to dispose of it to actual settlers, and therefore very liberal terms were offered, and every facility extended to all who wished to avail themselves of this opportunity to make themselves homes in this wilderness. Accordingly, the proprietors appointed Mr. Charles Barrott of New Ipswich, N. H., their agent to dispose of their lands to actual settlers, and to him belongs the honor of being the first settler in the western part of Camden and Hope. He gave the township the name of Barretts-town, which it retained until it was incorporated in the year 1804, under the name of Hope. To insure the improvement of these lands, there was a provision inserted in the deeds, that if each settler did not clear up and improve three acres of these lands within a stipulated time, he should forfeit his claim. Among those who took such deeds were Messrs. Barretts, Appleton, the Hosmers, the Hodgeman, Russels, Mansfield, Philbrode and Barrows.

competence throughout his long and useful life. After Mr. Appleton returned to Boston, thus severing their business connection, Mr. Hosmer engaged to work with one Brooks, who owned a tract of land near the site where the house of the widow of James Curtis now stands on Chestnut street. Both being unmarried, they boarded with a widow Hill, who lived on the old Hill farm, near the Hope line. This woman's husband, whose name was Phillip, was drowned in Lincolnville pond the year previous, his death being the only one up to that time of which there is any record, though there may have been others previously. Mr. Hosmer, after having labored with Brooks a sufficient length of time to improve his finances, retired to his favorite location and erected a log house near the lake, or pond, in front of the present Hosmer mansion, and in the Autumn he visited the home of his childhood in New Hampshire. Here he spent the Winter very pleasantly, laying out his plans for the future, and when completed to his satisfaction he visited Princeton, Mass., and selected a young lady of that town to share his joys and his sorrows, by the name of Mary Blodgett. He won her, and when he left Princeton, it was with the understanding that he was soon to return and make her his wife. In the Spring he returned to Camden, accompanied by his sister Annie, and Job Hodgeman, who was to assist him in clearing and cultivating his farm. His sister Annie kept house for him, when Hodgeman subsequently married. In the Summer of this year, Mr. Hosmer erected a frame house near the present homestead of the family. When completed, and everything in readiness for the introduction of the lady of his choice as the presiding genius of his home, in as picturesque and romantic locality as could be found in this region, he again departed for his native town, and one other locality, where all his hopes and fond anticipations in the future centered—viz., Princeton, Mass. But it has been said, "the course of true love never runs smoothly," and it did not in the present instance. On arriving at the abode of the young lady, Mr. Hosmer learned, much to his surprise, that the parents of the young lady to whom he was affianced were strongly opposed to the marriage of their daughter—not from any objection they had to the young man, for it was a suitable match in every particular, but they could not consent for their daughter to leave a comfortable home in the old "Bay State," surrounded with all the comforts, if not luxuries, of an old settled town, for a home in the dreary wilderness of Maine; and they would not consent to the marriage. But who ever knew a woman to be thwarted in a matter of this kind when her mind was bent on accomplishing the wishes of her heart? for

When she will, she will,
You may depend on't,
And when she won't, she won't,
And there's an end on't.

The parties snubbed took it very coolly, for their plans were already definitely laid, and they were sure of accomplishing them, and quietly bided their time. And when that time came, they improved it. The lady had arranged a visit to one of her friends who was possessed of the secret, and had agreed to assist her in the consummation of her wishes, and one night, when darkness had dropped her mantle over the world, the birds took their flight without spread wings, and in a few days alighted beneath the shadows of Hosmer mountains. The facts here related are well authenticated.

those days and been one of the early pioneers of Camden.

HOME NEWS AND NOTES.

CAMDEN.

Edward Jordan's house, which he is erecting near the ship-yard of Coombs & Co., is advancing towards completion.

Perez Mullin at his fish market, on Commercial wharf, has for sale the choicest article of slightly salted smoked haddock that was ever brought into Camden. They are put up at Vinalhaven, and received weekly by Mr. Mullin at his market in the basement of the old Jones store. Perez has of late "hung out his banner on the outer wall" in the shape of a new sign, so that "he who runs may read." Give him a call and purchase one of his fine smoked haddock, with a new name. SIGMA.

FRUIT OF THE PRESS

The December number of Goday's Lady's Book is at hand, containing a large amount of fashion intelligence and literary matter. Subscription price \$2 per year, with considerable deduction to clubs; single copies, 20 cents. Address, 1,006 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. For sale at Opinion Book Store.

Peterson's Magazine for December quite outstrips itself. There are more than a hundred pages of reading-matter; two superb steel-plates; a colored pattern, costlier even than a chromo; a colored fashion, double size, printed from steel, and more than half a hundred wood-cuts of fashions, work-table patterns, etc., etc. Now is the time to subscribe for 1884, or to get up clubs. Specimens are sent gratis, if written for in good faith. The price is but two dollars a year to single subscribers. To clubs, it is cheaper still—viz.: Four copies for six dollars and a half, with an extra copy of the Magazine as a premium to the person getting up the club. Or five copies for eight dollars, with both an extra copy of the Magazine for getting up the club, and also a superb illustrated book of the poets, called "The Golden Gift," or a large-size steel-engraving, for framing, "Tired Out." For larger clubs, the price is still lower, while even more premiums are given. Address Peterson's Magazine, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa. For sale at the Opinion Book Store, Rockland.

No intelligent reader can fail to be interested in the contents of the North American Review for December. The question of the telegraph has the place of honor in the number, Gardiner G. Hubbard pointing out the great advantages that would result from the proposed "Government Control of the Telegraph," and showing from the experience of several European countries, the benefits to be derived from the incorporation of the telegraphic with the postal service. Prof. J. Laurence Laughlin, of Harvard University, shows the "Evils of the Sub-Treasury System," in its absorbing and withholding from circulation the specie that is constantly needed to insure stability in the world of finance. Henry George writes of "Over-production," an idea which he declares to be preposterous, unless more wealth is produced than is wanted. An article on "Railroad and Public Time," by Prof. Leonard Waldo, of the Yale College observatory, explains the system of uniform time standards now being introduced into the railroad service of the United States. Finally, there is a discussion of the question of "Mortality without Religion," by F. A. Kider and Prof. A. A. Hodge, of Princeton College. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York, and for sale at the Opinion Book Store, Rockland.

Harper's Magazine for December is a Christmas number, with an extraordinary wealth and variety of papers, poems and pictures, by an array of authors and artists (American and English) seldom, if ever, brought together before. This will take the place of the mammoth Harper's Christmas of 1882, which will not be repeated this year. The number has four extra-plates, in addition to its usual 160 well-filled pages. The illustrations alone have cost it to stand

