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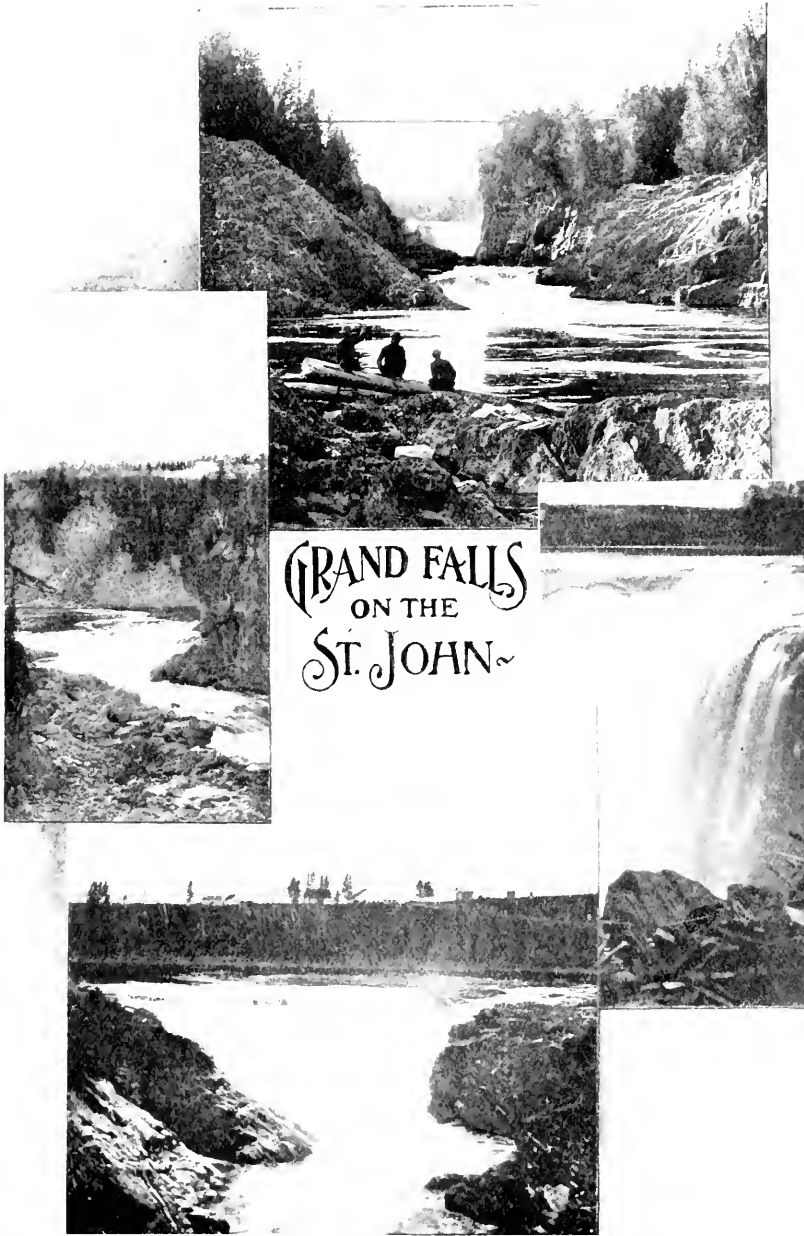








MR. PULLEN HAD SCARCELY COMPLETED HIS WORK ON THIS VOLUME, AND HIS MANUSCRIPT WAS YET IN THE HANDS OF THE PRINTER WHEN DEATH, THROUGH HEART FAILURE, CAME TO SILENCE THE VOICE OF THIS WELL-KNOWN LECTURER AND SEIZED THE PEN OF THE AUTHOR-JOURNALIST FOREVER.



GRAND FALLS  
ON THE  
ST. JOHN~

REACHED FROM THE B. & A. R. R. AT VAN BUREN OR LIMESTONE



# IN FAIR AROOSTOOK

WHERE ACADIA AND SCANDINAVIA'S SUBTLE  
TOUCH TURNED A WILDERNESS INTO  
A LAND OF PLENTY

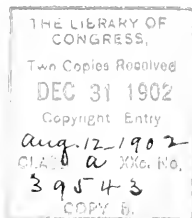
By CLARENCE PULLEN



BANGOR, MAINE

Published by the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad Company

1902



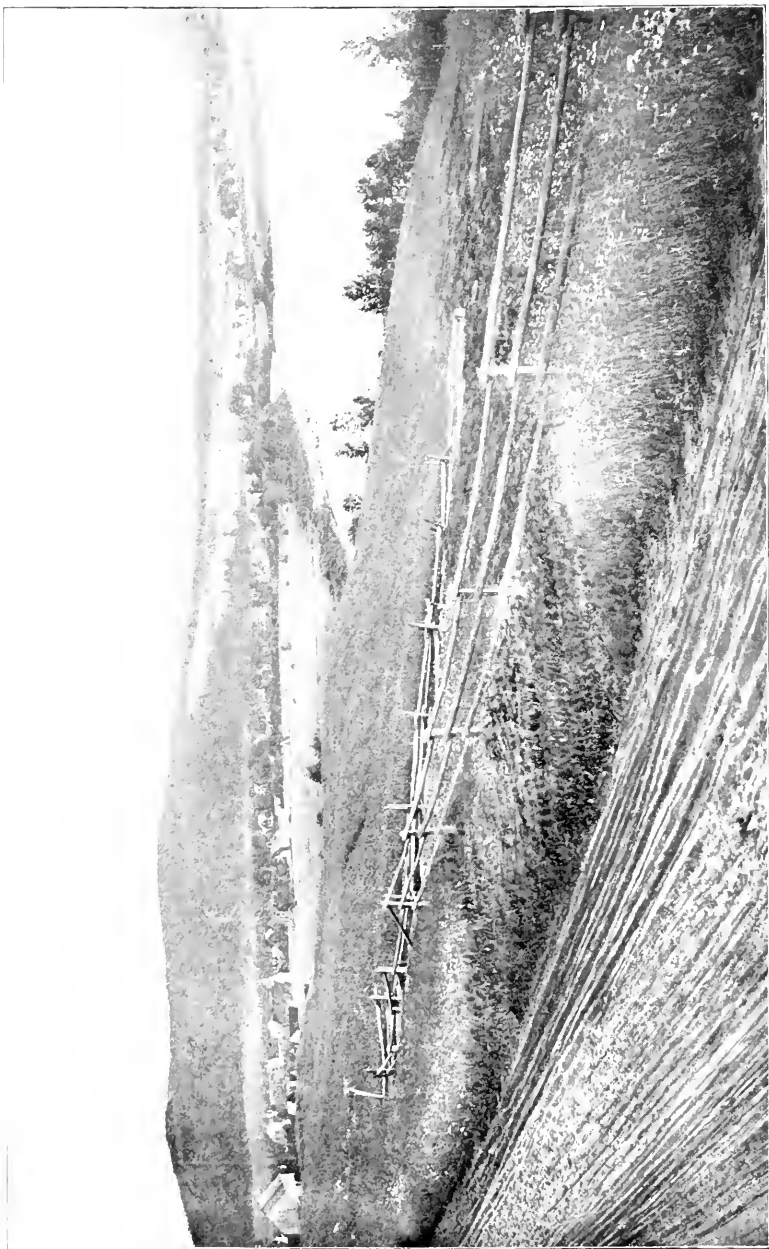
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GEO. M. HORTON, Traffic Manager  
Bangor & Aroostook Railroad Company  
Bangor, Maine

WELL MET  
1900 TO

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FORT KENT, FOUNDED BY WARREN, 1814



IN "FARTHEST NORTH" — FISH RIVER MEETS THE ST. JOHN.

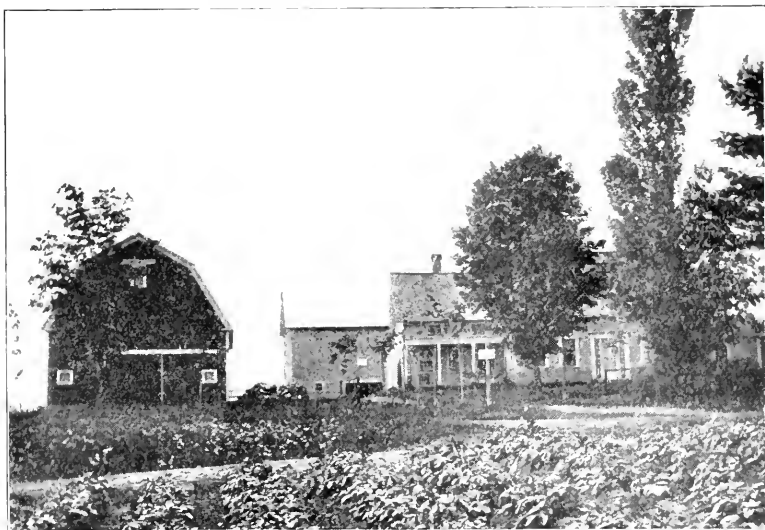
# IN FAIR AROOSTOOK

## CHAPTER I.

### THE ENTRANCE INTO MAINE'S GREAT GAME AND GARDEN COUNTY.

**T**HERE are two major notes in the impressions borne upon the traveler in the journey northward from Brownville, over the Aroostook division of the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad. One is the sylvan charm of the landscape; the other the sense of the great industrial productiveness of the region into which he is entering. Up to this point, from Bangor, the route has lain through an open country of farms and villages; a few miles beyond Brownville the woods have closed in upon the right-of-way and at Schoodic, with its magnificent lake stretching far to the eastward among long hills and jutting promontories, he has entered the wilderness. The dense forest growth that shuts in the track on either side is not of an imposing character; it is composed mainly of low spruces and cedars. But their sombre shades are agreeably relieved by the lighter greens and silvery tints of birch and poplar; the thick barriers part here and there in water glimpses, rippling blue, or the train, winding along the face of a slope, overlooks a vast expanse of mountain and woodland scenery. Mt. Katahdin, the noble central landmark of Maine's fish and game region, in the early morning looms afar off in the northeast, directly in the path of the train. As the forenoon wears on it shifts its

position in relation to the moving cars successively to the northwest and the west until at noon, seen from Ashland Junction, it towers, in lonely grandeur to the south of west.



NO BARNS TOO GREAT FOR THE HARVESTS.

At the sidings along the line are piled great heaps of lumber and pulp wood and hemlock bark awaiting transportation to the south. Sometimes a sawmill is passed, and its pungent odors of freshly sawed spruce and pine mingle pleasantly with the forest fragrance that attends the way; more often the existence of the mill is indicated only by the lumber piles at a station and a wagon road leading into the woods. At Millinocket Station, from which trainloads of paper are daily sent to feed the printing presses of America, a spur of track leads to the Wonder Town of pulp and paper hidden somewhere behind the rolling hills. But these, even Millinocket, are sidetrack issues, so to speak, compared with the productiveness of the land beyond from which come the long freight trains passed on the way bringing Aroostook lumber and

potatoes and grain and hay southward to the markets of the eastern and the southern States. While Maine for a half-century was peopling with her sons the territories of the west, her own great northern county, greater in area than Massachusetts, and of unsurpassed fertility, received scarcely passing attention, it being known to people in general mainly through its historical association with "the Aroostook war." Now things have changed and Aroostook county, already standing third among all the counties in the United States in the value of the products of the soil, is yet only in the initial stage of her great development. It is this region which we are on our way to explore, and the road which takes us thither, the Bangor and Aroostook, is the vital artery through which pulses the life of traffic and travel that unites it with the rest of the State and the business centres of the whole country.

Winding among gravelly hills, skirting the bases of "horse-back" ridges pushed up by moving ice of the glacial period, and speeding, straight as an arrow, over the tautents that span long stretches of the route, the train glides smoothly to the north and east. This pathway in the wilds is a marvel of fine location and thorough construction. The Bangor and Aroostook road is young and growing; it has gained in stature and done well in a business way since it began its journey through the wilderness, ten years ago, to plant its stakes in the Northern Canaan and grow up with the country. Now with the aspiration of youth it commands the resources of prosperity, and it proposes to have it distinctly understood that while, in a sense, a backwoodsman, it is no back number in any respect, and that it knows how to keep up its end with the best of the great iron roadways. With all the rough hurry work that it has to do in the handling of



THE PATHWAY IN THE WILDS.

lumber and potatoes and such, and in the building of new lines through the clearings, it everywhere keeps up a spick-and-span front and its passenger service is all that could be wished for in elegance and efficiency. In this connection I overheard a con-



WEALTH Afloat—AROOSTOOK'S YEARLY OFFERING TO HER SONS.

versation while traveling in the upward bound morning train, which is worth repeating. Two men with fishing gear, evidently on their first visit to the Maine forests, were commenting on the up-to-date character of the train appointments.

"In our State a company would have thought any old cars, with a stump-puller to haul them, good enough to take people in and out of the woods," remarked one of the men. "Now on this road everything is fresh"—

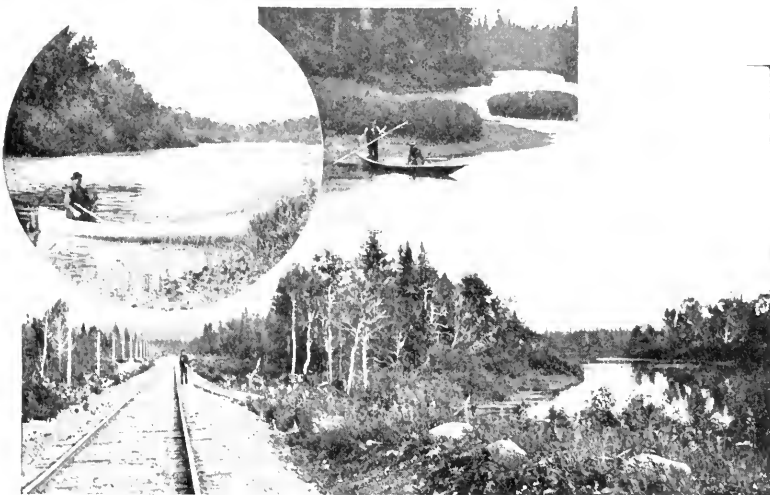
"Except the manners of the trainmen," interrupted the other.

"Yes, they're all right too. What I meant to speak of was the vestibuled cars—and the parlor car—and the general appearance of newness and neatness in every detail."



"You'd expect a road to keep itself spruce carrying such consignments as this all the year round, wouldn't you?" spoke up a man from the seat behind. He was a timber operator from Houlton, who had been explaining points of interest to the strangers, and he pointed as he spoke to a freight train on a siding, 34 of whose 50 cars were loaded with long spruce lumber billed for Bangor or Boston or Brazil. The two men expressed due approval of the sentiment, and inspired by this a commercial traveler in the opposite seat had begun to formulate something in the same line based upon "starch" when a deer on the track, which raced the train for a quarter stretch before taking to the woods, drew general attention, and the previous question was suffered to lapse.

It is the time of May, and even so early in the season, far in advance of the rush time of summer travel, there is a goodly representation of tourists and sportsmen from the cities among the passengers. Fishing rods and camping conveniences are much in evidence, and at almost every stop of the train parties of fishermen leave the cars and are left amid their gear and



BEAUTY SPOTS YOU NEVER CEASE TO ADMIRE

hampers on the station platform. Ladies there are among them, Dianas of the rod and line, who have discovered the charm of



JUST A "RESTING PLACE" IN MAINE'S ACADIA

the wildwood, and who choose, in the Maine lakes, to angle in stiller, clearer waters than those in which are cast the flies of fashion. Moreover,

Woman, lovely woman,  
Quite divine, so sweetly human.

finds no discomfort in the pervading consciousness that no gloves and veilings are so becoming to the fair hands and face as the bronze gifts of the sun, and that grace and animation are never more effectively inspired than by the enthralling exercise of matching a six-ounce rod and a hundred feet of braided line against the turns and rushes of a square-tailed trout. And all these advantages thrown in with exuberant health and exhilarating sport.

The question of suffrage may wait, but her enfranchisement into the pleasures of the canoe and fly-rod is a right that no

woman will ever give up to the monopoly of man again, once she has experienced the fun of going a-fishing.

Fifty miles of primitive forest threaded, the west and the east branches of the Penobscot River crossed and left behind at Norcross and Grindstone, and then, at Stacyville, the woods by the trackside open in patches of cleared land with grass and grain growing green among the black stumps. At Sherman there are wider fields with fewer stumps, and cattle and sheep at pasture, and here, the commercial traveler aforesaid remarks genially to me :

“We’re in Aroostook county now. You’ll find the country getting more open all the way from here on till we come to the fifty-acre grain and potato fields. It’s a country of fertility and growth. The idea of growth and expansion pervades everything up here. Why, dough will rise twice as fast up here as it does down Bangor way, and if you leave your walking-stick stuck into the ground over night you’ll find in the morning that it has taken root and is sprouting branches—and if you let it alone it will bear apples or plums in another year! Strange, but your power of astonishment will soon get worn out if you travel Aroostook in growing time.”

I think that he speaks with some exaggeration, but that there is a fine, breezy optimism in his statements, suggestive of the boundless west, which I like. Indeed I have observed this westernism of tone among the passengers on the train from the time we left Brownville. Anyone who has something to say may open



COULD WE NOT SEE — WE'D FEEL KATAHDIN'S PRESENCE.

conversation easily with his neighbor, and there is a comradeship among the fellow-travelers of a day that is characteristic rather of Kansas or Colorado than of New England. In fact, Aroostook has stood for all that the fairest western Eden boasts, and more, from the time that President Cram preached his sermon from a text that was a radical variation of the time-honored "Go west, young man," the application of which was the opening up of this vast eastern garden land to traffic and settlement with his famous Bangor and Aroostook railroad.

