

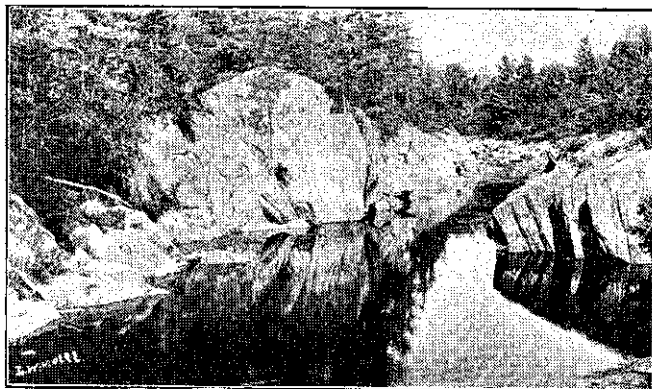
SPRAGUE'S JOURNAL OF

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## MAINE INLAND SCENERY



THE LARGE POOL, BARROWS FALLS, PISCATAQUIS  
RIVER, MONSON, MAINE

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Henry W. Longfellow died at his home at Cambridge, March 24, 1882, aged seventy-five years, mourned by the world. He was buried in Mount Auburn Cemetery, Cambridge, Mass.

(From Nathan Gould's book, "The Wadsworth-Longfellow House.")

All are architects of Fate,  
Working in these walls of Time;  
Some with massive deeds and great,  
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;  
Each thing in its place is best;  
And what seems but idle show  
Strengthens and supports the rest.

# Sprague's Journal of Maine History

Vol. XIV

January—February—March

No. 1

## LONGFELLOW'S ENGLISH ANCESTORS

(By G. T. Ridlon, Sr.)



ENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was so tenderly and universally beloved, that everything pertaining to his personal or family history will be highly appreciated by his numerous admirers wherever his fame has reached and the productions of his poetic pen have been read and memorized. Until quite recently investigation of the ancestral history of the American family of Longfellow has borne but meagre fruit, but persistent research instituted and carried forward by genealogists in England during the last few years has disclosed and made available much desirable information touching this subject.

There were found some clues and documentary data among old letters, diaries, etc., on the American side of the ocean which were used by the searchers in England for the purpose of identification of the ancestry if such could be traced; but such evidence was fragmentary, detached, and quite uncertain. Such hints were, however, like so many index fingers pointing in the right direction and proved of great value when the search for dependable documentary data was systematically launched.

### ENGLISH SURNAMES

As might be expected by those familiar with early records containing English surnames, the Longfellow cognomen was found written in a variety of etymological forms, such as Langfella, Langfeller, Langfellowe, Longfeller and Longfellow. Of course this belongs to the class of surnames derived from some organic peculiarity—the man with the elongated body—and was kindred to Armstrong, Broadhead, and Lockheart; but although the original head of the family to whom the descriptive title was first applied was evidently a man of unusual stature, this physical feature has not been transmitted as hereditary legacy to the Longfellow posterity whose representative members have exhibited the same diversity of bodily forms as discovered in other lines of descent.

this James Langfella and a person who was fined in the year 1522 with several other offenders, for carrying away the lord's wood is not known, but even this member of the family upon whose name a cloud settled was not without his redeeming qualities as the records show that in the year 1524 he contributed four pence toward the expenses of the French Wars.

#### VICAR OF HUDDERSFIELD

In 1508, the Rev. Peter Langfellow was vicar of Huddersfield, and in 1510 was vicar of Calverly, where he dispensed his professional services for several years; but he resigned the latter charge before Jan. 26, 1526, and accepted the living of Leatherley, not far from Otley, where he died. A Peter Langfellowe, denominated "Clerk," which was equivalent to minister, was one of the original trustees of the Magnus Charity, at Newark-on-Trent, June 20, 1530. This man was probably identical with the first mentioned person. His will, which might have placed him in his proper family connection, has not been found.

Next follows the will of Richard Langfelay of Otley, which is dated 1557. In this document he signifies his wish to be buried "under the roodloft" in his parish church of Otley and that a "through-stone" be laid of him with a certain inscription engraved thereon. To the reparation of Otley Bridge he gave 40 shillings and for a substantial cross to be set thereon with "a little image of our Lady," six shillings, eight pence. He gave to the four highways leading to Otley, four pounds, six shillings, and eight pence thereof to Farnley highway if the said town would repair it before next Middlemas. To a priest to say mass and other divine services for his soul; for his wife's soul and for the souls of his children, for the space of three years, twelve pounds. After many legacies for his wife, Elizabeth Langfella, he makes provision for four orders of friars at York to do Mass for him. His wife to cause one obit to be done yearly with mass in Bondgate. To six poor maidens in good name and fame, to buy a bed withal, six shillings and eight pence. Gave money to be divided among the poor folk of Leatherley, & co.

#### BROTHER OF VICAR

This well-to-do inhabitant of Otley was evidently a brother of the Rev. Peter Langfellow, the Vicar before mentioned, and also of the William Longfellow next mentioned who made his will 28th October, 1540. He bequeathed his soul to Al-

Occasionally, as a matter of course, there has appeared a person bearing the name of sufficient stature to remind the observer of the derivation of the name; but by the tributary inflowing of blood from various maternal sources the family type was modified and did not become universally characteristic of the Longfellow race in America.

#### FROM PARISH REGISTERS

The information procured relating to the English ancestral Longfellows has been mostly derived from the Parish Registers, and the Registry of Wills in Yorkshire; and these, so far as they have been preserved, do not indicate that the family under a distinctive name was a very ancient one, and we doubt the possibility of tracing it to any continental source. It certainly is a purely Saxon name and contains no element to indicate a Norman origin. Moreover, the family when first found were of undoubted yeoman stock and advancing no claim to titles or social preferment. We have found no allusion of a noble family seat or extensive manorial possession. Many had their homes on leaseholds of moderate acreage and earned their bread by honorable manual labor. A few were found moving in the professional and educated classes, while others, being destitute of the skill of penmanship, made their "mark" as a substitute for their signature in legal documents. One person of the name, and this was an isolated case, was either an esquire or a knight, but the title was not hereditary; and the official list of English knight-hood does not contain the Longfellow name. From the evidence at hand, and it is satisfactorily conclusive, we may in our retrospective survey, fancy the yeoman progenitors of our esteemed American poet as stalwart husbandmen with sleeves enrolled, following the plough or loading the trundling wain.

There are sidelights found in the wills and other sources that enable us to draw mental pictures of the home life of the family three centuries ago. The earliest documentary evidence yet discovered was found in the will of a James Langfella of Otley, in Yorkshire, dated 18th June, 1486, and proved 28th July, 1488. By this testament he gave his soul to God omnipotent, the blessed Virgin Mary, and all Saints, and wills that his body be buried in the monastery of St. John of Helagh Park. He bequeathed twenty shillings to the church of Otley and six shillings four pence for torches. He ordained that Alice his wife and John Langfella, probably his brother, shall be executors. The relationship between

mighty God, the Virgin Mary, and his body to be buried in the church in Leatherley. To Sir Richard Langfella he bequeathed six marks to sing for his soul for a year, the one half year in the parish church in Leatherley and the other half in the church in Calverley, if that he will; and if he will not, to take another priest and pay him at every quarter. He makes Isabel, his wife, and John Tell, executors. To Persival Longfella, his son, he gave all his goods which he should have at Bagley—debts and other goods which belonged to Sir Peter Longfella. To Margaret his daughter, to Isabel his wife, and John Tell, son-in-law, the residence. Proved 6 March, 1543.

The will of Persival Langfella, son of preceding, is dated 8th Nov., 1577. Body to be buried in Calverley church yard. To Thomas Longfellow, his son, a cupboard, a great chair, and a pair of bedstocks. To Janet Longfellow, his daughter, a brass pot, two pans, one frying pan, a red quyre side-board, "amberry" in the parlour, great ark, pewter, viz., five doublers and one carver, spit, candlestick and chair. The residue of his goods to Isabel Longfellow and Elizabeth Longfellow his daughter, who are executors. Thomas Longfellow his son, a witness and overseer. Proved 21 Feb., 1577.

This Thomas Longfellow, of Bagley, had two sons, John, baptised at Calverly 19 July, 1578, and Edward, bapt. 4 March, 1582-3. In 1621 there appears in Guisely, and in Oct. 24, 1619, a William Longfellow had been baptised at the same place but his parents' names were not given. If we had the date of the marriage of Edward, when he would be about 35 (1619), we might plausibly assume that he was the father of William because from this time forward he had other children baptised in regular order. Elizabeth, bapt. 13 June 1624; Thomas, bapt. 16 April 1626; Grace Longfellow, married 27 Sept. 1653, at Calverly, to George Skirrow, and William Longfellow, her brother, married at same place, 10 Sept. 1646, Elizabeth Thornton. William Longfellow of Horsforth, 20 May, 1652, and a daughter Lucy, bapt. there 8 March, 1687.

Edward Longfellow and wife Jane Harrison had issue as follows: 1, Thomas, bapt. at Ikley, 29th March, 1618; married Susanna Moore, 1st Sept. 1642, by whom a son Edward Longfellow, bapt. 4th May, 1648; Henry, bapt. 4th May, 1621; married Mary Way of Otley, 20th Sept., 1665; Robert, bapt. 18th March, 1626-7, and had daughter Mary Longfellow; Isabell, bapt. 1st April, 1616, buried 1635; Elizabeth, bapt. 17th Sept., 1620; and Helen, bapt. 6th Oct., 1633.

## FIRST AMERICAN LONGFELLOW

We have been looking for the first American Longfellow, William by name, and closing the preceding list we have the following persons bearing the name: (1) William Longfellow who had children baptised from 1599 to 1610. He buried in 1627, (2-3) William Longfellow his son, bapt. 1601, and William Longfellow son to Richard, bapt. 1602-3, buried 1638 and 1647 respectively. (4) William Longfellow son of Ilkley left, is William Longfellow son of John, bapt. 22d. Feb., 1634-5, hardly father of above William in 1650.

The first known ancestor of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow the poet was a William Longfellow whose father named William was reputed to have lived at Horsford, and who settled in Newbury, Mass., before 1676, on which date he married Anne Sewall, sister of Chief Justice Sewall. A note in the Genealogical Register says, "he came over into Yorkshire to obtain his patrimony." But William Longfellow the older did not die till 1707, but his son, Nathan Longfellow, and brother of William the emigrant, died in 1687, so that unless some other William Longfellow is proved to have been the father of the emigrant, it would seem to have been in connection with his brother's death that he went to England; yet, according to the law of distribution, William would get no share whatever of his brother's estate, since their father administered to the intestate and would take the whole estate real and personal as his heir-at-law and next of kin. It is to be observed that Nathan Longfellow must have had real or personal estate, or both, from some other source, but his father, William Longfellow the emigrant, was back in Newbury, Mass., in 1688, in which year he had, says the town rate, "Two houses, six plough-lands, 10 meadowlands, 1 horse, 10 sheep, and two hogs." With the present evidence, though not certain, it seems probable that this William Longfellow was the same who was baptised at Guiseley, in 1650. The emigrant would then have been 26 years of age when he married.

## POET'S ENGLISH PROGENITOR

The poet Longfellow always claimed that his English progenitor, who came to America, sprung from Horsford, and that his father lived there is proved by a letter written by Samuel Sewall, of Boston, in 1680, "To his loving brother, Stephen Sewall, at Bishopstoke, in Hamshire, England," and runs thus: "Brother Longfellow's father, William Longfellow, lives at Horsford, near Leeds, in Yorkshire. Tell him Bro.



has a son William, a fine likely child, and a very good piece of land and greatly wants a little stock to manage it. And that his father hath paid for him upwards of a hundred pounds to get him out of debt." The two William Longfellow, father and son, mentioned in the foregoing, are the only ones of the name found by record as living in Horsford between 1600 and 1700.

(Here we have omitted a long list of Longfellow names found in the parish registers; baptisms, marriages and deaths.)

There is a close family connection between the Longfellow family of Portland and the Longfellow family of Machias.

In the Journal, Vol. 3, No. 2, pp. 77-78, Hon. William R. Pattangall, in remarking of this fact says:

"I read with especial interest in your May number a sketch of Stephen Longfellow written by William Willis. I do not know that you are aware of the very close relationship between the Longfellow family of Portland and the Longfellow family of Machias. Some few facts in that connection may be of interest to you.

"The first of the Longfellow name to come to this country was William Longfellow, born in England in 1651, who came to Newbury, Massachusetts, in 1674. He had two sons, Stephen and Nathan. Stephen in turn had two sons, one of whom bore his name, and the other was named for his grandfather, William. William lived in Newbury, Massachusetts, and his son, Nathan, was born there in 1764, moving to Machias in 1767. Nathan served in the Revolutionary War with the rank of Lieutenant. He also had a second cousin Nathan, a great-grandson of the original William Longfellow, some three years older than he, who was born in Conwallis, Massachusetts, and who moved to Machias about the time of the outbreak of the Revolutionary War. This Nathan had a son, Jacob, who married Taphenus, a daughter of Lieutenant Nathan. My maternal grandfather, Daniel Longfellow, was a son of Taphenus and Jacob.

"I have been especially interested in looking up these matters, not only from the standpoint of my maternal ancestors, but because I also find that Abraham Adams, who was the grandson of Richard Pattangall, the first of the name to come to this country and who settled in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1640, married Ann Longfellow, who was the daughter of the original William Longfellow and Ann Sewall. So that I find myself a descendant of William Longfellow on both sides of the family."

**FORT MARY**

(By Melvil F. Meeds)

A tribe of Indians dwelt near the mouth of the Saco when the first settlers came, and for many years they lingered there, quite friendly, until the King Philip's War about 1675.

Squanto was the principal sachem of this Saco tribe, in fact he was more than a chief, but almost a priest to his people, by reason of the fact that he could perform many mysterious rites, thus causing the people to regard him with great awe which gave him greater influence with his people.

This good feeling between the whites and the Indians continued until an unfortunate incident occurred which made a bitter enemy of Squanto. His wife and baby were passing down the Saco river one day in a canoe, and some English sailors went near them in their boat. They had heard it said that a papoose can swim from instinct, no matter how young, so they upset the canoe. Of course the Indian woman swam ashore with her child, unharmed. But the next day the baby became sick because of the exposure and died. Squanto's friendship at once turned to hatred and he cursed the waters of the Saco, saying, "Three children shall these waters claim every year as long as the tide shall ebb and flow."

As an act of revenge Squanto planned an attack upon the settlement, but a friendly native warned them so they took refuge in the garrison of Major Phillips, a few rods from the falls.

To gain some idea of the means of refuge which the early settlers had, we must recall that in 1708, the General Court passed an order, directing the removal of the forces from the stone fort, previously built at the falls, to Winter Harbor. Here a new fort was built at the extremity of the point at the entrance of the Pool. This is just opposite the landing at the Pool, or across the "gut" at the terminus of Parker's Neck or Fort Hill.

As early as 1671 the militia of the province amounted to 700 men, in this proportion, Kittery 180, York 80, Wells 80 (this included Cape Porpoise), Blackpoint 100, Casco Bay 80 and Sagadahoc 80. In 1710 one hundred pounds were granted by the court to complete the fort. Even in those early days the courts moved slowly their works to perform, for it was in 1708 that the first order was given with three hundred pounds appropriated to start the work and Maj. Joseph Hammond and Capt. Lewis Bain were appointed to carry out the court's orders. At the same time a supply of snowshoes and moccasins were also ordered.

The fort was named Fort Mary for Maj. Charles Frost's daughter Mary, who married Ensign John Hill who was later made captain and put in charge of the fort.

Authorities differ as to the date of this fort. I have quoted largely from Folsom's History but find that John Locke in his "Shores of Saco Bay" speaks of this fort as being erected in the early part of the King William's War which commenced in 1688 and lasted ten years. This war was so severe that many families had to move farther west but a few remained in this fort. Among the women who remained was Capt. Hill's mother who stayed with her son.

