

the CASTINE VISITOR

CASTINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

Spring 2012

vol. 22 no. 1



“CASTINE IS A MOST SEQUESTERED SPOT”

Editors' note: What follows is an excerpt from Samuel A. Devens' book Sketches of Martha's Vineyard and Other Reminiscences . . . , published in 1838. The "Other Reminiscences" include Castine. Being a modest man, Devens merely described himself as "An Inexperienced Clergyman."

Devens was the immediate successor to Rev. William Mason, longtime minister to the First Congregational Parish of Castine. He did not stay in Castine more than a year. He gives his reason for leaving in the excerpt, but we suspect that inadequate salary may have played a role as well.

PENOBSCOT BAY

Belfast or Penobscot Bay is fifteen miles across, and extends to the open sea, distant thirty miles. Into it pour the broad waters of Penobscot River. On the North side is the town of Prospect, and near by rises into view the rounded outline of Brigadier's Island,¹ with but one cleared spot amongst its deep forests. A few miles to the South is the headland of a long and narrow Island, partially wooded, running nine miles towards the sea and dividing the Bay, as it were, into two broad and mighty rivers. On this are various settlements – the town of Isleborough, &c.

At the East and West extremities of the Bay lie Castine and Belfast; the former with a population of 1200 – the latter of 4 or 5000. The waters of the Bay are very deep, and vessels of war of any size can float with perfect safety almost everywhere. The curve of

Devens was born in Charlestown, Massachusetts, in 1808. He received his undergraduate degree from Harvard College in 1829, five years before coming to Castine in 1834. He seems to have moved on to Ellsworth, and then to East Bridgewater, Massachusetts. He was ordained at Harvard Divinity School in 1837. After that, not much is known of his career until his death in Boston in 1891, age eighty-three. One obituary described him as a "Unitarian evangelist."

the Bay on the Northern side it would be difficult for nature to surpass. The 'tout ensemble' moreover is exceedingly picturesque, and with the golden sky and balmy airs of summer to beguile the senses it is easy to imagine oneself in the South of Europe looking out upon one of the finest bays of the Mediterranean.

Some Frenchmen indeed, who were here a few years ago, were much taken with the beauty of this inland sea, or 'silvery lake' and said it bore a striking resemblance to the Bay of Naples.

THE OLD AND TRUSTY PILOT – CASTINE LIGHT

But we must not forget the old and trusty pilot of these waters. He has seen many a foul day as well fair. He has been caught by, as well as escaped many a squall. His little sloop with its green striped sides, has oft been buried beneath the swelling waves. Though for many



Dyce Head Light House and view down Penobscot Bay toward Camden
Photograph by A. H. Folsom
Castine Historical Society Archives

¹ Now Sears Island.

CASTINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY 2011-2012

Officers

Marcia P. Mason
President

Michael E. Coughlin
Vice President

John C. Parish, Jr.
Secretary

Susan C. Hatch
Treasurer

Board of Directors

Carol Adams
David K. Adams
Douglas Benjamin
Diana Bogdonoff
James M. Day
Lynne I. Dearborn
Anne B. Fuentes
George Hatch
John S. Macdonald
Ann L. Miller
Helen H. Miller
Roger W. Moss
Lynn H. Parsons
Ruth C. Scheer
Brooke P. Tenney
Stefanie S. Young

President Emeritus

James M. Day

Honorary Directors

J. Alton Boyer
Robert C. Dick
Sara F. Foote
Laura Hatch
Matt Merfeld
Robert B. Rettig

The Castine Historical Society welcomes the following new members

Mr. & Mrs. Beverley Duer
Mr. & Mrs. James W. Mitchell
Kimberley W. Nicholson
Christopher Parsons
Beverly & Jonathan Parsons
Christine & Jack Spratt
J. Williams & J. Rossetti

The Castine Historical Society gratefully acknowledges contributions received in honor of

Laura Hatch
Dr. Donald S. & Janet Pierce
Jim Stone

and in memory of

Robert (Bob) Allen
Margaret Wheeler Hall
Mary Elizabeth Pincoffs
Joseph Sewall
Marjorie W. Wood

Thanks and recognition are extended to those who have recently added to our collections

Sally Chadbourne & Del Davis
Douglas Endicott
Sally Foote
Tanner Hunt
Maine State Museum
Mike Marshall
The Rogers Family
Sylvia Sebelist
Unitarian Universalist
Congregation of Castine

Notes & Commentary

Through an editorial error, the name of J. Alton Boyer was omitted from the list of Honorary Directors in the Winter 2011 issue of the *Visitor*. Rest assured that Al has not misbehaved in any way and is still in good standing.

