

**ELSIE'S YOUNG
FOLKS IN
PEACE AND WAR**

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Elsie's Young Folks in Peace and War by Martha Finley

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MARTHA FINLEY

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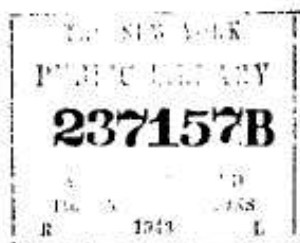
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ELSIE'S YOUNG FOLKS.

CHAPTER I.

It was a lovely summer day, bright and clear, but the heat so tempered—there on the coast of Maine—by the delicious sea breeze that it was delightful and exhilarating. The owner and passengers of the *Dolphin* had forsaken her more than a fortnight ago, and since spent their days and nights at a lovely villa on shore there in Bar Harbor; but now no longer able to resist the attractions of the beautiful sea, the most of them had come aboard, and were sitting, standing, or roaming about the deck.

“Oh, I'm so glad to be in our own dear sea home again!” cried Elsie Raymond. “Aren't you, Ned?”

“Yes; though we have been having a splendid time on shore in Bar Harbor.”

Dodd, Mead & May, 1943

"Yes, so we have; but as we expect to be back again in a few days, we needn't fret at all about leaving it."

"No, nor we needn't if we were just going back to Woodburn, our own beautiful home—certainly a better place than this in fall and winter, anyhow."

"But I'm glad to have a sail again," said Elsie.

"Brother Max says we'll soon see some places where they had sea fights in our two wars with England," remarked Ned, with satisfaction.

"Oh, does he? I mean to ask papa or grandma to tell us about them," exclaimed Elsie, in tones of excitement.

"Oh, yes, let's!" cried Ned. "But the men are taking up the anchor," he added hastily, "and I must see that first. Come," catching his sister's hand and hurrying her along to a good position from which to view the operation.

That duly attended to, they sought out their grandma, who happened to be at the moment

sitting a little apart from the others, and made their request. She smilingly consented to tell them all she could recall on the subject that would be interesting to them, and bidding them seat themselves close beside her she began.

“Your father has told me that we are now going out to the extreme eastern point of the State—and of our country—the United States. West Quoddy Head is its name now, but in very early times it was called Nurumbega. In 1580 John Walken, in the service of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, conducted an expedition to its shores, and reached the Penobscot River. In 1603 two vessels, the *Speedwell* and the *Discoverer*, entered the Penobscot Bay and the mouth of a river—probably the Saco. About three years after that two French Jesuits, with several families, settled on Mount Desert Island. A few years later some twenty-five French colonists landed on Mount Desert and founded a settlement called St. Saviour. But not long afterward they were driven away by some English under command of Captain Ar-

gal, who considered them trespassers upon English soil. That, I think, is enough of the very early history of Maine, for to-day, at least."

"Oh, yes, grandma! but won't you please tell about Revolutionary times and the war of 1812-14?" pleaded Elsie. "Maine was one of the thirteen colonies, wasn't she?"

"No, dear; she was considered a part of Massachusetts at that time, and did not become a separate State until 1820."

"Oh, didn't the people there care about the Revolution and help in it?" asked Elsie in a tone of disappointment.

"Yes, dear, they did. In a county convention in 1774 Sheriff William Tyng declared his intention to obey province law and not that of parliament. He advised a firm and persevering opposition to every design, dark or open, framed to abridge our English liberties."

"English!" exclaimed Ned, in a half scornful tone, at which his grandma smiled, and stroking his curls caressingly, said, "Yes, Neddie, at that time—before the Revolu-

tionary War—our people liked to call themselves English.”

“But we don’t now, grandma; we’re Americans.”

“Yes; that is the name we have given ourselves in these days; but we consider the English our relations—a sort of cousins.”

“Well, then I hope we and they will never fight any more,” said Elsie. “But, please, grandma, tell us something more of what has happened along this coast.”

“In 1775,” continued her grandma, “the British kept the coast of New England from Falmouth (now called Portland) to New London in continual alarm; they were out in every direction plundering the people to supply their camp with provisions.”

“In this State, grandma?” asked Ned.

“Yes; and in Connecticut and Massachusetts. They bombarded Stonington, in Connecticut, shattered houses and killed two men. That was in August or September. In October Mowatt was sent to Falmouth in Maine to get a supply of provisions from the people