At one time the Saco settlement was in great danger, as was Fort Mary. During this war the only inhabitants of the Pool and in town were gathered on the west side of the Pool to be near the fort. The Indians were continually prowling about, many who ventured out were slain. Six soldiers at Fort Mary who had been out on the beach were attacked and after a fierce struggle were overpowered, some were captured and others slain. Mary Dyer, who lived on the Neck, southeast of the old Highland House, while the men were out fishing saw the Indians coming towards her house. She flew with her two small children to the "Gut" and taking a boat pushed from land, hoping to reach the fort, but the Indians saw her and began to fire. She landed and secured her boat and while climbing the cliff to reach Fort Mary, a bullet from an Indian's musket struck the ground near her. She coolly stopped and put a stick into the earth to mark the spot. The Indians plundered her house but she and her family were safe at the fort. After they had departed, she went to the spot where the bullet struck, and dug it up and it was kept in her family for three generations.

For a long while Fort Mary was the only protection and the inhabitants went there for safety. Previous to this, there were no government fortifications on the shores of Saco Bay. There were private block houses or garrisons when the settlers lived near together and in these the people gathered when an attack was feared. Today this fort has its site marked by an appropriate monument, placed there by the D. A. R. Chapter of Biddeford.

---

The Chief Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court for Massachusetts, in 1812, was Theophilus Parsons of Boston. Among his associates were George Thatcher of Biddeford and Nathaniel Dummer of Hallowell in the District of Maine.

## A NEW VERSION OF THANATOPSIS

## THANATOMSIS

(By William Smith Knowlton, Maine's "Old Schoolmaster")

Poor old Tom, I pity you,  
And tearfully breathe a last adieu.  
Nine lives you've lived, but now  
You scarce can utter sad "me-ow."

Goodbye, poor old Thomas cat,  
Foe of dog, of mice and rat.  
Perhaps 'twill soothe your dying hour,  
To call to mind your former power.

No dog e'er saw your bristling tail,  
Your glowing eyes that never quail,  
The hair upon your back upright,  
And claws all sharpened for a fight,  
Would for a moment hesitate  
To strike retreat two-forty gait.

But if some foolish pup  
Did screw his courage up  
And make a grab for your neck,  
Did you tremble? Not a speck.

You tore his ears, his nose and eyes,  
And filled the air with awful cries.  
You've licked all the Toms in town,  
And put to flight Joe Mellow's hound.

I remember very well,  
How your dulcet voice would swell  
When you called for Mary Jane  
To flirt by moonlight in the lane.

And when beneath the window-sill  
When all the house was silent, still,  
You uttered those unearthly howls,  
As you tore Prince Robins' jowls,

How the windows upward flew  
And boots and bricks were thrown at you,  
All this has passed, my Thomas true,  
The end at last has come to you.

Now when your spirit leaves the earth  
And seeks, beyond, a higher berth,  
Remember what I say to you  
In bidding you my last adieu.

When you reach the river Styx  
With Cerebus, do not mix,  
He has two heads and cruel jaws,

And on his feet are fearful claws.  
One head would your back assail,  
Another would bite off your tail.

If old Charon, sour and grim,  
Won't take you in the boat with him,  
Swim the river like a mink,  
You will reach the other brink.

Requiescat, Tommy dear,  
Our parting hour is very near.  
Say, Tommy, when you get over there,  
Where cats and dogs may duly pair,  
Boldly meet the Governor's dog,  
Meet him kindly, not incog.  
Tell him he's remembered in  
A bas relief, it's surely his.  
It stands within the State House tall  
And tells the Legislators all,

Once there lived a brave canine  
In which all dog virtues shine.  
Take that doggie for a chum  
And make the gossip voices hum.

Tell all the other cats you know  
The Governor's doggie is your beau.  
Put style on, of high degree,  
And never meet catastrophe.

---

## WHEN KING GEORGE ASSESSED THE TOWN OF GORHAM, MAINE, IN 1770

(Contributed by Raymond Fellows)

The HONORABLE  
HARRISON GRAY Esq;

Province of  
the Massachusetts  
Bay.

Treasurer and Receiver-General of his Majesty's said Province.

To the Sheriff of the County of Cumberland  
or his Under-Sheriff, or Deputy, Greeting.

By virtue of an Act of the Great and General Court or Affembly of  
the said Province, made at their Seffion begun and held at Cambridge  
upon Wednesday the 30th Day of May 1770

There was affeffed upon the Inhabitants of Gorham the Sum of  
Fifty nine pounds Seven shillings Twopence  
as their Porportion of the Affefsment laid upon the whole Province by  
the Act aforefaid, which sum of fifty nine pounds seven shillings Two-  
pence was committed to Prince Davis then Conftable of said Town, with  
Warrant to collect the fame. Whereof he hath paid into his Majesty's  
Treasury No Part there remaining in Arrears of said Tax of Affefs-  
ment the Sum of Fiftynine pounds seven shillings & Twopence in his

Hands, or that he hath not paid or orderly difcharges himfelf of, and hath hitherto refufed and neglected to accompt for, and pay in the fame, as by Law enjoined:

WHEREFORE, In Obfervation of an Act of the Great and General Court of Affembly of the above faid Province, at their Seffions begun and held at Cambridge, upon Wednesday the Twenty-feventh day of May 1730, and continued by feveral Prorogations and Adjournments to Wednesday the Ninth Day of September following, entitled, An Act directing how Rates and Taxes to be granted by the General Affembly, &c. fhall be affeffed and collected;

And by Virtue of the Power and Authority to Me therein given, THESE are in the Majefty's Name to will and require you, to levy by Diftrefs and Sale of the Eftate Real and Perfonal, of the faid Prince Davis (being a defective Conftable) the sum of Fifty nine pounds Seven shillings & Twopence and bring the fame into His Majefty's Treafury, rendering the Overplus that fhall remain upon your Sale (if any be) to him the faid Prince.

And if no Eftate can be found, or not fufficient to difcharge the fame, then you are to commit the faid Prince Davis unto the Gaol of the County, there to remain until he hath paid and fatisfied the faid Sum of Fifty nine pounds seven shillings & Twopence, with Charges; and this shall be your fufficient Warrant.

HEREOF fail not, and make Return of this Writ, with your Doings therein, to the Treafury-Office in Six months from the Date hereof.

GIVEN under my Hand and Seal at Bofton, this Twentieth Day of August 1772. In the Twelfth Year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord GEORGE the Third, of Great-Britain, &c. KING.

H. GRAY

## POLITICS IN BANGOR IN 1860

(Contributed by Raymond Fellows)

### CONFIDENTIAL

Bangor, August 1st, 1860.

Dear Sir:

We have learned of a secret movement on the part of the Bangor Custom House and the Office Holders, to take possession of our District and County Conventions. Their plan is to withhold the time of the call of the Conventions till the last moment, and, on the day the call is published in The Democrat, to call meetings in the several towns to choose delegates. The movement is to be sudden, and the delegates to be men who at the Conventions will be controlled by the Office Holders, and there obtain the endorsement of our conventions for the bogus Breckinridge & Lane ticket. We apprise you of the fact that our friends may be on their guard, and that the Democracy of the Country may not be cheated.

Will you be on the alert, then, and see that your town send true Democratic supporters of the regular nomination of Douglas and Johnson?

A regular Democratic Paper will be issued here next week.

Yours, Truly,

A. M. ROBERTS.

### REFERRING TO THE NAMING OF MOUNT BATTIE

To the Editor of the Journal:

I find the following extract from the Journal of James Cargill scouting in the vicinity of St. Georges, April, May 1757, published in the Baxter Manuscripts, Volume 14, page 76, as follows:

April 28, 1757.

On 28th, went to Georges; the Officers thought the Indians previously met were Tossepeses scout, that they heard were out to do mischief. Again set out on 30th from St. Georges—passed Tennants Harbor, camped at mouth of little river south of MOUNT BETTY, signs of Indians recently there, found a canoe, perhaps the one the Indian was shot in, again camped on the island southward of Caprosher—next morning saw canoe with three Indians standing in to the head of "EDGEAMOGGAN" Beach, went that way, could discover nothing, in a bay heading towards Mount Desert saw an Indian on shore, nine of us went ashore, searching—three remained in care of boat—heard him run past in thick woods—as we were discovered useless to go further—so before daylight on the 5th (May) returned, tarried on account of high wind on one of the Fox Islands, reached St. George on the 6th and home the 13th.

Sworn to—May 28—

JAMES CARGILL.

This differs very much from Robinson's History of Camden who in speaking of the naming of Mount Battie states the facts as follows:

"James Richards, the first settler of Camden, came to Bristol, Me., from Dover, N. H., in 1767, the next year he came down to the wilderness of this township (Camden) to cut timber, the following spring he arrived at Camden with his household goods and family, viz., May 8, 1769.

Mr. Richards' wife, whose name was Elizabeth and who was called "Betty" by her friends, in her loneliness became much attached to the grand mountains of her new home. The one nearest her cabin she claimed as her own and it soon began to be called Betty's or Battey's mountain and out of this circumstance grew the present name of Mount Battie."

This is practically the same circumstance as appears in Locke's History of Camden published in 1859.

You will note by the copy of James Cargill's Journal that he speaks of MOUNT BETTY, ten years before Mr. Richards even came to Maine.

JOHN P. TEWKSBURY.

Camden, Maine, January 27, 1925.

LIST OF TAX PAYERS IN THE TOWN OF VIENNA,  
MAINE, FOR THE YEAR 1834

(Contributed by Clarence A. Day)

<i>Names</i>	<i>Names</i>	<i>Names</i>
Nathaniel Allen	Ebenezer Friffien	Danl. S. Mooers
Thomas Allen	Wm. French	John Mooers
John Allen	Jonathan Gorden	John Marden
Warren Allen	Jonathan Graves	Joshua Moore
Jesse Brown	Dennis Gorden	Robert Mitchell
Moses Brown	Jacob Graves	Joseph Mitchell
Joshua Brown, Jr.	Gerry Graves	John Mason
Samuel Brown	Wid. Mary Graves	Daniel Morrell
Ellet Berry, Jr.	Nathl. Graves	Andrew Neal
John Berry	Simeon Gorden	Joseph Proctor
Lewis Bryant	James Gilman	Benja. Porter
Josiah Bradley	Nathan Gilman	Jas. Porter
Alvan Bradley	Levi Greeley	Adonijah Prescott
Lewis Bradley	Wid. Anna Gilman	Jedidiah Prescott
Freeman Brown	Abel Hodgkins	Aron Prescott
Eliphalet Brown	True Hodgkins	Benj. Porter, Jr.
Daniel Brown	Amos C. Hodgkins	Wid. Jane Robinson
Nathaniel Brown	George Hoyt	James M. Robinson
Pardon Brownell	Joseph Holland	Jacob Roby
Robert Boody	Richard Jaques	Robert Smart
Ellet Berry, 3rd	Elisha Johnson	Stephen Sanborne
Wm. Burrill	Levi Johnson	Jas. Sanborne
John Burrill	Jacob Johnson	Jonathan Sevey
Jonathan Bradley	Joseph Johnson	John Stain
Josiah Bradley, 2nd	Epaphras Johnson	Henry Smith
Robert Cofren	Wm. Kimball	Jesse Soper
Nathaniel Cofren	Daniel Kimball	Clark Whittier
Jeremiah Cofren	Moses Kimball	Asa Wood
Levi Cass	Benja Kimball	John B. Whittier
Darias Cass	James Kimball	Benja. Weathern
James Carr	Barnard Kimball	Arnold Weathern
Stephen Carr	John Lord	Jedi'h Whittier
Joseph Carr	Morrill Lord	Cyrus S. Whittier
David Currier	Timothy Ladd, Jr.	Wid. Lois Whittier
David Carr	Timothy Ladd	Isaac N. Whittier
Jonathan Davis	Daniel Ladd	H. D. Whittier
Wm. Daniels	John Ladd	Nath'l Whittier
Ozem Dowst	Peter Mooers	Lyman Whittier
Daniel L. Dow	Nathl. Mooers	Eliphalet Wood
John Dearborn	Jabez S. Mooers	Asa Wright
Franklin Dearborn	Nathl. Mooers, right	John Wells
Joseph R. Dow	as Guardian for	Job Wells
Daniel Eaton	E. Abbot	John Wells, 2d
Thomas Foster	Nathl. Mooers on	Woodman Weathern
Moses Foster	Gorden Farm	Wm. Whittier
Merrill Fellows	Saml. Mooers	Joseph Webber
Moses Fellows	Saml. Mooers, 2nd	Wm. Webber



## NON-RESIDENTS

<i>Names</i>	<i>Names</i>	<i>Names</i>
Isaac Bent	Oner Unknown	John Wright
John R. Robinson	Edward True	Oner Unknown
John R. Robinson	Jacob Tilton	Francis Hubbard
Ithamer Berry	Davis Atkinson	Orren Brown
John Williams	Davis W. Whittier	Ira J. Sevey
John Williams	Elezer Tyler	Saml. Whittier
Asa Hutchinson	Cyrus Soper	Joseph Dudley
Ruel Williams		

## JAMES HENRY CARLETON

(By Mary W. Perkins, Alfred, Maine)

James Henry Carleton was born in Lubec, Maine, December 27th, 1814. His family afterwards removed to Hampden, Maine, on the Penobscot river. He took part in the Aroostook war which arose from a dispute in regard to the north-eastern boundary of the United States, and in 1839 received a commission as a lieutenant of the U. S. Dragoons.

Henrietta Tracy Loring of Boston, Massachusetts, married Second Lieutenant James Henry Carleton of the U. S. Army, Oct. 9th, 1840. Their home was at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, until March 1841 when he was ordered to Fort Gibson in the Cherokee Nation.

In 1843 while Carleton was at Fort Leavenworth, Audubon, who was then on his journey in the Missouri river region in the interest of the "Quadrupeds of America," wrote in his Journal: "Sept. 6th, Lieutenant Carleton supped with us and we had a rubber of whist." "Sept. 7th, Lieutenant Carleton came on board to breakfast—a fine companion and a perfect gentleman. Indian warwhoops were heard by him and his men whilst embarking this morning after we left. Presented a plate of the Quadrupeds to Lieut. Carleton and he gave me a fine black bear skin and has promised me a set of elk horns."

The above mentioned plate, The Oregon Flying Squirrel with its companion The Common Red Squirrel, were framed and hung in our living room in Castine, fifty years, and are now in our home in Alfred, a cherished possession bearing Audubon's autograph.

March 19th, 1845, he was assigned to commissary duty in the Kearney expedition to the Rocky Mountains.

He served in the Mexican War and was promoted to captain in 1847. He published "The Battle of Buena Vista in 1848." He was employed in exploring, and in keeping the

Indians in check, and in 1861 was advanced to the rank of major for his services at Buena Vista.

The summons of '62 had been an eventful one in the states and the Union authorities had paid scant attention to affairs beyond the Mississippi. By the first of August all the forts of Southern New Mexico were in the hands of the Confederates and the commander, by proclamation, constituted the Confederate territory of Arizona. Soon afterward Gen. Sibley arrived and assumed command of the Confederate army of New Mexico and set out to capture Fort Craig, the extreme southern post of Union forces in the territory.



JAMES HENRY CARLETON

The Union commander on the Pacific coast was Gen. H. G. Wright and to him occurred the bold idea of striking the Arizona Confederates in the rear by a force organized in California to march across the desert, recapture the government forts along the southern border, reclaim all the region to the Union and open the old southern mail route between Santa Fe, New Mexico, and Fort Yuma, California. The plan was immediately approved in Washington and troops were designated to form the expedition. Colonel James H. Carleton of the First California Volunteers was chosen leader. The intention was to move in winter, avoiding the heat of the Colorado and Gila deserts, but

unprecedented rains flooded the country and made this impossible. The volunteers for the enterprise were California miners and pioneers and they came to the camps from all parts of the country on foot. When the rains ceased, they moved from the west coast to Fort Yuma. Here a desert of 180 miles intervened and the water disappeared so rapidly that wells had to be dug to supply men and horses. When the rear of the column came along, there was so little water in the freshly made wells that it had to be dipped in pint cups. The number of men including employees was 1500.

