

PAY THE BONDS

Oh, my comrades, see the millions
Tolling in the sun,
To produce this bonded interest
And enrich but one

Chorus.—
Pay the debt, oh comrades help us
Call the bond a lie,
Pay off in legal tender—
Principles, not men.

See the Bylocks in their mansions,
Idly looking on,
Doing naught but bribe a Congress
To sustain this wrong.
Chorus.—Pay the debt, etc.

Do not make our little children
Now in infancy
Bear this cursed, bonded burden,
When they should be free.
Chorus.—Pay the debt, etc.

Noble fathers, where's your manhood?
In this sinking boat,
All depends on your exertions;
Women cannot vote.
Chorus.—Pay the debt, etc.

Pay the bonds and let the holders
Find an honest work,
If you don't they will enslave us,
While they idly skirt.
Chorus.—Pay the debt, etc.

If they don't want legal tender,
It they need not take;
Then we'll burn their cursed bonds up
And repudiate.
Chorus.—Pay the debt, etc.

DEFERRED EDITORIAL MATTER

The immortal Flanagan of Texas, who electrified the Republican national convention of 1880 by the blunt question, "What are we here for but the offices?" has found out at least what the offices are "here for." At the Texas Republican state convention he was beaten as a candidate for delegate to the national convention by Mr. Degrees, postmaster at Austin. Flanagan is a Blaine man, as might be expected, and the postmaster is an Arthur man, also as might be expected.

The fearful extravagance of the Republican party is clearly shown by the fact that, under its administration of affairs, it costs more to maintain our little army, that is scattered about doing police duty, acting as janitor of forts, and its officers generally doing nothing but loaf, than it costs European nations to maintain large standing armies. Our army is composed of 25,000 men, all told, and it costs the country over \$40,000,000 per year. Italy maintains a standing army of 136,000 men at an annual cost of only \$43,000,000; Spain has an army of 90,000 men, and it only costs her \$24,000,000 per year; Turkey carries 350,000 men for \$19,000,000 per year; Austria, 289,000 men, for \$53,000,000 per year; France has over half a million of men, and maintains an organized reserve of three million, at an annual cost of only \$114,000,000; Germany almost as many for less than \$100,000,000; Great Britain, 131,000 men at \$75,000,000. A comparison of these figures shows that our army is run in a most extravagant manner. We ought to have no standing army at all. We have no use for it, and it is maintained only to give thieves a chance to plunder the treasury.

THE ANNALS OF THE TOWN OF CAMDEN, ME.

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

Chapter XXXVII.

The human mind is so constituted that in following one train of thought for any length of time it soon becomes weary, and loses its elasticity. It sighs for a change, and, however interesting the subject may be on which it may be concentrated, or how important to the welfare of any community it may seem in the outset, it soon drifts from its moorings and, like a ship at sea in a dead calm, finds itself the plaything of every cloud that may contain a

the everglades of the South to the frozen regions of the North, have wandered their way. There is no more favored spot in this country than is the coast of Maine, and none more attractive than is the region of the Penobscot bay and river. Many tourists have sketched with graphic pen and pencil the inimitable scenery which lines the banks on either hand of this picturesque inland sea, and no town more desirable in which to spend a few weeks, or even months, than the town of Camden. For years the seekers for pleasure, and those who love quietness, have sought repose beneath the shadow of her mountains during the Summer season. From various cities wealthy bankers and merchants and men of leisure have erected cottages for themselves, families and friends, and have come to stay until the Autumn winds shall have cooled the heated walls of their residences, and with health recuperated, and increased vigor both of body and mind, they return home, happy in the reflection that they have spent a delightful season, and will look forward with a pleasurable anticipation to the return of another season of the same round of pleasures that have so deeply impressed themselves upon their memories. We have but few cottages as yet designed merely for Summer residences. It may seem strange to many that more capitalists have not been drawn to this locality by the exquisite loveliness of its surroundings, and to those of us who have an innate love of nature, and discover beauties where only the masses see nothing but deformities, it is a wonder that the whole distance from the Lincolnville line to Jameson point has not long before this time been lined with cottages. "Warrenton" is at the southerly limit of the town of Camden, adjoining the city of Rockland. It is about five or six miles from the village of Rockport, and seven or eight miles from the village of Camden proper. Warrenton is a lovely spot, with green grassy fields, its sylvan groves of evergreens, its neat looking buildings, and its sloping banks, laved by the murmuring waters of Penobscot bay, and one which a Shenstone might delight to gaze at, and envy its owners their possessions. Camden is proud of it, but it may be called a suburb of the city of Rockland, and the people of the city should be as interested in its welfare as we.

One great hindrance to the more rapid advance of Camden as a Summer resort, is a lack of enterprise in her citizens. They are too conservative in their notions, and adhere so tenaciously to the customs of their fathers that they are content to travel on the old paths, and work hard, live prudently, earn money and wrap it up, as one of old did, in a napkin, for fear it should slip from their grasp. Selfishness is their ruling passion. There are some noble exceptions, it is true, to this avaricious spirit, but there is a great lack of public enterprise among our people, and they are too much afraid to invest their capital to improve their own lands, and aid in developing the resources of their own villages, unless it is done at public expense. Before we can expect an influx of strangers to purchase our excellent sites for cottages, roads must be opened, lands graded and laid out in lots at a low price, and soon a boom will be started in our real estate market, which will amply repay the small outlay, and soon, by increase of population and taxable property, a favorable change will manifest itself, and our shore privi-

Mr. Edward Dillingham, of the firm of D. Bugbee & Co., booksellers, Bangor, Me. This cottage was built by Spencer Mero, architect, for Mr. Dillingham, a few years since, and is occupied each Summer by his family. He spends his vacations here with his family and friends, and occasionally slips down from Bangor on a Saturday to spend the sabbath with his family. Acquaintance is of the "Queen Anne" style, with a little variation, and is really a substantial, convenient, and, to my mind, the best arranged cottage for what it was intended, of any on the Penobscot. Mr. Dillingham is a man of good taste, his grounds are well laid out, and his stables, and other out-houses perfectly correspond with the outward surroundings of his residence. He is a native of Camden, and has a strong affection for her mountains and the beautiful scenery which everywhere meets the eye of the beholder. It is his Mecca, and here he comes yearly to the spot around which his memory fondly clings and gazes upon the hills which bear the name of his ancestors—the "Dillingham mountains."

The Holyoke cottage comes next to Mr. Dillingham's. It is the oldest cottage in this locality excepting the old residences of the Metcals, whose name figures so largely in our Revolutionary annals. Mr. Holyoke lives in Brewer, is a man of wealth, distant in his manners, and too much engrossed in his own business to enjoy social life to any great extent. He is largely engaged in the lumber trade.

In a shady nook and secluded from the world, near the old Portland wharf, stands a unique and cosy cottage, the architecture of which it would be difficult to define, the property of Mr. W. H. Gardner, of Philadelphia, Pa., who is now, with his family, travelling in Europe. He has some peculiarities, but is gentlemanly in his manners, and possessed of much intelligence. His wife is an accomplished lady, rather popular with those who make her acquaintance, sprightly and attractive. They seem more like foreigners than natives, and would be taken by strangers for an offshoot of a distant branch of the English aristocracy. The name he has given his cottage is very appropriate, "Edgewater," for it is situated on the banks of the river, and from his front yard he has a flight of stairs reaching from the brink of the bank to the water's edge. He will occupy his cottage the present season.

On the east side of the harbor is situated Sherman's cottage, owned by the heirs of the late Ignatius Sherman; and a most delightful spot it is. This cottage is almost continually occupied by the citizens of Camden for picnics and dances. It contains a spacious room for dances, a kitchen and other rooms convenient for culinary purposes. Here the denizens of our own and other villages and cities, which line the banks of the Penobscot, from Rockland to Bangor, gather on their society excursions and their annual sabbath-school excursions, and make the beautiful grove, which contains many acres, ring with their merry laughter. There is a good wharf, where steamboats can lie afloat at any time of the tide, and excursionists come and go at will, without mingling at all, unless they choose, with the citizens of the village.

From High street to the water, is a fine street called Ocean avenue. Here Prof. Alvin R. Dunton, the founder of the Duntonian system of penmanship, has his cottage, and when not engaged in the duties of his profession, in teaching in the public

BELEAST.

A very large company was Odd Fellows' fair.

The local papers treat the case very gingerly, when it involved so serious a piece

I judge that green peas, new potatoes will be late then, you know that every presidential year.

The new barkentine, "Glas" been finely sparred and Dennett's gang, and is now of sails made for her in Bay she is owned.

