

AROOSTOOK: WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE
EXCURSIONS THITHER OF THE EDITORS OF MAINE
1858 & 1878 AND OF THE COLONY OF
SWEDES, SETTLED IN NEW SWEDEN ELWELL

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AROOSTOOK:

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE

Excursions thither of the Editors of Maine,

IN THE YEARS 1858 AND 1878, AND OF

THE COLONY OF SWEDES,

Settled in the town of New Sweden.

BY EDWARD H. ELWELL,

EDITOR PORTLAND TRANSCRIPT.

PORTLAND:
TRANSCRIPT PRINTING COMPANY.
1878.

PROLOGUE

THE PROLOGUE TO THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

BY
JAMES M. SMITH

THE PROLOGUE TO THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

1634326

AROOSTOOK.

The northern portion of the State of Maine presents on the map a somewhat singular configuration. Extending northward between New Brunswick on the East and Canada on the West, for nearly a hundred and fifty miles it seems to thrust itself like a wedge between the interior and the maritime Provinces of Great Britain, and to nearly cut off communication between them. While the eastern boundary runs in a straight line from the upper waters of the St. Croix to the St. John, the northern line takes an irregular course westward, following the sinuosities of the latter river to its junction with the St. Francis, where it runs northward and takes in a projecting portion of territory, looking on the map like a truncated pyramid. This arbitrary dividing line between Maine and the British Provinces is the result of a long contest between Great Britain and the United States, which culminated in what is known in our local history as "The Aroostook War," and was happily settled by the Ashburton treaty of 1842.

When, at the close of the revolutionary struggle, it became necessary to draw a line between Maine and the Provinces which had remained loyal to the British Crown, the St. John River was made the boundary by the treaty of 1783. The whole northern portion of this region was a forest land, settled only by a few Acadian French, who had fled thither upon their expulsion from Nova Scotia in 1755. The exact course of the boundary line remained undetermined, and became in the future a fruitful source of controversy.

After the war of 1812, which had taught Great Britain the desirability of maintaining a land communication between Canada and her maritime Provinces, she claimed not only both banks of the St. John river, but all the land above the forty-sixth degree of north latitude, which included about one-third of what was supposed to be the territory of Maine. The question remained in abeyance until 1831, when the King of the Netherlands to whose arbitration the construction of the treaty of 1783 had been submitted, decided that the line ought to run about half way between the boundaries claimed by the two powers. This award was indignantly repudiated by Maine, notwithstanding the General Government, in its desire to settle the vexed question, offered her a million acres of land in Michigan in exchange for the territory she would thus lose. The country at large knew noth-

ing of the value of the territory in dispute, and considered a few thousand acres of wild land not worth a serious controversy with Great Britain. The people of Maine, however, stood up stoutly for their rights under the original treaty, and the question still remained unsettled.

In 1837, a British constable arrested an agent of the United States who was distributing the surplus revenue among the settlers on the Madawaska. Gov. Dunlap who then occupied the gubernatorial chair of Maine, thereupon issued a general order declaring the State to be invaded by a foreign power, and notifying the militia to hold themselves in readiness for military service. Our people were ready to take up arms, but the British authorities, influenced by a message from President Van Buren, soon after set the imprisoned agent at liberty, and hostile acts were for the time averted. The National Government, however, was incited to complete the military road in north-eastern Maine, making a continuous line from Bangor to the Madawaska settlements, and a garrison of United States troops was stationed at Houlton, in readiness for possible events.

Two years later, in 1839, when John Fairfield was Governor of the State, Land Agent McIntire was instructed to disperse the trespassers who were stealing timber in the disputed territory. With a posse of about two hundred men, under Sheriff Strickland, he went into the Aroostook valley, but the trespassers, who were armed and organized, seized him in an unguarded moment, and he was carried off prisoner to Woodstock on an ox-sled. Gov. Harvey of New Brunswick ordered a draft from the militia for immediate service. Gov. Fairfield responded by calling out a thousand men of the Eastern Division of the militia. The Legislature of Maine, appropriated \$800,000 to protect the public lands, and a draft of ten thousand militia was ordered. While some ridiculed the whole matter, a flame of indignation spread over the State. Troops set out at once for the Aroostook valley, and an encampment was formed at Augusta.

The National Government now thought it time to stir in the matter. Gen. Scott was sent into Maine as a pacificator, and succeeded in inducing the two belligerent Governors to stay their warlike proceedings and give opportunity for further negotiations. The troops were ordered home from the bloodless contest, and the excitement subsided. The northern portion of the disputed territory, which until now had been included in the counties of Penobscot and Washington, was in March, 1839, erected into a new County and named Aroostook.

Two years passed away, and still the boundary of the State remained unsettled. At length in 1842, Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State, and Lord Ashburton, on the part of Great Britain, formed a new treaty in settlement of the boundary difficulty, which was agreed to by the Commissioners of Maine. As in the award of the King of the Netherlands, the line agreed upon extended north from the source of the St. Croix river to the St. John, and along the middle of this river to the St. Francis at the extreme north, and through the middle of this river to the source of its southwest branch, thence in a straight line southwesterly to the southwestern branch of the river St. John, whence it continued in an irregular line between the waters as in the former treaty. Though we thus lost the St. John river as a boundary on the east, we were secured in the free navigation of it throughout its length. Much of the territory relinquished was of little value, and in ex-

change for it the United States received tracts of much greater value to the nation on Lakes Champlain and Superior. Maine was recompensed for her loss of territory by the sum of \$150,000 paid by the General Government—Massachusetts receiving a similar sum as she was still owner of one-half of the public lands in Maine. The sum of \$200,000 was also paid to Maine by the General Government, to reimburse her expenses in the boundary disturbances.

The exact limits of Maine were now definitely and finally settled. The great County of Aroostook, extending in its greatest length for more than a hundred and twenty-five miles north, containing in one body nearly a million acres of excellent settling and timber lands, a region distinct in its soil, its watershed and its geological formation from the southern portion of Maine, was thus secured to the State, and opened to settlement by its citizens. As a summary statement of its character and resources I append the following, written on the occasion of my first visit to Aroostook :

OBSERVATIONS ON THE SOIL, CLIMATE, AND NATURAL PRODUCTIONS OF AROOSTOOK.

The rock in place throughout Aroostook is principally limestone, graywacke, and argillaceous slate. The only rock of igneous origin is found in occasional dykes of greenstone trap. I have here a specimen of the white granular limestone, glistening with crystals, found in the vicinity of Houlton; also of the blue limestone of Fort Fairfield. This latter is very compact, appearing to have been subjected to great heat and pressure. It is a singular fact that the first settlers in the Aroostook valley purchased their lime in St. John, at a cost, including transportation, of \$16 per tierce, being ignorant of the existence of excellent limestone beneath their very feet, as also of the method of burning it. Their houses generally were unplastered, owing to the cost of lime. Now, however, they obtain good lime by burning this blue stone. They also find sufficient clay for brick making. Limestone containing fossil encrinites, madrepores, and coralines is often found. Iron ore, of excellent quality is found in various localities. I have here a specimen from a mine in Linneus. Dr. Jackson, when making his geological survey of this region, found on the Aroostook river a valuable mine of rich iron ore, of the variety called compact red hematite. He estimated its value within the limits of 450 by 36 feet, to be \$4,860,000. There can be no doubt that this will be a great iron mining region. There is now an iron foundry in operation at Houlton. The existence of graywacke indicates the presence of anthracite coal, and Dr. Jackson thinks it probable that a large coal measure extends through this region. At the fair in Presque Isle there was on exhibition a piece of black rock, found in digging a well, to which the finder had appended the inquiry, "Who can tell what this is?" It appeared to me to be a piece of shale, with imperfect vegetable impressions. In the present condition of Aroostook, it is hardly possible to tell what mineral treasures its soil may contain. The dense forest growth, with its beds of fallen leaves and vegetable mould, covers up the riches which only the hand of industry can reveal. Upon this limestone and slate formation is deposited a diluvial drift of light yellow loam, probably swept down by the great water current from the limestone region at the North. Along

the river valleys there is super-imposed upon this a deposit of alluvium, composed of particles of the disintegrated slate and limestone, brought down by the rivers, and deposited with the vegetable matter, along their courses. This alluvial soil is upland as well as interval, and sometimes extends for a width of six or eight miles from the river banks. It contains all the elements of a fertile soil, the limestone making it particularly adapted to the cultivation of wheat. I have here a specimen which well represents the soil of Aroostook, showing its slate and limestone elements. Springing from this soil, the mixed hardwood growth everywhere attests its fertility; a mixed growth requiring the richest soil. The forest has also contributed to the fertility of the soil, forming, by its annual decay, a rich vegetable mould four or five inches in depth. The farmer has therefore but to cut away the forest and he finds a soil made to his hands.

The surface of the country as already stated is broken into swells or ridges. These were probably formed by the same ancient aqueous current that swept down the diluvial deposits. If we accept the theories of geologists it would appear that at some remote period an immense body of water from the North passed over this region, excavating the valleys and heaping up the long ridges which now mark the surface of the country. The general direction of these valleys and ridges coincides with the direction we may suppose the current to have taken. We are informed by Dr. Jackson that evidences exist upon Mount Katahdin which prove that the diluvial waters rushed over the summit of that lofty mountain, and consequently must have been at least a mile in depth. Their excavating and transporting power, therefore, must have been enormous.

Aroostook is not a mountainous country. The most considerable elevation in the eastern line of townships is the famous Mars Hill, situated between Houlton and Presque Isle, on the New Brunswick line. This is but a ridge of somewhat larger proportion than the general average. Its elevation is perhaps two thousand feet above the level of the sea, and it is wooded to the summit. Its long slopes afford some pleasant outlooks over the surrounding basin. Although the rolling surface of Aroostook does not rise into lofty heights, it is not wholly deprived of the grandeur of mountain scenery. From almost every hill top, the circular, serrated summit of old Katahdin, standing alone in its majesty, is seen on the western horizon, ever guarded as the Indians believe, by its attendant spirit Pomola, who exacts tribute from the passing clouds, and punishes with storm and disaster, all who desecrate its sacred precincts.

Aroostook is a well watered country. Its principal streams are the St. John, which together with the St. Francis, forms its northern boundary, the Allegash, Meduxnekeag, Aroostook and Fish rivers, all of which have numerous branches. The St. John, to which the other streams are tributary, is a broad and beautiful river, the natural thoroughfare of the country. The stream next in importance is the Aroostook. This is a noble river, and in its valley is to be found the richest soil in Maine. It must in future become the garden of the State. It takes its rise in several lakes—the principal of which are Millinoket, and Millinoketisis—near the eastern waters of the Penobscot, and winds across the country in a northeasterly direction, emptying into the St. John in New Brunswick. It is a broad, smooth, gently flowing stream, winding like a thread of silver through this forest-land. Its waters

are clear; its bottom pebbly, with here and there a boulder of jasper or carnelian, and unobstructed by "rips," until near its mouth, where a descent of twenty feet affords a most picturesque waterfall. So moderately and smoothly flow its waters that the first settlers used it as a sort of natural canal. Large boats, carrying heavy freights, were drawn by horses walking on the shore, a distance of fifty or one hundred miles. The soil is alluvion, a light yellow loam, free from pebbles, formed of fine particles of slate, limestone and green-stone trap. The alluvial deposit is six or eight miles in width, partly interval and partly upland, covered to the depth of four or five inches with a black vegetable mould. On the uplands you see a crumbling limestone, which by its disintegration is continually feeding the soil.

After travelling for more than a hundred miles, walled in upon both sides by a thick and lofty forest growth, without crossing any considerable stream, or catching sight of even a small sheet of water, it was pleasant to come out upon the banks of this fine river, at a point where the hand of industry had forced the forest to give place to broad green fields and waving grain. Upon one side a wide level interval, dotted with farm-buildings, stretched away; upon the other shore the bank rose green and swelling, crowned with a forty acre wheat-field, in which were yet standing the stukes of yellow grain. The smoothly flowing river, the rude ferry boat, the green fields, and neat dwellings—all set in the frame-work of a dense forest, formed a picture worth going far to see.

Among the forest trees of this region are to be found the Norway Pine (*Pinus rubra*,) the Pumpkin or White Pine (*Pinus Strobus*) Hemlock, (*Abies Canadensis*,) Spruce, (*Abies Nigra*,) Silver Fir, (*Abies Balsamifera*) White Maple, White Birch, Yellow Birch, Beech, White and Black Ash, Elm, Red Oak, Iron or Lever Wood, Wild Cherry, Cedar, White Cedar (*Thuja Occidentalis*) common Poplar, Canada Poplar or Balm of Gilead, Bass Wood, &c. The Larch, or Hackmetack, so much used in ship-building, is found in low lands. The Cedar, or Arbor Vitæ, is abundant, and what is uncommon, the best specimens of this tree are found on the uplands. It has been said that the cedar is never seen on uplands, but grows only in swamps. Here, however, it is found intermixed with other forest trees, on high land, and in the best soil. The Hemlock and White Pine are not numerous—the hardwood growth predominating.

The Rock Maple is the principal tree, and affords large quantities of sugar, to those disposed to make it. The settlers, however, leave its manufacture mostly in the hands of the Acadian French, in the Van Buren and Madawaska settlements. The Maple and Yellow Birch grow here to enormous size—we see no such trees in this portion of the State. Oak of any kind is very scarce—indeed I saw none at all. As illustrating nature's rotation of crops, I will mention that an old settler at Ft. Fairfield told me that wherever he cut down Maple the Silver Fir sprang up, and that with a little care the settlers might thus have their farms bordered with this beautiful tree. The wild prune, current, gooseberry, strawberry, blackberry and blueberry grow abundantly in this region, and there is also a high bush cranberry, with a heart-shaped pit, which grows on bushes ten or twelve feet high, and of which an excellent sauce is made.

The climate of Aroostook, although rigorous, is not so severe as in some other regions situated between the same degrees of northern latitude. This is probably

owing to its interior situation and to the fact that it is not mountainous. Among the hills of Oxford County, lying in a lower latitude, the cold is often quite as severe. Snow falls early and continues late, thus protecting the ground, which seldom freezes deeper than three or four inches. The early fall of snow is doubtless partly owing to the evaporation from so large a body of wood. Experiments have shown that a common sized maple tree will throw off in twelve hours more than six gallons of moisture. Hence every acre of land which contains six hundred and forty such trees upon it, throws off 3840 gallons of moisture in twelve hours. "Taking this for granted, one may easily conjecture," says Dr. Holmes, in the Report of his Agricultural Survey of Aroostook, "What must be the natural consequence when so large a tract of country is covered so completely with apparatus for evaporation." It must have the effect of producing a lower temperature than would exist if the same country were divested of wood, and subjected to the common operations of cultivation. It is therefore probable that the disappearance of the forest will greatly ameliorate the climate. As it is, wheat, oats, rye, barley, potatoes, buckwheat and the grasses grow abundantly, and the country has every facility for the raising of all kinds of superior stock. These advantages, together with its mineral resources—its lime, gypsum, iron and probably coal—make the valley of the Aroostook one of the most valuable portions of our State.

The experience of twenty years has shown the truth of these observations. The clearing away of the forest by new settlements has had the effect to raise the temperature, and to diminish the annual snow-fall.

THE EDITORIAL EXPEDITION OF 1858.

To encourage the settlement of this fertile portion of the State became now an object of the first importance. Maine was losing her population by emigration to the West while lands offering at least equal inducements to any that could be found there were lying ready unoccupied within her own territory. Settlers had cleared productive farms in the southern portion of the County, and a thriving village had grown up at Houlton. The rich valley of the Aroostook, in the northern portion of the County, was given over to lumbering and but few farms had been cleared. The County was divided into about one hundred and eighty townships, each six miles square. The State offered the land to actual settlers at fifty cents per acre, to be paid in work on their own roads.

By the year 1858 a considerable population had settled in the border township of Fort Fairfield, the site of a fort built during the Aroostook war and named for Governor Fairfield. On the Presque Isle stream, a tributary of the Aroostook, a little village had also sprung up, and a newspaper had recently been started there. The citizens of Bangor, alive to the importance of developing this country, and making its trade tributary to the prosperity of their own city, projected a railroad to run from Bangor to Presque Isle. State aid being necessary to effect this object, the plan was conceived of inviting the editors of Maine to visit Aroostook, ostensibly at the invitation of the North Aroostook Agricultural Society, that they might become acquainted with the resources of the territory, and spread the information abroad among the people.

