

in the Massachusetts Historical Collection, vol. II, 3d series, page 228.

On approaching this coast, when far out on the broad ocean, the "Camden mountains" first meet the eye of the tempest-tossed mariner, and his leaping heart is full of thankfulness, that his eyes have once more greeted the blue outlines of those hills, which of all others are to him the dearest spot on the earth, and around which the fond memories of his earlier years linger with delight. I have ascended these mountains at various times, and every time I have discovered new beauties which well repaid me for the toil and weariness which I had to encounter. The first time I attempted it, was in the Summer of 1850, accompanied by T. R. Simonton, esq. We both resided in Belfast then, and, feeling the necessity of some respite from the drudgery of a lawyer's office—for he was studying law then with Nehemiah Abbott, esq.—and I had the care of a parish in that gem of a little city, we came down to Camden, Mr. Simonton's native place, and myself as his guest. Those were halcyon days. How many fond recollections cluster around me at the mention of the name of "Simonton's corner." Many of the happiest days of my life have been spent beneath the hospitable roof of William Simonton, esq. Death with his sharp sickle, had not often visited that happy household; hardly a link in the chain of affection which bound that happy household together, had been broken. But how is it now? I will not attempt to lift the sombre curtain, which has so often fallen upon that friendly roof, for I intend to allude to the subject hereafter when my mind is more tranquil, and not encumbered with so many conflicting subjects. As I rode by the old residence, the other day, everything looked familiar, and, from force of habit, I turned my eyes toward the house, and was somewhat disappointed in not seeing Fred at the door, ready to take my horse to the stable. Feeling lonely, I turned gloomily away and drove rapidly on my journey.

O! memory, why recall the joys,  
That never can return?  
Why hourly paint before my eyes,  
Those scenes I'm doomed to mourn?

But to return to my companion, whom I left at the "Megunticook house," then kept by Captain James Clark, a retired sea captain, to engage a horse and carriage to carry us to our destination. The faithful old "Charley" then a noted horse for those days, was impatient to be off on his journey to "Mount Batty." It was a splendid morning, not a cloud obscured the burning rays of the sun, and the bay of Penobscot was stretched out before us from the main land to the distant islands, a mirrored surface with not a ripple to disturb its waters. It portended a fearfully hot day. On our way, we called at the store of our mutual friend, George L. Follansbee, who kindly suggested to us the necessity of our "stove-pipe hats" being discarded for broad-brimmed "sombrenos," and our clerical looking coats for those of a lighter texture. It was a happy suggestion, and from his ample store he generously furnished us with a suit, better adapted for the occasion. No travellers who were making preparations at the little village at the foot of Mount Blanc, to ascend the Alps, ever made more of a display than did we, on preparing to ascend the diminutive mountains of Camden. At last, dressed in our "regulation suit," we left the village, and made our way to the mountain. No one of our acquaintance would know us in our present dress,

which it emits over the darkened waters which lave its shores. And here is the city of Rockland, with Dodge's mountain in the back-ground. Its crescent shores are lined with lime kilns which emit their smoke like the fabled regions of Gehenna by day, and their flames of fire by night. She is but seven miles distant from Camden, and our connections with her and her railroad are so intimate by stage, that we are willing to be called a suburb of that busy hive of industry, for our town line extends within two or three miles from the center of that city. And here, at the west, are a range of mountains which include this valley in their embrace. From the Hosmer mountain we have a good view of the highlands beyond the Kennebec, and in the intervening space there is presented to the eye one of the most splendid landscapes that man ever looked upon. For several years the United States coast surveyors pitched their tents upon this mountain, and as their whitened canvas shivered in the winds which swept over a distance of forty miles, from the Kennebec river to the placid waters of Penobscot bay, it was a scene of beauty, and one which one never tired in gazing at. I often visited their encampment, and partook of their hospitality, and while there I never failed to sweep the horizon as far as my limited vision would reach, and with the aid of their telescopes drink in the beauties of this unsurpassed natural scenery. The sun had reached its zenith, our cigars had evaporated in smoke, faithful old Charley was getting impatient at our delay, and my friend and I had no objections to returning to our hotel, to recuperate exhausted nature. We were not long in descending to nearly a sea level, and hastened to exchange our "brigand's uniform" for citizen's dress, so as to be presentable at the dinner table of our host of the Megunticook hotel. I have spent much more time than I intended over these fascinating scenes, and I must hasten onward to delve among old papers and dig statistics, which I confess is getting rather irksome.