The points of supply between Fort Yuma and the Rio Grande were Tucson, a halfway station, and Pima villages, the home of an agricultural tribe of Indians, between Fort Yuma and Tucson. Agents were sent forward to buy wheat and hay of the Indians and hold it for the troops.

The Confederates occupied Tucson and were pushing westward and Carleton's advance encountered them within fifty miles of Fort Yuma. Gen. Sibley's instructions had been to enlist volunteers promptly in all that region, negotiate for supplies with the governor of Mexico and as soon as the Union forces could be driven from New Mexico on the east, the Confederates would move on to San Francisco. The Mexican states would enter the alliance and an outlet for African slavery and a supply of treasure would be ensured to the South.

To prevent this there were two forces at work—Gen. Carleton's column and Gen. Canby's garrison of the forts on the Rio Grande between Sibley and his base of supplies in Texas.

It is a pathetic story that is told in the records of this expedition—how day after day in addition to the fatiguing march was the search for water.

The advance reached Fort Breckinridge on the Gila May 18th and hoisted the Stars and Stripes, then passed on to Tucson. The Texan Confederates abandoned the place without a struggle and Carleton waited for his straggling column to come up. The rear of the column reached Tucson June 5th and Carleton proclaimed martial law in the territory. Supplies were bought across the Mexican lines and the command was refitted for the march to the Rio Grande, and Carleton sent forward an express to notify Gen. Canby of his approach; but the couriers were set upon by the Apache Indians and only one of the three escaped; and he, only to fall into the hands of the Confederates who read his dispatches, learning of the expedition and its purposes. Upon this the Confederates determined to abandon the region.

On the 21st of June, Col. Egge was sent by Carleton with 140 men on a forced reconnaissance toward the Rio Grande. He reached Apache Pass on the 25th and halted at the fine spring of water to refresh and graze his animals. The Indians would lie in wait at the pass and attack travellers. Suddenly while busy drawing water, shots were heard and the camp was soon surrounded. After a parley, the chief consented to let the soldiers go unmolested. Egge pressed on and on July 4th reached Fort Thorne (old Fort Floyd) above Mesilla and across the river from Forts Fillmore and Bliss.

This was the first time the Union flag had floated on the Rio Grande below Fort Craig where Canby was, since the Confederate occupancy.

On the 23d of July, Col. Carleton left Tucson with the remainder of the column and August 10th reached Los Cruces in Texas opposite Mesilla, where Col. Egge was, having been halted by orders from the eastern department. He had however occupied Mesilla, A. T., and Fort Bliss and Fort Fillmore in Texas. On the 23d, the Union flag was raised over Fort Quitman on the Rio Grande and also over Fort Davis 140 miles in the interior.

Communication was now had with Gen. Canby and the California column was included in his department and supplied with funds. The long and anxious march was over and the purpose of the expedition had been carried out.

In his report of the expedition, Col. Carleton stated: "The southern overland mail route has been opened and the military posts in Arizona, southern New Mexico and southwestern Texas have been occupied by troops composing the column from California. Thus far the instructions of the general commanding the department of the Pacific have been carried out."

In March, 1865, Carleton was promoted Brigadier General of the regular army, the intervening ranks by brevet for his services in New Mexico; and for his gallantry during the Civil War was brevetted Major General.

He visited Maine for the last time in 1872. He died at San Antonio, Texas, January 7th, 1873.

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## AN OLD MAINE NEWSPAPER

(By the Editor)

Not long ago the writer dropped in to what was formerly the old Hallowell House in Hallowell, Maine, but which has since been remodelled, and is now "The Worster," for dinner. The gentleman who presides at the office desk with a ready smile for all guests, is Charles E. Packard, son of the late Hon. Cyrus A. Packard, in his lifetime a prominent and well known citizen of Piscataquis County. He had been a member of the Maine Legislature, a lawyer by profession, practicing law in Monson for several years. He was appointed land agent for Maine by Gov. Davis in 1880, which office he filled in a very able manner for twelve years. He was once elected county commissioner for three consecutive terms, making one of the ablest and most popular commissioners

that that county ever had. Charles E. had with him that day a copy of the "Bangor Jeffersonian," published every Tuesday morning by Joseph Bartlett and Benjamin A. Burr, in Harlow Block, Bangor, Maine.

Charles had found it among some of his father's old papers and presented it to us. This copy is dated Tuesday, September 7, 1858, and is really quite an interesting chapter in the history of politics and other affairs in eastern Maine at that time. It was when the old parties were breaking up and the new Republican party was in process of formation. From the early 50's to the day when Fort Sumter was fired upon and the awful Civil War cloud had actually burst upon this nation, many of the old Whigs and Democrats who believed that war was imminent were outstanding advocates of preserving the Union at whatever cost.

Before the Republican party was fully organized they were known politically as "Union men." In Maine, however, under the leadership of that great Union Democrat, Hannibal Hamlin, the new party in 1858 stood upon a very solid foundation. This paper represented that class of voters. Its candidate for Governor was Lot M. Morrill, who was elected and served as Governor 1859-60. Israel Washburn, Jr., of Orono, was its candidate for Congress from the fifth Congressional district. Its list of candidates for State Senators contains the names of John Thissell of Corinth, Elijah L. Hamlin of Bangor, John H. Gilman of Sebec and Charles W. Goddard, later known as Judge Goddard of Portland, then resident of Danville. Some of its candidates for county attorneys were John H. Rice of Monson, later a member of Congress, Eugene Hale of Hancock, later member of Congress, U. S. Senator, and for many years one of Maine's great statesmen; Edward Fox of Portland, William W. Virgin of Norway and Rufus Tapley of Saco, both of whom were afterwards members of the Supreme Judicial Court.

In it is also a lengthy communication from Francis O. J. Smith, a resident of Portland, and who had formerly been a Democratic member of Congress from Maine in the twenty-third, twenty-fourth, and twenty-fifth Congress. He was then a Republican. It is addressed to "J. G. Blaine, Esq., Ed. of Portland Advertiser," from which it was copied by this paper. Editor Blaine prefaces it with this note:

On Tuesday last we addressed a note to Hon. F. O. J. Smith, inquiring whether it would be agreeable and convenient for him to engage in a public discussion upon the political issues of the day, with any Demo-

crat who might be named. Mr. Smith begins his letter in the following manner:

J. G. Blaine, Esq.

Forest Home,  
August 25, 1858.

Ed. of Portland Advertiser:

Dear Sir—Your note and Advertiser of yesterday, came to hand yesterday afternoon, as I was leaving the city by cars.

But I hasten on this first opportunity, to reply, that, as I am not an office holder under either State or Federal Government, and am not a candidate for any office, it might seem obtrusive in me to volunteer a political discussion.

Besides, my time is engrossed incessantly, in my individual pursuits, and I am unable, without great inconvenience, to pledge an hour to public concerns.

Nevertheless, in heart and soul—in feeling and in judgment, I am with the great cause and the great principles of the Republican party of the nation, as enunciated in their organized policy on the various subjects of national freedom—the non-revival of the slave trade, and the non-extension of slavery—the multiplication of free States—the protection of home industry to the full extent practicable, without impairing our commerce, as a whole, with foreign nations—personal protection to the American citizen, in all parts of the world.

The legal notices in this issue disclose that John E. Godfrey was the Judge of Probate for Penobscot County, and Joseph Bartlett, Register of Probate.

S. C. Hatch of 25 Main Street in Bangor, advertises for fall trade, new goods, Plain and Printed Thibets, Raw Silks, Valencia Plaids, All-wool Delains, French Prints and traveling dress goods. Thomas A. White also sold dry goods; A. P. Gould sold drugs, paints, oils, window glass, etc., as did also B. F. Bradbury. Harnesses were sold by William Mann.

Asa Bither was a deputy sheriff.

A large cargo of Turks Island salt had just been received from the brig Penobscot, and was for sale at Stetson & Co., Exchange Street, Bangor. Old Bourbon whiskey for medicinal purposes was put up and sold by Wilson, Fairbank and Cole.

The professional card of H. M. Plaisted, counsellor and attorney at law, office East Side of West Market Square, Bangor, Maine, appears. This was Gen. Harris M. Plaisted, the father of Frederick W. Plaisted known by the present generation as Gov. Plaisted. Harris M. was also in his day Governor, attorney general and member of Congress.

One of the leading advertisers was D. Bugbee and Co., book binders, established in 1836. C. E. Ramsdell was a manufacturer and dealer in guns and gun materials.

The Exeter High School was to commence its fall term on September 2, 1858, with Benjamin W. Pond, A. M., of the

Bangor Theological Seminary as principal, and David Barker, the poet, was secretary of its board of trustees.

F. A. Wilson, counsellor and attorney, had an office in Eastern Bank Building, West Market Square, Bangor. He was for a time a law partner of Chief Justice John A. Peters.

In the first days of the Maine prohibitory law, a part of the system was establishing town and city liquor agents for the sale of liquor for medicinal and mechanical purposes. The following excerpt from this paper relates to this subject and also illustrates the refined, kindly and graceful manners of political newspaper writers 67 years ago when addressing each other and discussing political subjects:

Let it be remembered, that the oppressive and tyrannical Republican Prohibitory Law of 1858 compels every city, town and plantation in the State to open a grog-shop and traffic in intoxicating liquors.—Augusta Age.

Well, it don't compel the Democracy to go to these "grog-shops" and drink!

When a former Prohibitory Law was in force, which did not require an agency, or "grog-shop," the Age was out in full blast against that law because it did not compel every town in the State "to open a grog-shop and traffic in intoxicating liquors!"

All that is necessary to convict the black Democratic organs of the lowest, meanest, dirtiest kind of jobbing for political effect, is to place those organs of one year beside those of the next or any preceding year.

We really wonder if the editors of those organs flatter themselves that their readers forget one year what was told them the year before?—or know how supremely ridiculous they make themselves appear in the eyes of the candid men of all parties?

The towns of Passadumkeag and Edinburg desired a ferry across the Penobscot river, it appears by the following petition of Aaron Haynes and twenty-two others for the same. Notice of a view and hearing upon this petition was ordered by the county commissioners.

To the Honorable County Commissioners for the County of Penobscot:

The undersigned inhabitants of Passadumkeag present, that for the public convenience it is necessary that there should be an established ferry across the Penobscot river from Passadumkeag Point, so called, to some point in Edinburg, and we most respectfully request that your honorable body would view, lay out and establish said ferry, and likewise lay out a road from the shore of said river at each landing of said ferry to the County Road in said town of Edinburg and Passadumkeag.

AARON HAYNES and 22 others.

Passadumkeag, June 25, 1858.

When this paper was issued, Maine with the rest of the country was on the eve of the most important Congressional election that had ever occurred prior to the Civil War, and

it was also approaching the great conflict of 1860 between Lincoln and Buchanan. We herewith add a few of its political items:

THE THIRD WASHBURN NOMINATED FOR RE-ELECTION. Hon. Cadwallader C. Washburn was nominated at Prairie du Chien, Wis., on Wednesday last for re-election to Congress.

"LEGS, SERVE ME NOW." The wise wag of the Augusta Age says:

"In the 5th District, perhaps the chances are in favor of Washburn, although it is thought that Mr. Wiley will give him a hard run."

Of course he will: Wiley's legs are just twice as long as Washburn's.

James S. Wiley was at that time a citizen of Dover, and a lawyer in legal practice there. In 1847 he had served one term in the National House of Representatives, having been elected to that position by the Democrats, and this time he was again a candidate for election to this office, running against Israel Washburn, Jr., of Orono, who was elected. When he was a candidate the first time, no one then had had the slightest vision of candidates rushing through Congressional districts in high speed automobiles to canvass for votes. They visited all of the voters however, just as they do today, but used the old time horse and buggy for this purpose.

The late Alexander M. Robinson, who later acquired a high position as one of the leading lawyers of eastern Maine, had then moved from Corinna to Sebec and commenced the practice of law there. He was to "the manor born" a good Democrat. He pitted himself as a candidate for nomination against Mr. Wiley. But Wiley possessed one advantage over A. M. Robinson that had never occurred to him and which now would be absolutely unimaginable about a candidate for Congress. Mr. Wiley was even for those pioneer days a "poor man" and could not afford to own or hire the use of a horse and buggy for electioneering, so he walked on foot all over that Congressional district, interviewed all of the voters, and although women did not then have the right of suffrage, he dutifully kissed all of their babies, and defeated Mr. Robinson for this nomination.

Mr. Robinson, years after this occurrence, once told the writer that for a long time Mr. Wiley was, by the facetiously inclined, called "the most *legable* candidate that the 5th district ever had." It was this that evidently inspired the writer of the foregoing item when he says: "Wiley's *legs* are just twice as long as Washburn's."



## WHAT WAS THE LECOMPTON CONSTITUTION?

The first section of the LECOMPTON CONSTITUTION which was framed by the Pierce-Buchanan Ruffians for Kansas; which the people of Kansas from first to last repudiated and which Buchanan sought to force upon the unwilling people of that Territory, is as follows:

Section 1. The right of property is before and HIGHER THAN ANY CONSTITUTIONAL SANCTION, and the right of the owner of a slave to such slave and its increase, is the same and as inviolable as THE RIGHT OF THE OWNER OF ANY PROPERTY WHATEVER.

## ASK JEFF DAVIS!

A Lecompton organ asks whether Senator Fessenden "approves or disapproves of A DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION."

Go and ask Jeff Davis, of Mississippi,—he'll tell you, if he can spare the time from his labors for the Cumberland Democracy.

MASSACHUSETTS. The Sham Democratic State Convention at Worcester on Thursday re-nominated Erasmus D. Beach for Governor, for the fourth time. The vote stood—for Beach 636, for B. F. Butler 406. There was a sharp contest between the Buchanians and Douglassites, but the former triumphed in the nomination of Beach. The resolutions "fully endorse the administration of James Buchanan."

## THE LAST PLANK GONE!!

The Woodpecker Act has been almost the only plank the "National Democracy" of this State have stood upon—the last morsel they had to lay their jaws to,—but now this has been taken away by one of their organs. The Bath Times, a Menasseh Smith organ, says:

"A friend wants to know why we don't pitch into the woodpecker law? He says they bore holes in his apple trees, and he wants the privileges of shooting them.—Does he know that the woodpecker never bores a hole except to bring out the worm which is gnawing at the seat of life in the tree? Wouldn't it be well, before commencing war upon the birds, to allow them to exterminate the insects whose natural enemies they are?"

"This year (1856) about Sept. 1, Jefferson Davis of Mississippi, then a member of the United States Senate, with the presidential 'bee buzzing in his bonnet,' made a tour through the North delivering addresses and accepting serenades and receptions as a 'knight errant of the Union.' On this tour of the North he visited Camden and thence journeyed up the Penobscot. While here he was entertained by Hon. E. K. Smart, who had been his colleague in Congress where they had formed a strong friendship. Our older people remember his visit here and say that he was dressed in the typical southern style. As they looked upon him passing through our streets they had no premonition of the important part this able but misguided man was soon to play in the most tragic events of our country's history. Two years later this apostle of peace, love and good-will, disgruntled and disappointed in his ambitions and eager to begin a new career, appeared upon the national stage in the role of arch-traitor—trampling beneath his feet the flag which he had but recently claimed to hope 'would forever fly as free as the breeze which enfolds it.'"

From Robinson's History of Camden.