Balls, parties, dances—the popular diversions here—past Winter, but now the craze has taken possession entire population. The new rink are doubtless nothing of it.

If your correspondent were away, the weather would vital interest; but as Rock miles distant, you certain "how it is yourselves." In thing about the mud, but derstand that Rockland is at

How strange that we go Penobscot bay! Our fresh somewhat stale, from Port haddock have become a lux of diminutive size are taken but they are hardly worth when it requires six for or was not so in the times of Ge though many other things Bay probably remain essent

The Callender troupe of minstrels gave an entertain cently to a good house; an tor's dramatic company ap Opera house with only nu ance. "Nick of the Woods, and Pythias" were the pla and the old stager gave ex old time vigor in action abated. Oliver Doud Byron here this week.

Coming from the far Wes can but notice the contrast ion of the different people people—especially the few have yellow skins; in Minn a sort of tan or coffee color harsh and drying winds. T mers and outdoor laborers, very leathery and dark faces Sioux Indians. But the Bell land?) girls have most bea ions, with the finest and a growth of hair; and certat attraction far outshine the western prairies.

I would readily give you news if there were any to side of the local papers. I certainly a very beautiful view of the bay from this cent. And what a nice, sleep in! I met a man wh age going to his work every judge the climate is conduct and a neighbor, who is lived here all his life witho rail or steamboat or ever vici ty—so I infer that the at content and allays dangero enterprises, which so often to life, limb and pocket.

NORTH WALDON

Rockland Opinion May 9, 1884 p. 11

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length of time it soon becomes weary, and loses its elasticity. It sighs for a change, and, however interesting the subject may be on which it may be concentrated, or how important to the welfare of any community, it may seem in the outset, it soon drifts from its moorings and, like a ship at sea in a dead calm, finds itself the plaything of every cloud that may contain a breath of wind as it lazily passes the noble craft. The writer of these annals has become weary of the monotony which has surrounded him for a long and most dreary winter; but let no one think that he intends to lay aside his pencil until he completes the task which he assigned himself when he wrote his introductory to these annals, more than a half a year ago. I am not like some of our modern Solons, who are prodigiously long in the ears, though I may be intolerably long in the wind. There are many fragments which I have left scattered along in my pathway which perhaps those interested in them may have thought I have purposely neglected, not thinking them worthy of my notice. In this they are mistaken, for in retracing my footsteps over the fields which I have already traversed, I find many incidents which might be rescued from oblivion now, and if placed upon record might be of interest to the reader at the present day, and much more important to those of future years who shall fill the places vacated by the present generation. Some one in future years will look back to the present era, and think it very strange that those who lived in the latter part of the XIX. century did not more faithfully preserve the records of their doings. And who shall blame them if they cast many an unworthy reflection upon our memories? The thought of forgetfulness is hard to be borne by a sensitive mind, but harder to think that our children, and our children's children, until the third and fourth generation, shall regret our delinquency in not leaving some footprints in the sands of time of our wanderings in life's desert—some way-marks as a guide for them, whereby they can shun many of the evils which beset the feet of strangers when travelling in an unknown region of country. But I have no time to moralize, and must press forward in the prosecution of my task, and make more rapid advances towards its completion.

Winter still lingers in the lap of Spring. Our hemisphere has long since turned towards the sun, but it absorbs its rays but feebly, and those who are contemplating the pleasures in reserve for them sit by their firesides and dream over the attractions which the numerous watering places in New England possess, and which of them, when the frost-bound streams have been unloosed, and nature shall have assumed her garments of unwonted splendor, shall allure them to their embrace; whether bleak mountains or shady dells, placid lakes of fresh water, or the incessant upheavings of the ocean's surf against the time-stained cliffs of its barriers whose ceaseless music has thundered in the ears of a hundred generations and their mournful sadness lulled the savage tribes to sleep in their wigwams on returning from the chase. Maine of late years seems to have arrested the attention of pleasure seekers throughout the country. It has been the objective point towards which the invalid, the pleasure-seeker, and those who have become weary of the turmoil of civilized life, from

Before we can expect an influx of strangers to purchase our excellent sites for cottages, roads must be opened, lands graded and laid out in lots at a low price, and soon a boom will be started in our real estate market, which will amply repay the small outlay, and soon, by increase of population and taxable property, a favorable change will manifest itself, and our shore privileges will readily be disposed of, and become the residences of a happy and thriving community. We have a few cottages owned by non-residents in this town, but must wait until a more convenient season to give them a passing notice. Those situated upon the borders of the bay, from Ogier's point to Metcalf's cove, now claim my attention.

I have already given a full description of the most important one, Stonyhurst, in a former chapter of the Annals. This seat consists of a spacious mansion, a unique and picturesque little cottage, situated between it and the travelled road, not unlike a porter's lodge connected with one of the old baronial castles in England, with out houses and stables in the rear. Mr. Ackerman, who has charge of the estate, in the owner's absence, resides in this cottage, and keeps everything in ample order. This property is owned by Alfred M. Judson, a broker of New York, a young man who was the architect of his own fortune, industrious in his habits, genial in his nature, and a perfect gentleman of the American type. He belongs to the working class, for he is never idle, and is always busy about his estate, when not riding around the country with his family and guests, viewing the works of nature, and pointing out to others the many attractive objects which meet the eye from the cupola upon his mansion, upon which is perched a flag-staff, and from it gracefully floats the national ensign whenever he and his family are occupying the mansion, not for any ostentatious display, but simply to inform his friends that he is at home, and ready to receive them. Hospitality reigns supreme beneath the dome of Stonyhurst.

The next cottage, up-stream, was erected by Capt. Jesse F. Hösmer, a retired shipmaster, where he, with his family and friends, could retreat from the strife and bustle of the world and find shelter from the burning rays of a Summer's sun beneath their embowered roof, and be lulled to repose by the lapping of the waters on the gravelly shore. This is truly a family cottage, where during the Summer they meet together and have their picnics and hold their sociables, undisturbed in this their rural and sylvan retreat.

The next is a very neat cottage of simple style, built about a year ago by Mr. Manly Hardy of Brewer. It is very convenient as a residence, well finished and furnished, and here his interesting family flee from the murky atmosphere of the Penobscot to breathe in the refreshing breezes which come rolling in over the bay from the ever restless ocean.

And here is the most ornate and picturesque cottage in Camden, usually called the Dillingham cottage, but its real name is "Arequipa." The word is, I think, of Welsh origin, the meaning of which is, "I rest." The cottage is situated on the extreme end of Metcalf's point, opposite Negre island, a gem of the sea, and whose fixed light is ever shedding its brilliant rays of light over the Summer residence of

without mingling at all, unless they choose, with the citizens of the village.

From High street to the water, is a fine street called Ocean avenue. Here Prof. Alvin K. Duntun, the founder of the Duntonian system of penmanship, has his cottage, and when not engaged in the duties of his profession, in teaching in the public schools of Boston, may be found in this cosy retreat, recuperating. It is unnecessary for me to say anything further in regard to him, for he is known of all men. His autobiography has recently been given to the world through the press by a New York house; and it he will furnish me with a copy I will incorporate it in these Annals.

HOME NEWS AND NOTES

HURRICANE.

Mr. John White, the great American traveler, is at Hurricane.

Repairs are in progress on the wharf. Sloop Island Belle is used in the work.

It is reported that Capt. Bootman of Round Pond will take the steamer Hurricane the coming season.

The company are putting on a number of quarrymen this week; they also want stonecutters and paving cutters.

The three-masted schooner Daniel Brittain of Boston left for Philadelphia, with paving, Wednesday of last week.

It is rumored that Mr. James Robinson is about to sell his hotel to Mr. John Monsey; also that Mr. T. W. Sullivan will occupy Mr. John McCabe's mansion.

The Vinalhaven Wind of April 26 has an article signed M. H. Hartwell, saying that he was forbidden by Mr. Healey from buying junk on the island. Had he gone to the office, as Mr. Healey desired, the matter would have been satisfactorily explained. Boys are accustomed to spirit away steel, iron, etc., belonging to the company, so that Mr. Healey found it necessary to refuse to allow any junk to be bought here unless he was given an opportunity to inspect it and so protect the property of the company. Nobody is hindered from selling junk that belongs to the seller.

GRANITE.

WALDOBORO.

Rev. Mr. Jackson, lately assigned to this parish, preached his initiatory sermon here on Sunday, April 27. There was an unusually large attendance, and all seemed very agreeably impressed with the speaker and his rendition of gospel truths.

