

FRESQUE ISLE

Thru summer's sunshine and winter's snow,  
Like a sentinel stands old Guaguajo.  
Evergreen forests now as of yore  
Stand on the beautiful Presque Isle shore.

O'er lake and river, neath skies of blue,  
The Intian once paddled his birch canoe;  
Then the Frenchman came and claimed the land-  
~~lake~~ and ~~mountains~~ and forest grand.

But the solemn Micmac and Frenchman gay  
Like brothers lived for many a day,  
Till a bloody war and a treaty's blow,  
Gave Acadia's lands to the English foe.

Then the allies fled to Canada,  
And the English cleared the woods away,  
And built a village, the county's pride,  
At the foot of a hill by the river's side.

Busy and prosperous, rich and fair,  
Five hundred happy homes are there,  
A city 'twill be in a little while  
Queen of Arcostock, fair Presque Isle.

At the breaking out of the American Revolution there lived in the Mohawk Valley in New York State, a large family, named Bull. The Bulls were resolute, hardy people, and prosperous farmers, and some members of the family we are told were drovers, and dealt in horses and cattle. But they were bitter Loyalists, and when the dark storms of war broke over the fertile valley they did all in their power to aid King George and his armies.

One Peter Bull was given a captain's commission and raised a company of Tories, which he took to Canada, and was assigned to Gen. Butler's command. In July, 1778, a mob of Tories and Indians swept down from Canada and entered the beautiful Wyoming Valley. The able-bodied men were all away to war, but the old men and boys, after placing the women and children in a little fort nearby, armed themselves, and did what they could to defend their homes, crops, and stock.

Among the raiders was Capt. Peter Bull. He not only had command of his own company but a large band of Indians. The little band of defenders were defeated and surrendered to Capt. Bull. History tells us that the prisoners were taken in sight of the wives, mothers, and children at the little fort, and tortured in every way that the savage cruelty could devise. To the credit of Butler and Bull it is said that they did all in their power to restrain the savage Indians, but were unable to do so. The fort finally surrendered under promise of protection, but the women and

children were tomakawked or carried away as prisoners. After the buildings were burned, the stock killed, and the orchards destroyed, the destroyers retired to the Mohawk Valley.

Soon after, Gen. Sullivan entered the valley with a well-armed force that were burning for revenge. The Tories and Indians were scattered in all directions, and Captain Bull became a fugitive with a price set on his head and fierce blood hounds at his heels. He escaped, however, into Canada, and finally made his way to Nova Scotia.

When the war was over, and the new Republic had settled down to business, the Loyalist's property was all confiscated, and they were ordered to leave the country. The Bull's with many others, came to New Brunswick where the government was giving away grants of rich land. When Capt. Peter Bull learned that his kinsmen had settled in New Brunswick, he crossed the Bay of Fundy and joined them, and there found his wife and child whom he had not seen for four years.

In 1812, when Capt. Peter Bull died, his son, Peter, armed with a British land patent, covering 600 acres and a large sum of money for that time crossed over into the disputed territory, and pitched his tent at the mouth of the Presque Isle stream. He came to locate, and the Bulls never went back on anything they undertook. He came to build a saw mill, and hold the land. He built the mill, but the land, for reasons I shall state later, went back to the State of Maine.

With a tow boat he ascended the St. John River as far as Tobique. His lad consisted of provisions, household utensils, carpenter's tools, and what machinery he needed to put in mill, which was very little in those days as all the wheels and shafts were made from wood from the neighboring forests. He also had a mill wright along, six strapping young axmen, and last, but not least, a handsome, energetic young wife, formerly Miss Eunice Beckwith of Eel River, N. B.

His effects were hauled on a sled, (no wagons then) across the Portage to the Aroostook where they were loaded onto a raft, and towed by horses around the big bend in the river to the mouth of the Presque Isle. The spot where Mr. Bull decided to locate was historic ground long before he was born. If there is any truth in traditions and legends, there was once a large Indian village there. The alders were killed from the surrounding intervalles and they were planted each spring to Indian corn: and at the full of the harvest moon the tribes met each year at this beautiful spot for the annual feast of green corn. A few miles to the westward was the great trail leading from the St. John to the St. Lawrence, and above that the great Indian town on the present site of Washburn. The islands in the river between those towns were always dotted with wigwams, for there the wild buckwheat grew rank and tall, and the salmon were easily caught in the channels between those islands. It was here during

the French and Indian wars that many captives were taken for safety, for the whole county was then considered a part of Canada, and here the French and Indians fought the hated and dreaded English.

