

Changed to

South Winn, 11 Jan., 1859.

W. A. B. Cobb, P. M., 11 Jan., 1859.

W. H. H. Fay, P. M., 18 Sept., 1862.

Leander C. George, P. M., 3 Feb., 1864.

Discontinued 14 Nov., 1865.

Re-established 29 Nov., 1865.

William S. Phillips, P. M., 29 Nov., 1865.

Joseph Hatch, P. M., 1 Sept., 1870.

Discontinued 29 Nov., 1870.

Re-established 7 Feb., 1874.

Elisha Thurlow, P. M., 9 Feb., 1874.

Discontinued 1875.

South Lincoln, estab. 15 March, 1836.

Isaac Stevens, P. M., 15 March, 1836.

Thomas Scammon, P. M., 17 July, 1840.

Aaron Haynes, P. M., 30 Dec., 1842.

James W. Thompson, P. M., 25 Oct., 1843.

Richard Greenlaw, P. M., 7 Feb., 1846.

Ezra D. Boobar, P. M., 26 May, 1847.

Austin J. Gove, P. M., 20 Jan., 1852.

George Forbes, P. M., 16 March, 1854.

John Q. A. Gove, P. M., 8 Dec., 1854.

George Forbes, P. M., 23 Aug., 1856.

George W. H. Brown, P. M., 20 Feb., 1865.

George Forbes, P. M., 7 March, 1866.

Discontinued 20 Feb., 1869.

Re-established 11 Jan., 1887.

John MacGregor, P. M., 11 Jan., 1887.

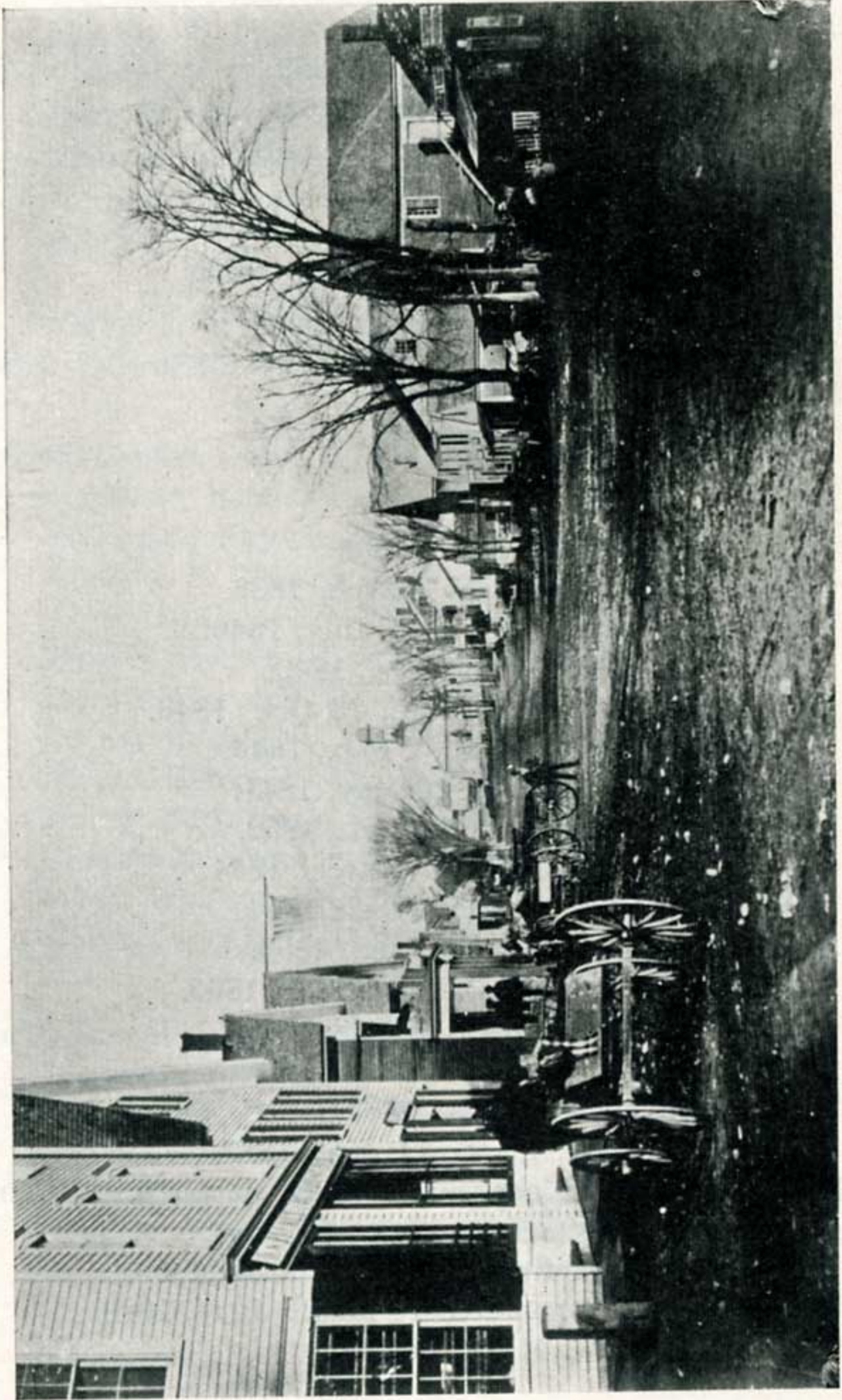
This office was in charge of John MacGregor till his death, 21 March, 1909.

