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PRAGUE'S JOURNAL of MAINE HISTORY

In Memoriam

John Francis Sprague

June 16, 1848--May 7, 1926

Vol. XIV No. 3 1926

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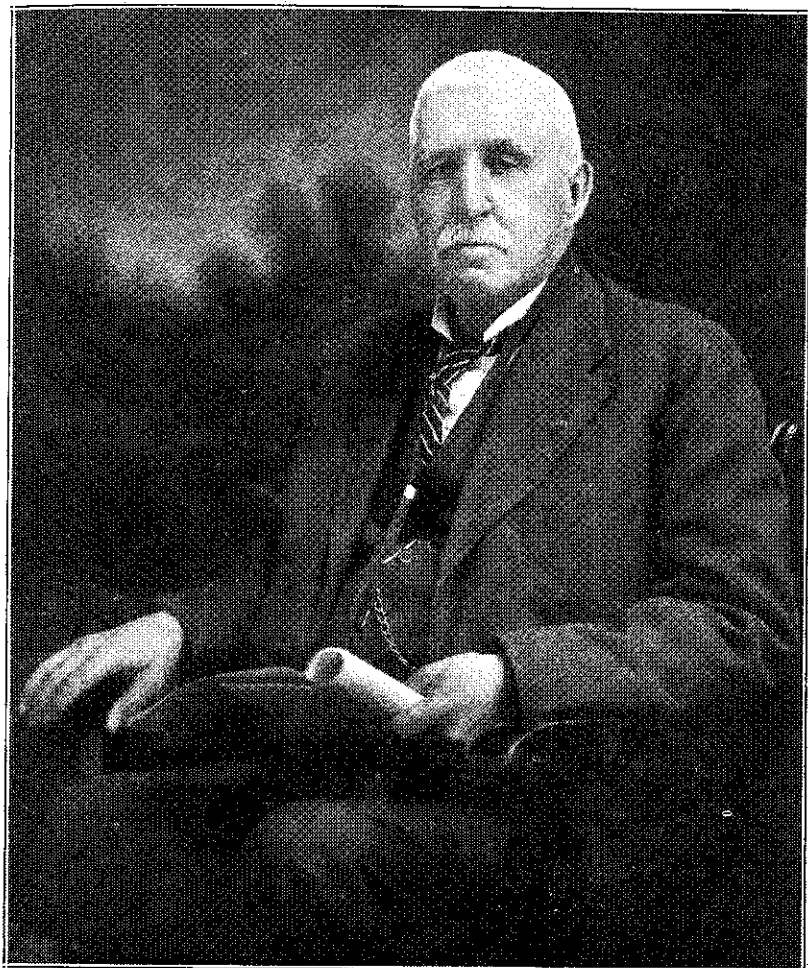
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In Memoriam

John Francis Sprague

June 16, 1848--May 7, 1926



HON. JOHN FRANCIS SPRAGUE

Sprague's Journal of Maine History

Vol. XIV

July—August—September

No. 3

This issue of Sprague's Journal is published as a memorial to the memory of its founder, the late John Francis Sprague. Intimate friends and associates of Mr. Sprague have been asked to give their estimates of his life and work and to pay their tributes of homage and appreciation to the memory of the true friend who has gone from our midst.

Mr. Sprague, at the time of his death, had partially prepared this issue for publication. This material has been included in the latter part of the number.

JOHN FRANCIS SPRAGUE

(By Hon. Frank E. Guernsey, President of Sprague's Journal, Incorporated)

John Francis Sprague, lawyer, legislator, historian, died on the 7th day of May, 1926. For fourteen years to the date of his death he was the editor of "*Sprague's Journal of Maine History*," the only publication of its kind in New England, circulating to nearly every state in the union, the Library of Congress, state libraries and nearly all the important libraries throughout the country being on its list of subscribers for current numbers and bound volumes.

For many years Mr. Sprague was not only editor but publisher of the magazine, but a few years ago, due to its increase in popularity and extended circulation, a corporation was formed, known as "Sprague's Journal of Maine History, Inc.," which took over the publication of the periodical while Mr. Sprague with able assistants continued the editorial work. Not only was it incorporated for the purpose of relieving Mr. Sprague of some of the burdens and details but to insure the continuance of this important periodical after Mr. Sprague should cease to be active.

Mr. Sprague was born at Sangerville, Maine, on the 16th of June, in 1848. In 1874 he was admitted to the Maine bar and has since practiced law in the county of Piscataquis. He first opened an office in the town of Abbot, later in the town of Monson and about 1910 he moved to Dover, now Dover-Foxcroft.

He was a good lawyer, a wise counsellor, and had extensive business connections.

For more than forty years he had been interested in legislation always attending the legislature when in session and served as a Senator from Piscataquis County in 1922-1923. He was a leader in the counsels of his party whose advice

and counsel was sought not only by state leaders of his party, but as to state legislation sought, by the Senators and Members of Congress from this state on matters at home and in Washington.

Mr. Sprague was not only interested in law and legislation, but was considered one of Maine's most brilliant writers and a recognized authority on Maine history. His writings were especially clear and comprehensive.

Mr. Sprague was the author of a number of publications that were widely read, among them being: Sabastian Rasle,—A Maine Tragedy of the 18th century, Piscataquis Biography and Fragments, The Northern Boundary Controversy, The Aroostook War and Backwoods Sketches.

He frequently contributed to historical publications, among them being: The American Historical Society of N. Y.; also The Maine Historical Society, and made frequent addresses to patriotic societies which were widely published.

In 1918 in recognition of his accomplishments he was awarded the degree of Master of Arts, by Colby College in Maine.

Mr. Sprague served in many public capacities. At one time he was president of the Maine Sportsman Association, president of the Piscataquis Historical Society and active in the Maine Historical Society.

Possessed of a wonderful memory, well read in literature, he was an interesting and intelligent conversationalist, on all subjects and was especially effective as a debater in the halls of legislation and a forceful and convincing speaker on the public platform. Had it not been due to physical infirmities that afflicted him since boyhood, he would have gone far in public life.

It can be truthfully stated that John Francis Sprague, legislator and historian, left his footprints on the sands of time.

A TRIBUTE TO JOHN FRANCIS SPRAGUE

(By Percival P. Baxter)

By nature, as well as by training, John Francis Sprague was a historian. To him the men and women of the past were alive. He was able to visualize them as they moved about their daily tasks and laid the foundations of the State in which we live. They were his friends and companions and the mists of Time did not hide them from him.

To unearth some bit of history, to uncover an unknown document, to find some record that had escaped the attention

of other investigators was his greatest pleasure. To search for such things and occasionally to be rewarded with success were Mr. Sprague's treasure hunts. He wanted no reward other than the satisfaction of adding something to the knowledge that the Present possesses of the Past.

My father, the late James Phinney Baxter, himself a close student of history, was a warm personal friend and admirer of Mr. Sprague. They both enjoyed discussing events of by-gone days and comparing notes as to their respective discoveries. No one, more than my father, appreciated the invaluable service rendered to the people of Maine through the publication of Sprague's Journal of History. The historian and genealogist of the future will be more grateful to Mr. Sprague for his painstaking work than were his contemporaries.

Persons enjoying good health little can understand the mental and physical obstacles that a man, burdened by infirmities as was Mr. Sprague, must overcome. To go about with the greatest difficulty, often in pain, and yet maintain a cheerful exterior, greeting friends and working hard, and yet all the while laboring under tremendous handicap, required the highest courage. He was patient, he was brave. He was an example of heroism. His mental activities were never dimmed; his spirit overcame all.

Twenty years and more ago we became acquainted, and acquaintance ripened into friendship. He was tolerant of opinions that clashed with his, ready to take and give. A man of Maine; true to the best and long to be remembered.

JOHN FRANCIS SPRAGUE

(By Augustus O. Thomas, State Commissioner of Education)

My first meeting with John Francis Sprague was under such circumstances as to leave a lasting impression. It was coming ten years ago, soon after my arrival in Maine. I was boarding a street car on Water street. Someone must have pointed me out to him. He was evidently interested to see the new State Superintendent and hobbled out to the car and asked me to subscribe for "Sprague's Journal." This was the only time I ever knew of John Sprague soliciting subscriptions and I have often wondered if he did not make this a means of contact. If he did it was less diplomatic than was his custom.

I took him to be a member of that group which capitalizes an outward misfortune to arouse sympathy. I turned him

away with the remark that I was not familiar with his Journal. My refusal did not ruffle him in the least. His silent, undisturbed manner as he hobbled back to the sidewalk disturbed me far more than my refusal did him. Some time later I had the pleasure of meeting him in a more formal way and of sitting down in the Augusta House and discussing state matters and especially state history.

John Francis Sprague was "hard minded," he read much but thought more. He had a philosophical turn of mind and when his mind was once "made up" it "stayed put." It always made one think to discuss issues with him. He could easily be styled a "stand patter." In business, social matters and religion as well as in politics he had many sound old fashioned notions. He was a "stand patter" also in his friendships. He would not give up his friends. They might go astray in his judgment but they were still his friends.

We often talked of religion. Just a few days before he took the "leap into the unknown" we discussed this subject. He had a philosophy in his religion which was based largely upon human relationships—a good kind to have. He had no patience with intolerance. He lived according to the "Golden Rule." He would, like Abou Ben Adhem, be judged thereby.

Mr. Sprague was an independent soul. He despised charity when it came his way. He did not want to be in anyone's way, to become a burden to anyone was unbearable to him. Any sacrifice on his part would be preferable.

On account of his independent nature he was forced many times against the raw edges of life and suffered much.

In his last years John Francis Sprague was lonely, he wanted companionship, he wanted to talk with someone. Many times when I was pushed for time he urged me to sit with him and talk—and I often did. I liked his fixed and mature ideas, I liked his high integrity, his spirit of justice and fair play, his love of Maine and America, and the Republican Party. Friendship and patriotism to him were a part of his religion.

We cannot make up our minds that he is gone. To me he is not gone. We expect to hear him in his accustomed places, to hear him thumping along and the touch of his cane. In fact, he is not one to vanish, his rugged soul still lives, he made an impression upon us just as any positive character will. He had his heavy cross to bear all through life. If he had any resentment in his heart it was for those who failed to apply a remedy when he imagined it would have relieved him, as I have gathered from a remark of his.

After all, John Francis Sprague deserves a place among

the stalwart sons of his rugged state which is typified in the ruggedness of his soul which carried him to the end of a long life where real defeat came only once and that in the last great battle. It was his sacrifice for those around him.

Let me say in conclusion that Mr. Sprague began a great work, the Journal of History. It should carry on and should hand down to the future the rich treasures of our state history, an invaluable treasure to the future.

JOHN SPRAGUE

(By Henry E. Dunnack, State Librarian)

The people who are preparing the memorial issue of Sprague's Journal have asked me to write something about John Sprague. I have begged to be excused and they refuse. So what can I do? John Sprague was my friend. I knew him as a lover of nature, books, children and life. People and things *are* what they are in relation to other people and things. You see them only in comparison.

John Sprague came often to my office in the State Library. Always we talked about the governor, the legislature, the political questions of the day. Sometimes he got mad, sometimes we both got mad, and always we were friends. If you agreed with John, the sun would shine; if you did not, you could go to — and while he never said so, on account of his theology, he looked as much and more.

Generally we talked about books, coming always to the story of Maine, her founders, pioneers and builders. Maine was a passion, a never-ending subject for John Sprague. He loved his state, lived for her and died in her service.

He was different, not like other men. I have no way to estimate or measure him. I never flattered him in life, he would not wish me to praise him in death. Big, homely, not much for looks, his heart was fine and his purpose all gold.