Accordingly an invitation was issued to the editors of the State, and a party consisting of the following individuals, representing the leading journals of Maine, met at the Bangor House, Bangor, on the 2d of October, 1858 :

JOHN A. POOR,* <i>State of Maine</i> ,	DR. J. Q. A. HAWES, <i>Kennebec Journal</i> ,
JOHN M. ADAMS, <i>Eastern Argus</i> ,	D. T. PIKE, <i>Augusta Age</i> ,
EDW. H. ELWELL, <i>Portland Transcript</i> ,	REV. A. BATTLES, <i>Maine Farmer</i> ,
REV. J. C. FLETCHER, <i>Portl'd Advertiser</i> ,	REV. J. W. HANSON, <i>Gospel Banner</i> ,
DARIUS FORBES, <i>Temperance Journal</i> ,	DR. W. B. LAPHAM, <i>Oxford Democrat</i> ,
BROWN THURSTON, <i>Zion's Advocate</i> ,	C. P. ROBERTS, <i>Bangor Times</i> ,
L. O. COWAN,* <i>Biddeford Journal</i> ,	MARCELLUS EMERY, <i>Bangor Democrat</i> ,
N. DINGLEY, JR., <i>Maine Evangelist</i> ,	J. H. LYNDE,* <i>Bangor Whig</i> ,
F. L. DINGLEY, <i>Lewiston Journal</i> ,	JOSEPH BARTLETT,* <i>Bangor Jeffersonian</i> ,
J. D. STETSON, <i>Democratic Advocate</i> ,	E. K. SMART,* <i>Camden</i> ,
A. G. TENNEY, <i>Brunswick Telegraph</i> ,	S. H. CHAPMAN,* <i>Rockland Democrat</i> ,
JAMES M. LINCOLN,* <i>Bath Sentinel</i> ,	C. H. PAINE, <i>Lincoln Advertiser</i> ,
J. T. GILMAN, <i>Bath Times</i> ,	W. H. WALDRON, <i>Morning Star</i> ,
E. ROWELL, <i>Hallowell Gazette</i> ,	Z. POPE VOSE, <i>Rockland Gazette</i> ,
	WM. DYER, <i>Waterville Mail</i> .

*Deceased.

The party was accompanied by T. H. GARNSEY, C. P. STETSON and ISAAC R. CLARK, Deputy Land Agent, as a Committee of Arrangements representing the citizens of Bangor. Leaving that city on the 4th, the party proceeded up the Penobscot by steamer. The following account of the excursion appeared in successive numbers of the Portland Transcript in October, 1858:

AN ISOLATED REGION.

Take the map of Maine, good reader, and run your eye northward from the Atlantic coast, through the more thickly settled portion of the State, up the head waters of the Penobscot, and beyond, until you come to a broad extent of territory, interposing between Canada and New Brunswick, and extending through a degree and a half of latitude. This territory, though politically a portion of Maine, is geographically a part of the British possessions. It has a different climate, a different soil, a different geological formation from the southern portion of our State. The valley of the Penobscot has a granite basis; the valley of the St. John is of a limestone structure. Northward of Mattawamkeag, which lies at the head of the navigable waters of the Penobscot, there is a strip of land extending for twenty or thirty miles, which forms the boundary between these two regions. It is a low, level country, covered with a black growth and not particularly inviting in its appearance. But this forbidding region once passed, you enter upon rolling lands, covered with a magnificent hard wood growth, and find yourself at last in the valley of the St. John, where the streams run north and east into that river, instead of southward into the Penobscot. This is the Aroostook country—in an agricultural point of view the best portion of our State, yet long remaining almost a *terra incognita*, a blank upon the map, a region supposed to be visited only by hunters and lumbermen, full of lakes and streams with jaw-cracking Indian names, the home of the bear, the moose and the caribou. So much isolated has it been from the remainder of the State, that its inhabitants have lived in a world of their own and have come to regard all persons from other regions as "Outsiders." Going among them you are introduced as "The gentleman from Outside," or perhaps are asked, "Do you belong out through the woods?"

It was to gain an inside view of this important portion of our State that the Editorial Fraternity recently made an excursion through a considerable portion of its extent. In the sketches of that excursion which we propose to give we shall endeavor to furnish such information concerning its soil, productions and climate as will show the inducements it holds out to settlers, while we shall not forget those incidents by the way which enlivened the trip, or those features of the scenery which gave delight to all who gazed upon them.

A DAY ON THE PENOBSCOT.

It was a bright Monday morning on which the editorial party, thirty-two in number, left Bangor, for the northern regions of our State. Veazie's railroad, notwithstanding the wags told us it was the road on which the cowcatcher was placed in the rear of the trains to prevent the cows from running over them, took us through the villages of Orono to Oldtown, a distance of twelve miles, in good time and good condition. Oldtown, in spite of its name, has the appearance of a smart new village,

though with the usual clatter and clutter of a lumbering town. It is a great place for the consumption of logs. While waiting the departure of the boat, which was to take us up river, we looked into Veazie's saw mills, the largest in the State, and saw the steel teeth rushing remorselessly through the sturdy logs, sub-dividing them with horrible din, into boards, clapboards, shingles and laths. Twenty single saws and three gangs, of eighteen saws each, were at work turning out the lumber with frightful velocity. We suppose it is all right, but the whole establishment appeared to us like an immense vegetable slaughter house !

Oldtown, as everybody knows, is the headquarters of the Penobscot tribe of Indians. They occupy an island in the river, just opposite the village. Having still a few minutes to spare before the departure of the boat, with two others of our party we slipped into the bottom of a canoe, and were paddled across by a young man of the tribe, in true Indian style. The sail was a very short one, but quite romantic while it lasted.

The Indian village is composed of a considerable number of one-story frame houses thrown into a group without much regularity of plan. Some of them are quite dilapidated, while others are neatly painted, and have a very comfortable appearance. There is a small Roman Catholic church in which services are held by a resident priest. We entered one house and were kindly received by the inmates, all females, who said they knew Portland, "and it was very big city." Some of the houses have gardens attached, but the Indians evidently do not pay much attention to agriculture. They still hunt and fish as of old. Upon what they gain in this way and the annuities they receive from the State, they manage to live in tolerable comfort. They were all decently clad, some quite foppishly, and evidently have made considerable advance in civilization.

One old Indian who approached our party was greatly puzzled as to our character.

"You Englishmen?"

"No."

"You Commissioners?"

"No—editors."

"Ugh ! you make newspapers ! Learned men ; have great minds !"

Here was a compliment to the profession ! But the old fellow was evidently a wag and we fear he was only poking fun at us. He took a bow and arrow which one of our party had purchased, and pretended not to know their use, asking, with sly humor, if the bow was a fiddle !

The Indians state their number at five hundred. They do not all live at Oldtown but are scattered over the islands up the river, of which there are one hundred and forty six between Oldtown and Mattawamkeag. All these islands are set apart for the Indians with the exception of a strip two rods wide around the shores, reserved for booms, mills and fishing privileges. The names of some of the Indians holding lands upon the islands, as laid down on the surveys exhibited on board the steamboat, were sufficiently amusing. There were "Saul Ninepence and Tellus Molly his wife," "Molly Olesole," "Peol Thunder," and many other equally funny and euphonious.

Upon our return from Aroostook, while riding along the banks of the Penobscot we saw a picture of Indian life, which together with the surrounding scenery, brought

vividly to mind all we have read and dreamed of forest adventure. It was near the hour of sunset, when the softened light gave a roseate hue to wood and water. The surface of the river was as calm as the face of a sleeping infant, and the wooded shores of an island just opposite the point we were passing, were mirrored in its depths, like a painted forest. Moving along this island shore were ten or twelve canoes filled with Indians, on their way to their winter haunts in the woods. It was a hunting party, going up for the winter, with all their goods and utensils. As they silently glided up the smooth river beneath the gorgeously tinted trees, they seemed to be stealing away from the world of care and labor to which we were reluctantly returning. We almost envied them their exemption from the troubles of civilized life until the thought of their exposure to cold and hunger, the dreary life of the woods in mid-winter, as portrayed in *Hiawatha*, came to our relief, and we went contentedly on our way.

It is now quite time we should return to the good steamer *W. N. Ray*, commanded by Capt. Smith. She is one of the wheelbarrow boats, with immense stern power, and now carries as merry a party as ever sailed up "the River of Rocks." The river above Oldtown, is about a third of a mile wide and is studded with islands, between which are many charming water channels. One of these passages is called "the *Cook*," being a corruption of the Indian term *Cuddegook*, which means the knee, a projecting point of the island having that appearance. There are Orson Island, and Thoroughfare Island, Birch Island, and Sugar Island, where the sugar-maples grow. Some of these islands contain many acres, and others are quite small. Most of them are covered with a hard wood growth, and the soil is of moderate fertility. In some instances the islands have been divided into two or more parts by the force of the stream, and are now separated by water channels. Swasin Sockbasin, an Indian on board the boat, had seen several islands thus divided. Among the objects which met our view as we steamed out into the broader channel were the great piers of logs built in the middle of the river for the purpose of sustaining the booms. Rafts of logs carrying loads of shingles were also coming down the stream, and occasionally a duck on the smooth surface of the water would call a loud report from Bro. Cowan's gun—but nothing came of it. Indeed some of the ducks seen proved to be *canards*.

As we steamed on our way, we passed the town of Milford in which occurs the famous locality known as Sunkhaze. It is a low tract of land, often flooded by the river, where the wags say the farmers in planting-time, drop their potatoes from a boat! At all events the road along the shore is so often under water that for some distance stakes are driven on each side to guide teamsters and others passing over it when the waters are on. Above Oldtown there are no villages on the western bank of the river and but few on the eastern. In this respect the Penobscot presents a marked contrast to the Kennebec. The former has no rich interval lands, and the soil of its shores is thin and poor for a considerable distance. Above Milford, on the eastern bank, is Greenbush, beyond which the banks of the river, hitherto low and flat, grow higher. As we passed Olamon Island we obtained a beautiful view of forest scenery. The woods were in the first glory of Autumn's hues, and the effects of the sunlight falling upon the variegated foliage were beautiful beyond description. Some of the calm water channels, reaching up between islands clothed to the river's

edge with flaming maples and yellow birches, looked in the soft clear sunlight of that Autumn day, like avenues leading to fairy realms. At one point we saw a drove of cattle take to the water and swim from an island to the shore, presenting as pretty a rural picture as one could wish to see. Indeed the entire passage was a succession of the most picturesque and enchanting landscapes. The blue sky above, the calm bright water beneath, varied by occasional rapids, the numerous green islands resting like gems on the river's bosom, and the forest-clothed shores of the stream, gay with green and gold and crimson, produced altogether so delightful a picture that our company almost exhausted the dictionary in expressing their admiration.

But in the midst of our highest ecstasies—so gross a being is man—the physical nature would assert its claims, and it was therefore with secret satisfaction that we approached Passadumkeag—and dinner. Here on the wharf is Pat with the carcass of a bear, caught in a trap and shot. He has cut off the tip of the “crater's” nose and ears to serve as evidence in procuring the State bounty of \$2, and remarks that if he were not a poor man he would give us “the varmint” in order that he might get his name in the papers and become a great man !

We get a substantial dinner at D. Seavey's hotel for which we make the unsubstantial return of a unanimous vote of thanks, presented by our worthy President in the most impressive manner. This is but the beginning of our good living ; from Mattawamkeag to Presque Isle every second house is a tavern, and such food and such feeding is seldom seen at an editor's table !

Passadumkeag is a straggling little village, thirty-two miles above Bangor. The people appear to do a staving business, being mostly engaged in the manufacture of fish-barrels. At this point the Passadumkeag river, a pretty little stream, contributes its waters to swell the volume of the Penobscot.

To boat again, and onward for four miles when we reach the junction of the Piscataquis with the Penobscot. This tributary is a noble river, flowing in on the west bank and draining the region of the Brownville slate quarries and the Katahdin Iron Works. When the steam horse rushes up this valley he will make a diversion in this direction and open up a great manufacturing region. Just above this point we approach the Piscataquis Rips, where the stream is much obstructed by rocks. Formerly there was a carrying place here with a horse-railroad for the conveyance of freight to the boat two miles above. By the enterprise of the Messrs. Smith, proprietors of the stage and steamboat lines, a canal has been constructed, by which we are enabled to proceed on our way without changing boat. A rise of fifteen feet is gained by the lock through which we pass, and proceed on the canal, not without perils of shipwreck to the horse, and many alarms of running aground. Escaping from the “raging canal” we approach Lincoln with its three villages, the largest of which is a pretty place, the smartest village above Oldtown. Here are higher river banks, better farming lands, and above all a glorious view of Old Katahdin, the highest point in Maine, looming up amid the clouds, a great white form, in the far north-west.

But we do not spend all our time in scenery-gazing. We are a jolly company ; we laugh and sing, crack jokes and relate anecdotes ; our artist draws astonishing portraits of distinguished members of the fraternity ; our agricultooral brother divides a turnip among the flock, which we all eat with great gravity and gusto ; we hold public meetings ; we elect a President, *two* Vice Presidents—both embodied in the round

form of Bro. Pike—and a Secretary, we thank Capt. Smith, we vote him a cane, and the hat goes round; Bro. Pike makes a memorable speech, and then the laugh goes round. We are very merry.

At the Mohawk Rips, just below South Lincoln, a rock is pointed out, where according to a tradition of the Penobscot Indians they killed a Mohawk chief in battle, and afterwards buried him at Mattawamkeag Point. We pass Hockamock (Snow Shoe) Island, so called from its resemblance in shape to a snow shoe. And as the shades of evening come down we land at Five Islands, in the newly incorporated town of Winn, and after a smart walk of two miles and a half, reach in the dark the Mattawamkeag House, at Mattawamkeag Point. So ends our rare day on the Penobscot.

MATTAWAMKEAG TO HOULTON.

Mattawamkeag Point is a small village, at the head of steam navigation on the Penobscot, sixty-one miles above Bangor. It lies on a point of land formed by the junction of the Mattawamkeag river with the Penobscot. We entered it in the dark and left it in the dark, and are therefore unable to give a very luminous description of the place. But one thing we know, it contains one "institution" that is a credit to it—the Mattawamkeag House, kept by Messrs. Smith and Wing. What a pleasant recollection we have of its large rooms and rousing fires! After our long walk in the dark it was cheering to enter its large public room and bask in the ruddy glow of its old-fashioned fire-place. And what a fire it was, putting to shame the whole black race of stoves and furnaces! How the huge maple logs glowed and blazed until a broad sheet of flame went rushing and roaring up the chimney, driving back the circle around it, farther and farther, until the whole room was alight and aglow, and a ruddy glare fell upon the faces of the fifty or sixty men scattered in groups about the apartment. Such a fire is the true emblem of home and hospitality. This house is a great resort of river drivers and hunters, who sometimes come down upon it by hundreds but never take it unprepared. Sitting here in the firelight, on our return, the talk fell upon moose-meat, when one John Darling, a mighty hunter, produced a large piece of smoked meat, a part of the stores he was about taking into the woods, and made one of our party a present of it. Last fall, he said, he killed fifteen moose.

Three o'clock in the morning, up and away! One stage-coach, one covered stage-wagon, one or two open stage-wagons, and all hands aboard. Through a covered bridge we cross the Mattawamkeag, and go stumbling on, at a slow walk, for seven mortal miles. In vain we look for the comet to light the way, it does not live up to its reputation and lies abed in the morning. But there is no want of luminous remark among our wagon-load of scribblers. This is the military road, and it soon begins to improve in character. We get on faster, and when day breaks find ourselves entering the great Aroostook region. The land is here low and wet, partly covered with a black growth, giving but little promise of the more fertile soil to come. Many provincials, in some instances, driven by debt from their own land, have settled here. They are not a very energetic people, living in low, log huts, roofed with spruce bark, having only sheds in place of barns, and stacking their hay out of doors. The arbor vitæ grows by the roadside, and there is a thrifty second growth of hard wood. And speaking of cedar, we are reminded that the whole country, from Mattawamkeag to

Fort Fairfield, is fenced with it. There are all sorts of fences—log fence, Virginia fence, yoke fence, and pitch-pole fence, but all of cedar. And such logs. There is cedar enough in a log fence to “shingle a meeting-house.” Some of the fences are so massive and high that they look like the broadside of a house. Not unfrequently a man’s fence is higher than the roof of his hut. This is a rude country, lying all out-of-doors, but it cannot be said that it is not fenced in ! In a considerable portion of the country, stones are very scarce on the surface of the soil. We saw but one stone wall in all our journey.

Fourteen miles bring us to Molunkus, at “the forks of the road,” where we breakfast at Ramsdell’s tavern. What a hungry crowd it was that sat down to that well-spread table !

The road divides at this point, branching on the west into the Aroostook road, which runs up through Benedicta, Golden Ridge, Patten, Masardis and No. 11, in the center of the county, while on the east the military road extends to Houlton, Presque Isle and Van Buren Plantation.

To coach again, and away through the woods. The road runs straight on, the forest shutting it in with a many-colored wall on either hand. There are few cross-roads in this country, and no danger of losing the way.

After some hours of travelling through a low-lying region, we climb a long hill—Clefford’s hill—and the whole panorama of Aroostook bursts upon us. Here we pause, we spring to our feet, and join in one hearty out-burst of admiration. So wide an extent of forest, so brilliantly colored, and with so sublime a back-ground, we never dreamed of seeing. North and west, far as the eye can reach, to the very verge of the horizon, lies one unbroken forest. In the foreground we see the tree tops broken into masses, but beyond they lie as level as the calmest sea, a sea of colors, where the orange and the crimson mingle with the darker hues of evergreens, flecked by cloud-shadows, stretching away to the very shores of white Katahdin, which rises massive and sublime, far above the earth, entering the very clouds. It stands in its isolated grandeur, a great white form, its huge basin distinctly visible, the long slides down its slopes marking the path of avalanches. Away to the north still stretches the forest, broken only by one narrow gap, the road through which we have journeyed. No finer forest scenery than this can be seen in any land. Its unbroken extent reveals the breadth and richness of the region we are now entering.