Sarah Gaskell, acting P. M., 21 March, 1909.

Sarah Gaskell, appointed P. M., 26 June, 1909.

Discontinued 1 May, 1924.

Rural route was established 1 May, 1924, supplying this section from Lincoln.



EARLY VIEW OF MAIN STREET, LOOKING NORTH

East Lincoln, estab. 4 June, 1857.

Mrs. Arabina Ludden, P. M., 4 June, 1857.

Discontinued 11 Aug., 1869.

Re-established 20 Sept., 1869.

Mrs. Arabina Ludden, P. M., 20 Sept., 1869.

Discontinued 8 Dec., 1887.

Re-established 18 Jan., 1888.

John B. Ludden, P. M., 18 Jan., 1888. New bond 30 Aug., 1895.

MONEY ORDERS.

The first money order issued at Lincoln was issued by Meader B. Pinkham, P. M., to Loring, Short & Harmon, Portland, 8 July, 1873. Twenty-two more were issued during the remainder of the month. In recent years more than a thousand are issued each month.

LITERARY

MATTANAWCOOK OBSERVER

No. 1 Mechanic's Square.

Terms, 75 cents a year.

LINCOLN, MAINE, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 21, 1847.

Errors vanish and Truth survives.

VOL. I.

No. 6

It is quite certain that this little paper was the first periodical ever printed in Lincoln. The following is a synopsis of the contents of this issue:

An article on "Resolution" from the New York Mirror.
"Be Steadfast" (for the Observer) by "W."

An announcement that Mr. Greenlaw, keeper of the public house at South Lincoln, is now keeping a temperance house.

Marriage announcement of W. S. Butler and Emma J. Clark.

Marriage announcement of P. T. Jones and Lydia H. Whittier.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

S. H. L. Whittier, Livery Stable.

Gideon Stetson.

"Mutability," by Shelley.

"Domestic Peace," by Coleridge.

This is the only copy that is known to be in existence. It was preserved by P. T. Jones for the announcement of his marriage and is now in the possession of his son, Freeland Jones, Esq., of Bangor, by whose courtesy the above is transcribed. It is not likely that many more numbers after No. 6 were printed. The paper was a folio, 8x10 inches.

The following somewhat interesting notices are copied from the Bangor Whig and Courier:

We have received a small newspaper from Lincoln, some sixty miles above this city, on the Penobscot, entitled "Mattanawcook Observer." It is published once a week by J. R. Hopkins, at seventy-five cents a year. A large portion of the number before us is occupied with an account of a grand picknick given at Lincoln by the Sons of Temperance. It also contains the pleasing intelligence of the marriage of the editor of the Observer, which we transfer to the appropriate place in our columns. This Mattanawcook Observer, although of small size, and issued far in the interior of Maine, may be made quite interesting to all connected with the press, if its editor will take an interest in giving his readers the local intelligence of the upper branches of the river.—24 March, 1847.

That joker, the editor of the Mattanawcook Observer, anticipates a great freshet and suggests to Bangoreans to be ready for a pleasure excursion down river. We have no idea of going down river in a hurry this year, but when strawberries are ripe we shall take the new steamboat for an excursion up river and stop at Lincoln.—8 April, 1847.

We are the happiest man there is on the river. We ought to be. The editor of the Mattanawcook Observer has offered to provide for us on our visit to Lincoln "a feast of the fattest things on earth, viz.: strawberries, cream from real cow's milk and 'lasses from the forest."—24 April, 1847.

The enterprising editor of the Mattanawcook Observer says it is useless for him to publish a paper of the size of his present sheet. A mistake. We think such a little paper does very well to begin with and by filling up his columns with local matter he can make it highly interesting and useful. Good neighbor, do not despise the day of small things, nor suppose your quality depends upon size. Live and grow.—1 May, 1847.

The Up-River Weekly News. "A weekly Paper devoted to the Interests of Northern Penobscot County and vicinity." This was a four-page paper, 18 by 24 inches, but it was afterwards enlarged. The first issue appeared 12 June, 1885. The idea was conceived by Frank M. Smith, who conducted a large job printing house in Bangor. Two other local papers were started at the same time, the "Slate" in Monson, Me., and the "Clipper" in Bucksport. The News was printed at Bangor, and was sent to Lincoln and entered at the Lincoln post-office as second-class matter, and from this place it was distributed. The editor's name was not published, but it is understood that he was W. S. Reed, Esq., of Bangor. W. C. Clark, Esq., of Lincoln, was local editor for a time. Frank M. Smith of Bangor, is given as Publisher and Proprietor. These papers continued till about 1889 when they were merged with the Semi-weekly News and finally the Bangor Daily News was started, in June, 1892. In 1900, the Daily News bought the Bangor Whig and Courier, and all were absorbed in the Bangor Daily. The Up-River News, as well as the other papers mentioned, was discontinued soon after the consolidation of the Daily News and the Whig and Courier in 1900. The News is said to have had a large circulation in the towns in that part of Maine, and many were sent to various parts of the West to former residents of Lincoln and vicinity.