November 23, 1883

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the improvement of
these lands, there was a provision inserted
in the deeds, that if each settler did not
clear up and improve three acres of these
lands within a stipulated time, he should
forfeit his claim. Among those who took
such deeds were Messrs. Barretts, Appleton,
the Hosmers, the Hodgemans, Russels,
Mansfield, Philbrooks and Saffords, and
very likely some others. Samuel Apple-
ton of Boston came to this vicinity in 1785,
in company with several of the before
named gentleman, all then young men,
 hale, hearty and full of life and full of ambi-
tion. He little dreamed then, perhaps,
that when "life's fitful fever" was over he
should leave to his descendants the hand-
some sum of over a million of dollars, but
such proved to be the fact. Among the
most prominent of his associates was
Nathaniel Hosmer, from Mason, N. H.
He commenced his labors on what is now
known as the Elisha Mansfield place,
where he erected a log house. Appleton
had preceded him in providing himself
with a shelter from the storms of this bleak
locality. He had erected a log cabin with
every convenience which these early times
afforded, and generously offered to share
it with his friend Hosmer. They extended,
it is said by some of the old settlers, their
hospitable feeling to several others who
were destitute of a hiding place from the
storms of winter. They lived in common,
as one family, until they had all complied
with the terms agreed upon with the prop-
rietors by clearing and improving three
acres of their farms. Mr. Appleton, after
residing within limits of Camden for a year
or so, removed over the line to Barretts-
town (now Hope), and took up a claim on
the proprietors' land, where the late
Thomas Perry resided for many years.
After a year or two of hard labor in subdu-
ing the soil, he came to the conclusion that
he had made a mistake in his calling, and
was unfitted for a farmer's life. He sighed
for the active scenes and turmoils of the
marts of trade, and sold out his property in
this vicinity, much to the regret of his
associates, and returned to Boston. Here
he found a more congenial sphere, entered
into trade, was very successful, accumu-
lated a large estate, lived to a good old age
and died a millionaire. He was a man of
generous impulses, magnetic, social with
his neighbors, gentlemanly in his manners,
and a man whom everybody liked. He
perpetuated his name, by giving it to the
town of Appleton, an enterprising and
thrifty community situated in the county of
Knox and in the vicinity of his early labors.
Nathaniel Hosmer, when he came to Cam-
den, commenced life with a clear head and
every way fitted for the path of life which
he had marked out for himself. He pos-
sessed a large share of good common sense,
excellent business qualities, and a good
share of shrewdness. He had a capacity
for all kinds of employment, which few
possess, and have been told by his com-
patriots that he was never idle, and what-
ever he found to do, he did it with all his
might. He was determined to be the
"architect of his own fortune," and via his
way in life, which he did successfully, not
but accumulating with his early friend
Appleton, he many thousands to leave to

Christmas number, with an extraordinary
wealth and variety of papers, poems and
pictures, by an array of authors and artists
(American and English) seldom, if ever,
brought together before. This will take the
place of the mammoth Harper's Christmas of
1882, which will not be repeated this year.
The number has four extra plates, in addi-
tion to its usual 160 well-filled pages. The
illustrations alone have cost, it is stated,
over \$10,000. The number opens with a
charming Christmas title-page, drawn by
Dielman, the artist of "A Girl I Know," in
which pretty pictures of Santa Claus, and
his reindeers and of the Christmas waifs
are united by a wreath of Christmas holly.
The opening paper is by George William
Curtis, the first distinctive article outside of
the Easy Chair, that he has written for
years. It deals with "Christmas," old and
new, and particularly with how the Pilgrim
Fathers declined to celebrate it. The
Frontispiece, "Under the Mistletoe," also
by Dielman, is one of the illustrations for
this paper. The poet Whittier contributes
a most worthy and beautiful Christmas
poem, "The Supper of St. Gregory," illus-
trated by F. S. Church. Thackeray's
daughter contributes a delightful personal
sketch of her father's friend, the poet Con-
nyson, for which he has himself given her
material. The illustrations include a fine
plate portrait, beautiful drawings by Alfred
Parsons, and unpublished sketches by
Thackeray and Rossetti. Buy Harper at
R. H. Burnham & Co.'s, Rockland.

TABLE TALK

Every lady who presides at a table is in-
terested to know how she can depend upon
having things come upon the table as she
would like them. How often are remarks
like this made: "This is just my fate;
when I especially want a nice thing, some-
how or other, it turns out poor!"

A lady expects company for tea. She
orders, for instance, biscuits, and they are
brought to the table heavy and indigestible.
How many housekeepers can testify to
mortification, as well as disappointment,
under such circumstances! It may not, how-
ever, have occurred to them that it is not
always the "cook's fault." Your biscuits,
cakes, pot-pies, puddings, etc., cannot be
raised with earth or worthless substitutes,
and it becomes your own fault when you
permit any Baking Powder to come into
your kitchen about which you know abso-
lutely nothing as to its purity or healthful-
ness.

The market is flooded with "low-priced"
Baking Powders, gotten up to make an un-
just profit by unscrupulous manufacturers
and dealers, and it is worthy the attention
of all housekeepers to note there is at least
one brand of Baking Powder distinctly sold
upon its merits, and which can be relied
upon for uniform strength and purity. The
Royal Baking Powder, now known almost
the world over as a standard article, has
stood the test of nearly a quarter of a
century, and its friends among the ladies
are legion.

MENTIONINGS

First catch your sin: "Anna, what must
you do before everything else, to have your
sins forgiven?" "Commit the sins."

"How are you and your wife, cummin-
on?" asked a West Point man of a colored
man. "She has run me off, boss. It is to
blame, boss. I gave her a splendid white
all dress, and den she got so proud she had
no use for me. She loved I was too dark
to match the dress."

Young Widow (addressing servant girl):
"Lena, what did you do with the photo-
graph this gentleman left here for me more
than a week ago? You surely never gave
it to me, nor did he tell me a word about
it." Lena (after thinking a long time):
"Oh, yes, I remember now. I thought
it was the same as the one you had
before."

Continuation Nov. 23, 1883

HYMN FOR NATIONAL THANKSGIVING

Omnipotent Jehovah—God!
Thou art the merciful and kind
Who dost the harvests ween spread abroad—
The fields are green, the meadows are
The corn is ripe, the wheat is
The grapes are purple, the figs are
The olives are black, the pomegranates
The vines are laden with their
The grapes are purple, the figs are
The olives are black, the pomegranates
The vines are laden with their

BESSIE'S THANKSGIVING

Oh, where do you think me took me
To spend Thanksgiving day?
Why, out to my dear old grandpa's,
Who lives not far away.
Grandpa lives in the country,
In a house old-fashioned and big;
He has lots of hens and turkeys,
And such a queer little pig.
At dinner the biggest turkey
Was brought in all crisp and brown,
Looking as though he said, "I'm here
For this little girl from town."

Yes the cranberry sauce and the pudding,
No one makes them like grandpa, I know;
And the pie, mince, apple and pumpkin,
Would make your eyes open wide—so!

Grandpa gave me the wishbone,
Which he said was for good little girls;
He made Tom promise to wish with me,
If I'd give him one of my curls.

Grandma promised; and what do you think
I wished with all my might?
But every Thanksgiving might find me
At grandpa's, happy and bright.

PECULIAR PARAGRAPHS

Unless—Sportsman (who has missed
n) "I say, Mumbles, the birds seem to
be laid off." Keeper—"Well, sir, they
ought to be, for you never 'urt any
em."

Yellow Dog and a Tabby cat, being at
ance, beguiled the Hours by Sarcastic
urks. "And pray," quoth the Yellow
dog, "How is the Seal-skin Trade this
ter?" "So dull, indeed," Replied the
y cat, "that Furriers have all Em-
ed in the Sausage business." Hearing
h the Yellow dog dropped his Tail and
nowledged the Beers.

Mince pie graced the festal board,
ing its juices rare, and the mouth of the
y waters while he vieweth the treasure
e. The doctor smileth a wan, sad e
and heaveh a crocodile moan, and
marble man goeth out into his yard and
sheth up a stone. And the undertaker
rnily asks "What will his measure
" while the sexton labels a spot, "red-
" under a willow tree.