Elsewhere in this work you have read how a band of desperate and besieged Colonial scalp hunters built little fort on this very spot and held out for days, but were surrounded and killed, while trying to escape to the big river.

Later, after the Indian village was built here, we have every reason to believe that the French had a timber fort there, garrisoned with soldiers and surrounded with a stockade, but after the fall of Quebec and the massacre at Meductic, it was abandoned and burned. But the French and Indians of that day and generation are gone forever: the only relic there is left of them, is the beautiful name that the French gave the river for which the town was named, and the Indian name of the mountain, "Quaquajo".

Well, Peter Bull did not care much about the ancient history of the location, nor the French and Indians, or the names they left. He first built a substantial and roomy log cabin on the river below the creek, about where the bridge now crosses the river: he then proceeded to locate his claim. This was done with aid of a pocket compass, and a rope cut the length of a surveyor's chain. It will be remembered that years before Park Holland was sent into the wilderness and ran out a six mile block called Letter D, and now a part of Fort Fairfield. Mr. Bull went to the southwest corner of the above mentioned township, and blazed a broad line six miles due west. He then proceeded to spot out his 600 acres. The land was chosen on both sides of this stream north of the line, and on both sides of the Aroostook River. The old east and west line extended west that what is now through the center of the present village, and extended west to what is now the corners of Mapleton and Chapman plantations. Ferdinand Armstrong, my grandfather, helped to run the line, so the story came to me pretty straight. They had a paper plan of the eastern part of the state for a guide, and when the surveyors came in later years they were astonished to find that Bull's line was nearly correct. Now remember this, for I am going to tell you why the village of Presque Isle was not built on that beautiful location at the mouth of the stream instead of where it is today. This question is often asked, but seldom answered.

Peter Bull came to Aroostook in May 1818, Every man on the river that he could hire between Aroostook Falls, and No 10 who were handy with carpenter's tools or broad ax, were put to work, and so well did the work progress that the day before Christmas the dam and mill were finished. When Mrs. Bull went to visit her parents in New Brunswick and Mr. Bull took his crew and went to the lumber woods.

When Mrs. Bull returned from N. B. in the spring, she had a baby girl with her, little Nancy Bull was the first the White child born in what is now Presque Isle, and some claim the first in Aroostook valley. I have also heard people say that her mother was a squaw, and she was a half-breed. Her parents had the whitest skin and the bluest blood. It is true, she was born in the winter of 1820, at Woodstock, N. B. Had she been born on the Aroostook the accounts would have been true. Miss Bull or her parents never

claimed that she was born in Aroostook.

Let us return to the mill. It was a rude affair anyway, and must have been built under an unlucky star. It was built before it was needed. Mr. Bull said that it was commenced on the wrong time of the moon. It never appeared to prosper: if it had been a paying, lucky, piece of property, the village would have been there instead of where it is today.

Mr. Bull knew that the country was new, and that the scattered settlers preferred log cabins to frame houses, but he had an idea that he could square the big pine trees into timber and save hewing, while the side of the trees could be sawed into boards. The floor of the mill was low and near the water, so low that a big tree would almost float into the mill.

In the winter of 1820, Mr. Bull took his men and teams and went up the Presque Isle stream to cut big pines for timber. Now bear in mind that the limit of his patent by his own survey went up the stream less than a mile, but he was cutting pines and hauling them into the stream ten or twelve miles above his limit. But everybody was stealing pine, so it was fashionable, if not strictly honest.

When the ice went out the big trees were floated down to the mill. Then the first difficulty appeared. The river was higher than the stream, and the water was higher below the dam than it was above it, consequently, the tall fifteen foot up and down saw was idle for many a day. When the water finally went down in the river, it was discovered that the dam was too low; it did not hold water enough to run the great overshot wheel more than an hour or two at a time. When the timber was sawed and went to market the timber dealer grumbled because it was not "ribbed", declaring it would mold and turn black, because it would lay tight together in the hold of the ship, consequently it sold for \$1100 per ton less than hewn timber. Then the dam "blowed" and it took much time and money to repair it.

