

NY REPUBLICAN PIOUS DEFAULTERS
HE CANNOT ALWAYS TELL 'TOTHER
WHICH.

of the last official acts of Gov. Butler
sachusetts, was to deny a pardon to
ay, one of the defaulting Fall River
ers, now in state prison. In his
e to the council giving his reasons
granting the pardon, he inadvert-
sly of Stickney as having been par-
by Gov. Long. The Republican
made merry over the error, and in
e the Traveller, the governor ex-
it occurred. He says:
n dictating my opinion upon the
of the pardon of Hathaway at my
here I was confined by sickness, I
eant to compare his case with the
Chace and Pond, the latter of whom
n pardoned by my predecessor
is last acts, and I suppose that I
e inadvertently used the name of
or Pond. The reason that that
did not strike my attention was
ivor considered that Stickney was
at all. He had remitted to him
ys only, which I thought he had
y good conduct, to enable him to
a free man; so that I do not
him among the pardoned. The
notes of the stenographer were
ut and I suppose were used in re-
or the press. My attention being
the mistake, I concluded that I
ot make any comparison of Hatha-
s save with Chace's.

I have only one palliation to
it: There have been so many
an Senators who were treasurers
and otherwise prominent, convicts
ate prison, or who would have
o it caught, that I get them a little
netimes when I think about them,
ways distinguish the special inci-
e crime of Winslow, the Herald's
nd controlling proprietor of the
Pond, the friend of the Worcester
of Stickney, who was convicted,
reasurer who ran away to Canada,
not. Nor does it aid me any
tempt to distinguish the one as a
chool teacher from the other as a
as I do not always know which
r, but I know that one was one
her was the other.
I will have the kindness to inform
of the difficulties under which I
ese matters when I am denying
lets in the state prison of this
le for whom pardons are much
very respectable men, you will
ve them an opportunity to sym-
nith me.
g upon your justice and impar-
iality I could say friendship—
respectfully, your obedient ser-
"BENJAMIN F. BUTLER."

PECULIAR PARAGRAPHS

ry exchange heads a local notice:
nt to Browers: Joe Tanglefoot
off."
ento who said "he had rather peo-
I inquire why he had not a statue
his memory than why he had"
said the Texas man, "I voted for
litree and would again, but I'm
I'd play poker with him unless he
sleeves."
mistake to assume that our army
ad a life of luxurious ease. Half
are now kept constantly busy
tialing the other half.
y the meanest thing that a man
was uttered by Fogg. Being
idea of the best remedy for poly-
promptly replied, "Mrs. Fogg."
article in Lippincott's Professor
Yale wonders what Fielding and
of this day would think of an elab-
oration, such as is made in
ovels, of pomp on earth, sky and
enever the heroine is about to re-
s from the hero.
ishbone" wedding has become the
ng. The couple stand beneath a
hbone. After the ceremony the
groom are given the wishbone to
a tug results in a break some-

What sense is there in the proposition of
Comptroller Knox to remove the tax of one
per cent on national bank circulation? The
only purpose to be attained is to induce
the banks to confine their notes in circula-
tion. But why should the people desire
them to do so? If the banks do not find
their circulation profitable to them, or for
any other reason do not wish to continue it,
let them withdraw it and let greenbacks be
issued to take its place. There is no reason
why the banks should have inducements
held out to them to continue to issue their
currency notes.

The papers of the country have a good
deal to say about recent exposures of a
swindling system of "unbalanced bids," by
which the city of New York has been a
considerable loser. As described, they do
not appear to be nearly so dishonest trans-
actions as were the letting of the fifteen
per cent contracts on government buildings
granite. The principle on which they were
awarded is the same—the call for bids be-
ing misleading, enabling the contractors to
secure contracts apparently unprofitable
but which as soon as awarded were made
enormously profitable by action of govern-
ment officials. But the granite contracts
were much greater in amount, were more
profitable, and the swindle involved was
much plainer and more monstrous. Why
did the papers pass over the granite ring
swindle in silence and become so indignant
over the New York swindle? Is Demo-
cratic rascality really so much worse than
Republican rascality?

THE ANNALS OF THE TOWN OF CAMDEN, ME.

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

Chapter XIX.

The municipal affairs of the town, though
not onerous, dragged their slow length
along during the summer of 1798, until the
month of October of the same year, when
another meeting was held and the subject
of the bridge across the Megunticook
stream absorbed nearly the whole time.
Roads and bridges are always a very bone
of contention in all towns, and Camden
never has been an exception down to the
present time. It was not denied, I believe,
but that Mr. McGrathry, the contractor,
had completed the bridge according to
agreement, and there was no valid reason
why he should not be paid; and from what
information I have received from old set-
tlers, great injustice was done to Mr. Mc-
Grathry in withholding the sum due him
for his labor. He was a man of consid-
erable executive ability, honest, industrious,
but extremely sensitive and of few words.
These characteristics of the man were
given to me, a few years since, by a gentle-
man of his acquaintance, who knew him
well after his removal to Frankfort. He
was a great loss to Camden in her infancy,
and a valuable accession to the settlers at
Frankfort at that period. He was undoubt-
edly better appreciated by his new neigh-
bors than he was by the people of Camden,
for he became eminent in that locality, and
was a leader among the citizens of that
ancient town. There were many here who
highly esteemed him for his many good
qualities and usefulness as a citizen, and
would have been glad to have retained him
among them, but he had a predilection for
a home farther up the Penobscot, and left,
to the sincere regret of every good citizen
of Camden. The subject of the bridge was
duly considered at the meeting in October.
After the leaders had sufficiently aired

consider such a project an ideal one, im-
practicable, if not impossible. The road
from Camden to Thomaston many years
before this period was very good. The
roads in the limits of this town, from the
village to the interior, were mere "bridle
paths," and horseback riding was resorted
to by both sexes, and they became so inured
to it that they were loth to give it up, even
after the roads were passable for carriages.
They became experts in this mode of travel-
ing, and much preferred it to sitting at
their ease in their carriages, after the roads
had become quite smooth. And yet we are
told by a professed historian, that there
were but three or four miles of roads within
the town of Camden at the time of its incor-
poration in 1791. How such a gross mis-
take should occur, I cannot conceive. It
must be either through carelessness or igno-
rance, and the reader of these annals may
take which horn of the dilemma he pleases.
It is my business to state facts, and leave to
others who detect any errors in any state-
ments I may make to correct them. I am
open to criticism, and make no claim to
infallibility.

The settlers of Camden were jealous of
their rights, and hence took early measures
to secure them. They had purchased lands
of the early proprietors, but were fearful
that the limits of the same were not well
defined. They accordingly appointed Nathaniel
Palmer, esq., their agent to petition
the "Honorable General Court" to con-
firm their titles and define their limits. I
am indebted to my kind friend Dr. Pratt
for a copy of the following petition alluded
to above:

To the Honorable General Court, the
Honorable Senate and House of Repre-
sentatives! I, your Petitioner, being an
Agent appointed and chosen by a Number
of inhabitants, Settlers at a place called
Megunticook, in the year 1782, and others,
many years before that time, Relying and
Depending entirely on the Resolves of the
Honorable Court, passed the 19th of April,
in the year 1785, which Act plainly specify-
ing, that all the settlers are to be respected
in the "Possessions being settled before that
date," agreeable to the after Resolve of the
Court, as was Resolved by all the Eastern
members and settlers of said Land—And as
an Agent, humbly Pray your honors to con-
firm these settlers in their Possessions
agreeable to said Resolve, and I, your
Petitioner, shall as in duty, ever Pray,
(1789.) (Signed) NATHANIEL PALMER.

This is a copy of Mr. Palmer's petition
verbatim et literatim; hence it is written in
the style of that day, and the reader will
notice that the orthography and syntax of
the composition is somewhat at variance
with that of the present day. Mr. Palmer
was a man of much energy of character,
and was esteemed for his many virtues.
His neighbors placed implicit confidence in
his integrity, and his ability to discharge
any duties which they might see fit to place
under his control. Hence, when the set-
tlers deemed it advisable to appoint an
agent to assist them in defining the bound-
aries of their lands, and see to the legality
of their claims to their property, they chose
him as their agent. And most faithfully
did he fulfill the duties which devolved upon
him. Of course there was no record kept
of the proceedings, which were of a private
nature, but I am told by the old settlers
that he accomplished all that was required
of him in a satisfactory manner, and they
and their descendants have held their
possessions in peaceful quietness until the
present day.

In the infancy of the town, and before the
wheels of their government could roll
smoothly on their axles, much was to be

It is often remarked that the aged people
in Waldoboro, those who by a long life of
exemplary conduct have become landmarks
or examples of worthy, honest, upright cit-
izens, usually pass away in the Winter sea-
son. Of such was Thomas J. Simmons
who died December 26. Mr. Simmons has
always led a quiet, unostentatious life.
But his faithful industry, sterling integrity,
and quiet readiness to support right and
oppose wrong, gave him an honored place in
the respect and esteem of his towns-people,
who feel that God has taken from their midst
one of his noblest works, "an honest man."
How solemnly fitting that such a life should
come peacefully to an end, amid the closing
scenes of the year, at his own happy home,
surrounded by loving hearts, quick to antici-
pate his every wish or want, and loving
hands deftly ready to smooth the way to the
bank of that dark river over which all must
pass alone.
A NEIGHBOR.

Waldoboro, December 27.

FRUIT OF THE PRESS

A Michigan woman on recovering from a
fit discovered her husband kissing the ser-
vant girl. He explained that he was driven
crazy by anxiety about his wife, and she
took one contemptuous look at the servant
girl, and said she believed him. But she
hasn't had a fit since.

General Sherman's retirement from the
army lends timely interest to the frontis-
piece of the January Century, and is evi-
dence to the eyes that General Sherman has
been retired by law before his bodily and
mental powers have even begun to decline.
His life, his character, and his services to
the country are discussed by E. V. Smalley
in a fresh and authoritative paper, which
contains several good anecdotes. General
Grant has assisted in making the paper
exact and valuable with reference to war
history by giving important information and
by reading the proofs. Buy Century at the
Opinion Store.

Vick's Floral Guide is here again, bright-
er and better than ever; the cover alone,
with its delicate tinted background and its
dish of gracefully arranged flowers, would
entitle it to a permanent place in every
home. The book contains three beautiful
colored plates, is full of illustrations,
printed on the best of paper, and is filled
with just such information as is required by
the gardener, the farmer, those growing
plants, and every one needing seeds or
plants. The price, only ten cents, can be
deducted from the first order sent for goods.
All parties any way interested in this sub-
ject should send at once to James Vick,
Rochester, N. Y., for the Floral Guide.

MENTIONINGS

It is said the new postal order is not popu-
lar, and it ought not to be. Give us the
old scrip and with this, for fractional parts
of a dollar, the old postal order is good
enough. The much abused postal scrip
was the best small change ever invented,
and we wish we had it now, in connection
with silver, or without it.—Gardiner Jour-
nal.

The Washington correspondent of the Bos-
ton Advertiser has been looking over the
biographies of the members of Congress, as
prepared by themselves for publication in
the Congressional Directory, and naturally
finds therein material for a very entertain-
ing and interesting letter. One of his dis-
coveries is this: Mr. Boutelle, a new and
unknown member, notably takes up for
his autobiography more space than any of
the other 325, except Keifer and Mackay.
Messrs. Keifer and Boutelle speak in detail
of their gallant conduct in the war, while
Gen. Slocum, the great corps commander,
contents himself with the brief announce-
ment: "Served in the Union Army; was
a major-general in 1862."

Everybody is wondering what Governor
Robinson will do, as soon as he comes into
power, in relation to the Marshes and ex-
-Warden Earle, and no person is more anx-
-ious to know than General Pratt.

Rockland Opinion January 4, 1884 p. 1

nd whoever holds the long piece is from getting up to build fires in ing.

l Economy—"Didn't I tell you t me catch you in a lie?" said a to his son. "Yes, sir." "But I caught you in one." "Yes, sir." y did you let me?" "Because I his lie to keep you from catchin' others that I told." "Oh, I see; economy. Persevere and you will tain a position of public trust."

the curious and amusing typo- errors which creep into news- despite the diligence of even the -eyed proofreader, appears in a isco paper, which meant to say e Thomas exchanged benches o Scott yesterday," but the cruel le it read, "Judge Thomas ex- recches with Judge Scott yester-

ange says ex-Senator McDowald olin "is very fond of driving our m." This explicitness is very We might have supposed ho f driving out with a turkey gob- lersy bull, or a grand piano.— dvertiser. It was necessary to with a team," in order to head off ous paragoner from inquiring, iving whom out?"

reely, although he "took the as once sought to be victimized li-worn "dropped pocket-book" e man who picked up the book, th bogus money, right at Mr. et, was compelled to go out of diately to his sick wife, and loan of \$50 in advance of the ich would surely be offered, it y would keep the book. Mr. ented, and only saved himself he money out of the book. The nstrated. "It will not do to money," he said; "you had bet- \$50 out of your own pocket." soul, my friend," exclaimed the lorage. "I never carried as y as that with me in my life!" y patiently snatched the book out eley's hands and hurriedly left sick wife.

's authorities having averred id dry atmosphere cold is not ly felt at 36 degrees below zero zero in the humid air of Great d that building operations are all the Winter in Manitoba, a he Kansas City Times says: nometer at 2 degrees below int in England causes far more than when it is 62 degrees below t; and, in fact, the lower the r goes the less is the cold felt, the extraordinary quantity of the air. It is no uncommon itoba, when the mercury reg- gers or 60 degrees below zero, ers walking about in bare feet irt sleeves rolled up, enjoying t extent the ozone in the atmos- instead of building operations ended in Winter, it is a remark- it as the cold increases building uses, and the mortar becomes so nder it a work of considerable r the bricklayers to spread it in December and January, when oughing is finished, the settlers ily in the habit of allowing the ut in the evening, while they on the porches in the warm ight and listen to the delight- g of the nightingale in the woods."

their eloquence, a vote was taken, and the town voted "to pay the balance due William McGlathry, esq., for the building of the bridge across the Megunticook river, at the Harbor, providing he will give a full discharge to the town."—Town Records, p. 79. I have been informed, recently, that Mr. McGlathry did not comply with the vote of the town at the time, and whether he ever did, no one living knows. It is certain that the difficulty was never amicably settled, and was the prime cause of his removal from the place. There was great dissatisfaction among the people in regard to the location of the bridge, and the laying out of the road by the Selectmen in a curve, when it could much more easily have been made on a straight line, as it is now traveled through the center of the village. Accordingly, it was soon changed, a new bridge was built above, and the road straightened. The first bridge was thrown across the stream where the present one is, in 1795 or 1796, as I have been informed by good authority. The present year, the owners of property bordering on the western side of the road contended that their rights were invaded and the county commissioners were called upon to define the lines of the road, which they did accordingly, and let the penalty be inflicted on those, as of yore, who "removes the ancient landmarks."

At an early date, when the shores along the Penobscot bay and river began to be settled, a road was laid out from Thomaston to Bangor along the shore, and with little variation precisely as now traveled, as will appear by the following petition:

To the Senate & House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to be commenced at Boston on the last Wednesday of May, 1806. The undersigned, your Petitioners, humbly represent, that the Road from Camden to Bangor is now, for a large share of the distance, altogether impassable for carriages, although the County will admit of a good Road the whole distance. Your Petitioners therefore Pray, that they, with such others as may associate with them, may be incorporated into a "Turnpike Company," to make and maintain a Turnpike Road from Camden Harbor to "Condon's Keag Stream," in Bangor, and as in duty bound will ever Pray. (Signed.) Daniel Livermore, Eph'm Grant, Alexander Milliken, John McGlathry, Archibald Jones, William McGlathry, Waldo Pierce, William Crosby, Francis Anderson, James Nesmith.

Whether the prayer of this petition was answered, I cannot say, for among all my researches I have never found any allusion to the subject whatever, and for the foregoing information I am indebted to J. F. Pratt, M. D., of Chelsea, Mass., whose reputation as a scholarly gentleman and a gatherer of statistics among musty tomes, is well known in Maine. I presume but little notice was taken of the petition, although the petitioners were men of undoubted responsibility, and the most conspicuous actors in the drama of life of their day and generation. Even we of this enlightened and progressive age, would

executive ability, economical habits, and a patriotic devotion to the public welfare. They had lived so far from their mother, the "Old Bay State," that she had received but very little attention, and her fostering arms were intercepted by the cold body of a stranger, which introduced itself between the mother and her child, the "Granite State." The larger number of immigrants who came into Camden, were young men from the olden states, principally from New Hampshire and Massachusetts. They had been nurtured in the habits and customs of the old Puritanical stock, and were deeply imbued with the same religious principles and strict integrity of their fathers, especially those who came from the neighborhood of the "Plymouth Colony." Hence, in forming a code of laws for their municipal government, there was a rigidity about them which the more liberal minded among them could not brook, and consequently there was much contention among them when an attempt was made to engraft on their simple rules and regulations any of the "iron-clad" special laws of the old Puritan stock under which they had lived from childhood up. They had a perfect contempt and inveterate hatred for anything English, and though our statute laws were founded upon the common law of England, nothing was permitted to be engrafted on their local laws that would recall to their minds the wrongs which they had suffered from that people. It would amuse the reader to copy a few of the "side-splitting" rules and regulations which a few illiberal minds attempted to force upon the people, but I have neither time nor inclination to do so. I can however assure the reader that nothing which smacked of the English, or any law other than that of the common law, ever received the countenance of the people of Camden. There were "enactments" by towns as early as 1667 for the prevention of one town burthening another town with her poor. I believe it originated in the town of Scituate, and it was adopted subsequently by the most of the towns in Massachusetts, and from thence it was introduced into Maine by the settlers who came from the "Old Colony." I will transcribe a copy of said law as adopted by the old Puritan stock of the town of Scituate in 1667, just to show the present generation how their forefathers promulgated their edicts. There was not much of English flavor about this enactment, nor did it partake of any of the spirit of the especial laws of the old country, as "our historian" would have us believe, but is perfectly American in all its features, and has much of the New Englander, displayed in looking after their own selfish interests. The town did enact, "that if any person should entertain any stranger, after being admonished by a committee chosen for such purpose, he should pay 10 shillings for each week." The preamble of this law runs thus: "Whereas, some persons out of their own sinister ends, and by respects, have too aptly been harborers or entertainers of

Marshes are restored to their old positions at Tewksbury and Warden Ushor is removed from the State Prison and superseded by his predecessor, Earle, who was removed by Governor Butler on account of his alleged cruel treatment of prisoners, Mr. Robinson will call down upon himself and the Republican party of the State the anathemas of more voters than supported Governor Butler in the late election, and if he lets things remain as they are at those two institutions—and it seems there is no fault to be found with their present management—he will acknowledge Governor Butler as a reformer.—New York Herald.

Letters from Alaska to parties in San Francisco, give the particulars of the volcanic disturbances there in October last, near entrance to Cook's inlet. On the morning of the 6th of October a settlement of fishermen on English bay heard a heavy report and immediately immense volumes of smoke and flame were seen to burst from the summit of Mount Augustine. The sky became obscured and a few hours later great quantities of pumice dust began to fall. At 3:30 o'clock the same day an earthquake wave thirty feet high rushed over the hamlet sweeping away all the boats and deluging houses. The tide being low saved the settlement from destruction. Pumice ashes fell to a depth of five inches, making the day so dark lamps had to be lighted. After the disturbances had subsided it was found that the mountain had been split in two from base to summit, and that the northern slope had fallen to the level of surrounding cliffs. Simultaneously with the eruption a new island made its appearance in the passage between Charnabourra Island and mainland. It was 75 feet high and a mile and a half long. So violent was the volcanic action that two extinct volcanoes on the peninsula of Alaska, lying to westward of the active volcano, Liainua, 2,000 feet high, burst into activity and emitted immense volumes of smoke and dust.

BEST BAKING POWDER

INTERESTING TESTS MADE BY THE GOVERNMENT CHEMIST.

Dr. Edward G. Love, the present Analytical Chemist for the Government, has recently made some interesting experiments as to the comparative value of baking powders. Dr. Love's tests were made to determine what brands are the most economical to use, and as their capacity lies in their leavening power, tests were directed solely to ascertain the available gas of each powder. Dr. Love's report gives the following:

Name of the Baking Powders.	Strength Cubic Inches Gas per each ounce of Powder.
"Royal" (cream tartar powder).....	127.4
"Patapaco" (alum powder).....	125.2
"Rumford's" (phosphate) fresh.....	123.5
"Rumford's" (phosphate) old.....	82.7*
"Hanford's None Such," fresh.....	84.35
"Hanford's None Such," old.....	121.8
"Redhead's".....	117.0
"Charm" (alum powder).....	116.9*
"Amazon" (alum powder).....	111.9*
"Cleveland's" (short weight 1/2 oz.).....	110.8
"Sea Foam".....	107.9
"Coca".....	102.6
"Dr. Price's".....	102.6
"Snow Flake" (Groll's, St. Paul).....	101.84
"Lewis's" Condensed.....	98.2
"Congress" yeast.....	97.5
"O. K. Andrews & Co.'s" (contains alum).....	78.17*
"Hooker's".....	92.5
"Gillet's".....	84.2
"Bull".....	80.5

*In his report the Government Chemist says: "I regard all alum powders as very unwholesome. Phosphate and Tartaric Acid powders liberate their gas too freely in process of baking, or under varying climatic changes suffer deterioration."

Dr. H. A. Mott, the former Government Chemist, after a careful and elaborate examination of the various Baking Powders of commerce, reported to the Government in favor of the Royal brand.

Continuation Jan. 4, 1884

as Harrison; who was Texas regiment during the by the boys as the "Jim was soon after the war one of the districts of her his election he visited as in his district for the court, and on his arrival impaneled a jury convicted one and one negro. After hearing the evidence of counsel and charge of started down stairs to dict, the colored juror in the rear. Following the attorney for defendant. At the hearing of the attorney was asked by a light the case would be decided by the jury will be sent down the steps and upon looking around the man was missing. Upon seeing him making 2:40 of the brush. The and, after a vigorous was captured and Court and asked why he is reply was: "He had say if the man wasn't old be hung, and, as he, he didn't want to take

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

Chapter XX.

The first stock of goods brought into the town of Camden, and offered for sale, was conveyed thither by Robert Thorndike, the first settler at Goose River (now Rockport) in the year 1770. I have a record of his nativity now before me, recently obtained by one of his descendants. He was born in Beverly, Mass., but was a resident of Portland, Maine, at the time of his removal to Camden. He was owner and master of a little schooner, and made several trips to Camden, both from Beverly and after his removal to Portland. Had he decided to remove his family to this town, on his first two or three visits, he would have located at the harbor; but, on becoming better acquainted with this region, he chose the harbor of Goose River in preference to that of Camden. He acted wisely, we think, for no better is to be found on the coast of Maine, though not so easy of access as that at Camden proper, which opens directly from the bay of the Penobscot. But I did not intend in this chapter to give a description of this, but merely to close up what I intended to say of the first trader in Camden, Robert Thorndike, who was the first settler in this part of the town, and may be considered the father of the Goose River settlement, as James Richards was the first settler in Camden, and to him belongs the honor of being the father of the village at the Harbor. As I before stated in the commencement of these annals, Robert Thorndike came to this town in the month of July, 1769, and brought his family with him, consisting of a wife and seven children. Mr. Richards preceded him, with his family, by a few months. They both had been here before, and the one made choice of the harbor for a residence and the other preferred Goose River for his home. People have been accustomed to call the Harbor the oldest part of the town, but for what reason I know not. It is true that Mr. Richards came, with his family, about two months before Mr. Thorndike came, with his, but the latter brought with him seven children, which made quite a settlement. I have never been informed that Mr. Richards brought children with him to Camden, though he may have done so. But, be this as it may, these two had all this region to choose them a home in, and they did so satisfactorily to themselves, with no one to dispute their rights. Thorndike built him a log hut in the first place, as a temporary structure, in which to shelter himself and family, until he could erect a permanent building large enough to accommodate his growing family, as well as a convenient place, in which to do his business as a trader. He accordingly erected a frame house on the lot just below the old Methodist meeting house, by the river side, where the house of Andrew Morton now stands. Here he built a lime kiln, and burnt lime for many years. He also built another vessel for the conveyance, of his lime to the different markets in adjoining states, and brought back in return West India goods and groceries sufficient to supply the wants of the sparsely settled region with which he was surrounded. The oaks for the lime in those days were enormously large, and were not so easily handled as those of the present day. They have been lessening year by year since that time until they have become mere playthings to what they were when Capt. Thorndike with his little challop took his

The second log cabin at Goose River was built by Alexander McGlathry, on the west side of the river, near where Messrs. Carleton, Norwood & Co. are now building a large ship. How long it was after the first one was built on the east side by Thorndike, I am unable to say; but it was not long after. An old settler informs me the site where it stood was then called McGlathry's ship-yard, and a man by the name of Rood occupied it, when he was a boy, and well acquainted with the locality. I did not intend, when I commenced this chapter, to make a specialty of Rockport, but only to settle the matter as to whom the honor belonged of being the first trader in the town, and to correct a matter of history, which I have done from evidence which cannot successfully be disputed. But, as I have stopped upon its outskirts, I will ascend upon one of its elevated plateaus and take a cursory survey of this wild, romantic and thriving hamlet, until I can afford more time to scan its outlines more critically, and interview its citizens, and become better acquainted with the hopes, prospects and intentions of her industrious and thrifty people. The best location for one to take a panoramic view of this village is at the residence of Joseph H. Gould, esq., at the head of the harbor. From this point of elevation you have one of the most extensive views of as grand and picturesque scenery as ever presented itself to the human eye; and all is needed to display its many points of interest, and call the attention of every one who has an eye for the grand and imposing works of Nature, is for some one who possesses the eye of an artist, and sufficient descriptive powers, to grasp his pencil and paint in words of truth, life and beauty, the attractive scenery of this locality which hitherto has passed almost unnoticed by the "humdrum life" which her people have led. If the more intelligent of her population had only now and then divested themselves of a little of their greediness after the "almighty dollar," and not suffered the aspirations of their better nature to have mingled with the the smoke of their lime-kilns, and lost themselves in space, her population would have been more than double what it now is. If one-half the effort had been made by the people of the two villages in Camden to have made known to the outside world the beauties of nature which everywhere may be seen in their varied landscapes, and more especially in the inimitable attractions of her splendid bay, with its numerous islands, resting in quietness upon her bosom, they would have long since lined their shores with cottages and throngs of Summer visitors would yearly have resorted to their wooded banks, and laved their feet in the gently lapping waters of the Penobscot. Other localities of far less attractions on the coast of Maine, have outstripped us in the race, and we shall be left farther in the rear unless we wake up to our own interests, throw off the garment of selfishness, and do a little something to induce others to come in with us, and possess the land; for verily we have a goodly heritage, and Rockport has as good facilities for business and as an industrious population, as can be found in any village on the eastern shores of Maine. Let me look at her from my elevated retreat. At my right hand, looking towards the south, stretching along in the same direction, is Amesbury hill, with its attractive cottages, their white walls shimmering in the rays of the morning sun, while the ascent to them, by winding stairs up the rugged declivity, reminds the religiously inclined of

will meet Wednesday evenings at Pease's hall. The officers are as follows: C. T.—F. L. Davidson; V. T.—Rebecca Ripley; Secretary—A. H. Newbort; A. S.—Annie Hawkes; F. S.—John Pitman; Treasurer—Alonzo Hawkes; C.—Mary Ames; M.—Ralph Gushee; D. M.—Carrie Pease; I. G.—Elbridge Perry; O. G.—Elmer Peabody; R. H. S.—Georgia Page; L. H. S.—Mrs. V. A. Gushee; P. C. T.—U. S. Gushee.

HOPE.