Member of French legation—"I no talk
albe vera well. Ven I pay ze wine,
I say?" Congressman—"You say,
no let us smile." M. of F. L.—
"oom letismile," vera goot. Ven ozzker
say, "Coom letismile" to me, vat I say?"
Congressman—"Then you say,
th pleasure." M. of F. L.—"Wiz
sir; but if I don't want to 'smile' vat I
zen?" Congressman—"What are ze
when you don't want to drink?" M. of
—"Oul, oul," Congressman—"I don't
ze. I don't think there is ary such
resion in English."

The New York Sun favors its readers
a hint as to what may be done in the
of sponging a drink by relating the fol-
ing incident: "I'll take whiskey; what
you have Fred?" said a man in a Fifty-
d street saloon yesterday. "I don't feel
drinking," said Fred. The first speaker
rod out a generous glass of whiskey,
nk half of it, and handed the rest to his
ad, remarking, with a wry face, "There's
ething the matter with that stuff." Try
Fred finished the liquor. The first
aker laid ten cents upon the bar, and
y walked out. "That's a new game,"
arked the bartender.
The Arrapahoe war dance is not, strictly

REFLECTED EDITORIAL MATTER

Mr. Joseph Williamson of Belfast, the
historian, writes to the Bangor Commer-
cial that Castine was evacuated by the
British troops, at the close of the Revolution,
some time in January, 1784. About 600
Maine Tories accompanied the army. Be-
fore their departure, the British burned the
barracks and storehouses. Gen. McCobb,
who took possession of the place, found
only thirty-seven buildings left, and but a
single cannon.

Companies doing an insurance business
in Massachusetts that cannot make such a
showing as they are willing to have made
public, have discreetly dropped out under
Gov. Butler's administration. A leading
French company withdrew from business in
the state as soon as it was learned the Com-
missioner Tarbox proposed to make a
thorough examination of its affairs. If Gov.
Butler's election last year had produced no
other result than to weed out unsound insur-
ance companies, it would have been an ex-
cellent investment for the state. Let us
see if Gov. Robinson will reinstate the cor-
rupt and disgraced Clark, whom Butler dis-
missed, as commissioner of the insurance
department.

The Witness, a Montreal daily news-
paper, has recently won a splendid victory
in the Dominion courts. The Allen line of
ocean steamers is one of the most wealthy
and powerful corporations. A reporter on
the Witness last year came over on one of
their steamers, and took a steerage passage.
In a letter to his paper he described what he
saw in the way of overcrowding, dirt and
mismanagement. The company brought an
action for libel, claiming heavy damages.
The trial was hotly contested, and resulted
in a verdict of acquittal for the Witness on
every point. The rulings of the court were
broad and clear, and establish the right of
newspapers to tell the truth about public
corporations and the manner in which
they serve the public, and to make fair and
honest criticism.

THE ANNALS OF THE TOWN OF CAMDEN, ME.

FROM ITS FIRST SETTLEMENT TO THE PRE-
SENT TIME—BY N. C. FLETCHER.
Chapter XIV.

In the year 1786, some say later, there
came to this town a man, eccentric in his
manners, by the name of William Molyneaux.
He was possessed of considerable means
and the characteristics of a gentleman. He
was a Huguenot and came here from Boston.
I have made inquiries of the settlers but
could gain no definite information in regard
to his antecedents. It is evident he had
mingled in good society, but I have never
learned anything in regard to his early life.
Locke says he was of noble origin, but I
have never heard anything that would lead
me to suppose that the "blue blood" of
nobility coursed through his veins. His
habits, if I have been rightly informed by
those who knew him well, would lead me
to suppose that he was otherwise than a
spoiled child, who had been indulged in all
the whims and fancies of his youth, without
restraint. But all do not come to the same
conclusion when judging of the traits of
character in men. I should say that in the
days of his youth—in fact, through all his
previous life—his training was defective
and his habits had become established, and
the bright morning of his existence had
been clouded by his surroundings with
other young men, whose parents rolled in
wealth, by quaffing too frequently from the
sparkling cup. It was said that he was

them, and many of them had very nearly
subsidized into their original wild state.
But their owners were not discouraged.
They fathered not in the least, for when they
came here, they came to stay, and they
adhered firmly to their intentions. But
where are the Hosmers, the Hodgemens,
the Fays, the Russels, the Bartells, and a
host of others whom I might name, who
helped make Camden what she is, who
reaped her soil from nature and made the
wilderness bud and blossom and yield her
fruit for the sustenance of a hardy, indus-
trious and worthy race of men and women?
One after another has fallen by the wayside,
faint and weary. The reaper Death has
overtaken the most of them, or if here and
there one remains, they are like the solitary
spears of grass which have escaped the
scythes of the mower, and stand withering
and bowing to their native mother earth.
Many of their descendants still linger
around the old hearth-stones, and rest
beneath the grateful shadows of their aged
elms, but others have vanished from the
view of mortals and left not a scion of their
race to perpetuate their honored and well
remembered names.

Some weeks since, I passed the venerable
mansion of the Hosmer family. I cannot
admit the truth of the exclamation of
Attala, "Happy are they who have not
seen the smoke of the stranger's fire," for
the generous hospitality which has been
shown in former years, both to friends and
strangers, came floating in on the tide of
memory, and the dreams of other days
crowded out all the joyous scenes of the
present. So strongly did my inclinations
lead me to return and enter the doors of
that famous old residence, which had
turned so often upon their hinges for the
admission of guests and strangers, that I
turned around and hastened back to this
enchanted spot, took a view once more
of its picturesque surroundings, and entered
without ceremony; for it is owned by the
town, and used for an almshouse. It was
kept in the family of the Hosmers until a
year or two ago, when the town purchased
it, with the farm, for a residence for their
pensioners. It had borne the brunt of
the storms of a century, but it had always
been kept in good repair and looked as if it
could defy the gales of another century to
come. Meeting no one, I continued on,
and came to a flight of stairs, when the
inimitable lines of Longfellow's "Phan-
toms," immediately presented themselves
to my mind, and the time and the place
seemed so appropriate I at once referred to
my note-book and marked them for copy-
ing. I think it must have been some old
mansion, that had been famous in its day,
when guests crowded its portals and hos-
pitality was wont to be dispensed in rich
profusion, that inspired Longfellow to
write these exquisite lines. As I gazed
around the old wainscoted rooms, I felt as
if I was really in some banquet-hall, des-
erted, solitary and alone, the lights extin-
guished, and all but myself had left forever
the scenes of this mundane sphere. But,
as I gazed up the old stair-way, I was im-
pressed with the fact that if spirits are
immortal, that—

All houses wherein men have lived and died,
Are haunted houses. Through the open door
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,
With feet that make no sound upon the floor.
We meet them at the doorway, on the stair,
Along the passages they come and go,
Impalpable impressions on the air,
A sense of something moving to and fro.
There are more guests at table than the host
Is invited; the unlimbed hall
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,
As silent as the picture on the wall.

afflicted wife, also to the bereaved
brothers, and sisters; and we
pray that the Father of all mercy
part to them comfort and strength
above.

Resolved, That these memorial
ions be engrossed upon the records,
copy forwarded to his bereaved w
family, and one to the Rockland C
for publication.

F. A. ALDI
B. BURTON
S. G. HILL
Committee on Resolut
Union, November 19, 1883.

MEMORIAL VERSES

Died, in East Union, November 1.
M., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. W.
son, aged 20 years.