Mr. Bull soon found that cutting the round logs and sawing them into timber was not profitable. The bark had to be peeled from the great pines before they could be hauled to the landing, for the rough bark caused the great tree to draw hard over the snow or frozen ground. This was half as much work as it was to hew the tree. The suitable trees near the shore were soon all cut, and the distance to haul them became longer with each succeeding winter, and there was little or no market at that time, for the rough wain-edged boards that were made from the sides of the trees. In five years time Mr. Bull was clearing land and raising potatoes and oats to make a living.

Soon after Mr. Bull settled in his new home, a colony of his relatives and neighbors came from N. B. to make homes in the new country.

Now Bull had his land patents, had built the mill and lived on the land the time required by the English law, but could not get the grant or deed of the land.

Cochran, Weeks, and others who came later, met with the same difficulty. The reason was obvious. The titled gentlemen at Fredericton, who wore brass buttons and gold lace, and had charge of the "Crown lands" had had their instructions. The territory was disputed land; if the government gave grants and the territory went to the U. S. the owners of those grants would have to be reimbursed for the property lost. A patent was simply a certificate for a grant, and not transferable. In one way, the person holding the patent owned the land while he had possession, but he could not dispose of it. If he moved off it went back to the government.

So when the Bulls and Beckwiths and Churchills and others came to settle on the Aroostook, Peter Bull could not sell them a building lot or a farm, at or near his mill or dwelling. That is one reason why Presque Isle village is not founded at the mouth of the stream.

So the little colony went a few miles up the river and made homes on the rich intervales and fertile islands. It was at that time Ferdinand Armstrong sold his island home and his improvements, and moved down river to a big intervale known later as the Armstrong flats. John Bradley's widow, daughter of Chief Crooked Knife, and some half-breed families that were living on the islands, moved away about the same time and located on the Tobique River. This was in 1824.

In 1830, there was a large and thriving colony on both sides of the Aroostook between the mouth of Presque Isle and Salmon Brook. It was the largest settlement on the river, and the largest between the Acadian settlements and Houlton. Those sturdy Loyalists ran their own lines and were governed by the laws of N. B. Sometimes disputes were settled by might instead of right in battles in which both men and women participated. Later in this work I may find time and space to tell some of the stirring incidents that occurred among those early settlers in those early days; also of the Millerite craze, and how half of the citizens, early one June morning, dressed in long white robes gathered on a hilltop to see the world come to an end, and then ascend to Heaven.

In the spring of 1827, Dennis Fairbanks appeared upon the scene. Fairbanks was educated, suave, smiling, handsome, and diplomatic: that was one side of him. He was also, when he chose to be, stubborn, revengeful, tantalizing, aggressive and treacherous. It has been well said that he was fitted for any company. He was well posted on political affairs of the day, and American from his heels to his hair. He believed that Maine, backed by the United States, would hold the disputed territory, consequently, he was looking the country over with the idea of building mills and founding a town. If he could find a location that suited him. He applied to Joseph Houlton, a humble esquire dressed in homespun, and land agent for Washington County, for information, instead of the great man at Fredericton dressed in broadcloth and gold. Now there was mill site after mill site at that time in the Aroostook Valley, and the state of Maine was willing and anxious to give any man the mill privilege and 640 acres of land if he would

build both a saw and grist mill, and also agreed to pay for the property if the territory went to N. E.

From a geographical point of view, Fairbanks considered the best location in the Aroostook Valley, the beautiful spot where the Presque Isle Stream joins the Aroostook, and coveted the level land because he intended to lay out and found a town.

Well, he visited Peter Bull, who had now become a poor man, and offered him a large sum of money for his mill and his improvements. He ignored the rights of the British government to give away the land, and told Mr. Bull he would never get an axre from that source while his head was above the ground. He admitted his (Bull's) squatter's rights and the rights by possession, and offered to pay him handsomely for those rights. But Bull pinned his faith to his claim and the British government and would not sell. Had he taken his wife's advice and sold his claim to Dennis Fairbanks Presque Isle village would have been built on the banks of the Aroostook River instead of where it is today.