In the same issue, note that Frank Hatch, Sr. [1897-1975], pictured on the front page, was the author of the 1959 letter to the churches in Castine, and the writer of the song about Castine's swimming pool. His son, Frank Hatch, Jr. [1926-2010] was the subject of a tribute in our Winter 2010 issue.

More about the swimming pool. A communication from Wayne Wardwell in Florida identifies a number of people in the photo on page four: "I clearly recognize many of the folks from my childhood: Phil Babcock, in the fedora, Alva Clements, back right and 'Poodle Vogell' in the white uniform – most likely the outfit he wore when he managed and operated the Lobster Pound, which can be clearly seen at the North end of the pool complex."

The Castine Historical Society actively collects photographs, papers, maps, memorabilia and artifacts to document life in Castine and the Bagaduce River area. If you want to donate something you think is worth preserving, please contact Paige Lilly at (207) 326-4118 or curator@castinehistoricalsociety.org. Either we will add your material to our collection or suggest a more appropriate institution for you to contact.

LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT

The sparse snowfall and moderate temperatures so far this winter have been major topics of conversation in Castine, and these mild conditions and the lengthening days appear to have boosted the spirits of many. But remember, the groundhog saw her shadow on the 2nd of February.

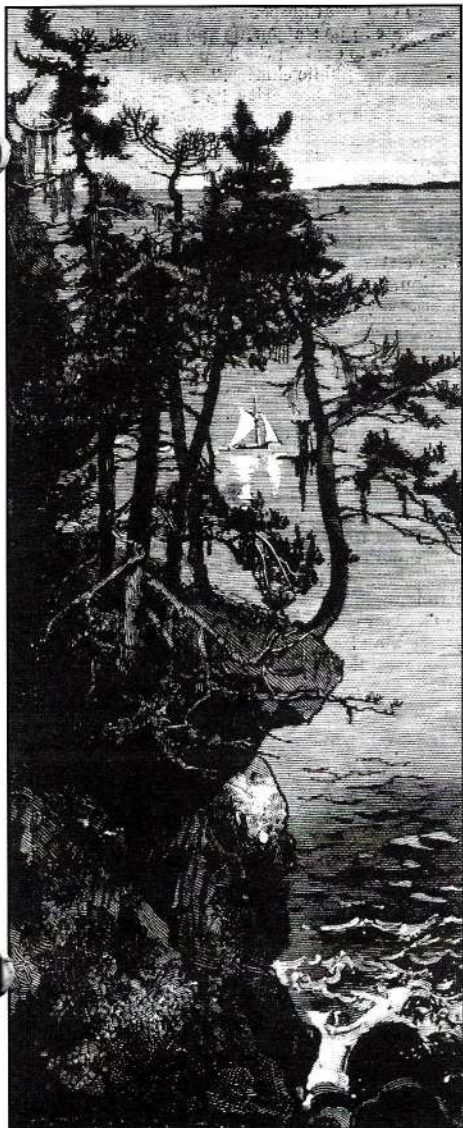
Although the Castine Historical Society may be closed for the season, we are bustling with activity. Our talented, hardworking volunteers are busy laying the groundwork for lectures and exhibits that will enrich the entire community in the coming summer season. Because many of these events are now co-sponsored with other organizations such as the Wilson Museum, Witherle Library, Maine Maritime Academy, and Adams School, the Society is playing a key role in promoting a co-operative spirit in the town. The very interesting 2012 Summer Exhibit "The Schooner *Bowdoin* on the Greenland Patrol" is taking shape with the assistance of two Maine Maritime Academy faculty members who are doing the research on *Bowdoin's* service during World War II in Greenland.

The needs of the Society are changing as we continue to expand, develop our collections and focus on the goals of our mission statement. Last fall, after much discussion, the Board decided it was time to hire a part-time Administrator to help us move forward. Advertisements in local newspapers for two weeks in November generated an amazing number of responses. After interviewing four highly qualified applicants, a committee consisting of the Castine Historical Society officers voted to offer the position to Sally A. Chadbourne, a Castine resident who has been an active member of the Society. We are delighted that Sally is on board as our first part-time administrator. Her exceptional skills will be of great value in streamlining our operations and especially as we seek funding for the Grindle House Restoration Project. You will enjoy reading more about Sally in this edition of *The Castine Visitor*.