**MY MOTHER**  
(By the Editor)

SARAH SPRAGUE-WALTON  
NEE PARSONS

My mother's maiden name was Sarah Parsons, daughter of John and Polly Parsons. She was born in the town of Jay, Maine, in the year 1810. Her parents lived at different times in both of the towns Jay and Canton. They moved from Canton to the town of Sangerville about the year 1835. She married my father, Elbridge Gerry Sprague, in Sangerville in 1846. Our home was at Brockway's Mills in the southerly part of that town, about one-fourth of a mile from the birth-place of Sir Hiram Maxim, whose inventive genius gave to the world the first machine gun. She lived there until the death of my father, in 1866. About two years subsequent to this event, she went to Paris Hill, Maine, to visit relatives, and there married her second husband, Benjamin Walton, where she had a happy home until the death of Mr. Walton, Nov. 20, 1874.

At the February term of the Supreme Judicial Court at Dover, in Piscataquis County, I was admitted to the Bar of Maine, to practice law, and opened a law office in Abbot Village, about March 1st of that year. I purchased a homestead there and my mother joined me, where we lived together until her death, May 9, 1878. In a communication to the Piscataquis Observer, one of her dear friends and a neighbor, the late Mrs. E. F. Davis, said of her:

"Death has robbed the circle of excellent women of one of the best type of womanhood. The summons to her reward of an earthly career well spent, brightened by love's sweet offerings, and the good deeds of kindness, sympathy, and charity, which found the measures of her life's work, came early Thursday morning.

"Our friend was an active and beloved member of the Abbot Village Congregational Church. She was brave, honest, and a faithful, devoted follower of her Saviour. Ever true to her convictions. In her opinions, she was decided and outspoken, and her neighbors and acquaintances always knew just where to find her, religiously and on all questions of interest to mankind. Her opinions were positively expressed, and we who knew her best were always conscious whether concurring in or dissenting from her views that back of her utterances there shone the light of truthful interest. During the brief stay of her life in our midst she constantly uttered words which ever pointed us to a higher, better life. But more than anywhere else were her virtues known and appreciated in her home, at her own fireside. There she was courteous and kind and ever considerate of the comfort and happiness of her family; there she welcomed her friends with openhearted cordiality; there, more than elsewhere, will her form be missed, and her absence lamented; there, in her character of mother, neighbor, friend, did she show the kindness of her heart, and her sympathy with humanity; and from the heart of those who loved her because they knew she was honorable, affectionate and true. She has fought the good fight. She has finished her course. She has kept the faith. She has gone to receive her crown and enter into the joys of the Lord.

"Let us strive to meet her there beyond the gates of Pearl."

I now want to call attention to an event of importance in the history of American literature, which to-day is nearly forgotten by writers and historians. It was in the late thirties and early forties of the 19th century, when transcendentalism, more vitally emphasized at a later day, stirred the literary world of New England.

The factory girls of Lowell in Massachusetts, who worked twelve hours a day for a wage that would now be regarded as extremely low, acquired a world-wide fame for intellectual activity. My mother was one of these far-famed factory girls of Lowell for ten or more years. They had a literary union, a woman's rights and an anti-slavery association, having such notable men as Channing, Wendall Phillips and Garrison frequently appear at their meetings, as lecturers and speakers.

In 1842, Charles Dickens visited America and upon his return to England wrote the "American Notes for General Circulation." At that time this book was of great interest in both this country and England, which brought forth considerable criticism.

Lord Macaulay, in a letter, said of it:

"I pronounce this book, in spite of some claim to genius, at once frivolous and dull, therefore I will not praise it." . . .

Later in the letter, he, however, says:

"Neither will I attack it; first, because he is a good man, and a man of real talent; second, because I have eaten salt with him; thirdly, because he hates slavery as heartily as I do." . . .

One day Dickens took the train at Boston and visited Lowell, for the purpose of investigating and learning the truth in regard to the factory girls of that city and their activities.

On page 65-69 in "American Notes," Dickens says:

"I was met at the station at Lowell by a gentleman intimately connected with the management of the factories there; and gladly putting myself under his guidance, drove off at once to that quarter of the town in which the works, the object of my visit, were situated. . . . I happened to arrive at the first factory just as the dinner hour was over, and the girls were returning to their work; indeed the stairs of the mill were thronged with them as I ascended. They were all well dressed. . . .

"These girls, as I have said, were all well dressed: and that phrase necessarily includes extreme cleanliness. They had serviceable bonnets, good warm cloaks, and shawls; and were not above clogs and pattens. Moreover, there were places in the mill in which they could deposit these things without injury; and there were conveniences for washing. They were healthy in appearance, many of them remarkably so, and had the manners and deportment of young women: not of degraded brutes of burden.

"I am now going to state three facts, which will startle a large class of readers on this side of the Atlantic, very much.

"Firstly, there is a joint-stock piano in a great many factory boarding-houses. Secondly, nearly all these young ladies subscribe to circulating libraries. Thirdly, they have got up among themselves a periodical called 'The Lowell Offering.' 'A repository of original articles, written exclusively by females actively employed in the mills,'—which is duly printed, published, and sold; and whereof I brought away from Lowell four hundred good solid pages, which I have read from beginning to end.

"The large class of readers startled by these facts, will exclaim, 'How very preposterous!' On my deferentially inquiring why, they will answer, 'These things are above their station.' In reply to that objection, I would beg to ask what their station is.

"It is their station to work. And they do work. They labor in these

mills, upon an average, twelve hours a day, which is unquestionably work, and pretty tight work too. Perhaps it is above their station to indulge in such amusements, on any terms. Are we quite sure that we in England have not formed our ideas of the 'station' of working people, from accustoming ourselves to the contemplation of that class as they are, and not as they might be? I think that if we examine our own feelings, we shall find that the pianos, and the circulating libraries, and even the 'Lowell Offering,' startle us by their novelty, and not by their bearing upon any abstract question of right or wrong. . . . Of the merits of the 'Lowell Offering' as a literary production, I will only observe, putting entirely out of sight the fact of the articles having been written by these girls after the arduous labors of the day, that it will compare advantageously with a great many English Annuals. It is pleasant to find that many of its Tales are of the Mills and of those who work in them; that they inculcate habits of self-denial and contentment, and teach good doctrines of enlarged benevolence. A strong feeling for the beauties of nature, as displayed in the solitudes the writers have left at home, breathes through its pages like wholesome village air; and though a circulating library is a favorable school for the study of such topics, it has very scant allusion to fine clothes, fine marriages, fine houses, or fine life. Some persons might object to the papers being signed occasionally with rather fine names, but this is an American fashion. One of the provinces of the State Legislature of Massachusetts is to alter ugly names into pretty ones, as the children improve upon the tastes of their parents. These changes costing little or nothing, scores of Mary Annes are solemnly converted into Bevelinas every session.

"It is said that on the occasion of a visit from General Jackson or General Harrison to this town (I forget which, but it is not to the purpose), he walked through three miles and a half of these young ladies, all dressed out with parasols and silk stockings. But as I am not aware that any worse consequence ensued, than a sudden looking up of all the parasols and silk stockings in the market; and perhaps the bankruptcy of some speculative New Englander who bought them all up at any price, in expectation of a demand that never came; I set no great store by the circumstance."

I remember my mother, as a kindly-hearted, devoted and loving parent; and a woman of deeply religious convictions.

She possessed real talent in the way of English composition, writing friendly letters to relatives and other friends. In her early Lowell days, she wrote brief essays and poems upon topics of human interest, like slavery, woman's rights and similar subjects.

If I have as a public man and an occasional writer and speaker, from my early days of manhood, to the present hour, ever stood firmly for the equal rights of woman and of all humanity; if I have always opposed every form of race hatred, bigotry and intolerance, as fast as it has appeared, I owe it all to the inspiring lessons of my early boyhood received at my mother's knee.

## HISTORIC THANKSGIVING AT SOUTHWEST HARBOR

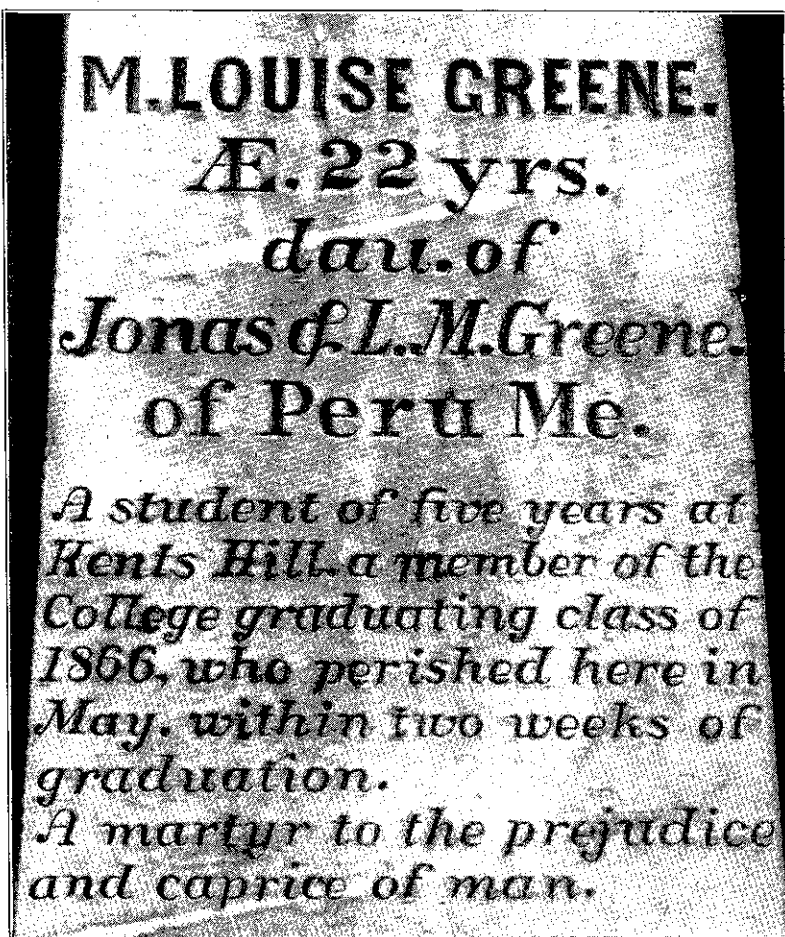
The following is from the Southwest Harbor correspondent of the Bangor Daily News, issue of December 3, 1925.

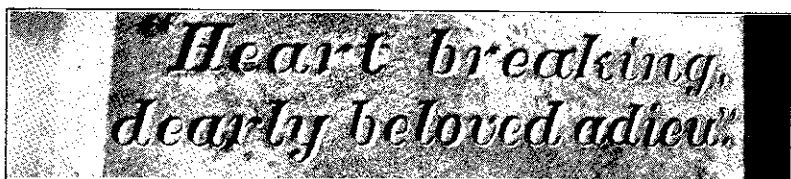
A rather unique Thanksgiving observance took place in this village on Thanksgiving Day when the descendants of John and Rachel Carroll, early pioneer settlers of this village, gathered at the old homestead at the mountain and observed Thanksgiving dinner. It was the one hundredth anniversary of the first dinner served at this homestead. The house was built in 1825 by John Carroll, who with his family and friends ate their first meal in the home Thanksgiving 1825. The homestead is still in very good preservation and is frequently used by the descendants for family gatherings and the entertainment of their friends. Descendants of the family have quite recently redecorated the interior of the homestead so that it presents a most homelike atmosphere. The homestead is one of the landmarks of the early settlers and has a great deal of historical interest connected with it. History comments upon the unusual hospitality that was always revealed by the original members of this home, the open door being a mark of the friendly spirit to all strangers that might come this way. This spirit of hospitality has not diminished even in the present generations of this family for there is always a most cordial welcome to whoever may be fortunate enough to come that way. The anniversary dinner was served under the direction of the following descendants: Mr. and Mrs. John Carroll, Philip, Richard and Rachel Carroll, Mr. and Mrs. Wilford Kittredge, Evelyn and Arthur Kittredge, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Clark, Eleanor and Rebecca Clark, all descendants or members of the family, and Rev. and Mrs. Oscar L. Olsen were guests of the occasion. Tradition says that the first dinner consisted of goose and plum pudding and this menu was repeated in great abundance with all the extras in full testimony to the reputation for the delicious repasts which the cooks of this family are so fully capable. The goose was served on the same platter that was used one hundred years ago and the dinner was served on dishes that belonged at one time to the Hon. Horace Mann, the originator of our public school system. Invitations were sent out to the descendants of John and Rachel Carroll and during the afternoon the following paid their respects by calling at the homestead: Mrs. Louise Smallidge, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lindsay Smallidge, Dorcas and High Smallidge, Mrs. Clarence Clark, Misses Annie and Marion Clark, Mrs. Lucinda Johnston, Louise Johnston, Mrs. Allen J. Lawler, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Lawler, Miss Elizabeth and John Lawler. A brief memorial program was carried out under the able direction of Mrs. Seth S. Thornton; prayer offered by the family pastor, Rev. Oscar L. Olsen; singing of a Thanksgiving hymn by the guests, and a brief but unusually interesting family history carefully prepared and presented by Mrs. Thornton. Refreshments of fruit punch and assorted cakes were served to the visitors, after which came the adjournment of one of the most delightful gatherings in this village.

The towns of Windham, Buxton, and Bowdoinham were incorporated in the year 1762, June 12, July 14, and Sept. 18, respectively. Waldoboro was incorporated June 29, 1773, as the thirty-second town.

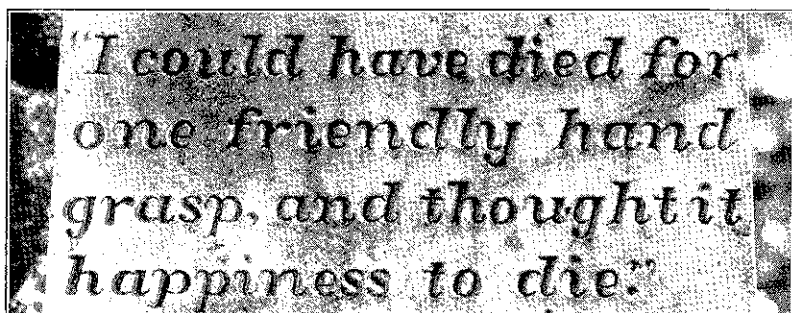
THE LUGUBRIOUS TALE AND DOLEFUL DEATH OF  
M. LOUISE GREENE, AN ALLEGED "MARTYR TO  
THE PREJUDICE AND CAPRICE OF MAN," OR "THE  
CROWN WON, BUT NOT WORN"

On the westerly slope of Mount Gile, formerly more sweetly called "White Oak Hill" in Auburn, Maine, stands a granite monument which bears the following inscriptions:





*Heart breaking,  
dearly beloved adieu.*



*I could have died for  
one friendly hand  
grasp, and thought it  
happiness to die.*

The Registry of Deeds for Androscoggin County, Book 53, Page 57, shows a conveyance November 9, 1866, by Ira Beale of Auburn, to Jonas Greene of Peru, in consideration of five dollars, of a parcel of land in Auburn . . . "it being a small piece of woodland"

"Commencing on the southwest side of the Old County Road which leads from Vickery's Mills to North Plaines in said Auburn at a point on said road where a line running at a right angle in a westerly course where it will pass one rod east of the center of the rock where Miss M. Louise Greene died to a point one-half rod beyond said rock;

Thence at a right angle in a northerly direction two rods;

Thence at a right angle in an easterly direction to the road;

Thence down said road two rods to the bounds first mentioned, containing about ten square rods, be the same more or less."

The old County Road mentioned in the description of the Beale to Greene deed is now no longer traveled, the woodland yet exists, the monument stands alone, unkept and a bit gruesome in the forest. The rambler in the woods may stumble upon the site of the monument but its melancholy inscriptions will have no meaning to the casual visitor, beyond the mere chiseled record of a tragedy of long ago. A reading of the



inscriptions thereon may challenge a lover of the recondite to ascertain whether M. Louise Greene was "A Martyr to the Prejudice and Caprice of Man."