When the town was first incorporated, there was not much regularity in the holding of their municipal meetings. They were called as the exigencies of the case required and adjourned from time to time to suit the convenience of the people. The first meeting was held April 4, 1791, as before stated, and the second on the 17th of June following. Nothing of much importance was transacted, for the wheels of their little government, were hardly in working order. The leading citizens did remarkably well for the times, and managed their affairs with prudence and economy. The only fault I have to find with them is in not being careful enough in recording their doings. The early records are in a wretched state. Many of their proceedings, no doubt, were left unrecorded, and in many instances the selectmen neglected to sign their names to what their clerk had faithfully, placed on record. I have before me two incidents of this kind, so that it is impossible to give a transcript of their doings. There was not much business transacted in this meeting in June, and the principal subject under consideration was the state of the bridges in town, about which there had been much controversy. From the best information I can obtain from the imperfect records, and from a few old inhabitants who still linger on this side of the river of death, I gather that the first bridge, thrown across the Megunticook stream, was merely a number of logs, attached together, and was made

out of the party thousands of Republicans who believe in Democratic principles but cannot see how anything is to be gained by joining a party that stands practically where the one that they are tempted to leave does. The election of Hon. John G. Carlisle of Kentucky as speaker of the House of Representatives by the Democratic majority of that body, seems to indicate a new departure in this respect. Mr. Carlisle is understood to represent the Democratic principle as applied to the tariff question. He is unequivocally and uncompromisingly opposed to the protective principle. He believes that government should only impose taxes to defray the expenses of its own administration, and that it ought not to tax the people as a whole for the benefit of a comparatively small number. Mr. Cox, who was a candidate before the caucus, occupies the same ground, but Mr. Carlisle came to be considered the special representative of the class of Democrats who favor putting their party on Democratic ground as to tariff taxation. Mr. Randall represented the Democrats who would compromise with the Republicans and would permit more or less protection—more or less discrimination in taxation in favor of certain classes. The vote in caucus stood—Carlisle 106, Randall 52, Cox 30; and Mr. Carlisle was chosen by his full party vote in the House. The action of the Democrats in Congress is significant. It may fairly be interpreted to mean that the party is to occupy unequivocal Democratic ground in the campaign of 1884, so far as the tariff question is concerned. But, though the election of Carlisle is significant, it does not amount to much in itself except as an indication of the course the party is to take in dealing with practical questions. Measures, not men, tell the story. If the party is really to be true to itself at last, the House must enact a tariff bill in which the principle of class protection shall be eliminated. It will not do to elect a representative of its principles and then let things drift without doing anything else to advance those principles. The House must act on practical measures. And the Democratic editors who properly consider the election of Carlisle as so great a triumph of their principles, should remember that, who that putteth on the armor should not vaunt himself as he who putteth it off, having made the fight. The Democracy has at last got its face turned in the right direction in the matter of the tariff question. But that will amount to nothing unless it now goes ahead. Forward, march!

#### MENTIONINGS

The Union Mutual Life Ins. Co. is getting a big lot of advertising cheap. Com. Tarbox, of Mass., forbade its doing business in that State until he could investigate it. The papers are giving him rather complimentary notices therefore, and we think they had better not waste too much ink until better informed. The U. M. L. I. C. will bear watching. It may, (as Com. Smith says) be stronger than last year, and yet be none too strong.—*Gardiner Journal*.

The following dialogue is reported to have taken place between a game-keeper and a patient looking through the iron gate of a lunatic asylum: Patient—"That's a fine horse; what's it worth?" Keeper—"A hundred pounds." Patient—"And what did that gun cost?" Keeper—"Five pounds." Patient—"And those dogs?" Keeper—"Ten pounds, I believe." Patient—"What have you got in that game-bag?" Keeper—"A woodcock." Patient—"Well, now, you had better hurry on, for, if our governor catches a man who has spent \$10 to get a woodcock, he'll tell a crowd, he'll have



asidue of poisonous ingredients  
to undermine the health, no heavy  
sour bread, but if directions are  
every article prepared with the  
ing Powder will be found sweet  
some.

#### ERRED EDITORIAL MATTER

schooner Witchcraft of Gloucester since October 31, has been  
as lost. Her master was Capt.  
gs, reported to be a resident of  
Among the crew were A. L. and  
Pendleton of Winter Harbor, in

as Eve will be fittingly observed  
tope by a ball at Eureka hall on  
ening, December 24. Music by  
Meservy. Manager—W. A.  
ds—A. L. Payson, C. B. Fish,  
is. A hot turkey supper will be  
the Eureka house at \$1 per  
tickets to dance, 50 cents.

idiot of the U. S. army, charges  
Phillips, an officer of the Indian  
ceived \$22,500 from the approp-  
riating to the Cherokee Indians,  
represented to them that he paid  
ry Teller of the Interior depart-  
to Senator Dawes of Massachu-  
their influence in passing the  
ion bill through the last Con-  
troller and Dawes deny receiving  
, but Boudinot offers to produce  
estimony showing that Phillips  
as charged, and the affair is an  
ue for those concerned.