A lodge of Good Templars was instituted at Hope Tuesday evening, January 1, by M. J. Dow of Brooks. There are twenty charter members. The officers are as follows: C. T.—J. H. Hobbs; V. T.—Fannie True; Secretary—Geo. N. True; A. S.—Caro Mansfield; F. S.—John Brown; Treasurer—Mrs. J. H. Hobbs; C.—A. S. Mansfield; M.—Josiah Hobbs; D. M.—Mars Bills; I. G.—Mary Waterman; O. G.—Sidney Kimball; R. H. S.—Jennie Coose; L. H. S.—Minnie Barnes; P. C. T.—Wm. Bartlett.

ROCKLAND.

Lewis M. Howes, esq., formerly a resident of this city, and at one time county attorney of Knox, is a member of the present Massachusetts house of representatives. He was born in Sidney.

MENTIONINGS

The butcher is mightier than the pen. The fourth of a man—A quarter-master.

The fools are not all dead yet—and are not all likely to die for some time; so the absurd old story about a reward for the person who collected a round million of postage stamps is still current, and the New York Tribune recently printed the yet more absurd story that a girl 8 years old had gathered the 1,000,000 and received the reward. We never could understand how folks could find so much fun in lying, for that is all it amounts to.

A party platform is not the place where one in search of sound doctrine is wont to go, but twenty-seven years since, in the famous Cincinnati platform of 1856, the Democrats resolved that "no more revenue ought to be raised than is required to defray the necessary expenses of the government and provide for the gradual, but certain, extinction of the public debt." The Democrats of 1884 can't improve upon that declaration.

"Every time I look at this china," said one of the physicians who visited the Pittsburg Homeopathic Hospital fair, "I think of how the girls have suffered. Lavender oil and turpentine are used in working on china. Everybody knows what turpentine is, and the odor of lavender oil is a combination of all that is vile. The fumes of these liquids in a close room amount to a poison that few girls can withstand. I know of a dozen young ladies who have almost become physical wrecks through the china craze, have lost their beauty and animation, and I will be glad when two daubs of paint on a tea cup will no longer be thought charming."

The state convention of colored men which is in session at Columbus has resolved to petition the Ohio Legislature to pass laws for the protection of colored men, and "to repeal all the old statutes against them." Is it possible that colored people are not not sufficiently protected in Ohio? Can a State which has held so much of the alleged virtue and actual offices of the Republican party have kept laws against the colored people on its statute book? It would be well if S. Romeo Reed, who is dancing about like a pea on a hot griddle, and filling the esteemed Commercial Gazette with wailings about mythical Southern outrages, would calm himself for a moment and tell why the Ohio Republicans haven't protected colored men.

Since Judge Kelley recanted his green-back principles to save his seat in Congress from his strong Republican district, we have heard nothing from him till lately, when he has made another

PARAGRAPHS

old her young man that carry him until he was he started out with a like it. "How are you" she asked at the ex- of months. "Well," ily, "I have saved \$22." or eyelashes and blush- I reckon that's near ve of Patagonia says it natives manage to live region where it freezes round. They go naked nothing but a few sticks a few skins and some the top of them, and says half full of water. animals they kill in the os they catch fish, but le of food is mussels, of dense quantities. They or and are a very low ss. ng mit dose shuit of elod- put 'em in tat oldt try- Uncle Sholomon, dey th eaten holes, and I ll 'em to rag man." Do you want to pank- s prudder? Mark 'em Summer Year," and it a vilteen tollar dag. Absolute you will ner your life off you toan't pizness brinciples in- you as young! You our uncle as grazy as a you sthudy his indorests story—as only he can ont of his first perform- gram" at Hlevyden, a ted about the mouth of in Cornwall. A theater leted at the place, and was attended by a huge , the majority of whom a theater before. The a the first two acts with- ith a silent and absorbed very gratifying in its ertain rose for the third g pickwielder stepped and, in the broadest resented the astonished of coppers. The audi- collection to buy Conn n this day," said an ex- and, "I have found is a list. Last Summer he obabilities. He said to an't been any small pox

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the probabilities. He said to
There hasn't been any small pox
ntry for three seasons. There's
small pox and plenty of it next
He had \$6,000. He rented a
re in Maryland, bought a drove
attle and geese, and began rai-
sation virus and quills. He raised
us. He has got two car loads of
a charged with it, and a good
of it stowed away in the loft of
Now he can't find any small pox
only got about \$100 left of his
he's spending that telegraphing
country to find some small pox
ned druggist."

BREED EDITORIAL MATTER

25 members of the present house
atives, 221 are lawyers. And
the usual proportion of that
found in legislative bodies gen-
in all parts of the world. The
prising lawyers as legislators, is
laws are formed in the interest
of that profession, till they have
avored class. The lawyers are
for this but the people ought
re the practice is leading, and

Sherwin, who was employed as
agent by Chandler and other
leaders, in 1876-77, to go to
nd there manage the schemes of
which the electoral vote of that
ocured for Hayes and Wheeler,
nt to state prison for two years
\$500, in a New York court, for
ries H. Phelps in his embezzle-
73. He is understood to have a
edge of all that was done by the
s, and to have been the author
the Republican dispatches which
Orton refused to make public,
were subsequently destroyed.
vin has been in jail an effort has
to enlist Mr. Tilden in his ben-
ndition that Sherwin should tel-
y of his work in Florida in 1876-
ilden declined, and Sherwin re-
eak on the subject.

finer Journal makes a pertinent
journalists to use Anglo Saxon
the place of the feeble Latinized
that are so common. We
to see a reform in this direction,
ought that perhaps it was none
ness what language is used by
other publications. But now
urnal has set the example of in-
we would respectfully call the
of the editor to a beastly habit
in common with many others,
prevailing to an undue extent.
next column to the article in
criticism referred to is made, we
urnal crediting an item to, "Col-
olorado exchange is meant, no
why not spell the words out,
the mangled appearance that
eviation gives to an article?
d compositors can afford the time
spell out the words they use,
e, and their failure to do so often
productions a shocking appear-
makes the reader tired.

what they were when Capt. Thorndike
with his little shallop took his first cargo of
lime from Goose River harbor, and sailed
gallantly away for Portland and a market.
How few realize at the present day the
anxiety felt by those who sailed away from
their solitary log cabins, leaving their wives
and children unprotected, uncertain of a
successful trip or what might befall their
lonely families in their absence. But both
men and women were made of sterner stuff
in those days, or the circumstances with
which they were surrounded when they
made their advent into the world made
them what they were. The world of
humanity is pretty much as man makes it;
it is for us to say whether our lives will
prove successful or otherwise. Capt.
Robert Thorndike, the first settler at Goose
River, was also the first man who brought
goods here for sale. I have made diligent
inquiry of the men and women now living
who were conversant with the scenes and
circumstances in those early days, and they
have invariably given Thorndike the prece-
dence, as the first merchant who established
a mart of trade in the town of Camden.
The traffic was very small outside of his
own business among his employees. He
did as many others have done up this way,
to the present time, who have engaged in
the business of burning lime. They have
kept a stock of goods on hand for their
own convenience, and for the payment of
those men whom they employed in the
prosecution of their business, and also for
those of their neighbors who stood in need
of the articles they must have for the sup-
ply of their families' necessities. But pack
"peddlers" were not considered traders in
those days, nor are they now. About the
time that Capt. Thorndike brought his
stock of goods to Camden and stored them
in an unfinished room of his house, or
directly afterwards, a couple of these pack
peddlers made their appearance in Cam-
den. One was an Irishman, by the name
of Durgin, the other's name was Ward.
The latter did not tarry here long enough
for the few settlers to learn his christian
name; he shouldered his pack and left for
parts unknown, and Durgin took his and
went to the Harbor, into a small building
which James Richards had prepared for
him on the site where Carleton, Pascal &
Co's store now stands, at the corner of
Elm street and Market square. He kept
but a few articles for sale at first, but as
new settlers came into the town he increased
his stock and kept pace with the demands,
until he built up quite a large business for
the place and times, and he had accumu-
lated a sufficient surplus to enable him to
return to his own country, the "Green
Emerald Isle." He had been in Camden
about eight or ten years when he left the
town for good. Thus Robert Thorndike
was the first trader at Goose River and
John Durgin the first one at Camden Har-
bor; Thorndike preceding Durgin by sev-
eral years as a citizen and trader in what is
now the town of Camden, "of happy mem-
ory."

clivity, reminds the religiously inclined of
the ladder which Jacob saw in his dream,
while angels descended and ascended upon
it. At the base, the road leading to Rock-
land winds along gracefully, the whole
extent of the village, until we reach the
extensive shipyard of Carleton, Norwood &
Co., and the incessant clattering of the car-
penters' tools upon the ship of over two
thousand tons burthen, which is now in
process of building, falls harmoniously
upon the ears of the passing traveller.
From this point, travelling north towards
the bridge which spans the stream, are me-
chanic shops of all descriptions, including
steam power, and lime kilns, sending up
their wreaths of smoke as black as Erebus,
until it loses itself in the pure atmosphere
which is ever sweeping over the elevated
hills in the rear, or wafted up the harbor
from the murmuring waters of the bay. On
turning towards the east, I discover numer-
ous pleasure yachts dancing upon the
waters of the pool, and further on, by the
river side, are the lines of ice-houses, som-
bre and forbidding, with no windows to
admit a ray of light, but which contain the
frozen fluid, to cool the parched tongues of
the denizens of a torrid climate; and here lie
the ships ready to convey it to any part of
the world where there is any demand for it.
There are cozy cottages all along the east-
ern side of the harbor, streets intersecting
each other in different directions, until you
reach the residence of the late Jeremiah
McIntire, who was a man every inch of him
when living, and whose usefulness as a citi-
zen was highly appreciated by those who
knew him; and his memory will be kept
fresh and green by them till time shall be
no more. At the entrance to Rockport
harbor is Indian Island light, whose twink-
ling beacon guides the mariner to his des-
tined port. This lighthouse was erected by
an act of Congress in the year 1850. It is
known by several names, viz.: Beauchamp
Point light; McIntire's Point light; and
Indian Island light—the latter of which
names is the correct one, and that by which
it is called and recognized by the Light-
house Board of Inspectors. The first light
keeper was Silas Pipet, and he was suc-
ceeded in 1853 by William McLaughlin;
then Richard Grinnel was appointed in
1857. After a few years the light was dis-
continued for some years, and then relighted,
when the present keeper was appointed.
The island is small, and is but a continua-
tion of McIntire's point; you can pass over
the bar at low water dry shod, for in 1857,
when Grinnel was appointed keeper, to suc-
ceed McLaughlin, Judge Bass and myself
were appointed by the collector of customs
at Portland to take an account of stock, and
pass the property over to Richard Grinnel,
which we did; and we passed over from the
mainland to the island, without difficulty ex-
cept. The island took its name in early
times, from the frequent visits of the In-
dians. They made it their camping place
for many years, and it has always retained
the name given to it by the first settlers,
viz., Indian Island. In scanning the scene

have heard nothing from him till lately,
when he has made another flop over from
his position in favor of bi-metalism to mono-
metalism. He is now in favor of stopping
the coinage of silver for the reason, he says,
that he heard a member of the British parli-
ament say that he worried for fear America
would stop the coinage of silver. He says
he then came right home and made up his
mind to let silver slide. The fun of his
excuse is that it is the same argument
which the opponents of silver have been
using for years, while he has been arguing
that there is no such thing as money of the
world and stigmatizing the opponents of
silver as money bags; The poor old man,
for the sake of holding his seat in Congress
during the remainder of his life, thus
whiffles around, unmindful of ridicule alike
from political friends and foes.—*Belfast
Age.*

The fact that a Southern member was
made Chairman of the House Committee
on Pensions has been seized upon as a
basis for criticism of Speaker Carlisle on
the ground that the subject of pensions for
Union soldiers ought not to have been
placed in Southern hands. The truth is
that the Pensions Committee has nothing
whatever to do with anything appertaining
to the late war, as the rules show. The
House rules provide that everything relat-
ing to pensions of the civil war shall go to
the Committee on Invalid Pensions, and
that to the Committee on Pensions shall go
all pension matters arising from "the wars
of the United States other than the civil
war." The committee which has entire
jurisdiction over pensions of the civil war
has for its chairman Mr. Matson of Indiana,
a Union soldier, who won his way up from
a private to the rank of Colonel by gallant
service in the field. Speaking to a re-
porter to-day, Mr. Matson said he believed
that a majority of his committee served in
the Union army during the war. The only
members from the South upon the commit-
tee are Mr. Houk of Tennessee, who was a
Colonel in the Union army, and Mr. John
S. Wise of Virginia. Mr. Ryan of Mis-
souri, who has a fine record as a Union
soldier, is also a member of the committee.
Aside from these three, and with the ex-
ception of one member from California, the
committee is composed of Northern men.

Smiley, of the Portland Advertiser, has
found the key to one trait in the character
of one of our statesmen. Following is an
extract from his Washington letter: "I
see," said Senator Frye, "that a local paper,
in a very complimentary notice, sets me
down as a poor man, not worth over twenty-
five thousand dollars." ("That's too much,"
said Mrs. Frye.) "But the fellow who
wrote that does not know the reason I am
so poor. It came about in this wise. I
was brought up in a Quaker family, and
when, in my boyhood, I got a chance to go
up to Boston, my Quaker grandfather gave
me five dollars to spend. I did not know
any boys in Boston, and I could think of
no way to have five dollars' worth of fun
without boys. So I kept the money in my
pocket. When I got home my grandfather
asked me how I spent the five dollars, and
I, with the air of one who had done a vir-
tuous action, said, 'I did not spend it at all
grandfather; I saved it, and have it in my
pocket.' Whereupon my grandfather said,
'You may give me back the money, Wil-
liam; I gave you the money to spend at
Boston.' Ever since that," said the Sen-
ator, "I have known better than to save
money." It appears that the Senator is
spending his money for fear that his ances-
tors, from whom he inherited it, will come
back and claim it. He doesn't believe
there are any Fryes so dead but what they
will return to claim any loose cash that
may be lying around.

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PECULIAR PARAGRAPHS

"Wish your hair cut like mine, sir," glibly asked the red-headed barber of an innocent-looking customer. "No, I thank you; not that color," was the slowly spoken reply.

The New York Christian Witness published the ten commandments recently, and now Texas papers are reprinting them under the head-line of "Pearls of thought," credited to the Witness.

Some of the doctors think they will soon be able to safely open a patient's head to examine his brain. It will be a great joke on the doctors when they come to open the head of a protectionist.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Mr. Jones—"I wonder why in the world Congress doesn't do something at once to stamp out polygamy?" Mrs. Jones—"Because Congress is composed of men, and men don't know anything. I could kill polygamy with one blow." Mr. Jones—"Oh, indeed; and how would you do it?" Mrs. Jones—"I would go to Salt Lake city and start a millinery store there."

A member of a Kentucky church offered the Ladies' Aid society \$50 if its members would meet and make a quilt without saying a word. Two dozen of the ladies met at the parsonage, and everything was going on swimmingly, and the quilt was almost completed, when one of them smashed the whole business by inquiring: "I wonder what made him think we couldn't do it?"

It will be pretty hard to convince some persons that the world is growing better, when they are informed that the dolls brought out this year sing, "Wait till the Clouds Roll By, Jennie." A Western mob of masked men, are now on their way East, looking for the inventor of this doll. They want to reason with him before he invents a doll that will cry for paregoric at midnight.

"I wish, mamma," said little Johnnie Fizzletop, "that I lived in South Africa." "Why, my son, do you wish you lived in South Africa?" "Why, the mammas down there don't wear any slippers, you know." "Yes, my son, but you must also remember that the little boys in South Africa don't wear any pants, either." "That's so," said Johnnie; "it's queer I never thought anything about that."

A deaf old fellow charged with stealing a hog was arraigned before a court. The jury, without leaving the box, returned a verdict of guilty. "Old man," said his lawyer, "the jury says you are guilty." "Hay?" "The jury says you are guilty," shouting in his ear. "In what degree?" "There are no degrees in a stealing case." "Hay?" "There are no degrees." "Guilty all over, am I?" "Yes." "Hay?" "Yes," yelling at the top of his voice. "Well, that's what I told you at first, but you said you could clear me. Wish now that I had got the Judge to defend me. Will get him next time."

A Buffalo physician astonished his professional brethren the other day. After one doctor had pronounced a child ill with hydrophobia, creating thereby a great scare in the neighborhood, another member of the fraternity found that his brother medico had been barking up the wrong tree, and put the child out of misery by telling him that unless he quit his actions he would get a good whipping. Instantly the child assumed his normal condition, and with the exception of a slight cough, which was

THE ANNALS OF THE TOWN OF CAMDEN, ME.

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

Chapter XXI.

On entering Rockport village, as you pass along in a northeasterly direction, the first object which meets your eye, is the Hoboken schoolhouse, a modern structure of fine appearance, spacious enough for the wants of the district, and always kept exquisitely neat. This speaks well for the people of the district, as well as for the youth who gather there to fit themselves for a useful and happy life. Presently you reach the bridge which spans the Goose river stream; and enter upon the main business street of the village. On your left you see a large, sombre looking block of two stories in height, used for stores and dwellings, but has more of the appearance of some dreary prison house or Bastile, where dangerous prisoners are kept for security, to prevent them injuring themselves or others. It was built many years ago by Dr. Joseph Huse, a popular physician of this town, whose foresight did not extend much beyond his nose, and in his wildest dreams never imagined that the village of Rockport would, in a few years, extend her borders for miles, and enclose an area of land sufficient for a populous city. Ere many years shall have been swallowed up in the vortex of time, the municipal authorities will be under the necessity of ordering its removal to widen the street, and to erect a more imposing structure in its rear. On winding around this dreary-looking building, the eye rests upon a handsome and a more imposing block of brick buildings, and the contrast is so great that it almost makes us forget the architecture of the dark ages of the one, and cause us to pause and view the neat and modern style of the other. This block is three stories in height, and spacious enough to convene the large business transacted by Carleton, Norwood & Co. and their sons, and for a spacious hall for the accommodation of the town, called Union hall. The next block was built by the late Alexander Martin, who for many years was postmaster at Rockport, and never did the citizens of that village have a more faithful and honest public servant. In the second story is the residence of Edward A. Martin, who does an extensive business in the grocery line, and in the third story, St. Paul's lodge Free and Accepted Masons hold their regular meetings. Talbot, Rust & Gould occupy the next store, and there you will find one of the most extensive stocks of merchandise kept in Knox county, of all kinds and description; from a cargo of ice at their wharves, to the finest lumber for the architect's use; from an iron kettle to a terra cotta service for a gentleman's table; and from the finest fabric to the coarsest material for the use of the laborer. In this block is also the Sayings Bank, an institution of which Camden is justly proud. It

of traffic, her hives of industry, and more especially take a view of that splendid ship which I see looming up in the distance on the stocks, for I have a fancy for a trim ship, well modelled, with a good cutwater, a clean run, and which leaves no dead-water in her wake. We will now turn to the right, and plod our way along the shore road to the Harbor, and take a bird's-eye view of a locality with which the fathers and mothers of Camden were better acquainted than were their children, or any subsequent generation possibly can be. In passing along eastward from my point of observation, which was in front of the residence of Dr. H. B. Eaton, we wind around a long line of cottages on the right and the residences of the late Alexander Pascal, David Talbot and N. T. Talbot on the left, when we come to J. H. Gould's, where I am no stranger; but I must hurry on or I shall never arrive at my journey's end. I have already alluded to the road which leads to McIntire's point, which contains several residences, viz: the homestead of the late Jeremiah McIntire, now owned by his daughter, Mrs. Page, Capt. John McIntire's and William Rollins's, which was built many years since, and then comes what is called the Rollins farm, situated on the bay, east of the McIntire farm, and owned by the Shepard family, upon which is a lime quarry. On returning to the main road "Tupper's bluff" stands out bold and defiant, which serves as a land-mark for perpetual remembrance for the line of the road, as it winds around from the east to a southwesterly direction to the village of Rockport. We then come to the estate of the late Daniel Barrott, who came from Concord, Mass., I think, in the early settlement of the town. He was a man of great energy, of sterling integrity and great natural ability, and he left the impression of his genius as an engineer in the construction of the turnpike by the mountain side between this town and Lincolnville, which the "tooth of time" can never erase. But more of this Nature's nobleman hereafter. Adjoining this estate, is what was formerly called the Trott place, consisting of about twenty acres, now owned by Dr. H. B. Eaton. The town should purchase this for a park. I know of no place in Camden so well adapted for this purpose. It is about half way between the two villages, extends from the main road to the bay, along which stretches a fine gravelly beach, from which the visitor would have as fine a view of the bay, and the adjacent islands as from any point along the shore. It is a perfectly level plat of ground, and one can sit in his carriage and drive over every acre of it. We have now reached the land of the Huguenots, who came hither from Quebec, and settled upon this farm when Camden was unknown to the outside world, and the white man was as seldom seen as the dusky sons of the forest; are now seen in our streets. Oliver Andrews now owns about fifty acres of the original estate, but the name of Ogier's hill, which is now owned and occupied by the descendants of the original settler, will be known and remembered as long as the pendulum of the clock of time shall vibrate. I shall not now climb this hill, but leave the task for another chapter, for I see "Stonyhurst" above me, the fine Summer residence of Mr. Alfred M. Judson of New York, and on whom I must first call and pay my respects. This is not my first visit to this spot. About forty years ago, when a resident of "East Thomaston," Col. Long, of the U. S. Topographical Engineers, came to that place to make a preliminary survey of that harbor

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well ever since. The case was one of sim-
ultation, induced by the talk of the neigh-
bors, and so pounded into the head of the
lad that he began to show signs of the
malady.

DEFERRED EDITORIAL MATTER

Laboring men should stand by the men
politically who stand by them practically.
From this point of view, Ex-governor But-
ler of Massachusetts deserves well of them.
During his administration he gave the
position of Railroad Commissioner to an
engine driver, while in every other state
where there is such an office it is given to
some politician. In this state, during the
past year, the position was given to a law-
yer, who had no practical acquaintance
with railroading, and no other qualification
than his services to "the party." Working-
men will consider these things, and they
ought to do so.

A number of Southern members of Con-
gress recently gave their views about one
thing and another to a New York Herald
reporter, who printed them. "We are in
the happy position," said Senator Pugh, of
Alabama, "of not being followers of any
man whose failure to get the nomination
will distress us in the least. No, the South
has no candidate, and is not concerned as
to who is going to be the candidate. It will
simply support the nominee of the Demo-
cratic Convention." We do not like the
spirit of the above at all. Why is not the
South "concerned" about the matters as
much as the North? Does Senator Pugh
consider the South as out of the Union, or
as being under some political ban, as do
the Republicans? We think the country
has seen enough of sectionalism, and if the
South has good men for candidates for
president or vice president, or both, let
'em out and give 'em a show with the rest.
There is one Southern man whom we
would really like to see nominated; it is
Hon. John H. Reagan of Texas, the author
of the interstate commerce bill.

The system of "unbalanced bids," as
practiced in the letting of contracts in New
York, has recently been "exposed" by cer-
tain political newspapers, and denounced
as a swindle. But Commissioner Thomp-
son, of the board of public works of that
city, in an exhaustive review of the subject,
shows that it does not follow because a bid
is "unbalanced," that it is necessarily frau-
dent. Indeed, in his department, he shows
conclusively that there has been no fraud,
nor even unfairness; and that the contracts
as executed came within one per cent of
the estimates, which is surely a good rec-
ord, and one precluding the possibility of
fraud. But the Boston Herald calls atten-
tion to the fact that the system of "un-
balanced bids" has been in vogue in fur-
nishing supplies for the United States navy
for many years, and under circumstances
which make it apparent that it is done to
allow the contractors to rob government.
Schedules of the articles wanted are sent
out, and those who understand the game
make very low bids on the articles of
which only a few are wanted. The lowest
average secures the contract. It would be
an easy matter to break up the evil by
dividing the articles of the schedule and
accepting the lowest bid for each, but this
has never been accomplished. The atten-
tion of our Republican contemporaries that
have had so much to say about the "corrup-
tion" existing in New York in the letting
of contracts, on this average system, is
respectfully invited to this statement of the
Herald as to the manner of doing business
in the navy department.

have access to its vaults. The Carleton Ice
company occupy the northern store in this
block. They are men of probity, under-
stand their business, and are of good repute
wherever they are known. The postoffice
is on the western side of the street, directly
opposite this fine block. Up the street,
but a few rods distant, stands the Carleton
house, the only public house in Rockport.
It was erected by the Carletons a few years
since, is of modern style, and a gem of its
kind, and is well and finely furnished
throughout. Mr. Herbert Lovejoy of Rock-
land is the present landlord. He has re-
cently taken the house, and has made a
good impression upon the people. After
its various fortunes, since it was opened, I
trust it is now settled upon a permanent
basis, and in all subsequent time its portals
will be thronged with guests and be a
source of revenue to its enterprising prop-
rietors, and afford a good living to the
landlord, while he labors faithfully to serve
his patrons. At this point, three roads
branch off in different directions. The
center one leads to the celebrated Lilly
pond, which yields so much ice, clear as
crystal, and is known to all men in every
section of our country where the torrid sun
pours down its burning rays upon the de-
voted heads of those who venture beneath
its vertical beams. If this sheet of water,
which we modestly call a pond, was situ-
ated within Queen Victoria's dominions,
the inflated Englishmen would think it to
be an enormous lake. Here it lies, enclosed
in its basin. How peaceful it looks! In
the Summer season, its clear, limpid waters
sleep as quietly within its verdant banks as
a babe in its mother's arms, while the
numerous lilies, which float upon its bor-
ders, open their petals to the morning sun
and scatter their exquisite odor. But they
do not "waste their sweetness upon the
desert air," for scoops of young men and
maidens, with their baskets, resort to this
exquisite little lake, gather those drooping
plants of nature, and their baskets heaped
to repletion, hie away, the maidens to the
abodes of Summer visitors, and the young
men to the various steamers on their ar-
rival, where they are sure to find a ready
sale, and replenish their empty purses.
But now the fickle winds of Winter are
sweeping down the mountains, and con-
gealing the limpid waters of the lake into a
solid substance, and the stalwart laborers,
with the aid of their plows and their saws,
have converted the waters of the lake into
blocks of granite, and the faithful horses
have conveyed them to their place of de-
posit; then, the harvester can rest from his
labors for awhile, until the genial wind of
the south shall wait along the ships to con-
vey the ice which they have gathered to a
reunmerating market. If you turn to the
left, you enter Union street, which connects
the two villages. There is a sidewalk the
whole way, a distance of nearly two miles,
which makes a pleasant walk either for
business or pleasure. The street is lined
with pleasant cottages or more stately dwell-
ings, or fertile fields on either hand, upon
which to rest the eye when it becomes
weary in gazing upon the works of man.
Here you have a good view of the Lilly
pond, and of the extensive quarries of
Carleton, Norwood & Co., of G. F. Bur-
gess and others, till you come to Elm
street, the center of the Harbor village,
which, with its shade trees, and many neat
residences, is very attractive to the stran-
ger. I will now retrace my steps, and take
a new departure from the Carleton house,
for I am not done with Rockport quite yet,
nor indeed shall I be until I visit

for a breakwater. An appropriation for it
was passed by Congress through the influ-
ence of Hon. Joseph Hall, then a member
of Congress from this district, and a resi-
dent of this town. The harbor was sur-
veyed, but the movement was premature
and nothing was ever heard of it alter-
ward, until a later effort was made and a
breakwater is now in process of erection in
that harbor. It was then a village of
"magnificent distances," now the city of
Rockland and densely populated. Col.
Long and myself called on Abraham Ogier,
esq., whose son now owns the farm, and
then proceeded to the residence of Col.
Hall, where we tarried until the slanting
rays of the sun reminded us of the lateness
of the hour, when we regretfully took our
leave of the Colonel and his hospitable fam-
ily, and left for home.

FRUIT OF THE PRESS

Peterson's Magazine for February opens
with one of the most charming steel-engrav-
ings we have ever seen, called: "Two
Little Customers." Besides this, however,
are several other beautiful embellishments,
among them a splendid colored pattern.
As for the stories, though always good,
they are this month unusually so. Alto-
gether this is a very superior number. The
terms are but two dollars a year. Great
deductions are made for clubs, and elegant
premiums given for getting up clubs. Ad-
dress Peterson's Magazine, 306 Chestnut
street, Philadelphia, Pa. Single copies
sold at the Opinion Book Store, Rockland.