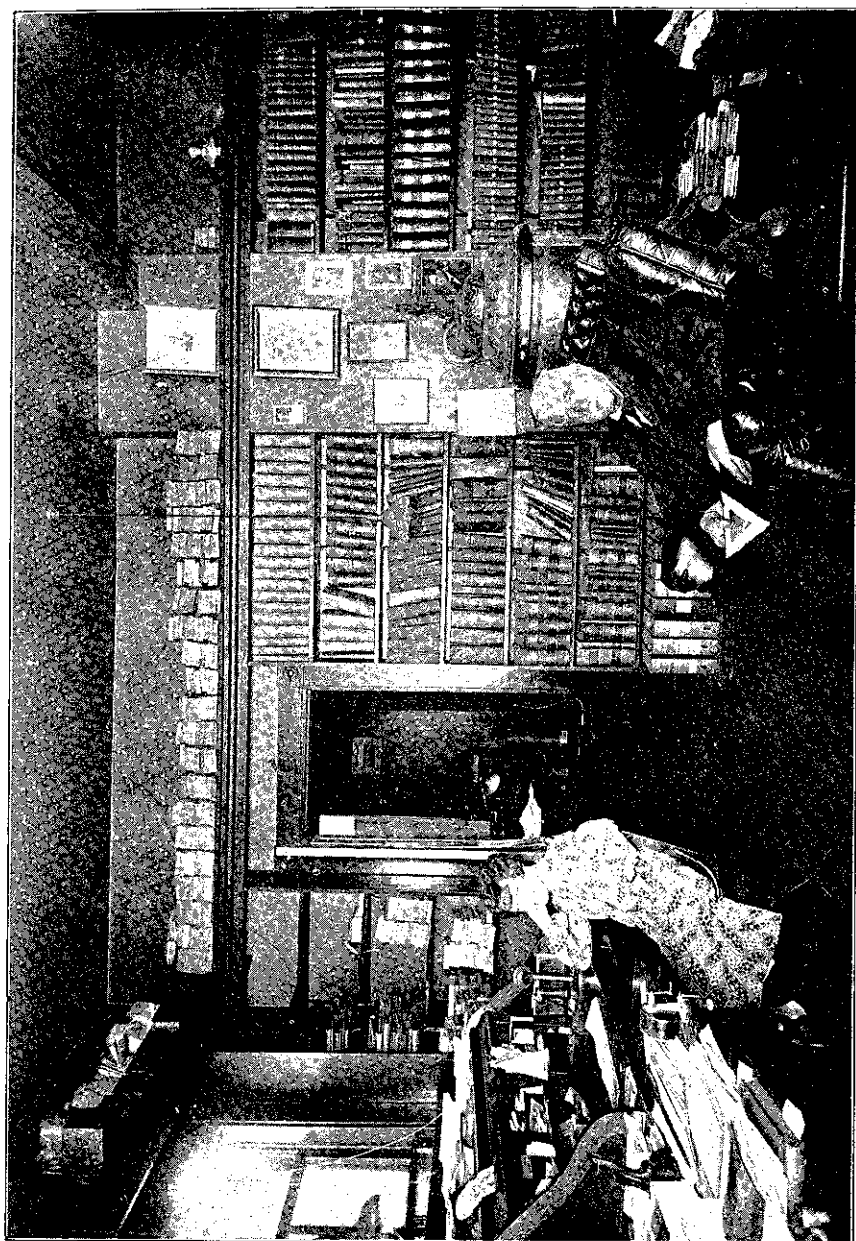
Often we talked about George B. Hinckley and Good Will Home and little folks. He never had a home, or wife, or child. In this he was like Victor Hugo's hero Jean Val Jean, therefore at last he dedicated his life's work and all his heart's love to the children of others. I can see him now. I hear his voice. He is leaning over my desk. A gentle look is on his face and his voice is just a bit broken. "I never had a chance in life, it was all difficult, I blundered and made mistakes. Boys and girls ought to be taught the right ways of life, the big things of nature and the meaning of history." You see, always he came back to history and its value in building life and civilization.

His chief interest all through the years was Maine and her progress and he thought one of the best way to inspire people with a love for Maine was to tell them the story of her great men and women and the chief events of the years. So he created Sprague's Journal of Maine History. He devoted all his energies to making it a worth while medium of instruction. It was not a great magazine, but it was a useful chronicle of events. Sometimes he secured articles from critical scholars which gave it permanent value. I recall with keen joy that on the occasion of his last visit to the library he autographed each of the bound volumes of his magazine.

He was old, very tired and broken; life was almost at the end. He knew it and he talked much about the "Great Adventure." John Sprague was unafraid. His trust was in the infinite goodness, and understanding of God.

JOHN FRANCIS SPRAGUE

I can not recall when first I met John Francis Sprague, but in the winter of 1921 I came to know him intimately and well. We were members of the Maine Legislature which convened that year. He was a Senator and I was a Representative. In the public house where we lived we were neighbors. Our rooms adjoined and were never locked. Hence we saw much of each other and we discussed everything from the relative value of safety razors as compared to the old fashioned variety to the doctrine of the atonement. We became friends and since that winter and at succeeding sessions of the Legislature I have continued my friendly relations with him. I do not remember in his many conversations with me that he ever expressed a despondent note. He was critical but in his criticism he always desired to be fair and just. It was difficult for him to look upon his physical condition with complacency, but I never heard him express himself in relation to it except in terms of cheerful courage. He did say to me once, that there were two things he wished he could have done; one was to have danced and the other to have walked in the woods. But early this year I received a letter from him in which, speaking of the passing of two intimates of his, he betrayed a touch of sadness, of melancholy, in fact he wrote "I am feeling sad and almost despondent" Now he has gone with a word of loneliness left as excuse for his going. It is not for the living to judge. It is for the living to remember the brave, strong man who struggled against poverty and adversity to a recognized place in the State and among educated and cultured people. He had a keen, vigor-



MR. SPRAGUE IN HIS OFFICE AT DOVER-FOXCROFT—TAKEN 2 DAYS BEFORE HIS DEATH

ous, inquiring mind. He was honest. He was sincere. He was truthful. He detested sham. He desired Truth. He knew and felt the traditions of his profession. He enjoyed the delights which come to the student dealing with original sources of the history of the State of Maine from its earliest beginnings. He sought a rational solution of life but he held fast to a belief in Deity. He earned and received the respect, esteem and admiration of many men. He, a childless man, established a publication which bears his name and which will carry it to many succeeding generations. Thus, this citizen held his way and lived his life among his fellows, a credit and an honor to the State he loved so well.

GEORGE C. WING, JR.

Auburn, Maine, May 12, 1926.

JOHN FRANCIS SPRAGUE

It is thirteen years since Mr. Sprague told me of his plan to carry on the work for Maine history laid down many years before by Col. Joseph W. Porter. I became then one of the earliest contributors to his *Journal* and since have corresponded frequently with him and have seen him a few times. Because I knew him only through his work for Maine history, my tribute is inadequate; yet I would not willingly be absent from those who wish to express their respect for him living, their grief for him departed.

His own little sketch of his early life in a recent *Journal* shows what difficulties he had to surmount in order to make a place for himself in a world which has little regard for those who are handicapped by misfortunes. That he succeeded in making a very definite place in his own city, county and state, shows that he had ambition. But Mr. Sprague's never seemed the ambition of an ambitious man. If he was a politician, it was because by extending his influence he could get work done that needed to be done. If he was an editor, it was neither for personal credit nor profit, but because unless he did this important work, perhaps no one might do it, though it ought to be done. To maintain his *Journal* these thirteen years must have needed all the courage required in leading a forlorn hope; but still he led on with enthusiasm and without wavering. He was doing something which ought to be done.

Recalling the days when he used to write to sporting papers upon game matters and comparing them with the later days of personal acquaintance and friendship, I feel that Mr. Sprague was a man who had grown great in soul and ripened

into wisdom by a continual schooling of himself to forget himself by trying to help others. Under handicaps which would have turned most men into misanthropes, bitter against the world, he made friends of everybody and won the affection and respect of those about him by the broadness of his goodwill and the substantial value of his services. He had educated himself not only mentally but spiritually until he stood like a lone oak, strong and beneficent. May his memory be green through the work which he has left behind him.

FANNIE H. ECKSTORM.

Brewer, July 12.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN FRANCIS SPRAGUE

(By Mary Hutchins Devereux)

It was my good fortune to meet John Francis Sprague during the summer of 1921, when he chanced to be a guest at the Hotel Acadian, at Castine, in which my husband and I were interested at that time. His crippled condition made him more obvious in my memory than many other guests, and I immediately recognized him when I stopped at the Blethen House last year as the same Mr. Sprague who had previously been with us.

He became interested in us and expressed the desire that we spend the winter months with him, which we did, and as my thoughts revert to his confidential expressions from time to time, I realize that the feeling of loneliness was so established in his mind that no power on earth could banish it, and I can find no words more fitting to express his personal feelings than those which I am quoting from a recent appreciation written by him to the memory of a very dear friend, which is as follows:

"Within the past few weeks many of my cherished friends from the paths of the youthful, as well as the aged, here in my home town as well as other parts of the state, have passed out of this life. I cannot depict my innermost feelings in this regard. Perhaps these sad events may have brought more forcibly to my mind the fact that I am gliding down the western slope, nearing life's twilight hour. It has seemed to me that if I have not been within, I have been nearer to what Walt Whitman calls 'the superb vistas of death,' than ever before."

More rapidly than in previous years his most intimate friends were passing to the Great Beyond, hastening the increasing feeling of loneliness and sadness in his heart, until he was prompted to leave for the world this message—"I am

alone, awfully alone in this world. I must pass out. God knows me and he will forgive. Sorry to leave so many old friends in Maine. Remember the marks on my grave stone"—and then take his own life.

I found him a man who was charitable, kind in heart, a true friend, never speaking a word of harm of his greatest enemy, truthful and honest in his dealings with others and expressing an unusual fondness for children and pets.

Frequently he was happy and cheerful—again he brooded over his infirmities and longed for the love and devotion of near relatives often saying, "I am a poor old cripple, I have nothing to live for, and if it were the right way to die, I would end my life."

He often made the remark that he thought he would have been happier if he had established a religious home during his younger days.

The life of John Francis Sprague has passed into history—that which he most loved on earth. Much credit and honor are due this man who has labored under the difficulties of poverty and infirmities, for his untiring efforts to produce a publication which is of so great a service to our schools and to all readers interested in the history of various points of our beloved State of Maine. In this, he has left a monument to his memory which will remain a book of reference for years to come, affirming his motto, "History is the truth, ever impartial, never prejudiced."

He has given the accumulations of his life's work for a worthy cause—the ideal rearing and education of poor boys and girls—a blessing which was never bestowed upon him.

May God consider the life he had laid out for this man, and grant his final request—"Forgiveness."

LETTER FROM HON. AUGUSTUS F. MOULTON

Bertram E. Packard,
Dept. of Education,
Augusta, Me.

Dear Mr. Packard:

I had the good fortune to be acquainted with John Francis Sprague for a good many years. He was a steadfast, reliable friend as well as a loyal, public spirited citizen. He was a man whom it was a pleasure to know. His interest in historical matters was great and long continued. After the Maine Historical Society ceased its publications, he established his Sprague's Journal of Maine History to which he gave

practically all of his time and attention. This he did mainly from a sense of public duty without expectation of personal profit or reward. The labor and expense of this undertaking were very great and finally became more than he was able to carry on. The value of his work, much as it was and is appreciated, will be held in increasing esteem as the years go by. He saved from oblivion much of value that would otherwise have been forgotten. His departure was a great public loss. It can be truly said of him that he was esteemed most highly by those who knew him best.

Truly yours,

A. F. MOULTON.

John Francis Sprague—Lawyer, Legislator, Student, Historian, who gave unstintingly of himself that youth might be taught to reverence, cherish, and love the dear State of Maine, and their elders learn the story of the great and good men and women who here played their parts in the great drama called Life. Realizing the need of preservation of historical material in easily accessible form, and appreciating keenly the permanence of the printed page, he, without hope of pecuniary reward, dared to venture. His *Journal of Maine History* will ever remain a monument to his memory.

WILLIAM O. SAWTELLE.

"FLY ROD'S" TRIBUTE TO JOHN FRANCIS SPRAGUE

Miss Cornelia T. Crosby of Phillips Writes Appreciation of Noted Maine Historian

That remarkable Maine woman, "Fly Rod," Cornelia T. Crosby, is at St. Mary's hospital in Lewiston, slowly recovering from a nervous break-down.

Of all Maine women, few have a wider acquaintance among newspaper people, none a wider acquaintance among those who love the lakes and brooks of Maine.

Miss Crosby got her acquaintance and her fame from her service as a writer of matters relative to the Rangeley region, and her study of the finer elements of the sport of fishing. Her understanding of its ethics and its poetry made her unique. For years she worked for the "Maine Woods" published at Rangeley and as correspondent for many publications devoted to recreation as well as correspondent for many

metropolitan newspapers. She had personal friends among every class and type of true fishermen. Her pen-name "Fly Rod" became so familiar that she was known rarely by her own name.