A few miles farther, and we reach, at a place called Haynesville, the hotel of R. B. Campbell, a noble-hearted man, who gives us the best dinner on the route, invites us to call again on our return, and strives in every way to serve us. Here we first see some of the fruits of Aroostook farming. Mr. Campbell has a farm of six hundred and fifty acres, lying on a hill-top which commands a magnificent forest view. This year he has raised on less than five acres, eight hundred bushels of potatoes, exceeding in size any we have ever seen before. Note-book in hand, the whole scribbling crew dive down into the cellar to look at the potato pile—a sight to make an Irishman’s mouth water. Mr. C. has also raised ninety-two bushels of oats from two bushels of seed. But the best evidence of the richness of the land is seen in his robust children—a comely daughter, twelve years of age, weighing one hundred and fifty pounds ! Indeed, such bouncing babies as this whole region produces, we have never seen before. At Fort Fairfield we see two pairs of twins in a family of seven-

teen children, and at Madawaska they count the sons and daughters by the score—one family having *five* pairs of twins and ten children besides! These facts are irresistible—we are forced to accept the theory of Dr. O. W. Holmes—it is only on a limestone formation that *men* can be raised.

We give Mr. Campbell a vote of thanks, we resolve to recommend his house to all our friends—and are off again. Partridges on the road, and popping of pistols. These birds are quite plentiful along the road, and are the cause of much bad shooting. Sometimes the feathers fly, but unfortunately the partridge flies with them! On one occasion a most extraordinary feat of gunnery was performed on a spruce partridge. There he sat, not a rod off, as saucy as you please. Pop, pop, went the Doctor's revolver; bang, bang, went Rowell's pistol, and the partridge merely winked his eye, as if he would say, "Don't you wish you could?" The driver grew excited—"let me try"—and bang, bang again! The partridge at last grew indignant; he would no longer encourage by his presence, such wretched shooting, and slowly sailed away. Eleven shots were fired, the partridge sitting quiet all the while! Soon after, however, Bro. Rowell retrieved his reputation by bringing down a partridge at the second fire. Some execution was done, we believe, with Bro. Cowan's gun, though one of our number, after carrying it all day, gave a boy ninepence to fire it off!

Our ride after dinner was, for many miles, through the primitive woods. The road lay straight before us, lined upon either side by the many-hued foliage of the gigantic maples, yellow birches, beeches, cedars and elms. The maples grow to a great size, their enormous trunks running up sixty or seventy feet before branching out into little clumps of limbs at the top. This heavy growth sufficiently attests the fertility of the soil.

As we entered the town of Linneus, the signs of improvement began rapidly to multiply. We were now approaching the more fertile lands of Aroostook, the number of farms and the evidence of more thorough cultivation presenting a marked contrast to the unsettled region through which we had passed.

It was interesting to note the gradual advancement in thrift and refinement as indicated by the style of buildings and their surroundings. At first we saw little log huts with log barns. Then the log-houses gave way to neat frame buildings and the barns grew bigger. Then there were neatly painted residences with very large and thoroughly built barns and out-houses. Then instead of unenclosed spaces around the dwellings, there were front yards, flower-gardens, house-plants at the window, shade-trees, and attempts at orchards. The country grew more open, the road was excellent, everything began to have a home-like look. We felt as if we had entered a civilized region again, after wandering in a wilderness.

The flocks of sheep in the pastures gave evidences of the best breeds. The mutton we had at table, drew many encomiums from the epicures among us. The beef was not so good. The horses seen on the road were fine animals, giving evidence of strength and speed. No flour-barrel skeletons, such as our farmers in Cumberland County used to drive.

Linneus is an excellent farming town, though by no means among the best in the County. Iron ore is found here in abundance. As we approached Houlton the land became more rolling, and the soil improved.

By this time our company had grown very merry over a game introduced by Rev.

Mr. Fletcher. The party was divided, each half taking one side of the road, and counting the game which presented itself. Horses counted five, pigs twenty, and an old woman looking out of a window decided the game. Lively was the competition which ensued. Grave clergymen, dignified senators and sober editors went into ecstasies over a pig, shouted themselves hoarse in counting up the cattle on the hill-sides, and when the veritable, unmistakable old woman appeared, exploded in shouts of laughter! We must do the women of Aroostook, however, the justice to say that they exhibited but little of the curiosity generally attributed to their sex, and attended to their household affairs as usual, notwithstanding the extraordinary character of the company passing their doors!* The game was at its height when we drove up to Snell's Hotel in Houlton, and in their uproarious hilarity our company might well have been mistaken by the astonished villagers, for a party of lunatics out on a holiday!

HOULTON.

Houlton was, to most of our party, a complete surprise. We did not expect to see so pretty a village in a region so generally unsettled and uncultivated. It is true the country about the village bears marks of being an older settled region than any above Lincoln, but it is essentially a village in the wilderness. It lies within three miles of the New Brunswick line, on the east bank of the Meduxnekeag stream, a branch of the St. John, which affords water power for various mills. It has two hotels, three meeting houses, a flourishing Academy (now under the charge of Mr. Geo. B. Towle, a graduate of Bowdoin,) numerous stores and many neat private residences. The streets are wide, and the buildings generally painted white. The population is twelve or fifteen hundred. Judging from the "shingles" over the store doors, a sign-painter is much needed. We believe there is no settled minister here, and the people are not particularly pious in their walk and conversation. Liquor is sold openly at nearly all the stores, and there is no lack of customers.

No sooner were we landed at Snell's large and commodious hotel than the leading citizens gathered, and greeted us in the heartiest manner. The people here have most cordial and off-hand manners, they give you a warm bluff welcome to their forest village. There was Capt. Putnam, of the firm of Cary & Putnam, who with his long white beard looks a very patriarch; there was the courteous 'Squire Taber, the jolly Dr. French and many others. The great man of the place, Hon. Shepard Cary, we did not see, he being absent at Boston, under medical treatment. His enterprise has done much for this region, his operations, including farming, lumbering and manufacturing, not to speak of political wire-pulling.

Somewhat less than a mile north of the village, upon a high ridge of land, are situated the old United States Barracks. Sheriff Herrin drove a merry company of us to this point, and all were charmed with the view. Years ago, when several hundred troops were stationed here, when there was a theatrical performance every night and

*Twenty years after, a lady, hearing of the second editorial excursion to Aroostook, wrote me to say that at the time of the first excursion she was a child living in Aroostook, and hearing that the editors were coming along the road, she asked permission to go out and see them. She expected to see a grave and dignified body of men, and when they arrived was astonished to see them laughing and shouting boisterously. She ran in to her mother exclaiming, "I don't think the editors have very good manners; they actually counted us; they needn't have done that if there was a dozen of us." She didn't know the editors were literally making game of herself and companions.

a ball every week, this was a lively place. But now it has fallen into a sad state of neglect and decay. Some of the buildings have been burned down, others are in a dilapidated condition, and the gray old sergeant in charge haunts the ruins, a relic of the past glories of the place. But the view from this elevated position is as beautiful as ever. Upon all sides stretches away the many-hued forest, broken here and there by the clearings of settlers. In the east we see the highlands of New Brunswick, in the North rise the wooded slopes of Mars Hill, while far in the west, amid the glories of the sunset clouds, the topmost peak of Katahdin looms up in all its solitary grandeur.

"The mountains that in fold,
In their wide sweep, the colored landscape round,
Seem groups of giant kings, in purple and gold,
That guard the enchanted ground."

This will change. The forest will be swept away, and where now "the woods of Autumn put their glories on," will arise the smoke of the farm-house, and green pastures and golden grain fields will stretch along the swells and slopes. The scene will change, but it can never be otherwise than beautiful.

From the barracks we rode over into Hodgdon, a rich farming town, where we saw fine farms, good orchards, and where Sheriff Herrin told us he had forty-two colts in one pasture. But the deep cravings of the Doctor's stomach recalled us early, and we rode back to supper in fine spirits.

HOULTON TO PRESQUE ISLE.

Next morning we took the road again for Presque Isle. It was not unpleasant this riding in "The mendicant train." We drove up to the hotels, we ate, we drank, we slept—and then, without thought or care of ours, the carriages were at the door, no bills to pay, we stepped in, and away again.

Hurrah for Presque Isle! "Due North," forty-one miles. North, mind you, and not "down east." People have strange notions about the geographical position of Aroostook. Since our return, one and another say to us, "Well, how did you like down-east," or "So you have been down-east!" No sir, we have been up North! We have not been in the land of fogs, granite boulders and dead pine trees, but up North, where the air is clear and pure, where the land lies high and rolling, covered with a magnificent hard wood growth, and not a granite ledge to be seen within forty miles of it.

So away we go in the fresh, northwest breeze, over the smooth, hard road, past fine farms, through Littleton and Monticello, towns in which many clearings have been made and sturdy yeoman have nestled down in comfortable log-houses. The soil through all the distance is of a slate and limestone formation, and like the land of which Jerrold wrote, needs only to be tickled with a hoe to laugh with a harvest. On the road we meet teams loaded with shingles which they carry from Presque Isle away down to Bangor, one hundred and fifty-five miles, for one dollar per thousand. They go down for goods and carry the shingles to pay their expenses. After passing through Portland Academy Grant, we get dinner at Bridgewater. These Academy grants are great hindrances to the settlement of the country. The proprietors hold their lands at \$2.00 per acre and demand \$50.00 down. Settlers generally prefer State

lands at fifty cents per acre, and so the grants remain covered for the most part with the primitive forest, breaking the line of settlements. Proprietor's lands are easily distinguished from the State lands by the smaller number of settlements upon them. Here and there, however, on these grants, we see the trees felled, and prepared for burning. We met one young man, who with two others, has bought a lot in Deerfield Grant. He has been twice to the West and has shaken for fifteen months with the fever and ague. He has had enough of it, and is content to settle down and hew him out a home in Aroostook. He only regrets the five good years he has lost in the West—they would be worth \$500 a year to him in this land, he says. But he will succeed, for he is not afraid of work, and makes nothing of walking from Presque Isle to Houlton, forty-one miles, in a day!

We spoke of clearings. Perhaps the reader would like to know how these goodly forest lands are converted into fertile farms. You select your lot, having an eye to good roads and water. At fifty cents an acre, the State price, you can pay for it by six weeks' work upon the roads, with a yoke of oxen. Isn't that cheap enough for a farm? You select ten acres of your lot for a clearing. You fell your trees in June or July, first cutting down the small bushes, shrubs and weeds, with a bush scythe. The rock maple chops awful hard, but burns all up clean. You fall all the large trees athwart or near each other, so that they may the more easily burn. If you chop in June you may burn in the Fall, if the season be dry, if not, the following Spring. Everything depends on a good *burn*, and it is fun to see one. But it is funnier to see the smut-begrimmed choppers after the fire is over. But you will not be afraid of a little smut. If you are smart you can chop an acre in two days, and can clear and sow ten acres in one Spring. On these you sow wheat, buckwheat, oats and potatoes, and the crops you get will astonish you. You must now build you a log-house and a log-barn, bring home your wife, or if you have not got one, go and marry "the girl you left behind you." Your family once established in your new home, you may thank God and take courage. But you must not stop here. You have only begun the work. The stumps must be got out of your fields, you must sow some of your land down to grass, your log-barn must give place to a large well shingled frame structure, and your log-cabin must be thrust aside for a neat cottage with a front yard, flowers, shade-trees and kitchen garden. All this is the work of time, but it can be done, and when at last you look back upon it all accomplished, you will wonder at the results you have wrought.

But if we stop to clear all the land upon the road, we shall never get to Presque Isle. So we will drive on through Mars Hill township, in which we pass, a few miles to the eastward, the famous hill of that name. It is a rounded ridge, wooded to the summit, having an elevation of not quite two thousand feet above the level of the sea. It was once the southern limit of the boundary claimed by Great Britain, and the boundary line now runs across its eastern extremity. The dense forest growth on its southern slope, with the sunlight playing on the painted leaves, alternating with the darker lines of evergreens, presents a picture of rare beauty. In this wide expanse of forest we see but one opening—a gap in the woods—where a few settlers have made a clearing.

Moose and caribou abound on this Hill. A lady passenger in our wagon told us that a few days previous, she met a moose while riding upon this road, and a gentle-

man assured us he once killed a moose that came up to the wagon upon which he was riding. Wolves are not so numerous as formerly, but bears sometimes get into the farmer's oat fields and trample down the grain.

We are now entering the fertile Aroostook valley, and every one is delighted with "the lay of the land." It runs in smooth rounded ridges, upon the summits of which you catch views of other slopes and ridges away to the eastward in New Brunswick. As we enter Presque Isle township, cultivated farms appear, and the land seems richer than in the neighborhood of Houlton.

At last we enter the little village of Presque Isle, which we do not see until we are close upon it. The one wide street is full of men and horses, gathered at the Cattle Show. The Pioneer office is indicated by big black letters. Bro. Hall soon appears, and in a short time we are all quartered upon the hospitable inhabitants ready to enjoy the fat of the land.

PRESQUE ISLE.

The little tavern at Presque Isle, on our arrival there, was already full to overflowing, and the inhabitants therefore took us to their homes in the village and surrounding country. And very comfortable homes they are too. All the members of our party were loud in praise of the fare and accommodations they received. We are sometimes asked "how the people live in Aroostook." They live well. Their butter and cheese is enough to delight the heart of an epicure, and then the honey! so clear and pure, for the bees get only the sweetest food. The buckwheat cakes, with maple sugar syrup, were highly appreciated by our party. *They* at least lived well, if the people don't! It was remarked that instead of *developing* the resources of the country we came near *exhausting* them! But that can't be done. For ourselves we fared sumptuously, having been so fortunate as to find quarters at the house of Mr. Winslow Hall and his son-in-law, Mr. Hines. Here we found an Aroostook home, surrounded by all the comforts and refinements of life, and adorned by the presence of intelligent and amiable women—both old and young.

It is a smart little village, this Presque Isle. It has a new, spruce, go-a-head look and evidently don't mean to be lost in the woods. It is going to emerge from the wilderness and become a thriving and populous place. One can see this without the aid of "St. Petersburg statistics." Situated on the Presque Isle stream, about one mile from its junction with the Aroostook, the village lies at the base of a high slope of land, snugly nestling in its little valley. From the summit of this elevated ridge, up which one of the village streets extends, a fine view is obtained of the surrounding forest, which hems the village in upon all sides. The place contains one hotel, five or six stores, a very neat school house, and forty or fifty dwelling houses. Population, two or three hundred. The Presque Isle stream affords water power, which is improved by saw, shingle, clapboard and grist mills. But the great "institution" of the place is the Pioneer newspaper establishment. This paper is ably edited by J. B. Hall, Esq., who by his earnest labors is doing much toward the settlement of the country. He is always on hand to give information to immigrants. The surrounding country is fine farming land, much of which has been taken up and improved, but enough still remains. Lots can be obtained within a few miles

of the village. The roads in the immediate vicinity need improving, and doubtless will be better attended to when the place becomes incorporated. Most of the buildings in the village are painted white, and some of them are built in a very neat and substantial manner.

EXPERIENCE OF A PIONEER.

On the evening after our arrival a public meeting was held at which Mr. J. W. Haines, an old settler of Fort Fairfield, made some interesting statements. Thirteen years ago, then living on the Kennebec, he found himself embarrassed. The times had changed and he must change with them. He started for Aroostook, and when he reached the neighborhood of Presque Isle thought himself in sight of the promised land. But he saw no place on which he wanted to settle until, twelve miles above, he came upon a fine ridge in Fort Fairfield. Here he pitched his tent and has since continued, prospering and to prosper. The night after his arrival he could not sleep; he lay awake thinking of the richness of the land. It seemed to him that everybody would be immediately rushing in to take possession of it. And now after the lapse of thirteen years he was just beginning to see the times of which he then dreamed. As the first benefit derived from his change of location the health of his family greatly improved. In Hallowell his doctor's bills were \$50 a year. In the healthy climate of Aroostook six years passed away before he had occasion for the services of a physician. In his agricultural labors he had met with great success. The land is cleared for \$10 to \$14 per acre. The first crop pays for clearing, fencing, seed, &c. Ploughing and sowing are often earlier than at Hallowell, as the ground does not freeze so deep, being protected by the deep covering of snow. In two or three days after the disappearance of the snow, ploughing can be commenced. He had known the snow to lie four feet on the ground one week, and the next the same ground would be ploughed and sowed. Average yield of wheat from twenty to twenty-five bushels per acre. Of late the midge has affected the crop. He has raised forty, and seldom less than twenty-seven bushels per acre. Wheat sells at \$2 in lumbering seasons. He has raised eighty-nine bushels of oats to the acre. In some cases the yield has been one hundred bushels. They sell readily at fifty cents per bushel. Corn is not so certain a crop, but he has raised as good corn and as cheaply as upon the Kennebec. Beans, turnips and pumpkins are produced in great abundance. With apples he has made an experiment, and thus far succeeded very well. He did not doubt that apples could be grown in Aroostook. Stock is improving, the country being very favorable to the raising of herds.

FARMS ON THE AROOSTOOK.