When Fairbanks had tried in every way to obtain Mr. Bull's claim and failed, he offered to become his business partner; he would tear down the old "squat" of a mill, and build one of the American pattern, with modern improvements, as they were then building them on the Penobscot River, and would furnish the funds to do it with, providing, when the new mill was completed, Fairbanks should become an equal partner. But Bull did not want any Yankee mill, or Yankees either around him, and told Fairbanks so.

Then Fairbanks lost his temper, and twitted Bull of the Wyoming Massacre, and the two men became enemies for life. Fairbanks then ~~visited the~~ mouth of the Machias River near the present village of Ashland, and the Salmon Brook Stream, but not being satisfied with either location, he went away!

But he came again the next summer with a crew of men, and commenced to lay the foundations for the present village of Presque Isle. He built a strong high mill dam on the Presque Isle Stream, one of the best mill sites in the county, a short distance south of Peter Bull's spotted line. At the point where the dam was built the banks were high, and the ledge cropped out, and the bottom of the river was a solid bed of limestone. Just above the river widened out, and made an excellent place for a mill pond. I have been told that ten times as much water could be stored in this little pond as in Peter Bull's little pond above his mill. The dam and pond today are exactly where they were when Mr. Fairbanks owned the property. After the dam was built ~~ten~~ acres of trees were felled on the east side of the stream, and down to Peter Bull's spotted line. This was in the fall of 1828. Mr. Fairbanks then shut down the ponderous gates of the dam, left two men to guard the property, and then went away.

During the winter of 1828-29, the machinery of a saw and grist mill was hauled through the woods from Bangor. This was done by following up the Penobscot River, either on the ice or on the lumber roads, crossing over to the Aroostook, and coming down on the ice. Washington Vaughn, a young man, who later was one of the founders of Carabou Village, had charge of the transportation.

Early in the spring of 1829, the foundation for a sawmill was erected, the saw placed in position and started. The frame for the mill was sawed first, then the boards to cover it with: the shingles were made by hand. So great was the power produced by the great head of water and the modern water wheel, boards and timber were cut very fast for those days. You will remember that less than a mile away Peter Bull had a saw mill, but Mr. Fairbanks refused to buy even a foot of lumber from him.

Now, with this splendid mill site so near by, why did Fairbanks covet Peter Bull's location? Let me tell you, Fairbanks not only wanted wealth but fame. He was ambitious to found a town, and have it named for himself. On the east side of the stream where his mill was located was a big steep hill--not just the thing to build a city on, while west of the stream much of the ground was low and marshy. Had he been located at the mouth of the stream, down river customers buying lumber could raft it at the mill, and float it to their homes; this they could not do on the rapid rocky Presque Isle stream, for when the gates were shut the stream was almost dry. The river was about the only highway then, and as Fairbanks intended, and did, build a grist mill, he would have preferred to have it beside that highway. As the canoes laden with corn and buckwheat could not readily get up the stream, they carried their grists to the mill on the Caribou Stream. Besides all this, a city, the city of Fairbanks, which he intended to leave to posterity as his monument, would look much nicer beside a river--perhaps on both sides, on smooth level ground, than it would back in the country, stuck up on a hill.

Perhaps the reason he did not go to some other location was because he wanted to ruin Peter Bull; he did anyway, whether he wanted to or not, for the old mill never started after Fairbanks got his in running order, and soon after Mr. Bull abandoned his claim, and went to farming and lumbering at Bull's Eddy. Although Mr. Fairbanks did not get just the location he desired, he proceeded to lay out his town, and it was done in a business like and thorough manner. 160 acres or one half mile square was laid off into one half acre lots; the streets were wide and laid off at right angles, forming squares of two acres each, minus the streets. The location was on the east side of the stream and north as far as the Bull line (later Maysville) and east to the crest of the hill. The town plan covered 160 acres and was 160 rods square. This was the first and only town in Arcostook that was laid out before it was built. The greater part of the original plan is now covered by the village and many of the streets and lots are today as Mr. Fairbanks planned them. Fairbanks commenced the town himself. He built a grist mill on the west side of the stream, about where the starch mill now stands, and then built a substantial wooden bridge across the pond where the concrete structure now stands; this bridge, I am told was first covered by wide elm planks, taken from great logs sawed from his first chopping. He then named the road running east to the first one laid out, "Bridge Street" and it still retains the name. Then he built a dwelling, shop, barn, and stable on the north side of Bridge Street near the saw mill, and a store for general merchandise on the southeast corner of the block, or where the hardware store of A. M. Smith & Co., stands today. This corner was called Fairbanks