Miss Crosby was a friend of all who founded or early associated with the Fish and Game Association. The death of John F. Sprague has evidently touched her deeply. The Lewiston Evening Journal editor received the following personal letter from "Fly Rod," which he ventures to print because he knows that hundreds and thousands of her friends will be glad to hear from her.

Dear Mr. ———:

This morning a friend left last night's Journal as he passed my door.

The shock of "Uncle John's" death casts a gloom on me here in the hospital where I have been for weeks trying to regain from a nervous breakdown and heart trouble. As an old friend I want to personally thank you for the kind words you said of him.

"Uncle John" was an inspiration and a help to me to keep up the fight and "keep smiling" when I had to give up casting the fly, and later when on the account of the loss of the sight of one eye but keep my pencil sharpened.

We who have suffered and known the meaning of the word "a-l-o-n-e," understand too well what he so bravely endured and was so cheerful and helpful when with friends.

Maine has lost a noble man, always on the right side, one of the first members of our F. & G. Asso. and his words and work will not soon be forgotten.

I was one of the first, and may have been the first in Maine to become a member of the New England Women's Association (some 40 or 50 years ago, don't tell). The last time I attended their annual in Boston I went to lunch with Mr. Nixon Waterman and I have with me the verse he wrote and autographed:

"rose for the living is more
Than a sumptuous wreath
to the dead
In filling love's requisite store,
A rose to the living is more
if graciously given before
The hungering spirit is fled—
A rose to the living is more
Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead."

But if we can no longer give flowers and kind words too, we can say kind words for gentle, kind, "Uncle John" who

will be so much missed, and you old friend, keep on writing and saying good things for the best people and the best place on which our flag is flying—Maine!

Yours sincerely,

FLY ROD.

As you once said "sometimes known as Cornelia T. Crosby."

JOHN FRANCIS SPRAGUE

(From "Good Will Record" issue of June, 1926)

The leading Maine dailies, of May 8, 1926, carried this announcement:

"Dover-Foxcroft, May 7.—The body of John Francis Sprague, who for many years has been prominent in the affairs of Piscataquis County, was found sitting in a chair of the back room of his law office at 1.30 P. M. today. A bullet hole through the temple, and a discharged revolver on the floor at his feet told of suicide to escape the helplessness of infirmities, confirmed by these words written on the back of an envelope found in his coat pocket: 'I am all alone, all alone. God knows and will forgive. I must go out. Sorry to leave so many old friends in Maine.'

The deceased was born in Brockway's Mills, Sangerville, July, 1848, son of Elbridge Gerrish Sprague and Sarah Parsons Sprague. The only surviving relative is a cousin, Hon. Willis E. Parsons, of Dover-Foxcroft.

Mr. Sprague was largely self-educated, the little red school-house being the only school he ever attended. He was admitted to the Piscataquis County Bar in 1874, practising his profession first at Abbot Village, later at Monson, and in 1910 moving to Dover where he has since had his law office. He was deeply interested in educational matters and was a member of the Board of Trustees of Monson Academy and one of the staunchest friends of Maine's academies. He possessed unusual interest not only in present day activities but in historical matters, was the founder and alone responsible for the successful publication of Sprague's Journal of Maine History, a publication that has contributed greatly to information and interest respecting the history of this State.

For years he was actively interested in the political affairs of his community and State, in politics Republican-Progressive 1912-1924. He served in the Maine House in 1885 and 1893. In the latter term he with Llewellyn Powers and Hannibal E. Hamlin, members of the Judiciary Committee, made a minority report favoring equal suffrage for women. He

was in the Senate in 1921. He was referee in bankruptcy 1898-1920. He became a prolific writer on historical subjects and was the author of 'Sebastian Rasle,' 'A Maine Tragedy of the Eighteenth Century' and other works. He ably edited his *Journal* from its inception.

His acquaintance with the public men of this State was wide, over a period of nearly half a century. He was social in his interests and made many friends. He was a member of the I. O. O. F., past noble grand of Kineo Lodge and a member of Mosaic Lodge, F. and A. M. He was affiliated with the Unitarian Church.

Compelled by circumstances to depend on his own efforts from boyhood, he possessed a spirit of self-reliance, which later in life, intimate friends say, appeared to color his views of death. Several years ago he frankly told an acquaintance that he was resolved never to become a helpless burden on others. All his life he had, by reason of deformed feet, been a cripple. It seems to be the general opinion among his friends that he deliberately decided that he was becoming infirm and resolved to end his life. It does not appear, however, that his acquaintances observed any marked change in his health and within a few days of his death he was planning to get the next issue of the *Journal* off his hands early in the quarter and so secure a longer vacation than usual this summer and he spoke optimistically of the success of his publication, the last issue of which came out a few days ago."

* * *

There is a depth of pathos in this announcement. There will be other and better tributes than I can offer; but I must bear personal testimony to the man's character and career, and there were elements in both that challenged my admiration. I admire courage; I uncover my head in honor of men who quietly and deliberately face great handicaps in life, and plod along through their years, overcoming obstacles and winning out in the long run. John Francis Sprague was such a man.

I first saw Mr. Sprague in a congregation which I was addressing in Monson, Maine. He moved to Dover-Foxcroft, and I next saw him in congregations in the churches there when I was speaking of Good Will. He began to send small contributions toward the project—five or ten dollars at a time. In the last year of his life he sent three checks—not large, but each showing the heart of the man. One day, I dropped into his office for a call of appreciation—half afraid of him as I often am when calling on a stranger. I was

surprised at his cordiality, and soon learned that we had interests in common.

He was a Nature lover; he had written of the woods and streams, and a little volume he had published was called "Back Log Studies"—a title suggestive of the open fire, the blazing birch and friendly talks; for where else will men talk as they do in presence of purring flames, and jetting smoke, and dying embers.

He was a lover of the choicest things in literature, and would often quote some stirring bit from the best authors; his quotations ranged from the sacred book to the latest authors; he would go to his library—moving with difficulty—to find some expression that had struck his fancy, and would want me to share his pleasure over it.

He was interested in the education of the young, and, deprived of early educational advantages himself, his sympathies went out especially to boys who unless special efforts were made in their behalf, would not be equipped for life as they should be. The scheme for a helping hand, as embodied in the "Good Will Idea" met his unqualified approval. His checks, though counted among the smaller contributions, were highly prized; they appeared to come from a man of slender means, and a man's gifts to humanity must be reckoned "according to what he hath and not according to what he hath not." With these interests shared in common—Nature, literature and education of the underprivileged—it was inevitable that a chance acquaintance should ripen into a friendship. It did my heart good, when, sometimes he would introduce me to a caller as "my friend."

When the founding of Good Will began, I used to think that such a broad, strong institution as I believed it would become, should have a distinctive literature dealing with practical religion, with Nature topics—the great out doors,—and with education; and I essayed to make my own contributions to it as a foundation. The Good Will Publishing Company was organized; the "Story of Good Will Farm," "Good Will Short Talks," "Something Happened," "Some Boys I Know," and "Some Good Will Boys," were published; but the small editions—a thousand copies in each—were sold out; they were hastily prepared at best, for they were only a side issue, and I was close to abandoning the plan. Mr. Sprague knew it; he urged me on, he asked me to give more attention to my pen and wrote me often of the "Letters from Applehurst" and repeatedly urged me to put them in permanent form; but for his attitude and repeated references to them it would not have been done. When I dared to print

a poem on "Marten Stream in October" which I would never have offered to an editor, he reprinted it in full in his "Journal of History." It seemed to me strangely out of place in that publication, but I was as pleased as I would have been if in my boyhood I had won a twenty-five dollar prize in a literary contest. Under the inspiration of his kindly advice I resumed the use of the pen.

When I wanted to erect the Tenterden Tablets on the Bowdoin Trail at Good Will, I first consulted Mr. Sprague; with his approval, I did the work, and then he made a laborious journey to the place on the day the tablets were unveiled and gave the address, because I had chosen him for the task. Mrs. Sarah Brown Fowler, the good woman to whom I recited my first lesson in common fractions and in English grammar more than forty years before, was the other invited guest; she made the journey from Guilford, Conn., for the occasion.

In his "Back Log Studies" Mr. Sprague pays a tribute to the memory of the "apostles of outdoor life—Frank Forrester and "Adirondack" Murray—and when I conceived the idea of erecting tablets in honor of Murray's contributions to America's health and happiness, as "Father of the modern out door movement," I first consulted Mr. Sprague. Mr. Sprague told me that, in his judgment, Mr. Murray's influence on the movement was far greater than Frank Forrester's and gave my project his enthusiastic approval. From Mr. Sprague's office I went to Murray's home town to consult with his fellow-townsmen about the project. The men I saw supported Mr. Sprague's decision. The tablets were put in position, and by a curious coincidence, at about the same time, though I did not know it until afterwards, admirers of Frank Forrester were erecting a tablet to his memory in New York State. If in any of the annual pilgrimages at Good Will to the Murray Tablets at the end of the Bowdoin Trail when we sing "America" and the "Trail Song" and repeat together the prayer which the Master taught his disciples at the end of a trail on a mountain in Gallilee—if, as we kindle the symbolic camp-fire, any soul is inspired with a new love of Nature, the woods, the trails, the lakes and streams, it can be traced back to Mr. Sprague's hearty approval of the project, for had he disapproved the matter would have been dropped. I knew that he was, by nature a historian, and that he had trained himself to accuracy of judgment, while I was prompted by philanthropy and sentiment. The motto of his "*Journal*" was "History is truth; ever impartial, never prejudiced." If he approved I could afford to go forward; if he

condemned I would have assumed that I was letting sentiment run away with reason.

To the casual reader these incidents may seem trifling at best, but they served to bring us in a closer sympathy; and there were other circumstances. Poverty had deprived us of the liberal education which I had coveted and no doubt Mr. Sprague had craved, but each was trying to do his share of the world's work; each was publishing a periodical and he appeared to be as interested and as solicitous for my *Good Will Record* as I was for his *Journal of Maine History*. Colby College had conferred an honorary degree upon each of us but when I saw him invested with the regalia I felt quite as happy as I did on the June morning when the same honor had been bestowed on me for I knew that his struggle had been far the greater. Our early life had been in sharp contrast. In my youth I had again and again traced the wonder-working career in Gallilee from the manger in Bethlehem to the empty tomb and the resurrection morning; I had deliberately chosen such religious experiences as can come to a man only under the banner of Christ, but which a man can never discount after they have come to him. These had not been a part of Mr. Sprague's life, whether from choice or through misfortune I do not know. That he had respect for my religious convictions and practices I have abundant evidence.

The years were passing. He had just issued Sprague's "*Journal of Maine History*" for the current quarter, and it is conceded to be the best he had ever published; he had talked with interest of the number which would follow it; he had planned for a longer vacation the coming summer than usual; he had asked the treasurer of the Congregational Church to send him a supply of collection envelopes for he would worship by giving as well as by bowing the head; he had collected enough historical material for two years, at least, of the *Journal*.

And then there came a sudden failure; and it came all at once—in a day, or an hour. Memory failed him. He forgot all the difficulties he had met and conquered,—the great handicaps that he had reduced to a minimum; the victories, that, in spite of everything, he had won; and strangely and unfortunately he could and did remember the defeats, and the adverse circumstances; it was a trick of a memory that should have served to the end, and the failure came in a day—an hour.

His courage failed him. The things which he had done and was still expected to do, and which he was qualified by long experience to do more efficiently than any other man in the

state, seemed not worth doing. What did it matter whether they were done or not? He had won the commendation of his fellowmen, but was it worth counting, and could he continue to do it? He had founded the *Journal* and at last got it on a paying financial basis; but what next?

His mental vision failed him. In a day or an hour his outlook was darkened. He could not see as he had always seen; the bright spots of somewhat restricted enjoyment were suddenly obscured. He could not see anything worth while, or effort; his crippled body was full of years and weary; his mind might lose its grasp.