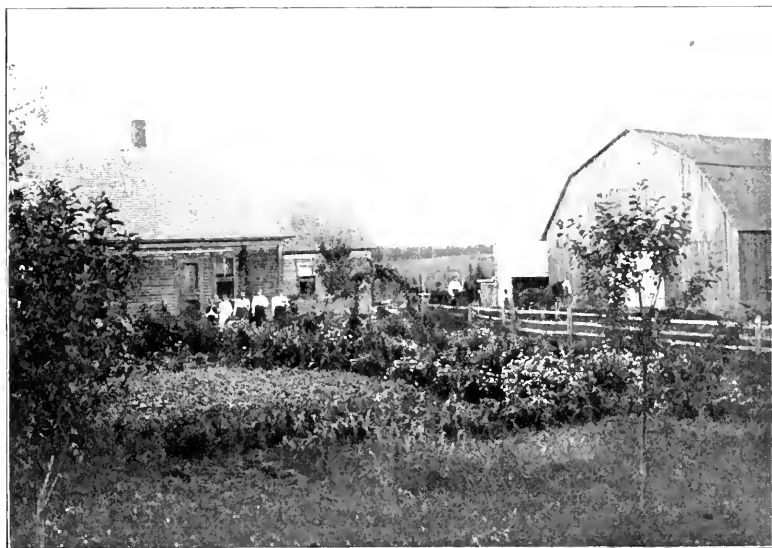
I will not stay now to speak of what this enterprise has wrought for Maine in the enlargement of her resources and the turning of the tide of emigration, which so long had taken the



STANDING KNEE-DEEP IN FRAGRANT MEADOWS.

westward way, to territory within her own borders. The interest of the scenes through which we are passing admit of no divided attention, for Aroostook begins at the very border to reveal her buxom charms in a series of cumulative tableaux. As the train rolls on the trackside clearings expand into fields.

The stumps show fewer, and the level openings rise away into knolls and ridges checquered by wide stretches of turf and tillage, with backgrounds of hardwood forest. The landscape



SNUG IN THE LEE OF THE SHELTERING BARN.

contours are smooth and rounded; the sky line becomes a tossing emerald sea as the tree tops stir in the breath of June. For a while the woodland along the line of road continues to assert supremacy in the landscape; but even where long, level stretches of cedar swamp sullenly shut in the track, there rise into view on the east high uplands smiling in groves and farms. In fenced pastures sheep and cattle, sure sign of wise husbandry of the soil, give a pastoral charm to the scene.

Everywhere are the signs of a great material prosperity. The fields look well kept and fertile; with the farm houses, small and neat, are immense barns with sheds and granaries. The streams filled with running logs, the mills by their banks, signify wealth of production. Not once have the cars ceased to be well

filled with passengers during the journey. As sportsmen and lumber operators, by twos and threes and dozens, have left the train at every wayside station, others have boarded it in their place, and here and there a crew of roughly garbed lumbermen, fresh from the "drive" have taken passage in the smoking car. This movement of life extends into all branches of trade in Aroostook and buying and selling are done in a large way.

"Aroostook is the county where I like best to go," said a commercial traveler, whose line is tobacco. "There are no small orders up here. A merchant at any cross roads or station in the woods, where there may not be five houses in the township that you can see at one time, thinks nothing of ordering by the carload any brand of goods that hits his fancy. And they have the trade and the money to back their buying."

Besides the rural beauty of the scene, which one learns in Aroostook always to expect and ceases never to admire, I saw two things at Ashland Junction that particularly drew my attention. One was Katahdin across the woods, forty-five miles away in the south-



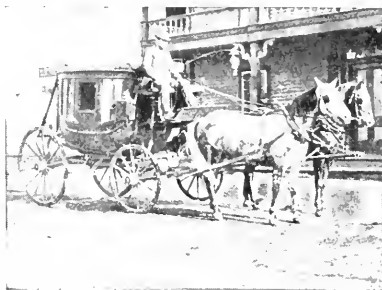
A PIONEER BUCKWHEAT MILL.

west, standing massive and alone, robed in imperial hues of white and purple. The other was a large sack transferred at the junction, which had come up from Bangor that morning consigned to a camp on the line of the railroad extension now building beyond Ashland and it contained one hundred loaves of Italian bread.

"There are several hundred Italians at work on the Fort Kent extension of our line," said Mr. Moses Burpee, the chief engineer of the Bangor and Aroostook road, to me. "At most of their camps there is an Italian baker who makes the bread

for all the gang. The camp that this is consigned to evidently is short a baker, but Italian bread must be forthcoming to have to send the length of the line for it."

For a county which until a decade ago was practically unknown to the people in the rest of the State of which it is a part this wonderful Aroostook has had both an antique and a cosmopolitan sort of colonization. The Gauls came first—or the Norman-French, rather, as perpetuated in the Acadians—who, dispossessed by the English successfully in Nova Scotia in 1755, and in lower New Brunswick, in 1784, ascended the St. John river and found peace and permanency at Madawaska, from which their settlements have been extended for a distance of 100 miles up and down the St. John valley on both sides of the river. Eighty-six years later, led by "Father Thomas," a colony of fair-haired Scandinavians, from the land of Thor and Odin, planted itself in an Aroostook township, where it has thriven mightily and made of the wilderness a fruitful garden, and now the Italians are here, building through the northern wilds a highway more scientific and serviceable than the ancient military roads which bound together the conquests of the Roman arms. Unlike their great ancestors, these modern legionaries, their appointed task completed, will peaceably retire from the land they have invaded; but while they remain, though the world be laid to tribute to supply them, there must accompany their march the macaroni, the goat's milk cheese, the garlic and pepper, the salted sardines and the Italian-baked bread, the love of which abates not in their hearts wherever on the earth's face they may make their habitation.





Now point meets point, and dipping Lough gazes in rapture at her clif. The mountain sees his mate below: canoe and rock their image show - all Nature's breath is hushed and low.







## CHAPTER II.

### ASHLAND AND ITS GREAT SAW-MILL. THE IMPOUNDING OF A MOOSE.

**I**T is high noon, and at Ashland Junction I am to make a new departure. I have decided that before visiting the more settled parts of the county I will turn off into the woods, taking the branch road to Ashland, and thence continuing my journey along the Fish river chain of lakes, to Fort Kent and the Acadian villages. Beyond Ashland I must travel by wagon, for the railroad extension now building to Fort Kent will not be completed before the end of the autumn of this year.

From Ashland Junction the branch road, turning northward, plunges at once into the woods. For 33 miles, to Masardis, the route lies through a forest of spruce and cedar, broken by saw mills and stations in clearings, and with St. Croix lake and river lying for most of the way parallel with the track. From Masardis the road follows the valley of the Aroostook river ten miles down to Ashland with farms becoming more and more frequent on the broad slopes and intervales, as the train advances. But the character of the country is still distinctly forest, and I glance at the "Big game record" in my Bangor & Aroostook folder, that I may judge of its capacities as a hunting ground. From this record I learn that during the three months of the hunting season, last year, 592 deer and 79 moose were shipped from seven stations on the Ashland branch,

of which 526 deer and 74 moose were shipped from Masardis and Ashland stations. It is to a hunter's paradise, indeed, that I have come.

At Ashland station, the present terminus of the branch, while the other passengers went up to the village on the hill in buckboards, I waited for the carriage of Capt. Orcutt, the leading livery proprietor of the place, who was there to meet Mr. Burpee and myself. The little delay gave me the chance to talk with the station agent who told me the trouble that a gang of section men had been put to the day before by a moose, a two-year-old bull, which persisted in trying to walk straight through the wire fence that encloses the railroad's right-of-way. The section men had found him tangled in the wires, and once had extricated the creature and sent him on his way. A little while after he was again involved in difficulty with the fence. This time the foreman had taken the moose into custody.

"Here's one of the men now," said the station agent. "He'll tell you all about it."



WHILE MORE FUN THAN AT PORTAGE LAKE?

“ ‘Twas a thankless job a-helpin’ from throuble a crathur that could not understand that your intintions were mint in kindness,” said the section man. “An’ what with the worruk of unsthingin’ him by main strinth an’ dexterity from the woires, a-watchin’ all the toime that he didn’t kill some one of us which he was thryin’ his best to do, our patience was sorely thried. But we got him clear once, an’ we were on the safe side of the fince, an’ the boss siz kindly to the baste, ‘It’s a bad job, well inded. Go, an’ good luck go wid yez.’ We’ve lost toime an’ patience, but we gets to worruk an’ afther a while the Frinchman, Tony, goes down the line to fetch up some tools that are left behoid, an’ he calls back :

“ ‘Sacree! Here’s dat a-dam moose a-thryin’ to lug the whole fince along.’

“ It’s the same baste sure, an’ he’s fast agin in the woires, an’ this toime the boss he siz :

“ ‘We can’t spind the ointhire toime of the company’s employees in shovin’ mooses away from the finces,” siz he. “ Since this one can’t be made to respect the property of the B. & A., oi’ll impound him for safe-kapin.’ Fetch a rope one of yez.’

“ We ties up one of the crathur’s fore legs, an’ we gets a rope around his neck before we clears him from the woires. ‘Thin’ we lade him, wid some pershuasion, to the village an’ puts him in a barn. An’ there he be, a charge on the town, a-awaitin’ for Mr. Carleton, the game commissioner, to sind worrud what is to be done wid his trespassing baste.’”

Here was a man in this Maine back settlement telling of the tying of a bull moose and taking him to the barn much as a farmer might speak of restraining a breachy cow and he was talking in the best of faith.

“ I’ll take you round to see the moose, before we leave,” said Capt. Orcutt, as we started from the hotel, after dinner. We found the animal tied to a post in a stable peaceably munching hay. At this season, his antlers had not sprouted, but he was a big fellow who looked as if he would be a formidable assailant should he take it into his head to turn hostile. As it was, he

did not take kindly to strangers but at their approach would rush savagely at them as far as the length of his rope would permit, although he already was on such terms of acquaintance with his keepers that he would take food from their hands. In his rushes to attack, he did not advance with head down, as a steer would do with the purpose of tossing the object of attack with his horns, but with nose advanced and his body held in readiness that he might rear and strike forward and downward with his sharp edged hoofs. I left the moose to the care of his keepers, who seemed more worried over the situation than he was, as they were liable to a legal penalty for having a moose in their possession, and yet were loath to let this one go free to wreak further devastation on the B. & A. railroad fences. A week later I heard at Presque Isle that the moose had passed through Bangor on his way to Monmouth, Me., consigned to Hon. L. T. Carleton, game commissioner, who probably will present him, in behalf of the State, to some zoological garden.

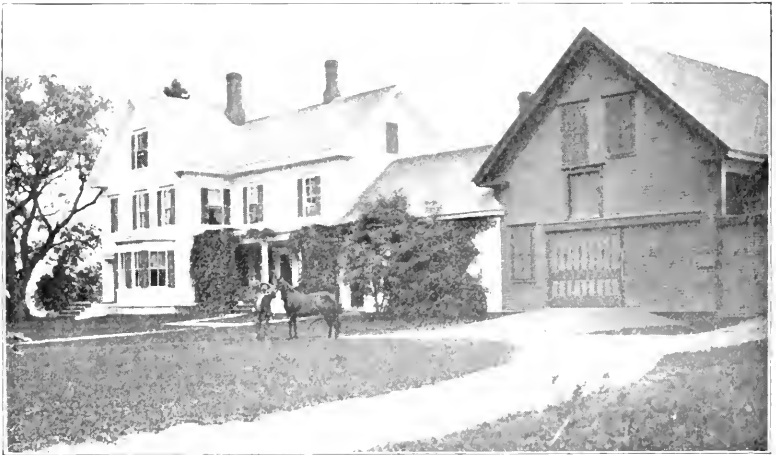


BURIED IN VINES AND SUMMER SUN — NEW SWEDEN'S HOMES ARE COZY.

The town of Ashland, which is twenty-five miles above Presque Isle, on the Aroostook River, contains 1,080 inhabitants, and it is the supplying point of a wide area of farming, lumber and sporting territory. It contains the great plant of the Ashland Manufacturing Company, a starch factory and blacksmith, millwright, a carpenter and boatbuilding establishments, and it is the centre of an extensive business in transportation of people and supplies in and out of the game and lumber woods. Two of its stores which I visited, carry large stocks of hardware, paints, oils and stoves, and the smooth, deadly looking rifles and hunting knives, the trim varnished rods and the belts and ammunition and tackle in vast variety exhibited along with the mill and lumbering ware was effective testimonials of the game and fish possibilities of the country about. Ashland is a point of departure for Goding & Walker's sporting camp at Square Lake, Patterson & McKay's camp at Maehias Lake, Leon Orcutt's camps at Greenlaw and Big Fish Lake and T. J. Bennett's Camp Pleasant.

Ashland already has become the resort of a considerable number of summer and autumn visitors drawn to it by its clear, bracing air, the charm of the surrounding scenery and by the facility with which desirable fishing and hunting grounds may be reached from it. The village, numbering 600 inhabitants, stands on a plateau commanding extensive views up and down the Aroostook valley with the forests and mountains beyond. It contains two hotels and three churches, a Methodist, a Congregationalist and an Episcopalian church, and there recently has been completed a public hall that will comfortably seat 500 people. A more attractive site for an inland resort could scarcely be desired. The houses of the village are newly built and well kept up; the water excellent, and the breezes that visit the town come cooled and perfumed across vast areas of woods and waters. Ashland, with its elevation of 700 feet above the sea, stands pre-eminent among the sanctuaries through whose portals the sneezing, snuffling demon, hay fever, cannot enter, and the cheapness with which comfortable living may be secured is making this woodland oasis yearly more and more the refuge of the victims of that malady.

Forest episodes mix quaintly with the everyday life of a town in which one finds so generally the comforts of a high civilization, may use the telephone and may read the morning papers from Bangor at 12.30 o'clock P. M. At the Exchange Hotel, where I dined, some of the towns-people were talking of the pretty adventure that had befallen an Ashland physician a night or two before. Driving in the dusk through the woods in the suburbs of the village he was aware for some time that an animal was running beside his carriage. Supposing that his Irish setter had followed him from the house he did not investigate



FORT KENT HAS MANY FINE RESIDENCES.

until, on coming to a hill the horse slackened pace, and he leaned over the wheel to speak to the supposed dog. It was a deer which, at the sound of his voice, turned and bounded away into the woods.

Three miles below the village on the Aroostook River and connected with the railroad by a spur of track, is the great mill of the Ashland Manufacturing Company, which manufactures and deals in all kinds of lumber. For miles up the channel extend the booms that hold the logs sent down the river from the various lumber "operations" of the winter before on its

headwaters. These logs are drawn up the long incline, through the entrance to the band saws, which cut them into long lumber, with an ease and swiftness that suggests the slicing of cheese. From the band and the edging saws the boards, planks, joists and beams pass out, on rollers through the rear end of the building along a raised platform that extends far down from the mill. All along, as far as the rollers travel, a planked slide slopes sharply down to a parallel platform beneath, and as the stick of timber arrives at its appointed place a touch of a lever within the mill throws it from the rollers and it slides down upon the platform below in readiness to be loaded upon the Bangor and Aroostook cars drawn up at the siding alongside.



MILL OF ASHLAND MANUFACTURING COMPANY

While the band saws and edgers are turning out the long lumber, other machines are sawing out laths and clapboards, and stripping the bark from the spruce slabs and butts which then become merchantable as pulp wood for paper stock. Every product of the log is utilized, for the bark and sawdust supply the fuel for the engines that run the mill. A hundred men are employed who turn out 130,000 feet of lumber a day. Last year, working from Feb. 5, to Dec. 1, the company sawed and shipped at this mill, 25,799,119 feet of long lumber, about 4,000,000 laths, about 5,500,000 clapboards, and from 5,000 to 6,000 cords of pulp wood.

The Ashland mill is the largest sawmill in Aroostook county and one of the largest in the state of Maine. There are 50 sawmills in the country which in 1900, according to the U. S. Census Report, manufactured 79,550,000 feet of lumber. In the same year 112,500,000 feet of logs cut in Aroostook county were floated down the St. John river into the British provinces where they were sawed into long and short lumber. With the completion of the extension of the Bangor & Aroostook road to Fort Kent there will be opened an avenue of transportation from the St. John Valley that will transfer a material part of the manufacture and shipment of this vast volume of lumber from Canada to the territory of our own state and nation.

Two miles below Ashland the railroad extension crosses the Aroostook river at a grade 60 feet above the bottom of the channel. The bridge, a noble and shapely structure, 777 feet long, is composed of four central and four shorter end spans resting on piers of quarry-faced ashlar granite, with concrete foundations carried up as far as the water surface. A few miles further along, near Little Machias lake, the line passes the crest of the Aroostook river water shed and descends to Portage, on Portage lake 13 miles from Ashland. For the remaining 38 miles to Fort Kent it follows the Fish river waters.



GLEETING LAKES FROM HILL TO HILL.



### CHAPTER III.

FISH RIVER WATERS. PORTAGE LAKE AND CAMP IVERSON.



FISH River is a picturesquely winding waterway on which are strung like turquoise gems upon a silver cord, the lakes of a chain unique in extent and form and beauty. It is a river of most original turn, an expansionist of the first water, which apparently has bent its course expressly that it might annex every water-sheet in sight. From its headquarters in Clayton lake, 20 miles west of Ashland, it flows northward into Big Fish lake from which it emerges, at the north end, to pass in an easterly course through Hat Pond, and thence meander southeast, 20 miles, to Portage lake. From Portage it bends northwest to catch St. Froid, and northeast to enter Eagle lake. Then, having traversed the long northerly arm of Eagle lake, and the reach of still water known as Soldier pond, as if satisfied with its acquisitions, it narrows again to a river to dance a quickstep down its channel to the St. John river.