Corner while he lived there, and retained the name of The Corner up to the time of the Civil War, and once in a while we meet a real old timer, who calls the town the Corner yet.

Mr. Fairbanks now offered to sell a block of land in any part of the town site--one half acre--for one dollar, providing the purchaser would live on the lot for 10 years. The offer was liberal, but very few took advantage of the opportunity to get a town lot for a little money. Remember, that was before the Aroostook War, and it was a doubted question whether the territory belonged to Maine or New Brunswick. Although Mr. Fairbanks had a heavy trade with the scattered settlers and lumbermen, his town grew very slowly. But at the time of the Aroostook War, when the State Road was cut through No 10 to Fort Fairfield, the surveyors steered for the bridge across the pond at Fairbanks instead of following the river. The Military Road from Houlton also came that way. A tavern was built in which the traveler could get food, lodging, and liquid refreshments, and the town began to grow.

Now Dennis Fairbanks was a business man and a scholar, and was prospering far beyond his expectations, and had it not been for his hasty temper and his love of women, the town of Presque Isle would have today been called Fairbanks, and he might have reposed in American soil, under the stars and stripes in the town which he founded, and his resting place be marked by an obelisk of costly, polished stone. Instead, he died poor in another country, a country he despised and hated, while his resting place, I am told, is unmarked, and almost unknown.

Twice in his business career on the Presque Isle, his temper got the best of him, and he struck down a fellow man with a deadly weapon, and came near being a murderer each time. One of them was Washington Vaughn, his business partner at the time. Mr. Vaughn survived after many months of confinement and much suffering, but he carried the awful scar of that assault to his grave. Fairbanks loved women not wisely, but too well. He not only loved one woman, but he loved all women he came in contact with.

I promised when I commenced this sketch not to go into details with the history of the town. The scandals concerning Dennis Fairbanks and the fair sex I will leave to some other historian, for I am not able to clothe them in words to make them presentable for these pages, anyway.

To escape the iron arm of the law, or perhaps lynching, he fled to New Brunswick. Like Benedict Arnold he had no friends there and none in his own land. Like Arnold, he wandered awhile, and then returned and located where he could look upon his native land. The hills and valleys of the newly formed county of Aroostook appeared to charm and fascinate him. Each he could see the stars and stripes floating above Fort Fairfield. He had predicted that the fair land would go to Maine and prosper under that banner, and now he dared not set foot upon its soil. Truly, the way of the transgressor is hard. Mr. Fairbanks located at the Boundary Line on the old portage leading from Fort Fairfield to Tobique, N. B. He built the first buildings on that famous location, and the first Line Store between Houlton and Grand Falls. Here



he put up and fed travelers and sold liquors for two years. Finally he got into a mess with the custom officials and traded his property for a saw mill on the Tobique River at Three Brooks, where he died in 1860. When Mr. Fairbanks was at the boundary line, he secured the services of John B. Trafton, Esq., a young attorney residing at Fort Fairfield, whom he empowered to attend to his business and sell the estate if possible. Mr. Trafton succeeded in selling the mill property and some of the timber land, but there was no sale then for building lots or hardwood land, for this was after the Aroostook War, and the state was anxious to give land to settlers.

Fairbanks got deeds from the state for 1000 acres. Some 300 acres of this he disposed off to settlers before he left Presque Isle; this was hard wood land on the east side of the stream. Mr. Trafton sold some 100 acres of timber land on the west side of the stream, and the rest lay there, for no buyers came. This land was called the "Common" and for years people in the billage used it for a cow pasture. But when land commenced to increase in value, and new settlers came to the village and began to look around for a building lot, no owner of this land could be found. Fairbanks was dead, Trafton had turned over the deeds and papers to the heirs, they had left the country, and none knew where they had located. The state could give no title as it had once deeded the land. Not even a plan of the town could be found. Squatters commenced to build and move onto the vacant village lots-- the original half mile squares-- and they in turn sold their claim to others, so in 1870, there was not a vacant lot on the original plan.