#### FRUIT OF THE PRESS

th American Review for January  
table of contents possessing in  
degree the character of contem-  
man interest. Senator John I.  
rites of the "Tribulations of the  
ollar," recounting the strenuous  
to people of the United States  
to the national debt, and contend-  
s our imperative duty to-day to  
tity the question, whether we  
dollars of unequal commercial  
roulation. Senator Henry W.  
ng for his theme "Alcohol in  
leclares his belief that another  
conflict is at hand, and advo-  
submission to the people of an  
to the United States Constitu-  
tuting the manufacture, sale and  
of intoxicating liquors. No  
ad in the December Review the  
"The Day of Judgment." Gail  
incisive review of the domestic  
omas Carlyle, will forego the  
persuing the latter half in the  
aber. "Evils Incident to Immi-  
Edward Self, is a forcible  
t the mischiefs wrought by the  
into our social and political  
ormous annual contingent from  
stratum of the population of  
nally, the subject of "Bribery  
Passes" is discussed by Charles  
Judge N. M. Hubbard.

#### CEEDINGS OF CONGRESS

UESDAY, DECEMBER 11.

Nothing of importance was done.  
Dr. Robinson of New York,  
a resolution asking whether  
well Lowell has the right to  
ord Rectorship of St. Andrew's  
and if such English Lord is still  
of the United States. He also  
a resolution of inquiry as to  
spering with the mails in New  
nglish detectives, and a bill for  
pent of the Eight Hour law.

EDAY, DECEMBER 12.

Mr. Beck's resolution, looking  
on of the appropriation for the  
ed, was considered. It was

scope of his vision. For the benefit  
strangers who may visit this mountain  
hereafter, (for of late years, the visitors are  
numerous) I will transcribe the bearings of  
these interesting localities from Jackson's  
Geological report, part 1, page 56: "From  
the summit of Megunticook, the view is  
exceedingly fine; numerous picturesque  
villages are seen scattered over the country  
for an immense distance. Camden appears  
at the foot of the mountain, while the beau-  
tiful Popobscot bay, with its green islands  
and passing ships, forms a most beautiful  
panorama. The following bearings were  
taken with a pocket compass: East Thom-  
aston (now Rockland,) S. by E.; Camden,  
S. E. by S.; Goose River, (now Rockport  
village,) S. S. E.; Owl's Head, S. E. by S.;  
Fox Island light, E. S. E.; Isle au Haut, E.  
by S.; Monhegan Isle, S.; Mount Desert,  
E.; Matinicus Island, S. E. & S. The  
enumeration of these places is sufficient to  
give some idea of the extensive prospect  
enjoyed from this summit, while their bear-  
ings will serve to aid the strangers in  
recognizing the interesting points in view.  
On the southern side of this mountain, the  
rocks are precipitous, and rise perpendicu-  
larly. At this juncture, our barometer was  
unfortunately broken by a fall, which ac-  
cident prevented our taking the height of  
other interesting elevations. Our "man  
Friday" at this time appeared with his  
haversack, and, after partaking of some re-  
freshments, we gathered up our instruments  
and prepared for our descent of the mount-  
ain. We found our horse and carriage in  
waiting, at Mr. Fay's, for we left word with  
Capt. Clark in the morning to send for us  
at dinner time to convey us to the hotel,  
and here it was 3 o'clock p. m. We had  
been on the mountain nearly five hours,  
and I was very weary; but the Doctor  
seemed as fresh and vigorous as in the  
morning. But he was inured to it, and I  
was not, and this made all the difference  
in the world. I had seen quite enough of  
mountain scenery, but I was abundantly  
compensated for the fatigue it had cost me.  
After partaking of a good "square meal" at  
the hotel, we lighted our Regalias, bade  
adieu to our host, stepped into the carriage  
and departed for home, and arrived at my  
domicile with the Doctor, (for he was my  
guest) just as the last rays of the sun dis-  
appeared behind Dodge's mountain.

On this range of hills, many scenes of inter-  
est have been witnessed, many wonderful  
deeds of daring have been performed the  
truth of which each reader must judge for  
himself, and a most thrilling tragedy oc-  
curred, but a few years ago, which almost  
congeals the blood in one's veins to think of,  
even to this day. I have hesitated a long  
time about repeating the famous story of  
the contest between Leonard Metcalf and the  
bear, but the very last week, I was inter-  
viewing a gentleman of probity, and,  
among other subjects we discussed, was  
that of Metcalf and the bear. It appeared  
to me so much like another bear story  
related by a semi-barbarous people in the  
early ages of the world, where a bevy of  
bears came from the woods and devoured  
some innocent children, because they called  
to an aged gentleman, as he was passing,  
and said to him, "Go up bald head," that I  
had no confidence in the story, and should  
not have related the story about the Camden  
bears to amuse the readers of these annals.  
He said he fully believed it, for he had  
heard his father relate it so often, and had  
heard it from other old settlers, who were  
well acquainted with the facts, that if he had