MENTIONINGS

"I hev often noticed," says Josh Billings,
"that the man who would hav done such
wonderful things of he had bin thare, never
gits thare."

A Bavarian editor urged in his newspaper
that the King did not appear in public often
enough. The King has managed it so that
the editor will not appear in public for two
months.

In Japan when a young man falls in love
with a girl he ties a branch of mistletoe to
the door of her house, which, if allowed to
wilt and die, implies that he is rejected, but
if it is taken in and done for, so also is the
young man.

A man makes an awful row if his wife
takes his razor to trim a little maize on her
toe or sharpen a lead-pencil; but he thinks
it is all right, and scoffs at her, if she
shrieks her feeble protests when he takes
her little embroidery scissors to cut a cop-
per telephone wire. "Don't hurt the scis-
sors at all," he says.

There is some talk of divorce suits among
the colored aristocracy at Austin. A few
weeks ago Deacon Snodgrass said in a
tremulous voice to the bewitching Mrs.
Snowball, who was boiling soap: "Lubly
doman. Jess lemme taste dem ar lips. I
only want to find out of dey has more suc-
tion den my wife's lips. I su workin' in de
interests of science." "Ef dat's wat yer
wants ter know jess ax my husband. He
am allers a-kissin' yer wife's mouf."

The London Times, speaking of editors'
labor, says it can only be appreciated by
those who have had the fortune to have
some experience in it. The mores slip of
the pen, an epithet too much, a wrong date,
a name misspelt, or with a wrong initial
before it, the misinterpretation of some
passage, the most trifling offense; to the
personal or national susceptibility of those
who do not even profess to care for the
feelings of others, may prove not only dis-
agreeable, but costly mistakes; but they
are about the least of the mistakes to which
the editor is liable. The editor must be on
the spot until the paper is sent to the press,
and make decisions on which not only the
approval of the public, but even great
causes, may hang. He cannot husband his
strength with comparative repose in the
solitude of a study, or the freshness of
green fields. He must see the world, con-
verse with its foremost or busiest actors, be
open for information, and on guard against
error. All this should be borne in mind by
those who complain that journalism is

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Senate—Mr. Anthony of Rhode Island was chosen president pro tem of the Senate. The Democrats supported Mr. Bayard. Mr. Anthony declined the position on account of ill health, and Mr. Edmunds was chosen to it, the Democrats this time giving their votes to Mr. Pendleton. Mr. Hill made a speech in support of the Postal Telegraph bill, introduced by him.

House—A large number of bills were introduced, but no other business was done.

Senate—Mr. Anthony called up his resolution directing the committee on foreign relations to inquire into the expediency of legislation to enable the Executive to protect American interests against governments which have prohibited or restrained importation of healthful American meats. Mr. Ingalls did not understand that foreign governments had excluded "dry" meats. He could not believe, while the people of Germany and France were in need of our meats, since the supply raised in their own countries is insufficient, they are making groundless objections to importation of our meats. Mr. McPherson, to show the unfair discrimination made abroad against meats from the United States, cited the case of Great Britain. Cattle reaching British ports from the United States are obliged to be slaughtered at the port of entry and conveyed thence as dressed meats, and this applies to all cattle from the United States, whether from infected districts or from one notoriously free from infection, while the same drove of cattle if shipped from a Canadian port, after having been detained perhaps forty-eight hours longer on the journey, are allowed on reaching Great Britain to be carried all over the United Kingdom. Mr. Miller of New York thought the whole discussion premature. He understood that in a few days the State department would send to the Senate the entire correspondence relating to the question involved, and with that no doubt would come a recommendation from the President that a system of inspection of export meats be established. The resolution went over. In executive session the proposed treaty with Mexico, establishing reciprocity in trade with that country, was considered. A motion that the Senate sit with open doors was defeated by a small majority.

House—Mr. Cobb of Indiana, chairman of the committee on public lands, reported declaring forfeited grants made to a few certain states in construction of railroads. Referred to committee of the whole. Mr. Spruiger of Illinois, offered a resolution calling on the Postmaster General for copies of all correspondence touching the prosecution of persons charged with fraud in connection with Star route service, and also for an itemized statement of expenditures from March 4, 1881, to January 1, 1884, in investigation of said frauds. Mr. Hiscock of New York, objected to prevent consideration, and it was referred to the committee on expenditures in the department of justice. Mr. Willis of Kentucky, chairman of the committee on rivers and harbors, reported a bill making appropriation of \$1,000,000 for continuing improvements of the Mississippi river. The House then went into committee of the whole (Mr. Cox of New York in the chair) for its consideration. Much opposition to appropriation for the Mississippi was developed, and a long debate ensued.

Senate—The joint rules were adopted after debate. On reaching the rule which prohibits the sale of spirituous or malt liquors in the capitol building, Mr. Bayard stated that while entirely favoring the extinction of spirituous liquors, he did not favor the exclusion of the less dangerous and entirely wholesome malt liquors. He believed the new rule was the same as the old one, and he was not in favor of having the rule unless it was insisted on. There should be nothing like concealment about the matter. Mr. Frye, chairman of the committee on rules, said the only difference between the new rule and the old was in the present addition of the word "strictly," which the committee had added because the old rule had not been enforced. The Senate managed to have its beer however.

THE ANNALS OF THE TOWN OF CAMDEN, ME.

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

I am gazing up at "Stonyhurst," the Summer residence of Alfred M. Judson of New York. It is a large square mansion, two stories in height, on the top of which is a dome of modern architecture, with its tapering flag-staff extending far upward through the blue ether of heaven. It looks graceful, though directed of its starry folds and the bleak winds of a Wintry sky whistle in a mournful cadence hastily by it. Nature in her minor key sometimes touches us so soothingly as to calm down the perturbed spirits, and produce the sweetest harmony. When the mansion is occupied, and the chastened breezes of Spring waft their odorous breath over hill and dale, and the gentle winds of the Atlantic sweep along over the expansive bay, as far as the human eye can reach, then shall the flag once more wave its graceful folds over the mansion at Stonyhurst, as in days of yore, when, "Freedom from her mountain height unfolded her standard to the air." There is nothing gaudy about this mansion, nor is it very imposing, but is a good type of the man who owns it—simple and modest. Retiring quietly from the din and bustle of the metropolis, with his family, he recuperates his wasted energies, improves and adorns his grounds, and while away an idle hour beneath the shadow of the trees which his own hands have planted. It is about three years, I think, since he purchased "Stonyhurst" of Mr. Joseph W. Ogier, at the head of Chestnut street. The lot contains twenty-one acres, and in its natural state was as rugged and forbidding a lot as nature in her wildest moods ever formed. But where one discovers beauties in a landscape, another sees nothing but deformities, and Mr. Judson happily saw attractions in "Ogier Hill" which had lain unobserved by others for a century or more. He came to Camden a few years ago, ascended this miniature Pisgah, viewed the land, purchased the franchise. He subdued it and made it bud and blossom, in almost perennial beauty. The mansion is situated on the highest elevation suitable for a dwelling between the villages of Camden and Rockport, and has an unobstructed view of each of them, as well as the surrounding country at every point of the compass. The mountain barriers of Northport, Lincolnville, Hope, Camden, Warren and Dodge's mountain in Rockland, loom up in grandeur in the distance, while the church spires of the most of these towns shimmer and flash in the early rays of the morning sun. There is a verandah all around the house, and in promenading around them your prospect is unsurpassed in any locality in eastern Maine. If you are disposed to scan the undulating waters of Penobscot bay, you have a view of great extent, comprising a radius of twelve miles, from Belfast bay to Turtle head, Islesboro, and from Vinalhaven to Owl's head, in South Thomaston. If you ascend the cupola which graces its roof, and turn to the west, the city of Rockland presents itself in the foreground from Jameson's point in Camden to the Head of the Bay, in South Thomaston. You approach Stonyhurst from Chestnut street in coming from Camden harbor, from the north, by a winding roadway, and by a similar one from the south, in coming from Rockport, as the old shore road from Camden to Rockland leads directly by the house. This road has been

refuge in London. The name of Ogier was among the most wealthy and most noted of these fugitives. I have before me articles of copartnership drawn on parchment in London in the year 1767, between Peter Ogier, John Renaud and Abraham Ogier, which goes to show that he belonged to the same family with those Ogiers above named. I will transcribe a portion of these articles of agreement, to show the reasonableness of the assumption that the Ogiers of Camden and those of London and Quebec are of the same lineage and kindred:

This indenture, made the second day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and sixty seven, Between Peter Ogier of London, merchant, of the first part; John Renaud, Merchant, of London, of the second part; and Abraham Ogier of Quebec in Canada, Merchant, of the third part. Whereas, the said Peter Ogier hath agreed to establish a House of Trade at Quebec, aforesaid, and to take the said John Renaud and Abraham Ogier into Copartnership with the said Peter Ogier, John Renaud, and Abraham Ogier, do bind our heirs, executors, and assignees as follows:

This indenture is a curiosity of its kind, and would be valuable as a legal instrument to be deposited in the archives of some law court, not only as a specimen of a critically drawn legal instrument of more than a century ago, but also of the perfect execution of its chirography. It is written in a plain, bold, round hand, and as easily read as the best specimen of typography of the nineteenth century. Each section commences with the finest specimen of the old "German Text" which I ever saw. It is a perfect legally drawn instrument in every particular, even to the crossing of a t, to the dotting of an i; and were it not so long I would willingly copy it for the benefit of the present generation. But it is enormously long, and yet, not a superfluous word can be found on the face of the whole instrument. The parchment upon which it is written is quite thick and is two feet eight inches long and two feet six inches wide. There are but few lawyers of the present day, who, in drawing up articles of agreement for the formation of a copartnership between several gentlemen at the present day, would know how or where to place so many words and phrases; and yet, I do not discover an unnecessary word in the whole instrument. Peter Ogier, the senior partner in the firm, remained in London in business for many years, perhaps until his death; but he made provision in the articles of agreement before me for the admission of his son Peter Ogier into the firm at Quebec, if his said son Peter was so inclined. How long this copartnership of John Renaud and Abraham Ogier continued, or whether Peter Ogier, jr., was ever "inclined" to enter the firm of Renaud & Ogier at Quebec, I have no means of knowing; but there is one thing certain—that those Ogiers settled at Quebec as merchants, that they raised up a numerous family, and that Lewis Ogier came from Quebec to Camden in the last century. He took up a farm on what is called "Ogier's hill," at the head of Chestnut street, in this village, raised up a large family, and his descendants now own and occupy the same farm. I called once on the old settler when he lived in the house where the late Dr. R. E. Paine resided, on Elm street, to pay my respects to the old veteran on a Masonic occasion, in which he was to occupy the post of honor as the oldest Free Mason present, by carrying the "Holy Bible" at the head of the procession

DEFERRED EDITORIAL MATTER

Delegates expect their representatives to congress to define a Democratic policy on currency question as well as on the question. worthy of note, in view of the "panor" cry, that the average rate of has been rising in England since country adopted the free trade policy, years ago; while in this country, the high tariff was imposed, the rate is has considerably decreased. No an find a trade in which wages have creased by the operation of a protoco-iff. What nonsense, than, to claim protection is imposed for the benefit of pmen. The only class benefited by monopolists. New York Sun is greatly exercised re election of Mr. Carlisle as Speaker House. It assumes that by this and by Mr. Carlisle's course in up the committees, Mr. Randall and r protectionists are "read out" of ocratic party, and will leave it. cely understand why that should The protectionists have heretofore r own way. Twice has a Democratic r made Mr. Randall Speaker, and be tituted the committees in the inter- rotection—as much as Mr. Keifer made Speaker of a Republican And, at the demand of this same Gen. Hancock, the last Democratic e for President, on the eve of elec- to out with a letter taking a posi- sfactory to them on the question. Anti-protectionists stood it all and r their party, to the bitter end. I not whine when defeated in the ucus; they did not understand that been "read out" of the party, nor go out or threaten to go. If there emocracy at all under the hides of ctionists and that of the Sun, why ot submit to the majority of the f accept the situation in good faith? ning and threats are in very bad der the circumstances. If they go over to the Republicans, let by all means; if the party loses in by it, we shall at least know that let are really Democrats. But d not growl and claim to have on out or read out. If they go of their own free will and because not Democrats at all. t week printed an article from the Journal reviewing in admirable unscrupulous misrepresentations D. R. Locke of the Toledo Blade, tiolo published by him in his pa- ending to describe things which he and learned in Maine. The Jour- les the matter so well that we can- a word on that branch of the sub- l nothing more is needed for the ou of our state from the aspersions good name. It is very creditable urnal, being earnestly in favor of on, to thus be loyal to its state re attacks of a fellow prohibitionist, isposition to fairness tempts us to its reason and candor on yet an- ant which is brought to our mind rtiolo. While every honest man the facts will contradict Locke's as- it is really true, as the Journal t there has been an improvement tter of temperance in Maine with- a century. And prohibitionists— them who mean to be fair, too— his entirely to the effects of the ry law. Apparently, the Journal

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batter of temperance in Maine with a century. And prohibitionists—them who mean to be fair, too—this entirely to the effects of the tory law. Apparently, the Journal is to this view. Now this is a mistake. The reform came before the law enacted, and was the cause, not the prohibition. The great Washington reform movement sprung up and its grand and noble fruits before the law was enacted. And there has been any temperance movement in the world since prohibition was enacted. It was the glorian movement, begun and carried out without the aid of law, and prohibition, that makes Maine a temperance state than it was 50 years ago. There has been no improvement, to within bounds, since prohibition was enacted.

HOME NEWS AND NOTES
THOMASTON.

Robinson, of the unfortunate ship Maggie M. Rivers, makes the report of the loss of the vessel: "The schooner 5th inst., and on the 7th gale which increased until midday 8th. The vessel remained tight all this gale, but shipping large quantities of water; at about eight bells evening the pumps were tried and sucked out, but in 15 or 20 minutes after that the vessel appeared to be filling. To keep her before the wind, but she came so waterlogged that we were to do so; tried to lighten the vessel by throwing overboard her deck load, but we could accomplish this the vessel's beam ends, and we had to cut her masts to keep her on her bottom; a time the sea was making a clean sweep over her, washing deck load off and floating above deck, including forward found cabin full of water, partitions, chronometer, clothing, and everything that we stood in washed away. We ourselves with life lines on top of the house and quarter until the next day when the brig Arcoot hove in sight, we lowered our boat and went aboard before reported.

UNION.

Officers of Union encampment I. O. were installed on Thursday evening, July 10, by E. W. Berry of Rockland, Grand C. P., with Patriarchs John A. as Grand H. P. and W. F. Manson and J. W. The officers are as follows: C. P.—F. A. Alden; H. P.—E. C. B. Bachelder; Scribe—S. G. Hills; W. M.—L. R. Morse; Guide—G. W. Elder; First Watch—Benj. Burton; Second Watch—A. L. Jones; Third Watch—A. Gleason; Fourth Watch—J. L. Brad. First Guard of Tent—E. N. Vaughan; Second Guard of Tent—E. Robbins; W. M.—Wm. Hawes; I. S.—J. C. Burton. The ceremonies, a collation was served, the brethren of the Patriarchal order had a jolly good time. Several Rockland Patriarchs accompanied the Grand in their visit, and enjoyed the open and hospitable with which Union Odd is invariably welcome friends.

harbor, from the north, by a winding roadway, and by a similar one from the south, in coming from Rockport, as the old shore road from Camden to Rockland leads directly by the house. This road has been travelled near a century, and is one of the most romantic drives in the town. In the Summer season it is a great thoroughfare for the citizens of the two villages, and travellers not unrequently prefer this road to the other two. The southern road leads you directly to the porter's lodge, stables and other outhouses, and the road from the north leads directly to the front entrance to the mansion, where the hospitable owner of the premises is always ready to receive his guests when he is in Camden. It was an immense task in labor and money to prepare this lot for the erection of the mansion. The buildings themselves are not expensive, for they are occupied by Mr. Judson's family during the warm season only, and then closed until another revolution of the sun, when the family return and resume their round of pastimes, or while away the passing hours in quiet repose. Mr. Ackerman and family, who occupy "the cottage," tarry here during the year, and have charge of the premises. The stud of horses remain here during the year; and whatsoever his hands find to do, it is never neglected, for he is a faithful servant, and does his duty promptly. The lot is walled in. Vast quantities of stone have been removed, and soil from the surface of the quarries has been deposited around and over the premises; forest and other trees have been planted, choice plants have been brought hither to please the eye of the beholder, and if Mr. Judson has not created a new heaven at Stonyhurst, he has at least, made a new earth. I have been told "that patience and perseverance will accomplish all things," but I have not so much of either of these virtues in my composition as to incline me to make the attempt to cultivate a flower-garden amid a mass of boulders, or remove the stones from my premises to subject me to the labor of filling up the depression which my own hands had made. When Mr. Judson shall have completed all his plans, when his wharf and his boat-houses are in order, and his yacht lying quietly at her anchor, and the breezes are sweeping over the dome of his mansion let him say to his interesting family, while he is at peace with all the world,

Live while you live, the wiser man will say.
And grasp the pleasures of the present day.

Let us proceed on a little farther, and go up and possess the land of the Huguenots. They had been a persecuted race, and had borne up under all the annoyances which an unscrupulous and corrupt government could inflict, until they were driven from their country and sought refuge in London. The first trace we find of these persecuted Protestant Christians in Maine, or at least this section of it, is the Ogier family. They have made the deepest impression upon the age in which they lived. All the information we have received in regard to the individual who was a valuable accession to the infant settlement of Camden, is comprised in a very few words. About the year 1769 or 1770, Lewis Ogier, of French descent, came to Camden from Quebec. After the Huguenots fled from France they sought

veteran on a Masonic occasion, in which he was to occupy the post of honor as the oldest Free Mason present, by carrying the "Holy Bible" at the head of the procession which was then forming in front of his residence. "Amity Lodge," in Camden, had remained in a partially dormant state for many years and the old members were anxious to infuse new life into its dry bones. Accordingly, they appealed to their brethren at East Thomaston, (now Rockland) to come up and "breathe over this valley of dry bones," which we readily did; and I delivered an address in the church of the "old parish," before the Masons, which resulted in the revival of the fraternity in this place. And I think it was the last time that Lewis Ogier ever occupied the post of honor in a Masonic procession. He was an upright, conscientious man. Masonry was his religion, and he adhered strictly to his principles through life, and left his descendants the fragrance which emanates from the character of an honest man. The only son of his with whom I was acquainted, was Abraham Ogier, who lived on the old homestead until his death, which was over thirty years ago. I resided in Belfast then, and a few prominent Masons, with myself, came to Camden to perform the last sad rites over his remains; and not one of those, who deposited the sprig of cedar in the honored grave of Abraham Ogier, who came down from Belfast with me, is now a denizen of earth. They were, Governor William G. Crosby, Major Timothy Chase, Capt. Josiah Farrow, H. G. O. Washburn and Joseph S. Noyes. "Alas, what shadows we are and what shadows do we pursue." There were several of the male members of the Ogier family who migrated to New Orleans, when young, became prominent citizens, and died there. I believe no one of the name is now living there. The Ogier family have cultivated the same farm for a century. They have gone out from the old hive, one by one, unto the third and fourth generations. Some are living in other places, and some have passed down the stream of eternity, leaving no stain on the escutcheon of their ancestors, to my knowledge. They have lived among their own kindred, respected, and when they have died they have been followed to their last resting place with regret, and a niche left in each one's memory, in which to deposit the recollection of their many virtues. The Ogier farm is now owned by Joseph W. Ogier, the son of the late Abraham Ogier, a worthy son of a worthy sire. May the generation which is crowding the one which precedes it into the grave, see to it, that the name of Ogier suffer no diminution in respectability in the lapse of ages which must follow the cycle of time which we are now enjoying.

Employing the very best workmen in the state, and having a new and completely equipped office, to which we are constantly adding new material, we are able to get out work at the Opinion office in a style which leaves nothing to be desired. Doing a very large business and conducting our office with the strictest system, we are able also to do work at prices lower than were ever known in this city. Parties having printing to be done are invited to call and look at samples and estimates.

between the new rule and the old was the present addition of the word "strictly," which the committee had added because the old rule had not been enforced. The Senate managed to have its beer however. It voted to strike out the words "spirituous and malt" and insert the word "intoxicating," so that there is plenty of latitude left to get in plenty of stimulant on the ground that it is not intoxicating. House—The Mississippi river improvement appropriation bill was considered in committee of the whole, and, after extended debate, was reported to the House.

FRUIT OF THE PRESS

The February 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 February is a strong number in both its artistic and literary features. The frontispiece engraving, from Abbey's drawing, "The Bible Reading," is an illustration for Black's novel; and both Dielman and Gibson have done their best work for "Nature's Series Story." The opening paper of the number by Joseph Hatton, is a description of the Upper Thames, accompanied by ten very beautiful and picturesque illustrations. Mr. C. H. Farnham, one of our best map-makers, contributes a paper entitled "Winter in Canada," a close study of Canadian country life, with graphic illustrations. Colonel Higginson's "American History" series has passed beyond the Revolutionary period, and in this month's paper he traces the beginnings of our national life. The article deals also with some interesting phases of social life in New York and Philadelphia during Washington's administration. One of the illustrations is a fine full page portrait of Alexander Hamilton, engraved by Butler. Harper is for sale at Rockland at the Opinion Book Store.

The retirement of Mr. Carl Schurz, a few weeks ago, from the editorship of one of the leading journals of New York, on a ground that irreconcilable differences of opinion existed between him and his associates with regard to the conflict of the Telegraph and Railroad men with their employers, has awakened curiosity in an ordinary degree; and hence when he defines his position upon the question at issue, viz., "Corporations, their Employees and the Public," as he does in the North American Review for February, he is sure to command an attentive hearing. The question "Must the Classics Go?" is discussed by Prof. Andrew F. West, of Prince College, who presents a very forcible argument for the retention of Greek and Latin in the curriculum of our educational system. "Race Increase in the United States," Congressman J. Randolph Tucker, makes a very substantial contribution to sociological science. The Rev. M. J. Savage, pointing out sundry "Defects of the Public School System," advances certain views which the ends to be attained by State education, if accepted, would very materially modify; and indeed revolutionize the existing system. Published at 30, Lafayette Place, New York, and for sale by booksellers generally. For sale by R. H. Busham & Co., Rockland.

MENTIONING

A scar nobly got is a good livery of honor. A moral poetess had begun a poem in compromising blank verse on the degeneracy of man: "God made man in His image; but he—" and here she was called to leave it. "A degenerate one came, and took the liberty of helping her ward a little." Would probably have continued so, but she—

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THE ANNALS OF THE TOWN OF CAMDEN, ME.

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

Chapter XXIII.

In tracing the pedigree of families, one finds himself involved in a labyrinth of difficulties before he is conscious of his danger. I have sought in vain to disentangle the web which has been thrown around the name of Ogier by the similarity of names, and the misstatements of those who have attempted to trace the lineage. It is an acknowledged fact that the Ogiers were descendants of the French Huguenots, who suffered severe persecution under the iron rule of the Catholics for their religious opinions, and were driven from their homes in France, and took refuge in England, and from thence were scattered all over the civilized world, wherever they could find rest and peace. I have in a former chapter traced a family by that name across the English channel, to London, then to this continent, to Quebec, and thence to Camden, on the bleak shores of the Penobscot. But I have been following a phantom, a will-o'-wisp, which has constantly eluded my grasp. We are told that Lewis Ogier came to Camden from Quebec, about the year 1770, and settled on the shores of Penobscot bay, on what is called Metcalf's point; that he was of French descent—otherwise a Huguenot. This cannot be the man whom we have always considered in our ignorance another man altogether—ouo of middle age and of foreign birth. But our Lewis Ogier, the first settler of the name in Camden, and the one who purchased the Ogier farm, and who built the first log house on Ogier's point, and whose wife, by her shrewdness and quick-wittedness, saved her house from the enemies torch by feigning sickness, and thereby exciting their sympathy, was born October 28, 1760, but where, the record doth not say. The lady whom he subsequently married was Miss Lucy Thorndike, who was born January 24, 1760. They were married in November, 1782, and raised up a numerous family of children, which composed the original family of the Ogiers in this town. Abraham was born October 25, 1783; Mary, June 27, 1785; Deborah, May 15, 1787; Peter, February 23, 1789; Lewis, February 18, 1791; Robert, December 25, 1792; Lucy, August 29, 1794; Joseph, April 27, 1796; John, July 5, 1798; Andrew, December 4, 1799; Sarah, November 25, 1801, and William, February 24, 1805; making twelve children in the family of the first settlers of the name of Ogier in Camden. They were a sturdy set of men, ambitious and industrious, and were strongly marked with many peculiarities which have adhered to the Huguenot race throughout all the changes and vicissitudes of their checkered lives. Their ties of kindred are never severed by any adverse fortune which may befall the most humble member of the fam-

of our state. Some preconceived opinions have fastened themselves upon their minds, or some fireside story to which they have listened with eager ears, as it fell in the witching hour of twilight from some grandmother's lips, have become in time "proofs as strong as holy writ" of impressions then received of the most absurd and ridiculous character, and time will never eradicate them. There is a little island of a few acres lying off the Ogier farm, and which originally belonged to it, around which the waters of Penobscot bay constantly flow. It is the key to the south entrance to Camden harbor. The ship channel is on the eastern side of the island but our large steamers can readily pass through the west channel at high water. In its native state it was well wooded with evergreens; it is of oval shape, and defended by a rockbound shore. This island laid for years off our town, solitary and neglected; no one seeming to recognize its exquisite beauties. But at length the time arrived when a lighthouse was needed to guide the benighted mariner into a port of safety in this part of the bay of Penobscot. The U. S. government purchased the island, and, I think in the year 1834 or 1835, erected a lighthouse on the southern end of the same; but the lamp was not lighted until the following year, when H. K. M. Bowers of Camden was appointed keeper. Ephraim S. Flye succeeded him in 1841; Obadiah Brown, in 1845; William Prince, in 1853. E. M. Carleton was appointed next, but resigned in 1856, and Obadiah Brown was reappointed, and, dying in 1857, was succeeded by Adrien M. Annis. Then followed in regular succession, Simon Barbour, Capt. Bramhall and, he dying, Fred Aldus, his son-in-law, was appointed his successor. In 1883 he resigned, and the present incumbent, Mr. Henry Wiley, was appointed to fill the vacancy. For many years the island remained in its rugged state, just as it came from the hands of Nature, until the second appointment of Obadiah Brown, when he, being an industrious man, and loving to gaze upon a beautiful landscape, set himself vigorously at work, cut down the scrubby trees, grubbed up the roots, removed the rocks from the soil, walled in a fine garden, and raised as fine a crop of early vegetables for the market as were produced in this region. And all this was done with one hand, for he had but one arm, he having lost one in a saw-mill some years before he was appointed keeper of the light. But such men must die, and leave others to enjoy the fruit of their labors, who are too lazy to work. This island, from the earliest time, had been called "Negro island," but from whence it derived its name no one living probably knows. I have taken every opportunity offered, to endeavor to "find a peg upon which I could hang a loop" whereby I could give some plausible reason why the island was given that name. Some few years ago, since I have resided in Cam-

few rods west of it, is the original site of the first log house which Lewis Ogier built on his farm. And near by may be seen the depression in the soil where the farm house stood. It was here that Lewis Ogier's log house stood, and where his wife exhibited her tact and shrewdness, when the "Red Coats" landed for the purpose of applying the torch to their humble cabins, the only shelter they had to shield them from the snows of Winter and the driving easterly storms of Summer, which came sweeping with great fury across the expansive bay. However forbidding the Ogier farm may strike the stranger, as he passes along by it, it is nevertheless a very fruitful farm and its owner is always sure of raising a fair crop. It is well watered, stands a drought remarkably well, and is the last locality in this vicinity that the frost ever reaches. Its arable land lies in the vicinity of the "Lilly pond," and is very prolific. The fields near the shore are better fitted for grazing, and yield abundantly. But oh! the rocks! The farm is walled in, but what puzzles the stranger is, to know where they get all the rocks on Chestnut street to build their walls, for he doesn't miss any from the surface of the ground. "It is very strong land," said an old farmer to me one day, when I first moved into town. "That is self-evident," I simply replied, "for had it not been it could never have sustained so many rocks upon its bosom." There have been erected upon this farm, since it was settled, five houses—three near the shore and two upon the hill, where the present substantial residence of brick now stands. Its out-houses are numerous. Its barns are large and imposing, indicating a large herd of cattle and general thrift in the management of the property. The extensive flower-garden, which adorns the grounds every season, speaks in language not to be misunderstood, the presence of woman, and if the writer of these annals can rightly interpret the language of flowers, they are not very aged, and are rather attractive and propossessing in appearance.