Everything failed him at once and just for the time being—memory, courage, mental vision, logic, hope; the only thing left him in that hour was a glimmer of faith in the living and true God whom he believed would be merciful in judgments, because He knew everything; He knew all the handicaps, and the lapses, and the crippled feet, and indescribable loneliness, and the yearning for human sympathy that was often withheld because people did not understand, when they thought they did. It was pitiful; it was the depth of pathos as he hastily wrote "I am all alone—all alone" and then went away leaving more friends in Maine than he had dreamed of because there were so many who did not dare show the friendship which was in their hearts; his nature was more like their own than they had guessed.

* * *

A very fine editorial in the Portland, Maine, Evening *Express*, May 10, closes thus:

"In writing this brief and inadequate appreciation of John Sprague, the thought has come to us several times—what is the use? No words of appreciation, of admiration or love can reach his ears or the ears of a family circle, for he had none. The only satisfaction that can come from any such tribute as this is the knowledge that we are echoing what thousands of Maine people are thinking today, even though such echoes are faint and inadequate."

But with me it is different. Readers of the *Record* know that from time to time I have paid tribute, as best I could, to one after another, of those who have had an influence in the first fifty years of Good Will's history; some of these men and women made contributions of buildings, or land, or money in large amounts; some influenced the life of the institution in its religious spirit; some have had much to do with the educational activities. But Mr. Sprague had a hand in another department as I have already indicated, and it is not for his relatives, of which he had very few, but for future

generations that may be interested in the founding of Good Will that the detail in this article is furnished. With articles about other men who have made themselves felt at Good Will this attempt at a tribute will be found in the future by those who may search the files of the *Good Will Record* to find its history.

EDITORIAL

The day that it was announced in the press that Hon. John Francis Sprague, of Dover-Foxcroft, Maine, had bequeathed his estate, with the exception of fifteen hundred dollars, to the Good Will Home Association, at Hinkleley, Maine, a visitor in the Good Will office, said to me:

"How came he to do it,"

The question is easily answered. Mr. Sprague had never mentioned his business affairs to me and I had never mentioned them to him; he had never intimated to me that he had done or that he intended to do, anything more for Good Will than he was doing from time to time, and my attempt at a tribute to him was prepared the day that his death was announced in the daily press, and when I was on my way to Dover-Foxcroft to attend his funeral, before anyone had surmised that he had remembered Good Will in a generous way. But Mr. Sprague had been familiar with Good Will from the beginning; he had watched its developments with interest and pleasure; the "Good Will Idea," as symbolized on the covers of the *Record*, appealed to him; he had visited Good Will; he had seen the young people assembled and also about their individual duties.

These facts are the answer, in part, at least, to the question.

His will, drawn up April 26, 1917, reads as follows: After payment of my just debts, funeral charges, and expense of administration, I dispose of my estate as follows:

1st—I direct my executor to expend the sum of \$500 in erecting a suitable monument over my grave. 2nd—I give the sum of \$200 forever in trust, the income of which is to be used in caring for the lot where I shall be buried. 3rd—I give and bequeath to the Piscataquis Historical Society all of my papers, manuscripts, scrap books and documents, that which its standing committees may desire, to be held for the use of the said society as long as it may exist, but no longer. 4th—I give to the Good Will Home Association at Fairfield, Maine, the rest and residue of my estate, real, personal or mixed wherever found, at the time of my decease. 6th—I appoint Willis E. Parsons of Foxcroft sole executor. 7th—I revoke all former wills.

To the above will is attached a codicil dated October 21, 1924, which leaves the sum of \$1500 to the trustees of Colby College scholarship funds for a John Francis Sprague fund, the interest of which is to be used annually.

* * *

JOHN F. SPRAGUE

(By Arthur G. Staples)

It was not John F. Sprague himself that chose to solve the mystery of death, Friday at his home in Dover-Foxcroft, but his poor, crippled, pain-wracked body, driving him to find the only relief that seemed to be at hand.

We are indeed three in one—body, mind, spirit. The body failed; always had failed in his case. A crippled child; a helpless pair of legs and feet; tied at last almost to his chair; but a mind as free as the air; and a spirit like the flight of the eagle.

The shock of John F. Sprague's death to the writer is inexpressible. What shall we do without the occasional visit; the frequent long chats in the Augusta House; the long and semi-humorous and always inspiring chats on various topics—our favorite being the Patriarchs and Prophets of Mr. Sprague's favorite book the Old Bible.

We are not surprised at his ending. He has discussed this way out, many a time. He has asked if it were wrong when the body was a clog, the mind eager; the spirit aspiring, to part their company and set the imprisoned free; for he had a Great Faith. "Tied like Prometheus to the rock am I," said he. "The very vultures are gnawing at me." Aged, alone, weary, ever in pain, looking forward only to the helpless end; yet we shall miss him.

What a brave life! A poverty-stricken youth; crippled; uneducated. Parents, Millerites; he himself born in that period when the Millerites were waiting Gabriel's trumpet; parents careless both of world's goods or of education of children, because "what's the use," they were to be snatched to Heaven on a cloud!

When Millerism busted, as a Faith, and the dupes of this creed, returned to their rocky acres, the lad set his face determinedly against all creed and looked only to God, eternal, and to John F. Sprague. He studied books on a peddle cart and became a lawyer by the grace of hard work.

His career was distinguished. He attained high honors. He made himself a State-wide figure. He became a cultured, learned man; an authority on Maine History; attained a comfortable competency; was called "Uncle John."

This name "Uncle John" came from the Lewiston Journal and a "Just Talk" written in this paper and published in the "Inner Man," a book of sketches of eminent Maine characters. He said it elected him to his last term in the Maine Senate.

His "Sprague's Journal of Maine History" is an institution. He, himself, made it; no one can ever give it the same touch; the same loving care and the same exquisite personality. He was gentle; sweet; thoughtful; childlike; tender. He was honest as the day. He had a noble head—wiry, white hair, fine features; winsome smile. His eyes twinkled with fun. He hunted books as a hound hunts the fox. His habitat was a library nook.

We wish—how we wish—that Uncle John had stuck it out. But pain made him often almost demented. His inferiority-complex, induced by his crippled condition made him oft-despondent. He has hurried along.

The good God that made him awry, that left him with the mind and spirit of an adventurer and yet tied him to the Rock, will surely recompense Uncle John, for a life of exquisite suffering beyond that which mortal man should undergo and will reward him also for a life of high endeavor; brave success; accomplishment under difficulties that would have kept many a smaller man in some country alms house instead of in the councils of the State, in the Law Courts as a practicing attorney; in the bibliography of Maine, as author, creator and preserver of the History of Maine.

I am standing tonight on the silvery beach
By the side of the restless sea,
And looking afar o'er the water's reach
For the ship that is coming for me.

Lonely and long have I waited here
For glimpse of the coming sail—
Patiently longing with joy to hear,
The sound of a welcome hail.

Some-where I know, on the ocean's breast,
My ship is heading this way;
Some day from out the dark'ning west,
She'll anchor here in the bay.

I shall catch the gleam of her shining mast,
As she comes o'er the tossing foam
To drop her sail and anchor fast,
E'er turning again for home.

Then my pilot will beckon me over the tide
To my ship in the outer bay,—
For a long farewell to my friends "this side,"
When my ship goes drifting away.

I shall hear the sweet songs of the sailors in glee,
As we drift o'er the restless foam,
And long for the loved ones now waiting for me,
In that land of delight, my home.

MARTIN L. DURGIN.

HON. JOHN FRANCIS SPRAGUE TOOK HIS LIFE ON MAY 7 BY SHOOTING

*His Career was One of Prominence and Accomplishment
Despite Serious Physical Handicaps*

(From "Piscataquis Observer" issue of May 13, 1926)

The people in Union Square, Dover-Foxcroft, and very soon those of the village were shocked, Friday afternoon, May 7, when it was known that Hon. John Francis Sprague had committed suicide in his office. He had been seen in his front office as late as 12:00 A. M., but as he did not go to his dinner in the apartment over his office, occupied by Reuben Devereux and family with whom he boarded, Miss Marguerite Devereux being his stenographer, Mr. Devereux went into the office to look for him. He was not in the front office and the door to the back office was wide open, on going in he found Mr. Sprague sitting in a chair, dead. A bullet hole through the temple and a discharged revolver clenched in his right hand, which was laying on his lap, showed how death had occurred. Dr. R. H. Marsh, of Guilford, a county medical examiner, was called and pronounced it a case of suicide.

At least two persons have said that Mr. Sprague had spoken of suicide as a relief from his physical infirmities and increasing helplessness, but it would seem that the act was a sudden decision for he had ordered printing for his "Journal of Maine History" but a few days before, and was preparing copy for the next issue.

The following note found on his person sheds some light upon his act: "I am tired of life, I am alone, awfully alone. God knows, he will forgive me. Sorry to leave so many old friends in Maine. I must pass out. Remember the marks on my grave stone."

His deformed feet made it increasingly difficult for him to get about and he realized that the time was not far distant when he would be helpless. The deaths in recent months of several old friends, the last being William Smith Knowlton, also had a depressing effect on him. He was indeed very nearly alone as far as relatives went, his nearest being two cousins, Hon. Willis E. Parsons and Mrs. Margaret Adams who lives on Lincoln street, Dover-Foxcroft.

Mr. Sprague was born in Brockway's Mills, Sangerville, July 16, 1848, the son of Elbridge Gerrish and Sarah (Parsons) Sprague. He had little schooling but with a natural inclination to become well educated he became so by his own unaided efforts. Early in life he took up peddling as a business, driving a cart throughout the county. His ambition went beyond that business, however, and he studied law and was admitted to the Piscataquis bar in 1874, practicing his profession first in Abbot, then in Monson, coming to Dover in 1910. He had the office of Referee in Bankruptcy since the passage of the law in 1898.

Mr. Sprague was a Republican and took an active interest in politics. He served in the House of Representatives in 1885 and 1893 and in the Senate in 1921. It had been his custom for several years during the session of the Legislature to pass the winter at the Augusta House which gave him a wide acquaintance in the state.

He was a trustee of Monson Academy and attended the meeting held in Waterville last month in opposition to the Maher amendment. He was a member of the Maine Historical Society, president of the Piscataquis Historical Society, a charter member and past president of the Piscataquis Historical Society, a charter member and past president of the Maine Sportsmen's Association, a member and past president of the Maine Society of the Sons of the American Revolution. He was also an Odd Fellow and a Mason.

His religious preferences were Unitarian. He attended the Congregational Church in this town frequently, more frequently than most people would with his difficulty in walking or even getting into an automobile or sleigh.

Mr. Sprague was greatly interested in literature, having a large library and reading the best books and magazines. He was particularly interested in history and through his work along that line gained considerable prominence as a writer. Among his published books are "Sebastian Rasle," a Maine tragedy of the 18th century, "Piscataquis Biography

and Fragments," "The Northeastern Boundary Controversy and the Aroostook War," and "Backwoods Sketches." He had done much in Maine historical research work and many of his articles were published in the Maine Historical Society Journal of American History and in the Lewiston Journal Magazine.

But the work that had given him the greatest prominence throughout the country was his "Journal of Maine History" which he began to publish in 1913 and which had become a standard authority on Maine history. It was increasing in value and the last two issues have been pronounced the best of all.

Mr. Sprague was subject to moods, resulting from conditions that caused him great physical and mental suffering, but during his life in this town the writer always found him a congenial friend, as a great many throughout the state had found him to be. When the handicaps under which he ran the race of life are considered we must marvel that he got so near the front.

The funeral service was held in the Congregational Church, Sunday afternoon, May 9th, conducted by Rev. C. E. Clark, who had become very friendly with Mr. Sprague and who spoke with much feeling of the good qualities he had seen in him. A large delegation of Odd Fellows was present and the funeral service of the order was conducted by Kineo Lodge. Many beautiful floral pieces had been sent for the occasion. The burial was in the Gray cemetery on the Guilford road, the bearers being David Price, Edward Johnson, Eugene H. Flint and Frank Libby, all of Monson.

Others present from out of town were Rev. G. W. Hinckley, of Hinckley; John R. Flint and William R. Hughes, of Monson; Judge James H. Hudson, John Houston, Harry A. Davis and John S. Williams, of Guilford; Stacy C. Lanpher and Charles J. Chase of Sebec. Had the roads been suitable many more friends from away would have come.

ALL ALONE

All alone when the twilight falls,
No one to listen, and watch, and wait;
No one to greet me at the door,
Or wonder and care if I am late.