his only hope being in Richards coming up  
and dispatching the bear, in order to save  
his game. The easier way to hold the cub  
until Richards could reach him, was to  
throw his weight upon the bear and hold  
on for dear life. He accordingly threw  
himself astride him, and this so frightened  
young Bruin that he leaped for the bushes,  
and, being near the slope of the mountain,  
away they went at a rapid pace, throwing  
the famous ride of "John Gilpin" entirely  
in the shade. It was a fearful and hazard-  
ous leap, and had it occurred a little farther  
south, it would have been a fatal one. But  
fortunately they were very near the path-  
way, which pedestrians now take in ascend-  
ing the mountain, near the "Fay house."  
As it was, Metcalf did not escape unscathed.  
His clothes were torn into tatters, and his  
flesh had the appearance of a tattooed vic-  
tim, who had just passed through the hands  
of a bevy of Feejee Islanders. Near the  
base of the mountain, he was met by Rich-  
ards, who quickly dispatched the bear, and  
relieved Metcalf from his uncomfortable  
position. They then returned to the Win-  
ter quarters of old Bruin, killed the other  
cub, and made preparations for conveying  
the carcasses of the three animals to their  
homes, well pleased with the result and the  
exploits of the day. For Metcalf's injuries  
proved to be but slight. The details of this  
affair, as given to me, not a week since,  
appear very reasonable, and bear the im-  
pression of truth on their face; but those  
heretofore given to the public have been so  
puerile in their nature, so adverse to com-  
mon sense, and so contrary to all we know  
of a hunter's life, that I never placed much  
confidence in the accounts which have been  
given of this Camden bear story. But I  
have become a convert to the old settler's  
theory, and the simple and truthful way in  
which he related it induced me to insert it  
in the annals.

#### MENTIONINGS

Blind justice—A judge asleep on the  
bench.

The present House is quite varied. It  
consists of Republicans, Democrats, Inde-  
pendents, a Greenback-Labor man, and  
Thomas Porterhouse Ochiltree. Numeri-  
cally the Democrats have a great advantage,  
but in point of intellect the Ochiltree party  
is in a majority. No other party has the  
fertile invention, the broad experience, the  
acquaintance with foreign potentates and  
domestic whiskey and affairs which the  
Ochiltree party has. The great, the impor-  
tant question is, Where will the Ochiltree  
party stand? The country waits with bated  
breath till this strong and fresh organ-  
ization from the bounding Southwest ranges  
itself definitely. The Ochiltree party has  
the floor.

Thomas Nichol, the secretary of the  
"Honest Money League," who was made  
private secretary by President Garfield, as  
a reward for his absurd speeches for less  
money, and more usury, in Iowa, and other  
states, has come to grieve for want of some  
"Honest Money." Even greenbacks would  
now be acceptable with the lie he used to  
say was printed on their face. According  
to a St. Louis letter to the Pittsburg Dis-  
patch, he went into real estate and coal-  
mining schemes in Butler Co., Missouri,  
with Speaker Keifer and other leading  
politicians. Nichol was in charge and  
employed a good many laborers. Mr.  
Thomas Irish, editor of the Mining Review  
of Rich Hill, Mo., says that several hundred  
laborers for the concern, are clamoring for  
unpaid wages. Mr. Nichol seems to have  
discovered at last that a little more money,  
even if coined on paper, with a little less  
interest, would be a blessing to the indus-  
tries of the country, and help develop its  
great natural resources. Experience is a  
very dear teacher, but a mighty good one.  
—Louis T. Jones.

of in exchange for bonds received in  
of the

## Knox & Lincoln R. R.

LEANDER WEEKS, TREAS.

Rockland, June, 1881.

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### LIMEROCK STREET.

#### Horses Boarded by the day or week.

Transient teams will receive the best care and at  
CHEAPER RATES than at any other stable in Rock-  
land.

Any style Single or Double Teams fur-  
nished at short notice.

#### How Watch Cases are Made.

Most persons have an ambition to carry  
a gold watch case, and yet few people know  
how a watch case is made, or the vast dif-  
ference in the quality of them. In a SOLID  
GOLD WATCH CASE, aside from the neces-  
sary thickness for engraving and polishing,  
a large proportion of the metal is needed  
only to stiffen and hold the engraved por-  
tions in place, and supply strength. The  
surplus is not only needless, but undesir-  
able, because gold is a soft metal and cannot  
furnish the stiffness, strength and elasticity  
necessary to make the case permanently  
strong and close-fitting. The perfect watch  
case must combine gold with some metal  
that will supply that in which the gold is  
deficient. This has been accomplished by  
the James Boss' Gold Watch Case, which  
saves the WASTE of need-  
less gold, and INCREASES the SOLIDITY and  
STRENGTH of the case, and at the same time  
reduces the cost ONE HALF.

Send 3 cent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factory, Phila-  
delphia, Pa., for handsome illustrated Pamphlet showing how  
James Boss' and Keystone Watch Cases are made.