THE HART PERJURY TRIAL

The Boltast Ago has the following report of the trial of Capt. Stephen G. Hart, at the recent term of the Waldo county Supreme court held in that city, which gives some details which did not appear in the report which we printed:

Indicted at the April term for perjury in falsely swearing on the trial, in January Term, last, of case of Jones S. Davis vs. S. G. Hart. The history of this case, as appears from the evidence is as follows: In 1874 a ship called the Rosie Welt was built in Waldoboro; the sails being made at Tenant's Harbor by the St. George Sail Loft Co. Respondent was agent and general business manager of the company, and Wm. J. Dennett was foreman of the loft. Dennett measured the vessel for the sails, and superintended the cutting and making of them. When the bill for the sails was presented to the owners of the ship they refused to pay, claiming that more duck was charged than could have been used. The matter was referred to two sail makers named Washburn and Redman, who measured Mr. Dennett's draughts and from them estimated the amount of duck in the sails. This estimate fell short of the amount charged in the bill by 217 1/2 yards. The matter was finally settled by Hart paying the owners of the ship, Reed, Welt & Co., \$152.08. The items of this bill of \$152.08 were: shortage of duck, altering sails, and freight on spare sails to New York. On account of this shortage, and the fact that two of the sails did not fit the vessel and had to be made over in New York, Hart claimed that the bill belonged to Dennett to pay and attempted to prove that Dennett agreed to pay it. This Den-

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channels of social life among that class of people. Neither do they confine it within narrow limits, but they let it flow freely to all who need its soothing effects. This I call the sum and substance of pure religion, and, though they may not be called a very pious race by those who think more of an outward profession of religion than an inward principle of the heart, to guide and govern them in their intercourse with their fellow-men, yet they are the men and women whom I should choose for my friends, and in whom I could always repose implicit confidence. Such was the impression which the original Ogier family left upon the age in which they lived, and their descendants, who are still living, have preserved the same characteristics intact which distinguished their fathers throughout their eventful lives. I could leave this part of my subject better satisfied could I reconcile the discrepancy and supply the missing link between the statement which Locke makes in his history and the preceding facts, which I have established by living witnesses and correct family records, which admit of no dispute. Locke says, "In the month of May, 1769, Mr. Richards embarked in a vessel with his family for his destined home and entered the harbor of Camden on the 8th of the same month." In the following July, he says, Robert Thorn-dike settled at Goose River, now Rockport. This makes it July, 1770. The next settler, he says, was William Miuot of Boston, and the next, he says, was Lewis Ogier, of French descent, who came from Quebec. And to this Lewis Ogier he assigns the honor of being the founder of the Camden family of Ogiers. It must have been as late as the year 1772 when his Lewis Ogier came to Camden, from Quebec, Canada. The Lewis Ogier, the progenitor of this family, whose genealogy I have given in this chapter, was born October 28, 1760. Now I should like to be informed by what process of reasoning Mr. Locke came to the conclusion that his Mr. Lewis Ogier was the founder of this family, when the real sire was only about ten years of age. I do not deny that they may have been a Mr. Lewis Ogier who emigrated to this town from Quebec, to whom Mr. Locke alludes. I think it more than probable, for there were many Huguenots settled in Canada, and some by the name of Ogier are not un-frequently met with at the present day. In fact I received a letter from an aged gentleman last Fall, from Quebec, informing me that a friend in Montreal had placed in his hands a copy of "The Rockland Opinion" which contained a chapter of my Annals. He said, "My aged eyes were greeted with a copy of a paper called the Rockland Opinion, in which I received tidings from a far country. I am one of the old French Huguenots, and nearly ninety years old. I had some family connections who removed to Camden, in Maine, and it was a great treat for me to read about them in your paper. I am now 89 years old, and shan't last long. My grandmother was an Ogier, and she told me many years ago, that I had relations there." But this does not give us any information about the mythical man from Quebec, of Mr. Locke's creation, and I have come to the conclusion to place him in the lineage of that mysterious king of Salem, Melchisedec, who was without father or mother, the beginning of days or the ending of years. I am become weary in turning aside and following the uncertain guides which are ever ready to offer their services to those in search of historical facts in regard to any locality in this section.

my front yard, enjoying my cigar, when an aged Indian approached me and requested the privilege of spreading his tent in my pasture for the protection of his people, as they had driven him off from their old camping ground, which they and their fathers had always been permitted to occupy without molestation. I thought it very strange, for I knew these people had always had free access to these grounds. I readily gave my consent, and told him that I would accompany him to the shore and point out to him the spot where was the best camping ground on these shores. We started at once, and on our way thither, I ascertained that he belonged to the Passamaquoddy tribe, and he had not been on the Penobscot for many years. He said he was eighty years old, and wanted to come to Camden once more, as he used to come when a boy with his tribe, who used to pitch their tents on the island. Now was my opportunity, I thought, to learn something about "Negro island." Accordingly, early the next morning, I visited my dusky guests, for the purpose of interviewing them. There was but one family of them, and the only one of that tribe that has ever visited Camden since I have been a resident of the town, which is over thirty years. From this old Indian, I obtained the following information: On inquiring if he knew why this island was called "Negro island," he said there was a tradition among his tribe that in early times a negro came to them, who had escaped from an English ship, which had arrived in the provinces from Virginia, and claimed protection. They admitted him into their tribe, and, although not very well liked, he was treated well, and he resided among them for several years, until he fell into disgrace among his Indian friends, and suddenly left them. He was gone a year or more, and suddenly returned to them as mysteriously as he left them. He went by the name of Joe. He was of great size, and always boasted of his courage and his accuracy as a marksman. "But what got him into disgrace?" said I. "Why," said the old Indian, "he went one day to the village, drank too much rum, and on returning through the woods, he met a bear, and he was so frightened that he turned and ran a mile or more, and never knew that he had his gun until he stubbed his toe and fell down; and the Indians laughed at him so much, and because the bear had escaped, he was so ashamed that he stole one of our canoes and left us that night; and we didn't see him again for near two years, when he returned to us with the canoe." "Did he tell where he had been?" I asked. "Oh, yes," said the old Indian; "he said he been upon the Penobscot, where he had made himself a home on an island alone, and lived by fishing and hunting." "Did he ever return to this island?" I inquired. "Oh, yes," said the Indian, "often, with our people, and they found his camp where he had lived; and they used to call it 'The Nigger's island,' and that is all I know about it." "This was a great while ago, was it not?" "Oh, yes," said he, "before white men came here and I was very little." "You are sure this is the island then?" "Yes; and 'Indian island,'" said he, "is down there," pointing toward Montire's point. I was satisfied that this Indian knew what he was talking about, and that he had given the most plausible account of the derivation of the name of "Negro island" that had been given; and with this story of the Indian we may as well rest contentedly, until some future generation shall find out the right Oppo-site this island, on the main-land.

books for this against Dennett, and Dennett produced receipts dated some time after the transaction, showing a full settlement between the two. These receipts Hart claims were simply made to accommodate Dennett and prevent trustee process. The matter finally resulted in Dennett assigning a bill of \$90 which he held against Hart to Jones S. Davis of Belfast, who brought a suit on it in Waldo County. Defendant filed the bill of \$152.08, above referred to, in set-off, and when testifying in relation to the shortage of duck in the sails, it is claimed by the state that he said that when Redman and Washburn measured the sails they brought in that 600 or 700 yards too much duck had been charged. The stenographer's report of the language used was introduced to prove this. Mr. Redman testified that he said at the time that he thought that the sails might have been made with 600 or 700 yards less duck; that they should have been made smaller. Mr. Watts, who drives the Port Clyde and Rockland stage, testified that in the fall of 1874 he took from the loft, at Wm. J. Dennett's request, a large box weighing 150 or 200 pounds, addressed to Mr. Dennett's father Belfast. He also took away a smaller box later. Wm. J. Dennett denies that he ever sent a box from the loft to his father by Watts or any one else, but says that he has sent boxes and bundles of fish from a store in the village. Joseph Dennett, William's father, says that he received nothing from his son while the latter was in St. George except one box and two bundles of dry fish. Watts's testimony was evidently put in with the intention of accounting for the missing duck by larceny on the part of Mr. Dennett. The whole history of Hart's and Dennett's connection with the sails of this ship was gone over very thoroughly, the state, with Wm. Dennett as prosecutor, attempting to prove that there was little, if any, shortage of duck, and that Hart lied maliciously and knowingly when he testified in the Davis-Hart trial; and the respondent endeavoring to prove that not only did the duck actually used fall short of that charged in the bill, but that the sails were also made too large, thus making in reality some 600 or 700 yards more duck used than was necessary. The jury were out but a few minutes and returned a verdict of not guilty.

MENTIONINGS

It is said that the peculiar sunsets are caused by the sun trying to set by the new standard time.

The Logan Literary Bureau is responsible for this sentence: "The soldiers seen him in them days and now knows what Logan has did for our Union." Evidently the bureau is under the supervision of the old man himself.

There is too much truth in the grim jest that we have "a navy for repairs only." In response to a resolution of the Senate, Secretary Chandler reports that, of the ninety-two vessels on the naval register, twenty were built prior to the rebellion, thirty-one during the war, and forty-one since its close. The original cost of the ninety-two was \$40,796,613. The repairs upon them have cost \$41,200,822—exceeding the original expenditure by \$400,209. And none of them are good for anything for the purposes of war. This is a part of the Republican record to which it cannot "point with pride."

Dr. Manasseh Cutler went to a dinner party of forty-four gentlemen at the house of General Knox, just before his appointment as Secretary of War. All the guests were officers of the late Continental army, and every one, except Cutler himself, wore the badge of the Society of the Cincinnati. On another occasion he dined there with a French nobleman; the dinner was served "in high style, much in the French style." Mrs. Knox seemed to him to mimic "the military style," which he found "very disgusting in a female." This is his description of her head-dress: "Her hair in front is craped at least a foot high, much in the form of a churn bottom upward, and topped off with a wire skeleton in the same form, covered with black gauze, which hangs in streamers down her back. Her hair behind is in a large braid, and concealed with a monstrous crooked comb." T. W. Knox.

Continuation February 1, 1884

Union.

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NUMBER 476.

DEFERRED EDITORIAL MATTER

Representative Milliken has introduced in the House a bill to donate condemned cast-iron cannon to citizens of Waterville, Me. What the Watervillians propose to do with the condemned things, we are not informed.

One of the most highly "protected" industries in this country is glass making. And if any class of workmen may be supposed to profit by a protective tariff, those engaged in that employment should. But how is it? The manufacturers sent to Europe and made contracts with the most miserable of the glass-makers there, brought them to this country, and carried on their business with the cheapness of all labor. But even these found that they could not live here on the wages given, and had to strike for higher wages. The eastern manufacturers, taking advantage of the necessities of the workmen, succeeded in forcing them to go on at starvation wages. The workmen at the West, having other employments more generally open to them, still hold out. And now, it is announced, the Western manufacturers have arranged to send their orders East, where the goods will be made by the "pauper labor," and turned over to the Western men, cheaper than the latter can make them at their own factories. This, to "defeat" and "punish" the strikers, the newspapers tell us. At the same time, the prices have been advanced 10 per cent. Consumers of glass-ware of all kinds—and all persons are consumers—have to pay double what they would with a revenue tariff, and the workmen, many of whom were brought from Europe to compel American workmen to work for European wages, have to labor on in the most abject poverty. Nobody is benefitted by the protective tariff but a few arrogant and heartless monopolists. Yet men have the cheek to talk about "protection to American industry."

THE ANNALS OF THE TOWN OF CAMDEN, ME.

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

Chapter XXIV.

About the beginning of the present century, the people of Camden began to awake from their lethargy. A change came over the spirit of their dreams, and party spirit suddenly sprang into existence. Until then, the subject of politics had not been introduced into the municipal affairs, and the best and the most capable men among their little community, were selected to conduct their affairs, and those fortunate enough to be nominated for any office, were sure to be elected without opposition. The lines were first drawn, I believe, in the year 1806. Being then a province of Massachusetts, we were governed pretty much by them, in all things pertaining to the public weal. The fiat had long gone forth by a power that could not be resisted, "that

Camden, and not reduce the Militia Companies below the number required by law. They therefore humbly pray your Honors, to incorporate your petitioners and their associates into a company of Light Infantry, and as in duty bound will ever pray.

Camden, April 21st, 1807.

(Signed.) Tilson Gould, Robert Chaso, John Eells, Farnham Hall, William Brown, jr., Alden Bass, Stephen Rollins, Amos Foster, Jonathan Merriam, David Rollins, William Carleton, Benjamin Barnes, Simon Morse, Jno. Bowers, jr., Eleazer Hart, Eben Thorndike, Israel Thorndike, Joseph W. Thorndike, Ephraim Barratt, Abel Tyler, Royal Munro, Abram Ogier, Arthur Pendleton, Samuel Jones, Eben Hobbs, Luther Blodget, George Start, Eben Goodnow, Asa Hosmer, Joseph Mirick, Nathaniel Dillingham, Abel Brown, John Harkness, Dudley Tyler, Oaks Perry, Royal Prescott, Hosea Bates, Nathaniel Withington, Wm. Brown, Jacob Read, Noah Brooks, Abner Howe, Simeon Foster, jr., Calvin Curtis, Sam'l Richards, Joseph Bowers.

We, the undersigned Field Officers of the within mentioned Regiment, do hereby signify our full approbation of the prayer of this petition.

JOSHUA ADAMS, Major.
SAMUEL THATCHER.

Lt. Col. Commanding 4th Reg., 1st Brig., 8th Divis.

These "petitioners" comprised the most prominent men of the town at the time they affixed their names to this instrument, and not one of them is now living. And their sons who have escaped the scythe of time are in the "sear and yellow leaf," and are hastening with rapid strides in the same pathway which their fathers travelled before them. And those who outranked them in military honors, whose names are also attached to the petition, have laid aside their plumes and swords, at the feet of their graves, and have long since passed beyond the bugle's call. Col. Thatcher resided in Warren, and Major Adams in Thomaston, at Owl's Head.

The military spirit continued at fever heat during the year 1806, and perhaps throughout the year of 1807; for I have just received a copy of a petition from the people of Camden to the legislature of Massachusetts, asking for an artillery company, to be formed from troops residing in this town and vicinity. It seems they had a premonition of the war-storm approaching, the second war for the independence of these states. They foresaw the necessity of a "coast guard" for their protection, in case of a collision, and the result proved the wisdom of their proceedings, and the names of these patriots should be recorded in the archives of the town for preservation, for the benefit, not only of their immediate descendants, but of all who may come after them "to the" last syllable of recorded time;" for I doubt very much whether any inhabitant of Camden, now living, ever saw those petitions, and perhaps many of them never heard of them, for I have caused them to be transcribed from the musty records of seventy-eight years ago to the present year, for these annals.

hill, near Oyster river bridge, which stream is the dividing line between the two towns. And there it stood for many years, until, by some chicanery, an order was passed by the Executive Council of the State, to sell the property and pocket the proceeds. It was a rascally piece of business throughout, and no honest man could look upon the transaction with any degree of complacency. I have no record of the organization of these companies; therefore, shall have to omit any further notice of them until time and patience shall enable me to resurrect them from the rubbish of three-fourths of a century or more.

The Lewiston Gazette comments on an Opinion item as follows:

Our friends do well to ask for words of home-growth. Yet a word may be said on the other side. Our tongue that we now speak and write is not a poor but a rich one, and its wealth is of long words as well short, and of words brought from far as well as of words born in our own folk. Now to cast off half this good store of wealth and make no use of it seems to us not the deed of a wise man. He will not shun such words but will use all with wit and skill, not as a fool does, who spends his breath in great words of which he knows not the sense and weight. It is plain to see that it is made up of two kinds of words our speech is made more strong and sweet in wise hands. This can be made plain by a line from our great bard, whose right use of words was so great that none could match him at that gift. For when he says in his play:

"My hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green—our red."

who sees not that the sound is a long way more full and the words dwell more in a man's ear, than if he had writ for these two brought-in words, "stained the many seas," or the like? And we might go on to show such like things at great length from all our best known men who have writ in prose or verse. So we say it is in truth but a quip to write in none but words of home-growth, just as it would be to try to write a whole book or news sheet in short home words like these.

Very true. But the point we make is that the long words shall be reserved for orations and blank verse dramas, and that the news of the day and discussions of practical questions of general interest, which make up the greater portion of the contents of newspapers, should be written in language as concise and free from seven-story words as possible. The bard used the long words with good effect; but it makes us tired to read the sophomoric effusion of a local editor, in which a dog-fight is described as a "combat of ferocious canines, which, as Tuesday's sun was sinking beyond the western horizon, did incarnadine the virgin snows of Main street." Long and high-sounding words are all right in their place; but that is not as a rule in the columns of a newspaper.

NEWS AND NOTES

EAST UNION.

Two of our young philanthropists have been hanging lights for the purpose of lighting sinful people to repentance.

Charlie, son of J. R. Littlehale, met with an accident on Tuesday of last week, by cutting his foot while splitting wood. Dr. Albee dressed the wound.

Pioneer grange met last week and installed officers as follows: Master—R. A. Martin; O.—J. R. Littlehale; L.—C. A. Miller; S.—T. Hastings; A. S.—W. E. Hill; Chaplain—Mrs. E. B. Thomas; T.—J. D. Stah; S.—Mrs. L. M. Daniels; G. K.—J. L. Hill; O.—Hattie Crouse; P.—Mrs. J. L. Hill; F.—Mrs. F. Hastings; L.

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of opinion will spring up from the most trivial causes. Accordingly, in the election called in the Spring of 1796, for governor, party spirit remained dormant, and Samuel Adams, the Federal candidate, was elected governor over Increase Sumner by a large majority. The vote was unanimous in this town, Adams, receiving forty votes and Sumner none. And thus harmony prevailed until several years afterward, when a division took place, the spirit of democracy was aroused, and has ever since kept its light burning, and has labored diligently in the great field of progress for "the greatest good of the greatest number" of struggling humanity. It is to be regretted that the story so many of the doings of the earlier settlers of our town, was suffered to be lost, merely for the want of some competent person at the time, to have kept a record; and it is a mortifying truth, that more of our history, or more of the minute facts, of which our history is composed, have been preserved by strangers than by the native born citizens, who have gone out from among us. And even to this day very little interest is exhibited among our people about rescuing from oblivion facts and incidents which are important to the present generation, and still more so to the future historian who may have the courage to commence the thankless task of writing up the history of a people who take but very little interest in being known outside the limits of their own town, or even their own neighborhood. But it is not strange that a small community should be so heedless about their own affairs, and take so little interest in that which most concerns them, when it is well known that the nations of Europe took more pains to learn about our Revolutionary struggles than we did ourselves as a people, and took infinite pains to procure all the information possible to be had, in respect to us and our proceedings. It is a well known fact that the Italian historian, Botta, not only procured all the information he could, but set himself at work, and wrote the history of our Revolution with great fairness and with tolerable accuracy. And if Professor Ebeling, of Germany, who had collected a great mass of materials, for the purpose of writing a complete and succinct account of the progress of events which were new to the world, had lived to write out the whole history of our Revolutionary war, we should have had a better history of those stirring times than we have yet seen. But I must return to my narrow sphere of research, hoping I shall not disturb the equanimity of those who are not competent to decide between truth and error in their favorite histories, and leave it to time to draw the distinction between the two. The war spirit, which had been at fever heat during the struggle for independence, had for some time been allayed, but as time moved on, it began to revive, and the people began to sigh for the martial pomp of war again, and accordingly addressed the following petition to the General Court of Massachusetts:

To the Honorable, the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.—The undersigned Petitioners of Camden humbly Represent that they consider a certain proportion of Light Infantry as requisite to the complete organization of every Regiment of foot in the militia. The several militia laws expressly recognize this principle. Your Petitioners would also represent, that there is but one company of Light Infantry in the Fourth Regiment, First Brigade, and Eight Division, to which they belong. Your Petitioners would further represent, that a company of Light Infantry can be raised in

Camden in General Court assembly, in the year 1806. The undersigned, Inhabitants of Camden and vicinity, in the 4th Reg't, First Brig., Eight Division, of the Militia of the Commonwealth, beg leave to state the necessity of raising a company of Artillery in said Reg't. Although there is the number of Companies contemplated by law in the Brigade, having an extent of at least sixty miles of sea coast—To wit: From Lincolnville to Wiscasset—in which are two Regiments of Militia, and no Company of Artillery. From this local situation, the raising and disciplining of Artillery may eventually be of public utility. Your Petitioners, with many others, some of whom are exempted from military duty, considering the importance of a well arranged and disciplined Militia, are anxious to be authorized by the Legislature to raise another Company of Artillery, within the Brigade and Regiment aforesaid, and flatter ourselves the request of your petitioners will be more readily granted when it is understood that such a company may be raised without reducing the Standing Companies below the number pointed out by law. Wherefore, your Petitioners Pray the Legislature to take the subject into consideration, and authorize the raising of a Company of Artillery as aforesaid, and make the necessary provision for Field Pieces, Apparatus and Ordnance Stores, to enable Your Petitioners to discipline themselves in a Soldier-like manner.

(Signed.) Ephraim Wood, Erastus Foote, John Harkness, Farnham Hall, Calvin Curtis, Abner How, Nathaniel Billingham, Oakes Perry, Alden Bass, William Parkman, Samuel Jacobs, Moses Trussel, John Simonton, John Harkness, Noah Brooks, jr., Jonathan Merriam, Samuel Jacobs, jr., Tilson Gould, Jonah Howe, Joseph Mirick, Nathan Brown, Simon Tyler, jr., Simeon Morse, Job Morse, Samuel Tyler, Jacob Patch, Abel Brown, Benjamin Keed, Nathaniel Hosmer, jr., Hosea Bates, Robert Chase, A Tyler, Joseph Sherman, jr., Arthur Pondleton, Stephen Rollins, John M. Thorndike, Ephraim Barrett, William Howitt, Dudley Tyler, Simon Barrett, Benjamin Cushing, Eben Thorndike, Joseph Eaton, jr., Lewis Ogier, Joshua Palmer, B. Jacobs.

We, the undersigned, Commissioned Officers, of Camden, within the before mentioned Regiment, do hereby Signify our full approbation of the Prayer of this Petition.

DANIEL MANSFIELD, Capt.
ISAAC BARTLETT, Lieut.
SAMUEL JONES, Ensign.

We the undersigned, Commissioned Officers of the Troops of Horse, of the within mentioned Regiment, do hereby signify our full approbation of Prayer of this Petition.

ISAAC BARNARD, 1st Lieut.
DAVID GAY, 2d Lieut.

Samuel Thatcher, esq., Lieut. Commanding, being absent, we, the Commanding Officers of the 4th Regiment in the First Brigade & Eight Division of the Militia of the Commonwealth of Mass., hereby certify that in our opinion, it will be advantageous to the Militia of this Brigade, and Regiment in particular, to authorize the Petitioners to raise a Company of Artillery agreeably to the Prayer of this Petition.

OTIS ROBBINS,
Major Commanding 4th Reg., 1st Brigade & 8th Div.

These petitions are copied verbatim from the State records of the Legislature of Massachusetts, and as such they are given to the public. The style may be somewhat different from that of the present day, but all records of a former age should always be presented in the same language in which they were then written. The prayers of the two foregoing petitions received, I believe, favorable answers, and the Light Infantry company was formed within the limits of the town of Camden; but the Artillery company, being raised within the several towns of Thomaston, Warren and Camden, it was deemed the most convenient for all interested to locate the "gun-house" in Warren, and as near the line of the town of Thomaston as possible, so as to make it near the center of population of the three towns. Accordingly, the house was erected in the lower part of Warren, on the

Hilt, assisted by Rev. J. E. Littlehale.

D. L.

WARREN.

A Warren gentleman was requested by his wife, the other evening, to bring home a barrel of flour. The new clerk gave him a barrel marked "Snow Flake—196 pounds—Family Flour." Upon opening it, after going home, he discovered it to be a barrel of onions. As there was not sufficient flour in the house for breakfast biscuit, he was obliged to load the onions on a hand sled, return them and make the change. But then, onions are pretty good. DUNN B.

MENTIONINGS

"Yes," says the Idaho man; "it's dreadful unfortunate that my gal got hugged by that ar' b'ar. She's sort o' held me in contempt ever since."

When James T. Fields invented the name of Manchester-by-the-Sea, and wrote a note to Dr. O. W. Holmes dated from that place, Dr. Holmes replied in a note dated "Boverly-by-the-Depot."

A foreman of a newspaper got a marriage notice among a list of items headed "Horror of 1883," and when the editor learned that the groom's income was only \$7 a week he said it better remain under that head.

"I preserve my equilibrium under all circumstances," she was heard to say in a pause of the music to a low-headed youth who was her escort. "Do you?" he answered zoltly, "mother cares hers." Then the music resumed.

Punch shows two pretty young married women standing by the fire. "My husband is vicar of St. Boniface—but I don't attend his church." "Indeed; why is that?" "Well, the fact is, you see, I don't approve of married clergymen."

A little boy was asked if he studied hard. "Well," he replied, "I don't hurt myself at all." "But if you don't study hard you will never be president," said his questioner. "Naw," returned the boy; "I don't expect to be. I'm a Demmyerat."

"The Czar has fully recovered from the effects of the recent sledge accident." Ha! ha! We thought the Nihilists would discover that the double runner is more effective than dynamite. Now let them present the old man with a bicycle or induce him to join a base-ball club and his fate is sealed.

Rev. Dr. Mark Trafton, discussing church music, in the Zion's Herald, says: "Give me a bass-drum or a Chinese gong, rather than our quartet of two youngsters with their hair parted in the middle, and a pair of young girls with their wool gathered over their eyes like merino sheep or a Scotch poodle, who troll out something nobody can understand, and call it 'praise of God.'"

Guiteau's skeleton is exhibited in a Philadelphia dime museum. One man who paid out his ten cents was skeptical, and complained to the showman. Said he: "This skeleton is too small to have been Guiteau's; he was at least a foot taller than the person whose bones these must have been." The imitator of Barnum was ready with his answer. "O," said he, "this is Guiteau's skeleton when he was a boy." The explanation was entirely satisfactory.

The "Churching-Pew" is the place set apart in many English churches for mothers who attend church for the first time after the birth of a child. Whenever an occupant appeared in this pew the usual service was read without further inquiry. An unmarried lady from another parish who had passed the meridian of her days, took her seat one Sunday in the pew without being aware of the purpose for which it was set apart. The usual service followed, and she was only made aware of the object when the clerk, as she was leaving, asked her when she would have the child baptized. She rushed home to the friend with whom she was lodging, and sank into a seat in a fit of hysterics. "What is the matter?" inquired the friend, "have you been robbed or insulted?" "Worse, much worse," sobbed the venerable maiden, "I've been churched!"

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Opinion.

1884.

NUMBER 477.

GRAPHS

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THE ANNALS OF THE TOWN OF CAMDEN, ME.

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

Chapter XXV.