All alone by my fireside
Just across from an empty chair,
No one to say "I'm glad you're here"
No one to smile or smooth my hair.

Life has its roses and singing birds,
Beautiful things when the seasons start,
But I cannot love them all alone—
I—with an empty heart.

How can I stay with no one here,
When just beyond there are loving hands
Waiting to greet me and draw me in,
To their circle in other lands.

When I have gone just over the line
From this lonely desert of sifting sand,
I believe that God, who sees all hearts,
Will know, and will understand.

FRANCIS WRIGHT TURNER.

Ellsworth, Maine.

The remaining portion of the magazine is just as Mr. Sprague had arranged it at the time of his death.

MARCH IN A MAINE PASTURE

Across a pasture, wide and steep,
I go in memory's way, and live again
That walk I took so long ago.
I start, as then, to climb the hill
Aslant to meet the road above
And save a bit of corner-square.

I cross on crust, deep, hubbly, firm,
And then descend a gully in the hill
To clear ice over rushing water,—
Water going down to meet the brook
Whose bridge I stood upon to rest.

I stand and watch the water bubble,
Drop,—foam over rock—and down again
To lower rock, and so
I cross, climb up the slippery bank,—
On again, up to a
Granite island, gray, proud,
Defiant of the water moat about its base.

I linger at the wriggling rivulets
That channel out a snake-like path
Through melting snow.
I gaze upon the dams of ice
Night made to stop the pacc
Of Sun and Spring.

I marvel at the caves of deeper gullics
Worn under by waters now away—
In former days before I came
To cross the hillside pasture,
Down in Maine.

And near the hill-top, and the wall,
Under their ice-bound coverlets,
I see again the red-green-brown
Of checkerberry leaves entombed.
The mystery of melting snow
Is made a living picture
And will never go.
It meant so much—
That walk across the pasture hill
In Maine—in March—so long ago!

ELIZABETH K. FOLSOM.

REGARDING THE JONATHAN EDWARDS FAMILY

Our readers are aware of the fact that the rather wonderful history of the descendants of Jonathan Edwards, some of whom branch into prominent Maine families, is often referred to by writers of New England history. E. N. Jenekes, Jr., of Springfield, Mass., in the Boston Herald of April 11, 1926, has the following to say about this subject:

One of your correspondents lately cited the familiar case of the Jonathan Edwards progeny as an example of hereditary talent and referred to Jonathan Edwards's grandmother, Elizabeth Tuthill, Richard Edwards's first wife, as a woman of brilliant gifts. Comparing the descendants of Richard Edwards's first wife and his second wife, A. E. Wiggam, a popular writer on biology, says: "Later in life Richard Edwards married Mary Talcott. She was an ordinary, every-day, common-place woman. She had ordinary, every-day, commonplace children." This comparison was quited by your correspondent.

What appears to be the truth about this remarkable genealogy will be found in another popular book, "The New Age of Faith," by John Langdon Davies, who challenges Mr. Wiggam's eugenic arguments. Mr. Langdon Davies shows that Elizabeth Tuthill, among whose progeny have been the "12 college presidents, 265 college graduates, 65 college professors, 100 clergymen," etc., was divorced by her husband "on the grounds of adultery and other immoralities," and that "one of her sisters murdered her own son, and a brother murdered his own sister."

This authentic record of hereditary talent, instead of being an argument for practical eugenics, is a conclusive illustration of the narrow limits within which eugenic restrictions could be safely applied. For, as H. E. Walters says, in his book, "Genetics," subsequent events show that it would have been a great eugenic mistake to prohibit Elizabeth Tuthill from marrying, although it would have been easy to and judges to condemn her."

DO WE KNOW WHAT FORESTRY MEANS TO MAINE?

Many of the able editorial writers of the press of Maine, have recently been devoting considerable time and space to calling the attention of our own people to the immeasurable importance of all of our citizens, exerting in every possible way their energy and every ounce of influence that they can command in behalf of the preservation of the vast stretches of forestry, from the Canadian borders to the Atlantic coast, which are within Maine's boundary line. That the future industrial welfare of Maine depends largely upon the conservation of its forestry and wild life, is indisputable. Its value cannot be estimated. It staggers the mind to contemplate for a moment, just what its destruction would really mean to our state. Every person in Maine having any breadth or depth to his thinking power, understands how dependent this state is, upon its forests for its prosperity.

Yet, "eternal vigilance is the price" of every good or righteous cause which exists.

"Fred S. Gilbert, second vice president of the Great Northern Paper Company, one of Maine's biggest industries and the owner of a large amount of timber land, has presented some facts and figures which should carry conviction to all the people of Maine as to the vital part the forests play in the well being of this State.

"Mr. Gilbert further says:

"The wild or incorporated land of the State amounts to 9,435,173 acres. Its average assessed value in 1924 was \$7.56 an acre. This represents 70 per cent of its real value, making this land value to its owners \$10.80 per acre or a total value of \$101,899,868. There are more than 5,500,000 acres of timberland in the incorporated towns of the State, in addition to the land in incorporated towns, making a total of approximately 15,000,000 acres of land in Maine on which there is growing timber. Applying the estimate made by Forrest H. Colby for the entire 15,000,000 acres there is an average of 3.4 cords of pulp wood per acre on this land, or a total of approximately 510,000,000 cords.

"The cost of stumpage, cutting, hauling, driving, conversion and transportation of a cord of wood into paper is approximately \$35. If the average acre of timberland in the State contains 3.4 cords of pulp wood, as Mr. Colby estimates, it would have a value to the owner of \$10.80 per acre and a value to the State of 3.4 multiplied by \$35 or \$119 per acre. Taking the total timberland area, 15,000,000 acres, and multiplying it by \$119 (less \$10.80, the owner's value) makes \$1,623,000 which is the value of these lands to the citizens of the State when the pulp wood is harvested, transported and manufactured."

"What an enormous asset this is. It represents money which will be distributed through the channels of trade in Maine. Every citizen of this State will benefit from it, either directly or indirectly, no matter what part of the State he or she lives in or what occupation he or she may be engaged in.

"To preserve this forest land should be the desire of every citizen of Maine. To help impress upon the people of this State the importance of preserving our forests, the Great Northern Paper Company, co-operating with the officials of the State, has embarked upon a campaign of education. In addition to other things it is doing this company is now running a series of advertisements in the newspapers with a view of educating the public against the careless building of fires in the woods.

"Our interest, that of a large taxpayer as well as owner of timberlands, and also our interest in the welfare of the State, has prompted this work.

"The people of Maine, appreciating the importance of this work, should enlist in this campaign of education. Service clubs, organizations of every kind, the public schools, the newspapers and every possible agency that can be employed should help make all people of Maine and all its visitors understand how vitally important it is to this State to keep fires from being started in the woods.

"This is the time to begin such a campaign because, within a few weeks the snow will be gone, the woods will become dry, the vegetation will not have been started and conditions will be such that bad fires may be started.

"Maine can preserve all of its forests if its people will help along

this campaign of education. We are of the opinion that they will want to do it when they know about it."

REPEATING MAINE HISTORY

Under the above heading the Waterville Sentinel of March 30, 1926, in a glimpse of what Maine people have just passed through in 60 years of prohibition, as follows:

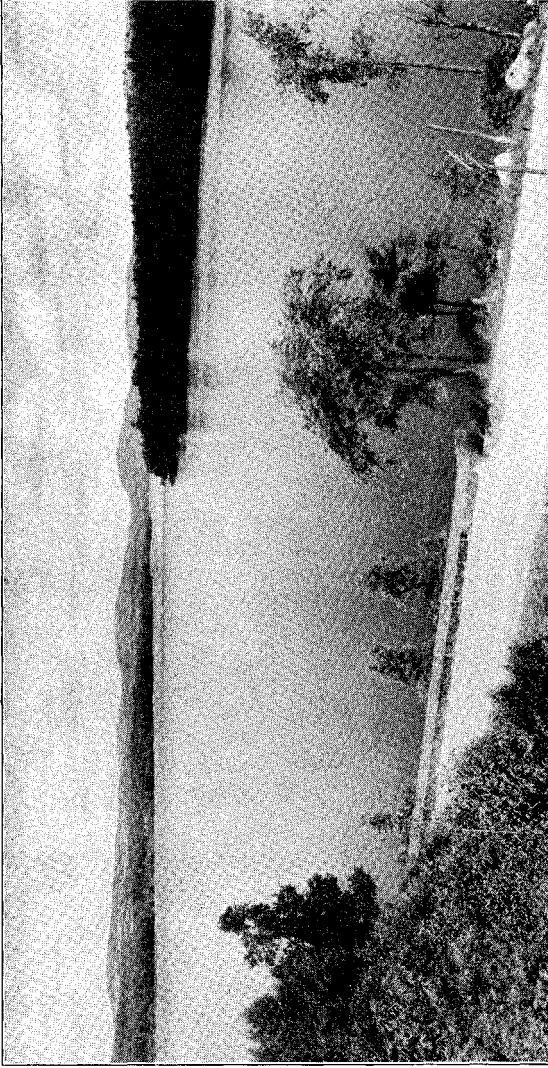
Conditions in congress now, so far as prohibition is concerned, are almost exactly what they were in this state fifteen or twenty years ago. At that time in Maine there was much dissatisfaction with enforcement and the entire official attitude and a strong desire for a change. Drys were content to let things remain as they were, hoping that eventually they would work out some improvement and arguing that anyhow prohibition at its worst is far better than license at its best.

And isn't that just about the position of the country as a whole to-day? It is doubtful if the national agitation goes deep enough to produce a radical change in the law. There is much froth and noise on the surface but underneath the influences that have long favored prohibition votes or that the nation wide referendum, for which there is now a demand, would prove to be wet. At least, this was true in this state where the wets at one time appeared to be much stronger than they are to-day as a whole in the country.

It seems to us to-day, that what editor Manson says, is based more or less, upon real common sense.

And, yet, when the writer essays to say anything about Maine of his own day and generation, which is the present time, he realizes that he is writing for a class of research workers, who will live upon this earth in the year 2026. They will then find all that we say about this and other subjects, in bound volumes of Sprague's Journal, in the Library of Congress, and a hundred other large American libraries. Hence, we cannot undertake to predict what their view of the subject may be, at that time. The angle from which they will view it will have evolved from a century of episodes and experiences, that we can have no knowledge of. We might go on to say that there will then be in America, a hardy and greatly improved race of human beings, superior to any other type of humans that the world has ever known or we might take a more pessimistic view of the question and assert that the Anglo Saxon race, having led the civilization of the world for eight hundred years or more, living all the time upon "hard stuff," as a beverage, will gradually become molly-coddles, spineless and with softening of the brain, pass into oblivion.

But all of that would be only the most foolish kind of prophesying, based upon nothing but guess work and imagination. Hence, we shall not predict.



Courtesy of J. P. Greiner
THE OLD SQUIRE'S FARM OVERLOOKING LAKE PENNESSEWASSEE, NORWAY

SIDE-LIGHT ON ANCIENT LOCAL HISTORY AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM IN THE KENNEBEC REGION

(By John L. Fish in the "Lewiston Journal")



THE building of the new Spiritualist Church in Augusta has been one of the interesting things in the state this year, first because it is the only one of the kind in Maine, and secondly because of the strange phenomena of the Spiritualist religion to which is credited the real building of the structure. Strange enough, Sager, the convicted murderer, who was hanged in Augusta in 1837, appears to be really responsible for the erection of this handsome new place of worship. This came about thru Dr. Frank S. Bigelow, of Skowhegan, who told his story at the dedication of the church.

It was thru the generosity of Mrs. Georgia Staples Davis, of Augusta, that the money was forthcoming to start the building project. Dr. Bigelow was at Mrs. Davis' home to treat her and while there said that thru spirit influences, he received a message from Sager, which indicated that a portion of the gallows were in the rear of the Davis buildings, and then added that eventually there would be a temple erected in the shadow of the jail. The message was communicated to Mrs. Davis with the result that she left a substantial fund at her demise for such a building. As suggested by the Spirit control, the new church is near the present Kennebec County jail.