On the morning after our arrival at Presque Isle, a party of us, accompanied by Bro. Hall, set out on an excursion to the Aroostook river, a mile or two distant from the village. The four spirited colts attached to our carriage took us along at a famous rate. This is an oats-raising country and the horses have the benefit of them. The first glimpse of the Aroostook drew exclamations of delight from all the party. It is a beautiful river, flowing quietly through the deep forest, like a sweet child wandering in a wilderness, and dallying with the flowers by the way. Its valley

affords the best settling lands of the county, and when under full cultivation must become the garden of Aroostook. Taking its rise in the lakes in the northern portion of Piscataquis County, it follows a winding northeasterly course, for more than a hundred miles across Aroostook into New Brunswick, where it empties into the St. John. Its banks are gently sloping, its bed gravelly and its waters clear and shallow. So hard is the bottom, and so conveniently lie the banks that the river is used as a natural canal, flat boats loaded with freight being drawn by horses, sometimes on the beach and sometimes wading in the stream, away from its mouth to No. 11, and fifty miles beyond. It is a picturesque sight to see one of these boats winding its way through the forest, on the bosom of this calm, clear stream.

On the southern bank of the stream, a little to the left of our position, we have a full view of the Towle farm, lying on a rich intervale, looking green and fertile as the heart could wish. But we are to cross the stream and visit the noble farm of Mr. John Allen, whose broad clean acres sweep down in a line of beauty to the water's edge. Boat ahoy! Bro. Hall gives a regular steam whistle scream, and soon the flat boat, which takes carriage, horses and all on board, is at the shore. A bridge is needed at this point. Across the mouth of the Presque Isle stream, which enters the Aroostook at this point, we see carriages fording, with the water half way up the horses sides. We are soon on the opposite shore and drive on until we get a view of Mr. Allen's fifty acre wheat field. We do not see the waving grain but the yellow stubble standing knee high, and the heavy stukes of wheat standing in the field show what a glorious picture it must have been in all its golden maturity. This field will not yield less than 1000 bushels, which at \$2 per bushel gives the pretty little sum of \$2000 as one item of Aroostook farming. This model farm contains six hundred acres, of which three hundred are cultivated. The barns are noble structures, full from floor to ceiling. The wheat is not yet threshed out, but in the granary we see buckwheat, rye, &c. Altogether this is a baronial estate, and shows what men with capital may do in this fat land. Mr. Allen, we believe, commenced without capital, and indeed most of the settlers here came in poor men. Their present prosperous condition shows what poor men can do here, and why may not men with capital do better? The truth is, farming *pays* here: it is not, as with us, merely a *living* business, but a *money-making* business. Now why should not that class of men who have accumulated a little capital, and desire to invest it in farming, come in here, clear up the land, bring to bear upon it all the appliances which capital can command, and so grow rich while building up magnificent estates about them? They might become lords of the soil, living in truly baronial style, instead of merely scratching a subsistence on the barren acres of less favored portions of the State. But we must "wait for the wagon,"—"the steam wagon"—to bring in this class of men.

Some of our editorial brethren entered the farm house and were most hospitably entertained. The rich milk, the white clear honey, the sweet bread from home-made flour, and the golden pumpkin pies, so tickled their palates that we were obliged to leave them behind, and it was with great difficulty they at last tore themselves away.

ARROOSTOOK PRODUCTIONS.

But it is time we were off to the Fair, where the worthy Marshal of the day is anxiously waiting for "the gentlemen from outside." The exhibition is held in the second story of the school-house, and though not extensive is creditable to this newly settled region. We are at first attracted by the display of home-made cloths, which shows that the old-fashioned domestic arts of spinning and weaving are not forgotten by the fair daughters of the land. The ladies show their handi-work with honest pride.

"Their sheets, their linen, which they showed with pride
To strangers, still their thriftiness testified."

Here we have satinett woven by hand; double and twisted wale; shirting twenty-five cents a yard; Arroostook madder-red-home-made-cotton-and-wool cloth for ladies dresses; cotton and wool flannel; home-made table linen from flax raised here; gloves, mittens, stockings, all-worsted yarn, woollen drillings, rag carpeting, and one immense braided rag hearth-rug fifteen feet long and forty-five feet in circumference! What do our embroidery working ladies say to this array of the domestic manufactures of their Arroostook sisters? But these are not all. There are the little tiny—what do you call 'ems—"baby things?"—by the Ladies' Sewing Society, who are striving to raise a "church-going bell," which has not yet been heard in this forest-land.

Of fruit, of course, the display is small. There are blue pearmains, contributed by A. T. Moore of No. 11, grafted apples from Houlton and natural fruits from Presque Isle. There are nice cherry-cheeked crab apples, and high-bush cranberries, which grow wild. The butter, cheese and honey are truly delicious. The pastures here are covered with white clover, and the products of the dairy can scarcely be otherwise than sweet. The potatoes are enormous in size and excellent in quality—for we have tried them. The varieties raised are chiefly the "California," "Christie," "State of Maine," "Pink-eye" and "Orange." The potato yields largely here, but this year the rot has somewhat affected the crop. Turnips, beets, carrots, onions and parsnips are raised in abundance and of good quality. Cabbage heads, too, are not wanting, though they don't flourish on the shoulders of the men and women.

There are also specimens of manufactured articles, furniture, boots, harnesses, &c. But we have seen enough for to-day.

FORT FAIRFIELD.

At Presque Isle our party separated, some returning directly to Bangor, some by way of St. John, while others remained still further to explore the country. On the second day of the Fair, after the out-door meeting, at which a number of our editorial brethren made speeches to a gathering of several hundred ladies and gentlemen, we started for Fort Fairfield, lying north-east, twelve miles distant. The ride through the forest road, along the bank of the Arroostook, was enlivened by the singing of the lads and lasses returning from the Fair. We counted no less than sixteen vehicles, in long procession, upon the road. Arrived at Fort Fairfield—which we beg the reader to understand is not a *fort* nor a village, but a large, well settled farming town—we stopped at the public house kept by the Messrs. Haines. Here we had at table, oat-meal bread, which, when hot, is excellent eating, and as

wholesome as palatable. Dr. Johnson set down oats as fit only for the food of horses—and Scotchmen, but the testy old moralizer himself could not have refused the hot cakes set before us. The oats are kiln-dried, hulled and ground, and the meal is largely consumed by the people, who consider it more healthful than any other breadstuff.

Near the public house we saw the remains of the old block-house and barracks—famous in the Aroostook war—to which the town owes its name. The only structure now standing is the block house built on the bank of the Aroostook to protect the boom from the depredations of the Britishers. The enemy attempted to set it on fire, but failing in that they lampooned it in doggerel song, one verse of which ran thus:—

“Then Maine sent up three thousand men!
They swore they ne'er would yield,
They built their fortress of pine logs,
And called it “Fort Fairfield.”

But all this is now forgotten, and the people live in the most amicable relations with their neighbors over the line.

Fort Fairfield is in the first range of townships, and consequently borders on New Brunswick. It is one of the best agricultural towns in the County, and has about one thousand inhabitants. It has saw mills, shingle and clapboard mills, and grist mills; two public houses, three stores, four organized religious societies, and seven school houses. The people are nearly all well-to-do farmers, who came here poor, and by persevering industry have made themselves comfortable homes in this forest land. They have few poor, save stragglers. After clearing their ten acre lots, they get three crops before seeding to grass, and then as much hay as they can cut. The labor of one man and a yoke of oxen upon the roads will pay for a lot of one hundred and sixty acres in six weeks. The land is so fertile that it may be cultivated for four years without manuring. Indeed the farmers here make no account of their manure, but let it run to waste most improvidently. The piles of manure lying around the barns of a single farmer, would prove a fortune, almost, to farmers in other sections of the State. The soil is a rich deep loam, containing a rot-ten limestone, the decomposition of which is continually feeding the soil. There is also a limestone marl scattered through the soil, so adhesive that the people sometimes used it as putty. We saw but little clay throughout the whole region, altho' bricks are made at Presque Isle. There are few stones on the surface, and where the rock crops out it is limestone, which the farmers burn for lime. The first killing frost generally comes from the 20th of September to the first of October. The average depth of the snow is three feet, and it leaves from the 1st to the 10th of April. As soon as it is off, the farmers go to plowing, and are not troubled by wet or frost. The land lies in beautiful ridges, on one of which called Maple Grove, in a distance of four miles, there are but nineteen rods of waste land. The road along this ridge branches off from the Presque Isle road, and is cleared for an hundred rods on each side, presenting beautiful green sloping fields. Among the settlers on this road are Bradford Cummings, Judge of Probate, and Messrs. Hiram Stevens, Joseph W. Haines and E. S. Fowler. All of these men came here with very limited means, some of them deeply in debt, and now possess farms worth from \$1,500 to \$2,000. On this road we saw one neat farm house built by a young

man who has not yet caught a bird for his cage. Here is a nice home awaiting some industrious maiden! Mr. J. W. Haines has a farm of four hundred acres, two hundred of which are cleared. He cuts one hundred and fifty tons of hay and raises fabulous amounts of grain and vegetables. He took us to the summit of one of his swelling fields, and pointed with pride to the richness of the land and the improvements upon it. From this beautiful elevation we caught sight of Katahdin and Mars Hill, in the distance, and nearer at hand fine wooded slopes, waiting to be converted into just such farms as this.

The settlers here have a good market at Tobique, six miles distant, in New Brunswick. Nine-tenths of the circulating medium here is Province money. A gentleman at Presque Isle told us he had obtained molasses at Tobique, which lies on the St. John, for only three cents more per gallon than it was quoted in New York. These facts show how our Provincial neighbors are monopolizing the trade of this region. At Tobique there is a telegraph station, and the farmers at Fort Fairfield expect soon to hear the whistle of the steam engine as it comes up the valley of the St. John.

The land in this town is nearly all taken up, but there are plenty of settling lots in the vicinity. It is expected that the Eaton grant, lying next north, will soon be open for settlement. This grant contains some of the most desirable settling lots in the County. In Letter H and Letter G there is also much good land. The best lands are by no means all taken up, and those who come in now can do as well as those who preceded them.

THE FRENCH SETTLEMENTS.

About twenty miles north of Ft. Fairfield are the famous Madawaska settlements, where the descendants of the ancient Acadians preserve in all their primitive simplicity, the manners and customs of their French ancestors. Like their kindred of Canada, they cling to the river bank, each farm having its river front and extending in a long narrow line to the forest. They are a light-hearted, improvident, unenterprising people, more fond of the fiddle than the hoe, and content to remain stationary while all around them is progressing. Knowing nothing of our political institutions, they readily sell their votes to politicians, and he who bids highest carries the day. At the polls the inquiry is, "How much do you give for a vote this year?" and a nippence turns the scale. But we cannot do better than to copy what our friend Dingley, of the Maine Evangelist, says of this peculiar people.

The French settlements extend, from the southern boundary of Van Buren fifty miles to the north-western boundary of Hancock, on the American side of the St. John, and an equal extent on the British side. The population of the American side is estimated at three thousand and on the British side at one thousand. The ancestors of these settlers were the French who were expelled from Acadia, in Nova Scotia, by the English about the year 1763. The sweet, sad story of the expatriation and wanderings of two devoted lovers of their number is beautifully told by Longfellow in his "Evangeline." Two or three hundred fled to the St. John near Woodstock, and in 1783 they were again compelled to flee to their present location. On the banks of the St. John they settled, with all the habits and tastes which their fathers brought from France. These habits—the habits of the peasantry of France,—they still retain, having made scarcely an advance step in civilization since the days of Louis XIV.

The French settlers upon the western and southern banks of the St. John were declared citizens of the United States by the treaty of 1842, and by the same instrument the title to the lands on which they were settled was confirmed to them. Although they have increased from a population of about

five hundred to as many thousands, yet they have not gone back from the river. Instead of imitating the enterprise of the Yankee pioneer, by plunging into the forests and clearing new farms, each succeeding generation has divided the land patrimony of their fathers among the children, until nearly every farm has a river front of but a few rods. They are generally ignorant and unambitious, each generation contenting themselves with simply existing. They subsist chiefly on pea soup and other vegetable food which is raised on their patches of land. A gentleman who visited them a few years since, informs us that he stopped at a small cabin in which there was but one room, where the happy head of the family could call around him twenty-three children. He counted fifteen houses near each other, averaging twelve children to each house. They make large quantities of maple sugar, but in general content themselves with the simple fare of their fathers. The State has made several attempts to educate and civilize them, and in some instances with good results. They are, however, a peculiar people, distinct in tastes, habits and aspirations from the Anglo-Saxon race.

THE AROOSTOOK ROAD.

From Presque Isle there is a cross road, running westward to the Aroostook road, which extends through the middle line of the County, and unites with the Houlton road at Molunkus, a few miles above Mattawamkeag. Three of our number, Bros. Cowan, Forbes and Dyer, took this route on the return, and when we met them again at Mattawamkeag, they were disposed to put on airs, as having gone farther and seen more than the rest of us. We learn from their accounts that although there is not so great a body of good land on this road as in the region of Presque Isle, yet there are some townships as fertile as any in the County. Much of the road is bad, though portions of it are very good. There are several thriving villages in this region. No. 11, which lies nearest in line with Presque Isle, three ranges farther from the New Brunswick line, is a neat and lively village, pleasantly located near the Aroostook, on whose borders there are fine tracks of intervale land. It is the starting point for the lumbering operations on the Fish River and Allegash waters. Population about three hundred, with five stores, and saw, grist, clapboard and shingle mills. Some fruit is raised here, Mr. A. T. Mooers having quite an orchard just coming into bearing. Ten miles below lies Masardis, which has about three hundred inhabitants, and supports two schools and two stores. Below this place, through townships 9, 8, 7, 6, and 5 the land is somewhat broken, hardly as good as on the Aroostook, and there are but few settlements. Below No. 5 lies Patten, just inside of Penobscot County. Here is a fine village, the largest on the road, having a meeting house, academy, four religious societies, five school districts, five stores, one hotel and two mills. The soil here is good, and like that in the valley of Aroostook is undulating and free from stones. The population of this town is about five hundred, all thriving, industrious, people. Every lot in this town on the road is taken up. Golden Ridge Plantation, one of the finest agricultural plantations in the State, is only ten miles from Patten. Between Patten and Molunkus, where the road strikes the Houlton road, lies Benedicta, the Irish settlement began by Bishop Fenwick. Bro. Cowan saw nothing here but the barn-like building which was intended for a Roman Catholic College, and Bro. Dyer remarks that "the land looks good, but the farming looks somewhat Irish." This completes our tour of Aroostook County.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER.

EDITORIAL EXCURSION OF 1878.

As a result of the expedition of 1858, Aroostook was extensively written up in the newspapers of the State. Public attention was called to the fertility of its soil the salubrity of its climate and the easy terms on which the land was offered to actual settlers. Immigration flocked in, lots were taken up, farms were cleared, and the resources of the County was being rapidly developed, when the war of the rebellion broke out and for a time checked the progress of its settlement. Large numbers of the hardy settlers volunteered, or were drafted into the army, and the tide of immigration was greatly lessened.

The project of a railroad from Bangor to Presque Isle, in aid of which the editorial expedition of 1858 was organized, from various causes, failed of accomplishment. Instead, thereof, a great international line—the European and North American—was carried through from Bangor to Halifax, in aid of which the State granted some two hundred thousand acres of Aroostook lands. Thus her lands were taken to build up a road which turned aside from her borders and opened up the British Provinces. Her people might well consider themselves aggrieved by this action, yet nevertheless the European and North American Railway was a great and important enterprise necessary to complete the chain of railways on this continent, and incidentally it has given Aroostook railroad connection with the “outside” world. Proceeding up the Penobscot valley to Vanceboro’, a distance of one hundred and fourteen miles from Bangor, it there crosses the boundary and enters New Brunswick. At McAdam junction, six miles from the boundary, it connects with the New Brunswick and Canada Railroad, which runs from St. Andrews to Fredericton, on the St. John. From this latter road at Debec Junction, one hundred and fifty-four miles from Bangor and eleven miles below Woodstock, a branch strikes off to Houlton, a distance of eight miles. At Woodstock, the New Brunswick and Canada runs into connection with the New Brunswick (narrow guage) Railway, from which at Andover, a distance of two hundred and eleven miles from Bangor, a branch again enters Maine and runs as far as Caribou, a farther distance of twenty-six miles, whence there is a present prospect that it will be still farther extended eleven miles south to Presque Isle. Thus in a roundabout way, railroad connection between Bangor and both Southern and Northern Aroostook has been brought about, and the County has greatly profited by it. Still it remains true that Aroostook needs a direct line to Bangor within our own territory. She needs a shorter and unbroken route, and one that will not compel her to pay tribute to New Brunswick. This without doubt she will ultimately possess. It is an aim which her citizens should keep steadily in view, and in which the whole State has an interest. In the more prosperous times which are to come, we trust, in the near future, a narrow guage road may be extended from the line of the European and North American to the Northern boundary of the County.

After the close of the rebellion, Aroostook again began to make progress towards the settlement of its wild lands. Within the past ten years, its population has considerably increased, new markets have been opened for its products, and its farmers have laid up money. In 1870, the State took steps to bring hither a body of emigrants from Sweden, which has resulted in the settlement of the township of New Sweden by a thrifty colony of six hundred Swedes. All that now remains to be done for the further development of this important portion of our State is the opening to settlement according to the terms of the original grant of the wild lands given to the European and North American Railroad, and the adoption of a liberal policy towards the construction of roads on the part of other proprietors of timber lands.