One of the most pleasant drives in the town of Camden, is from the village, up north, passing through the center of trade and traffic of every description, and the street lined with stores and shops on either hand. Some of them are of modern style, and their architectural beauty strikes the beholders with pleasure, while there are landmarks that have stood for many years on their present foundations, firm as the hills, but modernized by a younger race, who have different tastes from what their fathers had, and think more of the outward appearance of their edifices than did those who walked these streets a half century ago. But the business men of Camden are a thrifty set of fellows, and a wonderful improvement is visible in every department of business, within a few years. During my residence in Thomaston, I frequently passed through this town, on my way to and from Belfast, and not unfrequently would be detained on my way home, until after night fall; and I thought it one of the most lonely villages I ever beheld. It always recalled to my mind Irving's description of "Sleepy Hollow." The streets were deserted, and the stores, what few there were, were lighted with only one solitary "tallow dip," which flickered through the old-fashioned windows, with their 7 by 9 glass, with a very sickly ray. The old Megunticook House, to be sure, was there, where the spacious Bay View House, now stands; but it looked deserted and solitary, as the abode of some old monks, sipping their wine and smoking their pipes before retiring for the night to their solitary cells. Rockport was not then known, and a few straggling houses were scattered along on the banks of the stream, and the few inhabitants, having closed their day's labor, were dreamily listening to the waters of the murmuring stream of "Goose river," waiting with pious resignation for the hour to arrive for them to disrobe themselves, and repose quietly on the arms of balmy sleep. But they were not a sleepy set of people, as strangers may have imagined. They were social, refined and hospitable, and enjoyed life to the full, and Camden was just such a community as all sensible people would delight to associate with, and live amongst. They had their places of resort, after the business of the day was over, and wit and humor prevailed among them till it was time to woo the sleepy god. Eager's tavern and Joshua Dillingham's store, were famous places in those days, or rather after the evening shadows had spread their mantle over the quiet valley of the Megunticook. They were wits of the first water, and their sayings are as familiar among the aged and the middle aged at the present day, as they were in the heyday of

feeling like one who was treading alone the remnant of his days,—

"His banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garland's dead,
And all but he departed."

I was rather curious to know something about this house, and as I was passing by the mansion of William Carleton, esq., I saw him pruning some shrubbery in his spacious front-yard. I had been introduced to him, a short time previous, by Dr. J. H. Esterbrook, and therefore felt free to interview him in regard to that house, which had so mysteriously interested me. I accordingly drew up to the gate, and Mr. Carleton recognized me at once, and very cordially invited me to alight from my carriage and walk up to the house with him. As I had an hour or so to spare before night fall, I accompanied him to the house and told him why I had called at this particular time; that I had frequently passed that way, and that old house, standing out by itself, and evidently one that had been rather conspicuous in its day, must have a history worthy of relating, and one that a young man, who was fond of old legends, and was not afraid of ghosts and hobgoblins, would be delighted to hear. I had called, therefore, to make some inquiries of him in regard to it, and if he could give me the desired information it would relieve my mind from an incubus which had adhered to it since I first travelled this road. Mr. Carleton smiled, and said that it was not at all strange that my curiosity had been aroused in regard to that house, for strangers had often inquired of him of its history; he knew but very little about it, but what he did know he would cheerfully relate to me. He said: "About the year 1804, a man by the name of Isaac Harrington commenced to build that house. He had laid out his plans rather elaborately, and intended to erect a dwelling, which would excel all others then in the town of Camden in grandeur, that its imposing appearance could not fail to arrest the attention of the passing stranger. His conceptions were great, but he was not able to carry them out to their fullest extent, for the want of funds, and before he finished it, he failed, and it passed into other hands. It remained in an unfinished state for some time. There was residing in this town at this period of time a man by the name of Joseph Pierce, who formerly had resided in Boston. He was either a clerk in the employ of the 'Twenty Associates' or an agent, I don't know which, and he purchased that house in its unfinished state, and expended a considerable sum of money upon it. It was known throughout this region as the 'Mansion House.' It has been occupied by one or two tenants, but I know but very little more about it." I thanked Mr. Carleton for the information he had imparted to me, and arose to take my leave, when he kindly invited me to tarry and take tea with him, but as I had

fire which caused the destruction of the old mansion?" I inquired. "I will tell you," said he, "in a very few words. For a few years this old mansion had a few reputable tenants no doubt, but it was a doomed house. It was neglected and suffered to fall into decay, and as year after year passed down the stream of time they left their withering effects upon its walls, and at last it became so dilapidated as to be totally unfitted for the shelter of any human being, and it became a nest for unclean specimens of the abandoned, who resorted to it for shelter, until the community, aroused to desperation, one dismal night, applied the torch to the dilapidated ruins, and the fawns fled with their disreputable mates to the desert for shelter, while the devouring flames, which illuminated earth and sky, announced to the people of Camden that the old mansion was a heap of ruins, and the flames of the holocaust had licked up the filth and debris of more than a score of years. The secret of the one who applied the torch was never known. It is probably buried with him in his grave."

DEFERRED SIGMAGRAPHS

The Dexter Gazette informs us that this infernal Winter is half gone. But is the editor sure of it? If I could think so, I would give him my benediction with a thankful heart, but fear he may be mistaken, and has been led to think so by a sudden sunburst from a sullen sky up in that pleasant valley. I know that Candlemas day is past and gone, but the sayings of a former age are not always reliable. I prefer to wait patiently until I am perfectly satisfied that the onomy has blown his final blast, and that his spiuic has been permanently injured.

Three of our Summer boarders, who made their home with Mrs. Buchanan, on Mountain street, during the heated term of the last season, were lost on the ill-fated steamer City of Columbus at Gay head. They intended to return and pass the next season at that popular hostelry; but, alas, their lives were ended by the incompetency or gross carelessness of those officers who had the lives of these passengers under their protection. Let justice be rendered to those who are guilty of so heinous a crime.

From every one you meet you hear the complaint of the dullness of the times. It is merely an epidemic which prevails every year at this season, and has its run, as do the measles in childhood.

Senator Frye seems to have got things mixed up a little in giving his experience, and what he saw in the saloons at the Capitol. The haunts of his younger days still remain in his memory, and what he formerly saw in the delectable restaurants of a certain quarter of his former residence now rise up before him, like Banquo's ghost, to disturb his almost forgotten dreams. Hypocrites should keep their mantles closely wrapped around them, lest their cloven feet should be discovered by their new friends; their old ones know they are not wholly divested of them. "If they stand, let them take heed lest they fall." The tempter is always standing at their elbow and every friend of humanity (not cursed with hypocrisy) will readily assist them in their progress in virtue's paths. But they should not scatter their own filthiness on other men's garments.

A very sure sign that patriotism and the love of liberty is declining among the people, is a tacit submission to usurpations of

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their mimic scenes before a delighted crowd, and laughter sitting by, shaking both his sides. The amusing scenes depicted to me in later years by those who were present at these pantomimes, would cause the gravest persons, in their most sober moments, to roar with laughter. Then there was another set, of a different cast of character. There were Drs. J. H. Esterbrook, Joseph Huse, Jonathan Huse and Jonathan Thayer. These men, in their leisure moments, used to congregate at the store of Dr. Jacob Patch, the only apothecary in the place, a graduate of Dartmouth college, and a perfect specimen of one of the old-school gentlemen, seldom seen in the present degenerate age. But, as I intend to give hereafter, in these annals, some biographical sketches of some of the most prominent citizens of this town in those days, I will not anticipate, but will merely say that no town in the state could boast of a better class of citizens, of more intelligence, of greater industry, and none were better fitted to lay the foundation for a virtuous and prosperous commonwealth, than were those who came to this valley, to make themselves a home and an abiding place, so far as human foresight could penetrate, for all time to come. And, after an acquaintance with most of the leading men of the town for a half-century or more, I am more convinced than ever of their integrity, of character, of their love of liberty, and their labors for the best interests of the public weal. I speak now of those of the pioneers who impressed their character upon the hills and valleys within their own domain, and made Camden what she is. But times have changed, and the people, imperceptibly perhaps, have accommodated themselves to the change. There is no such individuality, no hardihood, no stern resolve, no fearless dignity, nor such glorious manhood of mind, as the fathers had in their day. I grieve to say this, though I do not say it in any party spirit, but regret to say that I cannot see the great improvement in social life, in honesty of purpose, in aspirations after a higher state of perfection, or more morality among the masses, at the present day, than existed in every community of New Englanders fifty years ago. But I must pass onward to my task, and speak of the village of Camden as it was when I was accustomed to pass through it by one of the two thoroughfares which led me to Thomaston. There were then two roads only; one of which led me over the "Ogier hill," and the other, the most frequented, went by the residence of the late William Carleton, the most conspicuous mansion in town. Elm street, which reaches at the present time from Main street to what was called Carleton's corner, was a fine road, lined on either hand with convenient dwellings whose very appearance, many of them, would inform the stranger as plainly as if a sign had been placed over the front entrance, "This family came from Massachusetts." It appeared to me so homelike, and so much like those which were so familiar to me in my boyhood that sometimes, I was half inclined to alight from my carriage, and call upon the residents, as if they were old acquaintances of my youthful days. Further along up the street on the left, was an imposing structure which would arrest the attention of the traveller, in spite of himself. It had a look of former grandeur, and one was half inclined to look around the grounds as if he expected to see some aged resident of anti-Revolutionary times, with his cocked hat and cane and faded garments, sadly view-

a plenty of time before me to reach home, and partake of the evening meal beneath my own roof with my family. I declined his kind invitation, and took my leave, delighted with my call, and well pleased that I had cultivated an acquaintance, with so noted a man as was Mr. Carleton; for I was young then, and extremely diffident. But that old mansion still lingered in my memory for years, and as often as I passed it, I observed that "decay's effacing fingers" left deeper and deeper the impressions of their withering influence as years passed over it. The tide of travel, in a few years, ceased its murmuring stream by the Carleton mansion, and a new road had been opened through the cultivated fields of the Jacobs and Carleton farms, a distance of some two miles, to connect the two villages of Camden and Rockport. The lumbering stage coach no longer disturbed the slumbers of the denizens of the upper road, and the lighter vehicles occupied by those who were bent either on business or pleasure, gradually ceased their wonted course and followed the multitude in the new and shorter route, but not so picturesque in its sylvan beauty. In 1851 I removed from Belfast to Camden, and the woid old mansion, which had so excited my curiosity in former days, arose up in my imagination, as the phantasy of a midnight dream, and I determined to embrace the first opportunity which offered itself to take a stroll up in that part of the village, and mark the vestiges of decay, or the renovation of this old castle. Accordingly, one Sunday afternoon in November, a few weeks after I took up my residence in Camden, I wandered up to visit my old friend Samuel Chase, esq., to visit with him the old mansion and to interview him in regard to the fate of Mr. Pierce, the clerk or agent of the "Twenty Associates," who formerly owned the premises, and had such wonderful conceptions in his mind when he purchased that property with the intention of making himself a home for life in this town. I found my friend at home, and, after the usual greetings, I proposed to him to take a walk up to the old mansion, and view the premises. To my surprise, he informed me of its destruction by fire a few years before. I thought it very strange that I never had heard of it till then, and immediately proposed a visit to its ruins, which we made in one of the most pleasant afternoons of a November sabbath. We reached the grounds, and seated ourselves on one of the half charred timbers of the ruins, and my friend related to me all he knew of the old castle, and all who were ever connected with it. His reminiscences did not differ much from what had been related to me by the old settlers in times long gone by; but of recent events he gave me much that was interesting to me, and would be no doubt to others, had I the time and space to relate them. He said that Mr. Pierce did not remain long in the employ of the "Associates," after he purchased these premises, owing to his dishonesty and the mal-administration of his official duties, as agent of the company, and especially in his illegal speculations in the lands of the "Lincolnshire company." He left Camden in rather an unceremonious manner, taking with him the records of the "Twenty Associates," which was a great loss to them and caused much trouble to many of the settlers, in regard to the titles to their land. "In fact," said Mr. Chase, "Pierce was a finished scoundrel, and it was well for the town that they were well rid of him, notwithstanding he left so many debts behind him, which the people of the day were unable to

as is stated, that many states in our union find it difficult to select Senators to fill vacancies, because they have no millionaires, it is a shame and a reproach to us. Far better would it be for the country, if the chairs in the Senate chamber should forever remain vacant than be filled with men without brains while their pockets are filled with stolen money.

Gen. J. A. Hall lectured before the George S. Cobb G. A. R. post on Thursday evening, January 31, to not a very large audience. It was not a very favorable evening for a large audience, to be sure, but we had anticipated a much larger one to listen to so popular a lecturer. I purposed to have been present, but my health would not admit of my exposing myself to the damp air of so unfavorable an evening. But there are plenty loafing around in our village every evening, that could, and ought to have been present, if for no other reason than to encourage the members of this post and give them a lift in their worthy efforts to relieve the present wants of their comrades at this inclement season. The demands upon their charity must exceed their ability to supply them, for their members are not possessed of plethoric purses; but they compose some of our best citizens, and are worthy of the grateful consideration of our charitably disposed people. Then don't pass them by silently.

Paralysis, with its deadly influence, is prevalent in our midst. George W. Richards, the youngest son of our first settler, yielded to its influence a few days ago, aged 70 years; and Mr. Darius Mills, an industrious and hard working man, was recently stricken in his right side, but is now improving slowly. Dr. Stone attends him. Mr. Mills has the sympathy of his neighbors, and of none more than myself, for on him I have depended for assistance in my agricultural labors and general duties around my premises, for nearly thirty years.

Rumors are rife in this latitude, and in fact through the public press, that we are to have a first-class steamer on a new route the present season, from Boston direct to Rockland; thence to Bar Harbor and Campobello, and to Eastport. Hon. Edward Cushing, having withdrawn from the P. B. & Machias route, with which he has been connected for thirty-five years, is mentioned as general manager. If this is so, the route will prove a successful one. Camden, February 6. SIGMA.

MENTIONINGS

An Indian named "Man-Afraid-of-Nothing" married a white woman in Montana recently, and in one week after the wedding applied to his tribe to have his name changed.

The Belfast Journal gives an extract from Howard Owen's poem read at the Press Association which it says "will give a good idea of the poem." We should think it might, for 36 of the 62 lines which it quotes are stolen bodily from Edward Carswell, being a little poem he "dashed off" at a church levee, or some other local affair.—Gardiner Journal.

The Commissioners of Maine, New Hampshire, Illinois, New York and Ohio have made a report upon the condition of the Union Mutual Insurance Company of Maine, and pronounce it solvent and safe. They report its surplus on policy-holders' account, \$387,813. As there is a sum of \$111,07,904 of uncollected and deferred premiums, and as the stocks are quoted at market value, this surplus is certainly none too large, as no matter what the market value of stocks may be, if carried to maturity, their real value is only at par. The dividend for 1883 or 1884 has got to

Continuation February 15, 1884

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1884.

NUMBER 478.

GRAPHS

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DEFERRED EDITORIAL MATTER

The Lewiston Journal says: "Ex-Congressman and ex-bar-keeper Murch is frequently seen in and about the Capitol." He is probably trying to secure the contract to furnish rum to supply a certain member of the present Maine delegation. If he succeeds in getting it at fair rates, he will retrieve his financial fortunes.

"You must admit," said an enthusiastic Republican, talking politics with an obstinate opponent, "that the old party has accomplished some grand things." "The only things I ever heard of it doing that could be properly considered grand," replied the Democrat, "could only be properly described as grand larceny." They were parted by the bystanders.

The Headlight, the alleged Greenback paper just started at Portland, comes to us this week with the name of W. F. Eaton as editor and publisher. It we are not mistaken, Mr. Eaton was one of the Solon Chase bolters. If this is so, his proposition to make his paper a state organ of the Greenback party is rather presumptuous. The party will scarcely desire to have an "organ" conducted by a chronic bolter, if it needs any organ at all, which we doubt. Organic journalism has not generally been of the best class.

The Lewiston Gazette speaks of a farewell banquet given to a prominent citizen as he was about to remove from that city, as "the happiest occasion of the season." The Lewiston folks must have been particularly glad to get rid of him. Another instance of equivocal complimentary mention may be found in the Waldoboro News of last week, in which a correspondent, reporting Mr. Miller's lecture on the Battle of Gettysburg, says: "The statement that our fellow townsman, Lorenzo Hoffses, lost a leg in that famous battle, was received with applause." It would appear to have been bad enough to have lost one's leg without having the misfortune rejoiced over so demonstratively by one's townspeople.

A "colored men's sugar tariff convention" was recently held at New Orleans. Mr. Dingley and his Republican associates in the North will not be considered "friends of the poor colored men" if they persist in advocating putting sugar on the free list. They will probably agree that it is the rich sugar planters and manufacturers who got all the protection afforded by the tariff, and not the colored men. And no doubt there is a good deal of truth in it. But it is quite as true that it is the rich manufacturers of the North, and not the laboring men, who got all the benefit of the protective tariff on the metals, cotton and woolen goods, etc. But Mr. Dingley and his familiars insist that in the latter instances it is the laboring men who are protected. There seems to be a slight inconsistency in

the "Articles of Agreement between Peter Ogier of London, and John Renaud and Abraham Ogier to establish a Commercial House," in Quebec, I thought this might be the man who left Quebec, and settled in Camden, for it was about two or three years before that these "Articles of Agreement," were entered into and signed in London by the three gentlemen above named. I still pondered over the matter, but was not satisfied in my own mind as to the correctness of my conclusion, until I was informed by one of the Ogier family that a near relative of the Ogiers, and now in the evening of her life, had a copy of a Quebec newspaper which had in it the advertisement of Abraham Ogier, offering for sale his dwelling house in Quebec, giving the name of the street, and number, where it was located. The time of sale was in the year which he probably would leave Quebec if he intended to migrate to Camden. Light began to shed its rays on the darkness with which I had long been surrounded, completely shutting out the object of my search, and I began to feel confident I had obtained the key which would unlock the mystery which so long been hid from me. As I had completed one chapter in this Huguenot case, I would wait awhile for a more perfect development of the whole matter until time, patience and perseverance should reveal the whole matter to the public gaze, I had been informed of the existence of a marriage certificate of Abraham Ogier, the elder, but where it was, I knew not. I made no inquiries about it, but waited until time should reveal its whereabouts. I had disentangled the web which had so long enthralled me and many others, and was ready at any time to introduce to the readers of my annuals Mr. Abraham Ogier, the first of the name who settled in Camden, the great-grandfather of Joseph W. Ogier, who now owns and cultivates the same acres which his ancestors rescued from the hands of nature. But the denouement came sooner than I expected. Through the office of the Opinion I received last week the following letter from an anonymous correspondent:

Camden, February 5, 1884. Rockland Opinion: I am a descendant of the Ogiers who came from Quebec. I am much interested in what is said of them by Sigma, but he has made a slight mistake in saying it was Lewis who came from Quebec. It was Abraham, father of Lewis. I have the marriage certificate of the said Abraham Ogier. He was married March 18th, 1753, to Mary Cooper. The writing is as legible, and ink as bright, as though it had been written yesterday, instead of one hundred and thirty years ago. I am, respectfully, one of the granddaughters of the fifth generation.

With me, anonymous letters do not pass current, and I should not have inserted this letter in these Annuals had I not submitted it to the inspection of one of the Ogier

that farm has remained in the same family to this day, and is now the property of Mr. Joseph W. Ogier, a great-grandchild of the original purchaser. Now, this Abraham Ogier was the father of Lewis Ogier, whom many of the old settlers will recollect, and who died some thirty-five or forty years ago, in the house on Elm street, lately occupied by Dr. Rotheus E. Paine. This Lewis, was the father of Abraham Ogier, who was the sire of Joseph W. Ogier, now residing with his family, on the old homestead. I hope I have made the history of this family explicit enough, so that all who read it will understand it perfectly, and will not be under the necessity of employing an interpreter. Whether Abraham Ogier, the first settler, and the founder of the Camden family of Ogiers, was a native of London or Quebec, I know not, but it is safe to say, he had his birth in one of these places; it is generally supposed by the descendants of the family, with whom I have conversed, that London was the place of his birth. Here, I close the history of this family, until another generation shall step out upon the stage of active life, and I hope that the writer, whoever he may be, may improve on the labors of his predecessors and leave no important link in the chain which may connect the events of their lives to bewilder the public, and lead the families of those whose histories they may attempt to write into a labyrinth of errors.

PROCEEDINGS OF CONGRESS

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 12.

Senate—During the debate on Mr. Voorhees's bill prohibiting contributions for political purposes by government employes, partially reported last week, Mr. Beck of Kentucky said men had been before Congress seeking confirmation who had retained 10 or 15 per cent. of the salaries of government employes under them in order to send delegates to political conventions. Mr. Dawes wished the gentleman to be more specific. "Who was it," he inquired, "that has retained 10 or 15 per cent. of the salaries of such employes?" "I do not care," said Mr. Beck, "to state names, but they are officers of the government." "Then I will not ask their names," said Mr. Dawes; "but does the gentleman state here that he knows any officer of this government who has retained a percentage of the salaries of employes of this government for political purposes?" "Yes, I do," Mr. Beck replied, "and the finance committee all know it and plenty of others know it." "Then," continued Mr. Dawes, "the gentleman should have called for information and laid the facts before the Senate and the public." "It will be laid before the committee," Mr. Beck remarked, "when this bill comes up." Mr. Dawes hoped that that individual, whoever he may be, would be arraigned before the proper tribunal and impeached of high crimes and misdemeanors. Mr. Vance said it was shown as to employes of the internal revenue department. Their salaries had been retained in offices of collectors while blank checks had been sent around for deputies and other officials to sign. Mr. Hawley said he had no doubt there had been infamous abuse in connection with political assessments. Speaking to a broad proposition, however, he would say that no citizen of a free country should be prohibited from contributing. In moving reference of the bill to the committee on judiciary, Mr. Voorhees remarked that whenever in a court of law he had a case in which he knew the judge's mind was made up before trial, he always took a chawg of venue. For that reason, he was, he said, unwilling to let the Senator from Connecticut have the bill. [Mr. Hawley is chairman of the Senate Committee on civil service and retrenchment.] Mr. Hawley said he had not asked that it should go his committee. "Then the Senator does not object to its going somewhere?" inquired Mr. Voorhees. "I don't care," replied Mr. Hawley. "Well I do," said Mr. Voorhees.

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

Chapter XXVI.
In chapter twenty-third of these Annals, I traced the family of the Ogiers, from the time of their flight from France, when the Huguenot persecution commenced, to London; thence to Quebec, in Canada, and to Camden, Maine, where their representatives now live. The members of the Ogier family pronounced my record correct in every particular with the exception of one missing link, which was of the greatest importance, and that link was severed from the chain by the ignorance of a historian who ought to have known better, and who has misled the people for years into a wrong channel. I never believed the statement, recorded in that history, but many did; and the casual reader took it for granted that it must be true because an accepted historian of a town had so stated. I had been acquainted with the family of Ogiers for half a century, and I presume they had come to the same conclusion that I had. "If ignorance was bliss, it was folly to be wise," and therefore they took no pains to disabuse the public mind until the time should arrive when a correct history of so prominent a family should be written. Accordingly, when I commenced scanning the field in which I was to labor, I looked with dread upon the task before me, but I determined to make thorough work of it, and not depend entirely upon books or hearsay, but to make my record from direct observation of events, or from a connection with the actors themselves who had taken part in them. How well I have performed, this far, the task assigned me, I leave to those most interested to decide. The greatest difficulty I have met with thus far in tracing the family records, is the wideness of the field over which they are scattered. Members of families have married, and have settled in various parts of the country, and taken with them some mementos to which would recall to their fading memories scenes of earlier days; but family record never ought to be detached, and spirited away, where they are soon forgotten, and are lost forever. These documents are valuable, and should be sacredly kept by those who are immediate representatives of the family, and not suffered to pass into the hands of some collateral branch of the family, who have no right to them, and care but very little about them. I have a case in point, which has cost me no little trouble, and a little exercise of common sense on the part of others might have obviated. It will be recollected, perhaps, that in the former chapter alluded to above, I stated that I could leave the history of the Ogier family better satisfied could I reconcile the discrepancy, and supply the missing link between the statement which Locke makes in his history and the facts which I have established by living witnesses and family records, which admit of no dispute. Yet, after this plain statement of mine, I am accused of making a misstatement by a very careless reader, or one unable to distinguish the difference between a plain writer of facts and his antagonist. I never believed, myself, the statement of Locke, that it was Lewis Ogier who came over from Canada to Camden, in the year 1870 or about that time; for I could not reconcile the many discrepancies which beset my pathway by adopt-

ing that assumed by them as to other parts of the tariff with reference to its protective features. On reading the letter to him, he quickly inquired of me where I got it. I replied that I did not know the author of it, for there was no signature to it, and it looked to me rather suspicious, for it is dated at Camden, and the writer must have known my name, for she acknowledges that she reads the Opinion and was well pleased with what is said of the Ogier family, and the name of the author of those annals is at the head of each chapter; and yet the writer of this letter ignores my name, and uses the one I have adopted to designate my articles from all others of the numerous correspondents of the Opinion; therefore I shall deposit this letter in my waste-basket. I am too old a bird to be caught by chaff. But he assured me that the certificate of marriage of Abraham Ogier to Mary Cooper was genuine, and should have been in the possession of an older member of the family, in whose sale the history of the family, so far as we know, is sacredly kept. Now, if I had only known where this certificate was, when I wrote the history of the Ogier family, it would have saved me much trouble and anxiety, and enabled me to supply the missing link in the chain of the Ogier family, at the proper time. And this comes of not preserving the records of a family in the direct line of descent, and suffering a collateral branch of the family to obtain possession of a single document which should be sacredly kept for the benefit of their descendants, throughout all time. As I have traced the Ogier family from root to branch, in all its ramifications, and cemented the chain which connects the old Huguenots who left France in the days of persecution and found shelter in London, under the protection of the British government, I feel somewhat relieved. Locke's statement that Lewis Ogier was the first settler of the name in Camden, rendered "confusion somewhat confounded," for I shew by his own statement that the Lewis Ogier which he alluded to, could not have been more than ten or eleven years old when he arrived in Camden from Quebec. How I was to clear away the mists which had enveloped this subject for more than a century, I could not imagine, but I was determined to do it, if possible, and a persistency which never tires will accomplish much. It is done! The public mind has been disabused of a great error, and the family under consideration has a perfect record of its ancestors, so far as it can be obtained; and in prosecuting my researches in the history of other families in Camden, I shall pursue the same course to the very end, that they may possess a history of their progenitors, about which there will be no dispute. Peter Ogier, the first of the race, settled in London on being driven from the place of his nativity in France. He had a son, also named Peter. He must have been a man of wealth, for in establishing a commercial house in Quebec, with John Renaud of London and Abraham Ogier of Quebec, he contributed ten thousand pounds sterling to the capital stock. Renaud and Abraham Ogier proceeded at once to Quebec, Canada, and commenced business. How long they continued partners in business I am unable to say, but it could have been but a few years, for in the year 1772 or 1773, Abraham Ogier advertised his house for sale in one of the public newspapers of Quebec, and left in the same year for Camden, with his family. He brought with him a son, about ten or eleven years of age, by the name of Lewis, and purchased the farm situated at the head of

now expended on elections corrupted the ballot box and debauched public virtue. Mr. Harrison made a vigorous speech in opposition to the bill. The bill was referred to the judiciary committee. The Congressional library bill was passed.

House—Mr. Potter of New York introduced a bill to refund the bonded debt of the United States at 24 per cent. On motion of Mr. Stewart of Vermont a resolution was adopted for investigation into the expenditures on account of prosecutions in the Star route mail service, to inquire into the manner in which such prosecutions have been and are being conducted, and into the conduct, efficiency and good faith of all officials and persons in the pay of government in connection with such prosecution, and whether the guilty parties have been duly prosecuted. The committee on banking and currency was discharged from further consideration of the bill providing for retirement of the trade dollar, and the bill was referred to the committee on coinage, weights and measures. The Naval appropriation bill was considered in committee of the whole.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 13.

Senate—The Greeley Relief resolution was finally passed, having been also passed by the House. The McPherson bill to issue to the national banks currency to the par value of bonds deposited, was debated.

House—The Mississippi contested election case was considered.