Another change is that Paige Lilly became our full-time curator in January 2012. We are fortunate to have a curator with the knowledge, professionalism and enthusiasm Paige brings to the Society. Please refer to the "Curator's Corner" in this edition of *The Castine Visitor* to learn of Paige's role in representing the Castine Historical Society in the acquisition of a small selection of items that have been de-accessed from the Allie Ryan Collection by the Maine State Museum.

We value each and every member and hope you will continue to be a part of our Society as we face exciting challenges ahead.

Marcia Mason



The mission of the Castine Historical Society, a 501(c)(3) nonprofit organization, is to collect, preserve, protect, and make available a variety of materials that illuminate the historical development of the Castine-Bagaduce River Area from its beginnings to the present.

The Castine Visitor is published three times a year by the Society for its members and friends.

Lynn H. Parsons &
Anne H. Parsons.....Editors

info@castinehistoricalsociety.org
www.castinehistoricalsociety.org

**Castine
Historical Society**

"Special Prices for Special Service"

Lynn and Anne Parsons

Sometime in the 1890s Warren P. Hooper printed a delightful advertising brochure "Interesting Facts Concerning Castine, Maine, and Vicinity." Not one to hide the town's light under the proverbial bushel, he subtitled it "One of the Most Picturesque Spots on the Coast of Maine." The brochure is a four fold, printed on both sides. The cover is below and four panels are reproduced on the next page. The brochure was distributed with the

COMPLIMENTS OF
WARREN P. HOOPER,
LIVERY AND TRUCKING STABLE,
BUCKBOARDS,
OPPO. POST OFFICE, MAIN ST., CASTINE, MAINE.
I SOLICIT YOUR PATRONAGE.

Warren was born in 1876, the great-grandson of Joshua Hooper, who arrived in Castine around 1800 with his wife Sally. The Hoopers had three sons who survived them as well as a number of infant children, nearly all of whom died within a few weeks of their birth. The sad story of Sally Hooper and the deaths of her fourteen children may be found in Castine's Vital Records. She died in 1843.

Warren's grandfather was Nathaniel Hooper, born in 1802. He built the twenty-four room Bagaduce Inn with livery stables across the street from today's Post Office. (It is also referred to as Bagaduce House and as a tavern.) Warren's father William T. Hooper took over after Nathaniel's death in 1854, but later shut down the inn. He continued using the stables for livery, boarding and hack services and built a thriving business, which Warren inherited after his father's death in 1896.

Many years ago, Frank Hatch, Sr. published his recollections of the Hoopers: "I do remember Will Hooper and his stable. . . . Opposite the Post

Office. The stable was in the rear of course with a spacious yard for hitching and unhitching onto the buckboards that carried the summer boarders down through the Witherle Woods." He went on, "I remember Will Hooper sitting straight in his carriage as he waited for the arrival of the *Pemaquid* to pick up a passenger for the Acadian or Castine House. . . . I was a kid and never had a chance to talk with him."

Hatch did know Warren Hooper. "Warren, who had succeeded Will in the business, lived in the house on Main Street connected with the stable. It had once been the front part of the "Bagaduce House" a tavern which flourished through the 19th century. . . . Before the County seat was transferred from Castine along