At the last regular meeting of Borneman post G. A. R., it was voted to hold another of their interesting camp-fires the evening of May 16. This post is growing deservedly popular among the soldier boys in this vicinity. As their headquarters are very centrally located, they are continually receiving recruits from all the surrounding towns.

Ever since the days of Tyn-Pan, who went serenading with his pan din pipes, and raised Pan-demonium generally, there have existed music-mad people. Taking this for a text, we might go on to an unlimited extent, but the "Nux Vomica" stop will not admit of it. So we'll not swell this column with either cords or discords, but will invite all to join in that good old hymn, "How happy every child of grace." We think it is set to the tune of Arrington.

and a neighbor, lived here all his life, and was a rail or steamboat city—so I infer the content and allay enterprises, which to life, limb and p

Now do youth the trailing arbutus

John Burnheim blacksmith shop convert it into a

The odoriferous air of balmy Spring are awaiting to the manufacturers, who extol the merits of "Stockbridge's" in this vicinity this

"Arbor day" in ting to be very gen planting of fore- Mr. W. Burnheim others in this vber of trees near doubtless destin "things of beauty

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DEFERRED EDITORIAL MATTER

Mr. Benj. F. French of Rockland was recently arraigned before Justice Greer at Belfast, on a complaint sworn out by Ephraim C. Coombs, of Lincolnville, on a charge of adultery with Coombs' wife. The writ alleged the crime was committed at Lincolnville, May 10, 1882, while the complainant, who is a sea captain, was absent. The complainant produced witnesses, but was unable to prove the charge and the respondent was discharged.

Mr. Kasson, in a recent speech, argued that the free trade claim that protection of an industry raised the price of articles so protected was without foundation. He cited steel rails as an illustration, and claimed that their price, by reason of our protective duty, had not been raised, but had actually fallen from \$100 to \$40 per ton. Well, if it be true that a protective duty does not increase but on the contrary depresses prices, what becomes of the argument that is mainly relied on by protectionists? They have claimed that the manufacturers of this country are unable to furnish goods at so low a price as they can be produced by the "pauper labor of Europe," and have asked a protective tariff to keep the foreign goods out. Now if they have to sell their goods at less than one-half the price formerly received, what is the reason they are not much worse off than before? There is no consistency whatever in the position of the protectionists. They appeal to the manufacturers to support protection on the ground that it will raise prices and keep them up. But then, when the consumers grumble and find fault because they are made to pay taxes to support unprofitable industries, they turn around and say to that class that protection doesn't raise prices but makes them 50 per cent and more lower. And further. They tell workingmen that they ought to vote for protection because it will raise wages. But the manufacturers don't want wages raised; they want to get labor for as little pay as possible. So the protectionists point out to them that they can import pauper labor and crowd down wages as low as they are anywhere in the world. It is all a juggle. According to the protectionists their system at the same time increases and depresses prices and makes wages both high and low—just according as they are soliciting the votes of producers or consumers, employers or workingmen.

THE ANNALS OF THE TOWN OF CAMDEN, ME.
FROM ITS FIRST SETTLEMENT TO THE PRESENT TIME—BY N. C. FLETCHER.
Chapter XXXVII.
In tracing the incidents which occurred in this town, from the time the first man of the Caucasian race stepped his foot upon the soil of Camden, I have purposely avoided recording anything which might cast any unworthy reflection upon the reputation of any of her citizens, or leave a stain upon their character. In a long series of years, the purest of men will not escape, unscathed the virulence of party spirit or the bigot's scorn. The politician will, regardless of truth, blast the character of his opponent without any mercy, and the bigoted religionist would fain, even with a brother's blood, the cannibal appetite of his rejected altar. Hence, an annalist or a historian should never allow himself to be led into these fatal errors. But it is pretty difficult, sometimes, to avoid them, and hence the necessity of exercising much caution in sneaking of those who have

lighted upon their altars. Hon. William King of Bath was chosen major general some years previous, as one account says; but I am pretty certain that he was chosen in February, 1812. The regiment in this section was composed of the following companies: Three companies in Camden; two in Thomaston; one in St. George; one in Hope; and one in Appleton. It was called the Fifth regiment, and was attached to the Second brigade and Eleventh division of militia. This division consisted of Lieut. Col. Thatcher's Third regiment, comprising two companies in Warren, two in Union, and one in each of the towns of Cushing, Friendship, and one other town. On the 4th of August, 1812, according to the records, William Carleton of Camden, as adjutant of the Fifth regiment, Second brigade, and Eleventh division, issued orders through the proper officer, for the light infantry companies in Camden, Hope, Thomaston, and St. George, as well as the militia companies, to assemble at the places designated in the respective towns, between the 17th and 19th days of August, armed and equipped as the law directs, and to fill all vacancies in their respective commands. The companies of Camden, pursuant to these orders, met at John Eiger's tavern, which occupied the site where the Bay View house now stands, on the 17th of said month, when all vacancies were filled, the troops inspected and drilled. The companies present were the light infantry of Camden, commanded by Calvin Curtis, a native of Hanover, Mass., and an officer of the Revolution, of whom I shall have more to say hereafter, the First infantry, lately commanded by Stephen Rollins, and Capt. William Brown's Second infantry. The vacancy in the First infantry was filled by making choice of Asher Palmer as captain. At the commencement of the war, there was no cavalry company attached to this division, but I was informed many years ago by David Fales, esq., that a company was formed in the latter part of the year 1813, of which Dr. Isaac Barnard of Thomaston was chosen captain, and was composed of men from the towns of Thomaston and Camden. I have been unable to find any record of it. Mr. Sibley, in his history of Union, says this was the Dr. Barnard who was the first physician in Camden. He was a resident here but a short time, I am told, and then removed to Thomaston. He represented that town in the general court of Massachusetts from 1806 to 1819. "People were not so fickle in those days; but then, there were not so many office-seekers. They had but one principle by which they were governed, and that one was "Patriotism." The office-holders of the present day, have seven, and they are, "The five loaves, and two fishes."

Those who were exempt from military duty, by reason of age or disability, organized what they called an, "alarm list." It was composed of citizens of all ages between the years of 45 and 65. Many of them had seen service in the War of the Revolution, and these veterans did yeoman's duty cheerfully, and rendered their country important service. These facts I gather from the "town records" and from other sources which, fortunately, with many other incidents worthy of note, have not been suffered to fall into the vortex of oblivion.

Soon after the declaration of war was made, Lieut. Isaac Russ enlisted a company of volunteers in Camden and the adjacent towns, to the number of about 70. Nearly a third of them belonged in Cam-

The Lewiston Journal seeks to break the force of the very damaging charges made by Mr. King, the Bangor city liquor agent, against Mr. Clayton, the state commissioner, by grossly perverting his language. It says:

But his accuser, Mr. King, stands before the public a self-confessed violator of the spirit of the section of the law relating to city agencies. In a letter to the Board of municipal officers of Bangor, containing his resignation, Mr. King says: "I will take this opportunity to recommend that this agency stand closed, for, conduct it how you will, it is simply an additional rum shop and nothing more or less than municipal competition with private enterprise." If Mr. King, has conducted the Bangor agency as a rum shop or a competitor with the saloons and hotel bar-rooms of the city, he certainly has violated the law, which does not contemplate anything of the kind. The law authorized him to sell liquors to be used for "medicinal, mechanical, and manufacturing purposes and no other." Had not Mr. King's official career better be investigated before his resignation is accepted? He certainly has weakened the force of his charges against the State Commissioner by his apparent admission that he has conducted the Bangor city agency as an "additional rum shop" and in competition with private enterprise.

By no fair construction of Mr. King's language can it be made to imply such conclusion as the Journal pretends to see in it. He says that the agency practically amounts to "an additional rum shop" however it is conducted—that is, when run in strict accordance with law. And that is exactly true. To be sure, the law requires that the agent shall sell only for medicinal, mechanical and manufacturing purposes. But that only relates to the agent. Suppose that he complies with the law, as Mr. King has undoubtedly done—there is no allegation to the contrary on any hand—and sells for those purposes to parties who represent that they want it for legitimate purposes. After the sale, the liquor belongs to the purchasers; the agent has no further control or responsibility. People who buy liquor at the agency use it precisely as they do that procured elsewhere. The most of it is used for drinking purposes, and no care on the part of the agent can prevent it. The average purchaser considers that he is using the stuff for medicinal purposes if he takes it to make him "feel better." The law does not require that it shall be used wisely, or on the prescription of a physician, when used medicinally; and it is currently reported that staid citizens of Maine have construed the phrase "mechanical purposes" so liberally that it is made to include the "raising of a barn." Mr. King's statement is entirely correct, and by no means implies any confession that he has sold liquors improperly, which is the unwarrantable inference drawn by the Journal.