FRUIT OF THE PRESS

Harper's Magazine for March does not contain a single article in its varied contents that has not a strong claim upon the attention of readers, and its illustrations are superb. The frontispiece engraving is an illustration of the third part of William Black's new novel, "Judith Shakespeare," from a drawing by E. A. Abbey. The opening article is a description of St. Louis, by William Henry Bishop, splendidly illustrated. This is followed by a descriptive article, entitled "The Yorkshire coast," by William H. Rideing, picturesquely illustrated by Harry Fenn. The fourth part of E. P. Roe's popular novel, "Nature's Social Story," discloses the intelligent farmer's winter fireside, with its social and intellectual attractions. Col. Higginson's American History series grows more and more interesting now that the Colonial and Revolutionary periods are passed. This month's paper, "The Early American Presidents," is especially novel and interesting in two particulars: it shows how French questions divided Americans, and it gives a graphic picture of the manners of the time when the old regime was passing away. For sale at the Opinion Book Store, Rockland.

MENTIONINGS

"Modest," said Byrnesmoney, "why, Louis is the most most modest man that goes. When I hold four queens in my hand the other night I couldn't coax him to look at them."

A Cincinnati man, driven to his roof by the floods, would take bricks from his chimney to hurl at the man who came by in a boat and said a word against the climate of Cincinnati.

"Your wife," says the Christian Union, "is entitled to her share of your income." Oh, yes, we all know that, but after she takes out her share we have to walk home unless we have credit with the street-car driver.—Milwaukee Snn.

A man in Minnesota, who says he was a private in the Seventh Illinois Cavalry, has discovered a new reason for being pensioned. In a letter to the adjutant-general he says: "When I entered the army I was a young man of good moral character, belonged to the church and attended Sunday school regular. But now, after serving my country, I have contracted bad habits, will now swear and steal—in fact, I am ruined morally. What I want to know, am I entitled to pension for loss of moral character? I hold that the government is bound to return its soldiers in as good a condition as it received them, morally as well as physically. I will defy any man to associate with guard-house bombers, mule drivers and

Continuation February 22, 1884

PLATED JOB

question of the tariff is agitatingly a rush made to the representatives of the interest, and for a time the congressmen are deal- ings made by these gentle- stance of the government. istry exemplifies in its de- ridities of our protective ly than any other class of

As a matter of fact, we and the larger part of the this country, for the good son that the tin plate made a lower price than the tin may be manufactured here.

American manufacturers go importation, and assert would only prohibit it by y duty, it would be possible in consumers to buy their country. No one can ques- of this statement, and it is o case of the protectionists business practically does resent time; but they wish an artificial existence. On what would be the losses ch a change? By the skill our countrymen, aided by plate can be imported at a able price, we have been up an enormous canning fruits, vegetables, fish and ntry, prepared and packed ound their way all over kerosene oil, canned in a r manner, has penetrated the African and Asiatic se various articles form satisfactory parts of our ex- now this little body of te makers comes forward he purpose of putting un- o its own pockets, to have impose a heavy tax on

flourishing industries—a it would in many instances ers from exporting their

To suppose that Con- an appeal of this kind is ted that the evils incident ach we have experienced ast quarter of a century, t upon the public mind.

ANT SUPERSTITION

the Scotch church contain f the supposed power of the lives of those who disre- them. While Rev. John rsing to a company at sup- disputed him, and finally pointing his finger at him acos. Welsh charged the heed and see what the Lord who had mocked. Shortly disputant sank under the the presence of the com-

pper, some time after, a rty laughed at the solemn v. Mr. Hog. Mr. Hog id assured the scoffer that eek for mercy and find it ight the scoffer was taken alarm sent for the clergy- he could arrive the sick

imitated an uncouth way tongue, which a minister le preaching. But to his r found that he could not uo again. The tongue s ensued and in a few days

man rebuked the tongue was scolding him. The began to swell, and con- several days that she

en left the church, during to a place of amuse-ment. threatened them with the re. All three died violent a fall off his horse, and broat cut.

aving pulled a minister ere he had no right to be, ergyman cried: "For this ant of God, you shall be

DEFERRED EDITORIAL MATTER

A. C. Maxwell, Democratic candidate for Congress in the tenth Michigan district at the last election, has presented a petition to Congress, in which he says that a large number of votes for H. H. Hatch, his successful opponent, were procured by fraud, bribery and corruption; and that sums of money amounting to \$20,000 were raised by assessing clerks and officers holding positions under the government, through the agency of Jay Hubbell, and his assistants, for the purpose of bribery and corrupting voters. The House cannot well avoid investigating charges made with such directness, and the peculiar methods of the Republican managers are liable to be extensively ventilated.

Joshua Nye, in a letter published this week, says: "I would just as soon license stealing, robbery, arson and murder, because the laws do not entirely suppress these crimes, as to license liquor selling, the cause of nearly all these crimes, because the law does not entirely suppress the liquor traffic." Then how can Mr. Nye uphold the present law? It does not even undertake to entirely suppress the liquor traffic. On the contrary, it establishes a system of rum shops, conducted by cities and towns for the benefit of the taxpayers financially and to provide an escape-valve to prohibition—making an arrangement by which men get liquor if they must have it or stop drinking. Would Mr. Nye be satisfied with the law against murder if the state established an agency in every town where assassins could be engaged to order? If liquor-selling is a crime of itself, by its own nature, Mr. Nye is undoubtedly right in saying that it is a crime to license it. But no honest man who holds that view of the matter should endorse the present law, which itself provides for the commission of the alleged crime. Furthermore, the law permits the manufacture of cider, though Mr. Nye claims that it is intoxicating. If he really believes that it is a crime of itself to make cider, why does he support a law which allows such crime to go unpunished and unprohibited? The fact, is, we suspect, Mr. Nye does not believe more than half of what he says.

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

Chapter XXVII.

John Neal once said, "Dress a man up, and you give him clean and new ideas." I thought, this morning, I would try the experiment, and divest myself of the robes of an invalid, and test the correctness of his opinion by arraying myself in a finer garb than I was wont to do. I know it is said that the tailor makes the man; but he does not make boots, and boots were of no use unless "creepers" were attached to them, and they are numbered among the things that were. Alas! The "fashions of this world" soon pass away, and the men of each generation think they have surpassed their predecessors in everything which contributes to the comfort and convenience. But when I looked out upon the outside world, and beheld the glittering surface of ice, covering both hill and dale with its treacherous sheets, I paused and reflected far a while on the pride and folly of the young in thinking that their patent leather boots are as comfortable as their grand- father's buskins, or their rubber shoes any- more safe, upon which to travel, than their father's groggers. Here were

the lover of the grand and beautiful. It presents the wildest variety of scenery to be found in any mountain range in Maine, and for a distance of twelve miles, or as much farther as the human eye can reach, no limner, however dextrous with his brush, could give more than a faint delineation of its exquisite beauty on a sheet of canvas; and yet, not one in a thousand who gaze at this landscape can discover any striking points in it, or derive any pleasure in beholding it. Those who do not, lose one-half of the charms of existence, and are almost entirely destitute of the pleasures of the imagination which that faculty in man produces. And yet there is a shadow resting upon this mountain. A mournful occurrence transpired within the silent walls of this cabin, which caused the deepest sorrow in this community, and deprived a family of one of its beloved members. A few years ago there came to this village a young man of great promise to visit some friends, and to transact some slight business in the line of his profession. He was a printer by trade, of good character, well educated, and of fine taste; and he bid fair to live a long and useful life. He was of a family moving in the highest circles in the community in which they resided, and was tenderly nurtured by a fond and dotting mother. He was brought up in the printing office of his father, who was the editor of a prominent newspaper in this state, and became an adept in his profession. For some reason, he left his pleasant home, abandoned his chosen profession, contrary to his father's wishes, and sought employ- ment far from his home and in a different line of business. Various reasons were assigned for this strange freak of his, but he was very reticent in regard to the subject, and his secret trouble was safely locked in his own bosom, and was buried with him in his grave, except that he re- vealed it to a few faithful friends in whom he had implicit confidence. I knew him, when he was a boy, and was well ac- quainted with his parents before they re- moved from New England to Cincinnati, Ohio. While at work at Vinalhaven, he injured himself in some machinery, and returned home to Augusta. His father visited him at the island and conveyed him home, and was in hopes that the freak of his youth had been forgotten and that he would remain contentedly at home in the future. But he was doomed to sad disappointment. The young man had become strongly attached to a young lady compositor in the office of his father, who did not approve of it. I presume the young man was offended at his father's interference in a matter of this kind, and left his home again. The young lady had worked some time on the Camden Herald, and the young man had visited her several times before, and was on a visit to some cherished friends at the time of his death. He had been here a week or so, when one day he called on me. He seemed gloomy and despondent. I thought, as a life-long friend to the family, it was time for me to approach him, and inquire the reason of his unhappy condition, and why he was tarrying so long in Cam- den, without any apparent business. He frankly related to me a concise history of his life (confidentially) and said he had been irretrievably injured in his aspirations, and his hopes blasted in the morning of life, but he had said but little about it and had locked it up in his bosom. He had been engaged for some time in writing a book, and it was nearly ready for the press.

victim's happiness, and then carelessly throw him aside like a worthless thing. Though the one bright flower of his youth had died, there was the root, strong, living, not the less that all it yielded now was bitterness. He partook of the waters of Lethe and forgot her, and if death had not intervened he would have emerged from his despondent state, and the garish splendor which had once thrown its delusive charms around him, would have given place to a calm and better view of the many illusions of early manhood and womanhood, and not like the French gallant, think it reasonable to thrust his head into a live, in search of the honey. In winding around this mountain road, the "city of the dead" presents to the view the stately granite shafts and the cold white marble monu- ments, as heedless and insensible to the hum of busy life below them, as are the sleepers who lie so quietly beneath them. The same distinctions are here observed as in life. The tall shafts of the wealthy rear their proud forms skyward, while the more humble but neat headstones modestly nestle at their base. But the rich and the poor must lie down together, and the tuted grass annihilate all earthly distinctions. Rural scenery, in all its grandeur and beauty, is everywhere seen, when the earth is not stripped of its verdure, and the neat farmhouses, with their climbing vines and profusion of flowers, lend enchantment to this suburban region. This is one of the oldest travelled roads in town, and one mostly chosen by Summer tourists for their rides of pleasure when inclined to enjoy pleasant rural scenery and breathe the pure air of the mountains, which sweep down their gorges, and chasten the rays of a burning sun. Before the "turnpike was excavated through the mountain, this road wound up in a spiral ascent, in the rear of Mr. William S. Barrett's house, where his graperies of various kinds extends far up the mountain sides, and clings with tenacity to its rugged projections. The trav- ellers would appear like the muleteers of Spain, leading their caravans up through the dangerous passes of their mountains, and, though they were not intercepted by banditti, they not unfrequently encountered the wild beasts of the forest. Many of the families of the village had intermarried with those who lived on the northern side of the mountain, and visits were inter- changed quite frequently. At such times the horses would be brought up to the "horse-block," and, all saddled and bridled, with pillion well secured, and the male all booted and spurred, the female firmly seated behind, they would leave for a day's pleasure "over the mountains;" and when the slanting rays of the declining sun would admonish them of the near approach of night, Johnny and his companion would come pacing home.

FRUIT OF THE PRESS

Louisa M. Alcott's third "Spinning-wheel Story," entitled "Eli's Education," is a leading feature of the March number of St. Nicholas, and paints a true picture of the struggles of a country lad to obtain an edu- cation in the early years of the present century. Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney contri- butes a brightly written story, called "Girl- Noblesse," which is not without "boy inter- est," however, and which, while possessing its full share of incident and adventure, is a clever study of character as well. "Among the Mustangs" is the title of an entertaining paper on the wild ponies of the plains, by Noah Brooks, author of "The Boy Emi- grants," who gives much information in regard to the habits of these animals.

This strength the origin with the photo- litho. Feb 29, 1884 P. 4

BE LIN Horse TRANSPORT and. Any W The Hol- and Hirt for these Mu

his church like a stricken time after, the laird was quarrel and his bleeding ght into the church.

AB PARAGRAPHS

ma," said a little innocent "it's leaking."

It last an ox a lifetime, but ants that number every breakfast.

I suppose you understood was to bring along some-edic. What have you Meyer—"My two boys,

oints with cats have proved ped tabby can successfully approach of two bootjacks, ap, a pair of No. 10 boots, lacking brush and a horse

ulptor (to country uncle) ance, uncle, in this rough can behold a form of ex-Country uncle—"Well, e danger of your spilin' it

er in Illinois describes the or paper as "a bear-eyed goat-faced gunny sack, a sole for a cider barrel, and the poop deck on a canal ust have been a dearth of week.

few months after his first as holding it on his knee. Now confess, Samuel, that id." "I can't do that," rist, "but am willing to ct the little thing for its

friend, that dog of yours of mine last night, and I at you propose to do about sure it was my dog?" hardly know what to do. er sell him. You don't d dog, do you?"

child: Effie (to Mrs. Bol-just been speaking of Mr. Belweather, I thought "husband!" Mrs. B— "I have, Effie. Do you u don't know Mr. Bel—"Yes, but I didn't sup-Husband. I thought you a said you married for as all you got."

wood you export," the ked the Indiana lumber-ple and beech, you know, " And the man told him went direct to Scotland, rked up into boxes and folders from the ratters go and the home of Sir ad the tourist said "Haw," ing in his note-book.

itor, roosting on the roof d, I found this paragraph in ston Transcript, which he et: "The artists are in cloudy weather. Paint-possible for nearly three r pondering a moment og disaster he concluded ch drove him to the roof al matter after all, and passing steamboat to come rption for the relief of the people of that city. He ut he felt tired.

ago a dead crane was yard dock at Bath, and a nke down the bird's throat ow. At noon time, after got talking about sharp said that dead crane's the edge of any man's axe, A man present thought e, bet the drinks for the did not turn the edge of rd was brought from the a log, and the man with given plenty of room, and his axe was not made to was not only turned, but taken out.

men wending their way to their daily toil, armed with their pikes, like a party of travellers setting out on their hazardous journey to scale the Alps. How cautiously they move along, fearful lest, the next step, they will lose their footing and take the fatal plunge. But an old farmer comes plodding along by the side of his team, with a firm and steady step, regardless of the slippery foundation upon which he is travelling. He has creepers attached to his cowhide boots and bids defiance to the slippery pathways of life which ever beset the feet of the unwary. He is a happy and sensible old man. These old useful articles are probably an heirloom in the family, and have been sacredly preserved from the ravages of time, because the aged father wore them when the fullness of old age had overtaken him. What folly does the fashion of the times lead us into, and while they are beguiling us into some of the most ridiculous positions, and the most uncomfortable garments, we are led to believe that we are in the path of progress and are infinitely beyond what our fathers and mothers ever aspired to, when in fact we have retrograded in many of the most important customs of former times, which greatly contributed to render life's burthens more easy. But, while I have been brooding over this exceptional Winter, the worst which I have experienced through a somewhat protracted life, I have almost entirely forgotten that while physically I am surrounded with the desolation of Winter, and the silence of a trackless sheet of ice, I am mentally absorbed in dreaming of the sylvan shades which line the road in the Summer season through the turnpike which leads the traveller around the Camden mountains, completely shutting in some places, every object but the lake, sleeping quietly at your feet, and the rugged side of the mountain as you pass along up north, with now and then a glimpse of the clear blue sky over the jutting cliffs, which, like the sword of Damocles, seem to be suspended above the traveller's head by a hair. As you enter the beautiful thoroughfare called Mountain street, at the junction of High, you will see a neat Gothic church, and at the first glance the stranger will at once pronounce it the one in which the Episcopal rehearse their ritual. Its color is of a subdued brown, suggestive of hoary age, yet it throws over one no gloomy shadows, but lights up the reflective mind with a cheerful hopefulness that those who were wont to enter its courts with praise, but have been translated to a temple not made with human hands, are now reposing undisturbed by the turmoils of this transitory life. The dwelling houses on this street exhibit a neatness which indicates the good taste of their owners, and demonstrates satisfactorily to the stranger that they are no drones in the hive of human industry. As you wend your way along towards the fort of Mount Batty, and nearly opposite the residences of D. H. Bisbee, esq. on your left, and James B. Swan on your right, you will discover, nearly half-way up the mountain side, a cosy little cabin, which was built some years ago, by the sons of Mr. Bisbee, where they could resort in their leisure hours with their friends, to drink in the pure mountain air, and fan their fevered brow when old Sol pours down his burning rays with relentless fury, as he not unfrequently does during the Summer season. This cabin is one of the best points for an extensive view of one of the most important prospects which the whole bay of Penobscot offers to

which would present his life as in a mirror, and if I would accept of a copy, he would gladly forward me one, as soon as it was issued from the press. My feelings were more and more enlisted in his behalf, the longer I conversed with him. I advised him to return immediately home to his father, who would gladly receive him, and his health was so precarious that it was absolutely necessary for him to receive the attention and comforts of a home. He replied that he was inclined to do so, very soon. I said quickly, "You must go at once, and if I can render you any assistance, I will most cheerfully do so." He left me more cheerful, and said that, as soon as he could arrange his business, and call upon a few friends, he would leave for home. The next day but one, was the appointed time for him to call on me and bid me good-bye, which he did. We parted in the morning, he to take his leave of a friend and to visit once more this favorite cabin on the mountain side, around which so many fond memories clustered. He called on his friend and left his overcoat at his house, while he ascended the mountain, entered the cabin, and was seen no more alive. In a short time, some one passed the cabin door, found it ajar, and entered and there lay the subject of this sketch in the repose of death. He was in a feeble state of health, and his physician had prepared him some medicine which he was in the habit of taking; the excitement of the morning, and the climbing of the mountain, had proved too much for him, and, to rally the waning energies of his enfeebled frame, he undoubtedly took an overdose of his accustomed medicine, and it stilled the pulsation of his once beating heart. His remains were tenderly cared for at the residence of his friend, his father notified of the sad event, and a messenger soon arrived, settled all his affairs, and conveyed his remains to Augusta, and from thence to Deering, where his dust will commingle with his kindred's dust, in the family vaults. In a few days I received a feeling letter from his father, thanking me for my kindness to his son when he most needed a judicious friend, and desired me to relate to him by letter everything relating to his son during his last visit to Camden, and especially everything relating to his death, for he had heard some unpleasant rumors respecting the cause of his death which he could not believe. Several letters passed between us, and I took a sad pleasure in relieving a father's mind from the wrong impressions which some meddlesome and inhuman hyena had impressed upon it. The book, which the young man had nearly ready for the press, was entrusted by him to a favorite female author, and was published under her name, and was entitled, "Woman's Wiles." I have read the book, and it portrays the character of a female whose fickleness exceeds the wind, and whose subtleness surpasses the serpent which beguiled the first specimen of a female presented to the human race, and taught her the wiles which many of her sex have practiced upon the delusions of man since the morning stars sang together in the fragrant bowers of Eden. It has always been thus, and will always continue, I presume, until "the last syllable of time shall be recorded." The coquette threw her fascinating charms around him, to bewilder and then betray, and too well did she succeed. She toyed with her "Charley Boy," as she was wont to call him, but in her heart a demon was nesting; an insatiable fiend whose presence was death to her

H. Burnham & Co.'s, Rockland. Von Moltke's portrait, which is a fine frontispiece, and the character portrait of Irving as Hamlet, lend a personal interest to the March Century. Each accompanies a striking article; Miss Helen Zimmern tells the remarkable story of the life of "Count Von Moltke" with anecdotal interest, and J. Ranken Towse contributes a pointed estimate of Henry Irving's dramatic art. The paper on "The Next Presidency," by ex-Attorney General Wayne MacVeagh, is a powerful analysis of the political situation, and a cutting satire on the men who are responsible for abuses which await the reforming hand of the kind of President Mr. MacVeagh delineates. Another important essay, by D. McG. Means, discusses methods for "The suppression of Pauperism." This excellent magazine is sold at the Opinion Book Store, Rockland.

Palliser, Palliser & Co., architects and publishers of Bridgeport, Ct., have sent us a copy of "Palliser's Useful Details," a publication which every builder and intelligent mechanic will find to be of practical value. It consists of forty plates—size 20x26 inches—giving working drawings for all classes of work, exterior and interior, pertaining to the erection of buildings of every description. The designs are a free adaptation of the so-called Queen Anne and other new and popular styles. If you wish to build a fence, a door, a mantel-piece, book-case, or any special features for outside or inside work, as gable finish, a porch, veranda, cornices, bay window, or to finish up a dining-room or hall in any special style or manner, here are the ideas that will give the key to enable one to work out his problems. In fact these "Details" are a working encyclopedia, and a volume would be required to describe them all. The price of the work is only \$3, and many of the single designs ought to be worth that to a builder.

"Is our Civilization Perishable?" The question is asked in the North American Review for March, by Judge J. A. Jameson, who considers the several agencies by which the overthrow of the existing civilization might be effected. In the same number of the Review there is an article of extraordinary interest on "Agricultural Politics in England," by William E. Bear, editor of the Mark Lane Express. "A Defenceless Sea-board," by Gen. H. A. Smalley, is a description of the unprotected condition of the harbors and coast cities of the United States. "Neither Genius nor Martyr," is the judgment pronounced upon the wife of Carlyle by Alice Hyneman Rhine, whose contribution to the Carlyle controversy is characterized by much force. In "The Story of a Nomination," W. O. Stoddard recounts the hitherto unpublished history of the means by which the nomination of Abraham Lincoln for a second presidential term was brought about. Other articles are "Literary Resurrectionists," by Charles T. Congdon; "How to Improve the Mississippi," by Robert S. Taylor; and "The Constitutionality of Repudiation," by D. H. Chamberlain and John S. Wise. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York. For sale at the Opinion Book Store, Rockland.

MENTIONINGS

The banana tree at the custom house is putting forth its first blossom; the tree is five years old. The Greenbackers have only half done their work. True the greenback is now a national currency, and without making it so, specie resumption would have been impossible. But we must not rest with this victory. We must make it the only national currency and remand gold and silver to the list of merchandise.—Wendell Phillips.

A youth of limited means, who had just married, sent his wife's rich father a beautiful copy of Tom Hood's poem, "What Can an Old Man Do but Die?" The gratified father-in-law at once took away his daughter, clubbed his son-in-law, and, having broken his leg on the front steps of the youthful schemer, sued him for \$20,000. And now the young man has concluded that an old man's sphere of action is not so limited as Tom Hood supposed.

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Continuation February 29, 1884

Mr. Phillips, nothing less. Can events more man's opinions? If the could reverse its action greenbacks at the custom old which it is now al- force into circulation. id be set up again and would follow. In view cial results of this tardy ment, every intelligent at those results might years before, and much equences of the long de- . If the public had dis- early as Mr. Phillips the dy, thousands of millions saved to the industrial untry and an unknown prevented. He always that he was saying. He dial problem until he than men in business, and the moment. I be- of his judgment on this seen and recognized. I or has already discovered views on finance.

000,000 ACRES
PACIFIC LAND FORFEIT-
E BILL.

4 The House committee agreed to report favor- it all the granted land portion of the Northern completed on July 4, as follows: For the b, Payson, Anderson, vis and Scales. Against Oates, Van Eaton and

the full text of the bill: except as to all lands portion of the road of the ulroad which was com- 4, A. D. 1879, the grant made in and of the con- d Northern Pacific rail- gress, approved July 2, at large, p. 365), be and d and determined; and grant is, so far as the rned, hereby repealed: e hereby restored to the e sale and settlement s of the United States, ds shall be held and said grant and the with- had never been made; ase any lands embraced t this act, to which said rd have been entitled, d been constructed as making the grant, have company prior to Jan. 1, erson so purchasing any heirs and assigns, shall the lands so purchased f of the fact of such pur- gister at the local land t where said land may ed that all unpaid pur- h sales shall be paid to through the receiver of the proper land office; s above and payment of nce, if any, within 12 age of this act, patents parties entitled thereto vided, further, that the urchase shall be satisfied f \$1.25 per acre for the d States, if such unpaid exceeds that amount.

if persons who have made or have made valuable n odd numbered sections completed portion of said sreef, without contract of with a bona fide intent to chase from said Northern ompany, when the said t the same by compli- taluation laws of the ll be entitled to enter one 0 acres, each of lands so approved by such person tion, or homestead laws, and in case such person or her rights under said hat one such person may tions, 160 acres of land,

ature cataract, the reflective mind is im- pressed with the wondrous works of a hidden power, simple to the many, and grand and sublime to the few. Among the latter, who took an absorbing interest in every manifestation of usefulness, of beauty, or grandeur, of the natural scenery in this locality, was Dr. Moses Dakin of Hope, who was a man of extensive local knowl- edge, an excellent physician of varied tal- ents, whose whole life was spent among a people who held him in the highest esteem, and cherish his memory for the many qualities of excellence which make up the character of a worthy man, and a good citi- zen. He was a friend to humanity, and of a religious turn of mind; his hopefulness was as extensive as the universe, and he made no distinction between the different sects of christians, but viewed them all as the children of one of father, and destined in process of time to be cleansed of all the im- purities of their earthly nature. He was strict in his morals, very puritanical in the observance of the Sabbath, and would frequently attend church at Rockland, when his extensive practice would admit of his doing so, to hear a preacher of his choice. He was a natural musician, could play upon any musical instrument then in use, and every nerve in his system was in unison with the vibration of the instrument. He was a man of taste and genius, and no man knew him better than I did. I early be- came acquainted with him on my removal to East Thomaston, and our friendship was cemented by similar tastes, in the love of natural scenery, and a fondness for wander- ing amid the wildest regions in the towns of Camden and Hope. He had a very vivid imagination, and he was too often led by it into the misty and dreamy land of the en- thusiast. I early discovered an aberration of intellect in him, which increased with his years on certain subjects; but the duties and responsibilities of his professional avocations were never in the least affected by his idiosyncrasies on most other subjects. Mountainous regions interspersed with deep valleys, were his peculiar delight. Hence his extreme fondness for the town of Hope, the place of his residence, and that of Cam- den, which he often called her twin sister, and declared that they never should have been separated. Around these two towns all his fondest affections clustered, and for them in his imaginary moods, he predicted in the future that their mountains would be covered with a dense population, their val- leys and water courses would resound with the hum of an industrious people, and their streams of water would arouse the sleepers at early dawn by the clang of various kinds of expensive machinery. In 1844 or 1845 he wrote out what was the destiny of these towns in the future, and published the work in pamphlet form in Boston in the year 1847. And, as but few of the present generation ever saw that pamphlet, or per- chance never heard of it, I will make a few extracts from its pages, in order to secure the facts from forgetfulness, as they are passing rapidly along the stream of time. He called this city, which was foreshadowed in his imagination, "Monterey, or the Mountain City." It was bounded on the east and southeast by Penobscot bay, and on all other sides by a range of mountains, which, with the ocean boundary, describes an ellipse or oval. The longest diameter, extending in a northeast and southwest direction, about twelve miles, the shortest diameter, intersecting the other at right angles, and extending eight miles. The whole containing 100 square miles. He

was proved it, and his character may be summed up in a very few words—He was one of nature's noblemen; and, "An honest man is the noblest work of God," should be inscribed on his tomb stone. The last time I saw him, he called on me on his way to the island to visit his friends for some length of time. He was in the vale of years. He said he was alone in the world, and had outlived his usefulness, but he had a few cherished friends who were very dear to him; he could not see them all, but he would leave his benedictions for each and all of them. There was one spot of Nature's handiwork that he would like to visit once more with me, where he could gaze upon the magnificent scenery which was always a great source of pleasure to him, and that was around the Camden mountains. No sooner did he express the wish than it was gratified. My horse and carriage were at the door. We stepped in and were soon on our way to the moun- tains. The Doctor was in his element, and as cheerful as in his youthful days. His sadness had disappeared, and he seemed to live over again and enjoy the pleasures of earlier days. We dined at the hotel in Lincolnville, and returned in season to meet the packet which was to convey him to Islesboro. As he waved his handker- chief to me, as he left the wharf, I thought a cloud of sadness overshadowed him. I turned away, and never saw him again. He died that year among his friends at Islesboro, and his remains were conveyed to Hope and deposited by the side of his wife, who had preceded him some years to the silent mansions of the dead. He never had any children to leave his name among the people with whom he so long lived, and who so fondly cherish the remem- brance of his many virtues.