(To be continued)

#### BUSINESS CARDS.

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Fire, Marine, Life, and Accident

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Capital represented over Ninety Million Dollars.

Losses adjusted and paid at this office.

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OLIVER J. JONES  
Coroner for Knox County,  
ROCKLAND, MAINE.

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.....FOR SALE BY.....

### J. R. RICHARDSON.

SOUB-KRAUT by the barrel or half barrel.  
Send in your orders at once so I can furnish you what  
you want.  
First Quality Cucumber Pickles, 30c. a gallon.  
First Quality Cider Vinegar, 30c. a gallon.  
Also Washing Winger Rolls of all sizes.

### John Ackerman,

Successor to Bernard Ackerman,  
**MERCHANT TAILOR.**

And Dealer in Cloths, Vestings, &c.  
302 Main Street, Rockland, Maine.  
Make Patterns Cut. Cutting done to order.  
Oversewing just in and made up at a very low price.

Continuation December 21, 1889

I turn our eyes  
Paradise,  
West, how rest  
s, in each breast.  
r eyes shall see  
all clasp our hands  
lands,  
near the song  
wring.  
Oh! not yet:  
forget  
hings shall be,  
and me.  
h years move slow:  
s, we know.

#### INVENTED

ard  
oard  
bone;  
there  
s bars,  
iad none.  
  
slew  
do,  
not a cent;  
t suit,  
he brute,  
ght-gown she went.  
  
w it,  
raw it,  
hing out;  
st,  
st,  
rushing about.

#### LAGRAPHES

with chopped bacon  
w a good thing to  
this, O tramp, and  
r's wife, when the

t. It is morning.  
o man puts it into  
a town. Now it is  
ull now? Oh, no,  
the man is full.

ved the following  
girl: "There are  
George, Bill and  
don't know how  
d have been if pa

to be the oldest  
New Jersey, and it  
een Anne's time.  
g Branch is used  
got worn out and

: "Why is a hus-  
pected she would  
going to tell her  
oman needs him;  
so he was hard to

k us a motto for a  
taste. Last year  
ad: "Honesty is  
other Jansel one  
for the kingdom of  
nehow those didn't  
They seemed to

One of the latest  
at a Nob Hill fam-  
t circles this sea-  
dinner given by  
ems in the menu  
ated in English.  
social offence that  
n Francisco since

ultra fashionable  
o be with a sister  
in a Western city.  
o ill and perhaps  
phobing acquaint-  
f her departure.  
ation as to which  
dy to wear harps  
o company, dryly,

been married?"  
otel desk, as the  
gistered. "Two  
y man. "Front,"  
the gentleman to  
rs a day, sir,"  
the guest. "Oh,  
the gentleman to  
vator. Four dol-

in her new house  
to fit each room.  
talking of her  
h, Mrs. Parvenu,  
t much?" "Not a  
so much" "H-

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

#### Chapter XVIII.

After leaving the summit of Megunticook mountain, you travel a due north course along the rugged elevation of these everlasting hills. The surface is rather uneven, but not wearisome to one accustomed to scaling broken elevations of uncultivated lands. In the distance, on the intervals land bordering on the Megunticook stream, we discover about a dozen low black buildings, resting in a group and having the appearance of a western village, lately visited by a tornado. This cluster of tenements is occupied by D. H. Bisbee & Co., for the manufacture of powder, and no mills in the state turn out a better article, or in larger quantities, from the finest sporting powder to that of the coarsest grain for the use of the quarrymen, than do the Camden mills. They are finely located, sufficiently far from the business part of the village as to cause no fear in the minds of the timid in case of an explosion. There is not the slightest danger of an accident of this kind occurring, so long as Robert C. Duffie, their foreman, is superintendent of the works. It is about thirty-five years ago since an explosion took place, that one killing two or three men. Since that time, the improvements in machinery, and the erection of a better class of buildings, have added very much to the facility of manufacturing, and lessening the danger to the workmen which must of necessity attend all, in so dangerous an occupation. The grinding mill is, I should think, the most dangerous of all the departments in the manufacturing of an explosive article. But since the introduction of the "Dreadnaught" in these mills, with due caution, there is not the slightest danger to life or limb. This machine weighs 10 tons, and it moves on its axle like a mighty giant conscious of its power, and performs its work most admirably. At the Camden mills there are manufactured yearly from five to six thousand kegs.

In passing along the summit of this mountain, north, at the left, the prospect is very fine. Canaan lake lies at your feet, and the elevated land beyond is dotted with farm houses, surrounded with green fields and fruitful orchards. At your right, there is a gentle slope into a defile of the mountain, which is called the "mountain arrow," extending a long distance into the interior of the mountain, resembling somewhat the shape of an arrow. Here, rolling upward, is about one hundred acres of as rich soil as can be found in this section, sparsely wooded, and easily cleared for cultivation. Perhaps, in the not far distant future, some gloomy recluse may retire from the haunts of men, and, like the monks of old, clothe himself in simple raiment, with hood and cowl, and cultivate his little garden in this modern "Eden," and let his simple life wane peacefully until "mortality shall be swallowed up of life."