MORE DETAILS

OF THE LOSS OF SCHOONER TENNESSEE.
Capt. Philbrook and his crew, of the ill-fated schooner Tennessee, arrived last Friday, all well and right glad to be home again after the hardships and dangers to which they have been exposed. They desire us to say that they are deeply grateful to their rescuers, to those people who rendered them hospitality and assistance in the strange ports where they were landed, and to Capt. Roix of steamer Katahdip. The following detailed account of the disaster and rescue is taken from a St. John's, N. F., paper of April 25:

The barkentine Susan, belonging to Messrs. S. March & Sons and commanded

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Rockland Opinion May 16, 1884 p.1

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escape, unscented the virulence of party spirit or the bigot's scorn. The politician will, regardless of truth, blast the character of his opponent without any mercy, and the bigoted religionist would feed, even with a brother's blood, the cannibal appetite of his rejected altar. Hence, an annalist or a historian should never allow himself to be led into these fatal errors. But it is pretty difficult, sometimes, to avoid them, and hence the necessity of exercising much caution in speaking of those who have played their part on the stage of life, when the curtain is dropped between this mortal life and that mysterious realm beyond, shutting them forever from mortal view.

Having arrived at another important period in our town's history, it is time for me to introduce some of the most prominent actors in the second war with England, who identified themselves in its struggles and were citizens living among us, sympathizing with those who were their compeers in their misfortunes, and rejoicing with them, whenever success attended our arms, or victory perched upon the flag of our country. I do not think it necessary to record in these Annals every little skirmish which may have taken place between the contending forces, or speak of the doings of every municipal gathering to devise ways and means for sustaining the honor of our country, and to defend our own firesides from the ravages of an unscrupulous foe; that is the work of the historian, and we are already flooded with the histories of various authors, until they have become familiar to every student, both young and old. The war cloud had been suspended over our country for a series of years, and preparations were being made for the struggle. The first contest with the mother country was to gain our independence; the second was for the supremacy of the seas. The first step to be taken, was non-intercourse, and the next was embargo upon the shipping of all the merchant marine within the harbors of the United States. This was laid on the 4th of April, 1812.

Camden was not dilatory in her movements, and a town meeting was held on the 30th of May following. A vote was passed, among others relating to the approaching contest, "That the town allow the musicians, officers and privates detached or drafted, \$5 per month, in addition to the pay allowed by the government, after being called into actual service." In the meantime, every measure was taken to place the town on a war basis. On the 18th of June, Congress declared war to exist between Great Britain and the United States. The government adopted measures of defence, and called upon the different states for their respective quotas. Maine was called upon for 2,500 men. Camden, ever on the alert, did not shrink from her duty, and, as in the first war, so in the second, she was as belligerent as ever, and the hearts of her citizens were fired to the core. A "committee of public safety" was appointed, and at a meeting of the town, it was voted that every citizen, whether exempt from military duty or not, should arm and equip himself for actual service, and be ready at a moment's warning to aid in repelling foreign invasions in any emergency in defence of the town, which was promptly done. There was no holding back, no skulking, no evading drafts, but every citizen, and I might say almost every woman, was ready for the contest, and kept the fires of patriotism

Revolution, and these veterans did yeoman's duty cheerfully, and rendered their country important service. Those facts I gather from the "town records" and from other sources which, fortunately, with many other incidents worthy of note, have not been suffered to fall into the vortex of oblivion.

Soon after the declaration of war was made, Lieut. Isaac Russ enlisted a company of volunteers in Camden and the adjacent towns, to the number of about 70. Nearly a third of them belonged in Camden. Major John Spear of Thomaston was elected captain, Isaac Russ of Camden first lieutenant, John Smith of Thomaston second lieutenant, Thomas Tolman of Thomaston ensign. Major Spear, with whom I boarded when I first removed to Rockland, often related to me many facts and incidents connected with the service, during the year and six months he was there stationed. Among those from Camden who enlisted in this company, was Asa Richards and Asa Sartelle. In December this company was mustered into the service of the United States, and sailed for St. George, where they remained in the barracks until the last of March. They then embarked for Castine, where they were joined by Col. Cummings's company of Monville, and then sailed for Machias. On their passage, they sighted the English ship Ratlor, of 20 guns, which was cruising in those waters in order to intercept them at the mouth of Machias river; but, by keeping close to the shore they evaded the enemy and arrived safely at Machias. They remained in this harbor for three weeks or more, and then embarked in a transport for Eastport one dark night, and escaped the observation of the enemy. Capt. Spear related to me many an amusing incident, while I made my home at his house in Thomaston (near Rockland) which, had I time and space, should be glad to relate. But I must haste on towards the completion of my task. I will however relate an incident, just to give a slight inkling of the characteristics of the man. He was as brave a man as ever faced a foe. One morning, while at Eastport, he discovered in the offing an English vessel carrying about ten guns. He ordered a detachment of men on board a boat, each one with a musket, and put out to sea. He diverted his course towards the enemy, but kept out of reach of the enemy's shot. He coolly unfolded the American flag and defiantly flaunted it in the enemy's face. Presently a flash of thin, blue, curling smoke ascended gracefully on the morning air, and then a splash in the water which sent the spray in every direction, and slightly sprinkled the captain's uniform coat. "Well, boys," said he "we must drop astern a little, or more of us will get baptized than the Eastporters will be willing to take into the church." In a few moments another shot came booming over the waters, but its force was spent; but it came so near their boat that Capt. Spear touched it with his oar as it fell into the water. They retreated to shore. "I have played all kinds of games of ball upon the land," said the captain, "but this is the first time I ever played at sea." They arrived safely at Eastport, being chased to the shore by the enemy's boats. Major Spear was elected to the Senate in 1836 from Lincoln county, and died while keeper of Eagle Island light, at a good old age. He did a large business at one time at East Thomaston, near the foot of Pleasant street, but meeting with some losses, he accepted the appointment.

again after the hardships and dangers to which they have been exposed. They desire us to say that they are deeply grateful to their rescuers, to those people who rendered them hospitality and assistance in the strange ports where they were landed, and to Capt. Roix of steamer Katahdin. The following detailed account of the disaster and rescue is taken from a St. John's, N. F., paper of April 25:

The barkentine Susan, belonging to Messrs. S. March & Sons and commanded by Captain Brien, arrived here about 3 o'clock p. m. yesterday, after a very stormy and otherwise eventful passage from Antigua. During the voyage the Susan was instrumental in rescuing from a terrible fate the crew of the American schooner Tennessee, which was destroyed by fire on the 8th instant. From Captain Charles Philbrook, of the latter vessel, with whom we had an interview this forenoon at the office of T. N. Molloy, esq., United States Consul, we have elicited some intensely interesting particulars of the burning of the schooner and the experience of those on board, both before and after the frightful disaster. The Tennessee, it seems, left Rockland, Me., on the 28th of March, with a cargo of lime, bound to New York. Nothing unusual occurred until the morning of the 30th, when a terrific N. W. gale, accompanied by thick snow, broke over the ship, lashing the waves into foam and stirring up an extremely dangerous sea, which swept the decks almost continually. While running before the gale, on the 1st of April, a heavy body of water broke on board, smashing the bulwarks into atoms, carrying away the deck-load, galley and water-casks and doing other damage of a less important nature. Towards evening the wind appeared to increase, it possible, rather than to abate anything, and it was decided to heave the vessel to till daylight. In this position she rode out the night, during the early part of which a series of severe squalls struck her, smashing off the foreboom and blowing the jib and close-reefed foresail clean out of the ropes. The vessel's head was then kept to the wind by means of a "drag." On the afternoon of the 3d instant, in the midst of the gale and with the sea raging worse than ever, all hands were horrified by the discovery that the ship was on fire, and that the destructive element had already made considerable headway below decks. Before midnight the fire had so far increased as to make it impossible to remain below more than a minute or two at a time, and ere morning dawned the entire hold of the ship was a mass of fire, the deck in some places being too hot to stand upon without sustaining injury. Day after day Captain Philbrook and his crew were exposed to the inclemency of the weather and prevented from taking either food or sleep, the schooner scudding before the wind and with almost certain death staring them continually in the face. On the 7th a ray of hope suddenly appeared for a moment, but almost as suddenly disappeared. On that day a bark hove in sight, and, in answer to the Tennessee signals, bore down alongside and hove to; but the inhuman wretch who commanded that bark (her name could not be ascertained) only remained long enough to dis-appoint the wornout crew of the schooner, and then gave orders to bear away and leave them to their fate. This he did just as the poor fellows had got into their boat and were about to leave the burning vessel's side. All that night and next morning the gale raged furiously and the Tennessee kept flying before it, like a frightened bird, anxious to escape destruction. However, at 4 p. m. on the forenoon of the 8th, when in lat. 35:15, long. 58:16, a barkentine was sighted to leeward, and as soon as those on board saw the schooner's signals of distress, she hove to and waited till the latter came within hailing distance. The barkentine proved to be the good ship Susan, already referred to. Captain Brien promptly announced his intention to stand by the sufferers and rescue them at any cost; and at half-past 7 Captain Philbrook said his crew were safely on board the Susan and comfortably cared for by the master and men of that ship. The American captain lost all his nautical instruments,

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May 16, 1884
Continuation

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

Chapter XXXIX.