The story of M. Louise Greene involves the honor of a recognized institution of learning, the passionate love of a father for a daughter, his equally passionate hatred of a school and its head, and the lamentable fact that the daughter by herself admitted conduct and guilt became amenable to the discipline of the school and its head, neither of which would put the stamp of approval on such conduct as M. Louise Greene admitted to be hers.

The history of the death of M. Louise Greene is found in two pamphlets:

(1) "The Crown Won but Not Worn" or "M. Louise Greene, a Student of Five Years at Kents Hill, Maine," by Jonas Greene, Boston, 1867.

"Libel Refuted and Reply to Greene's Pamphlet, by the Trustees of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary, Kents Hill." Lewiston Journal, 1868.

The files of the Lewiston Journal show under date of May 29, 1866, a "local" as to a missing young woman. An editorial under date of June 2, 1866, was entitled "Missing, a Sad Case." June 9, 1866, appeared a "local" as to the purchase of poison by the missing woman, June 10, 1866, appeared a "local" on a general search. June 11, 1866, appeared a "local" that nothing had been discovered as a result of the search. June 13, 1866, appeared a card of thanks to citizens for assistance in the search.

Such was the hue and cry to find M. Louise Greene. Her body was found at the spot where the monument was afterward erected, October 13, 1866, and she is buried in East Peru Cemetery and her headstone bears the inscription "A Martyr to the Prejudice and Caprice of Man," "In Our Father's House the Wicked Cease from Troubling and the Weary are at Rest."

In the Greene pamphlet, "The Crown Won, but Not Worn," Jonas Greene states briefly the history of the tragedy.

"The reading portion of the community, generally, in Maine, and thousands out of this State, have heard of the sad tragedy which transpired at Auburn, near Lewiston, not long since: how M. Louise Greene, a student at the Female College at Kents Hill, Me., left that institution in a wretched state of mind, on the 23rd day of May, 1866, travelled to Lewiston, was seen weeping in Auburn, purchased poison, and mysteriously disappeared; how her father, for many weary and anxious

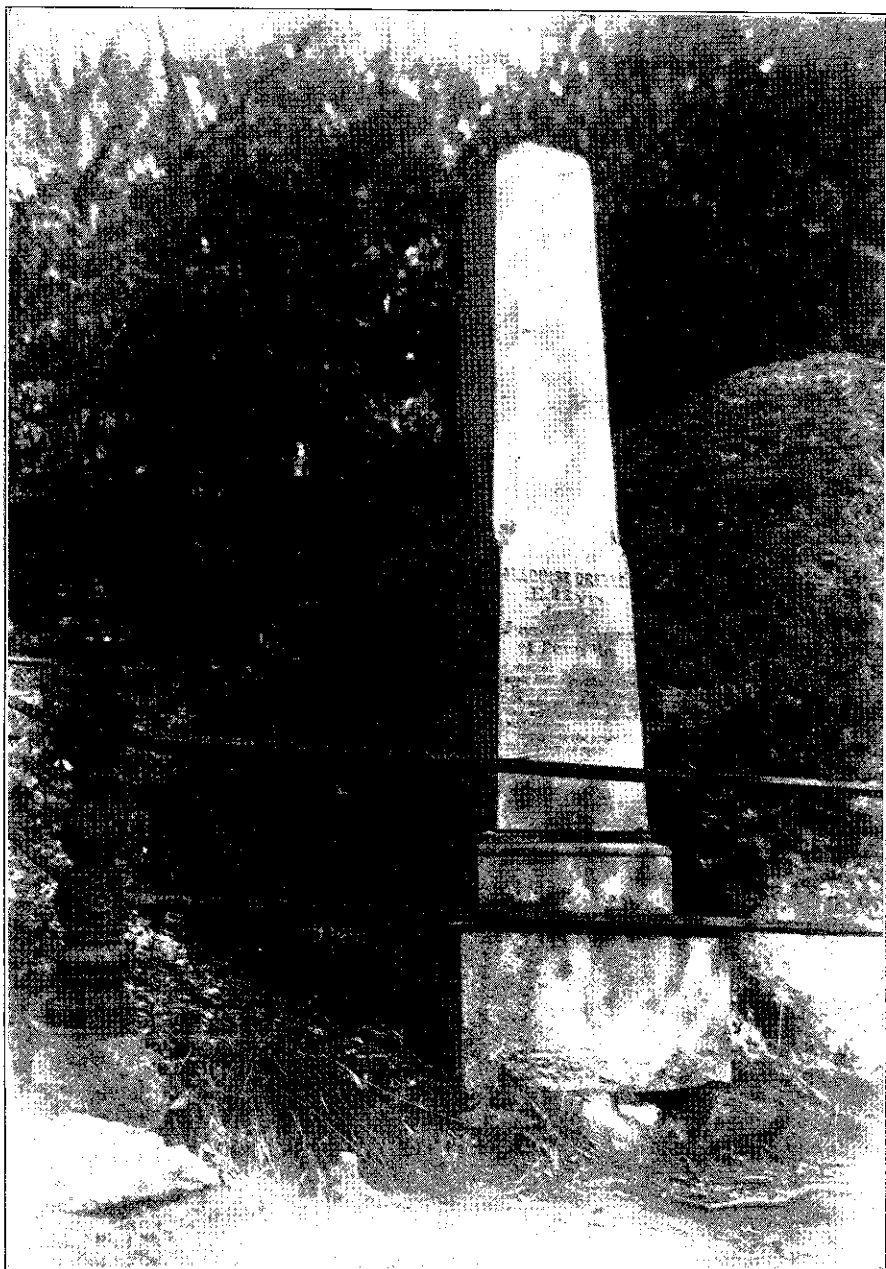
days and weeks, searched in and around Lewiston, for his lost child; how he employed detectives, circulated handbills and photographs all over the State; while the kind and sympathizing people of Lewiston, Auburn, Lisbon and other places generously assisted him in many ways, and by hundreds, in searching the wood, the canals, and river to no purpose; and how her bleached remains were accidentally discovered in a lonely spot in the forest, in Auburn, in October following."

What was the cause of the wretched state of mind of M. Louise Greene, May 23, 1866?

It seems that M. Louise Greene entered the Maine Wesleyan Seminary at Kents Hill in March 1861. After a preparatory course of two years she entered the Female College Department of that institution and continued a student until May 23, 1866. During the latter part of her course she had been the source of annoyance to the faculty of the institution in that she had frequently broken the rule about leaving "the Hill" without permission.

Assuming M. Louise Greene was a woman of proud and high spirit, there is nothing to criticise overmuch on such conduct except that she did not conform to the rules of the institution in which she was a student. In April 1865 Dr. H. T. Torsey, the head of the school, had an interview with her in which he remonstrated with her about her attitude towards the rules of the school and its discipline. So matters passed until May 1866. Miss Greene left the school a Wednesday, May 23, 1866. Monday evening previous Dr. Torsey was informed that M. Louise Greene had been taking articles of clothing not belonging to her and the Doctor also learned that Miss Greene had taken some money. On the Wednesday Miss Greene left the school Dr. Torsey had an interview with her. She spoke of having taken clothing before, and said something about intending to return it at the close of the term. As to the money she said, "a devil tempted me to take it." As a result of the interview Miss Greene said she would leave the school. She was twenty-two years of age. It was suggested by Miss Greene that she would go to her uncle's home in Lewiston and write her father to meet her there. Dr. Torsey urged her to go to her parents and she promised to go to them. Dr. Torsey suggested that she start soon after dinner. Learning that Miss Greene had made her departure in her everyday clothing and had gone to Lewiston instead of to her parents in Peru, Dr. Torsey sent a student with Miss Greene's sister to the father at Peru and charged the sister to explain all.

The preceptress of the school, Miss Frances S. Case, made



an affidavit printed in the reply to the Greene pamphlet, in which she stated in an interview with Miss Greene at which a Mr. and Mrs. Daggett, the steward and stewardess of the institution, were present, that Miss Greene confessed she took \$5 from a Miss Church's room, that she had taken clothing which did not belong to her and that she intended to return the clothing at the end of the term. It also appeared from this affidavit that Miss Greene possessed a skeleton key.

As to the skeleton key it appears from the Greene pamphlet that Miss Greene had possessed this key for about three years. That Miss Greene used the key is evident from the affidavit of Miss Emma C. Huntington printed in the trustees' pamphlet, who says that while sitting locked in her room in the spring of 1865 a knock was heard at her door. She made no answer or movement. Immediately she heard a key put into the lock and someone turning the key. She arose, looked to see what was about to happen, saw the door open and Miss M. Louise Greene entered the room. "She said her key would fit one of the doors nearby and thought she would try it in mine."

The state of mind of this unfortunate woman then on the morning of Wednesday, May 23, 1866, was that she was charged by the authorities of the school with theft, that she confessed to the theft, that she had to meet her parents with this accusation, that she was of age, that she was to leave the school of her own accord and unhonored with its certificate of graduation. The case against M. Louise Greene consists of three charges: (1) The possession of a skeleton key. As to this no great wrong can be ascribed. (2) The possession of clothing not hers, but this can be explained by a lax method of sorting clothing in the wash. (3) The theft of five dollars in money which Miss Greene confessed she took.

The unfortunate woman wrote in her unhappy state, two letters, one to her sister and one to her classmates, and these letters are here printed.

*Letter of Miss Greene to her sister Chestina, published in Mr. Greene's book, page 39, and in the Trustees' pamphlet, page 56.*

"In the cars, Wednesday, A. M.

"MY MUCH LOVED BUT DEEPLY WRONGED SISTER,—In leaving you, as I have, I am sensible that there is in store for you mortification and a share of my disgrace.

"Dr. Torsey informed me this morning that I had better leave to-day; 'not expulsion,' he said, 'we won't call it that, but I advise you to go home.' Practically, it amounts to the same thing, however. How I feel, God only knows; you never can; and my bitterest agony is for the dear ones at home, on whom must fall some share in this disgrace.

Satan, or some evil spirit, must have led me into this. If I know myself, it was not the true, real Louise Greene, that did this. She was trying to live an honest, womanly life; or, if she was, indeed, drifting into disgrace, she never realized it. I can feel myself guilty of but one crime,—the taking of five dollars from Miss Church. No other was alleged against me, but the having of those unmarked articles of clothing; and, as I live, I had no intention of stealing them. For every article I took, I had lost one in the wash, and put these on in their stead, expecting, before the term was done, to find my own. There was, in some sort, a necessity for this; for instance:—I came to college with three or four good, whole drawers,—two pairs of which were new ones,—and to-day, as I ride away, I have none. They were lost in the wash because unmarked. Was it so strange that I should put on others, also unmarked, in their stead? I tell you this, that you may know what I have done, and why I did it. That five dollars is a mystery to me. I went on an errand into Miss Church's room; in her stand drawer laid a partly open porte-monnaie. What possessed me to take the money I do not know; but I took it out. The moment they asked me about it I confessed it. You know the skeleton key I have long had. That told against me; but, after all, I do not think they believed I open rooms with it, for the purpose of taking out things. I certainly never did. Now you know the whole story. It is probably travelling the Hill at this moment with a thousand exaggerations. God pity me! I never thought to come to this. Do not tell any one anything in this. It will be useless to try to stem the tide; bend beneath it, or it will break you down. Say nothing of excuse or palliation. In my heart I feel that you will not say aught of condemnation. It is a great deal to ask; perhaps you cannot do it now; but some time will you not try to forgive me? Live down all this. It is no real disgrace to you, though it may seem so. Make friends with the teachers, and with the people of God; they will strengthen you. Here I think was my fault; I tried to stand on the Hill alone, and I fell.

“LOUISE.”

*The letter of Miss Greene to her class, printed in the Greene pamphlet, page 35, and not printed in the Trustees' pamphlet.*

“At a Way Station, in the cars.

“FOR THE CLASS—SCHOOLMATES,—Once my own darlings (for I have no right to claim you now), I would rather die by slow torture than write you this letter. But I feel it a duty. Who wrongs himself, wrongs his friends. God forgive me! but I believe there is no soul on earth that stands nearer the gates of utter despair than mine does at this moment. I have always said, ‘A man who will steal will lie, will do anything bad.’

“Perhaps you will feel so; but, oh! do hear my story. *Do not* believe that through all these past years spent with you I have been acting a lie. As I live, I never touched a cent of money that was not my own, except this once. They tried to make me account for all the little things that have been missed through the term; but I could not. I have not had them. A skeleton key, given me years ago, I had, that looked as though I might have used it wrongfully. God knows my heart! I never did. One other thing I did,—I have been in the habit of doing. When I came to the college I brought many unmarked clothes, some of them new ones. When I missed things from the wash, I took others (unmarked ones) from the table, and used them. They put this with that,

and altogether it did look bad. But if my own garments had not come by the close of the term, I should have left these where I got them,—in the wash. Now you know all. My distress is bitter enough; but the shame that I bring upon you,—upon the home friends,—I cannot express it. O my darlings! my darlings! I thought the parting would be hard enough two weeks from now; but this—I cannot even call you *mine* now! The greatest favor I can ask is, drop me from your remembrance and some time—you cannot do it now, I know; but do, won't you some time forgive me? Forgive me; forget me; pray do! I ask it in the name of all who have sinned and suffered,—in the name of my own bitter anguish,—in the name of all that I have been, or hoped to be TO you and WITH you. I do not know what tempted me. I went out to Miss Church's room one evening, without any such thought in my heart. She was gone. Her table-drawer was open; her porte-monnaie, open too. Some satan, hidden in my heart, said, Take it; and before I could think, I stood again in 27. When it was done, I would fain have replaced it; but could not without discovery. The only thing I have to be glad of is, that I did not deny when asked. Everything that was asked me I told the truth about, as near as I could in my distracted state of mind. This storm has only been gathering since yesterday. I tried to read my Bible last night, but could not. I don't believe I shall ever pray again, except to say, Father, forgive me. And He will not hear. How, then, can I expect your pardon! If I could have had an opportunity to retrieve the past at the Hill,—if this thing had not been made public property and common talk,—maybe there might have been a future for me; but now—I think maybe I am not exactly as I used to be while I write this; for my head whirls, and I cannot seem to think,—to say what I am trying to say. Did you love me any? Do you love me any now? It seems as though my heart must have some assurance of this, or it will burst; and yet I know it cannot be. I *could* not go to see you this morning; I did not dare; and yet I could have died for one friendly hand-grasp, and thought it happiness to die. Will some of you call Mary Chapman into your room and read her this? that is, if you think best. What I write here I put into your hands. I am not capable of saying what should be done with it. Decide for me. Act as you would have others do, if it were possible for you to be in this place. I can hear even now the thousand buzzing rumors flying over the Hill. O my God! what am I that I should have been left to do this thing? Dear girls, it may seem presumptuous in me now to ask a favor; but if you could only find it in your hearts to be kind to my sister,—my poor sister Ches.;—oh! if I could only prevent her from being punished for my sins, I would bear my own bitterness alone.

"I do not know what will become of me. If I get home, do not do anything with this letter; if not, will you please send it to my mother before term closes? O mother! my mother! If it were your mother, girls, what should you say? what would you do?

"Mr. Schwagerl said to me this morning, one sentence, 'Remember your Saviour.' I have been saying it over all the way here. I thank him for saying that always. Mary Chapman, you tell him so; but I don't know. The Saviour is an iron door, I think, to me—shut, bolted. I never realised before that my life was drifting into this downward current. I cannot think it was. I came to the top of a great precipice, did I not? and because I had been trying to walk alone on Kent's Hill, I fell. Well if it had destroyed life with character; but it did not.

"I keep writing and writing because I can't say the last word; but I must.

"I have read this over, or tried to, and it is not what I would say. I cannot write more; I cannot write again. I cannot even ask you to write to me. What could you say? I don't want you to.

"My darlings! my darlings! this good-by is a thousand times more bitter than was the laying away of my dead.

"Addies, Lydias, Sarahs, Mary and Abby,—how good your names look to me! You have all been good to me.

"Good-by.

"LOUISE."