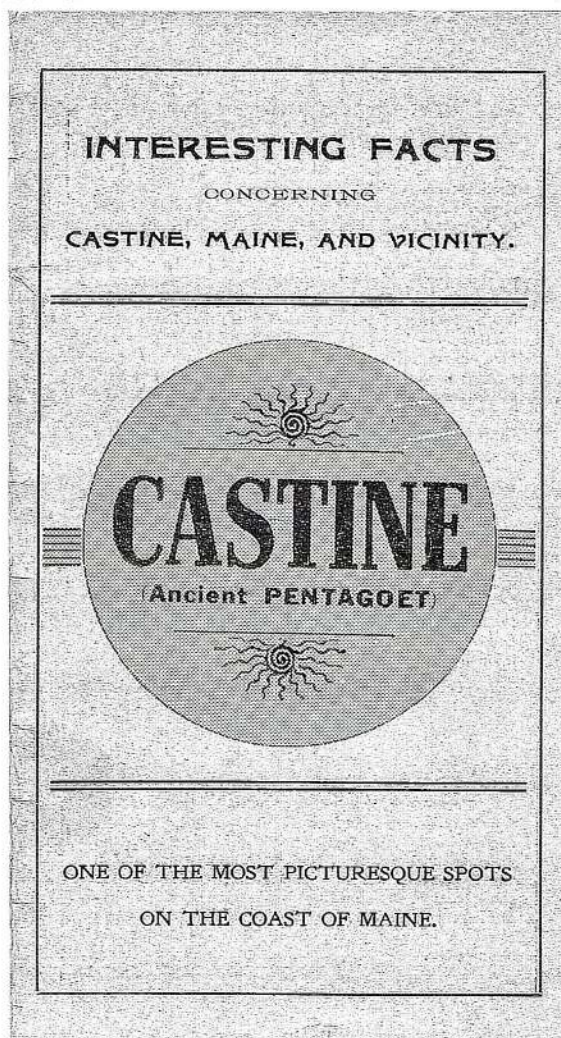
with the Court House the Bagaduce House and every spare bed in town was taken during Court Week, lawyers and a circuit judge and eyewitnesses had to make reservations weeks ahead." Warren Hooper's daughter recalled that the old tavern had a dance hall in one of the ells and "there were benches built around the walls that they used for seats."

Other Hooper relatives achieved both success and prominence in Castine. Warren's father's cousin Charles was a Civil War veteran who took over Samuel Adams' "dry goods" business on Water Street in 1872, located in the present "brick block" building. He later acted as Castine's town treasurer and postmaster for many years. Warren's uncle Frank ran a meat market at the location of a grocery store and gas pumps today. According to the *Maine Register* for 1904-5, J. Freeman Hooper was the Town Clerk, and Warren himself was the Road

Commissioner – a convenient position for someone who was in

the livery business.

Warren Hooper's brochure is undated, but since it refers to George Witherle in the present tense, we can



Castine Historical Society Archives

place it sometime between 1896 and Witherle's death in 1906. Warren offered, among other things, tours of Castine and its environs. He could take you on a three-mile drive through "Witherle Park" in a horse and buggy for about a dollar. Two horses and a Surry would cost you twice as much, but it was probably worth it. Depending on the number of horses and equipment, a drive through the whole village might run you as much as four dollars. For the truly adventurous, he offered 36-mile round trip excursions to Blue Hill or Bucksport. A seven-passenger buckboard would cost eight dollars for the full day. For the less ambitious, potential patrons were told that the horses could be put on the Castine-Brooksville ferry, by which "opportunity is offered for many beautiful drives in Brooksville and vicinity." He ended his Schedule of Prices with his promise of "Special prices for special services."

According to former CHS president Gardiner Gregory, Warren Hooper owned "17 horses, six buckboards, assorted drays, jiggers, and carriages. Warren also owned the largest buckboard in Castine — a behemoth with five seats accommodating 14

passengers . . . and its fame was such that Henry Ford heard of it in the 1930s and sent a representative to acquire it for his museum in Dearborn, Michigan."

Warren ran the business until the age of the automobile with its inevitable outcome. Frank Hatch concluded: "When the stable was dismantled, Warren Hooper gave me the pick of the rubbish that was bound for the dump. I found such gems as a crudely printed sign stating how much and how often to feed a horse along with a loop of window cord tied into a short stick. Warren told me that this is what you looped over a biting horse's nose and mouth and twisted it tight to teach him a lesson about nipping you in the shoulder."

Warren Hooper died in 1964, age eighty-eight, and was buried in the Castine Cemetery.

The building that housed the Bagaduce Inn still stands at 40 Main Street opposite the Post Office. Look at the back page of this *Visitor* and next time you walk down Main Street visualize the back buildings and the "spacious yard for hitching and unhitching onto the buckboards" described by Frank Hatch.

CASTINE.

Castine, an ancient Pentagoet, was first settled by French traders in 1623, but the first permanent settlement of much consequence, however, was made in 1629 by Isaac Allerton from the Plymouth, Massachusetts, colony.

In 1625 the place came under the control of Charles de Menon d'Aulney, by authority of Gen. Ranauld the French commander of Acadia. During the next forty or fifty years it changed hands several times, being alternately in possession of the English and the French except for a short time in 1676 when it was held by the Dutch. In 1687, Jean Vincent de Baile, Baron de St. Castin, settled here and afterwards married the daughter of the Tarratine Sagamore Minkicavando. He rebuilt the Old French Fort which is sometimes called by his name. He probably lived within this fort.