Several years ago I was in a western city, and one day addressed a letter to Aroostook County, Maine, and left it lying on the desk while I went to the clerk to get a stamp. A young man sitting near at once became excited, and sought an introduction. He then told me the following story: He was a descendant of Dennis Fairbanks, and held in his possession deeds from the state of Maine for about two thirds of the land of the original village of Fairbanks. He had heard that the land was occupied, and had consulted a lawyer and produced his deeds. The legal gentleman looked up the laws of Maine, and told him that a settler who moved onto a piece of land in that state and held peaceful possession for twenty years, and if they had lived there less than twenty years the owner would have to pay for all buildings and improvements before he could put them off. He had an idea that land was very cheap in northern Maine, but when I told him the value of building lots in Presque Isle at that time, he decided to come east and try to sell the occupants of the lots, deeds. He came home with me but how successful he was I did not learn, for the parties interested kept their own counsel, and Mr. Fairbanks soon returned to the West.

Let's take a look at Peter Bull's property at the mouth of the stream. Ten years after it was built the dam went out, and the mill tumbled over into the stream. In 1840, the clearing was all grown up to bushes and the nimrods from the village used to go down there to hunt bears. In 1844, Capt. Parrott surveyed the township, and soon after settlers came, and the historic spot was again cleared up. It was in Letter 3, Plantation, Range 2, W. E. L. S., since Maysville, and now part of Presque Isle. Do you see now, gentle reader, why Presque Isle Village was not built on that beautiful location at the mouth of the stream?

Let us take a look at the Presque Isle of today--the prettiest village in northern Maine; the so called Queen of Aroostook; the home of fair women and brainy men. It has crossed the boundaries marked for it by Dennis Fairbanks, and spread north, south, and west. It reaches down nearly to the old mill, and will soon nestle beside the placid Aroostook. It has crossed the stream and extends to the westward for half a mile on the old State Road; southward it has crossed the cedar swamp of Dennis Fairbank's time, and extends along the Houlton Road to the stately buildings of the State Normal School. It has equalled, if not excelled Fairbank's dream, and the end is not yet. Three times this fair town has been scourged and leveled by conflagrations, but it has arisen from the ashes better and fairer than ever. In May, 1860, fire from the burning forest caught and leveled nearly every building in the little hamlet including the church and the Academy. Again, May first, 1884, the village became a holocaust to the flames and was left in ashes. One dry windy morning, June 7, 1909, a fire broke out at the north end of the village and in spite of all the citizens could do, although they were assisted by the fire departments from the neighboring villages, the fire mowed a swath the entire length of the town and left half of it in ashes. As the gale increased, and the flames drove the firemen, many of the citizens became panic stricken, and ran and shouted, and wept, and prayed. I asked a neighbor who was an eye witness to the conflagration to describe it to me. "I can't," said he. "I once set fire to a big hornet's nest, and the people acted just like those hornets. They wanted to do something but did not know what to do." Many smaller fires at different times have burned sections of the town and the mills.

In the spring of 1840, the town was organized as a plantation known as Letter F. This was the time of the Aroostook War, and as yet the dispute had not been settled, and the township was not surveyed; but the people taxed themselves and raised money for a school, and cast their votes there for the fall election, rather than go to Houlton: but the Legislature did not act upon the organization until the treaty of 1842. It was incorporated as a town April 4, 1859. The population in 1860 was 732, and the valuation \$79,847. There were 161 polls. Five places of business were all the village could boast of, viz; shoemaker shop, blacksmith shop, variety store for general merchandise, saw mill, and grist mill. On Feb. 14, 1883, Maysville was annexed by an act of the Legislature, much against the wishes of many of both towns. The census of 1900, the last obtainable at this writing, gave the town a population of 3,804. In 1908 the valuation was \$207,900 with 1120 polls. The population today is estimated at about 6,500.