Lizzie never more will meet us,
In the old accustomed place,
Nor among the friends familiar
Will be seen her welcome face.

And when pleasant words are spoken,
We shall hear her voice no more;
She has passed from friends who loved her
To the everlasting shore.

Though so young and so much needed,
Sleeps she her eternal rest;
And though lips would almost murmur,
Heart should feel that "God knows best."

So in His hands let us leave her,
We as mortals cannot tell
Why it is that she was taken,
But "He doeth all things well."

BIBLE WORK IN ROCKLAND

It is doubtless generally known
systematic work of Scripture distri-
bution has been commenced in this city, con-
ducted by Mr. E. B. Stillson, in the service
of the Bible Society of Maine. It is desig-
ned to supply the destitute with the Bible,
at cost to those who wish to purchase,
gather valuable statistics in regard to
religious features of the community,
collections for the Bible cause will be
made in the churches for the current year.
The place of them Mr. Stillson will take
descriptions from home to home, report
results to the pastors of the di-
fferent churches. The undersigned cordially
commend the work to the sympathy
of all and liberal support of all friends
of the Bible and of humanity.

JOHN J. BLAIR, Pastor Cong'l Chu-
rch; W. S. ROBERTS, Pastor Baptist Chu-
rch; C. A. SOUTHARD, Pastor Methodist C-
hurch; E. G. EASTMAN, Pastor Free Baptist C-
hurch; H. A. PHILBOOK, Pastor Unive-
rsity Church.

FRUIT OF THE PRESS

The November number of The Pansy
magazine is a periodical in which so
much space is devoted to Sunday reading,
and is edited and filled with as much bri-
lliant and talented as the secular magazines.
The Pansy is a magazine of religious
and literary stories are as entertaining
and strong as the matter in Wide Awake
magazine. Like them, it has its ser-
ious stories, its poems, its articles,
its illustrations, its regular pro-
gram for the coming year—in short, it
is a Sunday reading for the young as at
the popular magazines of the day.
The Pansy is only 75 cents a year. The
subscription will bestow greater hap-
piness on a young friend than the same sum
in any other way. D. Lothrop & Co.,
Publishers, Boston Mass. The Pansy
is one of four periodicals issued by this
firm, and 50 cents a year; Our Little
and Women, \$1.00 a year; and Wide
World, \$2.50 a year. For sale at the Opinion
Bookland.

John G. Whittier opens the Christ-
mas number with an Indian legend told
by a Native American, "How the Robin Came."
The Pansy is followed with the first
of Hawthorne's tales, "The Artist's Story," a
charming tale; and Louisa M. Alcott
contributes the second half of her bright
and beautiful story, "Sophie's Secret."
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out a generous glass of whiskey, it half of it, and handed the rest to his id, remarking, with a wry face, "There's sth'g the matter with that stuff." Try Fred finished the liquor. The first ker laid ten cents upon the bar, and walked out. "That's a new game," asked the bartender.

Arapahoe war dance is not, strictly klf'g, a parlor pastime. True, it re- ples the racquet so far as kicking the e out of the chandeliers is concerned, there are reasons—and good ones, too y it has never become popular in the e recherche and baked-beaned circles. Instance, the costume is pretty light. It twenty bucks participated in the e we refer to, and the prevailing style s seemed to be a bandana handker- e, a little red paint, and a chew of plug op worn in the left cheek. Then the rps are anything but graceful, and the o somewhat harsh and discordant to the vated ear. It usually emanates from a oints of stovepipe, under the influence powerful castigation at the hands of the y maidens of the forest, who wear a e more clothes and more paint, but about e amount of tobacco.—Larramie e strang.

ben Governor Butler was a student at vville College, Maine, where the Cal- thoology was thoroughly inculcated e president and professors, one of the e spors delivered a sermon in the chapel, hich he said: "1. None but the elect e saved. 2. Of so-called Christians, bly not more than one in a hundred e saved. 3. Heathen people will e more consideration of the Almighty in e life than men of Christian nations ear but do not profit by the Word of e." The rules of the institution enforced e dance upon chapel services, and after e this sermon young Butler petitioned e sculty to relieve him from further e dance upon the preaching, giving as a e that, according to the proportion e, not over six persons in the college e possibly be saved; as there were nine e professors, all of whom were doc- e divinity it would be presumptuous e poor student to hope to be preferred e—and even three of the faculty e be damned. And he argued that, e he therefore had not the remotest hope e in attending church he was e making his damnation more certain e terrible. Two or three of the faculty e appreciate the humor, if not the logic, e petition, and this saved the young e cal reformer from expulsion for e offence.

e police of New York, we are informed e wires, says Bob Burdette, are great- e gloomed over the death of two noted bur- e Jack Walsh and Johnny Irving, who e each other to death. These men had e burglars ever since they were weaned. e burgled and b'gled under the eyes e police. And they had committed a e successful burglary quite recently and e quarrelling over the division of the e when they killed each other. This e the police glad. These burglars e have gone on robbing and burgling e end of their natural lives, had they e killed each other. The police never e ped them. The police knew they were e lars. They know what places they e ed, and when, and how. Doubtless e of the police knew what place they e ed to rob next. But nevertheless the e lars were at liberty, and the police e ghed when the perplexing problem of e shall we do with our burglars" was e ally solved by the burglars themselves. e You ask what are the police good e for? Well, they are some things in the e ny of this universe, not given for e human to know. This is one of them. e Now, we have a theory that a good lar e should be properly executed, and e

previous life—his training was defective and his habits had become established, and the bright morning of his existence had been clouded by his surroundings with other young men, whose parents reeled in wealth, by quaffing too frequently from the sparkling cup. It was said that he was born in New England, but his parents being French, he inherited from them all the traits of character of that impulsive people. To sum up his character in one sentence, he was impulsive in his temperament, indiscreet in his language, and overbearing among his associates, when in his revels, and a perfect specimen of a man who never knew restraint. But when reason had resumed her throne, and awayed her sceptre over the passions, he was gentlemanly in his demeanor, courtly in his manners, and punctilious in the observance of all the courtesies of the high-minded gentleman. This is the conclusion I have come to from all I have heard, for I do not know anything of myself in regard to Mr. Molyneux. He came to Camden at a time when the people were generally in the vale of poverty, and received with open arms all who had a plethoric purse and a generous heart. He was in the prime of life, and was married. He was of a romantic turn of mind, and selected one of the wildest spots of nature at the foot of Camden pond, for a residence. He built a house, erected saw and grist mills, and made everything convenient and comfortable around his premises. He was of a gloomy temperament, erratic and had all the traits of a misanthrope. He spent the most of his time in hunting and fishing, and rather shunned than courted the company of his fellow-men. He chose his favorites from among the youth of the day, and none dared to go contrary to his wishes for fear of an outburst of his ungovernable temper. He was a strange compound of humanity, and yet he had generous impulses and many friends gathered around him and sought his company. How long he staid in Camden, or when he left, I know not. It is certain he returned to Boston, but there he was lost sight of, and he passed from the memory of men. I have sought in every possible way to gain some information in regard to the man, but I have been thus far unable to obtain anything reliable in regard to him. Those who knew him have passed down the stream of time as well as he, where the toibles of this life are never known, and here let us throw over their graves the mantle of charity.