Two decades having rolled around since the expedition of 1858, and the people of Northern Aroostook feeling naturally proud of the progress made, during that time, in the settlement of their favored land, a desire became general that the editors of the State should again visit them and have an opportunity to see for themselves the advancement made. An invitation was accordingly extended through Daniel Stickney, Esq., of Presque Isle, who from first to last was active in the matter, to the survivors of the former expedition, the members of the Maine Press Association, and other editors of the State, to visit Northern Aroostook, in the fall of 1878, and attend the exhibition of the North Aroostook Agricultural Society. The invitation was accepted by the Maine Press Association, and a committee consisting of Daniel Stickney, of Presque Isle, Wm. B. Lapham, of Augusta, and Edward H. Elwell, of Portland, was appointed to make arrangements for the excursion. The party accordingly met at the Franklin House, Bangor, on the 10th of September, 1878, and next day proceeded by rail to Houlton. On the former excursion but one lady accompanied the expedition. On this excursion the gentlemen were generally accompanied by their wives, and most of those who had none, or whose wives could not leave home, were gallant enough to take some other lady along. This fact is mentioned as showing the progress made during the past twenty years, in other things than the settlement of Aroostook. The party consisted of the following persons:

H. K. MORRELL, <i>Gardiner Home Journal</i> , and wife,	E. ROWELL,* <i>Hallowell</i> , and wife,
Z. E. STONE, <i>Vox Populi</i> , <i>Lowell, Mass.</i> , and wife,	DR. J. Q. A. HAWES,* <i>Hallowell</i> , and wife,
EDWARD H. ELWELL,* <i>Portland Trans-</i> <i>cript</i> , and wife,	H. K. BAKER, <i>Hallowell Regist'r</i> , and wife,
JOHN M. ADAMS,* <i>Eastern Argus</i> ,	J. A. HOMAN, <i>Maine Farmer</i> , and MRS. VICKERY,
BROWN THURSTON,* <i>Portland</i> ,	REV. DR. QUINBY, <i>Gospel Banner</i> , and wife,
REV. DR. I. P. WARREN, <i>Christian Mirror</i> , and wife,	DR. W. B. LAPHAM,* <i>Oxford Democrat</i> , and MISS PERHAM,
REV. H. S. BURRAGE, <i>Zion's Advocate</i> ,	ALDEN SPRAGUE, <i>Kennebec Journal</i> , and wife,
JAMES S. STAPLES, <i>Portland</i> , and wife,	MANLEY H. PIKE, <i>Maine Standard</i> ,
HON. WM. W. THOMAS, JR., <i>Portland</i> ,	E. C. ALLEN, <i>Literary Companion</i> , and sister,
M. N. RICH, <i>Portland Price Current</i> , and wife,	SAMUEL W. LANE, <i>Augusta</i> , and wife,
GEO. S. ROWELL, <i>Portland Advertiser</i> , and wife.	C. R. F. CALDWELL, <i>Kennebec Reporter</i> ,
A. G. TENNEY,* <i>Brunswick Telegraph</i> ,	J. F. UPTON, <i>Bath Times</i> , and wife,
C. W. KEYES, <i>Farmington Chronicle</i> , and wife,	JOSEPH WOOD, <i>Wiscasset</i> ,
W. A. PIDGIN, <i>Lewiston Journal</i> , and wife,	C. P. ROBERTS,* <i>Bangor</i> ,
W. H. WALDRON,* <i>Lewiston Gazette</i> , and wife,	G. E. RICHARDSON, <i>Thomaston Herald</i> ,
	W. S. GILMAN, <i>Aroostook Pioneer</i> , and wife,
	DANIEL STICKNEY, <i>Presque Isle</i> .

*Members of the Aroostook expedition of 1858.

It will be seen that nine of the original party accompanied this excursion. Of the remaining members of that party the following have since deceased: the HON. E. K. SMART, formerly a member of Congress from this State, and long prominent among the leaders of the Democratic party; HON. JOHN A. POOR, the eminent statistician and railroad projector, a leading promoter of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence and European and North American Railways; LOUIS O. COWAN, editor of the Biddeford Union and Journal, who served as a captain of cavalry in the rebellion, and died in the service; JAMES M. LINCOLN, editor of the Bath Sentinel, a gentleman much beloved for his benevolence and sterling integrity of character; JOHN H. LYNDE, proprietor of the Bangor Whig, a frank and merry-hearted gentleman; JOSEPH BARTLETT, editor of the Bangor Jeffersonian, an earnest and diligent worker, who did much to promote the success of the expedition; S. H. CHAPMAN, representing the Rockland Democrat, who fell at Bull Run, the first victim of the war from Maine.

The following account of the excursion is taken from the editorial columns of the Portland Transcript:

HOULTON.

The editorial excursion party left Bangor on the morning of the 10th inst., by the European and North American Railway, and passing up through that stony desert, which serves to make the fertile land of Aroostook which lies beyond it, a still greater surprise than it would otherwise be, struck the New Brunswick and Canada Road at McAdam Junction, where all the boulders which were left after seeding down the land below seemed to have been dumped in a heap. The editorial expedition of twenty years ago went up to Aroostook to promote the building of a railroad from Bangor to Presque Isle through our own territory. That project was not realized but Aroostook now has railroad communication with "Outside," though to avail herself of it she has to swing away round through New Brunswick. The distance from Bangor to Houlton, by this route, is one hundred and sixty-two miles, and one is all day in passing over it.

By the kindness of E. W. Cram, Esq., Superintendent of the European and North American Railroad, we had a car through to Houlton, and thus were not compelled to change cars at Debec Junction, where the road branches off to that place, a distance of eight miles.

As we drove into the village we saw on every hand evidences of the improvements and progress of twenty years. We passed the fine residences of Hon. J. C. Madigan, Hon. Lewellyn Powers, and others, and soon found ourselves in a busy street, closely built with stores, hotels and offices. Houlton is one of the most thriving villages in the State. The Meduxnekeag stream, which flows through it, affords abundant water power, which is improved by many mills, among which is a flour mill recently constructed. The village is the center of a rich farming region, evidences of which were seen in the numerous buildings bearing the sign "Potato House." Last year four hundred car-loads of potatoes were shipped from Houlton. Our party found comfortable quarters at the Snell House and the Exchange, both well-kept houses. It was at the Snell House that the morning cry of "Jerusha" rang through the halls twenty years ago, and the saddening thought would come that the merriest spirit

of our party then was no longer with us. Looking about the wide and well-built village street, the only well-remembered object that struck our eye was the little old shop at the corner, bearing the sign of "Cary and Putnam." It called to mind the hearty reception given us twenty years ago by Capt. J. V. Putnam, and we were pleased to learn that he was still living. 'Squire Taber, the courtly gentleman of the old school, had passed on. It was he who said, in answer to inquiries by our party, "Gentlemen, the roads in New Brunswick are excellent, but the hotels are execrable."

We called at the residence of Capt. Putnam, and found him still enjoying a vigorous old age, and full of reminiscences of the early days of Houlton, into which he came, through the woods, fifty-one years ago. His father came in with Mr. Houlton to locate a township for New Salem Academy, and they showed excellent judgment in pitching upon this spot. Mr. Putnam's son, Capt. B. H. Putnam, drove us out to his fields, where they were cutting a second crop of grass, and a very stout crop it was, both crops yielding, together, five tons to the acre. A drive through the village as the sun was setting, enabled us to see how much it had grown since our last visit, and to catch glimpses of the fine scenery which surrounds it. Some of our party walked to the top of the ridge, surrounding the village where were situated the barracks which accommodated the force of the United States troops stationed here many years ago. Nothing is now left of them but the flag-staff and the skeleton of one of the buildings. All boundary disputes are now happily settled, and the Aroostook war is but a merry memory.

In the evening our party was entertained at the residence of W. S. Gilman, Esq., editor and proprietor of the Aroostook Pioneer. Mr. Gilman entered Aroostook twenty-one years ago, and printed at Presque Isle, the first newspaper in the County, of which J. B. Hall, Esq. was editor. Mr. Gilman had the energy and push needed in a new country, and they have brought him prosperity. He and his good lady gave us a very elegant reception, all the more agreeable because it was unexpected. It would have surprised some people, who think that Aroostook is away up in the frigid zone, if they could have seen our party sitting in the open air, in the illuminated grounds, listening to the music of the Houlton Band. The evening was a most charming one, the moon shedding its silver light over the festive scene, and our party grew very merry, though the only stimulant was the spirit of the occasion—if we except a glass of new cider, in partaking of which we thought it entirely safe to follow the example of our worthy Doctor of Divinity. Bro. Morrell was in one of his witty moods and corruscated with his customary brilliancy. Bro. Homan, however, divided the honors with him, and it was difficult to tell, at times, which star was in the ascendant. Bro. Rowell gave a very humorous account of his shooting that partridge, on the first excursion. There is something very mythical about that exploit. Our recollection is that the bird stood eleven shots with great fortitude, and then flew away in disgust. Probably the exact facts will never be known, any more than it will ever be discovered who it was that ate Hanson's trout.

We left Houlton at 9 A. M., on the 11th, and entering New Brunswick again, reached Woodstock by way of Debec Junction, a distance of nineteen miles. Here a special train, for which we were indebted to the politeness of T Hobin, Esq., Superintendent of the New Brunswick, (narrow guage) Railway awaited us. This road starts

from Gibson, N. B., opposite Fredericton, on the St. John, and runs to Caribou, in Maine, with branches to Woodstock and Grand Falls, a distance of one-hundred and twenty-two miles. The intention is to push it through to Riviere du Loup. The branch into Maine, running through Fort Fairfield to Caribou, was built by those two towns and leased to the New Brunswick road. It has a three-foot track, and the cars are correspondingly narrow. They look quite diminutive alongside those of the broad guage roads, but will seat two persons on each side of the narrow aisle running through them, and are handsomely finished. The road is well built, and at one time we attained a speed of thirty miles an hour, though the usual rate is about eighteen miles. The cost of construction per mile is but \$12,500, and the expense of running is much less than on the common roads. It is just the style of railroad for a new country like Aroostook, and its extension will do much to open up this region. Mr. Gibson, the head of the company, offers to put the road down from Caribou to Presque Isle, a distance of eleven miles for \$15,000 and the right of way; and the offer will probably be accepted by the towns of Maysville and Presque Isle.*

NOW AND THEN.

Twenty years ago, when the first editorial party visited that region, Aroostook was emphatically a new country, and its natural advantages were but little known. Since that time its resources have been partially developed, and it has made a long stride forward, though as yet but a comparatively small inroad has been made on the virgin forest. The contrast between what we saw then and now was sufficiently striking. Then we rode through the primitive forest which skirted the road on either hand; now the forest is driven back to give place to green fields. Then the houses of the settlers were chiefly log huts; now they are neat frame buildings. Then we rode for a hundred miles on stages and wagons; now we were whisked by steam through New Brunswick, into the upper settlements of the County. This had its disadvantages, since by being compelled to leave our own soil we could not travel again over the road from Houlton to Presque Isle, and our observations were thus chiefly confined to the valley of the Aroostook. Then in all Northern Aroostook, there was no house of worship; now in each of the villages there are several churches. Then only the common school afforded scanty means for the education of youth; now every town has its high school. Then there was but one newspaper printed in the County; now there are five. Then we crossed the Aroostook by a ferry boat, and smaller streams by fording; now substantial bridges span the rivers. Then the population of the County was less than 15,000; now it is reckoned at 35,000.

But with all these changes many familiar features remained. We noted, as we did twenty years ago, the depth and strength of the soil, attested by the noble maple growth, shooting up sixty feet before sending out a branch. We were charmed, now as then, by the rich rolling undulations of the land, presenting neither mountains nor plains, but a happy medium between them. We were struck by the absence of out-cropping ledges and boulders, and by the fact that the whole country is fenced with cedar. We fully appreciated the excellence of the mutton, the purity and sweetness of the honey, and remarked again upon the peculiarity of the high bush cranberries and the Canada plums. Now as then we were called upon to admire the im-

*It has since been accepted.

mense crops of potatoes, wheat and oats, and especially buckwheat which in this country takes the place of Indian corn; but above all we found the hospitality of the people as hearty and genuine as we did twenty years ago, and put it to as severe a trial.

FORT FAIRFIELD.

On our arrival at Fort Fairfield our party was eagerly snatched up and carried off to hospitable homes. We found excellent quarters with Mr. A. C. Carey, a trader in the village, to all the members of whose pleasant family we are indebted for kind attentions. We remembered Fort Fairfield as scarcely the nucleus of a village—a tavern, a store or two, and a few scattered houses. Now we found it a village a mile long—one continuous street lined with stores and residences, with three churches, post-office, public hall, custom-house, and new buildings still going up. It was in the winter of 1838, '39, at the time of the boundary dispute, that our troops struck the Aroostook at Masardis, and coming down on the ice, built here the fort named for Gov. Fairfield, which has given the name to the place. We found ourselves lodged just under the hill on which the fort was built, and climbing to the broken parapet, enjoyed a wide outlook over the neighboring Province of New Brunswick.

Fort Fairfield is a border town, and the Episcopal church established here—a very pretty little church with a neat parsonage—is a relic of Provincial rule before the treaty set this territory off to Maine. A drive through the neighborhood enabled us to see something of the rich farming lands of the town. At the boundary, a mile or two from the village,—just across which the liquor sellers have taken their stand, and look over into the forbidden land—one gets a grand view of the scenery of the American side. Here some members of our party were shown an extensive collection of Aroostook birds and minerals, gathered by a young man who evinces much taste for natural science. A few miles below the village, the Aroostook river rushes through a narrow, rocky gorge, the broad stream being contracted to a span, and tumbling in foamy whiteness through its confining channel. It is a grand feature in the natural scenery of the country.

In the evening a reception in the public hall drew together a good number of the people of the town. Here we met Mr. Hiram Stevens, an early settler, whose farm at Maple Grove we visited twenty years ago. Since then he has cleared another farm, and is ready, we suppose, Yankee-like, to sell again. The party was welcomed in an appropriate speech by J. B. Trafton, Esq., and Bro. Stickney introduced the members individually in his usual discriminating style. Responses were made by various members of the party, and then the young folks promenaded to the music of the Fort Fairfield Band.

Next morning it was rainy. In fact the weather was lowering during most of our stay in the Aroostook valley. It seems to be a land of cloudy skies, or at least the clouds gather and break with greater rapidity than we are accustomed to see them. A burst of sunshine would give promise of a fair day, but when we looked for clear skies we found them draped again with threatening clouds. However, we set out for Presque Isle, eleven miles distant; it is in the second range of townships, and has not yet been reached by the railroad. The road was hilly, the rain fell heavily at intervals, and the mud flew fast and stuck wherever it fell. Bro. Stone, finding he was gathering on his coat tails more of the soil than he felt entitled to, defended him-

self with his wife's umbrella, which soon presented a promising field for a crop of potatoes. Through all the mud and rain, however, we could not fail to notice the verdure of the fields, and especially the half-gathered crops of the everlasting buckwheat. The fall feed was most abundant. We saw one field of emerald brightness on which a herd of seventeen head of cattle were feeding—a beautiful sight, the like of which we never saw in Cumberland County and reminding us of the rich pastures and feeding flocks we saw in England.

PRESQUE ISLE.

Here we were entertained at the elegant residence of Thomas Phair, Esq., of the firm of Johnson & Phair, extensive traders and manufacturers in the village. The place had quite out-grown our recollections. The little hamlet in the woods, of twenty years ago, is now a large and flourishing village, its main street lined with stores some of which do a large business. Presque Isle is situated on the Presque Isle stream, about one mile from its junction with the Aroostook, the village lying at the foot of a high ridge of land, snugly nestling in its little valley. From the summit of this elevated ridge, up which the village streets now extend, we looked out twenty years ago over a wide and all-surrounding forest. Now the view is one of a cultivated country, the forest driven back and clothing the far distant hills. The Presque Isle stream affords abundant water power, which is well improved by various mills.

THE FAIR AND CATTLE SHOW.

The objective point here was the North Aroostook Fair and Cattle Show. We saw some very fine stock, mostly Durham and Hereford, and there were some handsome thoroughbred horses and colts on the ground. The farmers here are beginning to pay some attention to stock raising. In the way of fruit the exhibition was a surprise. On our former visit it was a question whether apples could be raised here, but it seems to be a question no longer. Mr. Henry Tilley, of Castle Hill, who made a display of handsome apples, told us that by choosing Russian varieties, like the Duchess of Oldenburg, the Alexandre, and the Red Astrachan, he had no trouble in raising apples. Handsome specimens of the Fameuse, Sops-of-Wine, and Tallman Sweetings were also exhibited. There were several kinds of plums but no pears. The vegetables exhibited were large and excellent, and the ladies made a creditable display of their handiwork in the way of rugs, carpets, quilts and fancy work. Of course the sewing machine men were on hand, and Mr. W. S. Nash turned out on the Davis vertical feed machine, a variety of tasteful articles for gratuitous distribution among the visitors.