In 1699, the English once more took possession of Pentagoet. In 1729 Fort George was built and garrisoned. In July of the same year the Americans attacked the place but took only a few outposts and were soon put to flight. The British evacuated Pentagoet in December, 1755, it being the last American well supplied by stores at the close of the Revolution.

In 1787, a part of ancient Pentagoet became the town of Penobscot, and included what is now Castine. In 1788 the town of Castine was incorporated, and named in honor of Baron de St. Castin.

FORT GEORGE.

Fort George was built by the British in 1779. The four bastions mark the four points of the compass. Inner dimensions, 225 x 230 feet. Here Wadsworth and Burton were confined, and here Hull and Elliot were hanged. The entrance to the dungeon can still be seen in the south bastion. The enclosed area is now a favorite playground for tennis and base ball, and the walls, still in an excellent state of preservation afford a fine point of observation.

FORT PENTAGOET.

Fort Pentagoet, also called Castin's Fort and Old French Fort, was probably built about 1623. The remains are supposed to be those of the magazine, and are marked by a tablet on the south-east shore near Perkins street.

FORT MADISON.

Fort Madison was built about 1831 and captured by the British in 1814. A small garrison was stationed here during the Civil War. The site has been presented to the town by the United States government, and improvements for the benefit of the public have been commenced.

THE BLOCK HOUSE.

The site of the Block House, built by the British in 1814, is plainly to be seen near the north-western bluff and there are about a dozen batteries more or less obscure, at various points. Among the more easily found are West Point battery, Reel's battery and Penobscot or Seamen's battery, built in 1779; Batteries Oriskany and Gosselin, built in 1814.

TRASK ROCK.

Trask Rock, or otherwise called Hinkley's Rock. The only large white rock on the west shore. While the Americans were landing in 1779, Trask a young boy, played behind this rock. Capt. Hinkley, from Brunswick, was killed on this rock while clearing on his men.

WITHERLE PARK.

A large tract of woodland, rich in beautiful views and in places from which to see our more distant surroundings. Several miles of carriage road and numerous foot-paths render its pleasures easily accessible. The Park and Fort George are the property of Mr. George H. Witherle, who generously keeps them open to the public.

DRIVES

Witherle Park,	about 3 miles
Village drive,	" 5 "
Ten mile drive.	
Twenty mile drive.	
Penobscot,	20 "
Lake Umbagog,	40 "
Bucksport,	36 "
Blue Hill,	36 "
Kenebunk Mt.	16 "
Walker's Pond,	22 "
Cataspillow Hill,	22 "
Buck's Harbor,	15 "
Cape Rosier,	14 "
Numerous others.	

By means of a Ferry between Castine and Brooksville on which teams are transported, opportunity is offered for many beautiful drives in Brooksville and vicinity.

SCHEDULE OF PRICES

Conveying Trunks and Passengers, each	.25
Horse and Buggy by the Hour	\$1.00
Horse and Surry " " "	1.50
2 Horses and Surry by the Hour	2.00
7 Passenger Buckboard by the Hour	2.00
" " " " " Day	8.00
" " " " " Half Day	5.00
10 Passenger Buckboard by the Hour	2.50
" " " " " Day	12.00
" " " " " Half Day	7.00
Special prices for special service.	



F. W. Fitch & Co., Printers, Bangor, N. B.

Four panels from the Hooper brochure

The information and statements in this article are all drawn from the Hooper folder in the Castine Historical Society Archives.

years he has crossed these waters, at all seasons, and almost every day – bating² those in mid-winter when the bay is thick-ribbed with ice – he has ever saved himself and those committed to his care. His shrewd weatherbeaten visage assures you of safety. Would that his morals were as good as his *pilotage*.

With a fair breeze the passage across the Bay is accomplished in two hours. Castine light is made a mile this side of the village. It is on the Western extremity of the Peninsula. Castine light!³ I suppose, reader you think it would hardly reward a glance. You are mistaken. It is a beautiful object situated as it is upon a lofty precipice, whose rugged sides consist of rocks that have been worn into all curious shapes by the ebb and flow of the restless ocean-waters for unknown centuries. You run close under them. In a few minutes you find yourself alongside the wharfs, the snug village of Castine and its neat Churches rising before you like a vision of some fairy land.