There are far more lakes than the water-sheets through which the river passes, that go to constitute the Fish river system. Into Eagle lake, through wide thoroughfares that lead from lake to lake, comes the outflow of Square lake, Cross lake, Mud lake and Long lake. They are parts of a water chain unmatched in all the world, a chain so linked and looped that by taking a canoe at Long lake one may voyage without a carry for 100 miles, keeping with the current all the time, till having passed through these five lakes, and down the Fish and the St. John rivers, he finds himself at Van Buren on the St. John, only 10 miles from the point of starting. Taken altogether the lakes and ponds composing the fish river system are 15 in number. They cover an area of 89 square miles and drain a water shed of 890 square

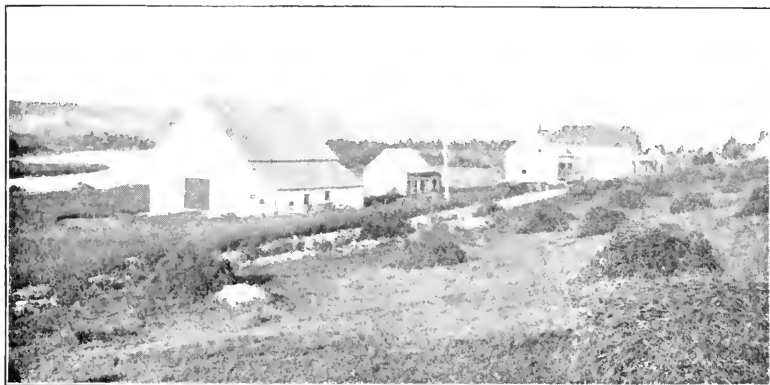
miles. They all have the common characteristic of deep cool waters, and abundant game fish which in these lakes attain an extraordinary size.

We came to Portage from Ashland, Mr. Burpee and myself in a two-seated wagon, with Capt. Orcutt as driver with his pet span of spanking bays. The road lay mainly through woods with clearings and farmhouses interspersed, and camps of railroad laborers. Now one may ride to Portage in the cars, and before the snow flies this year may go by rail to Fort Kent. Where the turnpike comes to the lake the country opens, bringing into view some farms, a store or two and a hotel. By the shore, with verandas fronting the lake, stands Camp Iverson, and here we made our quarters for the night. It was the sun-down hour; out upon the lakes fishing parties in row boats and canoes were drawing troll lines through their rippling wakes, and between the house and the shore was a pleasant bustle of fishermen and talk of the day's catches. From the wharf a group of swarthy laborers from the railroad camps were catching chub and shiners, for all is fish that comes to Italian hooks and finds its way made straight to the frying pan. It was late for fishing by the time supper was ended, but I rigged my rod and with Osgood Smith, timber inspector on the railroad construction work, went out in a canoe to try my luck. A pound-and-a-half square tail which struck in the last gleam of day was all that fell to my line, but we paddled in the light of the rising moon four



BENDING GRACEFULLY TO HAMLET AND FIELD

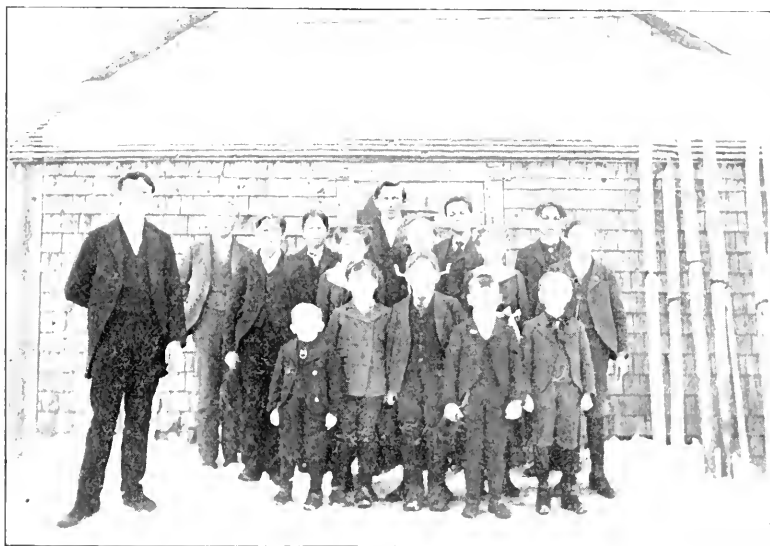
miles down a shore on which the woods were broken in several places by clearings in which stand the cottages of city residents, who make Portage their summer home. Among the trees on the high opposite shores glowed the lights of two sporting camps and the lake, even in the night, seemed far from lonely.



IN MADAWASKA — A LAND OF PLENTY.

Portage lake, bending almost in a loop from west to north, is seven miles long by three in breadth, with shores that rise into high hills on all sides. On the face of the high point opposite Portage round which the lake curves northward are the sporting camps of D. O. Orcutt, and up the shores on the left of the settlement are other camps. This lake, like all the larger ones of the Fish river system, abounds in square-tail trout and togue and landlocked salmon, and its shores are a chosen resort of big game. Camp Iverson, at Portage, comprises two frame cottages which will comfortably accommodate sixteen guests. They are supplied with water of uncommon purity and coldness which is led into the house through pipes from a hillside spring. The proprietor, Capt. A. Iverson, is a sturdy Norwegian, who once was a shipmaster, but who many years ago quitted the sea and cast his lot in Aroostook county. His fishing fleet, of which his steam launch Brunhilda is the flagship, contains four canoes and nine rowboats, and he keeps it in commission with true nautical

precision and attention to detail. The housekeeping at the camp is pleasingly homelike, and it seemed a passage from the Edda to hear the names Ragnhild and Siegfried of his fair-haired daughters, and Aagot, the name of his comely wife, spoken in this American Northland.



LIKE A TOUCH OF THE FATHERLAND — THE SKIDOR IN NEW SWEDEN.

Portage Lake is safe and pleasant to navigate with any craft, and up Fish River, which enters it from the west, a launch capable of carrying twenty-five persons may ascend four miles from the lake. With the opening summer, the landlocked salmon, which at the melting of the ice from the lake followed the schools of smelts in their migration up the river, return to deep water and may be caught by trolling with spoon or minnow. The square-tailed trout keep near the shore so long as the water is cool and, until the middle of June, may be taken at almost any point up or down the lake. Later they take to the spring holes in the lake, and the deep places off against the mouths of the inlets. They are abundant and eager, and in spring and early summer respond well to a spinner baited

with a minnow, trolled with 75 or 100 feet of line along the shore. On the morning of my stay at Camp Iverson I went out alone in a canoe at five o'clock and came back at six with three fine square-tails, all taken fighting within a short distance of the landing. Then, after breakfast, came our start, made under a lowery sky with frequent sprinkles of rain. But the day gave much promise of interest to me, for its journey was to bring us into the Madawaska territory—the Acadian French region of Aroostook where dwell in primitive simplicity the descendants of the expatriated people of Evangeline.

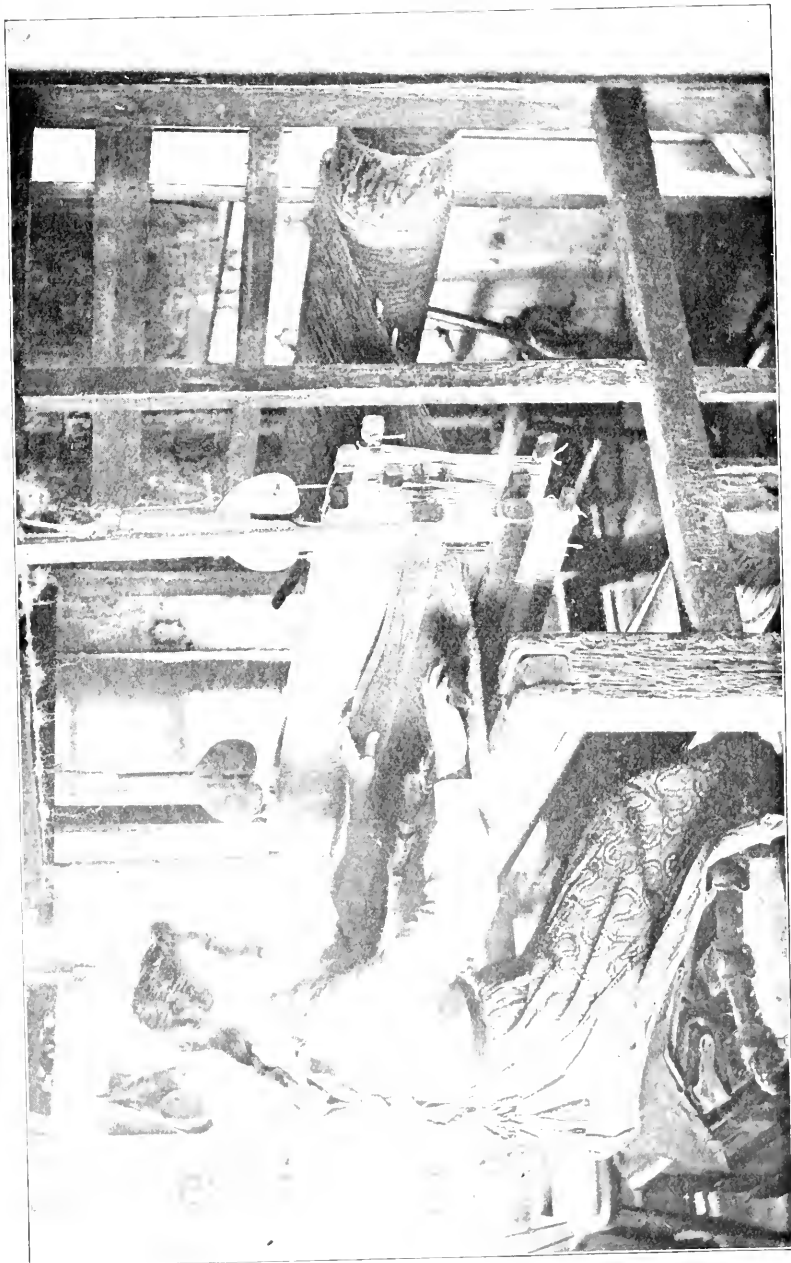
Our way lay over an historic highway of Aroostook, the old military road to Fort Kent. Its course over the hills affords magnificent lake and forest and mountain views which today were obscured by mist and rain. The road was through woods from the time we left the farms near Portage until we came to an opening in which were some unpromising looking farms, which, with several buildings grouped somewhat closely together by the roadside, evidently constituted a community. This, Capt. Orcutt informed me, was Buffalo.

“But why is it called Buffalo?” I asked, thinking the name an exotic one in the Maine woods.

“It’s more than I can tell,” said the captain. “All I know is that that’s the name it goes by.”

“I can tell you the answer that a boy on the road here gave to the same question once,” said Mr. Burpee. “He was an honest looking lad, and he plainly meant to tell me as well as he could. ‘Why is the place called Buffalo?’ I inquired of him.” “He studied for a moment over the framing of his answer. ‘If you were there once, and knew the people, you wouldn’t wonder,’ he said.”

This was expressive but indefinite, and, with the mystery of its christening unsolved, we left Buffalo-in-the-Woods to the glory of its name. There was more forest and much of it to traverse, but when we struck clearings again it was another region that we had entered and the houses that we saw were the habitations of the Acadian French.



FROM HER BUSY ACADIAN FINGERS COME MANY A YARD OF "HOMESPUN."

## CHAPTER IV.

INTO MAINE'S ACADIA. THE FISH OF THE EAGLE LAKE  
CHAIN. THE ROMAN INVASION OF AROOSTOOK.



FROM the woods we emerged into an open country that widened as we advanced, and by the roadside, among tilled fields and grass lands, stood little unpainted frame houses, with shingled roofs and walls. It is not the habit of the Acadian to rush the building of his home after once it has been rendered habitable, and thus the outer covering of the houses often presented a variegated pattern of shingled patches, boarding, and tarred paper or birch-bark sheathing. The barns were small, and among the out-buildings of the newer frame house often stood the log hut, now relegated to the uses of a granary or a potato bin, which had been the earlier residence of the owner. The farms were apportioned into potato and pea and buckwheat patches, with always a pasture in which fed a little flock of sheep; for in the homes of this quaint region the arts of spinning and weaving, like the folk tales and songs of the older Acadia, still survive and in the farmers' cots one finds that :

“The wheel and the loom still are busy.

Maidens still wear their Norman caps, and their kirtles of homespun,  
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story.”

Equally faithful to old tradition are the onion patches by the houses, and the balm-of-gilead trees the buds of which, when steeped in aqua-vitæ, afford a tonic most salutary to the Acadian's constitution in sickness and in health. The looms and the spinning wheels at this season, before the time of sheep shearing and the flax harvest, were not much in evidence to the passer by, and the maidens that we met on the highway, or who peered at us from doorways, tended rather to American sailor

hats and to braided hair than to Norman caps. A pretty custom, not learned from the Americans, is one the children have of always saluting the stranger whom they meet — the girls with a courtesy, the boys by lifting the hats. At one place, near Nadeau, we passed a school house from which, it being near the noon hour and school dismissed, the children were swarming like bees from a hive in spring. The edifice was a degree or two larger than a sentry-box



LITTLE ACADIANS.

and I counted twenty-three children of ages ranging from five to fourteen years, that emerged from its portal — all comfortably clad and presenting an array of faces as bright and pretty as any school of its size anywhere would be likely to furnish. After them came their teacher, a graceful, dark-eyed young woman, who spoke with a French accent and who willingly stayed to show us the

school room. Even with the narrowness of the flat boards that served for seats and desk tops, it was not easy to see how so many children could find a chance in this bird-house of a school room to recite and study. But that they did, and that they learned and understood their lessons, the teacher, a graduate herself of the training school at Fort Kent, assured us. The books used in the Madawaska common schools are mainly in the primer grade and to teach these children intelligently it is necessary that the teacher should know French as well as English.

At Nadeau the military road, which has led over the hills from the time it left Portage, comes down to the Fish River again and crosses it between St. Froid and Eagle Lakes. Here the railroad extension, which has followed the valley from Portage, reappears and, passing the river, continues down the shore of Eagle Lake. The Fish River is crossed twice by the extension,



with bridges respectively 180 and 270 feet long. The only other important bridge on the new line is one of 75 feet span over the Allagash. All the bridges are of iron and of most approved construction, and they rest on piers of granite masonry or concrete.

Few stretches of railroad in America lie for an equal distance through a region so replete with tranquil landscape charm and quaint historical association as that which is traversed by the last twenty miles of the Bangor & Aroostook extension to Fort Kent. From Ashland to Nadeau much of the route is shut from the view of the broad lake and woodland spaces to right and left by the dense forest growth. But at Nadeau and beyond come views of Eagle Lake, the blue oval centre of a vast amphitheatre of wooded hills as it stretches off to the east, and a long water reach where the road skirts its seven-mile arm extended to the north. Then Fish River narrows again to a stream and as once more it widens into placid Soldier Pond the woods on the slopes beyond open in clearings and Acadian farms. Thence for seven miles, to its terminus on the shores of the St. John at Fort Kent, the road follows the curves of the steep, high bank, first on the left and then on the right of the river winding in a clear rippling current down the gravelly channel at its base. With all the heavy work involved in its construction, the gradient of the road is extraordinarily even and its elevation at Fort Kent, after following the Aroostook and the Fish Rivers down for a distance of fifty-one miles, is but thirty-seven feet lower than at Ashland.

More interesting even than the natural scenery is the human aspect of the community which we have entered. Planted by the refugees of Grand Pre, Pisiquid and Chignecto, in the valley of the upper St. John River at a date when the United States Constitution was as yet unframed, it peacefully has continued the customs of old Acadia, while on the Penobscot and the Kennebec the settlements of Bangor and Augusta grew from scattered backwoods cabins into civic existence and the frontier line of American civilization in Maine advanced northward to Greenville and Caribou. The French is still the vernacular

tongue of the country and the faces of the women are of the piquant French type which often is pretty and which, however plain, never lacks some handsome feature effectively displayed. One has missed a phase of American folk-life, unique, antique and quaintly interesting who has not seen along the Fish River and in the St. John valley, the narrow farms, the gable-roofed houses and barns, the buckwheat fields, the grazing flocks and the primitive home life of the Acadians.

Eagle Lake and the plantation of Eagle in which it partly lies, derive the name from the white-headed eagle which frequents this locality. By the postoffice and store in what may be termed the official center of population in Eagle Plantation, the railroad extension has crowded the military road to one side, taking the grounds occupied by the old highway for a considerable distance, while the way for foot and wagon travel now lies over a finely graded turnpike newly made by the company.



HUMBLE — BUT "HOME" TO AN EARLY ACADIAN FAMILY

Here we began to meet teams with fishermen on the way from Fort Kent to their club house on the shores of Eagle Lake. A party of sportsmen came up from the lake on their return to Fort Kent, bringing a fare of twenty-five pounds to the man of square-tail trout and togue and a nine-pound landlocked salmon as trophies of their expedition. I admired the silver fish, which was a beauty.

"You should have seen the twenty-three pound salmon taken yesterday in Square Lake. It was caught by a man named Weltz — Eben Weltz from Caribou," said Dr. Edgar Flint, who was one of the party. "We saw it

weighed. It was the biggest one taken so far; but there seems to be no limit to the size to which Square Lake fish will grow and no one knows who'll be next to break the record."

I think it well might be biggest. Such a fish would be hard to parallel in any waters, even Sebago, the native home of the great fresh-water salmon. The story would have seemed incredible to me even from a source so authentic, but that I already had verified the account of the twenty and one-half-pound and the sixteen-pound salmon taken in Square Lake last autumn, in the nets set to catch fish for the hatcheries, and so could scarcely doubt the possibility of larger fish that had gained the growth of another year. The wonder of these Square Lake salmon is that they all have grown from fry placed in these waters only nine years ago. There is something marvelous in the abounding fish life in all these deep, cool basins of the Fish River system, but Square Lake holds precedence over the others. Its togue are the biggest known in Maine except those that swim in the mysterious depths of Moosehead, and from its waters were taken the twelve-pound square-tail trout, which holds the



MAKING PLOGUES

world's record as the largest of its species ever caught. One gets used to big figures in Aroostook county — and with Eagle Lake at the foot of the slope at my feet stretching mysteriously off among the hills, and in the knowledge of the wide thoroughfares that make it, and Square Lake, and the three lakes beyond, all one great water sheet, it seemed not difficult to credit any tale of leviathan trout that range the waters or to expect any startlingly fortunate response to the barbed lure cast within its depths.