The foregoing incidents have revived the story of the death of Mrs. Sager, the consequent arrest of Mr. Sager for her murder, his trial and subsequent execution, having been found guilty of the crime. There have been different stories afloat in connection with the same as to the manner of the crime, etc., and the following authentic account of the gruesome incidents have been obtained:

THE EXECUTION OF JOSEPH SAGER

On the 5th day of October, 1836, Phoebe Sager, wife of Joseph Sager, of Gardiner, died under circumstances that led to the suspicion that she had been murdered by poison administered by her husband. Sager was immediately arrested and lodged in the county jail, at Augusta, the Supreme Judicial court being then in session, the grand inquest of the county, promptly found a true bill of indictment of murder. On the 3rd day of the term, Sager was arraigned and pleaded

not guilty. Tuesday, October 23rd, was assigned as date for the trial.

The court was held in the old South Church, Chief Justice Nathan Weston and Associate Justice Parsons on the bench (the law of the day not permitting any judge to preside at a trial, involving the life of a human being), hence two of the most eminent judges of the high court in the state appeared on the bench, (it is different now). Nathan Clifford, attorney general of the state, conducted the prosecution assisted by James Bradbury, county attorney for Kennebec, and George Batchelder, Esq., of Gardiner. The prisoner was defended by Peleg Sprague, then U. S. Senator from Maine, and Frederick Allen, Esq., of Gardiner, both very eminent in the legal profession.

On the appointed day the prisoner was placed in the dock, safely guarded by officers of the court. The proceedings were promptly begun in the presence of a vast throng of spectators that completely filled the pews, galleries and every inch of available standing room in the church. An especial venire had been summoned and the formation of the jury was sharply contested on both sides. Twenty-seven tales-men were challenged and promptly set aside. The jury was finally made up as follows: Foreman Oliver Bean, Readfield; Frederick Abbott, Augusta; Anson Boston, Sidney; Levi Greene, Vienna; Isaac Lapham, Pittston; Jacob Maine, Belgrade; Benjamin Melvine, Hallowell; Sanford Pullen, West Waterville; William Perkins, Winslow; Alonzo Wood, Winthrop; John Woodcock, Sidney; Cyrus Grubel, Augusta.

Witnesses were examined and the facts well understood in the community where the prisoner was known, fully established that Sager had been a man of very dissolute and licentious habits and that the relations between himself and his wife were of an unhappy character. The main witness, whose testimony established the guilt of the prisoner of the crime, charged in the indictment was one Ann Rafter, an intimate of the Sager family, who preserved the tumbler in which was mixed the wine and poison that Sager handed his wife, urging her to drink the whole, "The goodness being all at the bottom." A sufficient quantity of the poison was found to permit an analysis, which showed clearly the deadly character of the stuff.

Attempts were made to impeach the testimony of Miss Rafter and connect her with the crime, but they all failed and the guilt of the prisoner was fully maintained. The arguments of council were long and very able, that of Peleg Sprague, seldom, if ever, excelled as a brilliant and eloquent

effort, in the courts of Maine. The presentation of the case for the government was made from a keen analysis and was a convincing argument based on close reasoning.

Judge Weston charged the jury in a close and impartial manner, for which he was always remarkable. On the fifth day of the trial, the jury retired under the charge of officers Eben Shaw and Enoch Marshall. The court adjourned until a late hour on Saturday night, when the jury, not being able to agree upon a verdict, a further adjournment was had until the Monday following. Deputy Sheriff J. R. Batchelder took charge of the jury over the Sabbath. The great crowd which had marked every day of the trial was further augmented on the assembling of the court. The jury faced the prisoner and he looked anxiously into the faces of the twelve men, whose foreman was to speak the word, which would restore him to liberty or else consign him unto an ignominious death.

The immense throng that filled the court room was hushed to the stillness of death and the word "guilty," as it fell from the lips of the venerable and kind, but firm foreman, was received with bowed heads and in reverential silence. The prisoner sank into his seat, betraying no other sign of emotion, than that which comes from long pent-up feelings of alternating hope and despondency. The verdict was generally regarded as a just and righteous one.

A motion for a trial was ineffectual and Chief Justice Weston in a solemn and impressive manner, peculiarly his own, after a few words of a tender and touching nature, addressed to the prisoner, pronounced the sentence of the court as follows: "That the said Joseph Sager be taken hence to the prison, whence he came, there to remain until a date for the execution has been fixed by the honorable court, and on such a future date as the court may designate, the said Sager shall be taken to the appointed place of execution, and forthwith he shall be hanged by the neck until dead, and may God have mercy on your soul." Perspiration stood out on the doomed man's brow when sentence was pronounced; his frame shook and he gasped convulsively as he settled into his chair. He was immediately taken back to the prison, and so ended one of the most notable criminal trials known to Maine.

The verdict was certified to by the governor on October 31, and forthwith a warrant was issued under the great seal of the State of Maine, to George W. Stanley, sheriff of Kennebec County, requiring that the sentence of the court be carried into effect on the second day of January, between the hours of 10:00 A. M. and 2:00 P. M.

As the day approached for the final event, the interest of the community was heightened and the excitement belligerent to the public execution of a human being, grew hour by hour. No event of the kind had happened before in this region within the memory of those living in the valley of the Kennebec, since long before Maine became a state, hence the people eagerly awaited the coming of the appointed day. Preparations for the carrying out of the sentence in a decent, dignified, humane manner, were made by Sheriff Stanley, prior to the fatal second day of the new year. The gallows had been erected on Winthrop street, just below State street, midway between the court house and the county jail.

Before the sun of a new day had sunk behind the western hills, and all thru the hours of the succeeding night people on foot and in teams were pouring into the capital city, as the waves roll in upon the shore from the ocean. When the morning of the eventful day dawned, a great mass of living humanity had congregated in the vicinity of the gallows. Every moment added to the immense multitude, until State street, from the mansion house to the present site of the Episcopal Church, and on Winthrop street, west to what is now the home for aged ladies, also the spacious court house yard was packed with a dense mass of human beings, numbering thousands upon thousands. Windows and housetops overlooking the scene were crowded with people, old men upon crutches, and women with infants in their arms, invalids gasping in their distress, braved the exposure of the winter day. The morning of January 2nd opened with an atmosphere, bitterly cold. Early in the day snow began falling and a fine sleet cutting like a knife, beat into the upturned faces of the waiting thousands. As a precautionary measure, and to be prepared for any demonstration, the Augusta Light Infantry was ordered out to report to the High Sheriff for duty. The troops assembled in the corridor of the court house. Here they were furnished with five cartridges, to each man and four balls in a separate pocket, having been addressed by their commander, Capt. William H. Chrisholm, urging them to the exercise of courage and the heroic performance of whatever duty might befall them. As the band played a mournful dirge, the company emerged from their quarters in single file, the dense crowd opening sufficiently to allow them to take up their position encircling the gallows. The Company faced the crowd with fixed bayonets but so great was the pressure that the soldiers were forced quite beneath the gallows.

At about this moment a cry of "fire" was heard, that threw

the crowd into the wildest commotion. The great mass of people surged and lurched, like a ship at sea. In the meantime Governor Dunlap attended by the Executive Council, had taken a position in the court house, overlooking the entire scene of the execution. The mother of Sager, impelled by the maternal instinct and affections which go out to a child, however degraded by habit or seared by crime, was interceding with Governor Dunlap for clemency, but without avail.

As soon as the militia had taken its position about the gallows, Sheriff Stanley, accompanied by two of his deputies entered the cell of the doomed man for the purpose of preparing him for the last act in the mournful drama in which he was playing so prominent a part. He was saluted by the sheriff, with a call intended to infuse into his mind, courage and fortitude. He readily assented to the necessary preparations, and was led out with the fatal rope coiled about his right arm. His step was slow and hesitating as he ascended the huge scaffold.

He was a man of large frame and when first incarcerated was in the most robust health. When led to his execution, he was but a mere shadow of his former self. His flesh hung loose and flabbily on his massive frame and all his former courage was gone. He was accompanied by the Rev. Dr. Tappan, his spiritual advisor, who read to the people a rambling and incoherent statement of the criminal, protesting his innocence of the crime of which he had been convicted, and for which he was about to suffer the extreme penalty of the law.

Just at this moment a respected member of the Society of Friends of Fairfield, a very venerable man had made his way into the presence of the Governor. "Mr. Governor," he said, "I pray thee to pardon this man in the name of God." No response was received, the governor being intently engaged in watching the proceedings upon the scaffold. The kind old Quaker solemnly turned and walked away, remarking, "I have done my duty."

A short exhortation from Dr. Tappan was pronounced, in which the clergyman in trembling accents warned his hearers to beware of the habits and the wickedness of a profligate life, such as had brought this doomed man to this melancholy condition. A short and very fervent prayer followed. Sheriff Stanley then drew down the black cap that was to hide the face of Joseph Sager from the sight of his fellow men forever. He adjusted the fatal rope about his bared neck and then taking him by the hand, he very kindly bade Sager good-bye. The man still protested his absolute innocence. "That," said

Sheriff Stanley, "is now a matter between you and your God."

Descending the steps briskly, with one sturdy blow of a sharp hatchet, the rope that held Sager to this earth was severed, and he dropped over sixteen feet falling with a dull heavy thud, his body spinning like a top for several minutes, and thus he passed beyond the bounds of time and from all knowledge of mankind. There was no struggle and death must have been instantaneous. After remaining a sickening sight for some thirty minutes, the attending physician, Dr. Frederick Gage, declared the man legally dead. The body was then lowered upon a horse sled and driven by his friends with all possible speed to Hallowell.

The militia company marched away at the sound of the bugle and the other officials all departed. The vast throng dispersed; the sad tragedy was at last ended; Sager was dead, and the first public execution under the laws of the great State of Maine was accomplished successfully.

THE CHADWICK SURVEY PAPER CORRIGENDA

The proof of this paper was corrected under difficulties which make a few corrections necessary. It was the writer's misfortune that notice of the proofs being on the way arrived by the mail before, instead of by the mail after, her leaving town on a journey of some duration. It had to be arranged by telegraph to have them delivered on board the train as she passed the printing office. And unfortunately they were without the manuscript. The corrections had to be made with no work of reference but a railway time-table, and on trains and in hotels, where it was difficult to handle so much fine print. That the article came out so well is due entirely to the great care exercised by the Kennebec Journal Print in setting a large amount of difficult text.

Because there was no chance to compare with the photo-stats, it was impossible to give the perfect *fac simile* of Chadwick that was promised; but, with three exceptions, there is nothing affecting the sense of what he wrote, the variations being improvements on his spelling, as "between" for "betwen," "house" for "hous," and a few others. Page 12, second column, should give the sixth distance as "70 miles," not as "79." Page 25, line 13, should be "86 miles," not "85." Page 23, at the beginning of line 15, the sign "&" is omitted, marring the sense. On the same page Chadwick wrote "asend," not "ascend"; "mountins" not "mountines" and "Streem," not "Stream." On page 75, he speaks of

Preble as the "Interpeter," not "interpreter," as printed. Most of the other variations are more trifling than these, and, under ordinary conditions of correction, would not have occurred at all. For all purposes of reference and quotation, the Chadwick Journal is a correct reprint with the three exceptions above noted and a very few variations in the Indian names, perhaps six in all, none important.

My own part fares less well. Any schoolboy would know that line 1, page 75, should read "more than two years," instead of "a year." Twice verbs have a serious disagreement with their subjects; page 84, 4th line from bottom, and page 81, last line. And once I have said just what I meant not to say, making sheer nonsense. On page 76, in the last two lines, when calling attention to "2/" standing for two shillings, I meant to have said that "3/5," "1/5" and "1/5," just following, did *not* stand for shillings and pence, after the customary mode of writing them then, but for the fractional parts owned by Brigadier Waldo's heirs. What is printed is without sense, yet it was passed in several readings.

To Judge Clarence Hale I am indebted for the correction of the reference to Justin Winsor, on page 65. The correct reference is "Vol. VI, page 224," not "244," as printed.

The scale on the Montrésor map must have been added by the engraver to show the amount of his reduction of the original. The original, as stated, was on the scale of something more than six miles to the inch.

My definition of "dry ki," (page 84, 14th line from bottom), as "standing dead trees" is inadequate. Standing trees killed by fire would not be *dry ki*. Dry ki is timber killed by flowage, whether standing, or fallen and floating around. The word has been long in use, yet I can find no explanation of it or of its origin.