It is well known that the Indians frequented these mountains. The "Waw-nocks" were more frequently here than the "Tarratines," said an old Indian chief to me while on a visit to Oldtown a few years ago. They were a very brave people, and that was what gave them their name, and at one time they were the superior tribe in Maine. Their Sachem, called the Bashaba, was ruler over all the tribes, from St. John river to the Merrimac. The region between the Penobscot and Kennebec occupied by them, was known as Mavoooshan.

The mouths of the small rivers were

the Megunticook, we approach a spot which we would be glad to pass silently, and unnoticed, but an imperative duty demands us to approach the place, where a tragic event once occurred amid the wildest scenes of nature, and I am inclined to listen to a voice once heard upon the sacred mountains, "Take thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place wherein thou standest is holy ground." In the year 1863, in the lovely month of August, a young girl by the name of Nellie French, living in the town of Lincolnville with her parents at "French's Beach," so called, came over to the center of the town, to visit an elder sister who had been teaching a district school in that part of the town. The Summer term had ended, and she was to accompany her sister home in the afternoon, happy in the reflection, that she was once more to greet a beloved sister, and again enjoy her company, as in childhood's days. They met, embraced each other, and the world looked beautiful to them. I remember well the day. Not a cloud obscured the rays of the sun from the horizon to the zenith, and the genial air of a perfect Summer's day infused new life and sent the vital fluid with a quicker pace through the accustomed channels of these two happy creatures. Little did they dream that, ere the sun should sink behind the western hills, this beautiful world, which to them appeared joyous and afforded them so much happiness, would go down in darkness and be covered with a funeral pall of mourning and sadness. They together dined with some friends, and before wending their way homewards, which was some three or four miles distant, a proposition was made by some one to visit the mountain and scan the beautiful prospect which it afforded every lover of the works of Nature. Accordingly, one young man and several young ladies started for the mountain, and, on arriving there, gazed with pleasure on the wonderful scenes which were spread out in rich profusion everywhere within the scope of their vision. The two sisters seated themselves upon a little hillock, not far from the brink of the precipice before them, drinking of the beauties which everywhere surrounded them. The young man and another young lady stood a little in the background. Suddenly the young girl arose from beside her sister, where they had been seated, side by side, happy that they were once more united after a Summer's separation, and, in a moment's time, the awful plunge was made, and the innocent young lady was precipitated over the precipice into the awful chasm below. The young man and the sister sprang forward seeking to rescue her, but it was too late. It was so sudden. They were horrified. There was no time for preparation or for prayer. The young victim was falling down the rugged steep, from one jagged rock to another, until her mangled frame became lodged in a clump of bushes, three hundred feet, by actual measurement, from the top of the mountain to where her bruised form was found, and tenderly taken by loving hands to the residence of Mr. Moses Young. And, strange to relate, she was not dead. The vital spark had not fled, but she moaned sadly as a lady said to me, "like a dying lamb." Dr. J. H. Esterbrook was called, but she was beyond human aid; she never spoke, but lingered through the night until four o'clock the next morning, when her pure spirit took its flight to other realms. It will never be known what was the cause of this heart-thrilling accident. Her own sister, who was near her, and the young man, who

stamped envelopes at full current rates as shown in schedule of January 1, 1883. Stamped envelopes bearing printed cards or special requests, as well as ordinary stamped envelopes are to be exchanged; also stamped envelopes that bear printed addresses. Stamps that are cancelled, mutilated, defaced, or from which the gum has been removed, or that are damaged in any way as to bear the appearance of having been used, or stamped envelopes that are not in a perfect condition cannot be exchanged.

#### MARTINSVILLE.

Mr. Geo. B. Fountain has lately bought a fine light bay horse.

We recently had the pleasure of meeting and mingling with the witnesses concerned in the Poland trial from Friendship, and we must congratulate the town that they have as genial and intelligent class of people as can be found in Knox county.

A letter received from Capt. Alvano Marshall, of schooner G. H. Ames, dated December 9, at Baltimore, reports experienced heavy weather, being obliged to lay to forty-eight hours, and shifted deck load. Captain Marshall met with an accident by which the bone of one leg was fractured below the knee.

The jurors from this place and the large force of witnesses connected with the Friendship Poland trial, all boarded at the Lindsey house, Rockland; those with their regular and transient boarders fill the house from basement to attic, but, notwithstanding this overcrowded house, they give their guests every attention, and strive to make them happy and comfortable in every respect.

ELBR.

#### WARREN.

Mr. Scott Coburn has left the shoe shop, and will move his family to Gardiner.