From Eagle, our way, for all of the distance to Fort Kent, lay through a French settlement, a line of farms strung along the military road, with seldom a cross road, or a sign of human kind to be seen away from that beaten highway, except the distant farms that came into view across the river after we had got beyond Eagle Lake. All the farms and buildings were of the same pattern, the fields stretching back after the old Acadian fashion, to the wooded hills on the one hand and down to the lake or river bank on the other. Drinking-troughs overflowing with cold, clear water led down to them from hillside springs, were frequent by the wayside, a provision inculcated by the good Saint Francis, who loved both man and beast. But the farms



RICH MEADOW LAND AND ROLLING HILLS—ACADIA

grew better, the buildings improved in appearance and the population became denser as we drew nearer Fort Kent, and from

Wallagrass, with its handsome church and convent, the remaining six miles into Fort Kent lay through an unbroken line of the farms, some of them with good houses and capacious barns, of the thriftier class of Acadians.

Near Wallagrass we turned from the highway and went down a farm road to the shore of Soldier Pond where Mr. Burpee had occasion to visit a point of the extension work, at which there was a camp of Italian graders. A frame barracks made tight with a tarred paper sheathing accommodated about half of the gang of fifty men. The others had built for themselves little huts of boards and sapling trunks and had covered them completely, walls and roof, with sods. These abodes were fitted within with one or two bunks and little else and were occupied



ACADIANS OF OUR NORTHLAND

by two, and in some cases, three or four workmen. The entire crew, divided into little messes, bought their provisions at the Italian commissary store and cooked and ate them in the open air—the bread being baked by the commissary baker and sold fresh to the men daily. In the commissary store, partitioned from the rest of the barracks, was a profusion of the supplies particularly valued in the Italian workingman's cuisine—beans, pork, macaroni, freshly-baked bread with accessories quite as essential in shape of goat's milk cheese, olive oil, and strings of garlies, and of little, round, dried red peppers. By invitation of the commissario I broke and tasted a loaf of the bread. It was as light and crisp and sweet as bread could be, alike attractive to sight and taste. After eating of it I could understand why that, where unprovided with a baker of their own nationality in the camp, the Italian laborers on the Bangor & Aroostook road should choose to send away, as far even as to

Bangor, when necessary, to procure bread to their liking. "Try a-thees, sir, tha sardine. It's a verra fine," said the commissario. He was opening a tightly packed and covered keg or firkin, holding perhaps two gallons, as he spoke. It was filled with large salted sardines packed as solidly together as if put into place under a screw press. I took a sardine and divided it with Mr. Burpee. It was very salt, but it was not half bad to eat as an accompaniment to a piece of bread; nor was a bit of the cheese, hard and dry as it was, with a flavor like that of new Roquefort.

The bakery, in a house by itself, with its vast, glowing brick oven from which the fire was raked before the batch of dough was put in; the table, half filling the room, piled high with freshly baked loaves, was well worth the seeing, if only to realize the artistic possibilities that may attend the gift of our daily bread.



ACADIAN MAIDENS OF TO-DAY

On a plateau back of the barracks were the tents of the civil engineers in charge of the northerly division of the railroad extension. Their families were with them, sharing the camp life that in the Aroostook seems to attain ideal conditions, with the cool, northern summer air and scenic surroundings in a land where no dangerous wild beast prowls or venomous reptile intrudes. As we drove away in the hush of the sunset hour the Italians by their fires were cooking their evening meal of beans boiled with macaroni and flavored with garlic and cheese and peppers. The white tents of the engineers, the long, low barracks, the sod huts, like grotesque earth mounds, and the swarthy figures grouped against the blaze of a dozen fires, with the background of the placid lake and forested hills beyond, would have served well as the mise-en-scene of some grand opera.


Where the town of Fort Kent begins and its farming suburb changes into village, is not apparent in the southerly approach along the military road. But as we advanced on our way the farm houses became larger, and verandas and lawns became a frequent feature; then the buildings and grounds of the Madawaska Training School on the right, with handsome, half-foreign looking girls picturesquely grouped like wild flower clusters, upon its steps and verandas; and the board sidewalk that bordered the roadside were notification that we were in the town. Ahead appeared stores and offices fronting us from the road that leads up the St. John valley, and, in a green, open field between the road and the river, stood the famous blockhouse the tutelary shrine in peace and the bulwark in war of the historic town of Fort Kent. It is a region fraught with martial reminders, this peaceful nook of Acadia at which we have arrived. We come to it over a military highway, a fortification confronts us at the end and the Hotel Dickey, at which we put up, was once a barrack.





## CHAPTER V.

### FORT KENT. ITS BLOCKHOUSE AND TRAINING SCHOOL. THE AROOSTOOK WAR.

S will be remembered, Fort Kent was settled by Acadian refugees and others. It was named from the fort erected in 1841, which was named for Governor Kent; was incorporated February 23, 1869, and embraces all of Township 18, Range 7, and most of Township 18, Range 6, and its population, by the census of 1900, was 2,528. It contains large general stores and stores for the selling of hardware and farming tools; is the site of the lumber, grist and carding mills of the Fort Kent Mill Company, and of two other grist mills and a tannery; has four smiths besides carriage and harness and paint manufacturers; contains two hotels, the Eagle, since named the Dickey, and the Morneault, and the Madawaska Training School.

As seen by the visitor the town is built in the form of an L, along two streets— one the military road from Ashland, and the other the St. John valley road into which it comes—in a spacious river and valley environment of exceeding beauty. It has several handsome modern residences; its long river street is crowded with stores and shops and houses, and the names on its business signs might have been copied from a Paris directory, so essentially French they are. The town is on amicable terms with its sister village, Clairs, on the Canadian side of the St. John River, and a rope ferry connects them. The only rail communication that Fort Kent has with the outside world is by way of the Temiscouata railroad, across the river, by which, taking the train at Clairs, one may go to Edmundston. From there he may go, on the Canadian Pacific, west to Quebec, or east

to Fredericton and St. John, or, leaving the train at St. Leonard, cross the river to Van Buren, which is the northeasterly terminus of the Bangor & Aroostook railroad.

Following the completion of the railroad extension from Ashland, of which it will be the terminus, the town of Fort Kent will take rank among the foremost of the Aroostook towns. Its isolated position on the northern border of the State, with no railroad facilities except such as are afforded by the Temiscouata line across the St. John River, has so far retarded the development due the natural advantages of its site. Even under such conditions its growth has kept pace with the development of the country north of the Aroostook River and from the time of the Aroostook war, in 1839, it has been an important supply point for lumbermen and the trade center for a considerable population of Acadian farmers. The coming of the railroad will materially increase its availability as a distributing point, and as a place of customs entry from Canada, and will make profitable the extensive manufacture of lumber. Along this avenue of transportation a considerable part of the more than 110,000,000 feet of Aroostook lumber that yearly is driven down the St. John to be manufactured in New Brunswick will find its way through Maine to markets on American soil. Beyond the commercial prospects that are now at hand there is a promising future for

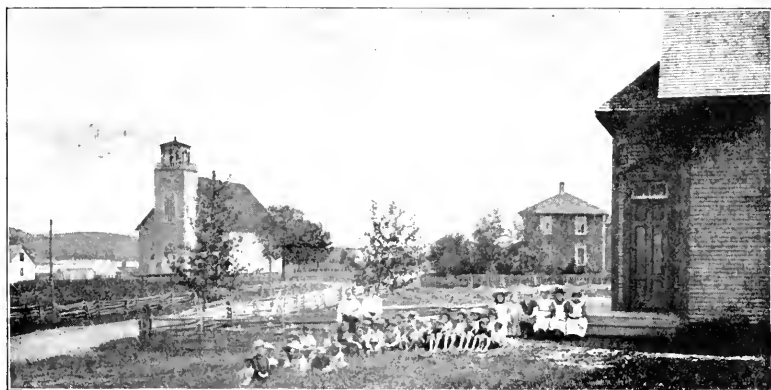
Fort Kent in its eminent advantages as a health and pleasure resort.

Its situation upon the plateau along which the military road comes into the town from the south affords many pleasing residence sites, and the beautiful valleys of the St. John and the Fish rivers unfold a succession of charming views from every point of approach. Across the St. John the railway station; the



FORT KENT'S HISTORIC BLOCKHOUSE

houses and the old church of the Canadian village of Clairs stretch along the base of the hills that roll northward to the "divide" of the St. Lawrence valley. Along the river valleys to the east and south, carriage roads lead away from the town in long day's drives through picturesque Acadian settlements.



AN INTELLIGENT PEOPLE — APPRECIATIVE OF EDUCATION

In the pure, clear air of this upland town, five hundred and fifty feet above the sea, pervaded with the health of the surrounding evergreen forests, are found rest and invigoration for shattered nerves and minds and bodies overwrought with the haste and tension of city living. As a headquarters for sportsmen it is an ideal place, situated as it is upon the border of the great northern game region of Maine, and receiving the Fish River after that stream has gathered the outflow of its fifteen lakes, all easy of access and teeming with the choicest fish.

Once in its history, before the present advent of the railroad, with all the innovations that attend its coming, has the peace of this old Acadian town been invaded. Its blockhouse, standing picturesquely on the plateau by the junction of the rivers, is a memorial of the time when the Maine militia marched northward in 1839, to defend the border from Canadian invasion in the Aroostook war. Another blockhouse, built at the same period, but long since fallen to decay, stood by Soldier Pond, seven

miles up the Fish River and the railroad embankment now covers its ruins.

Some famous names figured in this bloodless war. Gen. Winfield Scott, from his headquarters at the Augusta House, in Augusta, directed the movements of the American troops, and among the young officers who came up to the St. John with the regular troops to garrison Fort Kent, were George B. McClellan and Robert E. Lee, who, twenty-two years later, as commander-in-chief of vast armies were to confront each other on southern soil in the greatest and most sanguinary of modern wars.

It has been the fashion to speak derisively of the Aroostook war, which, in some of its aspects, certainly presented some ridiculous and opera-bouffe features. But the mid-winter march of hastily levied militiamen, through deep snows and forest fastnesses, from Augusta and Bangor two hundred miles to the northeastern border, was neither easy nor mirthful. And it was recognized by the thoughtful statesmen and soldiers, who from Washington and Augusta directed the military operations and conducted the negotiations, how narrowly a storm-cloud of war threatening the peace of two great nations was averted, with no outbreak beyond the belligerent proclamations of the Maine and the New Brunswick governors, the massing of troops on the border, and two or three farcial arrests of individuals.

It was the promptness of the State of Maine, supported by the National Government, to act in defence of its boundaries that brought the British Government to reason and saved a disastrous war, for which, at the time, our antagonist was less prepared than we. The Ashburton treaty, which was the ending of the matter in dispute, while relinquishing our claims to territory beyond the St. John River, secured us the headwaters of that river, and boundary concessions of much value upon the great western lakes; and Maine was substantially reimbursed by the general government for her outlay in war expenses.

At Fort Fairfield, a hundred miles along the border to the eastward, is another blockhouse similar to that at Fort Kent. These archaic fortifications are interesting memorials which

properly are preserved and treasured. But the student of military science has but to look at the map of Maine to see in the Bangor & Aroostook railroad the effective means of guarding our large northeastern frontier in these days of modern warfare, in which rapidity in massing men and supplies to the point of attack or defense is the key of victory. Built by a railroad company from its own resources for the development of peaceful commerce, this line fulfils every military strategic requirement, with its alignment as straight almost as the flight of an arrow from its stem at Brownville to Houlton, its course of a hundred miles along the frontier to Van Buren, with the spurs that bring it to the border at Fort Fairfield and Limestone and the branch now building to Fort Kent on our northern boundary. No road built in America could have asked and received a National Government subsidy, on grounds of aiding the national defense, with greater reason and justice than this masterful road which, of its inherent vitality, has grown and ramified throughout Aroostook and brought that fruitful and once remote region



FORT KENT NORMAL SCHOOL.

into close community with the rest of the State and the country at large.

Of an interest and purport more modern and far more essential to existing conditions than the old fortifications is another institution of Fort Kent, the Madawaska Training School. It was established twenty-one years ago under an act of the Legislature, which was modified some years later, authorizing the trustees of the State normal schools to locate permanently and to maintain for not less than eight months annually, the Madawaska Training School for the purpose of training persons to teach in the common schools of the Madawaska territory. The people living along the valley of the St. John, from Grand Falls to Fort Kent, were at that time, as in a less degree, they are now, almost wholly a French speaking community.

The purpose of this school, as announced in its catalogue, is to educate French teachers in the English language, especially for the common schools in the Madawaska territory. It takes from the schools existing teachers and some of the most advanced pupils and endeavors to give them a thorough knowledge of the elementary branches taught in the common schools. It seeks, by constant drill, to so perfect them in reading, writing and speaking the English language that they may teach it intelligently in the schools of the Madawaska territory. Its buildings, situated in spacious grounds which front upon the Military road and extend back to the Fish river, comprise a school house and a boarding house. The school house, with large, finely lighted recitation rooms, includes a finely finished hall with a seating capacity for three hundred persons and a stage of 18 by 26 feet, which connects with two convenient dressing rooms; the boarding house will accommodate one hundred scholars. Its rooms are free of rent to the student, except for a charge of \$1.50 per month to cover the expense of lighting and heating. Tuition is free to all who live in the State.

## CHAPTER VI.

MORE OF THE ACADIANS. THE GIRLS OF THE TRAINING SCHOOL. "MADAWASKA." THE STORY OF THE ACADIANS.



**N**OTHING in my visit to this fascinating Aroostook has impressed me more interestingly than its Acadian people whose ancestors have figured so familiarly in song and story. It was in my two visits made on the same day to the Madawaska Training school that I first felt that I was getting into touch with the natures of this quaintly primitive folk. The attendance at this time was small—only thirty-five pupils, I believe.

In the winter previous there had been one hundred and twenty-six; but it was now late in May and most of the pupils were away teaching, or helping their parents in the spring planting.

In my morning call I heard some of the recitations in class rooms; then met all the pupils assembled in the big general study room. They mostly were girls of about 16 years, shapely of figure, with faces of marked intelligence and animation and well modulated, melodious voices. They were quick to comprehend and they plainly understood their lessons. In tint of skin their number was about evenly divided between the blonde and brunette types. The children of French-Canadian strain were the dark; the Acadian children were the fair ones—for the Acadians, it should be remembered, are of the Norman-French strain and Evangeline, as described in the old French poem,

preserved in the Hotel Frontenac, in Quebec, was blue-eyed with golden hair — "hair golden as ripened corn."

Driving past the school in the afternoon where the girls were promenading on the sidewalk by twos and threes, it was pleasing to find that they all recognized the stranger of the morning with a cordial smile and bow. Pleasanter still it was to sit on the schoolhouse veranda in the hush of the long Aroostook twilight listening to old French melodies, songs of the voyageurs and the coureurs des bois, sung with much expression and feeling by a bevy of pretty Acadian girls gathered in impromptu grouping on the steps. Songs such as "Rouli Roulant Ma Boule Roulant," which has rung out everywhere that a French boatman's foot has stepped in America, from Hudson Bay to Florida; and another song to a beautiful, semi-plaintive melody of which by grace of that charming training-school graduate, Miss Elizabeth Ann Daigle, of Saint David, I have a translation I will reproduce in all its naive poesy:

#### MADAWASKA.

Madawa-ka, dear native land,  
Thou whose sonorous and beneficent name  
The billows of St. John river repeat to the flowery bank,  
When gazing at your grand nature,  
For as the source of all rejoicing  
Our heart gently murmurs,  
How good it is to be an American.

Let the great voice of our mountains  
Which vibrates amidst the fir trees,  
And the echoes in the valleys  
Repeat to your distant shores,  
The flowers and the green prairie,  
Like unto those of Eden,  
All sing to our softened hearts,  
How good it is to be an American.

When o'er the tombs of our forefathers,  
The evening breezes passing,  
Of their serene and proud verdure,  
Gather the sweet perfume:  
It carries away like the dittany,  
The souvenirs of by-gone days,  
And they sing ever in our heart,  
How good it is to be an American.



The word "dittany" used in this song suggests an interesting train of association. The plant of this name is found in the middle and southern states but seems not to grow east of New York state. It is a homely, old-fashioned, fragrant plant of the mint variety which is held in favor in the old style southern and western gardens, and grows naturally in rocky woods or on hills: in July and August it produces abundant flowers of a red or purplish tint. To find its name in use so far from the home of the plant, and among the descendants of the banished Acadians, suggests that it may have come back with one of those homeless wanderers to the eastern scenes that he loved — or it may have been transplanted from west to east by some followers of La Salle or Tonty or some others of the devout French missionary priests who traversed the west and south and cheerfully gave their lives to establish the cross among the Indians. The Acadian settlement of the Madawaska region had its origin in the famous and sorrowful removal of the Nova Scotia Acadians from their homes by the English who scattered them through other parts of the English colonies. It was done as a war measure, in 1755, to prevent the Acadians from assisting the French and Indians who were then at war with the English. Here is Dr. Parkman's description of the Acadians of that time: "The Acadians were a simple and very ignorant peasantry, industrious and frugal, till evil days came to discourage them; living aloof from the world



FOR THE GOOD OF HIS FELLOW-S— MADAWASKA

with little of that spirit of adventure which an easy access to the vast fur-bearing interior had developed in their Canadian



GABRIELLE

kindred, having few wants and those of the rudest; fishing a little and hunting in the winter, but chiefly cultivators of the soil. They made clothing of flax and wool of their own raising, hats of similar materials, and shoes or moccasins of moose or seal skin. They had cattle, sheep, hogs and horses in abundance. For drink they made cider or brewed spruce beer. French officials describe their dwellings as wretched wooden boxes, without ornaments or conveniences and scarcely supplied with the most necessary furniture. Two or more families often occupied the same house; and

their way of life, though simple and virtuous, was by no means remarkable for cleanliness. Marriages were early and population grew apace. They were a litigious race and neighbors often quarreled about boundaries.