The war had now commenced in earnest.

The outposts on our long line of sea-coast were well guarded, and preparations were being made to defend our own firesides and let our enemies know that in this contest there would be blows to receive, as well as blows to give. The people of Camden were never dilatory, but were always on the alert. The day after Castine was taken by the enemy, the following order was issued:

Second Brigade, Eleventh Division. Camden, Sept. 2, 1814. The enemy have occupied Castine and Belfast. The commanding officer of the Brigade considers the time has now arrived, when it becomes the indispensable duty of the Militia to fly to arms. Lieut. Col. Foote, of the 5th Regiment, will order his whole Regiment immediately to assemble near Camden harbor in Camden. The troops must be well equipped for actual service, and with three days' rations.

(Signed) DAVID PAYSON,

Brigadier General.

The commanding officer of the 5th Regiment directs the above to be forthwith carried into effect. The field and staff officers of the Regiment will immediately repair to Camden. By order of Lieut. Col. Commander 5th Regiment, 2d Brigade, 11th Division.

WM. CARLETON, Adjutant.

On the following day, Col. Foote arrived with his regiment, and the martial display was quite imposing, infusing into the minds of all feelings of confidence, and more elasticity into steps of those veterans who had seen actual service in the former war, in which our independence was achieved. Everything was placed on a war footing. Guns were mounted on the parapets at Jacobs's and Eaton's points, and several 18-pounders were mounted upon Mount Battery. Capt. Calvin Curtis, a veteran of the Revolution, had command of these two fortified points. On the evening of September 3, 1814, the following order was issued:

Capt. Curtis will take command of the Parapets at Eaton's and Jacobs's points, and will for this purpose take the whole of his company and his officers, and will have a detachment from Capt. Palmer's company, making the force equal to 50 men; and will station Guards, Pickets, and Sentinels. Lieut. Brooks will assemble the residue of Capt. Palmer's company, near the meeting-house, and arrange quarters for the night for his and other troops. The companies from Thomaston and St. George will meet at the Camden meeting-house and take quarters for the night; also the troops from Hope and Appleton. By order.

E. FOOTE,

Lt. Col. Com. 5th Reg., 2nd Brigade, 11th Division.

The next day, Col. Thatcher of Warren received orders from Gen. Payson to order out his regiment, muster them in, and be prepared to march at a moment's warning. The same night, Major Isaac G. Reed, with the first battalion, when darkness had dropped its curtain over the outside world, marched from Warren to Thomaston, and encamped, and, the next day, proceeded to Camden, and there established their quarters. Soon after the other battalion, principally from Union, under Major Herman Hawes, followed them. Throughout the day, anxiety and expectancy reigned throughout the town, the people looking every moment to discover the hostile fleet shaping its course for the harbor of Camden. They knew that a portion of the fleet had taken the western channel of the Penobscot, and every indication went to show that they intended an attack on Camden.

great ability, and a remarkable power of displaying the knowledge he possessed to the best advantage. He was prepossessing in his appearance, a florid countenance, a cheerful expression, very tall, a fine figure and with a self-reliance amply sufficient to set off these qualities to the best advantage. His manner was rather pompous, and his arguments verbose, but he had no difficulty in expressing himself in language that could not fail to be understood. He was kind and genial in his disposition, and of a sanguine temperament, and was liked very much by the younger members of the bar. He was very successful in his practice. In 1811 he succeeded Benjamin Ames as county attorney, which enlarged his practice, and increased his experience. He held this office until the time of separation, and was fully prepared for the duties of the higher office to which he succeeded, that of attorney general of the state. In 1812 he was elected a senator to the legislature of Massachusetts from Lincoln county on the Federal ticket, but, the war breaking out with England while he held office, he gave his adhesion to the national administration, and sustained the war measures of Mr. Madison. He was appointed the same year to the command of the Fifth regiment of the Second brigade, Eleventh division of the militia of Massachusetts, and was called into service in 1814. He was an unsuccessful candidate of the Democratic party for congress at that time. After the war was ended, Mr. Foote, in 1815, moved to Wiscasset, the shire-town of the county, where he had married his wife.

The question of separation from Massachusetts was now agitated, and Mr. Foote took sides with the advocates of such separation. He was elected to the house of representatives of Massachusetts in 1819, and supported vigorously the measures proposed to accomplish that favorite object. He was elected to the senate which convened in Maize, in 1820, and before the close of his term received the appointment of attorney general of the state. Gov. King, who made the appointment, carefully canvassed the qualifications of various candidates, and remarked that he knew no man better qualified for the office than Col. Foote. He had had a large practice as a criminal lawyer, as well as in other branches of the profession, and was engaged in other departments of business. He entered therefore upon the duties of the office with many advantages, and is entitled to the commendation of having faithfully, ably, and promptly fulfilled all the expectations of his friends in their discharge. The late William D. Williamson, the historian of Maine, in speaking on this subject, said that Col. Foote held the office about fourteen years and was a very correct, able and faithful prosecuting officer. It is said he lost but a single indictment for defect in form. Mr. Benjamin Orr, a noted criminal lawyer in this state, a competent guide in such matters, is reported to have said, "It is almost impossible to wrest a criminal out of the hands of Bro. Foote." Col. Foote was succeeded, in 1837, by Jonathan P. Rogers of Bangor, and returned to the bar, where he continued with almost youthful ardor to pursue the duties of his profession. He died July 4, 1856, at the age of seventy-nine, and was the oldest practicing lawyer at that time in the state. Mr. Foote was a public-spirited man, ready at all times to promote any good object. He was kind and benevolent, prompt with his

brought with him bull and five cows were for Hon. N. was quite a large lot.

All the schools of the prevalence not resume their in August. There disease and there.

Mr. Charles A. house of Mr. S. intends to go to September, where of his brother-in-law his publishing house.

Schooner Octav Lewis, has gone to be painted, a ereeling. She came before starting a job and boom, where She is a nice boat. We trust she will.

At the regular I. O. G. T., on week, the following for the ensuing: Vinal; V. T.—E. Jennie Hopkins; S.—Nellie Crook; C.—Avel Leat; M. D. M.—Lizzie Perkins; O. G.—W. —James Grant.

FRUIT

How to Grow Method. By Mrs. of 14 pages. For Store.

Peterson's Magazine at hand, filled with the fashion plates beautiful novelties to subscribe for sold in Rockland.

The June number Book is at hand, of fashion intelligible Subscription price considerable deduction 20 cents. Address Philadelphia. For Store.

Dr. Al Watts of Italy on dogs, has valuable work on hints with regard to the animal, and a various diseases to which approved remedies 25 cents. For sale Co., Rockland.

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May 23, 1884 p. 1
Rockland Opinion

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Democratic and Greenback parties. It is away off. We serve neither party—no party. We hold that parties are made for man, not man for party service. Whatever uncertainty may ever have been felt as to the Opinion's relation to parties, nobody ever had any doubt as to what our principles were, or accused us of any wavering on matters of principle. We seek to make party organizations serve the principles we believe in, and never subordinate our convictions to partisan considerations. That is our idea of political loyalty and consistency, rather than blind devotion to party organization. In our judgment, the principles which both the Democratic and Greenback parties were organized to advance, are sound, and so far as either party sustains those principles we give it our support. We regret that we cannot see that either is doing much practical work in that direction now, and the Republican party, which is committed to almost everything that we consider bad politically, seems to have everything its own way. We have explained our position frankly. Now will the Journal be so kind as to inform us what party it serves, or what political principle it believes in? A perusal of its editorial articles does not seem to give any information on those points.