Lincoln Chronicle. This was an eight-page paper, fourteen by eighteen inches in size, though the dimensions were changed somewhat during its publication.

It apparently sprang from the Millinocket Journal, published at that place by E. E. Morse. The paper, at one time, carried the double title, "The Lincoln Chronicle and Millinocket Journal." In the earlier years the mechanical work was done at Millinocket, but later it was printed at Lincoln. The paper is said to have been quite successful for several years.

It was first issued in September, 1905, and it continued ten years, perhaps longer. The latest issue seen by the writer was under date of 11 September, 1915.

SUMMER VISITORS

ODELL T. FELLOWS

We were gazing on the ocean
From the breezy porch and cool,
And we talked of days departed
When we two had gone to school.
There were many empty rockers
By the wind swayed to and fro.
And we peopled them, in fancy,
With the wraiths of long ago.

Swiftly had the years departed;
Many were the loved and lost,
Who, each laying down his burden,
Had the mystic river crossed.
But I fancy they remember,
And their spirits crave the boon
Here to sit and visit with us
On this summer afternoon.

Welcome, shades of life's bright morning,
Seat yourselves with her and me;
Join us in our retrospections
As we gaze across the sea.
Would that you could bring us tidings
Of the land that lies before,
Where the rockers rock forever
By the ever shining shore.

Round the eaves the winds of summer
Came and went with mournful sigh,
But the visitors supernal,

If they heard, made no reply;—
Left the questioning unanswered
Until time shall be no more,
Till we rock within that circle
On the ever shining shore.

APPRECIATION

ODELL T. FELLOWS

Have you, on your list, a comrade
Who his burden bravely bears
Day by day where duties call him,
Year by year, as on he fares?
Does it touch your heart to watch him
On his way with buoyant tread?
Let him know it; act it, show it;
Do not wait till he is dead!

It might be a consolation,
When you're laid beneath the sod,
To reflect that those who loved you
Would commend your soul to God.
It were better, in your lifetime,
Had they grasped your hand and said:
"We'll not leave you, *we* believe you;
We'll not wait till you are dead!"

Have you but a flower to offer,
Or the scantest word of praise?
Do not hoard it, give it, speak it;
Let it cheer our present days!
So shall life go on the sweeter,
So our hungry souls be fed;
Love can reach us, guide us, teach us,
Better now than when we're dead!

CALIFORNIA NIGHT

By ODELL T. FELLOWS

Golden gates of Sunset Land
Slowly closed, and regal Night,
Sweeping o'er the desert sand,
Paused to view the wondrous sight!
"Ah," she sighed, "what fairer scene
Greet my eyes the world around?
Here the groves of living green,
There the waters, deep, profound!
Fain would I here pause a while;
But Day compels, my way is plain,
I may not stay!" And with a smile
She gathered up her sable train,
Passed lightly o'er this favored ground,
And left the Sunshine all around!

IDEAL

ODELL T. FELLOWS

I have sought but found her only
In the misty land of dreams,
Where the light from skies celestial
In translucent beauty streams.
Dwells she there in regal splendor
From the haunts of men apart,
Reigning through the years of silence
In the kingdom of the heart.

I have listened, I have heard her
In that lonely void and vast,
Where remembered voices linger
In the hallways of the past.
Voices of the wind and ocean,
Singing of the mountain stream;
Through them all in tones seraphic
Sings the lady of my dream.

I have mourned and I have missed her;
I have walked the wastes alone,
As the years of vain endeavor
On their leaden wings have flown.
But in golden hues of sunset
I behold her gleaming hair;
Never sighs the mournful nightwind
But I hear her speaking there.

I shall find her, I shall know her
When the years have ceased to be;
On the shores beyond the mountains,
In the lands beyond the sea.
Thus her presence goes before me,
Leads me farther on and on;
Ever near but absent always,
She is never, never won.

THE FATHER'S HAND

By DR. O. T. FELLOWS

My little boy oft rides with me
And plays that he is driving, too;
His chubby hands with mine I feel
Upon the auto steering wheel,
And ever we go safely through.

When dangers threaten, sudden, grim,
And fears our very hearts congeal,
My boy smiles up into my face—
And says with artless childhood grace,
“My Daddy's hand is on the wheel!”

Oh, priceless faith of tender years!
Would it were ours when cares beset!
When on the sea or on the land
To learn to trust the guiding hand;
And trust and trust—and ne'er forget!