“The whole number of Acadians removed from the province (Nova Scotia) was a little more than 6,000. Many remained behind; and while some of these withdrew to Canada, Isle St. Jean and other distant retreats, the rest lurked in the woods, or returned to their old haunts, whence they waged for several years a guerilla warfare against the English. Of their exiled countrymen one party overpowered the crew of the vessel that carried them, ran her ashore at the mouth of the St. John, and escaped. The rest were distributed among the colonies from Massachusetts to Georgia. Many of the exiles eventually reached Louisiana where their descendants now form a numerous

and distinct population. Some, after incredible hardships, made their way back to Acadia, where, after the peace, they remained unmolested, and with those who had escaped seizure became the progenitors of the present Acadians now settled in various parts of the Maritime provinces, notably at Madawaska on the upper St. John and at Clare in Nova Scotia."

It is not unlikely that the first of the Acadians who made their homes upon the St. John river were the deported company which, in Dr. Parkman's narrative, overpowered the crew of the vessel that was taking them away, and made their escape at this river's mouth. What is certainly known is that the first Acadian settlements on the river were at St. John and Fredericton, the principal one being at the last named point. Here the immigrants lived in peace until, during the war of the Revolution, many of the loyalists banished by the patriots of the revolted colonies, came to New Brunswick and settled about Fredericton. Soon, coveting their lands, they made things so uncomfortable for the Acadians that that much crowded-out people, were once more forced to "move on," going this time further up the St. John river to the Madawaska valley, above Grand Falls, past which the British war vessels could not follow them. This migration occurred principally in 1784-5. In their new homes the Acadians were left at peace and, being a prolific people, they have multiplied so exceedingly that their settlements now extend for a hundred miles along the upper St. John valley on both sides of the river, and for long distances up the tributary streams.

There is a great sameness and at the same time a constant picturesqueness in the general appearance of an Acadian community. One may ride for twenty miles along a road on which the line of houses and farms is continuous and of which all the places seem to have been laid out and built on the same model. Everywhere there are repeated in unending succession the same fashion of little gable roofed houses, destitute of all ornamentation, except the gay red and green barring, like lattice work, upon some of the doors; everywhere there are the same narrow farms stretching from the road or river far back over the hills

with the pea and buckwheat fields, the onion patches and flocks of pasturing sheep. About the houses or met with in the roadway, are the characteristic troops of handsome, polite children who are so nearly of a size and who look so much alike. Some



LEARNING FOR THE YOUNG MADAWASKAN

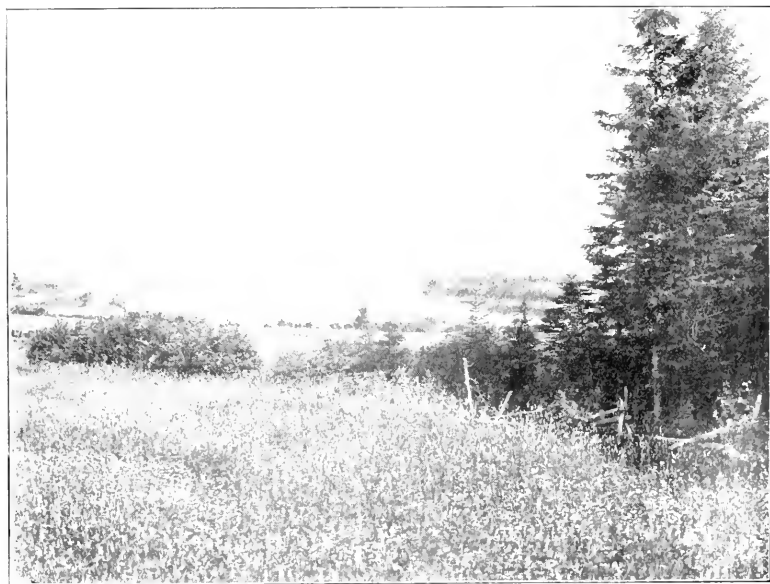
of the grown-up girls who peep from the doorways or smile and courtesy from the roadside as the traveler passes, are prettier than others—that is the only difference in appearance among them. Go into one of the houses—any one. You will find very clean floors and little furniture. Many of the houses have but a single room; others have two rooms—perhaps a third one. In the partition between the two principal ones a large

opening has been left, extending from the floor half way up to the ceiling, so that the great stove in the middle of the house shall warm both rooms. There is always a spinning wheel; perhaps a loom with the unfinished web of woolen cloth or of flaxen crash upon it.

If you are there at the meal hour you will be cordially asked to eat. The table is simply set. In the humbler houses the family eat from one large dish placed in the centre of the table. Every one in the household is provided with a large tin or wooden spoon, the bottom of which he or she carefully scrapes at the edge of the dish with every spoonful taken, lest some of the pea soup, which is the usual provision, be spilled on the table. In other houses the tables are more pretentiously furnished. There are two standard articles in the Acadian's fare, and they always are well cooked and good; these are pea soup and buckwheat plogues—round griddle cakes which are eaten with molasses, and with these two staples go, if he have it, boiled pork, either salt or fresh. At the Madawaska Training school, Miss Nowland,

the principal, told me that every Acadian girl that came there as a pupil could make pea soup to perfection. These people make great use of buckwheat in their cuisine, in which it appears in the form of cakes and bread and mush and puddings — and in an Acadian settlement it might be the only grain that you could obtain for your horse.

For the rest, the Acadian farmer to help out his bill of fare has his pigs to kill at Christmas time and lamb and mutton from his flock. Sometimes if he be unusually enterprising, or of a sporting turn, he will take the trouble to go out to kill a moose or deer; or will go with a party up the Fish river in the autumn with nets and torches to capture white-fish by the barrel to salt down for winter use. He is all right in any event, for contentment always goes with the pea soup and plogues; and with all the mouths to be filled in this land where the new child comes yearly to the household with the regularity of the seasons, want is as little known as riches among the happy Acadians.



GRAND ISLE — A ST. JOHN RIVER SCENE



OFF FOR THE DAY! GOOD LUCK!

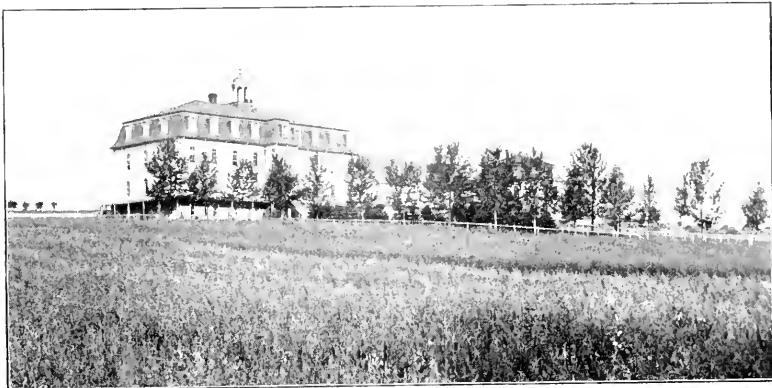
Two points there are of pride and luxury that are essential to the dignity and happiness of every Acadian householder of low or high degree—that his children be gayly dressed for christening and confirmation, and that he have a horse and buggy—a top-buggy if his means can be made to compass it—for the holiday afternoon drive with his wife or sweetheart. The Sunday that I spent in Van

Buren several weeks ago was entertained by the long procession of pleasure drivers that, throughout the afternoon, passed without intermission along the main street. One would have said that all the Madawaska territory had turned out to drive through the town this day. The horses were of all shades and colors, farm horses mostly, with now and then a roadster; the carriages, many of them, might, from their appearance, have come to Madawaska with the Fredericton emigrants; but all who were in the parade, in the enjoyment of the ride and the blessed consciousness that they were upholding their social position, were satisfied and happy.

On the Maine side of the St. John the French settlements extend from Caswell plantation opposite Grand Falls, for a full hundred miles up the river. But the principal towns and the most of the French population are found within a radius of 25 miles from Madawaska, which is the northernmost town in Maine, and the place first settled by the Acadian emigrants from Fredericton. Hither, in 1784, came Jean Baptiste Cyr and his nine sons, who made for themselves homes at the mouth of the Madawaska river on what is now the Canadian bank of the St. John, but which then was claimed by Massachusetts as a part of the district of Maine. They were the first, or among the first, of the comers in the general movement of the Acadians

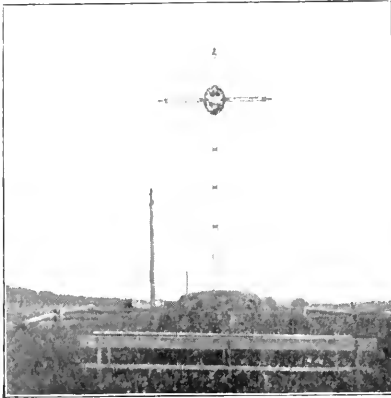
from Fredericton into the Madawaska territory. They have thriven and increased until to-day the Cyrs are the most numerous and influential family in the Madawaska territory, with its name perpetuated in the name of the flourishing plantation of Cyr. Among the Maine Acadians in more recent years have come a considerable infusion of French Canadians from across the border, who mostly have settled to the north of Madawaska township. One township on the north of Eagle Lake they have colonized so exclusively that it has received the name New Canada. They are of a type quite distinct from the Acadians, and by the initiated are readily distinguished from the people of Evangeline, by their names as much as by their black eyes and hair. The French population of the Madawaska territory, which comprises six towns and ten plantations besides several unorganized townships, is about 15,000, a number 6,000 in excess of the Acadian population in Nova Scotia at the time of its deportation and scattering in 1755.

It is in the wagon trip from Van Buren to Fort Kent, such as I made in the last days of last July, that one finds the truest and best scenic expressions of Acadian home life. The road lies along the river, with Madawaska as a half-way station. With me on the trip was Mr. Howe, the photographer, and our vehicle was a surrey driven by the Van Buren livery-stable proprietor



ST. BRUNO COLLEGE

himself, Monsieur Marcel Langlais, Acadian, who tended the horses and acted as our guide and interpreter. The roads were perfect, the weather presented the divinest type of the Aroostook midsummer. We crossed Violette brook in Van Buren at seven



THE GILDED CROSS.

o'clock in the morning; then on past the convent and St. Bruno church and St. Bruno college—Van Buren was St. Bruno before its old Acadian name was usurped by the name of an American president—and soon we had left the half-Americanized community and were spinning along the long village street that extends forty-five miles to Fort Kent. In places as at lower and upper Grand Isle, at St. David and Madawaska, and at lower

and upper Frenchville the houses would draw more closely together toward the red-roofed church, with spire and cross, that stood by the wayside, with near it a merchandise store or two and some handsome homes of well-to-do Acadians. But practically for all the way the small houses of the Acadian farmers appeared with mathematical regularity by the roadside, with the fences of the narrow farms leading up over the high cleared crest on the south—some of them extending for a mile-and-a-half back from the road, so the driver told us. It is a land of streams, the Madawaska territory, and we crossed many bridges, with often a buckwheat mill near them, its high overshot wheel fed from a narrow wooden sluiceway leading down the brookside. And all the way the long blue reaches of St. John river were in view, with its green islands, and its further bank dotted with farms and villages as it sloped upward into the green hills of Canada.

A mile out of Van Buren we stayed to make a photograph of the gilded iron cross, with the figure of the bleeding heart at its



centre, that rears from a great boulder by the wayside. And down near the river bank a row of balm-of-gilead trees marked the site of the old church that the cross was placed to commemorate. A few miles further on we passed another cross, an ancient, half-fallen, wooden structure, which stood by the gateway of a stone wall enclosing a dense thicket, and among the young trees and undergrowth we could dimly discern a grave-stone.



LUCIE GAGNON

"It is holy ground," the driver said; "— the cemetery of the old church which once stood there." He pointed as he spoke to an open space by the roadside opposite, as smooth to the eye as any space of the adjacent fields. Whatever saint's name it had borne and what time had passed since its doors had stood open for worshippers only the church records could tell. It had been, and had vanished and left no sign save the countryside tradition of its existence and the lonely cemetery which had received its dead.

It was a late season, and in the fields by the wayside the Acadians were cutting hay with scythes and sometimes with a mowing machine. The growth was luxuriant, and the heads of the tall herdsgrass that grew to the edge of the roadway were on a level with our horses' backs. In relief against the verdurous grass tints stood the tasselled blue of the tufted vetch, which the Acadians call *le jardeau*, the flaming red of the fireweed and the sheeted ruddiness of clover fields. Seen through the doorways or seated in front of the houses that we passed, matrons and maidens were busily spinning with the small Norman wheels which are turned with a treadle by the foot, while sometimes within doors we could catch glimpses of the flying shuttle of a loom. Teams were few on the highway, but gathered in front of the church at Upper Grand Isle, where a funeral service was in progress, we counted more than fifty teams and carriages as we passed. Women and girls we sometimes met, knitting as



LITTLE SIMONNE

they walked, and parties of children coming from school who greeted us, the girls with a courtesy, and the boys by taking off their hats. The element of French politeness is in the atmosphere of Madawaska. Strangers meeting on the road bow to each other, and the welcome is simple and cordial at the houses one enters on the way. The dogs languidly watch the traveler from the dooryards, not offering to bark at his heels, and the pigs and the geese in the pastures continue their avocations as he passes, regarding his presence with well-bred indifference. It is only when the crops have been gathered, and they have been turned out to range at large, that the pigs lapse from their good breeding and vex the traveller's soul by occupying the roadway and tripping him and his horse by unexpected sorties when he attempts to clear the way.



GABRIEL AND GABRIELLE

Common schools occur with frequency along every Madawaska roadway, and it is a perpetual marvel how so many pupils can be gathered in such tiny boxes of houses. The teachers, generally young women and Acadians, conduct the recitations wholly in the English language. The school at St. David we found out was taught by Catherine Albert and Annie Lebrun—the name of the first teacher is Acadian, that of the second, Canadian French—but all the other schools that we visited were taught by Acadian teachers. In no New England rural tract similar in extent and

population are the common schools more numerous, the ratio of attendance greater, or the pupils apter to learn, than in the Maine Acadia. We stayed to visit several of the schools in our

progress through the Madawaska territory with the same experience in all. At our entrance the scholars all would rise to their feet and remain standing while the smiling, fair-faced teacher bade us welcome. Usually there was a bouquet beside the school-globe on the table and often potted flowers in the windows. Indeed the love of flowers seems general among the Madawaska French, for we saw beautiful varieties filling the windows of many of the farmhouses whatever, way we took.



AN ACADIAN HOME — MODERN IN EVERY WAY

From Madawaska town at the head of the great northward bend of the river St. John, where we stayed for dinner, we journeyed through lower Frenchville, and upper Frenchville with its great church and pretty houses and convent of Saint Rosaire to Fort Kent where we arrived before nightfall. Here are several fine houses and grounds near the old barrack that has been transformed into the hotel Dickey. Near the river, on the level plateau that includes the famous blockhouse, is the handsome residence of Vincent M. Theriault, Esq., a wealthy land proprietor who is one of the leading lawyers in the Madawaska territory. He is of Acadian descent, and his wife was the beautiful Marguerite Elise Cyr of the family so prominent in all the annals of the Madawaska territory. From my visit to his place I brought pictures of his house and family which represent the most cultured phase of Acadian home life; also I took from Fort Kent with me a photograph of the house and grounds of

Mr. Charles Dickey, son of the Hon. William Dickey, "Duke of Fort Kent," and father of the Madawaska Training School, who for forty-four years represented his French-American constituency in the Maine legislature, and vigilantly guarded their rights and secured for them their lawful privileges.

We returned to Van Buren on the second day of our trip by way of Saint Agatha, the prosperous French-American town at the head of Long lake, five miles south of Frenchville. The twenty-mile drive to St. Agatha, over the hills, revealed the same fashion of houses and farming that we had seen in the river valley, but more and more primitive. The farm-houses still were ever in view, by the roadside and in the far distance, and the verdurous landscape unfolded itself as we advanced in every shade of field and forest green. We paused at the house

of Denis Roy, Acadian—I write the name as his wife, whose maiden name was Marie Caron, spelled it for me—but first she tried to Americanize the surname as "King," a foible common to the Acadian and Canadian French alike. It was the height of the haying season and three buxom young wives and their stalwart young husbands, to say nothing of some odd boys and girls, all were taking their ease in the



MR. THERIAULT AND WIFE

farmhouse shade at nine o'clock in the morning while the tall herdsgrass, over-ripe, awaited the cutting in the fields around. There is but little of the modern hurry call in life in Madawaska, which is perhaps the principal reason that the Acadians lead long and happy lives.