If I have seemed inconsistent in spelling the same Indian word in different ways in this article, it is because up to the present there are few Indian words that have a settled spelling, and a rigid consistency might result in the adoption of a form which a little later would be shown less desirable than some other. Just now of very few can we say, "This is correct; that is not," unless the word has been adopted as a postoffice or town name, giving it an official status.

FANNIE H. ECKSTORM.

Brewer, June 8.

**FIRST PERMANENT SETTLER
ABRAHAM SOMES**

(By William Otis Sawtelle)



ALTHOUGH the grant of Mount Desert Island made by the General Court of Massachusetts to Governor Francis Bernard in 1762 was of but little benefit to Bernard, it resulted in the establishment of the first permanent settlement on the Island.

In 1763 two surveyors whom the Governor employed to map the Island were running their lines; and in so doing recorded in their field notes the names of those men who had located in that region. To John Jones and Barachias Mason, surveyors in the employ of Governor Bernard, we are indebted for a list of these settlers distributed as follows:

At and near the head of Somes Sound, Daniel Gott, Daniel Gott Jr., Stephen Gott, James Richardson, Thomas Richardson, Abraham Somes, Mr. Denning, Andrew Herrick, Ebenezer Herrick.

On Great Cranberry Isle, Jonathan Bunker and Benjamin Bunker; on Little Cranberry Isle, Job Stanwood.

ABRAHAM SOMES

Abraham Somes, the first permanent settler on Mount Desert Island, has left an account of his early visits to Mount Desert. (Somes letters, Boston Public Library.) He wrote in 1816 that his first visit here was in 1755, in company with Eben Sutton; that after Governor Bernard had asked him if he did not want a farm on the Island, he came to the head of the Sound in the autumn of the year 1761 and "made a pitch on this Lot I now live and in June the year I moved my family and settled on this same lot."

The immigrant ancestor of the Somes family in America was Morris, born in 1614, one of the earliest settlers at Gloucester, Mass., who lived on the east side of Mill River. His first wife's name was Margery, maiden name unknown. She died on January 22, 1646, and on June 26, 1648, Morris married Elizabeth, daughter of John Kendall, of Cambridge. Morris Somes died, January 16, 1689, leaving an estate appraised at 198 pounds.

Children by Margery:

1. Mary, b. 1642.
2. Sarah, b. 1643.
3. Timothy, m. April 2, 1673, Jane, daughter of Philip and Jane Stanwood, b. May 24, 1665. Her parents were the founders of Stanwood family of New England.

Children by Elizabeth.

4. John, b. 1648.
5. Lydia, b. 1649.
6. Nathaniel, b. 1651.
7. Patience, b. 1652.
8. Joseph, b. 1654.
9. Abigail, b. 1655.
10. Hannah, b. 1658.

Babson, History of Gloucester, says that Timothy was the only son who settled in that town.

Timothy and Jane Stanwood Somes had a son, Timothy, born in 1673, who married, December 31, 1695, Elizabeth, daughter of Abraham and Mary Haraden Robinson. It has been assumed by some genealogists that this Abraham Robinson was a son of the Rev. John Robinson, pastor of the Leyden congregation. The Reverend John did not sail on the Mayflower, but in 1603 his widow with several children came over in the Lyon. Was Abraham their son? Records show that he was not a member of the Robinson household at Leyden.

Timothy (III) and Elizabeth Robinson Somes were the parents of: Stephen, Timothy, Joseph, Nehemiah, Abraham and Isaac. The last two were twins, born in 1707.

Abraham (IV) married on December 3, 1730, Martha, daughter of John and Mary Batter Emerson. John Emerson is mentioned in the Magnalia; first minister of the Second Church of Portsmouth, N. H. He was a graduate of Harvard College, 1689, son of Rev. John Emerson, Harvard College, 1656, and his wife Ruth, daughter of Deputy Governor Symonds, and who was grandson of Thomas Emerson, the immigrant.

Abraham (V) son of Abraham (IV) of Timothy (III) of Timothy (II) of Morris (I) was our Abraham Somes, of Somes Sound, Somesville.

Abraham (V) was born at Gloucester, March 14, 1732, married December 25, 1753, Hannah, daughter of Samuel and Prudence Haskell Herrick.

Hannah was born October 6, 1735, died March 16, 1790. Abraham (V) married as his second wife, April 2, 1794, Mrs. Joanna Beal, widow of Edward Beal of Union River, now Ellsworth.

As the family record of Abraham Somes of Mount Desert has appeared in print several times (Street's History of Mt. Desert, p. 142; Mount Desert Register, p. 40; Bangor His-

torical Magazine, vol. 6, p. 147; Hamor Papers, Bar Harbor Times, 1914-15), it is not necessary to reproduce it again.

DANIEL GOTT, SENIOR

The immigrant ancestors of the Gotts of New England were Charles Gott and his wife Sarah who sailed from Weymouth, England, in the *Arabella*, arriving at Salem, September 6, 1628. Charles (I) d. Jan. 23, 1667, at Wenham, Mass.; wife Sarah d. Aug. 8, 1665.

Charles (II) son of Charles (I) and Sarah, b. April 1639; m. 1st, Nov. 12, 1659, Sarah Dennis; m. 2nd, Dec. 25, 1665, Lydia Clark, dau. of William Clark. Lydia b. Oct. 31, 1642; d. Feb. 20, 1717-18. By Lydia Charles had Samuel (III), b. 1677, at Wenham; m. June 26, 1697, at Wenham. Maraget, daughter of Ensign William and Maraget Woodward Andrews, granddaughter of Lieut. John and Jane Jordan Andrews, of Ipswich.

Samuel (III) removed from Wenham to Gloucester about 1702. On March 28, 1703, Daniel (IV) was born. Samuel (III) d. Nov. 3, 1748, at Gloucester; wife Margaret d. Oct. 20, 1722, aged 47. Samuel m. 2nd Bethany Cogswell, July 22, 1723.

A younger brother of Daniel, Stephen (IV), b. April 2, 1705; m. Nov. 13, 1729, Eunice Emmons. They had a son Stephen, b. Sept. 18, 1731; m. Jan. 9, 1755, Patience Gott, his cousin. They were living on Somes Sound, 1763. Stephen m. 2nd int. Sept. 25, 1773, Sarah Hendley, at Marblehead. Another son of Stephen (IV) and Eunice Emmons, Peter, b. July 13, 1746; m. 1776, Charity Carter; d. 1839, was the founder of the Gott family of Swan's Island.

Daniel Gott (IV) m. Dec. 23, 1726, Rachel Littlefield; d. before 1785, at Mount Desert. His connection with the pioneer history of Mount Desert is best shown by his family record which follows:

Children of Daniel and Rachael, all born at Gloucester; removed to Mount Desert:

Rachel, b. May 30, 1730; m. March 19, 1752, James Richardson; d. March 22, 1814. On Somes Sound 1763.

Patience, b. Aug. 18, 1737; m. Jan. 9, 1755, Stephen, son of Stephen and Eunice Emmons Gott; m. 2nd Oct. 28, 1776, Andrew Tarr; d. Oct. 1824. On Somes Sound, 1763. Later with 2nd husband, first settlers on Fernald's Point.

Maraget, b. Sept. 26, 1742; m. Nov. 23, 1762, Thomas Richardson; d. Sept. 28, 1803. On Somes Sound 1763.

Daniel, b. Dec. 23, 1729; m. Sept. 20, 1761, Hannah, dau.

of Joshua and Sarah Goodrich Norwood; d. July 6, 1814, drowned with two sons at Gott's Island. On Somes Sound, 1763; removed to Bass Harbor, thence to Little Placentia which he purchased of Massachusetts, 1789; now known as Gott's Island.

Elizabeth, b. March 9, 1734; m. Stephen Richardson; d. June 15, 1808. Removed to Mount Desert soon after 1763. Lived first on Somes Sound, afterwards at Bass Harbor. First plantation meeting held at Stephen's house, 1776.

The three Richardsons mentioned above were brothers, sons of Stephen and Jane Montgomery Richardson who left Londonderry, N. H. Two other brothers, Elijah and wife Jemima Gott, and Hugh and wife and Elizabeth Clark were at Mount Desert for a while but moved away.

Jemima Gott, b. Aug. 5, 1744, dau. of William (IV) and Elizabeth Wanson Gott, and granddaughter of Samuel (III) and Maraget Andrews Gott, m. Nov. 8, 1764, Elijah Richardson, "of Windham, N. H.," by Rev. Samuel Chandler; recorded in his almanac diary.

CENSUS OF PENOBSCOT COUNTY, MAINE, IN 1820

Maine was erected into a state in 1820. That year its first census was taken as a state. The following from Penobscot County is from the record of this census certified to the following year, 1821, as follows:

Marshal's Office, Feb. 7th, 1821.

A list of the towns, plantations and settlements in the State of Maine, with the whole number of persons in each of every description, except Indians not taxed, as returned by my assistants, 1821.

T. G. THORNTON, Marshal.

Hampden	1,478
Dixmont	515
Carmel	153
Eddington	276
Township No. 2	18
Township No. 3	140
Newburgh	328
Etna	194
Jarvis' Gore (Clifton)	139
Township No. 4	125
Township No. 1	99
Hermion	277
No. 3, 3rd range	131
Orrington	1,040
Atkinson	245
Corinth	296
Exeter	583
Levant	143

Guilford	325
Orono	415
Plt. No. 1, 3rd range	207
Plt. No. 1, 5th range	83
Plt. No. 3, 6th range (Dover)	215
Plt. No. 2, 7th range (Medford)	61
Plt. No. 6, 8th range (Guilford)	172
Gore state land	37
Plantation No. 1	50
Madawaska	114
Newport	512
Brewer	734
Bangor	1,221
Dexter	461
Foxcroft	211
Garland	275
N. Charleston	344
Sangerville	310
Williamsburgh	107
No. 1, 4th range, (Hudson)	72
No. 1, 6th range, (Orneville)	2
No. 1, 7th range	150
No. 3, 7th range, (Milo)	87
No. 6, 9th range, (Katahdin)	12
Plantation No. 2	108
No. 5, R. 8	

 12,931

LETTERS FROM SOME OF THE JOURNAL'S FRIENDS

Letter from Hon. Charles B. Pineo, Showing That the Enterprising and Intellectual Citizenry of Bar Harbor Realize That Local History Means Progress

I think it may interest you to know that the town of Bar Harbor voted at one of its townmeetings to have a history of the town written and published in book form and appointed the following committee to have the work done.

Judge Deasy, Chas. F. Paine, town treasurer, a native of Bar Harbor and for nearly fifty years a town officer, Geo. E. Googins and myself.

It is, we think, very nearly impossible to write a history of Bar Harbor without writing very much of the history of the whole of Mt. Desert Island and as Mt. Desert is quite rich in history, we hope to have quite an interesting book.

Very respectfully,

CHARLES B. PINEO.

The following is from a native son of Maine and Who's Who in New England (1916) says of him:

Achorn, Edgar Oakes, lawyer; b. Newcastle, Me., Aug. 20, 1859; s. John Taylor and Clara (Rundlett) Achorn; A. B., Bowdoin Coll., 1881; (LL.D., Lincoln Memorial U., 1910); m. Boston, Sophie Apences, of Christiania, Sept., 1889; 2d, Alice Gorham Morse, of Falmouth, Mass., Sept. 27, 1906. Instr., 1881-3, supt., 1883-4, Whitman (Mass.) High Sch.; admitted to bar, 1884, and since in practice in Boston. Unitarian. Republican. Organized Scandinavian Rep. League; Sec. of embassy, St. Petersburg, 1896. Trustee Lincoln Memorial U. (Tenn.), Montclair (N. J.) Mil. Acad.; overseer Bowdoin Coll. Mem. Boston Bar Assn., Mass. Bar Assn., N. E. Hist.-Geneal. Soc., Me. Hist. Soc., Zeta Psi (Grand Chapter officer, 1892-8). Clubs: Boston Art, Eliot, Boston City, Boston Athletic Assn. Author of articles on edn., travel, politics, etc.

To the Editor
Sprague's Journal of Maine History
Dear Sir:—

I am very glad to renew my subscription to your admirable magazine. It should receive the loyal support of the people of Maine.

No other section of our whole Atlantic seaboard, is richer in traditions, song and story than the coast of Maine. Its romantic history gives it an added charm that should not be lost sight of in our efforts to attract people from other states to our own, for their summer home or play ground.