CASTINE – ITS SABBATH STILLNESS – CLIMATE – CHURCHES

The Peninsula is some four or five miles in circumference, oblong in shape and rises gradually from the water's edge to a considerable elevation. The Town is on the southern slope, beneath the battlements of a large and strong fortification erected by the British during the revolutionary war, and taken possession of by them again during the last war. It seems to sleep quietly beneath the arm of a mighty protector, literally to sleep, for there is not what can be called bustle or stir therein from morn to mid-day, or latest eve. No carts, wagons, or chaises are heard rattling along the fine-gravelled streets. The town contains but twelve hundred inhabitants and two hundred of these form a village by themselves several miles from the Peninsula.⁴ All business is transacted by water. So that a Sabbath stillness pervades the air every day of the week.

Castine is a lovely place. The houses are quite compact and nearly all painted; most of them white. They are of two stories, built in good taste, and seldom destitute of gardens of considerable size and some beauty. It has never been my good fortune to be in a village that is blessed with greater tranquility – purer air – cleaner and better streets, or houses, yards and fields more neat and pleasurable. The climate is

equable. The mercury seldom mounts higher than 85, or descends lower than – 15 degrees.

Castine would be a choice watering place for the rich merchants of Bangor during the heats of summer. There are two churches; one lifting a square tower, and the other a very symmetrical spire into the heavens. The Unitarian Church, inside and out, is a model of correct taste. These churches, as is the case in all small villages, are antipodal to each other in all respects, but locality.⁵

FORTS – COUNT OF CASTINE

The Bay in front of Castine, which is three-fourths of a mile wide, is deep, and will float close to the town the largest vessels of war. Between the Town and the Light are the remains of three forts, one erected during the last war, which is in a good state of preservation and contains a few cannon within its precincts – another erected during the old French war – and another⁶ erected by the Count of Castine, a French Nobleman, who is supposed to have come to this country in disgrace, and, attracted by the beauty of the situation, to have fixed his abode here. The Indians were numerous about him, and to protect himself against their depredations and any evil schemes they might machinate against him in case of offence, as also to gain entire sway over them so as to make them subservient to his purposes, he is said to have thrown up these mounds and planted in front rows of palisades. These events must have taken place some centuries since.⁷

THE FORT PAR EXCELLENCE – VIEW FROM THE RAMPART

Reader, ascend with me now to the central and principal fort on the height of the Peninsula, and take a view of that Panorama which I have so often gazed upon with delightful and sublime emotions, and with which my eye could never grow weary. Let me point out to you the different features of the landscape. To the north you trace a line of wild and rugged hills, and the serpentine course of that Prince of Eastern rivers,

⁵ The church with the “square tower” is the Trinitarian, or Main Street church, whose spire was not added until 1867. Devens, the Unitarian, is sensitive to the split among the Castiners that led to the establishment of the Trinitarian church in the 1820s.

⁶ Fort Madison was built prior to the War of 1812, and Fort Pentagöet in the 1630s. The location of the third fort, erected by the “count of Castine” – i.e., the Baron Castin – is unclear.

⁷ Devens is obviously confused here about Baron Castin's relations with the natives.

² i.e. “excepting”

³ The lighthouse was first built in 1828, and thus had been up only six years. Note its original octagonal shape in the picture, which was how Devens saw it in 1834.

⁴ Devens here refers to “North Castine,” a separate entity well into the 20th century, at the junction of Routes 166 and 199.

the mighty Penobscot, coming down from the solitude of unbroken forests where the cry of wild beasts alone is heard. To the East the ocean tides ascend far beyond the point of land on which you stand to join the fresh-water currents that descend from their sources several miles above, and seventeen miles distant is the conical swell of a certain wooded eminence, ever with a veil of blue mist thrown around its sides and heightening its natural charms, known as 'Blue-Hill.' To the South your eye falls upon the sweet village at your feet – the wharfs and ships which bespeak commerce of considerable moment – the bay widening eastward from three-fourths of a mile to three miles, and spotted with many fairy islands of every size and shape – some, bare and sea-washed rocks – others, clothed with verdure and enlivened with the bleat of flocks of sheep – some, producing in abundance varieties of berries – the rich blackberry and delicious strawberry – others, clothed with a goodly growth of forest. Among them the seal swims and the porpoise gambols, and upon them in winter the foxes seek their food. Directed seaward your eye will catch in the distance five or six isles, twenty-nine miles off, one behind the other in almost regular succession, the foremost small, but increasing in size to, the hindmost, and appearing like a file of tortoises taking up their line of march across the waters of the bay. To the West lies spread out before you the broad bay at the mouth of the Penobscot – Prospect and Belfast along its shores – Long Island⁸ far-stretching North and South, and the noble range of the Camden Hills with their rounded summits rising one above another, and, when reflected in golden splendor against an evening sky, presenting a scene of great beauty and one admirably suited to the pencil.