The Cobb Lime company recently shipped a full cargo of lime to parties in St. Andrews, Prince Edward island. This is away beyond the lime quarries of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, the competition by which our lime manufacturers are so fearful of. Yet men can ship Rockland lime to that point, and pay the Dominion duty of 20 per cent, and sell it in competition with the provincial lime. Only a few months since, the manufacturers in this county held a special meeting and adopted resolutions, which they forwarded to Congress, in which they declared that to take off our duty of only 10 per cent from lime would "paralyze it not totally destroy" their business, and that they would be "financially ruined" by dominion competition if the duty were removed. These resolutions were signed by every firm and company engaged in the business in Knox county, including the representatives of the Cobb Lime company. Can they believe what they say to be true in face of the fact that they find themselves able to compete with the New Brunswick manufacturers in a market in which the latter have an advantage in transportation and the further advantage of a duty of 20 per cent collected by the Dominion government? Do they really mean to be understood to say that they cannot manufacture lime so as to compete with the Dominion people in our markets with the duty taken off, when they are able to compete with them in their own market with a 20 per cent duty to pay? We do not believe our 10 per cent duty should be removed from lime while protective duties of from 50 to 150 per cent are levied on manufactures of which our people are consumers; but the facts ought not to be misrepresented. Our lime industry could hold its own under a revenue tariff, with free trade and no favors to or from anybody. And the people of this county would be greatly the gainers by the removal of all protective taxes, even if lime were put on the free list at the same time.

every moment to discover the hostile fleet shaping its course for the harbor of Camden. They knew that a portion of the fleet had taken the western channel of the Pedobscot, and every indication went to show that they intended an attack on Camden. Accordingly, the Belfast company under Col. Thomas Cunningham, Capt. James Wallace's company from Montville, and several others, from the adjacent towns, supposing the enemy would land here, proceeded as far as Northport, and, after reconnoitering the adjacent coast, returned to Belfast. Capt. Curtis, still believing that the enemy would land at Camden, ordered the spectators "to deliver to Sergeant Harkness 20 twelve-pound cartridges, and 20 ditto shot, for the use of the Parapets at Jacobs's and Eaton's points." But the alarm proved a false one; the hostile fleet intended no demonstration against Camden, as it suddenly changed its course and sailed out of the bay for Halifax. The troops immediately prepared to leave for their respective towns, and the people were happily relieved of their terrors.

About this period of time, a very foolish quarrel occurred between Col. Foote of Camden and Col. Thatcher of Warren; and, like all differences between military officers of equal rank, it was hardly worth noticing. Besides, there are different versions as to the cause of the estrangement between these noted and worthy officers. It is therefore well to let the matter rest, and not revive a matter which has been forgotten by the aged, and of which the present generation knows nothing. It is said, however, that it culminated in the formation of another brigade, of which Foote became colonel, while Thatcher remained chief in command of the other portion of the organization. I have been credibly informed that, after the close of the war, when the passions of the hour had subsided and reason had assumed her prerogative, they both regretted the folly of their conduct, and sought a reconciliation.

Col. Foote was a citizen of Camden, and, as her annalist, it devolves on me to trace his history and leave on record his doings during a long and eventful life. So far as I know, his career was a useful one, and when he died it was truly said of him by those who knew him best, "A worthy man's light has been darkened."

Erastus Foote, the subject of this notice, was born in Waterbury, Connecticut, in October, 1777. He did not receive a collegiate education, but pursued an ample and useful course of study in the schools of his native town. He entered the office of Judge Samuel Hinckley, at Northampton, at the age of nineteen, and diligently pursued his studies under the instruction of this distinguished lawyer and jurist for four years, when he was admitted to the bar in Hampshire county in the year 1800, and immediately commenced the practice of the law in Northampton. After a short experience at this distinguished bar, he removed to Camden, Me., in 1801. He succeeded John Hathaway, who died in 1799, and was the second lawyer in the town. Its population did not then exceed one thousand, but his practice was pretty extensive, and he was very popular among the people in the surrounding towns. He was an enterprising and aspiring man, and he had

tion. He died July 4, 1856, at the age of seventy-nine, and was the oldest practicing lawyer at that time in the state. Mr. Foote was a public-spirited man, ready at all times to promote any good object. He was kind and benevolent, prompt with his counsel, and his purse was quickly opened for the relief of the distressed, and he was exemplary in all the relations of life. As early as 1820, he was elected a trustee of Bowdoin college, the duties of which position he discharged for twenty four years. In 1821, the college conferred upon him the honorary degree of Master of Arts. He was a friend of education, and was himself a cultivated gentleman of the old school. Col. Foote married two daughters of Moses Carleton, an honored citizen of Wiscasset, who survived his son-in-law, and died in the same year at the age of ninety-one. By his second wife he had one son, bearing his name, and adopting his profession. He graduated at Harvard in the class of 1815. He left several daughters. Sixty-nine years have now elapsed since Col. Foote removed from Camden to Wiscasset, and his memory still remains fresh and green in the minds of the few who have survived the ravages of time, and still linger on this side of the silent river. His name and his deeds have been transmitted from father to son, and will be held in everlasting remembrance. He loved Camden, and always spoke of her beautiful surroundings with enthusiasm, and her people with affection. They have been tardy in giving a concise sketch of his character, not because they did not revere it, but simply because the time had not arrived when it should be given to the public, nor had the man who should write it, as yet, stepped out on the stage as his biographer. I have been a mere gleaner in the field, to gather the stray fragments which are floating about, some of which are liable to be swallowed up in the vortex of time before the historian appears to place them in a proper form for future presentation.

I have been largely indebted for my facts, communicated in this chapter, to William D. Patterson, esq., of Wiscasset; to Welles's History of the Courts and Lawyers of Maine; to Eaton's Annals; and to many other friends who, in their private correspondence, have promptly answered the letters which I have addressed to them; all of whom will receive my sincere thanks, which is all I have to give.

I did intend to close this sketch of the life of Col. Foote, feeble as it is, in this chapter, but I have not space enough. I have many reminiscences stored away in my memory, respecting the subject of this sketch, which I desire to make public, for I was no stranger to him. The first time I saw him, was when I was a mere lad of ten or twelve years of age; and the last time, was in the year 1840, at a dinner party which the Hon. Mark Langdon Hill gave to a few friends at his hospitable mansion in Phippsburg. I shall therefore reserve the sequel for a more convenient season.

Correspondents should get their matter to us by the earliest possible mail. Never leave anything to the last minute, and send nothing late, unless it be important news not before heard of, which can be sent in a supplementary letter.

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Continuation May 23, 1884

LAW COURT DECISIONS

An important decision has just been announced by Chief Justice Peters, in the case of George D. Sanders vs. E. L. Getchell et al.

The plaintiff was a student at Waterville College, and sued the defendants, who were selectmen of Waterville, for rejecting his vote at the Fall election of 1883. Important and practical, as well as interesting questions, arose in the case, not before adjudicated in this state. The following is the rescript filed in the case, which gives a very good general idea of the points decided:

By a statute of the State, Selectmen are not liable for refusing to receive the vote of a qualified voter, unless their action is "unreasonable, corrupt or willfully oppressive;" if corrupt or willfully oppressive, it must be unreasonable; if not unreasonable, no liability attaches.

Their action cannot be deemed unreasonable, when the question decided by them is so doubtful that reasonable and intelligent men, unaffected by bias or prejudice, might naturally differ in their views about it; if the question is such that there is room for two honest and apparently reasonable conclusions to be reached. Reasonable mistakes are excused; unreasonable mistakes bring liability.

The question is not whether their acts appear to the officers themselves to be reasonable, but whether reasonable in fact; ignorance is not an excuse. When a person accepts a town office, he vouches for his competency to perform its duties at least ordinarily well.

The constitution of the State provides that the residence of a student at any seminary of learning shall not entitle him to the right of suffrage in the town where such seminary is situated. This does not prevent a student gaining a voting residence in such place, if other necessary conditions exist. He does not acquire a residence because a student, but may acquire one notwithstanding that fact.

Bodily presence and an intention by the student to remain in such place only because a student, or only as long as a student, do not confer domicile; the intention must be more than to make the place a temporary home, or student's home merely; it must be an intention to establish an actual, real and permanent home in such place; to remain there for an indefinite period, regardless of the duration of the college course.

The presumption is against a student's right to vote in such place, if he comes to college from out of town. His calling the place his home, or believing it to be his home, does not legally make it such. It is not his view of the facts that governs; the facts themselves govern the question. Each case must depend upon its peculiar facts.