It would be useless to follow the wanderings of every wail of these early times, who, like birds of passage, would change their locality as the seasons varied. The first settlers entered these wilds in groups. They were united by the ties of kindred and the maps of their future lives were well defined, when they commenced their travels toward the rising sun, to take possession of the virgin soil of the east. They were with congenial spirits and could wait patiently for the silent laps of years to pass away for the fulfillment of their hopes and the realization of their loftiest dreams.

After the close of the war the most of the young men and women of the day were in the habit of leaving their

The harmless phantoms on their errands glide, With feet that make no sound upon the floor.

We meet them at the doorway, on the stair,
Along the passages they come and go,
And probably in presence on the air,
A sense of something moving to and fro.

There are more guests at table than the hosts
Invited; the uninvited hall
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts.
An allent as the pictures on the wall.

We have no title deeds to houses or lands:
Owners or occupants of earlier dates
From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands
And hold in portmanteau still their old estates.

The shadows of night are gathering around these venerable walls,—time, which steals our hours away as well as our pleasures, and leaves nothing with us but the memories of the past, admonishes me that I must wond my way homeward.

Mr. Hosmer was a remarkable man of his times. He was possessed of good common sense, his executive abilities were great, and was in every particular fitted for a pioneer in the wilds of Maine. Before the war of 1812-15, he was connected in business with Mr. Fred Jacobs. They built the schooner Mary at the harbor, and had another on the stocks when the war broke out, which the British burned. This loss caused him to retire to his mountain home and busy himself with his sons in the cultivation of the soil. He was the father of a numerous family and lived happily till he was called "to join the innumerable caravan to the realms of death," and then he "wrapped the drapery of his couch around him and laid down to pleasant dreams." His second wife survived him for several years. His first wife, with whom he commenced his romantic life, was Miss Mary Blodgett of Princeton, Mass., of whom I have already spoken. They had seven children, viz: Charles and Betsey, who were born November 1, 1789; Josiah Wheeler, February 14, 1792; Anthony, October 14, 1794; Polley, October 27, 1796; Daniel, September 21, 1798; and Mary, April 14, 1803. He had for his second wife, Miss Nancy Fay of Camden, who had ten children, viz: Nathaniel, who was born June 14, 1804; Nancy, December 30, 1805; Harriet, June 30, 1808; Frank, August 28, 1810; Joseph, November 5, 1812; Jesse F., April 26, 1815; Sophia, November 25, 1817; George, March 5, 1820; Fred, October 12, 1822; and Emily, October 6, 1825. Of the girls, now living, I know of, but one—Harriet, who married Joseph Eaton, and is now living in this village, in the same house, I believe, into which her husband first introduced her at their marriage. Sophia married Judge Ephraim M. Wood, and died some years ago. Of the boys now living, Nathaniel lives in Massachusetts. Fred resides in Boston, and Jesse F. and George live in Camden, where they can look out upon the mountain whose familiar summit often recalls to their minds the scenes of their early years. The sire left his impression upon the age in which he lived, and so have his sons and daughters, and those of them who survive like's temptations are passing down the western slope of their earthly pilgrimage, towards the setting sun. Happy are they who are born of good parents. There is a nobility of Nature, as well as of society, and it is the best of matters little on what floor above the street, or what side in the parish, the

as story, "Sophie's Secret." Cap- tayne Reid's new and exciting serial, "Land of Fire," is also begun. It is the work of the veteran story-teller, and each followed so suddenly the completion of this manuscript. Copiously and elegantly illustrated by Kelly is the highly original sketch by Charles Dudley Warner, "Fare in a Street-Car;" "Magnie's Dauntous Ride," the first of Prof. Boyesen's "Tales of Two Continents," is begun, with splendid illustrations by Henry Sandham of hero's involuntary journey on a roine and Frank R. Stockton is represented more than usually unusual fairy tale, appropriate illustrations by Birch. There are many articles especially appropriate for the coming Christmas time. For sale by B. H. Burnham & Co., Rockland.

A portrait of Peter Cooper, engraved by Thomas Johnson from a photograph taken a few months before his death, is the frontispiece of the December number. Mrs. Susan N. Carter, who is the head of the Woman's Art School of the Cooper Institute, contributes an important paper which throws much light on Cooper's ideas and his generous spirit in promoting the education of young women for skilled occupations. An entertaining paper on Devonshire, entitled "The History of Devonshire," by Francis G. Heath, is the opening illustrated article, contains nine charming sketches by I. Fenn. In a profusely illustrated paper from Los Angeles, entitled, "Echoes from the City of Angels," H. H. closes her series of picturesque articles on Southern California in fiction the December Century is unusually generous as well as interesting, offers parts of three serial stories,—namely, the much-discussed "Bread-Winners," George W. Cable's new romance, "Sevier," which was begun in the November number; and the first part of Robert G. Story of New York life, "An Average Day," which will run through six numbers. Besides, it prints the conclusion of James's novelette, "The Impression of Consist," and a refined and humorous story, "One Chapter," by a new American writer, Miss Grace Denio Litchfield. Century at the Opinion Store, Rockland.

MENTIONINGS

"My dear," remarked an old gobbler to the hen turkey as they lit on their perch in a tree, "I notice by the papers that the errors of various states are issuing Thanksgiving proclamations and I feel a little nervous. Suppose you hop up a twig higher. I think I had better have life insured to-morrow."

For originality in dramatic criticism there is no need of going to Arizona or Arkansas. The Portland Argus recalls a young actress that "her grace, her beauty, and delightfully assimilated ingenuity was a work of art that would be credited to Lotta or Maggie Mitchell." How young woman liked seeing her beauty "a work of art" we don't know, but she was overcome by the tribute to "delightfully assimilated ingenuity" no one can doubt.—Boston Herald.

The postmaster at Washington has addressed circulars to the postmen of the various Washingtons throughout the country, asking them to send to him a revised list of the business men and corporations of their towns. Some years ago a directory was made out of such firms and corporations. A large percentage of the intended for such persons are largely careless of the writers addressed to Washington, D. C., or simply to "ington." By the aid of this directory, the postmen will be enabled to make a list of the names of the business men and corporations in the various Washingtons throughout the country, and to send them the circulars.

Continuation November 29, 1883

Annals.

NUMBER 467.

our enterprising manufacturers so liberally furnish them. Our people have ascertained by experimenting, though late, that the cultivation of the soil is the most profitable business they can follow, and that the farmer stands out in the front ranks of the noblest men of the day. We have all kinds of soil in which to delve, from the gravelly loam to clayey, from alluvial to calcareous, and from the spingy banks of the shores which line our bay to the base of the mountains; whatever the admixture of earth may be, it yields abundant crops for the sustenance of both man and beast. Our farmers say it is very strong land. There is abundance of evidence of this fact, for were it not so, it could never have sustained so many rocks upon its surface.