The duty of a Cicerone⁹ I have now discharged and leave you, my friend, to gaze, admire, and indulge your own reflections. – If you are a lover of fine scenery step into one of the swift sail-boats at the wharf and speed your course to the islands or the heights of Brookville; [*sic*] you will never repent it. New England cannot furnish more enchanting and magnificent landscapes. Winnipisseogee¹⁰ lake with its more than three hundred isles, as seen from the summit of Red Mountain, hardly equals them.

Castine is a most sequestered spot. It is not upon any of the main roads that traverse the State. It is thirty-two miles South of Bangor and seventeen from Bucksport. Every mile from this latter place towards Castine carries you so far away from the common thoroughfare of travel. If a stranger is in Castine, he is there to view the scenery, visit his relations and friends, or accomplish some matter of business. The chief events which serve to enliven the Sabbath stillness of the place are the periodical sittings of the Courts and the occasional debarkation of a steamboat party from Bangor.

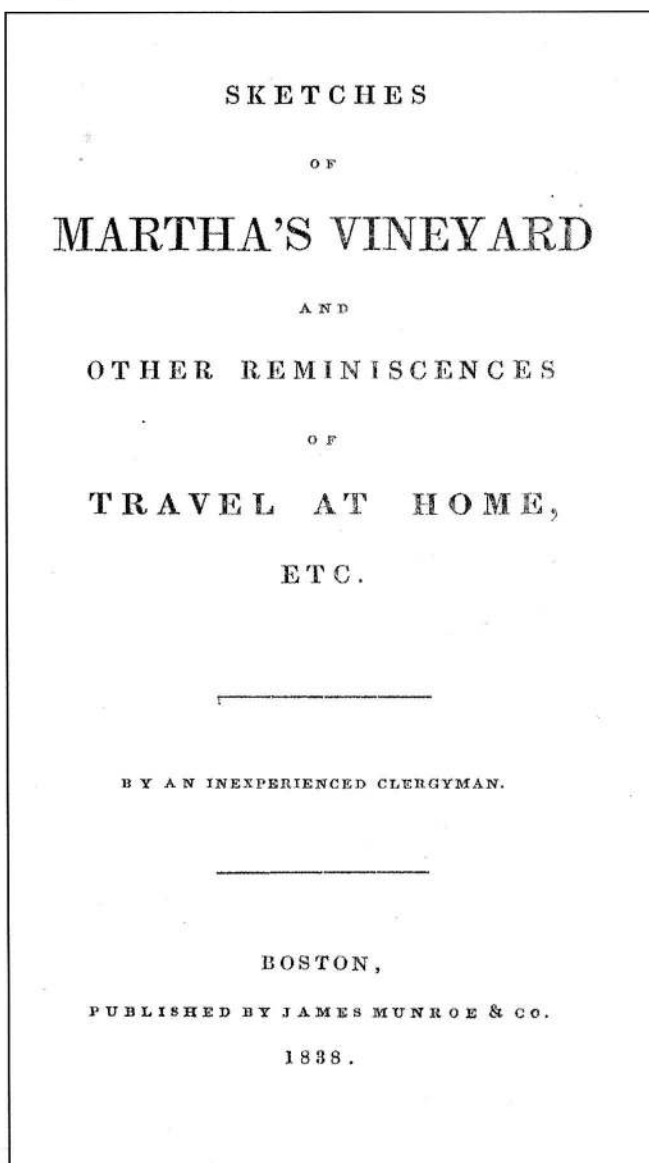
INHABITANTS OF CASTINE

The inhabitants of Castine partake of the character of their village and climate. There is a gentleness, quiet, and equability about them, that are rarely to be

found amidst the bold enterprize and bustle of the East. Commerce built up the place, and this, together

⁹ A term meaning "sightseeing guide." Possibly linked with the Roman orator Cicero, whose prose was emulated by many in the eighteenth and early nineteenth century.

¹⁰ i.e., Winnipесаке



Title page from the copy in Witherle Memorial Library inscribed 1839 to Joseph L. Stevens, son-in law of Otis Little, long-time resident and physician in Castine.