After our stop at the house of Denis Roy two especial experiences marked our way over the route to St. Agatha. The first was the visit to the school of pretty, laughing Emma Raymond, Acadian, of course, of whom, with her scholars grouped about

her, we took away a picture; the second was the view we captured of the log-house and outbuildings, of the type of the earliest settlers' places, and of a



THERE ARE GOOD TIMES AMONG THE ACADIANS

French Canadian girl making plogues. There was a primitive little fireplace outside the house, built of loose stones, with a piece of sheet iron across them, which served as griddle. The batter of buckwheat meal and water was in a little wooden tub, and she spread it upon the griddle with a wooden paddle, turning the cakes with the same implement. They were of the size of an ordinary dinner plate, and as fast as they were cooked were laid, layer upon layer, on a wooden plate. Her movements were watched with eager interest, by a flock of hungry hens which were unceasing in their endeavors to capture the plogues, and which were quite as vigilantly watched and "shooed" away by a bevy of the cook's equally hungry young brothers and sisters. A long stretch of road between flax-fields, flowering purple, brought us to St. Agatha with its handsome church and priest's house and wide blue reaches of Long lake extending southward from the town. Here Father Henri Gory, the parish priest, gave us a cordial welcome, in which he was



INTELLIGENT GIRLS OF OUR NORTHLAND


joined by his visitor, the Rev. LeP. Ch. LeFlem, assistant priest of St. Bruno church, Van Buren. One might linger long in description of this pleasing abode, the excellent dinner served in which such mutton was served as rarely can be matched in any of the great city markets, with the rare cheese from the Oka trappist monastery near Quebec for the dessert, and company which was better than the viands; and of the after dinner cigars smoked on the veranda watching the fishhawks as they circled in pairs or singly above the lake. But we had the long trip yet to make to Van Buren and unwillingly we left St. Agatha, its church and flax-fields and its benign and hospitable priests.



THE CHURCH OF ST. AGATHA

## CHAPTER VII.

FROM OVER THE SEA. NEW SWEDEN — THE FRUITAGE OF A  
GREAT COLONIZATION IDEA.

O make the tour of Aroostook county without visiting New Sweden, would be to leave out one of the most important and interesting features in the county and in Maine. It is not merely the beauty of the landscape, the thrifty farms and the picturesque spectacle of Scandinavian folk life transplanted into this country which constitute the interest of the community to the visitor. With these features stands the fact that this Swedish settlement is the only successful agricultural colony founded with foreigners from over ocean in New England since the Revolutionary war.

The results of its establishment have been to add to Aroostook county 2,000 Swedes, all industrious and moral and thrifty, who have turned forest into farms and made the wilderness to blossom as the rose. It has distributed as many more of the same people throughout the state beyond Aroostook. And, by turning the current of immigration, it has given New England 20,000 of the same desirable population — and all these results evidently are but the beginning of far-reaching and greater ones to come. No public undertaking, until the building of the Bangor & Aroostook railroad made all other sources of development seem small by comparison, has done so much industrially for Aroostook county and the state as the founding of this Swedish colony, thirty-two years ago, in the wilds of eastern Maine.

I got far-away views of the rolling hills and stately groves of Stockholm and New Sweden off to the west of the track in coming southward from Van Buren. That I went on to Caribou

before visiting the Swedish settlements proved most fortunate for my ultimate visit for there I met the Hon. William Widgery Thomas, United States minister to Sweden, who was on his return from a visit to this colony which he founded. From him I got many interesting particulars concerning it. But it was only when I went to Stockholm and New Sweden and saw the farms with their comfortable houses, great barns, broad fields and fruitful orchards, with the general air of smiling prosperity that pervaded all, that I fully could realize the success that had attended the scheme of Swedish colonization in Aroostook.



THE CLASS OF CITIZENS SWEDEN HAS GIVEN US

It was the unpleasant fact, revealed by the census of 1870, that the population of Maine was diminishing that led to the founding of the Swedish colony in Aroostook county. It was found that while in the ten years previous the United States had gained more than 7,500,000 in population, the state of Maine had 1,364 fewer inhabitants than in 1860. To remedy this state of things the Maine legislature took the matter in hand. A



board of immigration was established. William Widgery Thomas was appointed commissioner of immigration and a township was assigned for the settlement of the immigrants that he proposed to bring from Sweden.

As a result of this action a colony of twenty-two men, eleven women and eighteen children, in charge of Mr. Thomas, sailed from Gothenburg, on June 25, 1870, to make new homes in Maine. The commissioner was authorized to "take the Swedes into our northern forests, locate them on Township Number 15, Range 3, west of the east line of the state, give every head of a family one hundred acres of woodland for a farm, and do whatever else might be necessary to root this Swedish colony firmly in the soil of Maine." The company arrived at Halifax on July 13, crossed the peninsula of Nova Scotia and over the Bay of Fundy to St. John, ascended the river by steamer and flat-boats to Tobique Landing, and thence traveled by wagon to their destination at the township which Mr. Thomas baptized New Sweden.

Here is his description of the township: "New Sweden lies in latitude 47 degrees north, about the same latitude as the city of Quebec. There are few better towns in Maine for agricultural purposes. On every hand the land rolls up into gentle hard wood ridges, covered with a stately growth of maple, birch, beech and ash. In every valley between these ridges flows a brook, and along its banks grow the spruce, fir and cedar. The soil is a rich, light loam, overlying a hard layer of clay, which in turn rests upon a ledge of rotten slate, with perpendicular rift. The ledge seldom crops out, and the land is remarkably free from stones." In preparation for the coming of the settlers a chopping of five acres had been made on each of the 100-acre lots assigned them, and an 18 by 26 foot log cabin built and furnished with a cooking stove. This was the sole gratuitous aid given by the state to the Swedish settlers who had paid their own passage from Sweden. They came with scanty equipment, having not even so much as chairs in the way of furniture; and the only animals taken into the woods by the colony were two

kittens, picked up by Swedish children on the drive in from Tobique.

It was the community planted under such conditions that I came to visit on an afternoon soon after my interview with Mr. Thomas; and I bore a note from him to the Rev. Olof P. Fogelin, pastor of the Congrega-



STURDY CHILDREN OF AROOSTOOK

lin, pastor of the Congrega-  
tional church there, who was  
to be my guide and referee  
during the time I was to spend  
in New Sweden. Instead of  
taking the usual, and gener-  
ally preferable route, and  
traveling the eight miles by  
team from Caribou, I chose,  
on account of rain and muddy  
roads, to go by rail to Jemt-  
land, where the stage, I was  
informed, would take me to  
Peterson's, the one hotel in  
all the Swedish settlements.

Alighting from the train at Jemtland station—Jemtland is the northern part of New Sweden, as Nelson is the southern part—I found the stage to be a one-seated wagon, driven by a small boy who spoke very imperfect English. Fortunately I was the only passenger, so there was room for all. We bumped and splashed for some miles over a road that led westward through a spruce and cedar swamp and then, at the base of the hills that rolled up ahead, came to a little settlement composed of a group of mills, two stores and several dwelling houses. The boy stopped the team at one of the stores and handed out the mail bags to an old man who came to take them.

“Is this Jemtland?” I asked the boy.

“Yes,” he answered, nodding.

I got out of the wagon and went into the store. The old man had taken the mail bags into a rear compartment and came back to the front. I asked him where Peterson's hotel was. He looked at me cautiously.

"It is a poor place," he said.

"All right, I'll take a look at it, anyhow," I answered. "Would you mind showing me where it is?"

He led the way to where, a little distance in the rear of the store, there was a story and a half cottage, and entering, showed me some sleeping rooms. The whole place looked tidy and comfortable.

"Are you Mr. Peterson?" I asked.

"Yaw," he answered.

But I did not stay at Peterson's after all. My letter signed by Mr. Thomas, "Father Thomas" the New Sweden people all call him—was an "open sesame" to the hospitality of the community. Mr. Jacob Hedman, storekeeper, mill owner, postmaster and principal business man generally in Jemtland, volunteered to drive me in his carriage over to Mr. Fogelin's home, five miles away.



TYPICAL OF A MAINE-SWEDEN HOME.

But first we must see Stockholm, and we drove northward two miles along a ridge with fine farms on either hand. All was change from Acadia which I had left so recently—yet strangely enough, I was among a people of the same strain of blood as those whom I had left in the Madawaska territory, for both were of Scandinavian origin: the Acadians of Norman-French stock being separated from the Swedes less in consanguinity than by the influence of a thousand years' residence in France and America. Here the people whom I met or saw in the fields and houses, were larger of frame and more stalwart than the Madawaskans; the men brown-bearded and tall; the women and children blonde-haired and fair of face; and all taking life more seriously than do the light-hearted Acadians. There was everywhere a visible prosperity. At one house where we stayed to call, the mistress of the house was attired in a black, well-fitting gown as any lady in a town might be who was prepared to receive visitors in the afternoon. Her two daughters of 18 and 14 years presently came into the room—I wish I could remember their names, though I am sorry to say, they were Americanized—and while a trifle timid in the presence of a stranger, they carried themselves quite as becomingly as any well trained American girls might. There was a piano, and the elder girl, to her own accompaniment, sang some Swedish hymns very sweetly. Both of the girls spoke perfect English with only a little of the crisp Swedish enunciation, and softer voices, to distinguish their accent from that of the average educated American girl. We found things more farm-like at other places where we called, but everywhere there was neatness and plenty and comfort. The fine horses that we met on the road, the blooded stock that fed in the pastures—all these things were a great transformation from the time a quarter of a century ago when the early settlers were living in log huts, with furniture of their own making, and were doing their plowing and hauling with a single steer or cow harnessed with ropes.

From Stockholm we drove five miles over hills to the house of Mr. Fogelin in New Sweden—a farmhouse set against a hillside

with woods above that ran from the yard up to the top of the eminence. I delivered my letter which was sufficient to secure me a cordial welcome.

I was pressed to stay all night and it was arranged that I should do this and that Mr. Fogelin should drive me through New Sweden to the railroad station in the morning, showing me the town as we went. There is nothing of the austerity of the oldtime Calvinistic minister in this big, hearty, unaffectedly pious man who on his farm, like St. Paul with his tentmakers' tools, works as well as prays. His family is large, and from the circumstances attending his vocation, the duties of entertaining visitors oftentimes falls heavily on him and his stout and comely wife, but nothing can disturb the cheerfulness of this excellent and jolly couple. At supper, in accordance with old Swedish custom, the farm help and all the children sat at the table, and when the meal was over, Mr. Fogelin told me many things of New Sweden, and of his parish work as a Congregational minister there.

New Sweden is in truth a community of church-goers. Nearly every adult Swede is a church member, and nearly every one in the settlements, old and young, attends public religious services every Sunday the whole year round. The pervading atmosphere of life in New Sweden is temperate, industrious and religious, and there never has been a rum shop in the settlement. That the Swedes are a healthy and prolific race is shown by the fact that from the date of settlement of New Sweden until now the births have outnumbered the deaths in the ratio of 3.43 to 1, which is a good showing even in Aroostook. As for their industry, entering as they did an unbroken forest scarcely any one of the Swedes has cleared less than 30 acres, most have cleared from 30 to 50 acres, while a few who have acquired more than one lot have 100-acre clearings. In the aggregate these Swedes have cleared and put into grass and crops more than 8,000 acres. In 1894 the value of their farm products was \$173,730; of their factories and mills, \$69,070; and the value of their buildings, clearings, tools and stock, \$528,895. To-day these values, at a very moderate estimate, must have doubled.

And all these values have been created where not the worth of a dollar was produced 32 years ago.

For most of these figures I am indebted to Mr. Thomas. But they crystallize the substance of my conversation with Mr. Fogelin. After our talk came prayers, an early bedtime and then in the morning after a breakfast in which the cream, butter, fresh eggs and berries attested the productiveness of his farm, the start was made with Mr. Fogelin in an open wagon, to drive through New Sweden on the way to the station. In this morning trip there was the same panoramic succession of well tilled



A LITTLE SWIDE

farms, good houses, great barns and orchards that I had seen in my drive of the day before. And with the farms appeared the schoolhouse. There are seven schoolhouses now in the town, which is a great improvement on the time, a quarter of a century ago, when some of the children came to the single school five miles through the woods, slipping over the snow on skidor or Swedish snowshoes. They still use the skidor in the heavy winter snows, but there are no such distances now to travel to the schoolhouse as there were then. We did not visit any of the mills—but there

are grist and lumber and starch mills in the town; and, above all, shingle mills where shingles are sawed out by machinery instead of being shaved into shape by hand as they were in the early days of the settlement. The Swedes made famous shaved shingles and many of them, then, as they well might, when bundles of shingles were their only currency with which to buy goods of the American traders.

The village of New Sweden, with houses and stores in appearance quite like those of most other Aroostook villages of its size, runs largely to churches, of which there are four—a Baptist, a

Congregationalist, an Advent and a Lutheran church. A feature of every church, suggestive of the distances the people have to travel to attend divine worship, and also of their care for dumb animals, is the great horse shed in its rear—a long, low, frame stable in which, even in the coldest days of winter, the horses stand warm and comfortable in the long double row of stalls, while their masters worship within the church.

“That is the capitol,” said Mr. Fogelin, pointing to a building that stood at the cross-roads in the center of the village. It was a two-story, frame building, about 45 feet long by 30 feet wide. “It is the oldest public building in New Sweden. It was built in the first year of the colony as a sort of general headquarters and it has served since for many purposes—as church, schoolhouse, town house and general meeting place for the colony. It used to have a tower but that went long ago.”

It is the central point, this old building, of the Swedish colonization in Aroostook, standing as it does in the fifty-acre lot reserved for public uses in the precise center of the original settlement. Since its building the little band of 50 Swedes who dwelt around it has become a population of 867 in New Sweden, and has spread in still greater numbers beyond its borders into the townships of Stockholm and Westmanland, organized as plantations by Swedes, and the adjacent parts of Woodland, Caribou and Perham, so that there is now a compact settlement of at least 1800 Swedes about the “capitol.” Beyond these are the Swedish artisans and skilled workmen drawn to Maine by New Sweden who have found work in the slate quarries of Piscataquis county, in the great tanneries and sawmills of Penobscot and in stores and workshops of the towns and cities of Maine. “Since the founding of the colony,” I am quoting from Mr. Thomas, “the Swedish girls have ever furnished needed and valuable help in our families in all sections of the state. Some Swedish immigrants who came to us in independent circumstances purchased improved farms in Aroostook county; while many Swedes with less means, settled on abandoned farms in Cumberland, York and our other older counties. These deserted homesteads have been placed by the Swedes in a high

state of cultivation; indeed Swedish immigration is proving to be the happy solution of the 'abandoned farms' question in Maine."

Few immigrants that come from over sea assimilate themselves so readily with American ways as do the Swedes, and the people



IN DEINAPA COSTUME

of New Sweden are no exception. Besides this the stern necessities of the situation during the first years of the colonization, compelling rigid economy and toil almost unceasing under new conditions, tended to bring old country customs into disuse. The language, the wooden shoes, the skidor, or snow skates, the heavy silver spoons and some odd bits of silver or wooden ware brought from Sweden were the chief survivals in their daily life of the things and customs of the land they had quitted. But as their means increased and the fear of failure and famine passed the settlers found time to renew some of their old customs of pleasure taking. In their greater prosperity they now were able to entertain the visitors with cake and coffee, without which, to the Swedish mind, hospitality seems a barren form. They never had been so poor but that when Christmas came the sheaf of oats was put out on a pole for the birds, and the domestic animals got an extra allowance of feed; but now they could observe the day for themselves. They looked on approvingly while the young people celebrated the day with dancing, ring games and blind-man's buff and other harmless sports, the girls

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often wearing for the occasion, some gold or silver ornament that at other times was jealously hoarded as an heirloom. But even in these merrymeetings the deep religious nature of the Scandinavian asserted itself for they were preceded by church service and often were begun or ended with prayer. And New Year's among the Swedes is observed wholly as a religious day.

A pretty winter custom prevails among the New Sweden children, which is the burning of the *Sno Lykta*, the snow light. A high conical house made of loosely packed snowballs is built, and a lighted candle placed within it causes the structure to glow in the night time with a strong and mellow radiance. With these snow lights the children in the early evening exchange signals between houses from hill to hill, and the effect of these sottly luminous beacons crowning the hilltops is strikingly beautiful. The youths and maidens watch and help the children, often bareheaded and barehanded, while their elders stand in the doorway to enjoy the spectacle—for the cold of an Aroostook



THE MIDSUMMER FESTIVAL - NEW SWEDEN

winter has little dread for people who traveled southward through 14 degrees of latitude to come from Stockholm, in Sweden, to their American homes. The boys welcome spring,



THE NEW SWEDEN BAND

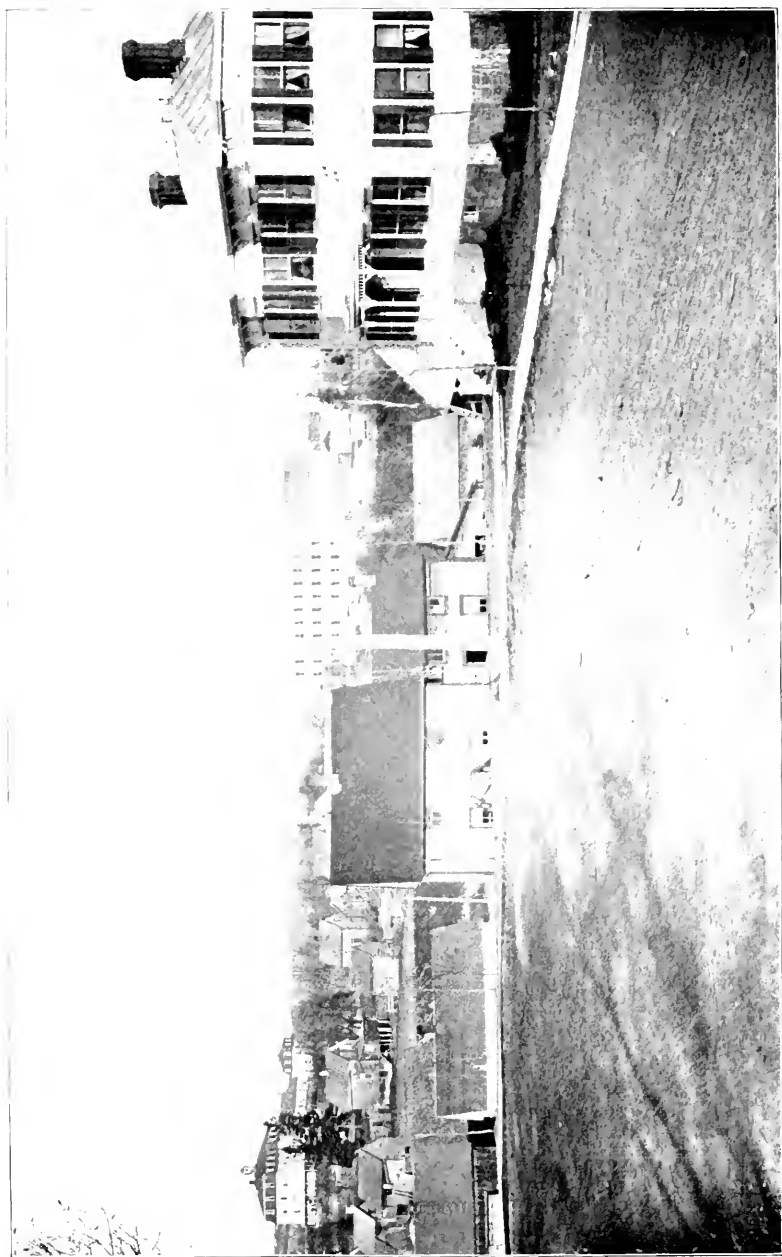
on the eve of May 1, by bonfires built on the hilltops. Midsummer, the day of which is June 22, is, next to Christmas, the most merry festival. There are green boughs and festoons of evergreens and wild flowers about the farmhouse verandas and gateways in joy of the day, and a public celebration with music and song and oratory and a collation is a customary feature of the occasion. In all the joyousness of these festivals the elderly people are sharers, for the fondness of the old for the young is a marked and pleasing trait of the Swedish character.