Out of it all comes the bald truth, that M. Louise Greene was a self-confessed pilferer of money, that she was of age, that she left Kents Hill of her own accord, that she agreed to return to her parents, that she went to Lewiston, instead of to Peru where her parents lived.

Immediately on learning of the departure of his daughter M. Louise Greene from the school at Kents Hill, Jonas Greene sought to find her. He became embroiled in a bitter controversy with the institution and its head, Dr. H. P. Torsey. He charged Dr. Torsey with cruelty, with responsibility for the death of his daughter, with belittling her piety and refusing his help in the difficulties in which she found herself. In his pamphlet, "The Crown Won but Not Worn," he sets forth in language at times scurrilous his version of the sad affair. This pamphlet is a statement of the life of M. Louise Greene and her accomplishments. It contains certificates of her character and her worth by her neighbors and friends. It argues the loss of clothing was a responsibility of the school. It describes the relations of M. Louise Greene as to the discipline of the school. It impugns the methods of those having in charge the school. It sets forth the last letters of his daughter. It quotes affidavits of her classmates as to her amiable qualities. It quotes her accomplishments in literary subjects. The pamphlet is replete with invective charging prejudice, misunderstanding and gross cruelty toward M. Louise Greene on the part of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary and its officers and teachers. It is particularly bitter in its arraignment of Dr. Torsey, and closes with these words:

"In view of all that has transpired on the Hill, and the course Torsey has pursued towards Louise while under his care and since she died, his disposition shown to, and the treatment of her friends, I must say, I loathe and detest this miserable compound of intrigue and deception, and desire him to be kept out of my sight and mind if possible. I will not attempt to call him deserved names, as I can find no terms in the English language that will do him justice."

To this pamphlet the Maine Wesleyan Seminary made reply in the pamphlet "Libel Refuted: A Reply to Greene's Pam-

phlet." This reply is a dignified statement of the connection of M. Louise Greene with Kents Hill. It bears resolutions of confidence on the part of the trustees in Dr. Torsey. It contains affidavits as to the treatment of Miss Greene in her last days at the school by the authorities. It shows conclusively that Miss Greene left the school of her own accord, that pilfering was proved against her, that no prejudice or ill will was shown towards her. There are various affidavits which show Dr. Torsey was an impartial disciplinarian and an excellent teacher. It takes up each complaint of Mr. Greene and makes fair and candid answer to them. It bears two extracts from letters of Mrs. Greene to Dr. Torsey which show the temper of the Greene family. These extracts are printed on page 58 of the pamphlet and are here set forth:

"Peru, Oct. 14, 1866.

"Mr. Torsey—Sir: The victim of your revenge, persecution and tyranny was found dead in Auburn, yesterday, . . .

"Our opinion of you is that you are a base scoundrel and a black-hearted murderer, and we, every one of us, not only consider you so, but others look upon you in the same light. . . .

"LOUISE M. GREENE."

"Peru, Me., May 23, 1867.

"Mr. Torsey—Sir: One year ago to-day, Louise received her death-blow from you, fleeing from your presence as from a tiger. . . .

"While God spares your life and mine, as often as the anniversary of poor Louise's death returns, I shall write to those who we honestly and firmly believe were the cause of her death.

"We still think you are a base scoundrel and black-hearted murderer; we think you willfully and purposely neglected sending to us, so that the poor distracted creature might get beyond our reach. Nothing but the influence of a rich, powerful and corrupt denomination can save you and those connected with you, in this inhuman tragedy, from *universal* condemnation. . . .

"LOUISE M. GREENE."

The inscription on the granite monument on an Auburn hillside states that M. Louise Greene was "A Martyr to the Prejudice and Caprice of Man." The same sentiment is cut in the monument which marks her last resting place in Peru. More than half a century has passed since this controversy arose which blackened the memory of an unfortunate woman and injured the reputation of an institution of learning for youth.

Time is a great healer. The controversy is all but forgotten. The parties who participated therein are for the most part dead and the bitterness of the attack of Jonas Greene on the Maine Wesleyan Seminary and its trustees and its teachers is all but lost in the years, but the monument and



the two pamphlets remain; the one with its assertions as to the prejudice and caprice of man, the other with its written records of the sad affair. A perusal of the pamphlets may lead one to think Miss Greene's offenses might have been condoned and her face saved, but the fact stands forth that she admitted her guilt and the conclusion must obtain if she was the victim of the rejudice and caprice of man, that prejudice and caprice is best expressed in the passionate and vindictive conduct of her father and can not be found in the officers and teachers of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary. If her father was the passionate, vindictive man his pamphlet shows him to be, M. Louise Greene knew she had to meet that condition when she went forth from Maine Wesleyan Seminary in disgrace May 23, 1866, and fear of her father and consciousness of her guilt led her to commit the lamentable act of suicide rather than to face her parent. In that sense alone was she "A Martyr to the Prejudice and Caprice of Man." The effort of Jonas Greene to injure and defame the reputation of a school and its head by cutting in enduring granite an assertion of the martyrdom of his daughter finds no justification other than in his own prejudiced and capricious spirit, which warped his judgment and embittered his heart.

GEORGE C. WING, JR.

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### CANNING THE SURPLUS

By A. L. T. Cummings

You can be a high grade canner, if you only think you can,  
But, of course, must suit the action to the thought;  
If you've never yet tried canning, it is time that you began  
To conserve the surplus products as you ought.

Canning season starts with rhubarb, and with dandelion  
greens;

Berries next, from field and garden, wait your call;  
Soon the early peas are ready, after them the snapping beans,  
And a wealth of things to can, all through the fall.

Wholesome work, with many lessons, a good householder  
should know,

But there's fun in canning, too, all canners say;  
And the joy in well-stocked cupboards, when the roads are  
blocked with snow,  
Takes the worry out of many a wintry day.



Conducted by Bertram E. Packard, Deputy State Commissioner of Education, Augusta, Maine.

*We are presenting in this issue of the Journal, Three Episodes in the Colonial History of Kennebunkport. This pageant was prepared by Superintendent Merton T. Goodrich, formerly of Kennebunk and now of York.*

*It is an interesting illustration of valuable work that may be accomplished in any of our schools as a program for graduation exercises or for any school entertainment.*

### THREE EPISODES IN THE COLONIAL HISTORY OF KENNEBUNKPORT

(By Merton T. Goodrich)

Presented by the grammar schools of Kennebunkport as a part of the graduation exercises, 1924.

#### FIRST EPISODE

##### *The Voyage of Bartholomew Gosnold, 1602*

*Historical Note*—The ship of Bartholomew Gosnold sailed along the coast of Maine, May 14, 1602. Leading authorities are agreed that the first land he sighted was Cape Porpoise, that he sailed along the shore and that he did not anchor until he reached Cape Neddick beyond the limits of Kennebunkport.

#### FIRST SCENE

##### *Indian Feastday on the Shores of Kennebunkport*

The rise of the curtain discloses a group of Indians who have just finished a feast of clams. Indian songs are sung by a chorus of Grammar School Pupils.

#### SECOND SCENE

##### *The Indians See a Strange Ship*

Dramatized by boys of Wildes School and girls of Town House School

As the curtain rises, a group of three Indian braves is disclosed seated

in a semi-circle at the right center. The one at the left rises suddenly and points off stage, to the right.

*White Gull*—Look!

*Black Bear*—Where? (Rises and peers seaward.)

*White Gull*—Out there on the big water.

*Little Owl*—(Rises and gazes right.) Huh, strange canoe.

*W. G.*—Is that a tree in it?

*L. O.*—No, tall wigwam.

*W. G.*—It is coming toward us.

*B. B.*—Humph, no good.

*L. O.*—It looks very good to me.

*W. G.*—Is it the Great Spirit?

*L. O.*—It may be.

*W. G.*—Great Spirit, take us to the happy hunting ground.

We have been brave. We have killed only for meat. We have caught many deer. We are great hunters.

*B. B.*—Ugh, all bad medicine!

*W. G.*—It is turning away.

*L. O.*—The Great Spirit is angry at your boasting.

*W. G.*—I spoke truth.

*L. O.*—Yes, but at the wrong time.

*W. G.*—It has turned side to and now we can see it better.

*L. O.*—There are no paddles!

*W. G.*—There are two trees in the canoe.

*L. O.*—There are many wigwams on the branches.

*W. G.*—It may not be the boat of the Great Spirit.

*L. O.*—After many moons we shall know.

*B. B.*—All bad, very bad. Black moons will come and red moons will come.

*L. O.*—Black Bear always growls. But the boat is surely going away.

*W. G.*—Let us follow along the shore and see where it goes.

(The braves exit in this order: White Gull, Little Owl and Black Bear. Exit right. While they have been talking, two Indian maidens have appeared shyly among the trees at the left and have cautiously approached the center of the stage where they are standing when the braves exit. They have been watching the boat and continue to do so during the following conversation, except when the thought of the speech requires otherwise. As they converse, they gradually and gracefully walk toward the right and when the curtain falls, are standing at the extreme right gazing wistfully out to sea.)

*Singing Foam*—How swiftly and silently the great canoe glides away!

*Wood Thrush*—How beautiful and how graceful!

S. F.—It is very wonderful.

W. T.—Whence did it come?

S. F.—It came from the dawn, from where the sun rises it came.

W. T.—What can it be? (Slowly) But I can almost remember, something.

S. F.—Try to remember, Wood Thrush, try to remember.

W. T.—Yes, Singing Foam, I will. I think I recall a dream. No, it was when I was a very little girl that my grandmother told me about an old, a very old prophecy.

S. F.—What was it?

W. T.—It was that sometime the Great Spirit would come in a large, magnificent canoe. Singing Foam, that night the Great Spirit took her away.

S. F.—Do you think that this is the canoe of the Great Spirit?

W. T.—Yes, I think it is.

S. F.—But see, it is almost out of sight.

W. T.—O, Great Spirit, come back to us and bring us many blessings.

S. F.—No, it does not return. Away to the south it is going.

W. T.—To the home of the warm wind it has gone.

## SECOND EPISODE

### *How Nicholas Morey Saved Cape Porpoise*

*Historical Note*—In 1690, John Purinton was in command of the garrison at Cape Porpoise when it was attacked by the Indians. After resisting for a few days in the fort, the settlers found it impossible to beat off the Indians on all sides and sought safety at the southern end of Stage Island, so called because there the fishermen dried their fish. Nicholas Morey, a cripple and very lame, rowed a broken and leaky boat to Portsmouth, about 30 miles away, and got a sloop to come to the rescue of the settlers. It arrived just in time.

Dramatized by pupils of the Cape Porpoise Grammar School

### SCENE ONE

Scene: The southern end of Stage Island. Time: Afternoon.

### *The Attack*

The curtain rises on an empty stage. There are confused shouts at the left. Women and children enter running, registering fear and panic. Some have bundles of household articles tied up in old quilts and the like. They huddle together at the right of the stage. Warwhoops and firing at the left off stage. Men enter from left, back to in most cases, armed, one or two shots are fired as they enter and pass to the left rear and hide behind the trees where the firing is kept up vigorously. The women become more calm and aid by carrying muskets to the men and

cooling the ones they bring back and helping to load them. Only the names of John Purinton and Nicholas Morey are historically correct. Carrie is a girl of sixteen, Dinah a vigorous old lady, Mary a resolute young married woman, Dorcas a married woman of more nervous temperament, Ann is a little girl about ten. The third man is Hezekiah, the husband of Dorcas.

*Carrie*—I'm more scairt here than I was in the fort.

*Dinah*—There, there, my child, don't tremble so.

*Carrie*—Do you think we be safe here?

*Mary*—I dunno.

*Dorcas*—'Pears to me, we were better off in the fort.

*Dinah*—Capt. Purinton knows best. Besides anyone could see that the Injuns were going to surround the fort to-night and burn it over our heads. The redskins can get at only one side of us here.

*Ann*—Grandma, can the men drive them away?

*Dinah*—Sure, child.

*Mary*—The men will do all they can.

*Dorcas*—They can't do much. The powder and lead are most gone. O, what shall we do, what shall we do!

*Dinah*—Don't you go to takin' on, now. 'Tw'n't do no good.

*Carrie*—Let's help the men more and stop talking. (Pause.)

*John Purinton*, (off stage)—Listen, you all, cut every slug in two.

*Dorcas*—He says to cut every ball in two.

*Mary*—How?

*Dinah*—Bite 'em.

*Mary*—I can't.

*Dinah*—Take this hatchet, then.

*Ann*—Grandma, I'm so hungry.

*Dinah*—Hush, child. We'll see what we can find when the tide comes in.

*Ann*—Why, then, grandma?

*Dinah*—When the sand bar is under water, the Injuns will stop trying to cross over.

*Mary*—Don't tell her the grub is all gone. (Aside to Dinah.)

*Dorcas*—Look, the tide is coming in and the Injuns are running back.

(The firing ceases. The women begin to unpack their few belongings.)

*Carrie*—Why do such terrible things happen on such pretty islands as these?

(The men enter from left, whispering together.)

*Hezekiah*—There hain't enough lead to stand 'em off again.

*Purinton*—I think you're mistook, there, Hezzy. Using jedgment often and our guns seldom, we can hold out jest once more.

*Hezekiah*—Maybe, but what then?

*Purinton*—Hush, not so loud. We'll fight 'em hand to hand until none of us are left. There's a chance they'll quit fust.

*Hezekiah*—Is there no way to get help?

*Morey*—(Has limped to one side and speaks as if thinking to himself.) Yes, there is a way, but it's one chance in a thousand.

*Purinton*—There's no help and there's no escape. We must make up our minds to fight it out right here.

*Morey*—Capt. Purinton, did ye know of the boat in them bushes?

*Purinton*—Yes, but it's no good. The bow is stove in and it leaks, like my old hat.

*Morey*—Captain, I hain't much good but I kin row, and it's my job to go to Portsmouth for help in that boat. Don't stop me, Cap'n.

*Hezekiah*—Ye never could do it, Nick.

*Purinton*—If ye want to try it, Nick, all right. If there's a man in the fort that kin do it, you kin. Put a rock in the stern to keep that bow out of water and there's a chance you kin make it.

(The men rush over to the bushes at the right of the stage and pushing them aside disclose a broken boat, into which, Nicholas Morey crawls, and the boat is pushed off amid smothered exclamations of hope and good will.)

## SCENE TWO

Same as Scene One. Time: The next afternoon.

The rise of the curtain discloses the men, armed for hand to hand fighting at the left, while the women are at the right, their attention divided between the redskins at the left, off stage, and the possibility of discovering a boat of rescue approaching from the right.

*Dorcas*—The tide is nearly out agin and they'll be at us in a few minutes. O, it is terrible.

*Mary*—But, we beat 'em off easy this mornin'.

*Carrie*—Now there are only one or two shots left for each gun.

*Dorcas*—Will help never come?

*Mary*—See them all skulking behind those trees, acrost the bay.

*Carrie*—They can hardly wait for the tide.

*Dorcas*—I believe they're starting now.

*Ann*—Grandma, pray, can't you pray?

*Dinah*—I'll try, child, I'll try. O, Lord, we cry to thee for help. Save us from this awful death. We are only poor fisherfolk, but your first disciples were fishermen. You saved them. Save us. O, God, I can't pray very good, but save our babies, save our babies.

*Carrie*—I can see something out on the water.

*Dorcas*—It's a sloop.

*Carrie*—Sure as sunshine, it be.

*Mary*—Capt. Purinton, a boat is coming, a boat is coming!

*Dorcas*—The Injuns are almost across the bar.

*Purinton* (off stage)—Steady, men, the boat is almost here.

(Report of the ship's cannon.)

*Carrie*—The sloop has fired her big gun.

*Mary*—See them stop. That scairt them.

(Another crash of the big gun.)

*Dorcas*—The redskins are running. We are saved.

(The men enter, from the left.)

*Purinton*—Nick Morey did the trick. Three cheers for Nicholas Morey. (Cheers.)