Notwithstanding the claims of other towns, the first starch factory in the county was built at Presque Isle in the summer of 1875. Later I will explain why it was built there. Presque Isle is the birthplace and home of Hon. T. H. Phair, the Aroostook Starch King. Mr. Phair owns more starch mills and manufactures more starch than any other man in the world, making about one fourth the entire output of the globe.

The Northern Maine Fair is held here each fall in a fine park on the west side of the stream, owned by the association. The first exhibition of stock and farm products was held there in 1850. Can you imagine the change along agricultural lines that has taken place there

in the last 60 years?

Among the many industries within the limits of the town, we might mention the manufacture of long and short lumber, starch, brick, potato barrels, farm wagons, that celebrated patent jigger wagon--Aroostook's own invention, flour, mill feed, light and heavy harnesses, cigars, confectionery, marble and granite slabs, monuments, etc.,. Large quantities of freight including hay, starch, lumber, potatoes, railroad ties, telephone poles, and tan bark are being constantly shipped by rail from the town to the markets of the continent. The telephone system is complete connecting the town with the rural districts, the neighboring towns, and all parts of New England.

It is also the home of A. R. Gould, founder and president of the Aroostook Valley Railroad, the first and only electric road in the County, and one of the best of the continent; founder of Gouldville, a beautiful residential section of the town, and the man who harnessed the Aroostook Falls in New Brunswick, and turned the power back into the county to turn the wheels of industry, and light the homes of the citizens, and the business places of the towns and villages.

Fresque Isle has as good a school system as any town or village in the state. Rev. F. M. Park, sometimes called the "Grand Old Man of Aroostook" lives in the town, and devotes the better part of his time and influence for the betterment of schools. It was largely through his influence that the State Normal School was established at Fresque Isle. The free Carnegie Library, a very fine building, is not only an ornament, but a great and lasting benefit to the schools and residents of the town.

A large percent of the citizens are Acadian French. Those people came from the settlements in the northern part of the county just before the Civil War; the men became day laborers, and sawed wood, made gardens, or did any other odd job that came handy. They could not speak much English, and had no education whatsoever, but they were honest, and made good industrious citizens. Their children went to the public school, and as a rule were apt, intelligent scholars. Many of them today are prominent men and women and are doing business in the town. A stranger would never mistrust they were of French descent, but for the name. When a business man writes one of them a check with such a name as Xavier Cyr or Baptiste Gagnon, one is liable to suspect he is not doing business with an Irishman.

As an agricultural town, Fresque Isle is equal to any in the county or state. There is very little waste land in the township, and many, very many, fine farm and homes, with elegant modern buildings, and fine, well-kept grounds, while the village itself, as I have intimated before, is laid out in city style, and the greater part of the business blocks are built on the city plan. Whenever a stranger first visits, this neat, trim, little town, he is surprised at the regularity, for it is one of the very few towns in Maine that was laid out before it was built.

Fresque Isle has its full share of doctors, lawyers, and clergymen, also secret societies, churches, school houses, and an up-to-date newspaper, The Star Herald. It has two banks that do a large business, and a well-organized board of trade. It is a terminus of a spur of the

C. P. Railway, and the birthplace of the Aroostook Valley Electric Road which connects it with the thriving village of Washburn. It is situated on the main line of the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad between Houlton and Van Euren, and is the starting place of the so-called "Mapleton Link", which connects the two great lines of the B. & A. that run northward to the St. John River.

Presque Isle is a double town, it is six miles wide, and twelve miles in length, extending north and south. It is bounded on the north by Caribou, east by Fort Fairfield, and Easton, south by Westfield, and west by Chapman Plantation, Mapleton, and Washburn. The Aroostook River makes a big half circle in the northern part of the town, some fifteen miles of it being in the six mile block that was formerly Maysville. It is in Range 2, W. E. L. S. and 42 miles northwest of Houlton, the Shire town of the county. The great Maine woods, consisting now mostly of the beautiful evergreen, spruce and fir, comes down to the southwest end of the village and extends almost unbrokenly across the state.

"EVERGREEN FORESTS, NOW AS OF YORE,  
STAND ON THE BEAUTIFUL PRESQUE ISLE SHORE."