My ride with Mr. Fogelin through New Sweden, enlivened by his apt descriptions of the scenes we passed, was drawing to an end. We were beyond the village and before us the high lands dropped into the lower levels where the road for the rest

of the way to the station led through a cedar swamp. At a farmhouse by the roadside a farmer, driving with his family to town, had halted his team to make a neighborly call. While their elders talked within doors the young people had gone out into the orchard and, grouped beneath the trees, chatting and laughing, were seven or eight girls whose ages would range from 14 to 18 years. The apple blossoms were on the trees, and the girls' complexions—that Swedish clear, blonde tint that the sun cannot burn—lost nothing by the contrast. Fine of form, full of health and strength and animation, and happy in the sheer delight of living, with white teeth flashing as they laughed, they made a charming tableau—and I felt that this flower scene that closed my visit to New Sweden was best of all.

Forth the pilgrim eager started  
 From the settled southern country,  
 Set his steps toward the northward,  
 To the region of Aroostook;  
 To the land of farms and woodland,  
 Oats and hay and big potatoes,  
 Horses, sheep and Durham cattle,  
 Here the fields are smooth and spreading,  
 And the homes are rich and happy;  
 Here the people, well contented,  
 Feel themselves not small potatoes:  
 Living in the biggest county  
 Of the state, and eke New England;  
 Biggest and the most productive,  
 Here the spruce and pine trees tower,  
 And the cedar spreads its fragrance;  
 Beauty flashes from the waters  
 Of the rivers, lakes and lakelets;  
 Majesty enfolds the forests,  
 And the mediæval customs  
 Linger in Acadian hamlets  
 Where bright-eyed Evangeline,  
 Jeanne, Aimee and fair Delphine  
 Gossip at their spinning wheels,  
 While spun flax grows on the reels.


—*The Aroostook Pilgrim, Canto I.*



VAN BUREN — A PORTION OF A VERY BUSY TOWN

## CHAPTER VIII.

AGRICULTURE — THE BACKBONE OF AROOSTOOK PROSPERITY.  
COMING TOWNS OF THE COUNTY. L'ENVOI.

N the farming belt of Aroostook there are six leading towns, or, I might better say, in that part where the farming possibilities of the county have been developed, for everywhere in its wooded uplands is the soil of rich yellow-brown loam, above the bed of porous limestone, that has made the name Aroostook the synonym of agricultural productiveness. These towns, named with their populations, are Van Buren, 1878 ; Limestone, 1131 ; Caribou, 4758 ; Fort Fairfield, 4181 ; Presque Isle, 3804 ; Houlton, 4686 ; and all are connected with Bangor and the west by the lines of the Bangor & Aroostook railroad. Fort Kent, with its 2,528 inhabitants, has an Acadian population within and about it which carries agriculture scarcely beyond the point of supplying products for home consumption.

Houlton, the oldest and handsomest of these towns, has some fine houses and the Ricker Classical institute, an admirable seminary ; but all have a westernism of character hard to match in any state east of the Mississippi river. There is wealth and liberality and public spirit in all, but, except Houlton, the towns seem to have been rushed along so fast through the growth of business that they have not had time or leisure to stop and settle themselves into shape, and grow beautiful. All are thriving ; all have the telephone and boards-of-trade ; all have good hotels ; and those that have not already got the electric lights and water-works are hustling toward that end with all possible speed.

The development of Van Buren has features that differ characteristically from those of the other towns named, for, instead of growing from the wilderness, its modern expansion is founded upon the old and conservative civilization of the Acadian French, who founded the town as St. Bruno more than a hundred years ago. But the irrepressible energy of the presiding genius of the place, the progressive, the energetic, the genial Peter Charles Keegan, is equal to the overcoming of all obstacles, and at the time of my visit to Van Buren he was closing the arrangements with a company for the building of waterworks in the town.

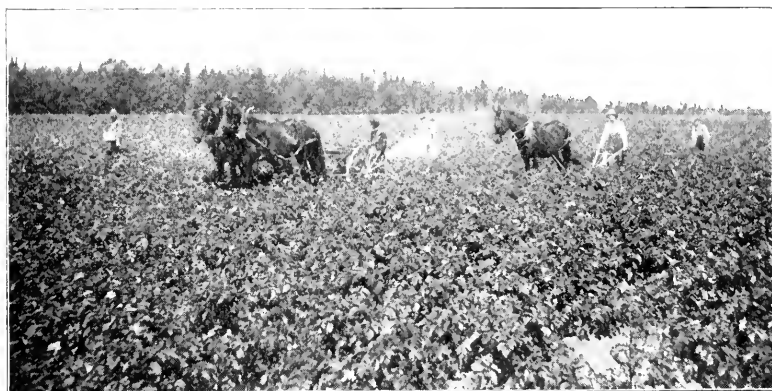
It is not my purpose to describe the towns in detail. In Van Buren the great lumber mills and the mercantile trade of a wide rural district constitute the chief industries. In the other towns are starch and lumber mills, but the impetus that drives their business comes from the inpouring of the crops of Aroostook.

In its present state of development the productive agricultural belt of Aroostook is a strip from six to twelve miles wide, extending from Houlton to Stockholm, a distance of about 75 miles, and bisected, lengthwise, by the Bangor & Aroostook railroad. While there is land equally fertile in every part of the county, this narrow strip is the part that has been rendered productive, and from it comes substantially all of those enormous yields of wheat, potatoes, oats and hay that already have placed Aroostook in the foremost rank of agricultural counties in the United States. Practically all this productive strip has been hewn from the forest within the last 30 years, but from its appearance it might have been cultivated for centuries, so smooth and settled does the face of nature appear.

There are three towns, Fort Fairfield, Caribou and Presque Isle, that may be termed the garden towns of Aroostook. All are in the Aroostook River valley, Fort Fairfield with its old blockhouse built in 1839 to defend it from invasion, lies upon the frontier, and from the hilltops of the town one may look forth upon the slopes and valleys of New Brunswick. Above it on the river are Caribou and Presque Isle. Such a picture of pastoral peace and plenty as these townships present I believe is not surpassed in all the world. Along the river teeming with logs

on the way to the lumber mills, are reaches of intervale as level as a table. From the high banks that rise from river or intervale stretches back the valley, with slope behind slope rolling upward from it in those low, rounded contours that are typical of the Aroostook landscape. The open lands are as smooth and even as a laid carpet; the forest reaches of towering hardwood trees stand against the sky like groves. When I was there in May the tree-tints were pale green, the earth-carpet was soft brown where the potatoes had been planted and the grain sown and rolled. In July the whole land is a riot of green. The woods foliage has deepened in tone; the waving fields of wheat and oats display a thousand verdurous tints as the tall stalks sway in the breeze; already the clover aftermath is hiding the stubble of the early-mown hayfields. Only in the potato fields, which now are a-bloom in tints of white and yellow, can the brown earth still be seen between the rows; but next month, when the grain fields turn golden for the reaping, the potato vines, then at the height of their growth, will have changed the face of the ground into the aspect of long, symmetrical ridges of green.

"Let your pen gallop; write everything good you please. You can't overdo Aroostook," said a very matter-of-fact Bangor friend to me on learning that I intended to visit New England's Garden.



POTATOES FOR THE MILLIONS—MILLIONS FOR THE GROWERS

He knew whereof he spoke, and I, seeing, now believe. There is an opulence, a luxuriant energy in nature here that seems to be imparted to everything that moves or grows. The people that have grown up here are fine, sturdy types of humanity, energetic, open-hearted, frank and cordial of manner. Wages are higher in Aroostook than anywhere else in New England, and the farmer and the man who works for day's



PHILIP CHARLES KEEGAN

wages alike live better and have more comforts and luxuries than men in the same spheres have almost anywhere else. There is a property to the limestone soil that is the element of growth and fine quality in vegetation, and not merely does it respond to the planting with plentiful harvests but the Aroostook oats and hay and wheat, like the potatoes, from their excellence all command a special value in the markets of the nation. Horses and

cattle attain an unusual size and sleekness, and in the growing of lambs and fine mutton sheep Aroostook is not surpassed by any state of the Union.

Here are my notes of two farms that I visited in the Aroostook valley. Alfred Bishop's farm at Fort Fairfield contains 300 acres, and I visited his 50-acre potato field. He raised 4000 barrels of marketable potatoes last year, besides 600 barrels of inferior potatoes that were sent to the starch factory; his crops included 25 tons of hay, 200 bushels of wheat, and 800 bushels of oats.

E. L. Hayden of Presque Isle: his farm of 600 acres includes a 100-acre hardwood lot. He has 225 acres under cultivation, apportioned this year as follows: Sixty-two acres potatoes, 50 acres grain, 30 acres pasture, 83 acres hay. He raised last year 7000 barrels of potatoes, and he wintered 52 cattle, 14 horses, and 45 sheep. His sheep are of the Cotswold variety, kept for the production of lambs and mutton, but he gets from them also an average shearing of eight or nine pounds of wool apiece,



worth 16 cents a pound. He has 25 milk-giving Holstein cows, and sells cream to the value of from \$100 to \$125 per month. His income last year from the sale of potatoes, oats and hay, was \$14,680.

It was at Houlton, in May, that I saw the planting of potatoes. Coming eastward from Ashland Junction I had been impressed with the farms with their great tillage fields that spread broader and broader as I approached Aroostook's county town, and on the day of my arrival I accepted gladly an invitation from Mr. William Martin to drive out to the farm of John Watson, merchant and starch manufacturer, a mile and a half from the village. Houlton is a handsome town even for New England, with its trees, fine residences, public buildings and the beautiful Meduxnekeag river that winds through the heart of the township. Beyond the village houses the country opened out into the typical Aroostook landscape of farms, with small houses, great barns and vast stretches of open, cultivated country, which at this season was alive with men and horses engaged in "putting in the crops." Arrived at the farm we passed along a lane, through broad fields sown with oats and wheat, to the nearest potato field, which was 35 acres in extent.

Here his men were planting potatoes—with a machine, of course, for from the time the seed potatoes are cut for planting until the crop is dug all the work in the field is done by machinery. The land has been ploughed and then harrowed smooth; the planting machine was about four feet long, with a magazine of commercial fertilizer in front, and one of seed potatoes in the rear; a man on the seat in front drove the horses and a boy on the seat behind kept the cylinder clear through which the potatoes found their way, one by one, to the furrow. The machine, as the horses drew it steadily along, made the furrow, dropped a portion of fertilizer in it, covered it with earth, dropped a seed potato upon the earth above the fertilizer and covered it, and repeated this process at intervals of a foot to the end of the row. The field after the planting appeared as smooth almost as before, with the planted rows indicated by tiny ridges 30 inches apart.

In the course of three or four weeks the potatoes have rooted and the budding vines have appeared at the surface, marking the field in dotted lines of green. Then a cultivator is run between the rows to loosen the soil, and the hoeing machine follows which makes a hill above each potato-shoot, burying it to a depth of four or five inches. This covering of the vines, which is done to cause the potatoes to root strongly, is a wrinkle borrowed possibly from the Acadian French who practice it. About the first of July, when the potato tops have pushed through the earth above them, the potatoes again are hoed and hilled and this time the tops are not covered with earth. The hill is now about eight or ten inches high, and as many inches in length and breadth, and it serves the two-fold purpose of holding the growing tubers above all wet and dampness, which would rot them, and of affording a bed sufficiently large for all to cuddle and grow in without crowding one another from under their earth coverlet into the sunlight which would turn them green. This second hoeing concludes the tillage of the crop.

For the refection of the potato bug, who appears in the fields punctually in his season, a solution of paris green must be prepared with which the potato vines are sprayed, once in July and once in August, which in ordinary weather is sufficient provision for his visit. As the color of paris green is much the same as that of the vines, the bug does not perceive the addition, and attacks them cheerfully, but does not get far along in his feast before he falls to the ground to fertilize with his remains the plant he sought to destroy.

More insidiously deadly to the growing potato vines is the fungus, which comes in stillness and unseen, like the thief in the night, and blights the field as if in a breath. This enemy can make his attack only in certain conditions of the atmosphere. So long as the weather is clear and dry the vines are safe; but when the day turns overcast and humid, within certain degrees of temperature, the fungus, beginning at some one point, will sweep over a 50-acre potato field in two days. At its fatal touch the plant blackens and dies outright or lingers through the season in a feeble struggle for existence that leaves no energy

available for the development of the tubers. When once the fungus appears in a field there is no time then to stem its advance and the crop is lost; the only safety from its attacks is to anticipate them by spraying the vines four or five times in the season with the Bordeaux mixture, a solution of sulphate of copper and carbonate of lime in equal parts, which, if thoroughly done, will keep the fungus from the field. The spraying is performed with an atomizing machine, and now the inventive genius of Aroostook is exercised upon the problem of the best way to combine paris green and the fungicide solution into one mixture which may be successfully applied to the vines in a single operation.



CROPS THAT MAKE THE SEASON'S WORK WORTH WHILE

With the coming of September the danger from enemies of the vines has passed and the potato harvest begins. The tubers have not yet got their full growth, but there is a cry for Aroostook potatoes from all over the American land, and it is early in the season that they fetch the highest prices. The harvest time

lasts until the 10th of October, by which time it is safe to assume that all of Aroostook's potato crop is garnered. The potatoes are dug with a machine which turns them from two rows at once into the common furrow between. The picking is done by hand, and is the only part of the field work for which no practicable machinery has been as yet invented. Bands of men and women from distant localities appear in the fall in the Aroostook farming country to engage in potato picking, much as the strollers swarm from the New York cities into the hop-growing counties to pick hops in the harvest season. The small and the damaged potatoes are hauled to the starch factory; the merchantable ones are sold to the potato-buyer or stored in frost-proof dug-outs, underground structures which the farmers call "greenhouses," to await a better market in the spring.

With the beginning of the potato harvest the starch mills are started up, and they are run at full pressure, often night and day, for about two months, or until the potato supply ceases to pour in. Then they are closed down, and they are not opened up again until the next season. The farmers hauling to these mills their small and damaged potatoes, receive for them from 25 to 30 cents a bushel, which they regard almost as clear gain. There are 54 starch mills in Aroostook county, which produce annually from 6,000 to 7,000 tons of starch. T. H. Phair, of Presque Isle, is the largest individual starch manufacturer in Aroostook; he has 13 factories situated in nine different towns, and their annual output of starch is from 2,000 to 3,000 tons.

To prepare new land for a potato crop it is plowed in the fall so that the frosts and thaws of winter shall thoroughly disintegrate the sod. Then by harrowing in the spring the land is rendered sufficiently smooth and mellow for cultivation. Land ordinarily is planted with potatoes for two years, then sown with grain and grass seed, and one crop of grain and two crops of grass are taken from it before it is planted again with potatoes. Two potato crops in succession are regarded by some farmers as too exhaustive to the land, and the method pursued by Mr. E. L. Hayden, of Presque Isle, one of the most successful farmers in Aroostook county, is to plant one crop of potatoes, followed

by a crop of grain and two or three years of clover and herdsgrass, before planting again with potatoes. The land is fertilized for a potato crop by plowing the aftermath of clover under in the fall, and by the use of commercial fertilizers containing the potash, the nitrogen and phosphates which the potato requires for its growth. Barnyard manures are not regarded as of advantage to the potato crop, although they enrich the land beneficially for the grains and the hay.



FROST-PROOF STORAGE FOR 15,000 BARRELS OF POTATOES

Prof. Charles D. Woods, head of the agricultural department of the Maine State University, is conducting a series of experiments at Mr. Watson's farm, in Houlton, with reference to the potato and its enemies, and particularly to the application of fungicides. Also this year there is in process on this farm an interesting experiment in wheat culture. Five varieties of wheat have been planted in five separate acres with the view of testing their merits by comparison. To make the experiment conclusive a portion of the wheat from each acre is to be sent to

the Minneapolis mills to be made into flour there, and equal portions are to be ground in Aroostook flouring mills for comparison with the flour made in the western mills. In recent years wheat culture has become an important feature in Aroostook farming, to the great advantage of the land and the farmers' present profits as well. Crops of 30 bushels to the acre are common, and the Aroostook wheat is of the best quality. Flouring mills have been established in various parts of the county and their product bears comparison with the flour brought from any other part of the country. It is well that wheat planting is on the increase, for oats and potatoes are products exhausting to the land, and incessant cropping on the same lines might in time wear out even the fertile Aroostook soil.