Here we met a number of the substantial farmers of the county, like E. H. Hayden of Oxbow Plantation, James Nutting, of Perham, and Freeman Hayden, of Presque Isle, who gathered about the men of note-book and pencil, and gave them their experience. We made the following notes. The average yield of wheat is twenty bushels to the acre; potatoes two hundred bushels: oats, forty-five bushels; beans twenty bushels. Corn is a safe crop, but it is not raised to any great extent, because it is not so profitable as other crops. Handsome specimens of the Dutton variety were shown. E. H. Hayden, at Oxbow Plantation, forty-three miles above Presque Isle, has raised this variety for thirty years, and the crop never failed. The Lost Na-

tion wheat is the variety usually sown.* A bushel of wheat can be raised cheaper than a bushel of corn. Buckwheat, or the variety known as India wheat, is generally sown. It is easily raised, makes palatable bread, as we learned from experience, and commands a ready sale. After one crop of wheat is taken off the land it is usually sown to grass for a year or two, and then cropped again. Crops are raised without fertilizers, but farmers are now beginning to make more use of their animal manure than formerly. Twenty years ago the manure heap was neglected, and left to accumulate until it became a nuisance. The soil is a rich, yellow loam, full of lime and clay, well mixed. In some portions of it there is a rotten limestone slate, constantly decomposing, and so replenishing the soil. Among the vegetables shown were some very large and handsome onions, also fair specimens of the great white sugar beet.

BEET CULTURE.

This brings us to the consideration of the sugar beet experiment. We found some diversity of opinion among the farmers, but on the whole the result so far was favorable. Most thought that \$3.00 per ton, the price offered, is not enough. Potatoes pay better. Some who had planted beets on land infested with buckwheat became discouraged and plowed them up. But we found that the best farmers are most sanguine as to the success of the experiment. Mr. Freeman Hayden thinks he can raise thirty-eight tons of beets to the acre, and that beet culture will form an important source of the farmers' revenue. Some three hundred acres have been planted in the vicinity, and the drying-house was in process of construction during our visit.

A MODEL FARM.

By invitation of Mr. Freeman Hayden, we visited the farm cultivated by himself and his son. The farmers here take such pride in their estates that they put up their names on their barns, and we read as we pass along, "Freeman Hayden and Son," "J. Hardison," and other names—a very commendable custom. Mr. Hayden's farm is on the center line of the town, a road running through the center of the town and along the summit of one of the swelling ridges which mark the configuration of the land. He went into the wilds of Aroostook thirty-six years ago, with but twenty-five cents in his pocket. He gave \$100 for the right of preemption to his farm, and it was set off to him under the treaty. Now he has fourteen acres of potatoes in one field, and twenty-three in all. Last year he received \$1,300 in cash for potatoes. He gets from one hundred and fifty to two hundred bushels of potatoes to the acre, and sells them to the starch factory for twenty-five cents a bushel. He keeps thirteen cows and makes three thousand pounds of cheese. He has two hundred acres of cleared land in one lot and seventy acres under the plow. He took us into his huge barn, and bade us climb the scaffold and look away up to the ridge-pole, to see how full it was stuffed with wheat. We rode over his broad green fields, where eight men were digging potatoes. In one year he had taken from his farm \$1,700 in cash, besides the living of his family. It was a beautiful sight to see the broad, green fields, stretching away on each side of the road, so level that in the distance of a mile a man could not be hidden on them by the inequalities of the land. Returning to the village we had, from the slope of the ridge, an extensive and beautiful view, looking northwest, with cultivated fields in the foreground, the Haystack hill in the middle distance, and old Katahdin on the far horizon.

The manufacture of starch is a great industry in Aroostook. It affords a ready market for potatoes and makes it possible to export them in a condensed and portable form. Some years ago, when the planting of the Swedish colony was much talked of in the newspapers, it attracted the attention of some gentlemen in a distant part of the country who were interested in the starch manufacture, and who were led to believe that Aroostook would be a favorable field for it. This led to the establishment of a starch factory at Caribou, and there are now sixteen in the County. The largest in the United States is that at Presque Isle, owned by Messrs. Johnson & Phair. By the kindness of these gentlemen we were enabled to visit this establishment and witness the process of starch manufacture. The mill is set in motion about the first of September and runs two and a half months. Two crews of men are employed, working twelve hours each. It is a sight in the busy season, to see the crowd of farmers' teams awaiting their turn to discharge their loads of potatoes at the mill. They are usually sold by contract at twenty-five cents per bushel. The potatoes are thrown into a machine which grinds them up. They are then drawn under dropping water which washes out the starchy portions of the potato and leaves the refuse, which being worthless, is discharged into the river. The starch is then drawn off into vats, where it forms a white, foamy mass, and when settled to the bottom is shoveled into barrows, wheeled to the drying houses, where it is thrown on a sort of broad grating, and dropping through from story to story, is deposited at last in the form of pure white starch. It is then put up in casks and sent to market by rail. From seven to nine pounds of starch are obtained from a bushel of potatoes. Messrs. Johnson and Phair have consumed 152,000 bushels of potatoes in a year, and manufactured 725 tons of starch. They have contracted for eight hundred acres of potatoes at twenty and twenty-five cents per bushel. They will make 3,200 casks this year.

FARMS IN MAYSVILLE.

From Presque Isle our party drove to Caribou, eleven miles north. The road runs through the intervening town of Maysville, whither we remember driving twenty years ago to see the stukes of wheat harvested on the broad fields of John Allen. Crossing the Aroostook by a substantial bridge, where before we went over in a scow, we found an excellent road running through a fine farming country. John Allen's farm is now only one of many spoken of as giving evidence of the productiveness of the land. We heard much of the farm of Mr. George A. Parsons. He has four hundred acres of land, one hundred and forty of which are rich interval. He has sixty head of grade Durham neat stock, and eight horses, and cuts one hundred and twenty-five tons of hay. He has ninety bushels of wheat from three acres, six hundred bushels of oats from fifteen acres, and two hundred and fifty bushels of peas and oats from six acres. He believes in sugar beets and has nine acres of them which will produce at least one hundred and eighty tons. He believes he can raise twenty-five tons to the acre. He has a large house tastefully furnished, and two big barns, one of which is filled with grain. He makes farming pay, and the only regret of himself and his good lady was that he did not have an opportunity to extend to our party all the hospitality he desired.

Speaking of barns, they are the pride of Aroostook. A farmer, while he is getting his land into cultivation, doesn't care much in what sort of a building he lives, but

he *must* have big and well built barns. The crops come tumbling in upon him in such enormous quantities that he is put to his wit's ends to bestow them. As we rode along, the broad green fields stretching off on either hand, we saw many sets of farm buildings in which the dwelling-house seemed to be but an after-thought—a low modest building hitched on to the end of a long line of outbuildings which rose in the distance, into the majestic barn, filled with the products of the soil. There is the farmer's pride, and there he puts his name in big letters. Fine houses will come later, have come already in some instances, but many a well-to-do farmer still clings to the humble cot which has housed his family through many years of hard but prosperous labor.

The farmers were digging their potatoes, and they looked well, though the crop this year is smaller than usual, being affected by the rot. Farther on we heard occasionally the crash of a falling tree, and came to clearings where the fallen trees were drying for a burn. The country was rolling prairie without a ledge or stone-wall in sight anywhere. In some places the farmers were setting their fences farther back from the road, to catch the winter snows, which otherwise fill the roadway. The strip thus left by the roadside, outside the fences, is cultivated like the fields beyond. In one place we were sorry to see that rows of beautiful spruces which lined the road on either hand had been cut down and left by the roadside. Where they were still left standing they formed a beautiful avenue.

CARIBOU.

We heard nothing of Caribou twenty years ago. We thought then that at Fort Fairfield we had reached the *ultima thule*. This township had not even a name, and could afford to be known only by one letter of the alphabet. Afterwards it was called Lyndon, but now it rejoices to be known as Caribou. That word fills the mouth and has a good Aroostook sound. The praises of the little village at which we landed were in the mouths of all our party. It is situated on the Caribou river at its junction with the Aroostook. The site is a most picturesque and romantic one, in its elevations and depressions reminding one of a Swiss village. Our party was most heartily and hospitably received. We were taken to the homes of an intelligent and cultivated people, who made it unmistakably evident that they were glad to see us.

In the evening there was a public reception in the hall, at which speeches were made by various members of the party, and by Hon. W. W. Thomas, Jr., who had joined us for the purpose of conducting us into New Sweden on the morrow. Mr. Thomas was eloquent in praise of Caribou. According to him it is the center, if not of the universe, at least of Northern Aroostook, and is bound to be the shire town of the new County. Why, it is just eleven miles from everywhere. It has doubled its valuation since 1870. In 1860 its population was but 297; now it is 2,500. Mr. King, of Caribou, followed, and told how Caribou had longed for editors since the days when grasping Presque Isle monopolized them. Now she had them she rejoiced and was bound to make much of them. But she expected much in return. If we didn't sound abroad the praises of Caribou, we need never expect another welcome there.

Well, we staid over Sunday, and perhaps we have worn our welcome out already, but we feel bound to say a good word for Caribou. It is a smart, enterprising village,

and has good cause to think well of itself. In the first place it is the terminus of a branch of the New Brunswick (narrow guage) Railroad, which brings it into connection with all the "Outside" world. It has excellent water power, which is already improved by mills, and the inevitable starch factory. It has two hotels, many stores, one church, and another going up, new shops and houses building, and graded schools. The people are intelligent, prosperous, and ought to be happy.

But after all, it is the agricultural capabilities of the town, that are the source of its prosperity. Every man here, be he lawyer, doctor, or merchant, has a finger or two in the farmer's dish, and would be ashamed if he didn't raise five hundred or a thousand bushels of grain. We were sent a mile and a half out of the village to the farm of Mr. Salmon Jones. As we rode up to the door the display of beautiful flowering plants on the piazza gave evidence of the taste of the lady of the house. We were heartily received, and were glad to have an opportunity to see something of an Aroostook farm.

Mr. Jones' experience is encouraging to all who look to farming in Aroostook. He came here from Turner, Me., fourteen years ago to help a sick brother. Took the Aroostook fever at once, sold his farm in Turner, and came in with less than \$1,200. Now he has a splendid farm of five hundred acres, worth many thousands. He has one hundred acres of woodland in one lot, and two hundred acres cleared. His green fields stretch away from a half to three quarters of a mile on either side of the road. He raises from 1,500 to 2,000 bushels of potatoes and 1,000 bushels of grain. One year he got one dollar a bushel for his potatoes at the railroad station, for shipment to Boston. He can raise corn, but doesn't care to, because buckwheat pays better; pays for his labor with it, and gets cash for his oats, wheat and potatoes. He has one barn 42x75 feet and another large one across the road. Early in his farming he found that he must build bigger barns, and again they are getting crowded. In his garden he raises all the garden vegetables, including sweet corn. His land alternates with high maple ridges and cedar valleys, and is well watered with running streams. The soil is deep and rich; occasionally there is a vein of small stones, but no large ones or ledges. He has taken three crops off the land without manure. Speaking of cedar, he shows an enormous cedar stump, which he has drawn from the woods to the roadside, which measures *five and a half feet* in diameter. A large rose bush is now growing out of the centre of it. Mr. Jones has done so well that he feels like retiring, and would sell his farm at a fair price.

THE FRENCH SETTLERS.

He has one great advantage in the cheap labor of the Acadian French. The road just beyond him is settled by them away to Violet Brook, a distance of twenty-two miles. They live in small, untidy looking houses, two to a lot and two families in every house. And children—they have no end of them. A stranger riding by one day, exclaimed, "In the name of goodness are these all school houses?" We counted one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight little girls all playing in front of one house. Their fecundity and lack of thrift keeps them poor, though some have tolerable farms. They hire out for low wages. Every morning in planting, haying or harvest time, numbers of them drive past Mr. Jones's door and ask for work. He sends them into the fields, gives them seventy-five cents per day, and pays in buckwheat. It is rare in a new country that labor is so abundant and convenient.

FARMING BY WHOLESALE.

The farmers in Aroostook do nothing on a small scale. Their farms run from two hundred and fifty to seven hundred and fifty acres. They raise hay by the hundred tons, wheat by hundreds of bushels, and potatoes by thousands. As we stood in farmer Jones's barn door, John M. Brown came driving past. We had heard much of Mr. Brown, as a man who was farming on an extensive scale. In reply to a question he took out his memorandum and read the amounts of seed of various kinds, he had put into the ground this year. The total was five hundred and eighty-nine bushels, and he will harvest 8,000 bushels of grain. He threshes his wheat in the field. He has between three hundred and four hundred acres under cultivation, seventy-three of which are in buckwheat. He estimates that his hay-fields have a ton of fall feed to the acre, but he will not cut it.

Then there is the great farm of James Doyle, who has six hundred acres, who keeps one hundred head of cattle, one hundred head of sheep, and fifteen horses, and cuts two hundred tons of hay; who raises three thousand bushels of oats, twenty-five hundred bushels of potatoes, and presses one hundred tons of hay. This is, indeed, farming by wholesale.

Who will say, after these figures, that Aroostook does not hold out inducements to our young men superior to anything the West can offer? The soil has great depth and fertility, and is easily worked. There is a ready market at the farmer's door. The climate is healthy, no fever and ague, or other malarial diseases. The winters are undoubtedly long and cold, but the snow falling early and remaining until Spring, there is seldom more than four or five inches of frost in the ground. When it goes off, in April, vegetation immediately springs up and grows luxuriantly. The soil is ready for the seed. The climate is said to be ameliorating, the snow fall being less than formerly. The roads are good, no such wallowing through mud as in many parts of the West.

But what is the chance of obtaining land by the young man who goes in with small means? Most people will be as much surprised as many of our party were to learn that the State has parted with all its settling lands, and that none now is to be obtained at first hand. More than two hundred thousand acres were granted to the European and North American Railway, on condition that on demand of the State it should be lotted out and opened to settlement at not exceeding one dollar per acre. Many thousands more of acres are held by proprietors, who obtained it years ago at a very low figure. Thus the settlement of the County on a large scale is obstructed, but let it not be supposed that there is no opportunity to purchase land at an easy rate. Many lots are held by certificates only, and these can be bought for from \$50 to \$150. The purchaser has then only to pay the settling dues, thirty-five cents per acre, to be paid in work upon the roads. Large farms, too, are being divided, and sold off in smaller parcels. A young man going in with \$300 can easily obtain a good farm. And land here is a good investment. It is rising in value. One lot was pointed out to us which sold five years ago for \$300, and recently, without a stroke of work having been done upon it, was sold again for \$800.

But though farms can thus be obtained at low figures, the interests of the State demand that the settlement of the County shall not be obstructed for speculative purposes. The Legislature at its next session should call on the European and North

American R. R. Co. to survey and offer its lands to settlers on favorable terms. The time has come when the conditions of the grant should be fulfilled. The extension of the settlement of New Sweden is stayed by the obstruction in the way of taking up new land, which now lies inviting the axe and the plow of the settler. Other proprietors too, must be taught that they cannot keep this land a wilderness for their own purposes. They now oppose the building of roads on the ground that the fires of the settlers will endanger their timber lands. For a long time the people have been striving to obtain a direct road from Caribou to Fort Kent, instead of going away round by the river. Such a road would save a distance of twenty-two miles. It has been opened at both ends, but there are about fifteen miles in the center, the building of which is obstructed by land proprietors. Their sharp lawyers have always been able to defeat the project on technical grounds. But if they are wise they will soon begin to see that they cannot long stay the tide which is to flow into Aroostook; they cannot keep as a timber reserve the land that is capable of furnishing bread for the whole State. Their lands will be taxed so that they will be forced to sell them at reasonable rates. The land policy of the State will hereafter be conducted in the interest of settlers, so that it may contribute to the growth of the State in wealth and population, and not in the interest of speculators.

NEW SWEDEN.

It was a question with some of our party whether we should visit New Sweden. But the Hon. W. W. Thomas, Jr., the founder of the colony, had kindly offered to conduct us thither, and most were eager to see this settlement, of which they had heard so much. In the end all went in, and none came out dissatisfied with their visit. It was the most interesting feature of the excursion, affording, as it did, an opportunity to see something of a new settlement in the forest and of the ways of an industrious and thrifty people, foreign to our soil.

As the settlement of the colony of New Sweden is the first successful attempt to turn the tide of immigration into our State, and has already brought about important results, it is interesting to trace the origin of the movement, and its progress thus far. It was seen long since by the thinking men of the State that Maine should make good her loss of population caused by emigration to the West by attracting foreign immigrants to her unsettled lands. In 1861, the Hon. George F. Talbot addressed a letter to the Hon. Israel Washburn, Jr., then Governor elect of the State, calling his attention to this matter, and suggesting that he should urge in his message to the Legislature the importance of attracting Scandinavian immigrants to Maine, as being a people best fitted to find a home in our climate. Gov. Washburn was so much struck with the force of Mr. Talbot's presentation of the matter that he not only adopted the suggestion, but presented it in his message in Mr. Talbot's own words. The idea of Scandinavian immigration was thus presented to public attention, but no immediate result followed. An attempt to bring Swedish laborers hither, made in 1864 by a company of Maine gentlemen, proved a failure. In 1869 the matter came up again in the Legislature, and the result of the action taken was the appointment of Hon. W. W. Thomas, Jr., as a Commissioner to proceed to Sweden, recruit a colony there, transport it to Maine, and permanently settle it on our wild lands. Mr. Thomas' previous residence in Sweden, as Consul at Gothenburg, and his acquaintance with

the language, which he speaks fluently, eminently fitted him for the task, and it was carried out on a plan arranged by himself. He accepted as colonists only honest and industrious farmers and laboring men, and of these only such as could pay their own passage to our State. The State, on its part, was to give to each head of a family a lot of one hundred acres, fell five acres of trees on each lot, and erect a log house thereon. On the 23d of July, 1870, Mr. Thomas, with a colony of fifty Swedes, arrived at the selected township, No. 15, Range 3, and the immigrants then and there entered upon their new life in a strange land. Having to make their homes in the midst of an untamed forest it was necessary that they should be furnished with tools and provisions until they could harvest their first crop. Mr. Thomas adopted the plan of selling them these necessary articles, payment to be made in work on roads and buildings. The total State aid thus furnished to the colonists amounted to \$24,321.42. Of this sum all has now been repaid except about \$5,000. The colony became self sustaining in 1873, and since then has received no aid from the State. Mr. Thomas in his report of that year, committed the unprecedented act on the part of an officeholder, of recommending the abolition of his own office.