But I must not linger on the way, but proceed to the first "town meeting." These old town records look ancient, and smell musty. The hand that guided the pen and traced these lines of this ancient style of penmanship, has "lost its cunning," has mouldered to dust. The first meeting was holden at the little wayside inn of Mr. Peter Ott, on the fourth day of April, 1791. The following officers were chosen for the year ensuing, viz: William Gregory, Moderator; John Harkness, Town Clerk; John Harkness, William Gregory and William McGlathry, Selectmen; Paul Thorndike, Constable; Nathaniel Palmer, Collector of Taxes; Joseph Eaton, Treasurer; James Richards, Robert Thorndike and David Nutt, Surveyors of Lumber. After closing up the ordinary business of the town, they proceeded to vote for a Representative to the Congress of the United States. There being but one candidate, William Litigow, esq., he received 32 votes. A vote for Governor of the state was then called for, and also for Lieutenant Governor. John Hancock for Governor and Samuel Adams for Lieutenant Governor, received 26 votes each. These were the halcyon days of elections, peaceful and undisturbed. There were no self-constituted "bosses," who may have heard of "Blackstone" and perhaps read "Chetty on Pleadings," and believed they constituted the people, and that wisdom would die with them; but they were lovers of their country, happy in the achievement of their liberties, and were willing to labor together in harmony, for the best interests of their little community of freeholders. Although they may never have heard, or read, of the motto of Jeremy Bentham, the great English Utilitarian, they adopted its spirit, and laid it down as a maxim, that in their municipal affairs they would labor for the "greatest good of the greatest number," and, after attending to some minor affairs, they adjourned their first town meeting, sine die. I find the next meeting was called in the following June, for there was much to be done in the regulation of their affairs, and in getting their little ship of state well under way for a long voyage. Human nature is alike under all circumstances, and men will differ in opinion and judgment; but they can agree to disagree, and so harmonize the feelings that in the discharge of their public duties they can let reason and good common sense have an "open field and fair play," and a result will finally be reached satisfactory to all. At this meeting, there was an article inserted in the warrant, among others, to see if the town would vote to build a pound and choose a pound-keeper, the enclosure to be made sufficiently tight "to stop pigs one month old." Then there came up a question in regard to a certain

inquiry as to the various features of the South, and so felt a bit disappointed. But when they arose to leave it was to my infinite delight arranged that we should all three, along with an old Californian, also a dead shot and duelist, go out driving under the magnolia trees and through the beautiful and sadly impressive Richmond Cemetery. The first thing these three duelists did was to drive me to the famous club-house here, celebrated not only for its wide-door hospitality, but for many costly and historical pictures. That of Pocahontas seemed to abound everywhere. How many Virginians have descended from Pocahontas it is hard to say. But if any ten other Indians had increased as she is supposed to have increased it is safe to say that the race of savages, so far from perishing from the earth, would to-day, numerically at least, be in the ascendant over the Saxon.

At this elegant club my recollection is that these three duelist ordered brandy and seltzer, but as they drank only seltzer they left me nothing but brandy. I had to drink what was left, when up wise man will be particular when alone with three duelists. The conversation as we sat there took a historic turn—the early settlement of Virginia, the great battle just out at the edge of the town at what is still called Bloody Run, the Indians, the generosity of Virginia in giving half a dozen States to the Union and receiving, asking indeed, not one cent for all that boundless domain. Then we had more brandy and seltzer, divided up as before. By this time I had mustered a little valor and tried to get my shoulder under the conversation and lift it up into the atmosphere of the field of honor, but just then the black boy in buttons called out the carriage at the club-house door and in a moment more we were driving toward the great cemetery under the beautiful magnolia trees, up the banks of the classic James, overlooking Belle island. Nearly a mile of the most delightful drive on this earth, so far as scenery goes, peeps through the trees.

Oh, what a place to rest in! The peace of Paradise is surely here. Great gnarled oaks, green trim-limbed magnolias, ivy, kind and patient, binding broken marbles together, covering up the scars of time, twining the tombs of the dead together, reaching out its hands in hope, drooping in graceful veils of pity above the great men gone to rest, beautiful, pitiful. The massive granite pyramid, reared by the ladies of the south in memory of their sons, husbands, brothers, who bled and died in the great, last, best, battles of America, every one of which was in some sort a victory for Americans, immortal testimony of American valor and devotion, whatever section won the fight this grand tribute of cold, gray stone is also taking to itself the softening and subduing mantle of verdure. Up the four steep sides of stone the ivy is climbing, is nearing the summit. It will meet there on the topmost pinnacle some day soon, and, joining hands, bend down in perpetual pity over the 100,000 dead.

And it was of this and of those things we four talked, very quietly, soft and low, with long intervals of silence and of thought, as we drove on and on through this sad city of the dead at Richmond that beautiful afternoon, under the oaks, the over-hanging ivy and the great, green magnolias. Once, twice, thrice, I led up to the edge of the dueling ground, very delicately, as I thought, but then the talk would somehow take a pastoral turn or some one of the three savage duelists would ask me about

THE ANNALS OF THE TOWN OF CAMDEN, ME.
FROM ITS FIRST SETTLEMENT TO THE PRESENT TIME—By N. C. FLETCHER.
Chapter XV.

Camden presents so many objects of interest that it is a task of nice discrimination to arrange and classify those features which distinguish the different sections from each other, and serve up in regular course, scenery, incident, history and statistics, as they follow in the diorama of one's mind, who attempts to sketch with pen or pencil the physical geography of any town, or trace the characteristics of a people who once left the print of their footsteps upon its soil. Every town has its own natural history. The contour of its surface is peculiar to itself; yea, every spot of our globe, has a peculiar interest in the eyes of those most familiar with its scenery, which encircles it with that mysterious charm that hovers around the place of our birth or the home of our adoption. Hitherto in my researches, I have been groping around in the twilight in search of facts in a province of Massachusetts. My scope of vision has been limited. In my sketches of persons and natural objects, I have relied almost solely upon my own judgment in deciding upon the authenticity of any traditions which have been told me or which I have gleaned from the numerous documents and papers which lie everywhere in my pathway. I do not claim to be infallible, and I do not admit the claim of any one else to that high distinction. I shall endeavor to adhere strictly to facts, as I heretofore have done, and if I encounter errors I shall correct them, however plausible they may appear to others, holding myself ever ready to correct any errors which may be detected in these annals, and pointed out to me with sufficient proof that they are errors. I shall continue on "in the even tenor of my way," and complete the task which I have undertaken if my life is spared, and the public deem them worthy of perusal.

James Richards, the first settler, came into this township in the year 1768, as before stated, and it was incorporated as the town of Camden, February 17, 1791, just 23 years from its first settlement, being the seventy-second town in the state. It is bounded on the east and southeast by Penobscot bay; south and southwest, by Rockland; west, by Warren; north, by Hope; and northeast by Lincolnville. On all other sides it is overlooked by a range of mountains, forming an ellipsis or oval. The town is about ten miles long and eight miles in width, containing not far from 100 square miles. This "limerock valley," as it is called, comprising several townships in this vicinity, rests upon strata of this character. Above this is a stratum of granite, flint and iron stone. The soil is alluvial, but various, rather tending to a gravelly loam. Wherever the earth has

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that of Wise. My hopes of hearing all about these men's heart experience on the field of honor revived here, and when we saw, on the grave of Randolph I was to talk of their bloody achievements. "I owe me a coat, Mr. Clay." "I am thankful to God that I owe you nothing else," cried the great Kentuckian, as he shook hands with what is now dust and ashes of the earth under our feet here in Richmond. "My father's and my grandfather's graves are just here," said the editor of the Dispatch, slyly, as he led me around, hat in hand, to a modest array of marble shafts. And then as they put me in the carriage and we drove around through the upper part of the silent city Mr. Beirne pointed out the place where he, too, should rest when his work was over. We drove back to town, alighted at the residence of one of the fighting editors, divided up some more brandy and seltzer as before, looked at a good many more pictures of Pocahontas on the walls and then they drove me to my hotel. And that is all I could get out of these gory dualists, do and say what I could, here in the very heart of their fighting grounds.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

DEFERRED EDITORIAL MATTER

The New York Sun boom for Mr. Holman of Indiana for president, may be all in good faith, but its commendatory editorials read too much like those it used to print about the good Deacon Richard Smith of Cincinnati, to inspire one with absolute confidence in Editor Dana's sincerity. However, it would not be a bad idea for the Democracy to receive them in good faith and adopt the candidate presented in a chafing vein in dead earnest. Then perhaps the Sun, having come and presented the name to scoff, would remain to pray and give the candidate a hearty support—which is more than it did for Hancock.