At Presque Isle I visited the warehouse of Mr. George E. Robinson, a potato buyer, and the establishment gave me some idea of the scale on which the potato industry is conducted in Aroostook. His potato house is a building 120 feet by 60 feet in length and breadth, so situated on a slope that the loaded teams may be driven in on the second floor and the potatoes sluiced to the floor below, which is on a level with the car floors of the Bangor and Aroostook tracks in the rear. The cellar is frost-proof and it has a capacity of storing 13,000 barrels or 35,000 bushels, of potatoes; also he has two other warehouses in Presque Isle, the united capacity of which is 6,000 barrels. His firm, the Robinson Company, has warehouses in the ten principal Aroostook towns, and its potato shipments during the past season were 1,009 carloads, or 555,000 bushels, which were bought at an average price of  $66\frac{2}{3}$  cents a bushel. A great and constant demand for the Aroostook potato is for seed in the Middle and Southern States, and of the 1,009 carloads of potatoes shipped by the Robinson Company 150 carloads went for seed to 18 different states extending from Pennsylvania and Ohio southward to Texas. The seed potatoes are carefully selected and assorted so that only the variety desired shall be sent in response to an order—for of varieties of the potato in Aroostook there is no end. In a list that Mr. Robinson handed me are  $2\frac{7}{8}$  varieties, many of which bear names as poetical as

flowers. Indeed three of the potatoes are roses, the Early, the Late and the Hampden Rose. Then there is the Beauty of Hebron, the New Queen, the Pride of the South and the Pearl of Savoy, and in the way of ponderous dignity the Polaris, the White Elephant and the Empire State, and named in some moment when the prose muse had her inning, the Early Harvest, the Dakota Red and the Uncle Sam. It is a wonder that with all its wealth of titles the Aroostook tuber is content to remain in business as a plain potato, instead of giving itself airs as a *pomme de terre*.

There seems no limit to the demand for seed potatoes in the Southern States, for there the potato degenerates so fast that the seed has to be renewed from the north almost yearly. The same is true in a modified degree of the Middle States and, as scientific potato culture is carried in Aroostook to the highest degree, with the frequent introduction of new varieties, there can be little doubt that the Garden County eventually will be depended on by the entire country, and, perhaps the world, for seed potatoes. The variety most in demand in the south is the Early Rose, while in the Middle States the potatoes that mature later in the season are more in favor. In Aroostook county the Beauty of Hebron, the Green Mountains and the Dakota Red seem the most in favor at present; but the popularity of a potato is as transient as the reign of a society belle, and no one can predict what new varieties will have come to the front five years from now.

From April 1, 1901 to April 1, 1902, there were shipped from Aroostook county, via the Bangor & Aroostook railroad, 4,431,739 bushels, or 1,611,540 barrels of potatoes. There were raised in the county in the same year 5,582,563 bushels or 2,030,024 barrels of potatoes, besides the potatoes used in making more than 6,000 tons of starch. In the same year there were shipped over the Bangor & Aroostook road, from Aroostook, 16,340 tons of hay; and there was cut in the county, by the most reliable estimates, 59,631 tons. Of wheat there was brought to the mills last year 99,000 bushels worth \$79,200; of oats, buckwheat and barley there was produced 1,200,000

bushels, returning \$550,000. From stock, wool, pork, poultry, dairy products and eggs, \$300,000 was realized. The report of the census bureau from which these figures are taken, shows that Aroostook stands fourth among all the counties of the country in the number of her farms and, so far as computed, second in the total value of her farm products. The following figures from the United States census report of 1900 show the value of the farm and lumber products in Aroostook in the year 1900:

Potatoes . . . . .	\$3,512,000
Starch . . . . .	420,000
Hay . . . . .	715,000
Lumber . . . . .	1,930,000
Ties, Shingles, Bark, etc . . . . .	500,000
Cereals and Fruit . . . . .	655,000
Stock, Wool, Pork and Poultry . . . . .	300,000
Total . . . . .	\$8,032,000

Of this magnificent total, \$5,602,000, the value of the agricultural product, was taken from the 400,000 acres of improved land in the county. There remains of unimproved land 4,440,000 acres, much of which, when its valuable forest mantle shall have been removed, will be as good for agricultural purposes as that which now has been developed.

While all farming may be said to pay well in Aroostook, the profits in some cases are astonishingly great. Instances are numerous in which the buyers of improved farms, costing from \$4,000 to \$6,000, have paid the entire amount of the purchase money in two years from the products of the land, and cases in fact are not infrequent in which the entire payment has been made from the gains of a single year. The average yield of Aroostook potato fields is nearly 200 bushels an acre, and there have been cases in the Aroostook valley in which a crop of 700 or 800 bushels has been taken from a single acre. Probably the greatest profit ever derived from a single crop on a field of similar extent anywhere in the world was made last year by the firm of Cleveland & Ludwig from a 40-acre potato field on their



farm at Houlton. They sold 1,400 barrels of early potatoes for \$5,600, and 2,000 barrels of later varieties for \$3,200, besides \$55 of inferior potatoes sold to the starch factories. When the expenses of cultivation which, all told, amounted to \$1,749.44, were deducted, there remained a net profit of \$7,105.56, or \$177.64 an acre. From another Aroostook farm, that of E. E. Parkhurst & Co., Presque Isle, the gross receipts last year from the sale of potatoes, hay and grain, were \$22,400; in the same town the gross receipts of the eight leading farms, from the sale of the same three staples, averaged \$11,363 apiece. These figures serve to illustrate the rewards that go with intelligent farming in Aroostook, and explain the immigration through which mainly the population in this county increased from 49,589 to 60,744 in the decade between 1890 and 1900.

At the Exchange hotel, where I stayed during my visit at Houlton, both Chicago and native beef were on the bill-of-fare on the day of my arrival, and I chose the native. Next morning only native beef was served at breakfast and, after the meal, the landlord came to me and apologized for the lack of Chicago beef.

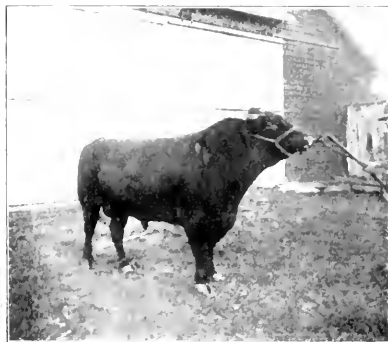
"The supply of Chicago beef in town gave out yesterday," he said. "There will be some more along later in the day."

"Don't trouble to apologize," I answered. "The native beef, when properly prepared, is vastly better than the western beef. Why don't you serve it altogether?"

"The farmers will not fatten the animals for market as the western animals are fattened, for one thing," he said. "But the main reason we do not use the native beef more is that there are no facilities for keeping it long enough before using. We have no cold-storage plants in Aroostook. So we have to rely upon Chicago — or the Boston shippers from that city, rather — for our supply of tender, well kept beef."

Thus for lack of cold-storage plants, and because the farmers will not fatten cattle for the market, Aroostook county, with her grain fields and superabundance of grass and hay, exports oats and hay and potatoes to the westward and has to look to Chicago for beef. And her fields are manured almost wholly with imported

fertilizers, instead of the waste products returned to the soil through the medium of domestic animals. But I find that stock farming and dairying are steadily coming into vogue in Aroostook, and that in them, more even than in "King Potato," lies the agricultural future of the county. The advantages of Aroostook for these industries are manifold. Its grasses are the richest and most luxuriant in the state; its pasturage is the finest in the whole eastern country; and the scorching droughts of other sections are entirely unknown. As soon as the hay is cut the next crop springs up, and in September, when the fields in other parts of New England are brown and bare, Aroostook is covered with a rich verdure affording abundant feed until late in the fall. Stock comes to the barn in excellent condition, where ample mows filled with the best of hay, provide their winter keeping. The Aroostook soil, so prolific of all vegetation, is especially adapted for the raising of vegetables in a high degree of perfection, and if the farmers utilize their blessings the cultivation of the carrot, the turnip and the sugar beet for stock feeding will eventually become an industry of great proportions.



"NELSON" WEIGHED 2,700 LBS.

It is encouraging to the lover of fine stock, who believes that the farmers' best future lies in this branch of husbandry, to see the cattle, though relatively few in number, and the flocks, though small, that appear in the pastures as he travels the Aroostook farming county in any direction. The sheep, which almost invariably are of the great Cotswold variety, are very prolific here and with a flock of 50 sheep one will see as many vigorous lambs disporting themselves in the spring time. The profit to the farmer comes both from the wool and from the lambs which are sent to market. The mutton of sheep fed on the sweet Aroostook grass is of a quality that surpasses even the famous

English mutton. In the way of cattle I already have referred to E. L. Hayden's herd of 52 animals at Presque Isle.

The largest stock farm that I visited in the Aroostook was that of the Hopkins Brothers at Fort Fairfield. Here on their 360-acre farm, situated on a beautiful eminence, southwest from the village, they have 61 Durham cattle, the head of the herd being the lordly Shorthorn bull "Nelson," which at four years old weighs 2700 pounds. On the place also 60 hogs are kept, and it requires 20 horses all the time to do the work of the establishment. Three hundred tons of hay is cut on the farm yearly, and one and a half tons is fed daily to the stock. There is a carpenter and blacksmith shop on the place, and a slaughter-house, and also a store in town for the sale of meat—for one of the purposes of the Hopkins Brothers is the supplying of Aroostook raised beef in place of the imported beef in the markets of the county.

In taking my leave of "Fair Aroostook," it is with the faith that I shall come again. "Whoever drinks of the Rio Grande waters will return to the river, no matter how far away he goes," say the Mexicans—and in like measure Aroostook's incomparable charms must draw back to her whomsoever has once fallen under her spell, though seas and continents divide. In the vast woods and garden land the types of humanity are as composite and satisfying as the blending green and brown and gold of her harvest fields.

Here one finds New England, moral and religious, with her harsh and narrow aspects of human character softened and broadened into harmonies akin to the landscape charm of the



AROOSTOOK IS PROUD OF ITS MAIDENS

rounded fertile hills that roll back to the sky line on every hand. Here is Scandinavia, transplanted into New Sweden and Stockholm and Westmanland, with roots that have struck deep and branches that have waxed and spread until the slender colony that settled in the Maine forest thirty-two years ago has become a large and prosperous community made up of the best of citizens. And here, on the bank of the St. John, is mediæval France merged in harmony with our institutions, its sons and daughters eager learners at American schools, and its note of patriotic sentiment expressed in the refrain of its Acadian folk-song, "Madawaska," "How good it is to be an American."



HOMeward BOUND—THE LATE AUTHOR'S LAST TRIP



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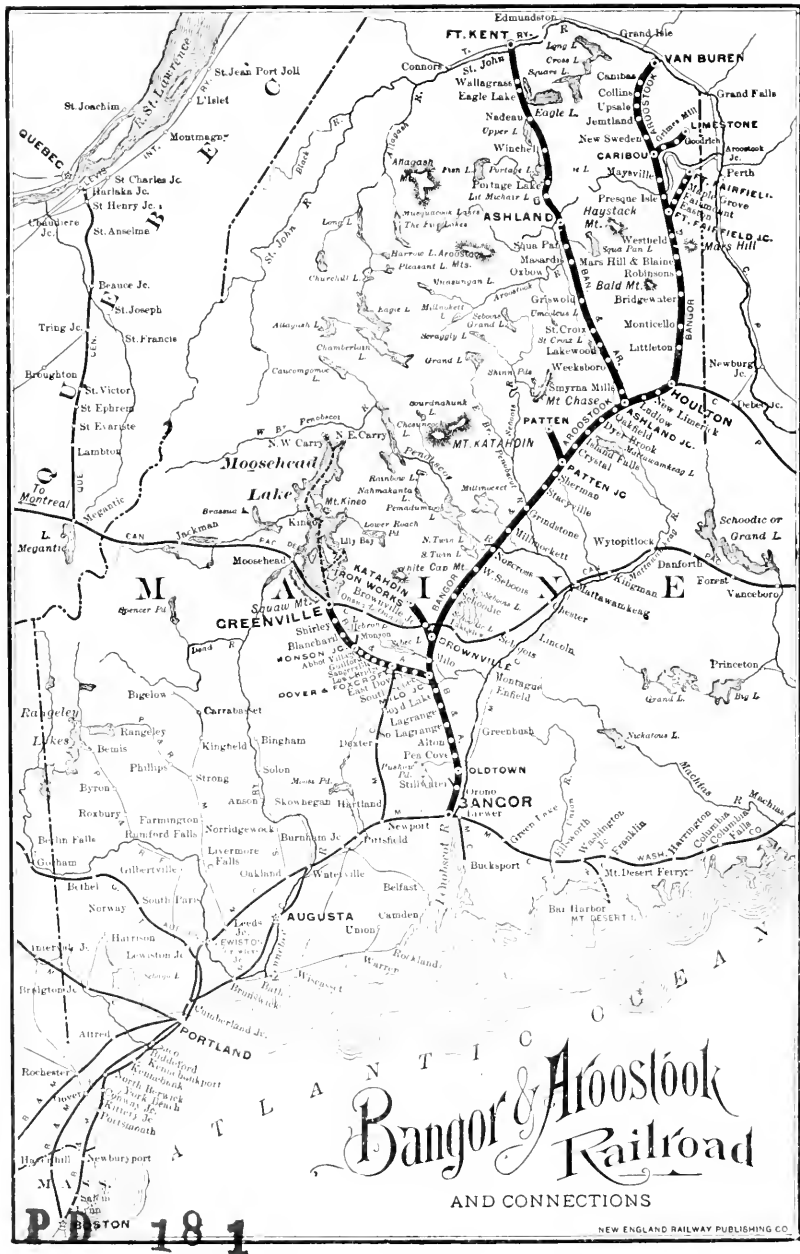
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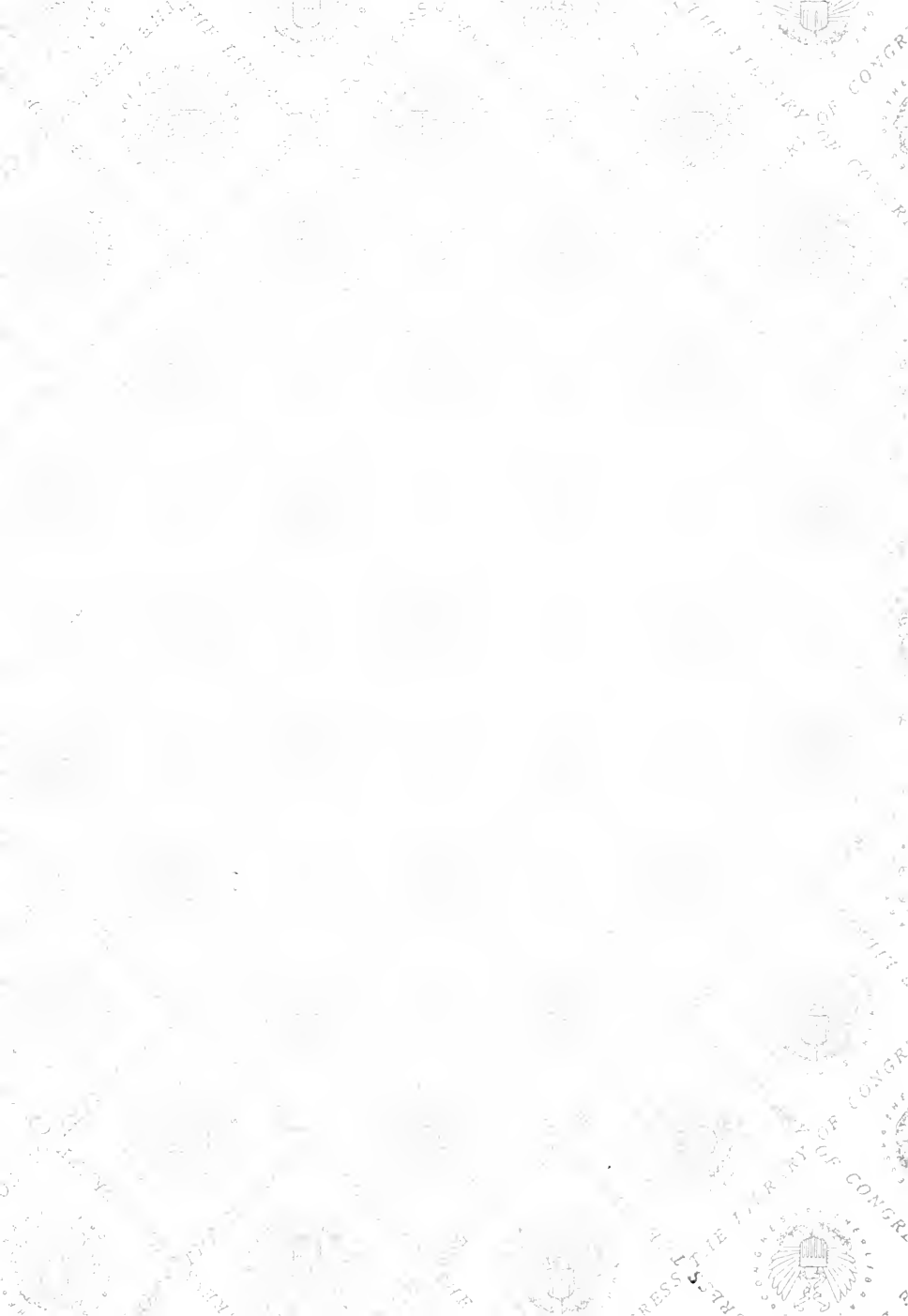
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