Now let us see what the Swedes have done for themselves in the eight years of their settlement. Their numbers rapidly increased by new arrivals, until now the colony numbers six hundred souls, and it is estimated that not less than one thousand Swedes have been drawn to other parts of the State, where they form a valuable part of our population, as mechanics, farm-hands and laborers, the women as house servants. They have thus added sixteen hundred to our population, and brought in \$100,000 in cash. The colonists have taken up an area of twenty thousand acres of land. They have felled and cleared, in a superior manner, over three thousand acres. They have raised large crops, consisting chiefly of wheat, rye, barley, oats, peas, beans, potatoes and turnips. One Swede this year will thresh out over one thousand bushels of grain. They have made an excellent turnpike road from the capitol to Caribou village, and built twenty-seven miles of branch roads, through the forests, one-half of which are now turnpiked. They have built one hundred and four houses in addition to the twenty-six built by the State, one hundred and thirty barns, two steam shingle mills and one water power saw-mill, and have a church in process of construction. They have become expert in the manufacture of shingles. Though in the way of stock the first settlers took in with them only one kitten, they have now about one hundred horses, seventy-five oxen, two hundred and fifty cows, two hundred sheep, and three hundred swine. They have four schools and four school-houses. At the late State election they threw seventy-eight votes, all but one of which was for hard money. Since the founding of the colony there have occurred about twenty marriages, one hundred and fifty births, and forty deaths. All this is the work of eight years, and when we consider the difficulty of making new homes in an almost unbroken forest the results may well be considered highly creditable to the persevering industry of the colonists.

Now let us take a look at the colony as we saw it on our late visit. On Saturday morning our party left Caribou in twenty-five carriages, Mr. Thomas driving at their head, himself preceded, from the New Sweden line, by a marshal on horseback, in the person of the one Swede who voted the Greenback ticket. Whether this distinction was accorded him because of his independent action we did not learn. In this tri-

umphal fashion we marched into the settlement over an excellent road built by the Swedes. Mr. Thomas told what a quagmire it was during the first year of the settlement. Proceeding through the township of Woodland, in which many Swedes are settled, we saw a number of good farms. Now and again a party of Swedes would pass when Mr. Thomas' hearty *god dag* (good day) met with as hearty a response. The resemblance of the Swedish language to the English was evident in many words, as also in the construction of sentences. The Swedish men generally speak our language, more or less, but many of the women require an interpreter. The children are all taught in school to speak English. We saw a number of well-dressed, bright looking boys, who all spoke English well, and one of them said he had recently returned from school in Rhode Island.

Presently we passed the last American house, built from choice by the American owner in the Swedish style, and came to the first.

SWEDISH HOUSE.

Here a halt was called, and all went in to inspect the domicile of Mr. Peterson. He with his wife, took this invasion very good-naturedly, and permitted the party to ransack the house at their pleasure. It is one of the larger and better class of houses, and shows the Swedish style of building to good advantage. It is built of hewn logs, clapboarded, with the interstices between the logs calked with moss—a warm and solid building. The interior partitions are also of hewn logs. The plan of the house struck us as being very convenient. The entrance hall does not run through the building but nearly across the front, having little depth, but considerable length. In the rear of the hall, opposite the outer door, entrance is given to a large, square reception room which occupies the middle of the house. On each side of this are two smaller rooms, entrance to which is gained from the hall, and also from the central room. These smaller rooms are used as kitchen, sitting-room and bed-rooms. In one of these we were shown a wooden, round-topped chest, in good preservation, which we were told is one hundred and eighty years old.

This reminded us of a story told us by Mr. Phair at Presque Isle. He had an intelligent Swede in his employ who one day expressed a desire to go for his "little *kist*." Mr. Phair told him to take the express wagon. Oh no, the express wagon wouldn't do. What then? He must have the jigger. So away he went with the jigger, and presently returned with a chest seven feet long, three feet wide, and three feet deep. This was his "*little kist*," and it was full of all manner of things.

The house was very neat. It was occupied by two brothers, one of whom had a wife of twenty-two years and two children. The other wife, a pretty young woman of eighteen, had been entertaining the company by reading Swedish aloud from a Swedish newspaper. Notice being taken of the baby of the first wife, this one said she could show us a younger one, and upon a bed in another room we were shown a tiny infant.

"How old is it?"

"Nine days."

"Whose is it?"

"Mine."

Then the ladies of the party made great eyes at each other. But why should they?

Wouldn't it be better if American women could do likewise? One curious piece of furniture common to Swedish houses is a sort of settee which draws out into a bed. The Swedes are adopting American customs and have introduced the Yankee cooking stove. But pastor Wiren clings to the old way and has had built up in a corner of one of his rooms the tall, brick chimney-like stove of Sweden. At one end of the house stood a heavy timber swing, built on the plan of a merry-go-round, or flying horses, with a seat at the end of each projecting arm. On this some of our ladies took a turn, and then we drove on to other sights and wonders.

In some fields men were at work taking out stumps. In others we saw the outdoor cellars in which the Swedes store their vegetables, and the triangular frames on which they dry their grain. The summers in Sweden being short and damp, it is necessary to hang up the grain in this way in order to dry it, and the custom is continued here.

Presently we were in sight of the new church and heard the crack of muskets fired in honor of our arrival. The American flag was flying from a staff by the roadside, and a triumphal arch erected, under which we drove in great state, and drew up at the "capitol." This is a two-story structure, the lower story of which is used as a grocery store, and the upper as a hall and place of public worship. It stands at a cross roads, on a ridge between two valleys, and is the center of the settlement, though there are but three or four dwelling houses around it, that of pastor Wiren being one.

At the request of Mr. Thomas, a number of the party drove on over a rough road into the forest to see something of the clearings. This gave us an opportunity to penetrate the primitive forest, and reminded us of what we saw twenty years ago. Here all the operations incident to the settlement of a new country were brought under our eyes. The road wound through a dense forest, but opened on the slope of a hill, commanding a wide and beautiful view over the tree-tops away to the blue Tobic hills in the distance. The noble maple growth was taking on the tints of Autumn, and here and there an opening in the forest indicated the location of a settlement. Presently we came upon a new house going up in the forest, and stopped to look at a Swedish fire-place, a sort of three-cornered affair projecting into the room, and called a *skorstein*. This was the house of Noah, and as he dwells on the top of the hill, the settlers have humorously named it Mt. Ararat. To construct his chimney, Noah—having luckily found at hand a bit of clay soil, scarce in this locality—set up an extempore brick-yard. Bro. Morrell, who was brought up in a brick-yard, (which accounts for his inveterate habit of throwing bricks at people, though he never carries one in his hat) was greatly interested in this contrivance. Noah had kneaded his clay in a barrel, with a revolving shaft having wooden knives attached, and turned by hand. He probably moulded the bricks by hand, but how he burned them did not appear. Nevertheless there was the chimney to speak for his ingenuity and industry.

Bumping along still farther over the rough road, and through the sloughs, we began to think that Thomas was not only bent on showing us the land, but was determined to rub it in, as Bro. Pike said. However, we came presently to an open elevation from which we looked the landscape o'er, Thomas pointing out the various openings in the forest, as Mt. Lebanon and New Jemptland, (pronounced Yemptland,) the latter settled by a company of Swedes from Jemptland, a northern district of Sweden

where the sun sets at midnight. They had desired to be located together, and accordingly this spot had been selected for them, and it now forms a school district of the township of New Sweden.

Returning to the capitol we found that those left behind had amused themselves by striking up an acquaintance with the Swedes who had assembled to receive the visitors. They had entered some of the houses where they were cordially received, and had purchased some of those large disks of rye bread, with a hole in the center, which the Swedes bake hard and keep strung on a pole for six months together. Some of the party making considerable display of these rye cakes, the Swedes got the impression that they were making fun of them, and went and told the man who sold them that he should sell no more. A lady going later to get one was told this, but it was added that she could have one if she would keep it hidden, which she solemnly promised to do. This bread is not the common food of the people of New Sweden, they having generally adopted the American style of making bread.

A SWEDISH DINNER.

Dinner was now announced, and a company of about thirty sat down to the first table in the house of Capt. Clase. It was served in the large reception room, as described in the house of Mr. Peterson. A Swedish dinner is not a thing to be gobbled down and hurried through, Yankee fashion, (as those who had to wait for the second table found to their sorrow) and we must therefore describe it in detail. First came the asking of a blessing, according to the beautiful Swedish custom, by the youngest child of the family who is able to recite it. On this occasion a little girl repeated the words in the simple and unaffected way of childhood. Then came the first course, consisting of well-cooked mutton and fowl, cut up and carried around to each guest, who helps himself from the platter, in the manner of the European *table d'hote*. The meat was followed, in the same way, by gravy, potatoes, boiled pumpkin served in cream, and carrots in butter dip, all of which were palatable. The manner in which the cucumbers were served was not so much to our taste. They appeared to have been wilted by having hot water poured over them, and were then served in vinegar, sugar and spices. The second course consisted of blanc mange, with jellies, very toothsome, and excellent cake of various kinds. One national dish which ornamented the table was the subject of much remark. It was a sort of cake in pyramidal form, hollow, and crowned with a bouquet of flowers. It was yellowish in color, about eighteen inches-high, covered with rough protuberances, which were frosted. This cake was called spets-kaka, or pointed cake, though we were afterwards told that the proper name is pyramyd-kaka or pyramid cake. At the close of the repast it was taken from the table, cut up and passed round. It was found to be not particularly palatable, having a slightly smoky taste, probably owing to the way in which it was cooked. The recipe, which we give for the benefit of our lady readers who would like to try a Swedish national dish, is as follows: two and a half pounds of corn-starch, one and a half pounds brown sugar, thirty eggs, yolks separated; beat to a batter, spread it over a long round stick, and turn it before the fire, spreading as you turn until it is baked. At the close of the repast the little girl returned thanks, and we made way for the hungry and impatient crowd outside.

THE MEETING IN THE HALL.

After dinner the company returned to the hall in the second story of the Capitol, where many of the Swedes had assembled to meet the visitors. They were a body of hardy looking men and women, all having the light complexion and blue eyes of the Northern races. Mr. Thomas first addressed the Swedes in their own language, speaking with great fluency and earnestness, they responding with hearty exclamations of accord. He then gave the visitors, in English, some account of the colony, and invited others to speak. Speeches, expressing gratification with what they had seen, were made by several members of the party. The Swedish pastor, Rev. Mr. Wiren, also spoke, alluding to what the settlers had done as evidence of their industry, and declaring that they had now thrown away the crutches of State aid and were able to go on alone. Reference having been made to a report that some dissatisfaction existed among the Swedes as to the management of Mr. Thomas, Mr. John Borgeson asked to be heard in behalf of the Swedes present, and indignantly denounced the report as false, and gave warm expression to the regard which the Swedes have for Mr. Thomas. At the request of the party, the Swedes then sung one or two of their hymns, and the Americans responded by singing "America." The party then returned to Caribou, nine miles distant, with a parting salute fired by a file of young Swedish-Americans.

The general impression made by the Swedes was that of an industrious and economical people. They live within their means. If they are not able to obtain a yoke of oxen, they drive one ox attached to a sled. The women look after the cows and perform much out-door labor. Some of the old women, when they think of the old land, are a little homesick at times, perhaps, but the men are satisfied, as Mr. Peterson said, that they have greater freedom here, and the young are growing up to know no other homes than these. These people will form a permanent and important portion of our population. They will draw hither, as they have already done, large numbers of their countrymen, who look upon New Sweden, as their head-quarters in this new land. They will, in time, subdue the forest and make beautiful homes for themselves in that Northern land. The State did a good thing in bringing them here, and Mr. Thomas deserves much credit for the manner in which he conducted the enterprise. Whoever of our party lives to visit Aroostook twenty years hence will find New Sweden one of the most prosperous farming towns of Northern Maine.

PUBLIC LANDS—FARMS—PRICES—SCHOOLS.

Let me say at the outset that the State of Maine no longer holds any lands for settlement in the County of Aroostook. The great public domain which it once owned there has been frittered away for one purpose and another—some of it sold at low prices to lumber kings, some of it granted to institutions of learning, and some to promote the building of railways—until now nothing of it is left. As to the folly of the policy which has thus disposed of the public lands, it is now useless to complain. It is enough to know that there is still a great tract of unsettled land which must yet come into the market, and that portions of it, as well as partially cleared lands, can now be obtained at low prices. On the 21st of November, 1878, the State sells at public auction the last remaining odds and ends of its public

lands, and thus closes up the affairs of the State Land Office, which for many years has been so important a part of its administration. The lands sold on the 21st of November consist mostly of small parcels, many of which are desirable for settling lots, but most are swamp lands and generally lie some distance back from any road.

Many of the Aroostook farmers own more land than they can clear and cultivate, frequently holding two or three hundred acres of forest growth. As the County develops, and new roads are cut through the forest, the tendency is to divide the large farms and make smaller ones. Thus many lots of eighty acres are offered, this being one-half of the original size of the lots as laid out by the State, and as the roads are usually built parallel with each other on the lot lines, a front is given on each road. These lands can be had at prices varying from \$1.00 to \$5.00 per acre. one-third or one-half down; balance in yearly installments, interest generally at six per cent.

To give some further idea of the prices of farming lands I make the following extracts from the circulars of Small's Real Estate Agency at Caribou:

No. 16—North half of lot 133, containing eighty acres, excellent land for settling. Well-watered. No improvements. Location, two miles from Arnold's mills.

PRICE—\$200. *Title—Warranty Deed.*

No. 4—Containing eighty acres, almost half good clearing land, balance timber and mixed growth. No improvements. The timber now standing is worth all that is asked for the land. Located three miles from the R. R. Station at Caribou village, on new County road to Washburn.

PRICE—\$325. *Title—Warranty Deed.*

No. 7—Containing one hundred and fifty-seven acres mixed and hardwood growth. Well watered. Twenty acres cleared. New barn, 36x40; poor house; location, six miles from Caribou Station, on the Arnold and Brown Road.

PRICE—\$250. *Title—State Deed.*

No. 28—South half of lot 128, containing one hundred and five and a quarter acres good settling land. No improvements; well watered; five and a half miles from Caribou; one and one-half miles from Van Buren road on a new road.

PRICE—\$150. *Title—State Certificate.*

No. 32—Containing about sixty acres; part mixed growth, balance hardwood; well watered. A new house built this Spring, and about six acres of land clearing now to put in crop. A chance for a fine little farm near the village. Location, two and a half miles from the village and R. R. Station; on a good road, $\frac{1}{8}$ mile from school.

PRICE—\$325. *Title—Warranty Deed.*

No. 12—Containing two hundred and twenty acres, about one-half good clearing land, balance cedar and spruce land; twenty-five or thirty acres cleared; good chance for a crop this year; new barn, 40x50, and fair house. Water near the buildings. One-half mile from School, six miles from R. R. Station at Caribou, in a good neighborhood.

PRICE—\$700. *Title—State Deed. Two-thirds down, balance on time.*

No. 6—Containing one hundred and forty-seven acres of good, hardwood land, thirty acres cleared, fifteen in grass, balance to crop; good barn, 36x40, nearly new; cheap house. A good chance for a large farm; location four miles from Caribou on the Limestone road.

PRICE—\$750. *Title—Warranty Deed.*

No. 18—Containing one hundred and ten acres of good land, nearly all hardwood; forty acres cleared, seventeen to crop this Spring—six acres of wheat, ten acres of grass, free from stones and stumps; balance in pasture. Fair house and barn. Farm well watered; located on road from Caribou to Presque Isle, four and one-half miles from Presque Isle, seven miles from Caribou; near a good school.

PRICE—\$900. *One-half down, balance, one, two and three years. Title—Warranty Deed.*

These are given as specimens of lots and prices. Some further mention of the towns in which these farms lie, and their school privileges, will be of interest to intending settlers. Fort Fairfield, Caribou and Presque Isle are the head-quarters of the large lumbering operations, which make a home market for hay, grain and other products. Lumber is cheap, the best of spruce selling at \$6.50 per M., for boards and frames. Cedar Shingles from \$1.00 to \$2.75 per M.

FORT FAIRFIELD is an excellent farming town, on the line of the New Brunswick (narrow guage) Railway. About nine hundred and ninety scholars, twenty-two districts, seventeen houses now and two building, twenty-one schools in session to continue about twelve weeks.

PRESQUE ISLE contains some of the best farms in the Aroostook valley, and has the largest village in the valley, to which the New Brunswick Railway will probably be soon extended. It has excellent school privileges. Mr. C. P. Allen, real estate agent at Presque Isle, can give information in regard to farms and prices.