An impression prevails to some extent that the weakness of the navy of this country is due to the small amount of money annually expended. Many people will be surprised to learn that the United States navy, though conceded to be utterly contemptible in strength and efficiency, costs as much as the naval armaments of countries which are very strong on the sea. We have 139 vessels and 11,000 men in our navy, and the annual cost is \$15,500,000. Great Britain has the strongest navy in the world—238 vessels and 59,000 men—and it only costs \$2,000,000 per year, an immense sum, but small as compared with our own expenses when it is considered that England gets a hundred-fold more for it than we do for what we expend. France has 258 vessels and 48,000 men, and it costs her only \$32,000,000 per year—only about double the expense of our collection of rotten hulks. Germany has only 86 vessels, but they are all of large class, and she has 16,000 men; but it only costs her \$10,000,000—two-thirds the cost of ours, and a much more formidable armament. Italy has even a better navy than Germany, including some wonderfully strong ironclads, at the same cost. Russia has 389 vessels and 30,000 men, and pays \$19,000,000 per year. Spain has exactly the same number of vessels as we, and 15,000 men, and her navy as a whole is far superior to ours, and the annual expense is only \$6,000,000—less than one-half our naval budget. Even extravagant Turkey floats a navy of 78 vessels and 23,000 men for less than \$3,000,000. So that it will be seen that we are paying for a first-class navy, although we haven't got it, and are not getting it. Where does the money go? Is it not about time for an overhauling of the department and a showing of where all the immense sums have gone? Congress ought not to appropriate another dollar for the Republican thieves to steal under pre-

same kind of rock, which is a covering to the lime deposits, is invariably found. But few sections in this northern region can present a more pleasing variety of scenery, and who has an eye for the natural beauty of the place will certainly find them revealed around him in rich profusion in this valley, in which the Indian chief "Wawenock" once swayed his scepter over his dusky tribe. There is much truth in the old sayings of our fathers, though we think lightly of them at the present day. "Though man has made the town, God has made the country" upon which it rests. If we take a position on the first rise of land on Mountain street, in this village, and look towards the west, and then turn towards the eastern horizon and take in the whole scope of vision, we see one of the most splendid panoramas of nature's work man ever beheld. Look at those immense piles of granite, which have been thrown up by some convulsion of nature, clad with garments of living green, in perfect harmony with the iris of the human eye. If we scan the valleys which are spread out at our feet, and notice the mirrored lakes, whose waters are so still and quiet, that in a clear day they reflect back to the eye of the beholder the trees, mountains and hills which surround them, with now and then a farmer's cottage jutting out from fields of corn and grain, with the graceful orchard, laden with delicious fruit, it forms a landscape which no language can describe, and no pencil, in however skillful hands, can transfer to canvas. Yet, the people of Camden have just such scenery to gaze upon when they please, at the vernal season or when Autumn brings in her golden sheaves. It has been said by some writer—I have forgotten whom—that every square mile of the earth's surface has an aspect of its own, and presents to us features, which, though resembling in some respects what may be elsewhere seen, yet is so different in others as to give it a distinctive character, sufficient to render it worthy of a separate notice. Hence, every town has its own natural history. The contour of its surface, with its hills and plains, the quantity of its arable land, with the proportion unfit for cultivation, and covered with rocks or water, the extent of its forests, the size of its trees, and numerous other things which we need not specify, give to every spot of our earth a peculiar interest in the eyes of those most familiar with its scenery, and encircle it with that mysterious charm which hovers around the place of our nativity or the home of our adoption. But it I should attempt to describe all this, it would be an endless task, and subject me to an amount of labor which I have no inclination to assume, and which the reader would not appreciate, but would lay it aside as a useless appendage to these sketches. The exterior aspect of Camden, outside of its villages, is rather forbidding than otherwise. Its rugged mountains, with their enormous boulders are grandly sublime when the rays of the sun gild their summits at its rising and setting, or when they "put on their night caps," and the sighing of the winds announce the approaching storm; it is then we feel as if a mighty spirit was embodied in the mysterious cloud, which would rend the mountains from their foundations, just to show the forces of nature and the helplessness of man. We have many fine farms, and many of them are under a high state of cultivation, and their owners are the most thrifty of our citizens; and within a few years they have greatly increased the value of them by a more scientific method of cultivation of the

bridge, about which there had been some difference of opinion in regard to the compensation to be paid to the man, who did the labor, and the gathering began to assume so much the appearance of a modern town meeting that I was tempted to closing to a more convenient season. The queer orthography of those days is very annoying to me and the profusion of small capitals is bewildering. I look in vain for the punctuation marks, the use of which were so religiously taught me in my youth. And yet there were those among those present some who were considered well educated for their day, and who subsequently, successfully taught many terms in the schools of the town. If they had kept a more faithful record of their doings in their town meetings, and noted down, for the benefit of those who were to come after them, matters which would now be valuable, I should have traced their footsteps through the lapse of years with much more pleasure, and lingered around their memories with more fondness than I do. But as it is, I venerate them for the life of hardship, of privation and toil, which they encountered with cheerfulness, and endured without murmuring for the worthy object of securing for the selves and their posterity a diffusive civil liberty, and religious freedom. I honor the men, for the iron wills they possessed and the women for their iron nerves which they braced up for the occasion, which enabled them to pass through the perils which surrounded them, and the dangers of their earlier days, with that calm composure and unvarying trust which they ever displayed.

HOME NEWS AND NOTES

UNION.

Capt. Wagoner has bought the farm owned by the late Mr. Cooper. Wingate, Simmons & Co. have built an elegant carriage for the Hanoverian family. Columbia Thompson has purchased a lot from the Benj. Eastman farm, and is erecting a residence thereon. Mrs. Sophia Cummings, who recently fell, dislocating her shoulder and receiving other injuries, is recovering. Is it surprising that Mr. Murch should engage in the saloon business, when professed temperance men vote drunkards into congress? The Ladies' Aid society, by request, took charge of the meeting of the Reform club on Sunday, November 25. The hall was well filled, and the meeting was interesting and profitable. ZERO.