Mrs. Dr. Wakefield spent her Christmas with her parents and friends in Lewiston.

We blush with modesty when we notice our items copied by the Lewiston Journal, Eastern Argus and other papers.

A young man of Warren, whose father was obliged to leave home a few weeks, bought a revolver, loaded it, and laid it under his pillow. His mother, on making up the bed next morning, was somewhat startled to find such a weapon in her son's bed. Upon the son's return from the shoe shop she inquired what it meant. "O," said the valiant young knight, "father is gone, and I felt as though I ought to protect the family." DUNN B.

#### PROCEEDINGS OF CONGRESS

##### FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14.

House—No business of importance transacted.

##### MONDAY, DECEMBER 17.

Senate—Mr. Hale introduced bills for the improvement of the efficiency of the navy.

House—The death of Hon. D. C. Haskell, representative from Kansas, was announced, and the House adjourned as a tribute of respect to his memory.

##### TUESDAY, DECEMBER 18.

Senate—The Republicans made a clean sweep of the Democratic Senate officials holding over, and chose the nominees of the Republican caucus. So much for Republican professions of love for civil service reform.

##### WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 19.

Senate—The bill providing for the adoption of standard time in the District of Columbia, was passed. It does not affect existing contracts. The proposed new rules for the Senate were defeated.

House—Mr. Skinner, member elect from a North Carolina district, chosen in place of Mr. Pool, deceased, was sworn in, and the question as to what district

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to fit each room. "Oh, yes, well, it so many houses has to walk over, and it hurts the so tired."

the Commercial. "eck's. His latest was watching a arrel of beer. A ough the head of an left it to get ndred pound man ad asked the bad thing." said the "drive that piece of the barrel with one after a sledge claimed the big u how to do it." e sent the iron barrel and the ng of the store he man's clothes. ime disappeared. was out a half the bad boy is a iary or congress,

#### AL MATTER

l committee have ential convention Senator Sabin ofirman. He will table figurehead, p scoundrel will the Dorsey of the work.

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company have a o' low rates they n of small pack- ere they have to , it will be ob- be about half es, where there be people on the n railroad have ice to have that any manage to they absolutely business on the two trains per fusing to let the er train take any urgent the occa- is to fixing the much for taking city to Warren rk. Our people o break up this business on the at has cost them

river to the Merrimac. The region between the Penobscot and Kennebec occupied by them, was known as Mawoonshen.

The mouths of the small rivers were noted for the abundance of oysters they produced. There are, even at the day, on the banks of sheltered coves along the coast of Maine, large mounds composed wholly of the shells of oysters and clams. Tradition says, that they were formerly found in small quantities on our mountains.

Nations and tribes, as well as men, have their periods of youth, manhood and old age, and then disappear like "the baseless fabric of a vision." Before the breaking out of the war between the white settlers and the Indians in Maine, the Wawoonocks had ceased to exist as a tribe. War and disease had nearly exterminated them, and with thinned ranks they were broken into fragments, and they mingled with other tribes, and disappeared from the earth as a distinct and once powerful tribe.

About twenty years ago, William D. Blake of Camden was out on this mountain in search of game, and discovered a cave in the bowels of this upheaval of the forces of nature, and after removing the debris from its mouth he entered it, and found it to be quite spacious, and having been occupied in some by-gone age, before civilized humanity had left the prints of their footsteps in the soil of Camden. Who knows but the dusky children of the forest had often retreated before a pursuing enemy to this fastness in the mountain top, and held their revels after their own simple fashion, as do a more favored race, in their splendid banquetting halls? Who knows how many councils of war have been held within these granite walls and what streams of blood have followed in consequence? Who knows how many young braves have pledged their troth to the dusky maidens who once made this cave their tristing place, and how many aged men and women have climbed this rocky fortress, and turned their eyes towards the setting sun, and the last aspirations of their simple visions went out upon the evening air, and disappeared with the last rays of the object of their worship? Who can say that their worship was not as acceptable to the "Great Spirit" as the pomp and splendor of a more civilized race in their vaulted cathedrals, accompanied by the deep toned organs of the most exquisite workmanship? Mr. Blake explored this cave as far as limited time would permit, but not to its fullest extent, intending, at some future time to revisit it, ascertain its extent, and make new discoveries if the locality presented anything perceptible to his keen eye, which might be worthy of notice. He was the discoverer of this hall of nature, so far as we know, and to him belonged the right to confer a name upon it, and he did well in calling it "Wawoonock cave," thus perpetuating the name of a powerful tribe, who once inhabited this region, but whose fate it was to dwindle away to a small remnant and finally to be swallowed up in the vortex which is destined to embrace all worlds in the awful chasm.