Where Selectmen commit an unreasonable act—intending no wrong or injury—the damages should not be exemplary or severe.

PECULIAR PARAGRAPHS

"Must I give way and room to your rash collar?" as the young gentleman's ears remarked to his expansive linen.

Vermont forgets all the hardships of the past winter in jubilation over its maple sugar season, and cheerfully asks, what's the odds so long as its sappy?

An insurance man says the reason that Nero fiddled while Rome was burning was that business was probably dull in Rome and Nero was heavily insured.

"Here, waiter, take away these fried oysters; they are bad." "I know it, sir; but we have given you two more oysters than you called for to make up for it."

The St. Louis man who was recently found dead in a bath tub, probably got there by mistake, and on waking to a realization of his situation died from fright.

Little girl—"Mamma, let me carry the baby?" Mamma—"No, darling, you're too little; you might let it fall." Little girl—"Well, may I have it when its worn out?"

They are uninstructed delegates men who

DEFERRED EDITORIAL MATTER

The employees of the Union Pacific railroad recently struck, and timed their strike so that it was almost instantly successful. They were only out one day, when they got word to go to work at the wages demanded. That is the kind of a strike that pays. It was evidently managed on business principles. Workmen are too apt to strike when they get mad, without duly considering the circumstances and the chance for success. The way to do it is to strike when the employers are so fixed that they have to yield at once.

It has puzzled a good many people to think what Fraud Hayes was good for. Henry Ward Beecher has solved the mystery. In a speech in New York the other night, Mr. Beecher, after reviewing briefly the administrations of Lincoln, Johnson and Grant, said: "And when Hayes took the Presidential chair we had been scarred with the fires of the war, and as when the physician applies sweet oil and poultices to the skin to a scalded man, so the nation needed a poultice, and it had it. (Roars of laughter, which interrupted the speaker.) Gentleman, I see that you have not come to a sufficient appreciation of the benefits of poultices." Hayes will go into history as the Poultice of this generation.

When the Supreme Court decision that greenbacks are a constitutional money, was first rendered, a good deal was said about what "would be said in Europe." It was represented that this country was in danger of being injured in some way in its relations with Europe by the decision. But nothing of the kind has resulted, evidently enough. On the other hand, greenback currency ideas are making great progress in Europe. Premier Gladstone of England is an avowed Greenbacker, and the Russian government contemplates wiping out banks of issue. But, really, we Americans need not care anything about what Europe thinks of our currency. It is issued for our use, not theirs. If we owe them anything, we have to pay in commodities, not money. The great bulk of exchanges is in articles of food, clothing, etc. The balances, when we owe any, are paid in the precious metals and by weight, not in dollars. We have no need of any currency at all in dealing with them, and never use any. How preposterous, then, to suppose that Europe would be violently agitated by anything we do about our currency.

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

Chapter XL.

It is now about thirty years since Col. Foote, "wrapped the drapery of his couch around him," and closed his eyes forever upon the scenes of this changing world. Born in the last century, he had seen enough of its fluctuations, its storms and its sunshine, and nobly discharged every duty in every station which he had been called upon to fill. He came to Camden and erected a dwelling, spacious in its outlines, and rather elegant in its architecture for those early days, at the junction of Main and Mechanic streets, on the sites where the stores of A. H. Cleveland and B. T. Adams now stand. It was sold to Joel Thomas about thirty five years ago, who carefully demolished it and removed the excellent materials of which it was composed to Free street, and built himself a fine house of what was once so noted in this vicinity as the "Foote house."

and the project was abandoned. Years continued to roll on, the father grew old, and passed from mortal flight into those unknown regions where the turmoils of the present life are buried in forgetfulness. About a dozen years later, the son followed the father's advice given him many years before, and removed to Chicago, where he now resides. A daughter of Col. Foote also lives in that city. His grandson, Erasmus Foote, Jr., is president of the Dearborn Foundry company of Chicago, and another daughter is the wife of Isaac H. Coffin, esq., the present postmaster of Wiscasset, Me.

I stated in my last chapter that I was no stranger to Col. Foote. The first time I saw him, was at his own house, when I was a mere lad, in Wiscasset, and the last time at the hospitable mansion of the Hon. Mark Langdon Hill in Phippsburg, Maine. My father was a ship-master, and resided in Newburyport, where I was born. The ship in which my father sailed was partly owned by a Maine gentleman who had the reputation of possessing great meanness of character. That ship was chartered to perform a certain voyage, but on her passage sprung a leak, and was forced by stress of weather to make the nearest port and discharge her cargo, in order to find the leak. This involved a considerable expense and delay. This man alluded to, refused to pay his part of the expense and a law-suit ensued, which was tried at a term of the Supreme court in Portland. My father, being well acquainted with Colonel Foote, employed him to attend to the case. As the time approached for the trial of the case, my father took me with him, and went to Wiscasset. I there met the subject of this sketch for the first time, and the impression I then received of the man has never been erased. He seemed to take a great fancy to me. His tall, willowy form, his florid countenance, and more particularly the urbanity of his manners and the perfect ease with which he moved among his associates, struck me with peculiar force. His genial disposition showed itself plainly, when he introduced me to those present with as much suavity as if I had the experience of years, instead of that of a boy scarcely in my teens. I was somewhat confused, and appeared, no doubt, somewhat awkward. But then, I have learned something of the ways of the world, during the elapse of these many years, for this interview with Col. Foote took place in the year 1821 or 1822, the first year, I think, that Governor Kipp appointed him attorney general of Maine. I staid but a few days in Wiscasset, and then proceeded with Col. Foote to Portland, where the court was in session. But the case in question never came to trial. "He has got no case," said Col. F., in a letter to my father, "for he never read a charter-party in his life, and his wife never told him that the short sentence, 'The dangers of the seas excepted' was always inserted therein." The last time I saw Col. Foote, as I before stated, was in the year 1839 or 1840, when I was associated with Gov. John Fairfield as councillor from Lincoln county, at a select dinner party of a few old friends, given by the venerable Mark Langdon Hill. He was the most perfect specimen of an old school gentleman I ever saw—grave as a judge, polite as a Chesterfield, and every movement was at all times and under all circumstances that of a finished gentleman. He had seen much of the world, had filled many of the most responsible offices in the

being added.

Williams & Lovejoy store, by taking out a case, and are now built carriages.

RESOLUTIONS

At a recent meeting O. of G. T., of South preambule and resolut and it was voted to s the papers published llication:

Whereas, It has ple to remove from our chief, Robert H. Mar will remain enshrined the lodge; it is emine the character of one w earnest labors in the c should be registered in lodge as a rare instanc tion and usefulness, those who shall hereaft

Therefore, Resolved, sympathies and prayer bereaved family of o and that a copy of the lodge records.

PROCEEDINGS

TUESDAY.

Senate—A bill was August, 1886, the time Mackey-Bonnett Atlant cultural appropriation. The item appropriating artesian wells to Irriga West, was opposed.

the bill, however, wi only two wells shall be. An item of \$15,000 f culture, was added to t

House—The Senate Dingley Shipping bill. The contested election in which Mr. English, have been elected from to the seat in the Hou Mr. Peete, Republican, the committee is in fa and Mr. Lowry made a

WEDNESDAY.

Senate—A number of sented and appropriat ing against any gove of the telegraph serv number of government struction of private in assumption would luv ers say that free compe that as for other busin presented a counter p that the Western Union are engaged in gettin tions in opposition to the and insisting that such the interest of the pe proceeded to the consid calendar providing for buildings.

House—Consideration election case, English ana, was resumed. Sev made. Mr. Hart of Oh substitute for the majo resolution of the minor right of Mr. Peete to b 121 to 117. Mr. reconsider the vote, which motion Mr. C adjourn. Carried—119

FRUIT OF T

Though there are for trated papers in the June full-page pictures, this n zine is perhaps even n literary features than a special interest is M "Diary of an American the War of 1862." It is able narrative of the the F. Stone's family durin mother and daughters Cairo to the greatest unc gars, while General Ste with the Khedive, and ai

Rockland Opinion May 30, 1884 p. 1

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gld—"Well, may I have it when its worn out?"

"Pa, are uninstructed delegates men who have never been to school?" asked the small boy. "It often happens so, my son," remarked the old gentleman, as he mentally resolved to bring his son up a politician.

Justice is so slow in Missouri that Charlie Ford, an eminent robber and murderer, had to commit suicide. It had been convicted of his crimes he would have been pardoned out. There was no way for him to be punished except to kill himself.