While passing by the house of William L. Barrett, where the traveller turned to the right to wind his way up the mountain before the turnpike was built, the Doctor wished to stop and take a view of the over- hanging cliffs, which sustained the old travelled road, which the early settlers in their simplicity called a very good high- way. It was high enough, it was true, but the goodness of it was open to criticism. In every age of the world, said the Doctor, men had been raised up for special purposes, and Daniel Barrett, who took the initial steps towards the excavation of that turn- pike road through this monstrous upheaval of granite boulders, was the only man at that time who had the foresight and the courage to conceive and to carry out the project, from its incipient movements to its completion. I thought I was pretty familiar with all the facts in relation to this turnpike, but when the Doctor commenced relating his account of the prosecution of the work, which he had treasured up in the storehouse of his memory, which was seldom at fault, I found myself overshadowed with the profusion of facts and incidents of which I had never dreamed, and many which had been related to me were com- posed of the material which constituted the vapory dreams of an unsettled mind at the "noon of night" when graves yawn and ghosts hold their revels. Accordingly, I listened to his wonderful flow of language and treasured up much of the information which he was so ready to impart. Previous to the year 1809, many of the prominent citizens of Camden and Lincolnville saw the necessity of devising some plan whereby a highway could be built to facilitate travel between the two towns, instead of being subjected to the tedious and dangerous way through the defile of the

Atlantic, the highway of nations, and the whitened canvas of its many ships glisten- ing in the sun. What can the most lastid- ious taste ask for more?

MENTIONINGS

Oscar Wilde asserts that his poetry will be read when Shakespeare is forgotten. Possibly, but not before.

It now turns out that oat meal doesn't make brain after all, and the Philadelphia editors who laid in a dozen barrels apiece for Winter use will be almost mad enough to give it to the poor.

"Gwlad, gwlad, pleidol wyf i'm gwlad," was the refrain sung over and over again at a meeting in New York the other evening. And yet the attendants were not drunk. They were only Welshmen.

Since Tennyson's elevation to the peer- age many of the country papers have been printing cuts of him which, if it hadn't his name under it, would be taken by the average reader for a long-haired Indian herb-doctor who occasionally figures in the advertising column without his sombrero on.

"Promise me, dearest," pleaded the fair- haired girl, as she stood tip-toe to kiss her lover (a rising young statesman of Colum- bus) good night, "promise me that you will not seek the nomination for President this year." A shade of pain and disappoint- ment fell upon his Alpine brow, but he banished it by a mighty effort and said proudly: "I am an Ohio man, Mazourka McMullen, but my love for you is greater than my ambition. I promise you—provided John Sherman wants it."

Henry George is croaking quite a com- motion in England by his simple enuncia- tion of the great principle that the earth belongs to the men who live on it, and not to a few favored ones whose ancestors stole it or received it from a prince who stole it; he is teaching the poor slaves of landlord- ism that justice may yet be done, that they are not slaves by the decree of the Almighty. They have some rights as human beings. Truth and hope and manhood are develop- ing rapidly under the new light. In County Cork, Ireland, a number of farmers have publicly announced that owing to Michael Davitt's appeal to them they will not allow any more hunting by the gentry over their lands, and in order to stop it they have put out poison over their grounds. This poison would kill the hounds that hunt the hares, and no hunter will go where his dogs are in danger from poison.

We do great injustice to Iscariot, in think- ing him wicked above all common wicked- ness. He was only a common money- lover, and like all money-lovers, didn't understand Christ;—couldn't make out the worth of Him, or meaning of Him. He didn't want Him to be killed. He was horror-struck when he found that Christ would be killed; threw his money-bag away instantly, and hanged himself. How many of our present money-seekers, think you, would have the grace to hang them- selves, whoever was killed? But Judas was a common, selfish, muddle headed, pilfering fellow; his hand always in the bag of the poor, not caring for them. He didn't understand Christ;—yet believed in Him much more than most of us do; had seen Him do miracles, thought He was quite strong enough to shift for Himself, and he, Judas, might as well make his own little bye-perquisites out of the affair; Christ would come out of it well enough, and he have his thirty pieces. Now, that is the money seeker's idea, all over the world. He doesn't hate Christ, but can't understand Him—doesn't care for Him—sees no good in that benevolent business; makes his own little job out of it at all events, come what will. And thus, out of every mass of men, you have a certain number of bag-men—your "lee-first" men, whose main object is to make money. And they do make it—make it in all sorts of unfair ways, chiefly by the weight and force of money itself, or what is called the power of capital; that is to say, the power which money, once obtained, has over the labor of the poor, so that the capitalist can take all its produce to himself, except the laborer's food! That is the modern Judas's way of "carrying the

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Opinion.

4.

NUMBER 481.

EDIZERS

PECULIAR PARAGRAPHS

THE ANNALS OF THE TOWN OF CAMDEN, ME.

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"Off she goes!" said a lady. "You have mistaken the gender," said a gentleman. "this is the mail-train."

Another outrage. Owing to reports of trichinæ in the United States, cannibals now refuse to eat American missionaries.

A number of earls, lords and marquises have been discovered among the cowboys on the plains. This accounts for their wild ways.

Father—"I never imagined that your studies would cost me so much money."
Student—"Yes, and I don't study much, either."

Alexander Gumbleton Ruffleton Scuffleton Oberda Whittleton Southenball Benjamin Franklin Squires is still a resident of North Carolina, aged 92.

A little Rutland girl, becoming wearied with the quarrelling of two other children over a glass of milk, exclaimed, "What's the use of fighting forever over that milk? There's a whole cowful out in the barn."

One of our religious monthlies, which has a large "free list," lately sent the names of its subscribers in a certain town to one of the number, asking him to report whether all of them were still living in the place and regularly receiving the copies mailed to them. He replied: "All here except Brother S. He went up to heaven last Summer. His widow and children remain here permanently."

The crossings were just awful. Tawmus stood in a doorway contemplating the weather and wishing he were dead or it would clear off, when he saw a very pretty young lady about to attempt to cross the slush flooded street. His natural gallantry prompted him to tender his assistance and stepping forward he said: "Madam will you permit me to observe—" "Observe if you like," she interrupted him, "I've got rubber boots on."

In Germany the police regulations are very strict, and any violation of them is promptly punished. The people have a holy terror of the law. Two gentlemen happened to meet in Berlin, and the following conversation took place: "Have you heard the dreadful news about Miller?" "No, what is it?" "He was in a boat in the river. He fell overboard and was drowned. The water was too deep." "Didn't he know how to swim!" "Swim! Don't you know that all persons are forbidden by the police to swim in the river."

A stranger travelling on horseback through the backwoods of Arkansas was very much impressed with the familiarity that existed between the pigs and the natives. The swine had a free pass to the privileges of the house, and seemed to make liberal use of it. Riding up to a shanty, the stranger asked a tall, unkempt specimen of humanity: "Why don't you keep your pigs out of your house?" "Look here, stranger," responded the Arkansas man, putting his hands in his pockets, "et you mean to say that my family ain't fitten for hogs to associate with, just come out like a man and say it." The stranger immediately appeased the native by conceding that the farmer was a fit associate for a hog.

DEFERRED EDITORIAL MATTER

Mr. Brand, who recently resigned the position of speaker of the British House of

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

Chapter XXIX.

Every object which presents itself to view, in mind or matter, has as many phases as there are individuals in the world, and where one sees beauty, another sees nothing but deformity. It is the obliquity of vision in the retina of the eye in the one case, or a natural deficiency of judgment in the other, and occasionally we are led to believe that some men are so perverse in their nature as to be stubbornly disposed to be contrary and intractable. I was led into this train of reflection the other day by meeting an old citizen of this town, who had lived within its borders many years, and perhaps first saw the light of the day beneath its sullen sky, and he innocently inquired of me, whether I was correct in my statement, that Abraham Ogier, who formerly kept the "town's poor," and not Lewis, was the first settler on Ogier's hill. If there is a ludicrous side to any question or object, it always presents itself to me in an instant of time, and produces a rippling laughter which awakens all my better nature. Now, here was a man of ordinary intelligence, living in a community of industrious farmers whose minds are wholly absorbed in their laborious occupations, and oblivious to everything which is passing around them outside of their own globes, not even taking interest enough in their own neighbors to enable them to distinguish one generation from another. It is for such men that I am induced to insert in this chapter the following document, which a friend kindly sent me:

Wiscasset, February 25, 1884.

Dear Sir—I have read with much interest, as they have appeared from week to week, the perplexities experienced in tracing the Ogier genealogy. They aroused my interest, and I lately made some researches in the county records, where I found that in all probability the first settler of the name of Ogier in Camden, was Abraham as will appear by the enclosed copy of "Abraham Ogier's Permit," as it is called, recorded in folio 44 of volume 60 of Lincoln Registry of Deeds. These records show that, about twenty years afterward, Abraham Ogier conveyed the lot No. 33 to his son Lewis. I enclose an extract from the deed as recorded, showing bounds of same. This was not discovered until too late to be of service in the writing of your chapter XXVI, but may serve to increase the testimony you have gathered, showing your conclusion, that Abraham Ogier came from Quebec to Camden in the year 1773, to be the correct solution of this intricate genealogical maze. I regret that the Ogier record was not earlier unearthed, and shall be glad if it is of any use to you. If I can be of assistance hereafter, command me. Respectfully yours,

WM. D. PATTERSON.

The extract from the deed enclosed by Mr. Patterson reads thus: Abraham Ogier of Camden, Merchant, to son Lewis Ogier. Lot No. 33, bounded

a livelihood, and perchance fill their coffers with glittering coin, and in discovering new objects, either in the outer or inner world, light is necessary to discern the beauties or the deformities of the objects; and, as I am about entering on a voyage of discovery from the entrance of Camden harbor up the winding stream of the Megunticook river, from its outlet to its source, will avail myself of all the light obtainable, and let its rays flash their brilliancy upon the dark and intricate passages which I may encounter on my way thither. If there is any one objectionable word in the English language, that word is "Monotony," and if I can avoid being shipwrecked upon it, while many a more able and brilliant writer has been stranded there by becoming too familiar with it, then I shall be extremely fortunate. And if I meet with any corsairs in these latitudes, I shall not attempt to contend with them with a bodkin, but I shall use "paper bullets," for I consider them more effective. But what light shall I use? Why, I will use one that emanates from a little conical building standing upon the outer walls of a gem of an island at the entrance of Camden harbor. It looks as cold and ungainly as a monument in a cemetery, as the mariner sails by it in the day time; but its usefulness and beauty is seen in the darkness in approaching a rockbound coast amidst a fearful storm, when it shines and flashes its cheering rays amid the surrounding gloom: A mariner, on leaving port, turns his eyes fondly upon this valuable sentinel, and inwardly bids it farewell; and on returning he greets it with smiles. See, it stands out in bold relief, on the extreme of one element, and gleams with brilliancy over the other. It burns when all lights are dim. It shines to guide and save, not to allure and destroy. The lighthouse has furnished poetry with its own beautiful image, and has given another trope to express the superiority of erudition and intellect over the common mass of passion and instinct. The sublimity of thought connected with the far distant lighthouse, comes from its unchangeable position. Storms may howl, and bland ocean, sky and land in a seeming chaos; the clouds may be torn by tremendous whirlwinds, and run rugged and frightful close under the lee of a pileless horizon; yet, unmoved and calm and bright through all the war of these elements, the "lighthouse" sends out its rays of hope amidst the black darkness and wild confusion to cheer and encourage the mariner in the darkest hour of his peril. One more thought mingles its flashes with that of the lighthouse. The tastes of readers of the Annals are as varied, no doubt, as the colors of the chameleon. A musket, when loaded with shot, and which scatters well, will do more execution, than a rifle loaded with a ball, which places its charge in the centre of the target. Now let me moralize for a moment on the subject of my "lighthouse in the skies," which has intruded itself upon me as I was about closing this chapter. In the religious world, and away in the darkness, and enveloped in the clouds of materialism, the christian discovers a bright and radiant star of promise shining in the distance, which sheds its light upon two worlds, giving the pilgrim of earth a brilliant light, that when the pestilence emits in wrath, and the devastations of war are spreading themselves over a once happy world when famine lean and hunger

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... would have wished to die in the service of the House, but his health forbade." At least, he is so reported by the cable. It would seem that Mr. Brand ought to be well satisfied with the state of his health if it is such that it forbids him to die. Mr. Brand is not an Irishman, so we suppose his remark is not a bull.

We printed last week the text of the bill introduced in the House, declaring forfeited the unearned lands granted to the Northern Pacific Railroad company, and restoring them to the people's domain. It is not known exactly how much land this bill will take from the company, but the number of acres is variously estimated from 30,000,000 to 40,000,000. Nearly the entire Northern Pacific grant west of Bismarck, if the bill passes, will be forfeited. Mr. Anderson of Kansas, a member of the committee, said recently that the bill would undoubtedly pass the House and probably the Senate. The House has overwhelmingly declared in favor of a sweeping forfeiture of all railroad grants, not earned in the time required by law. The Senate has taken no action on the subject; but, while less more conservative, it is very sensitive regarding public sentiment and will very likely pass the forfeiture bills, although in modified forms. The people of Maine sent the land-thieves' attorney, Tom Reed, to Congress, but he is powerless there.

The Bridgeport (Conn.) Morning News of February 26 says: "Last evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Bassick, No. 569 Fairfield avenue, occurred the marriage of their daughter, Mrs. May A. Chase, to Mr. Charles Flemming, lately business manager for Mr. Bassick, but now of the firm of Fleming & Howe of New York. The wedding was private, only the immediate relatives and friends of the contracting parties being present. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Eaton W. Maxcy, of St. John's church. The bride was arrayed in a handsome traveling suit and was the embodiment of grace and loveliness. At the conclusion of the ceremony, the guests were invited to an elegant wedding supper in honor of the occasion. The happy couple departed for a trip South, followed by a shower of rice and the slipper. At the conclusion of their wedding tour, they will take up their residence in New York. The bride was the recipient of a number of substantial presents from her parents." The parties are Maine people, and well known in this section.

The United States inspectors of local steam vessels, acting as a board of inquiry into the cause of the disaster to the steamer City of Columbus on January 18, after an extended hearing and consultation, have made a lengthy report to the supervising inspector of the second district. After rehearsing the incidents connected with the disaster, the inspectors concluded that the vessel first struck within 10 or 12 feet from where she finally grounded, and condemn the backing of the engine after the shock as a serious mistake. The oft-repeated query as to how the vessel got so far out of her course is answered by bad steering, and the charge is made that at the time of the accident there was no pilot on duty. The inspectors treat the matter of Capt. Wright's responsibility in an exhaustive manner, and conclude by revoking his license as master and pilot mainly for delegating his duties as pilot to others not legally authorized to act in that capacity. The captain and other officers of the Glorious, the steamer that passed by the wreck and did not render assistance, are exonerated from

5 57 degrees west, 200 rods to a demilock, standing by the Pond for a corner; thence southerly along the Pond 72 rods to a white birch marked "10." for a corner; thence N. 57 degrees East 235 rods to a stake and stones by the sea-shore for a corner; thence Northerly along the sea-shore to the place of beginning; containing 100 acres.

This is explicit enough to satisfy the most obtuse intellect we have among us.

Following is a copy of the "permit," alluded to:

Boston, June 28th, 1773.

At a meeting of the standing committee of the Proprietors, called the Twenty Associates of the Lincolnshire Company, voted—Whereas, Mr. Abraham Ogier had encouragement, some time past, to come from Quebec & settle upon a front lot in Camden, which he now applies for, but all those lots being taken up & settled, it is therefore voted, that the said Ogier be permitted to settle upon lot number thirty-three, on Beachamp neck, upon the following conditions, viz: Said Ogier shall perform & do all the duties which the other settlers in said Town are obliged to do & perform, as mentioned & express'd in the printed conditions of settlement for settling the Town; & in addition thereto, he shall work two days extraordinary in each year, on the roads & ministerial lot in said Town so long as the settlers by Articles are obliged to work thereon.

A true Copy—Attest:
NATH'L APPLETON, Pro's Clerk.
This is to certify that said Abraham Ogier hath performed all the aforesaid conditions, as witness our hands.
ROBERT THORNDIKE,
SAM'L McLAUGHLIN,
JOHN GROSS,
JAMES MINOT.

Rec'd July 22, 1806, & interest & examined by WARREN RICE, Reg'r.

It is an old adage of our fathers, that, "a thing well done, is twice done," and it I haven't proved the truth of this saying in tracing the genealogy of the Ogier family through the many years of more than a century, one may well despair of ever accomplishing the task which I voluntarily assumed for my own satisfaction, and to convince those interested that a gross error had been gravely asserted in the pages of history, which some persons, from motives known only to themselves, were unwilling to acknowledge. This closes forever, I hope, this vexed question, and I leave it "with malice towards none, and charity for all." The citizens of Camden have nobly sustained me in the unraveling of the snarl, in which carelessness or ignorance had entangled us. I am now prepared to enter on further tasks with a zeal which never flags, or becomes weary in its endeavors to perform any duty which may have been thrust upon me, or, which I have voluntarily assumed, to the best of my ability, no matter how many miles may be in the way, who have arrayed themselves in the skins of lions, to deceive the unwary. I purpose to develop the resources of the town of Camden in due time, if I live, in all the diversity of its interests; but to do it faithfully, requires much time and labor, and, like every old man, I think I am able to accomplish more than I can perform. But, be that as it may, a few more revolutions of the sun around its orbit will decide the question, and I am prepared to receive good naturedly, at any moment, the verdict which an impartial public shall render.

I shall first glance over Camden village proper, being first settled, but shall not omit the most obscure hamlet within our limits, and above all; and more than all, I shall not overlook the resources of our water power, which have of late created so much interest in the minds of some of our liberal and unselfish capitalists, who have suffered it to run to waste so many years. In a bird-eye view of the harbor, as we

a lighthouse in the skies, the Star of Bethlehem," which sheds its beams over a darkened world, and serves as a beacon light to guide us to the haven of peace. After this episode, or digression, I shall take my departure from Negro Island light, and wend my way up the Megunticook stream, note all the points as I pass along which may be of any interest to the citizens of the town whose Annals I am doing my best to trace for the benefit of those who may come after us, as well as the present generation.

MENTIONINGS

A New York judge has been astonishing the lawyers by carrying out a judicial rule which provides that it cases are not ready when called the second time they shall be either dismissed or put at the foot of the calendar. It is safe to say that however this innovation on the traditional "law's delay" may strike the minds of lawyers, it is an occasion of rejoicing to litigants whose interests have been trilled with by dilatory attorneys.

The Republicans, who cannot understand honesty in politics, are astounded at the confessedly fair Congressional apportionment made by the legislature of Georgia, which is overwhelmingly Democratic, and they are devoting a great deal of useless ingenuity to finding a "cat in the meal." Assuming that the negro vote will be entirely Republican, six of the ten congressional districts will go Republican at the next election. Where the Republicans make their mistake is in claiming the colored vote as all and ever their own.

Sewall G. Simpson who lives in what is known as the "Cape Cod Settlement" about four miles from Bucksport, built a twenty ton schooner the past winter. Saturday the craft was placed on a sled and with ten yokes of oxen and a span of horses was hauled to the river just above Verona bridge where the launching was to take place. In moving the sled down the descending ground toward the river it struck an obstruction and was suddenly stopped. The sled came to a standstill, but not so with the boat which kept on and slid into the river as easy and gracefully as though it had been started from the most improved ways. It was an impromptu but successful launching.—Bangor Commercial.

The tramp assumed an air of superiority, and said: "Law is a bleeding humbug. If a rich man has a nice oil painting it is called a work of art, but if a poor store-keeper has chromos of it he is arrested for distribution of obscene pictures. The law pretends to close up gambling dens, but Wall street has never been raided. If a poor dirt cart-driver spills a little sand on the street he is collared and put in a pen with murderers and burglars to await trial. If a little kid does a few minutes' funny business on the stage for good pay she's scooped down upon, but thousands of pale-faced little devils are allowed to work in stores fourteen hours a day. Don't talk to me about law. Law! Pshaw!"

The boys have just got through breaking windows with their tops, and now comes kite time. Nothing has ever been invented that is superior to a well regulated kite in causing a team to run away and distribute the inmates of the vehicle at irregular intervals along the boulevard. There are several premonitory symptoms announcing the advent of kite time. When the head of the family, on getting up suddenly from a chair, finds a plate of flour paste adhering to his person, that is one of the symptoms. When the spoons of thread mysteriously disappear, and nobody knows at meal times where the boys are, these are two more signs that kite time has arrived. The boy who flies kites, like the legislator who carries long at the wine cup, has redness of eyes from looking up at the sun. Almost every boy flies a kite, and one of the greatest blessings the country derives from the Western Union—in fact the only blessing the country derives from that monopoly—is that about half the kite lodges on the telegraph wires. When a boy has lost his life he goes about cutting

Continuation March 14, 1884

In making the attempt to give a correct history of this town, I little dreamed of the onerous task I was taking upon myself, or I should shrunk from it, with horror, and left the subject for one who was more competent and possessed of more vigor, both physically and mentally. But for several years I had been strongly urged by many prominent men of the town to undertake to present a faithful sketch of one of the oldest and most interesting towns in the state, and one containing the largest number of inhabitants outside of the incorporated cities. I yielded to the solicitations of these cherished friends; and I have already pored over many musty records, the lines of which were traced by hands which have long since turned into dust. Were I in the least superstitious, their ghosts would undoubtedly haunt me in my midnight slumbers, and, like Bangqu's in Shakespeare's play would not vanish at my bidding, however stern my commands might be. But I fear the errors which the people have heretofore received for the truth more than I do the ghosts which one's imagination sometimes creates. But as the ghosts disappear at the first ray of the sun, so will these errors in my progress disappear at the borrowed light of the truth which my kind friends shed upon me while groping my way in a labyrinth of errors into which I was led by the false lights which I have innocently, not to say ignorantly, followed. I did intend in this chapter to give a sketch of the harbor of Camden, its changes, and the improvements made on its banks since it was visited by Thorndike, Richards and others, before I entered the Meganticook river, to explore it from its source, to glance at its industries, its water-falls, and whatever other objects I might deem worthy of my notice, until I arrived at the outlet of Canaan lake, at Molyneux mills, when I should meet the rapid waters gliding smoothly through a narrow defile, or rushing madly over the boulders which obstruct their passage. But I shall omit for the present this important chapter, for the errors which I have found in my impressions of what I supposed to be facts, must be corrected as soon as they are detected, not to mislead my readers, as others have been in former times, with other histories. And, in justice to myself, to defeat the designs of those who have already more than intimated that they shall take advantage of my labors, I shall reserve all rights which justly belong to me, and my publishers in these annals. I have not infringed upon the rights of other authors, nor do I intend to, but if any other writer wishes to copy my facts, or any information I have been so fortunate as to unearth from the dead past, I will cheerfully grant permission to use them by merely asking the privilege. On receiving some important facts in relation to the first settlers of this town, I was led to review some of my notes, wherein I found that I had recorded as facts, statements of doubtful origin; and, for fear they may be inserted in some subsequent chapter, I hasten to correct them.

One of these errors was in relation to the family of Peter Ott, a prominent actor in the scenes which transpired in this town prior to and during the Revolutionary war. Many years ago, I became acquainted with the German clergyman at Waldoboro, who migrated to this country with the early colony to "Broad Bay," now Waldoboro, as I have before stated. Having obtained a

by the Sea of Salt Water; on the Southwest by Lot No. eighteen, being a Settler's Lot, is now permitted to be settled by Peter Hill; and on the Northwest by Lot No. fifty-seven; or however otherwise bounded.

In other conveyances the lot numbered nineteen is described as having been "settled by Peter Ott." Now the question arises here, whether the Peter Ott described in the foregoing deed is the original German emigrant, who came over to "Broad Bay" about the year 1773, or was there another Peter Ott, who was a resident of Worcester, Mass., and of riper age than the emigrant, and who was a landholder in Camden as early as 1772? I am inclined to believe that we, in this vicinity, have been misled in regard to the origin of the Ott family, and Peter Ott of Worcester was the sire of the race who first settled in Camden, and not the German immigrant who came over with the colony which settled at "Broad Bay." I have no faith in Locke's statement that one of that colony became dissatisfied, in consequence of any misrepresentations made to them by Gen. Waldo, or his son, who went to Germany and accompanied the colonists to Waldoboro. For, fifty years ago, I visited that people frequently at their homes, and I never heard a whisper concerning that subject; but, on the contrary, the old Germans spoke of their new home at "Broad Bay," as they were wont to call it, in the highest terms, as an oasis in the desert, and no adverse circumstances which might have occurred, could have induced them to return to their native soil, much less to have deserted their beloved pastor, Rev. Mr. Starman, under whose sheltering wings they reposed in peace, and in whom they placed the most implicit confidence, trusting in his discretion, worldly wisdom, and piety. This statement, then, I consider a myth, conceived in an unsound intellect, incapable of carrying out a simple proposition to its legitimate conclusion. There may have been a Peter Ott, who removed from Waldoboro to Camden, but not the one with whom we have to do, for he must have been the son of Peter Ott, of Worcester, and was of age in 1786; for on the 17th of October in that year, John Gordon, jr., conveyed to him, Peter Ott, jr., lot number 66 in the township of Camden, and the deed was executed in the presence of Peter Ott, the 18th of September, 1788. Isaac Harrington also sold, the same year, to Peter Ott, jr., lot number 18, in the township of Camden. In 1790, William Molyneux sold lot number 20, in Camden, to Peter Ott, who in 1794 conveyed one-half of the same to Peter Ott, jr. Peter Ott, senior, formerly of Worcester, was living in 1803, as appears by deed of land from Peter Ott, junior, to him, Peter Ott, senior, July 6th, 1803, in presence of Erastus Foots. Peter Ott, jr., was collector of taxes for Camden about 1791. Now, if there are any other Peter Otts to be traced or accounted for, which are necessary to give a complete genealogy of the Ott family, who figured so conspicuously during our Revolutionary struggles in this vicinity, I will use my best endeavors to aid in tracing their footsteps, in their wanderings from their first introduction to the soil of Camden, until they are found, identified and presented to the people of Camden, divested of the robes of error with which ignorance has heretofore clothed them. Perfection is not of earth and all are liable to come to erroneous conclusions, and the only way for us to arrive at the truth of any statement, is to listen calmly to the evidence presented in its behalf

road, has been proved by many who have tried it to have medicinal qualities equal to any waters, imported or American, and superior to most of them. We learn of many cases where great benefit has resulted from its use, and it is recommended by physicians and chemists.

We have received from the Hydrographic office, Navy department, the pilot chart of the North Atlantic ocean for March. These charts are issued by government monthly, and are of great benefit to navigators. They give the position and detail of floating wrecks, log-banks, icebergs, ice fields, water spouts, etc., as well as the direction of ocean currents, the track of storms, and the changes made in beacons and buoys of all kinds. The charts must be of great value, and ship-masters are urged to communicate promptly to the department all information of interest to mariners, that it may be charted. Information as to the limits of fog off the coast, is especially desirable. The main Hydrographic office is in Washington, and there are branch offices in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and San Francisco. A copy of the latest chart issued can be seen at this office at any time.

CAMDEN.

Our Hope neighbors are jubilant over the visit of a robin to their town. But why shouldn't the "Red Breast" choose the rural town of Hope for an early visit? It is a mistaken idea with some, that the robin migrates far south as the Winter approaches this northern region. A few years ago, I spent a Winter in the "Granite state." I met with a couple of hunters, returning from a tramp in the northern region, and they informed me that on passing through a dense forest of evergreens, they discovered an amphitheatre of some acres, completely surrounded with spruce trees, and hearing a chattering of birds within the enclosure, they entered, and were surprised to see the whole space over with snow, and the grass as green as in May, while without the snow was more than two feet deep. This was evidently their Winter quarters, and had been for years. The men quietly withdrew without disturbing them, and one of the hunters said it was truly an oasis in the desert.