flight to other realms. It will never be known what was the cause of this heart-thrilling accident. Her own sister, who was near her, and the young man, who was not far from her, cannot enlighten us upon this sad tragical event. There are various theories upon which the public are divided. The one is, that upon arising from the mound upon which she was seated with her sister, her foot caught in her skirt and threw her headlong over the precipice; another that she attempted to hurl a stone over the dizzy height into the yawning chasm below, and lost her balance; and a third is that the strong wind which had sprung up, and was blowing directly over the mountain at the moment, inflated her clothing, took her from her feet, and plunged her over the declivity. I have taken considerable pains to refresh my memory in all things connected with this sad affair, and am satisfied that what I have written is as near the truth as could possibly be obtained, at this distant day. I learn from a lady, who knew her well, that Miss Nellie French, at the time of the accident, was a fine looking girl, well formed, and prepossessing, of robust health, and rather large for her age. She was twelve years of age at the time of her sad fate, just budding into early womanhood, with the bloom of the plum unbroken upon her cheek. A cross was planted upon the spot by some sympathizing friend, but the storms of this bleak mountain have levelled it with the earth. Will not some christian friend upraise this symbol, and receive the thanks of all christians, who would wish to gaze upon it as they pass along this weird roadway, beneath these overhanging cliffs? Had the young lady belonged to the "Mother Church," this sacred symbol would have long since been replaced, and the memory of this unfortunate young lady be held in perpetual remembrance. With sad reflections, and a heavy heart, I leave these mountains, and close this chapter, deeply regretting that I cannot leave them with the same buoyant feelings with which I first attempted a description of them.

There is one more occurrence which took place at a later date, and that is the death of Mr. Charles H. Quinby, which took place in a cabin upon Mount Batty, which I must leave to be noticed at another time.

A short distance from the spot where Miss French met with her sad fate, we come to what is called the "Knob." Here the mountain begins gradually to decline till we reach the road which leads from Camden village around the mountain to French's beach, and from thence to the point from which we started—Camden village, a distance of seventeen miles.

We make a specialty of printing blanks for town officers, and can furnish such printing in faultless style of typography at much lower prices than those usually asked by the trade. Money can be saved to the town, and the satisfaction of those who use the blanks ensured by procuring such work at the Opinion office. Orders may be sent by mail or left at the counting-room.

rules for the Senate were defeated.

House—Mr. Skinner, member elect from a North Carolina district, chosen in place of Mr. Pool, deceased, was sworn in, and the question as to what district he was to represent—the state having been redistricted since Pool's election—was referred to the committee on elections.

#### FRUIT OF THE PRESS

The January number of Godey'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.

Harper's Magazine for January is a worthy sequel to the brilliant Christmas number of that periodical. The opening paper is a personal sketch of the poet Whittier by Harriet Prescott Spofford, beautifully illustrated by Harry Fenn. A fine portrait of Whittier is the frontispiece of the number. The new novel by William Black, "Judith Shakespeare," is the literary event of the season. It is as masterly in delineation of human sentiment as in its description of nature, and it has the very atmosphere of Shakespeare's period. It is illustrated in Abbey's best style. One of these illustrations is printed separately on heavier paper. Harper is kept on sale by R. H. Burnham & Co., Rockland.

St. Nicholas for January makes its New Year call with a bright table of contents and a brilliant list of contributors. Louisa M. Alcott begins her promised series of "Spinning-wheel Stories" with a sketch of the "good old times" of seventy years ago, showing how Grandmother's wheel spun a tale of fun, war, love, and wolves, to suit the tastes of all her hearers. The frontispiece is by Mary Foote, and H. H. opens the number with a complete and timely story of Colorado mining life, entitled "Christmas in the Pink Boarding-house." Julian Hawthorne finishes his fanciful allegory, "Almion, Auria, and Mona," and Hawthorne Lathrop contributes a merry tale of child life in holiday times, called "Fun Beams." St. Nicholas is sold by R. H. Burnham & Co., Rockland.

#### MENTIONINGS

Mr. Dingley puts his foot clean through the tariff at one kick, in order to let in a little daylight for the shipping industry. Now if daylight is good for ship building, why isn't it for the rest of us? His fourth bill creates a bureau of commerce and navigation. The people ask for freedom to buy materials and build ships, and Mr. Dingley creates offices.—*Springfield Republican*.

A Washington dispatch says: Mr. Blaine's youngest son, James G., jr., it is alleged, has gotten into bad company, and is leading a wild life. He was expelled from Georgetown College for drunkenness. "Jamie," as he is called, is only 17 years old, and looks even younger. He has been petted at home, and allowed to have his own way. Several years ago "Jamie" was expelled from a private school here for refusing to comply with the rules, and two years ago he was suspended from the training school at Exeter, N. H. He has been a student at Georgetown College since last Spring. It is a Jesuit school, and the regulations are rather strict. A pupil once expelled is never taken back except in unusual cases. It is not likely that young Blaine will be readmitted to the college. The authorities, it is said, put up with many of his misdeeds until forbearance ceased to be a virtue.