An Indianapolis paper states that Mr. Charles Reade's story, now appearing in Harper's Bazar, "was completed before the author's lamented death." It appears that an impression had got abroad that he did not finish the last few chapters until several days after his decease.

It is the custom among a certain caste of Hindoos, to cut off at the first joint the third and fourth fingers of a woman about to marry. This very much lessens the hair pulling power of the Hindoo woman, and renders her grasp upon the handle of a broomstick exceedingly uncertain.

"Look here, Miss Toantwo," said Crim-sonbeak to the village school teacher; "my boy says you kissed him the other day for saying his lesson. Is that so?" "Yes, sir," timidly replied the spinster. "Well," continued Crim-sonbeak, "don't let that occur again. If there is any punishing to be done, I'll attend to him."

A Texas man has a flock of a thousand goats. This don't look as if Masonry was playing out. Just so long as the goat crop holds out Masonry and Odd-Fellowship will live. These anti-secret society folks must exterminate the goat if they would strike a fatal blow to Masonry, etc. Without a goat these societies must die.

The thirty Mohammedans travelling with Forepaugh's show five times each day piously kneel, turn their faces toward the east, and repeat a prayer. We should think it would be necessary for a man travelling with a circus to pray at least five times a day if he wished to retain his grip on religion.

An order was recently received by a London publishing house to print a very elaborate and expensive missal in French. One of the directions connected with the celebration of mass should have read: "Je le pretre ote sa culotte" (Here the priest takes off his skull-cap,) but the printer made it read thus: "Je le pretre ote sa culotte" (Here the priest takes off his breeches.)

"What! you live in Detroit!" she said to a Michigander, as they happened to fall into conversation on a train in Southern Ohio. "Yes'm." "Why, I've got a son there!" "Indeed?" "Yes, sir; just went up there two weeks." "Going into business, I suppose." "Yes, sir, he is. He's gone up there to take lessons of a man who is going to learn him how to be a short-haired reporter."

Interviewer—"I should like, Mr. Whitman, to have your theory of poetry." Walt Whitman—"Poetry, sir, is the soul of thought; the upward heaving of divine aspiration." "But I am referring more to the mechanical details of versification—rhyme and rhythm, for instance." "Well, sir, the rhythm should be as undulating as the sea, and the rhymes should be perfect." "But in your last poem you make 'glorious' rhyme with 'hedge-fences'?" "Oh! no; you are mistaken. Glorious rhymes with the word 'notorious'." "But there is no such word in the poem." "No, but in that poem I was in another poem." "But that

posed to Free street, and built himself a fine house of what was once so noted in this vicinity as the "Foote house." It was subsequently purchased by Mr. Cyrus G. Alden, who occupied it a few years; and, he dying, it was sold to the First parish, and is now known as the "the parsonage house," and occupied by their ministers. Col. Foote possessed considerable property in this vicinity, but he gradually disposed of it as opportunity offered itself, until only one small island was left, lying off Camden in Penobscot bay, called "Lime island," which is still owned by his heirs. The late Mr. Moody was for many years his agent. Col. Foote was a very social man, and left numerous friends in this vicinity, and to them he was strongly attached, as well as they to him. Among them was Mr. Simon Barrett of Hope. At his leisure hours, he would frequently ride out to his friend Barrett's farm, and spend an hour or two in social conversation and in viewing the beautiful scenery which everywhere met the eye of the beholder in the town of Hope. It was one of these occasions that gave birth to the only foolish story which I ever heard related, reflecting at all on the faithfulness, ability and courage of Col. Foote as a military commander. And this one is so puerile that I should not deign to notice it had it not been placed on record by a writer, and rescued from oblivion, which fate it richly deserved. At a time during the war, in which Col. Foote was in command, a descent of a British fleet on the village of Camden was imminent. The troops stationed at this post had been on the alert for several days and nights, expecting an attack every moment by a superior force. But, no foe appearing, and their then being no indications of one, they came to the conclusion that it was a false alarm, and the Colonel ordered the troops to their quarters, that they might obtain much needed rest. The outposts were well guarded, and the men were ordered to lie upon their arms; the countersign for the night was given, and everything was in readiness for the weary troops to retire for the night to recuperate their wasted energies. Col. Foote gave his final orders, and informed his subordinate officers that he would retire to his friend Barrett's house, to obtain a few hours rest, as he often did. And this was all they had to make this wonderful story out of. "If there is an alarm given of the enemy's approach, advise me at once." Some waggish fellow probably gave it a humorous turn, and thus gave it a circulation among a credulous people. "If this post is attacked, you will find me up behind Simon Barrett's barn." The house, in which he lived, in Wiscasset, is still standing, and is the home of his daughter. In 1845 it was seriously damaged by fire, and while it was undergoing repairs, he visited Chicago, then a city of 15,000 inhabitants, and with his usual good judgment and foresight, became convinced that the place had a prosperous future. He therefore advised his son to leave Wiscasset, and establish with him a new home on the shores of Lake Michigan. But he could

circumstances that of a finished gentleman. He had seen much of the world, had filled many of the most responsible offices in the gift of the people, and was now "in the serene and yellow leaf." He had long since retired to his mansion near the sea, where he could hear its solemn beatings against the rock-bound coast, view the washing of the waters of the noble Kennebec, and witness with delight the passing ships, as they gracefully dipped their prows into the depths of old ocean, as they gallantly passed between Pond Island and Segulo, and here, on one of the most pleasant days of the lovely month of August, stood six of us upon the site of the old Fort Popham, on the western side of the Kennebec river, and let our imaginations roll back to the curtains of ages, to the time when the first colony stood on this very spot, and, led by Richard Seymour, their chaplain, engaged in religious services, and their orisons reverently mingled with the beatings and the surges of the old ocean, on Wednesday, the 29th day of August, 1607. Just 233 years had been added to the age of the world, from the period when the early settlers had offered up the christian's prayers to the Deity, and the waters of the Sagadahoc were baptized by their incense, to the time when Mark Langdon Hill, Erastus Foote, John Fairfield, Reuel Williams, Joseph Sewall and the writer of these annals, stood upon this very spot, and paid due respect to their memories. And where are those venerable men who stood upon those everlasting rocks, where the rushing waters of the Kennebec emptied themselves into the ocean? And echo answers, Where? All have vanished from mortal view, save one; he was the youngest then, but now he is like the solitary spire of grass which has escaped the scythe of the mower, and his head inclines towards his mother earth. I never enjoyed a Summer's day more than I did the one which I spent in the company which composed the dinner party, at the venerable Mr. Hill's. The old wisp renewed in spirit, and lived over again the days of their youth; the middle aged, who had ascended the hill of life, and had sat down to rest on its summit, ere they continued their journey down to the valley, where the twilight of existence begins to flicker, and the darkness of death closes the scene forever; while the solitary youth, full of life and vigor, modestly kept in the back-ground, and listened to the lessons of wisdom which fell in such profusion from the lips of these sages. After partaking of an excellent dinner, generously provided by our host, and taking our leave of our aged friend, feeling that we should never meet him again this side of the river of death, we shook hands, breathed a silent benediction upon his whitened brow, and rapidly drove away for Bath. Here we parted from the subject of this sketch, the Hon. Erastus Foote, and I little thought then that it would be last time I should ever look upon his stately form. Gov. Fairfield and myself continued on to Brunswick to rest for the night, and then at early dawn we were to take the steamer Annapolis, where a gentleman, Mr. B. B. B.

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MENTION

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some one offer a bill to
ors.

The West Virginia
having the fear of fuel
have been having a lit-
the Republicans and
drives." Republican
nor and the other jello-
board of public works
and presidential electo-

Mr. Enakin recently
people: "You fancy y-
pain of others." Now,
if the usual course of
roofing peasants' houses
peasants' fields, merel
upon your own draw-
wars in civilized coun-
week."

It is reported that
Gray of the schooner
Geo. Steele, decamped
Port Mulgrave, N. S.,
having drawn a heavy
He is a young man, has
good character, and b-
lie. Capt. Alexander
charge of the vessel.
Gray are unknown.

The Bath correspond-
Journal says: Frank
three children returned
Saturday. Mrs. Hart
Burke and figured in the
two months ago in a ro-
ing been given away to
Rockland, by her father,
never heard until this
ventured for his desert
furnish, where he had ac-
ing a large cattle ranch
to come to him with her
dress, sending them over
on, and the old man rep-
for Saturday they came
page. It seems that w-
into that country he was
men, and he carried his
the race so far as to hate
daughter, who is a French
his daughter's beauty a-
one. The community li-

Continuation May 30, 1884