WESTFIELD lying south of Presque Isle, contains some very fine wild lands which will probably be put on the market when the railroad reaches Presque Isle.

MAYSVILLE, adjoining Presque Isle on the North, is one of the best towns in Aroostook, and will probably soon have railroad connection, being on the line of the proposed extension of the New Brunswick road to Presque Isle. It has four hundred scholars, eleven school houses, with twenty weeks of school per year. Two terms of High school of ten weeks each.

CARIBOU is formed of the townships of H, I, and Eaton Grant, so called, making a town six miles wide and twelve miles long. Population about 2,500. Manufactures—four saw mills, three shingle mills, one clapboard mill, one starch factory, one grist mill, two carriage shops, four blacksmith shops, one boot and shoe shop. It contains seven country stores, two hardware stores, one boot and shoe store, one meat market, one harness shop, two confectionary shops, three milliner shops, one apothecary shop, one tailor shop, one custom boot and shoe shop. Also, two lawyers, two doctors, five ministers, two churches and two hotels. It has about twelve hundred scholars and twenty good school houses, mostly new, including two Union and one High School. From twenty to twenty-six weeks schooling per year. It is an excellent farming town, and nearly all the village people cultivate some land.

WOODLAND, lying west of Caribou, only two and a half miles distant, is an excellent farming town. It has about two hundred scholars and five school-houses; two terms of school each year, with good teachers.

PERHAM, lying west of Woodland, and nine miles from Caribou, was opened up for settlement only a few years ago, and although the State lands are all taken up, there are good lands to be bought for \$1.50 to \$2.50 per acre.

LIMESTONE, adjoining Caribou on the northeast, contains a large amount of good land that will come into the market in a short time.

WASHBURN, lying southwest, and adjoining Caribou, is another good town.

In conclusion we have only to say, that as respects superiority of soil there is little to choose between any of these towns, all being excellent. Nor can there be any doubt that the County of Aroostook is the richest and best agricultural region in New England, containing land enough of the choicest kind to supply thousands of farms to thrifty and industrious settlers.

THE RETURN TRIP.

Leaving Caribou on Monday morning, with many good wishes for the prosperity of the hospitable people who had entertained us, we were enabled, by means of a special train kindly placed at our disposal by the New Brunswick Railway Company, to make an excursion to the Grand Falls on the St. John, and to the city of Fredericton. On this trip we had the pleasure of being accompanied by a number of our Aroostook friends.

A ride of little more than twenty miles down the green bank of the Aroostook brought us to the St. John, crossing which we proceeded up the eastern bank about twenty miles more to the Grand Falls. The country through which we passed on the St. John is similar to that in the Aroostook valley, and has great agricultural capabilities. Farming, in New Brunswick, however, with some exceptions, is carried on in a slovenly manner. There is also a lack of tidiness about the farmers' homes. New Brunswick is a noble province. With its fertile soil, its rich deposits of coal and iron, its extensive fisheries, its almost inexhaustible forests, its eight hundred and fifty miles of sea-coast and navigable river communications, it is capable of supporting a dense population. With more than thirteen and a quarter millions of its twenty million acres of land, fit for settlement, it has been estimated that the Province would easily sustain a population of five and a half millions. At present it has but between two and three hundred thousand.

The St. John, along whose high, green bank we were now passing, looking down upon the broad, placid stream, is, next to the St. Lawrence, the largest river in all British North America. The common outlet of a vast number of streams and lakes, it has large and flourishing settlements along its whole course, while at its mouth lies the city of St. John, the commercial emporium of the Province. Navigable for ships for sixty miles, and for vessels under one hundred tons for more than one hundred miles, steamers ply to Woodstock, a distance of one hundred and forty miles from its mouth; during freshets light steamers can ascend to the Grand Falls, a farther distance of seventy-three miles, while above the falls steamers have navigated as far as the St. Francis, about sixty-five miles, making a distance of water navigation for steamboats of two hundred and eighty miles; add the distance to which scows are taken for lumber purposes, seventy-five miles, and ninety miles farther that canoes and fairogues can navigate, and we have the extent of the navigable waters of this magnificent river—say four hundred and forty-five miles. We Americans are accustomed to look with envious eyes upon this noble stream, and to assert that it ought to have been made the boundary line. New Brunswickers,

on the other hand, are not less covetous of our own Aroostook. A Provincial writer remarks of this latter river, which is navigable for canoes and rafts for one hundred miles:

“This extensive stream, excepting only for five miles above its confluence with the St. John, with its numerous tributaries and deposits of iron ore together with a large region of valuable country, was taken from New Brunswick, its rightful and equitable owner, and transferred to the United States, by the memorable Ashburton treaty.” Let both sides remember that they have each more of this fair land than they can occupy and improve for many years to come—and be content.

GRAND FALLS.

Grand Falls is a shabby village. It has that ill-assorted, untidy look, which is characteristic of most provincial settlements. However, we came to see the Falls, and not the village. They compensate for all that is disagreeable in their surroundings. The St. John here makes a bend, and Little River mingles its waters with it at the very pitch of the Falls. Coming down with the accumulated flood of many lakes and tributary streams, the river here plunges over a precipice of rock, with a perpendicular fall of nearly sixty feet, into a rocky gorge not more than two hundred and fifty feet in width, with overhanging walls of rock, in some places two hundred and forty feet high, and about three-quarters of a mile in length. The foaming, tumbling, mass of waters makes a magnificent spectacle. In configuration the falls are a miniature Niagara. There is the horse shoe, and a great rock in the center, which has tumbled from the wall above, represents Goat Island. Crossing the suspension bridge and clambering out upon the wet rocks, you may stand in a shower of mist, at the very foot of the rainbow which spans the cataract—though you will not find the pot of gold there. Some of our party scrambled over the logs and down the rock to a shelf just below the pitch of the fall, where the thundering tide, all milky white, seemed tumbling down upon them. The rock here is an impure limestone, curiously spotted and streaked with patches of white crystals which are almost marble, giving the ledge a mottled look. The gorge below the falls, extending for a distance of half a mile into the lower basin is truly magnificent. In passing through this rocky vault the water has a farther descent of nearly sixty feet, making the whole fall from the basin above, to that below, about one hundred and twenty-feet. Here the rocky walls rise perpendicularly to a great height, and are crowned with a forest growth. The eddying waters, catching and holding revolving stones, have worn in the soft rock huge pot-holes or wells, down to which you may clamber over the face of the cliff, which here assumes all sorts of fantastic shapes. Several of the ladies of our party went down with the gentlemen to these wells, some of which are ten feet deep, and four or five feet in diameter, with smooth and regular sides. It is no wonder the Indians deemed this wild scene a fit abode for the Great Spirit. This spot was formerly a favorite camping ground of theirs, and numbers of arrows and stone hatchets have been found in the vicinity.

FREDERICTON.

Diuner, and to the cars again, for a ride down river of one hundred and twenty-two miles to Fredericton. We ride very comfortably on this narrow gauge road. It never troubles itself about inequalities of the surface, but goes around any obstacle

in its way, turning short corners and making a serpentine track. The passenger cars weigh seven to eight tons and seat very snugly forty-five passengers, while the broad gauge weigh ten to twelve tons and carry sixty passengers. Proportionally these narrow guage roads will carry more for the money than the broad guage. They seem to us to be admirably suited for a new country where passengers and freight are light. The only objection we have heard urged is the lack of connection with trunk lines. The road is to be completed this month to Little Falls, thirty-eight miles above Grand Falls, making a total mileage of one hundred and ninety one miles.

As the shades of evening fell, we reached Gibson, a village opposite Fredericton, and crossing the wide river in the ferry boat, were soon housed at the Queen's Hotel, where the disparity in the size of the rooms was the occasion of some forcible remarks. While some were lost in vast apartments others complained that they were put into closets. However, the morning saw all bright and fair again, and ready for a drive about this beautiful little city. Fredericton is the capital of New Brunswick and lies on the western bank of the St. John, which is here more than half a mile wide. It has railroad and steamboat connection with the city of St. John. It stands upon a plain which protrudes into the river and is encircled on the land side by a range of hills. The streets are broad and level, and are adorned by some handsome brick buildings, as the Normal School and the City Hall. The population is not more than six or eight thousand, and the place grows but slowly. It has been the headquarters of the Province since 1785, and British troops were long stationed here, but now the barracks are empty. We missed the red-coats on the streets. The people seem to take life easy. The stores close early and open late. The ladies of our party who went out in the evening to make purchases found few stores open and little to buy. We drove to the residence of the Lieutenant Governor, a plain but noble-looking stone building, standing on the river bank, in the midst of extensive grounds, ornamented with smooth lawns and flower-beds. The gardener showed with pride the big vegetables he had raised for exhibition at the approaching fair. We visited again the beautiful little English Cathedral, so close a copy of the cathedrals of the old world, with the exception of the transept, which here is wanting. We ascended the hill on which stands the University, and looked over the fair landscape, across the St. John to where the Nashwaak comes in. We looked at the new building going up for the accommodation of the Province Exhibition, and then we took the cars, and an all day ride through the dreary region which here connects the Province with the State, brought us again to Bangor, where the party broke up well pleased with their week's excursion to Northern Maine.

CONCLUSION.

I cannot better conclude this hasty view of the Aroostook country than by inserting here the following summary description of its physical features, its geology and flora, written by DR. WILLIAM B. LAPHAM, a member of the excursion party of 1858 and of 1878 :

Aroostook County contains one hundred and eighty townships and has an area of nearly seven thousand square miles, or about one-fifth of the whole State. It is more than four times as large as the State of Rhode Island, a third larger than Connecticut, three-fourths as large as Vermont, four-fifths as large as New Hampshire and nearly as large as Massachusetts. It is situated between forty-six and forty-seven degrees and thirty minutes of north latitude, being farther south than most of the State

of Michigan, the northern part of Wisconsin and more than half the State of Minnesota. By the terms of the Webster-Ashburton treaty, the line between Aroostook County and the Dominion of Canada, known as the North Eastern Boundary, extends from the source of the St. Croix river, due north, until it strikes the St. John river at a point north of Hamlin Plantation; thence along the middle of the river to the St. Francis river, thence along the center of the St. Francis to the point where the southwest branch flows from St. Francis Lake; thence southwesterly, with but one angle to the southwesterly branch of the St. John. It is watered by the St. John and its tributaries, the principal of which are the Aroostook, the Madawaska and the Meduxnekeag. The general direction of all the rivers and their principal tributaries is eastward toward the St. John, the water shed extending westward to the height of land between that river and the Penobscot and its tributaries. There are few elevations that can be dignified by the name of mountains, Mars Hill near the eastern boundary in the town of the same name, being the most important.

GEOLOGY.

In regard to its geology, Aroostook County differs from all other parts of the State. In many respects it closely resembles portions of the State of Michigan and also of Canada West. One marked feature which at once attracts the attention of the stranger from the central and western parts of the State, is the absence of boulders, and the almost entire absence of cobble stones, pebbles, gravel and other material usually denominated *drift*. One may travel for days without seeing a rock of any kind. The few rocks found in some localities, are generally calcareous and the bed rock which underlies the whole County is either clay or calcareous slate, with occasional veins of trap. This bed rock or ledge is everywhere reached at from twenty to fifty feet below the surface, and rarely can wells be sunk so as to obtain water. The soil is a clay loam strongly impregnated with lime, and vegetable mould is found ten feet below the surface. For cereals, and in fact for almost any crop, no soil can have a better composition. The character of the rocky formation may be studied at Grand Falls, where the ledge is a mixture of slates and limestone, the strata having an anticlinal, the two sides dipping northwest and southwest. In the matter of buildings the absence of rocks would be seriously felt, were it not for the giant cedar trees which are everywhere mixed with the hardwood growth and which are used for fencing, for making bridges and culverts and even for walling up cellars.

THE FLORA.

The general reader will have but little interest in a description of the smaller vegetation which helps to make up the flora of Aroostook County, but the composition of the forests is a matter of great importance to those who think of going there to live. The vegetation is very different in different parts of the County. The country bordering on both sides of the St. John, from Boundary branch at the northwestern part of the County to Grand Falls, has the flora peculiar to northwestern localities in the same latitude, and is distinct from any other part of Maine. Here we find the *Astragalus Alpinus*, the *Oxytropis Uralensis*, the *Artemisia borealis*, the *Hedysarum boreale*, and numerous other Alpine plants, while the whole region through which they are distributed is covered with a heavy growth of cone-bearing trees, such as spruce, fir, hemlock and pine, this being the most valuable part of the County for lumbering purposes. South of this limit, not at once, but gradually, there is a marked change in the character of the smaller vegetation, while the cone bearing forests give place to areas of hard wood, consisting of maple, beech and oak. We do not wish to be understood as saying that there are no timber lands south of the limit we have described, but that the hard wood growth predominates. Mixed in with the hardwood, almost everywhere, may be found gigantic cedar trees, as large and as tall as the sugar maples, and growing by their side. These cedars are worked up into shingles and fencing material, besides being used as a substitute for stone, as already stated.

WALLINGFORD'S PATENT GARGET CURE, FOR THE CURE And prevention of Garget in Cattle.

In the Spring of 1872, a gentleman of this town had a valuable cow attacked with GARGET. The animal became very poor, was stiff in the joints, hide-bound, refused food, and he thought he should lose her. After trying all the common remedies without effect, he came to me for medicine. I gave him the GARGET CURE, with directions how to use it, and in forty-eight hours the cow was entirely rid of the disease. The hide became loose, the stiffness of the joints and the dullness about the eyes disappeared and the animal rapidly recovered.

This gentleman had a brother living in a neighboring town, who owns a fine herd of cows; one of these had garget, and I sent him a bottle of GARGET CURE, with the same result. The cure of the cow immediately followed. Others in that vicinity ordered it, and gave it with the same remarkable success. Soon I began to have orders from Wells, Sanford and other towns in this vicinity, and being anxious to know if it kept up its reputation, I have inquired of almost every one who use it, and they have invariably told me that it cured their cows immediately.

[June 20, 1874,] I had a call from Mr. Orlando Chick, who procured a bottle and gave his cow. He says two doses cured her, and she had it "the worst kind." Mr. Chick is a farmer of Wells, is a reliable man and will verify this statement.

KENNEBUNK, Feb. 1875.

GEO. W. WALLINGFORD.

KENNEBUNK, August 7, 1876.

DEAR SIR: I have a valuable heifer that was taken with Garget last June. I tried every remedy I could think of—one night she was down in the pasture and could not get up. I gave her one dose of the GARGET CURE, and instead of finding her dead as I expected to, in the morning she was up and feeding. I gave her the remainder of the bottle and she was well in four days.

☞ Hundreds of letters like the above we are constantly receiving.

DIRECTIONS FOR GIVING THE GARGET CURE.

The contents of the bottle are to be given in three doses. One dose, or one-third of a bottle full, every twenty-four hours, in a pint or more of water, mixed with a little meal or other feed. If the animal should not take it in the feed readily, pour it down the throat from a stout-necked bottle—but all cows used to feed will take it in that way, as the taste is not bad.

SPECIAL DIRECTIONS. When the udder or teats are swollen, or bunches appear in the bag, rub the bag or teats with the Garget Cure diluted with water, twice a day, and in two or three days the bunches will disappear.

PRICE 75 CENTS PER BOTTLE. Sold by all Druggists and country Stores or sent by mail on receipt of price.

W. W. WHIPPLE & CO., Sole Proprietors,

No. 21 Market Square, Portland, Me.

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CAMERON PLOW
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PREMIUM PLOW OF MAINE.

PERFECT JOINTS.

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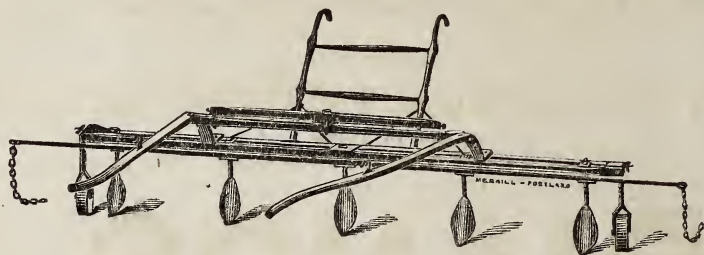


Long Mould-board

and Points.

Double-shod Landside.

Cameron's Steel Tooth Marker.



The only common sense, adjustable TOOTH MARKER ever offered to the public, adapted to any width of rows from one to four feet.

Cameron's Sugar Beet Cultivator.

Made especially for the culture of sugar Beets, and recommended by the Maine Beet Sugar Co.,

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CULTIVATORS, HORSE HOES, HARROWS,
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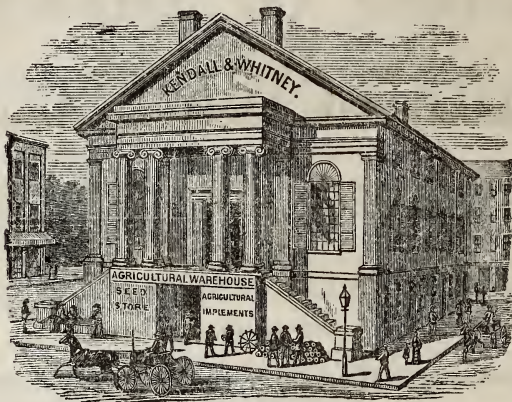
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