

FIRST ENGLISH SETTLERS

The first settlers at Dorchester were Yorkshire people, who came twenty years before the Revolution. They were the Chapmans, Keillors and Weldons. Tradition says the first house built was by Mr. Keillor. He built a log hut on the site occupied today by the Tingley family. He married Elizabeth Weldon. Their daughter, Ann Dale, was the first child born in the parish. She was also the first person interred, 1781, in the old Methodist Graveyard, near the Penitentiary. Her gravestone is still standing. In 1822 Edward Barron Chandler and his bride, newly wed, rode into Dorchester from Westcock and took up their abode in the Keillor cabin. A decade after he built his stone residence on the summit of the hill, called Rocklyn. That with other family residences built by him have passed into other hands, and the Chandler name is now only found in the cemetery in the vicinity of Palmer's pond, the site of which was given by him about the year 1850.

In 1790, the Keatch family obtained a grant, followed about ten years later by the Gilbert family, who obtained adjoining rights. They intermarried and the former name disappeared. The Gilbert family was a conspicuous and leading family for nearly a century, but the name, following so many of the early family names has about disappeared from the county.

DORCHESTER CORNER AND ITS ACTIVITIES

Dorchester Corner was a brisk place before vitiated by the advent of the railway sixty years ago. It was the meeting place of all classes, representing "rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief"—politicians ambitious to save the country; litigants visited there to woo the goddess Justice; lawyers whose ideal of justice was a fat bill of costs; debtors placed under restraint, with the idea they could pay in confinement what they failed in when free; jurymen witnesses, and other attendants at the various courts; jailors, farmers, shipmasters, ship carpenters—all forming a small but democratic world;—all on the dead level before the Bar of John Barleycorn, where perfect equality was maintained at six pence a glass. In those good old days John was able to enjoy a high moral status for the sum of forty shillings per annum paid into the County treasury. There were no low down informers, no jaundiced prohibitionists to prevent the numerous votaries assuaging their thirst by day or the faint echoes of midnight revelry. An old barrister had this experience. He was lawyer in a land case and sleeping in a hotel there; he was awakened after midnight by his client who, greatly excited, told him one of the jurors was sleeping with him. Persuaded to go to bed, he in an hour returned, seemingly in much agitation, to communicate the fatal news that his opponent was sleeping with three jurors.