*Ann*—Grandma, are we safe now?

*Dinah*—Yes, thank God, we are safe.

*Curtain*

### THIRD EPISODE

#### *How Capt. Samuel Smith Foiled the British Officers*

*Historical Note*—Captain Samuel Smith while returning from Plymouth in his sloop, Polly, was captured by a British frigate and taken into Boston harbor. He was ordered to pilot the King's fleet to Halifax for supplies and given a promise of freedom for his services. Two officers were put on board his ship to see that he carried out the British orders. He obtained permission to place his ship in the outer harbor and, when darkness fell, slipped away bringing the officers to Kennebunkport, then called Arundel, as prisoners. (1774.)

Dramatized by pupils of Kennebunkport Village Grammar School

Scene: The garden of a colonial house at Kennebunkport

(Prudence is the host; Peace is a Quaker; Elizabeth and Charity are maids, Charity being the older; Dorothy is a married lady. As the curtain rises, all except Dorothy are busy tacking a quilt. They work rapidly for a moment after the curtain rises.)

*Peace*—Thou wast very kind and thotful of the comfort of

thy guests to bring thy quilt out into thy beautiful garden this warm day, Mistress Prudence.

*Prudence*—I enjoy the outdoor air myself, ladies. Besides it is much pleasanter. I am glad it gives you pleasure. But, what can be keeping Mistress Dorothy?

*Charity*—She is often late.

*Prudence*—But I never knew her to be so late as this. It is more than an hour since we began. I must compliment you ladies upon your skill. How can I ever thank you? This quilt is nearly done.

*Charity*—Mistress Dorothy never comes until the work is nearly done.

*Prudence*—I am sure, Maid Charity, we would all be most pleased if Mistress Dorothy were here.

*Elizabeth*—Yes, indeed, for she can always tell us all the news.

*Charity*—And, methinks, that is about all she ever does.

*Peace*—Charity, Charity, thy gentle name doth not fit thy tongue.

*Ch.*—I know I should not say such things, Mistress Peace, but her dilly-dallying tries my patience. I hope you will pardon me, Mistress Prudence.

*Pr.*—That I will, Maid Charity. See, the sand has almost run. It is so very late that Mistress Dorothy surely can not be coming. She may be ill.

*Ch.*—(Doubtfully)—She may be.

*Pr.*—There are only a few more tacks to take and I will allow you ladies to work on them while I prepare you some tea. And I will have a cup for Mistress Dorothy, too. Pray excuse me. (Exit left.)

*Ch.*—Do you suppose she has some real tea? (Surprised but hopeful.)

*El.*—No, indeed, Maid Charity, she knows I would not drink it if she had.

*Ch.*—But some real tea would taste very nice, I trow. I am tired to death of drinking steeped raspberry leaves.

*El.*—You should count it a privilege to drink steeped leaves of any kind or to drink nothing at all when our rights are involved. Our forefathers came here to be free and free we shall be even if our menfolk have to fight.

*Pe.*—But, methinks such warlike talk ill becometh thee, Maid Elizabeth, who art a young lady. Alack aday! The times have changed since my young days. Then a woman knew her place. 'Twas in the home, to weave and spin and to be kind and gentle.

*El.*—That may be true, Mistress Peace. But you know, the



only reason the king kept the tax on tea was to make us admit that we were his slaves.

*Ch.*—But really, Maid Elizabeth, the tax on good English tea is a very small cost.

*El.*—The cost may be small in money, Maid Charity, but it is big in self-respect. My brother says that it will cost more money than there is in all England to make the minute men say that they are not free.

*Pe.*—Prithee, Maid Charity, and thee, Maid Elizabeth, let us not quarrel. Let us to work and finish this quilt before Mistress Prudence returns.

*Ch.*—We will do as you say, Mistress Peace. But they do say that there are ways of obtaining good tea without paying a tax.

*El.*—How?

*Ch.*—There are other ports than Boston. Tea can be landed in many of them without the king's officers seeing it. It may be landed at Plymouth, for instance. (Meaningly.)

*El.*—It is Plymouth that our Captain Smith is bound for. Do you mean to say that Captain Smith has a cargo of tea?

*Ch.*—I never heard anyone say so, Maid Elizabeth. I don't know a thing about it. But what I have said I have said.

*Pe.* (With a sigh of relief.)—There, it is finished at last.

*Pr.* (Entering with tray left.)—I fear I have seemed very slow. (All rise and put away quilt. Peace glances right.)

*Pe.*—There comes Mistress Dorothy, now.

*Ch.*—What did I tell you?

*El.*—Ssh.

*Pr.* (Leaving the pouring of tea and stepping forward.)—Open the gate, Mistress Dorothy, and come right in. We were afraid you were ill and could not come. I have just brot in some raspberry tea. Do sit right down and have some with us. (Business of greeting, sitting down and taking tea.)

*Ch.*—We are so glad to see you, Mistress Dorothy. I always miss you so much when you do not come to our little parties.

*Dorothy*—I am truly sorry to be so late.

*Pe.*—Why, Mistress Dorothy, thou seemeth all out of breath. What has happened?

*Others ad lib.*—Do tell us.

*Do.*—Ladies, ladies, I prithee to give me a chance. I may be a little out of breath but I am so excited I don't know

whether I am or not. What do you think? Captain Smith was captured by a British frigate!

*El.* (Alarmed.)—O, where is he now?

*Do.*—Right here in Arundel, child, and he has brought two British officers with him as prisoners.

*Pr.*—Pray, Mistress Dorothy, begin at the beginning and tell us the whole story.

*El.*—Please, Mistress Dorothy, tell us about Captain Smith.

*Do.*—The British made the Captain go to Boston with his ship. Then they made him agree to pilot the fleet to Halifax to get supplies for them. They promised him his freedom if he would do it. They put two of their officers on his sloop to watch him.

*Pr.*—Excuse me, but will you not have some more tea?

*All ad lib.*—No, thank you. (Cups are returned to tray, etc.)

*Pr.*—Pray excuse me, ladies. (Takes out tray, left.)

*Ch.*—Isn't that Captain Smith coming up the street?

*Do.*—Yes, and Mr. Durrell is with him.

*Pr.* (Re-entering)—There he is now.

*Ch.*—He is coming right in.

*El.*—Why should they be coming in here?

*Ch.*—You ought to know.

*Pr.*—We are indeed honored, good gentlemen. Pray come right in.

(Enter Captain Smith and Mr. Durrell, right. Business of bows and courtesies.)

*Captain Smith*—Indeed it is we who are honored, Mistress Prudence. Good morrow, Mistress Peace, Mistress Dorothy, Maid Charity and Maid Elizabeth.

*Mr. Durrell*—I hope we do not interrupt your party.

*Pr.*—Not at all. Pray be seated, gentlemen; and Captain Smith, tell us how you got out of Boston Harbor. (All sit.)

*Captain Smith*—I had rather not talk about that. I do not see what everyone is making such a to-do about.

*Mr. Durrell*—The Cap'n is very modest, ladies. But, Cap'n, since you are to be my guest to-night, I insist that you tell them about your neat little trick.

*Capt.*—It appeared like they had me for keeps but I did a little thinking and then I asked them to let me anchor in the roads so that I could lead the fleet out in the morning and get an early start.

*Mr. D.*—You got the early start all right.

*Capt.*—Then, when it got dark, we up-anchored quick, put on

full sail and arrived in dear old Arundel before those two fine British gentlemen knew what was going on.

*Ch.*—Where are the officers now?

*Do.*—I saw the Captain turn them over to Mr. Perkins and the committee of safety.

*Capt.*—Yes, they are harmless now.

*Do.*—Look, the whole town is coming up the street.

*Mr. D.*—I guess they are getting up a celebration for you, Cap'n.

*Pr.*—The gate is open. Come in everybody.

*Capt.*—This is too much for me. (Exit over hedge, center.)

*Mr. D.*—I'll bring him back. (Exit left. Meanwhile chorus enters.)

(While chorus is singing, Mr. Durrell brings Capt. Smith back.)

Patriotic Songs

Chorus of Grammar School Pupils  
*Curtain*

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It is gratifying to note that there is evidence of an increasing amount of work accomplished in the schools in this state along the lines of local history. During the past year some very excellent work has been accomplished in the presentation of school pageants and in the writing of histories and biographies.

What is known as the Bowdoinham plan, originated by William B. Kendall of that town, of compiling 100 questions concerning the history and geography of that town to be answered by the pupils of the schools in a contest where prizes are offered, has been productive of good results. This plan was successfully carried out last spring in the schools of Rumford and South Berwick and during the fall term the plan was well worked out in the schools of Gardiner. One superintendent writes that he is going to have this plan carried out in all the schools of his union.

This is a plan in which the parents, teachers and pupils may profitably engage; in other words it is a real community enterprise. It is a project that can be easily worked out in any community and after the questions have been prepared and the answers given it will be found that there is a vast amount of material which can be utilized for essay subjects and for work along the lines of pageants, history and biography.

Teachers are realizing more and more each year that the subject of local history is of vital interest and importance and that pupils thoroughly enjoy this kind of school work.



# EDITORIAL COMMENT

## OUR MESSAGE TO YOU

FIRST TEACH THE BOY AND GIRL TO KNOW AND LOVE THEIR OWN TOWN, COUNTY AND STATE AND YOU HAVE GONE A LONG WAY TOWARD TEACHING THEM TO KNOW AND LOVE THEIR COUNTRY.

## WHY STUDY HISTORY?

(From Bangor Commercial)

The time is coming—and the sooner the better—when the small boy's plaintive "aw, what's the use o' studying all this stuff?" will not arouse a vague query of what, indeed, is the use, in the minds of his elders. In the case of history, at least, results will be extremely practical, as well as merely disciplining the mind—and keeping the same small boy out of mischief during certain hours of the day.

Since history was first recorded, nations have risen and fallen. They have risen when they have observed certain laws of growth, and they have fallen when they have disregarded them. Over and over again, in dizzy succession, wars have appeared, provoked by the same causes, and preceded by the same succession of events. Modern business is falling into the same lines that characterized the guild system of the Middle Ages. In spite of tremendous contributions to knowledge that are constantly being made, history continues placidly and irresistibly to repeat itself, with the same successes and the same mistakes.

There must be certain elements of worth in these historical movements or they would not be recurring again and again. There must be danger signals on the paths that lead to disaster. The statesman must be quick to recognize both in a careful study of history, and hasten to apply them to the problems of the day in an eminently practical way. Then there will be no question as to why history is studied.

In the last issue of the Lewiston Journal magazine section (Oct. 17, 1925), is the beginning of a series of articles, rela-

tive to Maine History, from the pen of Hon. Augustus F. Moulton of Portland. Mr. Moulton is one of the best and most charming writers of Maine History of to-day, and we hope that this series will result in the publication of another one of his always valuable items of state history.

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The Saunterer in a recent Portland Sunday Telegram, says: "In the obituaries of Dr. Charles D. Smith published in the local daily papers no mention is made of the fact that at the time of his death he was president of the Portland Society of Natural History as well as a member of the Maine Historical Society. Dr. Smith was a lifelong student of natural history, and by personal investigation acquired a wide and accurate knowledge of the plants, birds and animals of Maine. He was also well informed in general history and was a valued member of the Historical Society."

And may the editor of the Journal also refer to his personal knowledge, that Dr. Smith was in all of his later years at least, devoted to the study of Maine History and deeply interested in everything that appeared in the literature of Maine, regarding it; and that he has always been proud of the fact that Dr. Charles D. Smith's name appears as a subscriber to the first number of the first volume of Sprague's Journal, has sometimes contributed to its pages and was ever its friend.

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One of our esteemed contributors to the Journal, Hon. George C. Wing, Jr., of Auburn, Maine, writes us that on the evening of Oct. 12, at City Hall, Lewiston, he attended an international debate of interest and intellectual entertainment for all who were present. It was Oxford Union Society of Oxford University, England, vs. Bates College. The question debated was:

"Resolved, that this house approves of the principles of Prohibition." The debaters were for the affirmative, Fred T. Googins, '27, Portland, Maine, Harold H. Walker, '26, Portland, John P. Davis, '26, Washington, D. C., and for the negative, H. V. S. Wedderburn, Balliol College, H. V. Lloyd-Jones, Jesus College, R. H. Bernays, Worcester College.

The program for this, states that:

"The vote is to be, not upon the merits of the debate, but upon the merits of the question. If you now favor the principle of Prohibition, cast an affirmative vote. If you do not favor the principle of Prohibition, cast a negative vote."

The popular vote by the audience present, was in favor of

Prohibition. Althea Quimby, one of Maine's leading temperance women, and the head of the W. C. T. U. in this state, was present.

During the spring and summer season of 1925, many of the most enterprising towns in Maine broadcasted and distributed some very good publicity about their respective communities. One of these that came to our desk related to the beautiful and progressive town of South Paris. It had some fine pictures, "The Old Red Store, built in 1834," "Association Block," and others. It had some valuable and interesting sketches of "The First Settlement," "Pioneer Life," etc. The Journal especially commends it for its sound words of wisdom in its introductory as follows:

"It has been wisely stated that the nation which becomes unmindful of its early history and traditions, is in serious danger of decay. The same might be said with equal force of state, town, and individual. The privations of the early settlers and the ideals our forefathers had, it kept it in mind, serve to inspire and to guide the present generation. . . . The trend of the hour is to forget the 'ancient landmarks,' not only in our community but elsewhere; and so the South Paris Merchants' Association presents some of the chief features of our town's early history and incidents of its pioneer days with the belief that the reading of them will be a pleasant review for our older friends, and a source of inspiration to the boys and girls of our community; resulting, we hope, in a new pledge of 'Loyalty to the Home Town.'"

Fred K. Owen, one of Maine's bright newspaper writers, is, in his surveys of the industrial and civic affairs of our state, ever entertaining and generally quite accurate in his prophesying.

In a recent issue of the Portland Sunday Telegram, he ventures the prediction that, "there is every indication that the big fight before the next legislature will be on the proposed repeal of the law prohibiting the export of hydro-electric current from the State. The constitutionality of this law has always been questioned, but it has been buttressed by inserting in the charters of all electrical producing corporations the prohibitory clause."

It is evident that the consensus of opinion among thinking persons along industrial lines to-day in Maine, is that the above quoted scriptural injunction to "try all things and hold fast to that which is good," having been tried out for more

than a decade and a half of years, may now be safely disregarded without committing a sin. If any good has ever come from that famous Maine Water Power Law of 1909, no one has any knowledge of the fact.

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### HISTORY OF PEMAQUID

We are glad to inform our readers that another exceedingly valuable Maine History work, has been issued to the public from the press of MacDonald and Evans, Boston. It is from the pen of a careful research worker and a talented author, Arlita Dodge Parker.

It treats not only of Pemaquid, a new and accurate history of which has long been needed by students of Maine history, but it also gives much important and interesting data, relating to the history and early settlements of Monhegan, Popham and Castine. It is a book of 226 pages and adds much to the literature of Maine history and should be in every public and private library.

We cannot, however, refrain from expressing the sincere wish, that the publishers had provided an index for it.

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The Journal expresses its thanks to the Hon. Ira G. Hersey, Congressman from the fourth Congressional district of Maine, for his recent gift to us of valuable books as follows: Congressional Memorial Services and Tributes to Woodrow Wilson and to Warren G. Harding, and also the latest Annual Reports of the American Historical Association.

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### DANIEL WEBSTER'S LOVE FOR NATURE AND WILD LIFE

Our good friend Mr. Harry Blethen of Dover-Foxcroft, recently brought into our office and presented to us several old books of interest to all who have a liking for the ancient and antique in literature. Among them is a book of about 200 pages entitled "The Private Life of Daniel Webster," by Charles Lamman, published by Harper and Brothers, 1852. The author was for a long time private secretary to the great defender of the American Constitution. He narrates in a simple and unpretending manner a collection of authentic personal memorials containing many things of an intimate nature not extensive in most of the biographies of Webster.