MENTIONINGS

Getting low—Getting "high." Pennsylvania has the worst case of legislative dead-lock on record. Its legislature has been in session ever since last Winter, and it has no prospect of being able to adjourn until it expires. "Mr. Jipso indulges largely in hyperbole," remarked the high-school girl to her mother. "Yes," answered the old lady, "Mrs. Jones told me he'd taken to drinking; I'm sorry for his wife, poor thing." A French marquis was riding out one day, when he passed an old priest trotting along contentedly on a quiet donkey. "Ha, ha!" exclaimed the marquis, "How good the ass, good father?" "On horseback, my son, on horseback!" replied the priest. James Russell Lowell is a candidate for the rectorship of a Scotch university. Lowell is a candidate for any foreign honor that will help to conceal the citizenship which his incessant toadying to blue blood proves him to be ashamed of, and we are only surprised that he did not seek Major Tom's Ochill-

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strong prejudices, and with a mind as unbending as the guarded oak. He was a good husband, a kind and indulgent parent, and a good citizen. In religion he was of the liberal school. He was a member of St. Thomas's Episcopal church, and at his death was one of its wardens. In politics he was a Democrat of the Jeffersonian school. Being a great reader and a deep thinker, he carefully considered every subject, and if any seemed reasonable and just he readily adopted their principles, and acted upon them during his long and peaceful life. A half century has passed down the stream of time since I became acquainted with him, and no cloud has come to mar our friendship or to darken our pathway to the silent mansions of the tomb. He had his faults, and who has not? Let them be buried in the grave with all that is mortal, but let his virtues be held in everlasting remembrance. Eternity has no gray hairs. The heart ceases its beatings. Man grows old and dies. The world lies down in the sepulchre of ages. Eternity is the golden thread entwining the destinies of the universe. Earth hath its beauties, but time shrouds them for the grave. The honors are but the sunshine of an hour, its palaces are but the gilded sepulchre, its pleasures are but as the lightning's flash which lights up the eye for a moment and then leaves us in greater darkness. It is not so, we hope, in the untried bourne to which we are all rapidly hastening. In the dwelling place of the Almighty, there can come no footsteps of decay.

"Friend after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here, an end."

SIGMA.

THE ANNALS OF THE TOWN OF CAMDEN, ME.

FROM ITS FIRST SETTLEMENT TO THE PRESENT TIME.—BY N. C. FLETCHER.

Chapter XVII.

The town of Camden is situated on Penobscot bay, in the county of Knox, eight miles above the city of Rockland, and comprises within its limits four thriving villages, viz Camden, Rockport, West Camden and Rockville, all of which have postoffices, known by their respective names; the two latter are in the western part of the town, and are known as the "Rural" villages, and the appellation is applicable, for their location, and the contour of the whole section, is a fine representation of an agricultural region, such as a traveller often meets with in passing through some of the old farming towns in other New England states much older than this. Camden is the largest town in the state, and contains nearly five thousand inhabitants. It is in the latitude of 44 degrees 16 minutes North, and longitude 69 degrees 48 minutes West, by observation taken by Capt. Isaac W. Sherman, of the ship Raphael, of this town, in the Summer of 1883. The name of Camden was given by the "Twenty Associat's" to the township, in honor of Lord Camden a

detachment of brigands, such as infest the mountains of Italy. We soon reached the residence of the late Timothy Fay, and entered through his gate and soon began to ascend Mount Batty. There was formerly quite a good pathway up the mountain, but it had been neglected, and the drenching rains of many a year had gullied it out, and left much debris to block the way. We persevered, and cautiously, in a serpentine manner, wound our way up steep after steep, until we reached the summit, and facing to the east, we exhibited glorious old Charley and our humble selves to the villagers who were looking out for us, 1,322 feet above them. We were somewhat weary, and we came to the conclusion that if Jordan was "a hard road to travel," climbing the Camden mountains was much harder. Here we sat in our carriage, and viewed the magnificent prospect before us. At our feet was the picturesque village, with its lofty spires, its charming gardens, and its cozy cottages, its residences of greater pretensions with their white walls, and green blinds, shimmering and flashing in the morning sun, and the magnificent bay of Penobscot, with not a ripple to disturb its surface. In the back-ground, hoary Megunticook rears its crest, 1,457 feet above the level of the sea. Turning your eyes to the north, you discover the Northport hills and the village of Lincolnville nestling down beneath her elevated hills, and skirting the waters of the Penobscot; and between us and old "historic Castine," which is seen in the distance, lie innumerable islands dividing the eastern from the western bay. These two bays are gemmed with islands stretching out to the south, their last line bounded on the sea. The sugar loaf peak of Bluehill is seen on the eastern horizon, and the Koneh mountain, and the highlands of Cape Rosier stretch down towards the west, and appear to mingle with the blue-ridge upon which we are resting in our carriage, smoking our cigars. And now loom up in majestic grandeur the noted mountain of Mount Desert. Here, on a beautiful spot formed by a creek in the narrows, the eccentric and brilliant Madame De Lowell, banished from the court of Louis XVI. by the French revolution, built a splendid residence, which was the resort for a long time of the exiled nobles who had escaped the guillotine, and the vengeance of Robespierre. Here the celebrated Talleyrand, resided for a long time, during his sojourn in this country, happy to find amid the wildest scenery of an American forest all the quiet and elegance of the French court. If we turn to the southwest, we behold the broad Atlantic, with its turbulent waters dotted here and there with passing ships, and their whitened canvas glittering in the sunbeams. And here stands old Owl's Head, twelve miles distant, bold and defiant, with its sentinel, the lighthouse, to guide the sea-beaten mariner to his destined haven,

may years. Then another was built on the stream lower down, near where Mr. Hunt's blacksmith shop and Mr. Ness's carriage shop now stands. At a meeting of the inhabitants of the town, held in May, 1792, it was voted "to build a new bridge across the Megunticook river at the Harbor. Mr. William McGlathry took the contract to build this bridge for £12 and 10 shillings. He built the abutments for the same just in the rear of where the grist-mill now stands, and the highway came out to the eastward of the Mansfield blacksmith shop. At this juncture, a great deal of disaffection was manifested in regard to the location of the bridge, and a town meeting was called and the contract with Mr. McGlathry revoked. He had fulfilled his contract, he contended, and a road to the bridge, which was below the present one, had been laid out parallel to the bridge. But the disaffection grew more manifest. Mr. McGlathry demanded compensation, according to the contract. A meeting of the citizens was called April 2, 1798, and the town voted not to pay him for the bridge. Whether justice was done in the premises, it is hard to say, but subsequent action of the town will undoubtedly harmonize matters, and strict justice be rendered to both parties. We of the present generation read the incidents of those days with some severity; but we shall have to pass the same ordeal before those who shall come after us, which should lead us to pass lightly over their errors and cherish the remembrance of their many virtues.

A TRIUMPH OF DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES

HON. JOHN G. CARLISLE OF KENTUCKY CHOSEN SPEAKER.

At last it seems at least possible, if not probable, that the Democratic party may enter the campaign of 1884 as the advocate, without reservation, equivocation or apology, of one Democratic principle if no more. It does not at first glance seem a very remarkable thing for a political party to stand solidly and without wavering on its own principles. But for several years the Democratic party has been in a situation where it could not make a fight for one of its foundation principles without giving mortal political offence to some wing of the party that it did not seem safe to antagonize. And the party has not had the vitality to make a fight for its principles at the risk of losing votes. And so it has happened that the minority of the party, who do not believe in its principles, or in all of them, have ruled the great masses of the party who do. For the majority have constantly compromised with the minority; and a compromise in a matter of principle is a surrender. For any practical purpose, the national Democracy might just as well have been openly and avowedly in favor of the protective tariff swindle and the national bank swindle, as to have done what it has—compromise with and use meaningless terms in discussing those gigantic wrongs, which are opposed to the fundamental principles of Democracy. It has done this because the party machinery in Pennsylvania, and some localities in other states, is in the hands of men who believe in protection, and in New York and other money centers in the hands of those who believe in a national bank system; and it was feared that it would divide and destroy the party to place it on the bed-rock of its principles. Well, the result has been that the protectionists and the national bank men have continued to act with the party. But it has not brought success. It

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