SIGMA.

SOUTH WARREN.

While many are saying cuss-words on account of the snow, the venerable weather prophets, Mr. Mank of Thomaston and Mr. J. G. Hoffes of Warren, are in ecstasy, as their predictions for February were very nearly correct, and March thus far has proved just as they said it would. Beside them Vennor is at a discount and Wiggin is a mere pigmy.

BESS.

PROCEEDINGS OF CONGRESS

TUESDAY, MARCH 11.

Senate.—A memorial from the Iowa legislature was presented, asking for the enactment of an interstate commerce law. The Mexican treaty was considered in executive session. It was ratified—41 to 20.
House.—Mr. Morrison reported the tariff reduction bill. Its provisions are the same as have been described in this paper. Mr. McKinley presented the views of the minority. The postal appropriation bill was considered in committee of the whole. A bill was passed permitting admission to American registry of any foreign vessel which has been either wrecked or damaged within navigable waters of the United States and repaired in the United States at a cost equal to double the amount of value

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1 bills and de- until now they ued agitation . . . The so burred and facturer until stands on his ral and inevi- d prostration ies. . . . an agitation has greatly nufacturers." "the country" e tariff ques- monopolists. that is unjust s, of course on. But it is llegal states- the American s laws of ayu- a revenue re- ny good rea- be allowed to . And if the t prosperous, nclude that it tive taxes do e revenue red injustice of nd a change. the Portland t to England, ouncil of this who know r, and knows now, can fail- ment every- in the condi- atement cond- d to convey a of those who is therefore a condition of with respect ow than pre- a prohibitory mprovement. by the grand movement, produced its vs were even rmed, and its in the least the country the law was ceded that so rned no law was enacted lies and large always more object of its l on all hands failure. The to-day than ten times as d than there v was enacted- known to the do they make ngth people

migrated to this country with the early colony to "Broad Bay," now Waldoboro, as I have before stated. Having obtained a smattering of the German language, from books, I was extremely anxious to meet one of that nationality, with whom I could converse in that language. I sought an interview with that gentleman through Gen. Deany McCobb, then collector of the district of Waldoboro, at whose hospitable mansion I temporarily made my home. I found Mr. Starman a very social gentleman, simple in his manners, and very ready to assist me in the accomplishment of my wishes. He aided me very much, and I called on him at various times. He was fond of conversing of his native land, and possessed a lingering hope of once more treading her soil as in days of yore. He remembered distinctly those who emigrated with him from Germany to America, and among those oftenest spoken of was Peter Ott, who removed from Waldoboro to Camden soon after his arrival in America. I thought no more of Peter Ott until I commenced writing my annals of Camden, and I did not recall the conversations often held with Mr. Starman in regard to Mr. Ott until a week or two since, when a communication from a friend awoke the long buried memories of other days. He made some inquiries about the one who came over from Germany to "Broad Bay" with Mr. Starman, as to whether he was the one to whom I alluded, who formerly lived in Worcester, Mass. At the first thought it struck me I was to have another case to deal with similar to that of the Ogier family, and that I might as well prepare for another voyage to Europe to trace the genealogy of the Ott family. But, on second thought, I was confident that I had one in whom I could trust for "more light," when needed. That light came in due time, and flashed its rays over the darkness in which I was surrounded. At the very moment I was brooding over what I supposed to be an inextricable difficulty, a winged messenger was on its way to my domicile with healing in its wings, despatched by William D. Patterson, esq., of Wiscasset, conveying the following deed, transcribed by him from the records deposited in the office of the Register of Deeds in Lincoln county, volume 22 folio 127, dated 17th November, 1772:

Jonathan Amory and John Amory, both of Boston in the County of Suffolk and Province of the Massachusetts Bay in New England, Merchants, in consideration of the sum of fifteen pounds paid by Peter Ott of Worcester, in the County of Worcester and Province aforesaid, Husbandman, conveyed to said Peter Ott one full undivided moiety, or half Part of a lot of Land lying, and being in a Place or Township now called by the name of Camden in the County of Lincoln, and Province aforesaid, which whole Lot is numbered nineteen, and contains about one hundred Acres more or less as laid down on a Plan of said Township now in the hands of Mr. Nathaniel Appleton as Clerk to the Proprietors, called the Twenty Associates of the Lincolnshire Company which Lot No. nineteen is bounded and bounded as follows, viz.—On the Northeast by Lot No. twenty, being a Settler's Lot, and is more permitted to be cut off and joined to the said

and the only way for us to arrive at the truth of any statement, is to listen calmly to the evidence presented in its behalf, weigh candidly, and decide between truth and error as your best judgment shall direct. This have I done in every instance when I have met with conflicting statements made to me by different individuals on subjects of public interest, connected with my annals. I have relied upon my own judgment whether I have received facts or errors from those who have preceded me in the attempt to enlighten our people on their early history, and have, in every instance, proved the correctness of my position by written documents, which do not admit of dispute. If other writers had done the same, it would have been much better for the present generation, and saved the public mind from many a suspicion, that they were not always reliable. I am but a "gleaner" of facts in the world's highway, and if any generous friend, in whom I could place implicit confidence, should impart to me any knowledge, to aid me in the furtherance of my wishes, in giving the citizens of Camden a reliable history of their town, I shall acknowledge with gratitude the information he may so kindly impart.

In closing up this chapter of the Ott family, so far as the early settlers of that name are concerned, I will say that I am persuaded that the Peter Ott who was so prominent among the Camden patriots during the war of the Revolution, and kept a tavern at Goose river, near the site where Jefferson Smith's house now stands, as early as the year 1779, if not earlier, was the son of Peter Ott of Worcester, Mass., and was the Peter Ott, junior, named in the foregoing deed from Peter Ott, senior; and not the German emigrant whom Locke states came from Waldoboro. For Peter Ott, the hero of Locke, had not stepped his foot on American soil, when our Peter Ott had been a resident, if he did not first open his eyes upon the light of day in the town of Worcester, Mass. I have not time to spare to say more upon this subject at the present time, nor is it at all necessary; but I shall, at some future time, speak of the daughter of Peter Ott, jr., the heroine, who subsequently married John Harkness, who served as a lieutenant at the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill. He was disabled in one of those battles, and afterwards removed to Camden, and settled at Goose river. John Harkness, the hero and Elizabeth Ott, the heroine, were a worthy couple, and well mated. We had many heroines in Camden, among the females who became the mothers of our sturdy race, and I fear if we should compare the daughters of the present generation with those who lived in the days when they were called women, and not ladies, the women would outshine the ladies of the present day.

The new postal law now makes the taking of a newspaper and the refusal to pay for the same theft, and any person guilty of such an action is liable to original proceedings, the same as if he had stolen goods to the amount of \$100.

within navigable waters of the United States and repaired in the United States at a cost equal to double the amount of value of the vessel when purchased.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 12.

Senate—The French spoliation claim bill was reported. The pleuro-pneumonia bill and the Fitz John Porter bill were considered.

House—The postal appropriation bill was considered in committee of the whole.

MENTIONINGS

The old tramp who was a "Michigan fire sufferer" last summer, will go on the road this summer as an "Ohio flood sufferer." He thought once that he would have to appear as a "Java earthquake sufferer," but the floods have fortunately rendered this rather far-fetched excuse unnecessary.

American exhibitors at the recent fisheries exposition in London received more than one-fifth of the total number of awards. When the American fish liar gets well warmed up to his work the other man may just as well make up his mind to save his breath and get shut out at the distance pole.

"My dear," said the Czar of Russia to his wife, "will you give orders to have the palace gates locked and the streets for one mile in every direction cleared of people?" "Certainly," replied the Czarina, "but what are you going to do?" "I want to look out of the window to see what kind of a day it is."

"Gaze upon yonder evening star and swear to be true while its light shall shine! Swear, my love! Swear by Venus!" exclaimed a youth in impassioned accents to one of the Vaassar girls. "How stupid you are," she answered. "That is not Venus. The right ascension of Venus this month is 15h. 9m., her declination 17 deg. 25 m. south, and her diameter is 10.2."

There is a tradition of a Cunard captain of years ago, who in his off-days prided himself on his curt replies to inquirers. A lady on his ship asked him a civil question one day when he was especially cross. "Don't trouble me, ma'am," was the reply, "go ask the cook; perhaps he'll tell you." "Excuse me," she said instantly, "I supposed you were the cook when I addressed you." The captain was polite all the rest of the trip.

Ex-Governor Hubbard of Connecticut years ago at Hartford was a member of a coterie which met periodically to play whist. One of the party, who was locally famous for his slovenly habits and soiled dress astonished his friends one night by appearing with a beautiful white rose in his button hole. Addressing Mr. Hubbard he said: "Hubbard, did you ever see a finer rose than that? now where do you imagine I got that rose?" Mr. Hubbard looked quizzically at the flower resting in its dirty loop-hole, and answered: "Looks as though it might have grown there."

I have been surprised at the number of voters in this country who pay no attention to either political party, but are enrolled in the lists of mechanics and employes. General Butler is more considered amongst these people than any other man. Indeed, since the death of Peter Cooper, he is almost the only man considered by the labor classes. In Park row, where the World office once stood, is a high board fence and in going past it yesterday I saw the portrait of General Butler and the portrait of another man beside it painted on a board. I had only time to read the two names: "For President, Benjamin F. Butler of Massachusetts; for Vice-President, John Reagan of Texas." Reagan has been working for some years at an interstate traffic bill to regulate the carrying corporations.—Geo. Alfred Townsend.

Continuation March 21, 1884

is not of the cities you've built
to with the seas to engage;
the green and gilded,
reared to be here and stay;
mines and mines excavated,
leas that wonder excite,
seeds of bright steel that are mated
with the hurricane's flight;
thout me they were not,
thout me you would rot,
workers would perish, oh, Labor!

you're the bone and the muscle,
we are the victories, for
in the every-day bustle,
ews of peace, as of war?
o command the resources—
the are the consequent yield,
k the advance of force,
ter and die on the field,
dependent upon me,
ve pity for thee,
d thee a living, oh, Labor!

d you in thralldom forever,
and all the world—
erum without which the lever
y useless, my friend,
talk of equalization
is well made in our deal;
und, without thought of equaton,
and keep turning the wheel,
are paid by the day,
live as you may,
yes I pay you, oh, Labor!

umberless workers for money,
of busiest bees;
they are making the honey,
for their labor the fee,
threaten and swear revolution—
revelled are those who live long—
at their hot eloquution,
mply is, "Ding and ding dong!"
al hat they are mine,
is shekels that shine
re of iron, oh, Labor!

ED EDITORIAL MATTER

bie has designated Thursday,
st day.
re the names of the officers
annual town meeting held
and two weeks ago: Mod-
Joyce; Clerk—Joseph Stan-
—D. E. Sprague, I. Stock-
Joyce; Treasurer—John
tax levy will amount to
of which \$500 goes for roads
hools.

aldoboro correspondent says:
t G. A. R. held one of their
ires (with oyster stew an
ige hall Friday evening,
earlier part of the evening
the singing of war songs by
ixed voices, followed by an
James A. Hall of Damar-
readless to add that the affair
as the members of this post
word in their vocabulary as

atic state convention is to be
r on Tuesday, June 17, to
ndidate for governor, two
go of president and vice
four delegates at large to
convention. The basis of
is fixed on the vote of last
otion—one for every town
ry 75 votes—and the Demo-
and all others who propos
Democratic nominations are
delegates.

—and especially during polit-
—the public desires reliable
for to which party a person

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

Chapter XXXI.

In a former chapter, I lingered around
the little island which lies at the southern
entrance of Camden harbor, and took my
final leave of the light, which throws its
brilliant rays over the darkness of a tem-
pestuous night, as well as when a cloudless
sky is suspended over the slumbering citi-
zens of our hamlet, decked with its myriads
of twinkling stars. It is over a century
since Robert Thorndike entered into this
harbor with his little shallop; many gen-
erations have made their entrance, played
their parts on the stage of life, and vanished
like so many shadows on the wall, at eve-
ning's twilight. And how slight are the
changes that have taken place in all these
years! What has man done along these
shores to change the features which nature
first gave to the landscape, or improve the
condition of the soil upon which he care-
lessly treads. So trifling is the change,
that could the first child that opened his
eyes to the light of day on Metcalf's point,
view the scenes where he played in the
careless hours of childhood, he would at
once recognize the spot, and point out to
the stranger many a familiar object. And
yet we think we are making rapid advances
in almost everything which constitutes the
happiness of man, and which tends to his
advancement in the scale of human prog-
ress. The annalist must be faithful in his
delineations, and speak of things as they
are, and not as he would wish to have them.
Let us then take a graphic view of the
western shore of the harbor, from the point
where we left off in a former chapter, viz.—
the northern line of Stonyhurst, the seat of
Alfred M. Judson, and note the improve-
ments which have been made in the soil,
the erection of cottages, the workshops of
the artisans, and in fact everything which
adds and makes up the thriftiness of an
industrious village.

The people had moved along in Camden
for many years in their usual monotonous
way, as their fathers had done before them,
and were perfectly satisfied and contented
with their manner of life. A few leading
men had, accumulated, by industry and
strict attention to business, a competency
to enable them to live at their ease and
walk with dignity and a puritanical aspect,
from their dwellings to their places of busi-
ness, believing in all honesty that "they
were the people, and wisdom would die
with them." They at one time, having a
surplus capital which they could not use in
their small business, aspired to the dignity
of bankers, and obtained from the legis-
lature of the state a charter for a bank,
with \$50,000 capital, called "Megunticook
bank," and commenced business, I think,
in 1836. William Carleton was its first
president, and Warren Rawson cashier.
Mr. Rawson died in 1833, and was suc-
ceeded by Nathaniel Dillingham. The
honesty of the people, and the simplicity of
their way of doing business, was remark-
able. Mr. Dillingham, living some two
miles from the village, would be seen daily
passing to and from his residence on the
Belfast road and the banking house, which
was in the second story of the Jones store,
with his faithful old white horse and yellow
bodied chaise, conveying the property of
the bank in a pillow case for safety each
day. Mr. Dillingham was of the old school
class of men, very methodical in all his
movements, and as regular as the sun to a

all I survey," have passed on to a land of
rest or are waiting only for the "boatman"
to ferry them over the waters of the Styx.
Their sons who they fondly hoped would
cherish a love for a rural life, and linger
with pleasure around the old homesteads,
have left them and scattered themselves
over a world which has no sympathy for
them. They had no love perhaps for a
farmer's life, no disposition to study the
nature of the soil they cultivated, rubbed it
of its nutriment; the crops fell short, and
the extensive barns only served to cumber
the ground, and they razed them to corre-
pond with the smallness of their crops. I
know of farms in town that correspond pre-
cisely with the one I have named.

But there has been a change for the
better in an agricultural view in Camden
within the last few years. The first awak-
ening our people experienced from a semi-
conscious state, to their facilities for a thriv-
ing population, was in 1853, when a few
energetic men from Rockland saw the
advantages which Camden possessed over
many towns which had outstripped her in
the development of their resources. Capt.
W. H. Thorndike of Rockland, accordingly,
one quiet morning, came to Camden on a
prospecting tour, and for two days pretty
thoroughly examined the lime quarries
and the shore privileges at Camden harbor,
and fully made up his mind to invest a
little money in real estate in this town;
and he was determined in his mind that
if the well known Jacobs farm could be ob-
tained at a reasonable price, with its valu-
able quarries, he would at once purchase it.
This farm contained 160 acres, and had
been in the Jacobs family since the first
settlement of the town; and on it, and be-
neath its soil was the most extensive bed
of purest limestone in this section of the
state. The original owners were of the
most prominent families in town, but the
tide of time had swept one generation after
another of that noted family into the
measureless ocean, until but a few were
left lingering on the earthly banks. The
property had been sold but a few years
before for the sum of \$4,500. The pur-
chaser was not competent to manage so
large a property, and was willing to sell it.
His price was \$12,000, and, notwith-
standing the enormity of the price asked
for the property, Capt. Thorndike pur-
chased it. He returned to Rockland and
associated with him, Fessenden Allen of
Thomaston, Henry C. Lowell, John
Crocker of Rockland, Christopher Young,
jr., of Camden and N. C. Fletcher of Bos-
ton. The latter was chosen agent of the
company. In a very few days, the prop-
erty was transferred and the agent removed
to Camden in 1854 and took possession of
the old Jacobs mansion, which he named
the "Hermitage," as he expected here to
seclude himself from the world; for to him
it seemed a desolate spot, after living in a
city all his previous days. The people of
Camden on hearing of this purchase, and
the price paid for the property, stood
aghast and wondered what induced these
maniacs to be guilty of such egregious
folly. It came upon them like a thunder-
bolt from a cloudless sky, but it proved
rather a sunburst from a sullen sky. They
were fully awake now, and were born into
newness of life. The cinders were removed
from the walls of the old kilns and the de-
lapidated kilns thoroughly renovated. The
old worm-eaten and barnacled wharves
were repaired or rebuilt, and the stranger
as he wended his way slowly to Rockland

To the Editor of the Rockland Opinion:
Before deciding a question of any impor-
tance, whether it be of private or public
interest, it is well to look on all sides of it,
so that our decision may not be the result
of prejudice or error, but on the other hand
that it may be the conclusion of candid and
careful inquiry. The question of the pro-
hibition of the liquor traffic is before the
people of Maine, and its justice and expedi-
ency is to be decided by vote at the Sep-
tember election. I would like to call the
attention of your readers to a few facts.
The best principles of government are those
that afford the people the greatest protec-
tion against all foes of liberty, prosperity
and happiness. Is the principle of prohibi-
tion consistent with the liberties of the
people? It is evident to every thinking
mind that the significance of the term liberty
is qualified by its connections. It has a
much broader scope, when it describes the
condition of a man so situated that the con-
sequences of his actions are felt by himself
alone, than when it describes the rights of a
person surrounded by others that are par-
takers of the consequences of his actions.
The liberties of the savage and those of the
man in civilized society, are very different
indeed. The liberties of savage life have
few qualifications compared with those of
civilization. When persons become mem-
bers of any society, they surrender certain
rights that they might otherwise retain and
they acquire certain rights and privileges
that they could not otherwise have. The
rights of a man in society depends upon the
contract which he makes with the society,
and it with him. The contract declares
what shall be the rights of the society, and
what shall be the rights of the individual
members. When a person becomes a
member, he acquires all the rights guaran-
teed by the contract, and he likewise forfeits
all rights that conflict with the contract.
The people of a Republican form of govern-
ment are members of a society; the cove-
nant defining the rights of the body and of
the individuals is called the constitution.
The constitution of the United States
opens in this wise: "We, the people of the
United States, in order to form a more
perfect union, establish justice, insure
domestic tranquility, provide for the com-
mon defense, promote the general welfare,
and secure the blessings of liberty to our-
selves and our posterity do ordain and
establish this constitution for the United
States of America." It contains such pro-
visions for the security and happiness of
the citizen as: "Congress shall make no
law abridging the right of free press of
the press. The right of the people to be
secure in their persons, houses, papers,
and effects against unreasonable searches
and seizures shall not be violated, and no
warrants shall issue but upon probable
cause," etc. Does the prohibition of the
liquor traffic, by the several states of the
Union, conflict with this or any other pro-
vision of rights? If it is in conflict, then it
is not a sound principle, and should never
be employed; if it is in harmony, it may be
employed if thought best and no injustice
be done. Now, it is not for me or any
other private citizen to say whether it
harmonizes or conflicts. The government
have a body of men, learned in law, to de-
cide all such points. The question has
been before them and all we have to do is
to refer to their decision.
Chief-Justice Taney said:

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fixed on the vote of last election—one for every town very 75 votes—and the Democrats and all others who propose Democratic nominations are delegates.

and especially during politics—the public desires reliable matter to which party a person seeks uncolored statements as inspiring. These are furnished by the Opinion. The views of all subjects are pronounced freely expressed; but the every instance stated without exaggeration or coloring of the Opinions may rely on news promptly and as fully furnished by a weekly paper.

to the jury by Chief Justice a libel and slander case of land, tried in this county at term, 1883, is regarded by clearest and best exposition relating to that class of cases been made. In response to a large number of members profession and others, Mr. the court stenographer, has published the charge with in the case, in a neat pamphlet to be obtained by address—Bangor. Price, 50 cents per of our readers will be glad we think.

Journal is very pronounced civil service reform. We to it that reform is practical direction where the Journal influence to direct it. Post to be forbidden to use their means of circulating papers. Postmasters ought to be the papers of all parties litigants, and the people ought to pay the salaries of officiating party work by circulating papers. Of course the Journal's reform. It is true that it ent officials to do its own ing as agents; but this will once, we trust.

passing to and from his residence on the Belfast road and the banking house, which was in the second story of the Jones store, with his faithful old white horse and yellow bodied chaise, conveying the property of the bank in a pillow case for safety each day. Mr. Dillingham was of the old school class of men, very methodical in all his movements, and as regular as the sun to a moment at the "receipt of customs." Honest old man. The present generation who live under the shadow of the mountain which was once called by his name, will never see his like. His memory is fondly cherished by those who knew him, and will be passed down the descending plane of years to other generations without tarnish. Mr. Carleton died in 1840, and was succeeded by Joseph Jones as president. Mr. Carleton was probably the most efficient officer the bank ever had, and was the only one who was perfectly acquainted with all the details of the banking business. His death was a great loss to the town of Camden, and to the present day he is often spoken of by the oldest citizens as an able and shrewd business manager. In 1845, Mr. Dillingham resigned his position as cashier and Hiram Bass was elected to fill the vacancy until the affairs of the bank were finally wound up. The cause of the discontinuance of business by the bank was the inefficiency and lack of energy of the new officers, who were unable to financially manage the affairs of a banking institution so as to afford sufficient dividends to remunerate the stockholders for the capital invested; and a few were so uncharitable as to accuse some of the wealthier of the stockholders of "shaving notes" of the bank on private account. At any rate, the stockholders became very much dissatisfied, and voted by a large majority to rescind their charter, close their doors and settle up the affairs of the bank, which they did. On winding up the concern, I was told the other day, by one who knew, that the stockholders received about 97 per cent., when they fondly anticipated a handsome surplus. There then were business men who were anxious to obtain a new charter, and made a spasmodic effort to that effect; but a few of the most prominent men of business at the harbor turned their attention to the thriving village of East Thomaston, invested their surplus funds in the stock of the Limerock bank, having great confidence in Mr. Knott Crockett; and I am told that the stock purchased by the fathers in that bank, and at a later day in the Rockland bank, is still owned by their heirs.

There was a time when the soil of Camden yielded abundant crops, the huge barns were crowded, from the "ground mow" to the ridgepole, with the best English hay, with numerous stacks rearing their conical forms towards heaven and wafting their fragrance on the desert air on the elevated knolls around the dwellings, and numerous cattle of the finest breeds known among us. But how is it now, and what is the cause of the hungry appearance of the once fertile fields, and what has become of the extensive barns which were so pleasing to the admiring gaze of the lonely traveler? Alas! those sturdy men, who took pride in cultivating their own farms, and raising their own stock of fine cattle, and in gazing around contentedly over one of the many beautiful landscapes, which this region affords, and could say "I am monarch of

bolt from a cloudless sky, but it proved rather a sunburst from a *sullen sky*. They were fully awake now, and were born into newness of life. The cinders were removed from the walls of the old kilns and the delapidated kilns thoroughly renovated. The old worm-eaten and barnacled wharves were repaired or rebuilt, and the stranger as he wended his way slowly to Rockland would exclaim, "Old Camden is no longer a good place to emigrate from."

About this time, or perhaps a little earlier, H. H. Cleveland removed into town from Hope, and opened a "union store" in what was then called the Thayer and Ingraham building (now Commercial street.) Mr. Cleveland was then in the prime of life, very active, and as shrewd a business man as could be found in the county. He gave a new impetus to the business of the village, showed the old fossilized traders of the village that "some things could be done as well as others." He sold an enormous quantity of goods for the times, and when the business outgrew his quarters he removed to the store formerly occupied by the late Caleb Thomas, now by Carleton & Norwood. Then he was forced to erect himself a store on Main street, of greater capacity, to accommodate the increase of custom which, by his energy and business capacity, he had gathered around him. In the meantime, he had bought out the stockholders of the "Union company," and opened his new store with an extensive line of goods, which no one better than he knew the public demanded. He continued in business until a few years since, when he retired from active business with a competency, and with the most of his family married and settled around him. He has wisely concluded to enjoy a green old age (though by no means an inactive one) in his fine residence on Union street, in this village. When he and I first removed to Camden, we lived as neighbors on Chestnut street, but I did not learn his value as a citizen until years after he had left my neighborhood. He was a valuable acquisition, at the time to our business community.

From the year 1854, when the Camden people were awakened from their long quiescent repose, they have continued in an active state. They have advanced in wealth and importance, and are as industrious and thrifty a community as can be found in Knox or any other county in the "Pine Tree State."

I have exceeded the space allowed me so often that I must curtail my annals or condense my ideas. I am lingering around the scattered remnants which seem to demand my attention, which now and then intrude themselves in the silent watches of the night, in order to round out my sketches in due proportion, and smooth the angularities which the many errors I have detected in former statements of other writers have caused. It is useless, I suppose, to ask my readers to cast over the many imperfections which they must have detected in my sketches the mantle of charity. I am willing to be criticised.

The Travelers' Insurance Co., of Hartford, Conn., is performing a graceful missionary enterprise in the interest of art, as well as contributing a noble subscription to the great Bartholdi Statue Fund, by distributing a splendid picture of that masterpiece of sculpture to all the passengers in the land. A copy is now in my office.

employed it through best and no injustice be done. Now, it is not for me or any other private citizen to say whether it harmonizes or conflicts. The government have a body of men, learned in law, to decide all such points. The question has been before them and all we have to do is to refer to their decision.

Chief-Justice Taney said: If any state deems the retail and internal traffic in ardent spirits injurious to its citizens and calculated to produce idleness, vice, or debauchery, I see nothing in the constitution of the United States to prevent it from prohibiting it if it thinks proper.—5 Howard, 577.

Justice McLean said: It the foreign article be injurious to the health or morals of the community a state may prohibit the sale of it.—5 Howard, 592. No one can claim a license to retail spirits as a matter of right.—Ibid, 597.

Justice Grier said: It is not necessary to array the appalling statistics of misery, pauperism, and crime which have their origin in the use and abuse of ardent spirits. The police power, which is exclusively in the state, is alone competent to the correction of these great evils, and all measures of restraint or prohibition necessary to effect that purpose are within the scope of that authority.—Ibid, 632.

From the above citations, it is evident that the principle of prohibition is not in conflict with the fundamental law, of the general government. That is, prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages does not infringe upon the rights of the citizens as defined in the constitution of the United States.

Is the principle of prohibition consistent with the object sought in the enactment of statutory law? For what purpose is statute law enacted? The constitution of Maine in defining the powers of the legislature say, "it shall have full power to make and establish all reasonable laws and regulations for the defence and benefit of the people of this State." (Constitution of Maine, Article IV, Sec. 1.)

It is evident from this extract that the object of law is to protect the people. This object includes a protection from all which would affect the good order, safety and prosperity of the people—a protection extended in behalf of all that would promote the welfare; a protection against all that would injure, endanger or destroy society. The design of law is to protect the people against all evil, not to protect and legalize an evil that is constantly preying upon the dearest and most important interests of society. The business of the law-making portion of society is to take efficient means to prevent or remove evils that threaten the public welfare. The attainment of this result is illustrated by the actions taken against nuisances. Nuisances that individuals or society have a right to protect themselves against, are such things as, as defined in the law-books, as the following: A man's building his house so near to mine that his roof overhangs my roof; setting up and exercising an offensive trade, as a tanner's or a tallow-chandler's. (3 Blackstone, 217.) And so the same great writer, in another place, says: "All disorderly inns, or ale-houses, are public nuisances." (4 Blackstone, 168.)

On these principles, our own commentator on American law says: "The government may by general regulations, interdict such uses of property as would create nuisances, and become dangerous to the lives, or health, or peace, or comfort of the citizens."

Continuation March 28, 1884