This author asserts that when Webster addressed the court, the bar, the senate, or the people, he never did so without

previous and thorough preparation, and says, "he came before the body to which he was to speak with his thoughts arrayed in their best dress."

He frequently referred to Webster's love and devotion to nature and wild life and said that he was an assiduous student of natural history. Upon page 80 the author says:

"The writer was once enjoying a morning walk with Mr. Webster over his Marshfield grounds, when we were joined by a Boston gentleman who came to pay his respects to the statesman. Hardly had we proceeded a hundred yards before a flock of quails ran across the road, when the stranger worked himself into an intense excitement, and exclaimed, 'Oh, if I only had a gun, I could easily kill the whole flock; have you not one in your house, sir?' Mr. Webster very calmly replied that he had a number of guns, but that no man whatsoever was ever permitted to kill a quail or any other bird, a rabbit or a squirrel, on any of his property. He then went on to comment upon the slaughtering propensities of the American people, remarking that in this country there was an almost universal passion for killing and eating every wild animal that chanced to cross the pathway of man; while in England and other portions of Europe these animals were kindly protected and valued for their companionship. 'This is to me a great mystery,' said he; 'and, so far as my influence extends, the birds shall be protected;' and just at this moment one of the quails already mentioned mounted a little knoll, and poured forth a few of its sweet and peculiar notes, when he continued, 'There! does not that gush of song do the heart a thousand-fold more good than could possibly be derived from the death of that beautiful bird!' The stranger thanked Mr. Webster for his reproof, and subsequently informed the writer that this little incident had made him love the man whom he had before only admired as a statesman."

### HAMLIN AND BLAINE

The history of Maine from its beginning as a province, as a district and as a state to the present period, will always disclose the fact that Hannibal Hamlin was the outstanding figure among American statesmen, who were native born sons of Maine; James Gillespie Blaine of world-wide fame as statesman, diplomat and a wonderfully magnetic political leader, was an adopted son of Maine. If serious trouble between our country and Japan should ever occur, and if it should be considered as a result of our opposition to the migration of the Yellow race to our shores, the historian then may search for its incipency. If so, he may find that its real conception was when, in 1878-9, the influx of Chinese on the Pacific slope had created conditions which aroused there, local opposition to this race.

A demagogic movement originated in the sand lots of San Francisco, strenuously demanding that Congress should take



a decided stand against the Chinese. What was known as the Burlingame treaty, between our government and China, contained a clause favoring this position. President Hayes resisted this movement and vetoed the pending bill, later passed by Congress. Senator Hamlin stood by the President in his opposition to that bill.

Finally, in February 1879, there evolved from this issue a spirited and prolonged debate in the Senate over this matter. Mr. Hamlin was chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations and led the debate for several days in opposition to the Anti-Chinese bill.

Mr. Blaine led the forces who favored the bill. It was vetoed by President Hayes, the veto sustained by Congress and a friendly treaty was afterwards made between the two governments. Later Congress passed restrictive laws regarding Chinese immigration.

We are not attempting to present to the reader anything of an argumentative nature regarding this. Both Blaine and Hamlin represented Maine in the Senate but they disagreed regarding this subject.

Mr. Blaine was then a leader of powerful influence with his party throughout the country and absolutely controlled its political affairs in the state of Maine.

Mr. Hamlin then knew that he was soon to go before the people of Maine for re-election as U. S. Senator, but he believed that he was right, and dared to do this. It seems to me that this episode in his life forcefully demonstrates his stability as a man and greatness as a statesman.

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Fred S. Jordan, 497 Washington Avenue, has given the Maine Historical Society an account book of the "Maine State lottery for the benefit of steam navigation, class number three, third series, to be drawn in the city of Portland, Monday, Sept. 9, 1833, at 5 o'clock p. m." It appears that 31,220 were sold at \$3.00 apiece, and 1,339 prizes drawn, ranging from \$4.00 to \$6.00. The managers of this lottery were George Willis, broker and auctioneer, and Solomon H. Mudge, broker and real estate agent. In 1855 the Maine Legislature passed an act prohibiting lotteries and providing a penalty for being in any way concerned in them.

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### BANGOR HISTORICAL SOCIETY

This active society indulges each year in a Field Day, which is always entertaining and instructive to its members. This

year it occurred in the old town of Dixmont. In speaking of it the Bangor News says:

The Bangor Historical Society added another chapter to its own history, Tuesday, when one more little journey in the footprints of history was added to the growing list. This time it was over the hills to old Dixmont, for the annual Field Day. The pilgrims filled the great motor bus of the Maine Motor Coaches, Inc., and some 15 private cars, with no vacant seats, rolled down through Hampden and out on the old Augusta state-road where in times past the stage-coach flourished in all its glory, and the stage-driver was the wonder and admiration of the rising generation.

This town derived its name as did also the town of Dixfield in Oxford County, from Dr. Elijah Dix, who 100 years ago was a large owner of wild lands in the district of Maine. He was the grandfather of that wonderful American woman whose memory Maine delights to honor as a native daughter of our State, Dorothea Lynde Dix.

Secretary Blanding made an opening address, followed by a most entertaining, interesting and thoroughly enjoyed talk upon old Dixmont by a Dixmont boy, George E. Bussey, now of Winthrop, Mass., and a teacher in the Boston schools, a Harvard graduate. Mr. Bussey apologized for no preparation but his talk was most delightful.

He was followed by Hon. Henry Lord, president of the society, by Gen. Henry L. Mitchell and by Ernest W. Sylvester.

Mr. Lord spoke of the men of the town, noted for their strength of character, achievement and gentlemen all. Gen. Mitchell had a carefully prepared and comprehensive history of the town with which he had been familiar all his life as the home of his ancestors, on the side of his family.

The speakers covered practically all that is now known of the old-time Dixmont. Mrs. Bussey read a poem written by her father, Mr. Smith, at the Centennial of the town in 1908 which is worthy of preservation for all time.

There were reminiscences of the Butmans, the Thorndikes, the Basmords, the Browns, the Holts, the Simpsons, the Aldens, the Adams, the Smiths, the Porters and many others. Mention was made of many others. Mention was made of many who have gone out from the shadow of the Dixmont hills to high places in the world. And one of the speakers alluded to the fact, somewhat humorously, that Dixmont politicians saw to it that no office sought the man—not for long. Dixmont men have occupied almost every legislative and elective office from Hon. Samuel Butman, twice a representa-

tive in the national Congress, down through to county incumbents. It has always been the home of stalwarts.

The editor of the Journal was kindly and quite earnestly invited to attend this meeting but was prevented from doing so by other engagements which he regretted exceedingly.

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### WHAT IS MAINE POLLUCITE?

The writer did not know, but found in the Standard Dictionary this definition of this uncommon word:

*A vitreous, colorless, transparent cesium-aluminum silicate crystallizing in the isometric system.*

This is suggested by an Augusta news story in the Lewiston Evening Journal, issue of Dec. 3, 1925, as follows:

"Did you ever hear of pollucite and did you know that there was a deposit of it in Maine?

"Charles E. Gurney of Portland, chairman of the Maine Public Utilities Commission, is considered a remarkably well informed man, but he had never heard of pollucite until he received a letter from A. D. McKay of Edinburg asking him if he could inform him where he could get 500 pounds of pollucite. So urgent was the Scotchman's need for the mysterious substance that he requested Chairman Gurney to cable him the information.

"From Mrs. Marion Cobb Fuller, reference librarian of the State House, he learned that there were but two deposits of pollucite in the world, one on the Island of Elba, to which Napoleon was banished, and the other in Streaked Mountain, Oxford county. From pollucite and a kindred mineral, castorite, is made caesarium, a metal similar to aluminum.

"Chairman Gurney wrote to the geologist of the state colleges and to parties in Oxford county as to whether or not the Maine deposit of pollucite was being worked, if 500 pounds were available and what the probable cost would be."

We are not a prophet or the son of a prophet, but who can say that this may not be a small beginning, a first step in developing new Maine industries? May it not be the beginning of a new industry among the hills and mountains of Old Oxford?

SAYINGS OF SUBSCRIBERS

Burton H. Winslow, Biddeford, Maine:

"I have just read the No. 4 for Oct., Nov. and Dec., with considerable interest and am glad to have been able to encourage its publication for several years."

Seth W. Norwood, Lawyer, Portland, Maine:

"Your recent issue of the Journal convinces me that you have adopted the policy for your publication of making the better best. This appears to be true as shown by each issue."

Mrs. Fannie H. Eckstorm, one of Maine's talented authors, Brewer, Maine:

"It seems to me that the life of your Journal is in furnishing such original work as you are getting from Professor Sawtelle. Such a copy of the Journal as this last should be in demand for years, and I hope you had an extra quantity printed to meet the call that will come in time."

Hon. J. Sherman Douglas, Shore Acres Hotel, Lamoine Beach, Maine:

"Congratulations on the last issue of the Journal. Long may you live and continue to add to Maine's treasures of history."

Charles M. Starbird, Auburn, Maine:

"I take great pleasure in sending you my subscription renewal check. I have a complete set of the Journal and would not part with it for much more money than it cost. I read each number with much pleasure and profit. It seems to me that it should be in the school libraries of every up-to-date school in Maine."

LETTER FROM SUPERINTENDENT RIDEOUT

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Walter J. Rideout, Supt.

Dover-Foxcroft, Maine

Hon. John F. Sprague,  
Editor Sprague's Journal of Maine History,  
Dover-Foxcroft, Me.

Dec. 11, 1925.

My dear Mr. Sprague:

I want to commend the work you are doing for the State of Maine through your Journal of Maine History. I have been interested in it for several years. I was especially gratified when you opened your School Department for I feel this is a definite means toward the accomplishment of your famous dictum, "FIRST TEACH THE BOY AND GIRL TO KNOW AND LOVE THEIR OWN TOWN, COUNTY AND STATE AND YOU HAVE GONE A LONG WAY TOWARD TEACHING THEM TO KNOW AND LOVE THEIR COUNTRY." I believe you are entirely right in this statement.

Sincerely yours,

WALTER J. RIDEOUT.

**MAINE'S THREE QUARTER CENTURY CLUB****Organized at Augusta, Maine, September 1, 1925**

(Continued from Vol. 13, Page 271.)

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Rear Admiral William Wirt Kimball of Paris, Maine.

*Secretary and Treasurer*

John Francis Sprague, Dover-Foxcroft, Maine.

*Executive Committee*

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Columbus Hayford, Presque Isle, Maine.

Mrs. Mary Ann Waterford, Scarboro, Maine.

Data regarding President Kimball appears in the last issue of the Journal. The following relative to the secretary and treasurer has been contributed by the Dover-Foxcroft local Three Quarter Century Club:

"John Francis Sprague was born at Brockways Mills in the southerly part of the town of Sangerville, in Piscataquis County, Maine, July 16, 1848. His father was Elbridge Gerry Sprague, who was born in the town of Greene, and his mother was Sarah Parsons, daughter of John and Polly Parsons, born in the town of Jay, Maine. His parents were married in Sangerville in 1846.

"His father was a direct descendant of Edward Sprague of Upway Co., Dorset, England, whose three sons Ralph, Richard and William Sprague emigrated to Massachusetts in 1628. They landed in what is now Salem and later were among the first settlers of Charlestown, the first permanent settlement in Massachusetts Bay. Subsequently to this William Sprague moved to Hingham and so far as is known, all of the Spragues in Maine are his descendants and are generally known in history as 'The Hingham Spragues.'

"One of his descendants, James Sprague, moved to the town of Greene in the War of 1812.

"John Francis Sprague is a self-educated man. He did not attend a 'little red school house' because as he has said in one of his books, 'the old school house at Brockways Mills never saw a spoonful of paint of any kind, either within or without.' And he only attended the common school there until he was 14 years of age, when on account of the poverty of his parents and his own physical infirmities, he then adopted the vocation of peddling, and until about 22 years of age drove a peddler's cart over the highways of Piscataquis County.

"In 1873-4 he read law with Alvah Black, a lawyer of prominence and distinction at Paris Hill. In 1874 he was admitted to the Bar and commenced the practice of law at Abbot Village, where he remained four years, moving to Monson in 1879 where he remained in practice until 1910 when he changed his residence to Dover, now a part of the town of Dover-Foxcroft.

"In 1885 he represented the town of Monson in the Legislature as a member of the House of Representatives. Again in 1893 he was a member of the House, and represented Piscataquis County in the Senate of Maine in 1921.

"He is now and has been ever since the passage of the Bankrupt Act, the Referee in Bankruptcy for Piscataquis County. He was one of the charter members and is a past-president of the Maine Sportsman's Fish and Game Association; past-president of the Maine Society of the Sons of the American Revolution; is president of the Piscataquis Historical Society; has been for many years a member of the Maine Historical Society; is a member of the Piscataquis County Country Club, and has been president of the Piscataquis Club.

"He has been the author of some books, among which are: 'The History of Doric Lodge,' 'Piscataquis Biography and Fragments,' 'Backwoods Sketches,' 'Sebastian Rale, A Maine Tragedy of the Eighteenth Century,' 'The Northeastern Boundary Controversy and the Aroostook War,' 'Three Men from Maine,' and other similar works. Historical papers from his pen have frequently appeared in the 'Collections of the Maine Historical Society,' and other historical publications.

"In March 1913 he commenced the publication of Sprague's Journal of Maine History, which is now in its fourteenth volume and has already acquired what is apparently a permanent and steadfast position in literature in Maine and New England, its support coming from the cultured and intellectual, the lovers of books, all of whom appreciate its worth.

"From its first issue, he has vigorously advocated the study of Maine history in Maine schools, denouncing the former policy of the State School Department in not making advancement in this regard; that keeping this study out of its curriculum was doing an injustice to the youth of our state.

"He has only praise to offer for what the present Commissioner of Education has accomplished in this matter and indulges in hope that his own efforts may have aided somewhat in producing the present entirely satisfactory situation in this respect.

"He belongs to the fraternities of Free Masonry and Odd Fellowship. Politically he has ever been a Republican, religiously a Unitarian.

"In 1922 Colby College conferred upon him the honorary degree of Master of Arts."

Hon. Henry Lord of Bangor, Chairman of the Executive Committee, is a prominent and outstanding citizen of that city, a well known leader in business and political affairs of eastern Maine, several times a member of the Legislature, once president of the Senate, and has long been president of the Bangor Historical Society.

Columbus Hayford of Presque Isle has long been connected with business and agricultural affairs of northern Maine.

The other member of this committee, Mrs. Mary Ann Waterford of Scarborough, is well known in social and club interests of western Maine.

# SPRAGUE'S JOURNAL OF MAINE HISTORY

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY

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## That Sprague's Journal of Maine History

is steadily advancing in the minds of the literary and intellectual people of New England, is evidenced in many ways. The Journal of Education indicates this in its editorial comment in its issue of Nov. 13, as follows:

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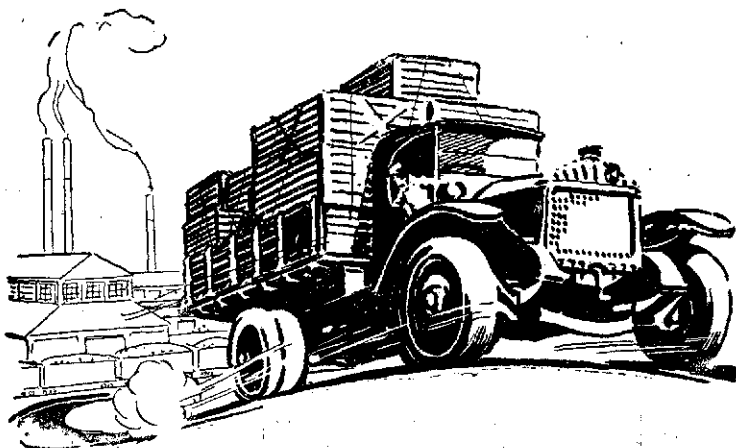
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