I am about to make my permanent home in Brunswick, which I left forty-five years ago, when I graduated from Bowdoin. Once established there, I hope to find time to contribute something to your pages.

Yours very sincerely,

EDGAR O. ACHORN.

Mr. Achorn, for many years past has had his summer home at Christmas Cove.

GENEALOGICAL INQUIRIES

March 22, 1926.

To the Editor of Sprague's Journal

I am very much interested in working out the lines of my ancestors in New England, and wonder if through your Journal, I can find what I am seeking.

GETCHELL-WHITCOMBE-HARLOW-AND WARREN

My father was Zerah Getchell, born Anson, Me., 1832. His parents were Harlow Getchell and his wife, Anna Whitcombe Getchell. I have written to Anson, but they tell me, all records were burned, etc. The Librarian at Portland has been of service. I have written many letters, even sending stamped envelopes for replies to many persons, but they do not answer.

Now please tell me if your Journal publishes inquiries, etc. My brother Warren Getchell visited Dover-Foxcroft about 1878 at the home of William Blethen, and his wife, Anna Starbird Blethen. They had two sons. Mr. and Mrs. Blethen visited my parents in Cincinnati, Ohio,

in the seventies, and I remember hearing that they were related to my father.

The first wife of Zerah Getchell was Betsey Haggett, and she died in Bath about 1857, and is buried in Damariscotta.

He then went to New Orleans, and his second wife was my mother. I have all nine lines on my Southern side, way back to early Colonial times, and I do wish to know of my father's people. He was such a fine man in every way. He died in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1911.

I wish to find out who were the parents of Harlow Getchell, and the parents of Anna Whitcombe.

There were, besides my father, Serah, another son, Warren (who was a ship captain), and daughters Rosill and Catherine. Father lost track of all his people.

If you can give me names of persons who are in families of these names I will appreciate it greatly.

In an old diary of father's trip to Maine in 1876, are names—James Haggett, Amos Hutchens and Lucy Staples. He preached in the Baptist Church at New Portland.

Thanking you for any assistance,

I am yours very sincerely.

MRS. IOLA GETCHELL BISHOP,

House Secretary, Y. W. C. A.,

Savannah, Ga.

January 30, 1926.

Sprague's Journal of Maine History,
Dover-Foxcroft, Maine.

Gentlemen:—

I have been wondering if you have any data on the Emerson family in New England?

I am anxious to get reliable data regarding this family. I have some, but it may not be wholly authentic, but here it is:

Michael Emerson emigrated from England to Haverhill, Mass., in 1656. He married Hannah Webster and they had fifteen children. This for a starter.

I am particularly anxious to get the unbroken line of one Daniel Roberts Emerson (my greatgrandfather) who was born in Haverhill, Dec. 16, 1772. He married Mary Carter, probably late in 1790. He moved to Athens, Maine. They had 11 children there, among whom was Carter (grandfather) who married Betsy Stewart, or Steward. They lived in Athens, Maine, and had six children there.

Mary Carter died in Athens about 1837. Betsey Steward died in Athens in 1833, Dec. 10.

After his wife's death, Carter Emerson went west and left his six children here and they grew up in Maine. Then his father, Daniel Roberts Emerson, soon followed and took some of his children there with him. He died there (D. Roberts Emerson) in Amherst, Ohio, May 28, 1846. Carter Emerson married again in Ohio and raised another family there. I know nothing of them whatever.

I wish to connect back from Daniel Roberts Emerson to Michael Emerson the old ancestor, if possible. I have been told, on supposedly good authority, that Ralph Waldo Emerson and my great grandfather

(Daniel Roberts Emerson) were own cousins. I would like to prove it.
If you can tell me anything of this family and its early connections,
I shall be very glad, and if there is any cost to it, I will as gladly
pay you.

Respectfully yours,
CLARA EMERSON HOXIE.

*Answers to the foregoing letters will be published
by the Journal.*

MAINE PATRIOTIC ORDERS

S. A. R. and D. A. R.

The annual meeting of the Maine Society Sons of the American Revolution was held in Portland, Feb. 22, 1926. The officers elected were:

For President: Hon. Albert M. Spear, of Gardiner.
For Vice-Presidents: Convers E. Leach, of Portland; Harry S. Ayer, of Biddeford; William M. Ingraham, of Portland.
For Secretary: Willis B. Hall, of Cape Elizabeth.
For Registrar: Dr. Cecil P. Brown, of Portland.
For Treasurer: Henry True Hooper, of Portland.
For Historian: John F. Sprague, of Dover-Foxcroft.
For Chaplain: Rev. Albert Scott Hawkes, of York.
For Librarian: Archie Lee Talbot, of Lewiston.
For Board of Managers: Oren C. Weymouth, of Portland; E. J. Haskell, of Woodfords; A. Q. Carter, of Waterville; Enoch O. Greenleaf, of Portland; Walter D. Thurber, of East Winthrop.

The Maine Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, held their annual meeting in Augusta, March 17th and 18th, 1926. The officers elected were as follows:

Mrs. Blaine S. Viles, of Augusta, State Regent.
Mrs. Frederick E. Lowell, of Portland, State Vice Regent.
Mrs. Herbert W. Hall, of Hallowell, Recording Secretary.
Mrs. Bertha R. Williams, Corresponding Secretary.
Mrs. Edna A. Hutchins, of Corinna, Treasurer.
Mrs. A. K. Ames, of Machias, Historian.
Mrs. Flora E. Potter, of Brunswick, Registrar.
Mrs. W. C. Robinson, of Anson, Librarian.
Mrs. C. W. Steele, of Farmington, Chaplain.
Mrs. O. A. Hodgins, of Houlton, Auditor.
Miss Luetta King, of Portland, Custodian.
Miss Maude M. Merrick, of Waterville, Organizing Secretary.

Interesting reports showing the activities and splendid progress now being made by this order, were presented by Mrs. William E. Brewster, of Dexter, Chairman of Girl Home Makers; Mrs. Frederick E. Lowell, State Vice Regent, also State Chairman of the Auditorium Committee; Mrs. Carolyn N. Edwards, State Publicity Chairman; Mrs. John G. Towne, of Waterville, Chairman of Committee on Cooperation on National Defense; Mrs. Eva C. Mason, of Dover-Foxcroft, Chairman of National Trails Road Markers; Mrs. Lucy M. Viles, of Madison, Chairman of The Better Films Committee; Mrs. Ella J. Mason, of Orono, Chairman of the Committee on International Relations; Mrs. Carrie Peables Cushman, of Auburn, Chairman of the Committee on Manuals for Immigrants and Foreigners; Mrs. Lucy Woodhull Hazlett, of Bangor, Chairman of the Knox Memorial Committee; Mrs. Susan A. Bassett Patterson, of Winslow, Chairman of the Committee of the Preservation of Historic Spots; Mrs. Arthur L. Gilman, of Dover-Foxcroft, Chairman of the D. A. R. Student Loan Committee; Miss Jessica J. Haskell, of Hallowell, Chairman of the Committee on Historical Research and the Preservation of Records, and others.

KIND AND APPRECIATIVE WORDS FROM THE PRESS

KENNEBEC JOURNAL

Among the interesting articles in the January-February-March issue of Sprague's Journal of Maine History are: "Longfellow's English Ancestors," by G. T. Ridlon, Sr.; "An Old Maine Newspaper," by the editor; "The Death of M. Louise Greene, an Alleged Martyr to the Prejudice and Caprice of Man"; and "Fort Mary," by Melvil F. Meeds.

PORTLAND PRESS HERALD

No. 1, Vol. XVI, of Sprague's Journal of Maine History, covering the first three months of the new year, is at hand. This number will be of more than passing interest to Biddeford and Saco people, as it contains an article on "Fort Mary," by Melvil F. Meeds, of Biddeford. Other articles are "Longfellow's English Ancestors," by G. T. Ridlon, Sr.; a sketch of James Henry Carleton, by Mary W. Perkins, of Alfred; "An Old Maine Newspaper," by Editor Sprague, and "The Lugubrious and Doleful Death of M. Louise Greene, an Alleged Martyr to the Prejudice and Caprice of Man, or the Crown Won but Not Worn," by George C. Wing, Jr.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., HERALD

The present issue of "Sprague's Journal of Maine History," is number one of volume fourteen. Like all of its issues, the number has a great variety of valuable and interesting matter. In a letter to the Herald writer, Editor Sprague says: "When I started The Journal fourteen

years ago, it never dawned on me that it would live one-half as long as it has lived." But now it is a great incorporated institution of the state. It was a success from the start.

Prominent and worth-while articles for this quarter are, "Longfellow's Ancestors," by G. T. Ridlon, Sr.; "James Henry Carleton," by Mary W. Perkins, Alfred, Me.; "An Old Maine Newspaper," by the Editor; a sketch of Sarah Sprague-Walton, the mother of Hon. John Francis Sprague; and a most unusual story "The Lugubrious and Doleful Death of M. Louise Greene," etc., being based on the strange epitaph to the girl in Auburn, Me.

One of the contributors is Supt. Merton T. Goodrich, of Kittery schools, on "Three Episodes in the Colonial History of Kennebunkport," presented as a part of the grammar school exercises at graduation, 1924. It is a very fine composition.

But these subjects are only a portion of the good things of the current number.

BIDDEFORD DAILY JOURNAL

No. 1, Vol. XVI, of Sprague's Journal of Maine History, covering the first three months of the new year, is at hand. This number will be of more than passing interest to Biddeford and Saco people, as it contains an article on "Fort Mary," by Melvil F. Meeds, of Biddeford. Other articles are "Longfellow's English Ancestors," by G. T. Ridlon, Sr.; "An Old Maine Newspaper," by Editor Sprague, and "The Lugubrious and Doleful Death of M. Louise Greene, an Alleged Martyr to the Prejudice and Caprice of Man, or the Crown Won but Not Worn," by George C. Wing, Jr. The unusual School Department, Editorial Comment, notes and shorter articles combine to make this issue of the Journal of Maine History a number of value to every resident or native of the state.

SAYINGS OF SUBSCRIBERS

Hon. Clarence Hale, Associate Justice, U. S. District Court, Portland, Maine:

"I am greatly interested in your Journal for April, May and June, Vol. 14, number 2. The article on the Chadwick Survey from Fort Pownall to Quebec is very interesting."

F. J. Pritham, M. D., Greenville Jct., Maine, referring to Mrs. Eckstorm's article on the Chadwick Survey:

"Your recent issue of the Journal is certainly a very interesting one for this vicinity. The mention of a carry from the Wilson in Moosehead makes it seem very probable for with the old forest of pine the streams were much deeper and more constant than now so that a canoe would not have need to have been carried far to do it. They could run up the stream into Sawyers Pond and carried into what we call Mill Brook with a half mile or less carry. I have no doubt they also went from the Upper Wilson into Proang Pond by carry and out Beaver Cove. The comments about Chesuncook are fine. What a place that must have been for water fowl and muskrats, mud and grass."

Merton T. Goodrich, well-known Maine school superintendent, Kittery, Maine:

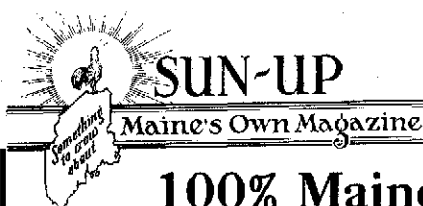
"I have just finished reading with great interest, Mrs. Eckstorm's paper in the last number of your excellent magazine. I was especially interested in the notes referring to the origin of the name of Mooshead Lake. Bearing on this question, there is to be found in the Diary of Rev. Paul Coffin (describing one of his missionary journeys up the Kennebec), a reference to Moose Pond the headwater of the Kennebec."

Rev. Henry E. Dunnack, State Librarian, Augusta, Maine:

"Congratulations! A whole thousand of them on your splendid success with the Journal."

Hon. Albert M. Spear, Associate Justice, Maine Supreme Judicial Court, Augusta, Maine:

"I certainly appreciate your Journal very highly and look forward to its receipt, as one of my most treasured publications of history, art and culture. I know of no man in Maine, who has so much contributed to the real and substantial history of the state. Your work is unique, in that it goes beyond the common place of patent events and facts, and brings to us those obscure, hidden and most interesting things, that require the genius of personal observation and research. May you live many years to feed us with your splendid literature."



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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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