⁸ i.e., Islesboro

with the regular outfit of the fishing-smacks that run to the Great Banks, sustain it in about the same position from year to year. The merchants, some of them, have amassed considerable property. Of farmers there are a few. The soil is generally untractable. The Western parts of the Peninsula are very rocky, yet produce grass enough for sheep. Springs gush out here and there to quench their thirst, and clumps of spruce, birch, and other trees form for them a pleasant shade from the heats of mid-summer.

THINGS NEVER TO BE FORGOTTEN

Castine – a pleasant vision will ever rise to my mind when thy name is mentioned or occurs to me. Never shall I forget that sacred desk, associated with my earliest efforts in the cause of Christian truth and love, where for the first time I felt myself a preacher of the cross and charged with the responsible care of immortal spirits, or that little band that pledged themselves to commemorate a Saviour's love, or the Sabbath School that responded so truly to the vesper prayer and listened with so much interest to the friendly counsels of their Teachers, and chanted with such harmonious and heavenly joy hymns of praise to the Creator and Father of all. Never shall I forget those weekly assemblings for mutual instruction and encouragement, for the cultivation of the social feelings, for the attainment of a spirit of true piety, for 'thanksgiving and the voice of melody', or those happy evenings spent in listening to rich, hallowed, and wonderful effusions of olden song, which the musical upstarts of the present day, one may venture to affirm, have never heard, if indeed they have known of their existence. Long shall I remember my frequent rambles along thy shores – Old Castine – the many curious stones and sea-weeds, shells and fish I have gathered there – the sea-birds floating upon the breast of the blue waters, or careering and screaming overhead, or skimming along the margin of the shore – the bleating of the sheep borne from the islands in the stillness of the evening twilight – the vessels in full sail, from ship to fishing-smack, bounding in from the mighty sea – the star-lit nights, clearer and brighter than farther West – that happiest eve when an unexpected brother was my guest, and sitting in my chamber discoursing of things that stirred our souls, we threw our windows up,

'And looked forth to the sky whose floating glow
Spread like a rosy ocean, vast and bright;
And gazed upon the glittering sea below,
Whence the broad moon rose circling into sight,
And heard the waves' splash and the wind so low' ¹¹

Long shall I remember the lovely bay seldom torn with bitter squalls, on which I first learned to guide my little boat without pilot or companion, and that afternoon when pursued by a man-mermaid or merman – an unaccountable creature with broad face, capacious head, large human eyes and locks somewhat grey and long – how he darted towards me under water, reappearing at intervals to look around and at me, and when with haste I ran my boat into a nook hard by, disappearing to be seen no more. Long shall I remember that aged woman – a shining light of the church – who lived all but an hundred years and was active as a person of three score, who retained all her intellects and affections to the last, and died as she had lived full of faith and hope¹² – that solemn time when rowed three miles across the waters in a light skiff, and from the landing place obliged to walk several miles beneath a sweltering sun to attend the funeral solemnities of an old man – a patriarch indeed – round whose remains had gathered a company of mourners from the four winds of heaven – that afflicted son of man, with a large family of youthful sons and daughters dependent upon him for subsistence, suddenly prostrated in the prime of life, by an excruciating and horrid disease, unable to eat or drink, and, sad to tell or think upon, starved – literally starved into his 'narrow house' – and those thrilling tales of deserters from the English Camp, who were taken and subjected to the rigour of martial law – shot outside the fort into their coffins, as they kneeled over them, by a file of their obedient but heart-rent comrades.¹³ These and many other things will never be forgotten.

Much professional labor, the short intermission between services on the Sabbath (affording little opportunity for the repose of mind or body) together with the powerful action upon my system of an atmosphere saturated with salt-vapors, made it necessary for me to obtain a release from the Society at Castine and seek a more Southern clime. It was the middle of February and the best of sleighing; accordingly a quick run over the hardened snow soon brought me again to the metropolis of N. England – [Boston]

¹² Castine's Vital Records mention the death of Mary Crawford, age 100, in 1836. Her tomb, along with that of her husband, is in the Castine cemetery. The names of the others mentioned are not known.

¹³ Although this may well have happened, your editors have yet to find any evidence. Possibly this was an "urban legend" circulating in Castine at the time.

¹¹ From George Gordon, Lord Byron, *Don Juan*, Canto II, lines 40-45, slightly modified.

Curator's Corner

Paige Lilly

Treasures from Allie Ryan's Collection

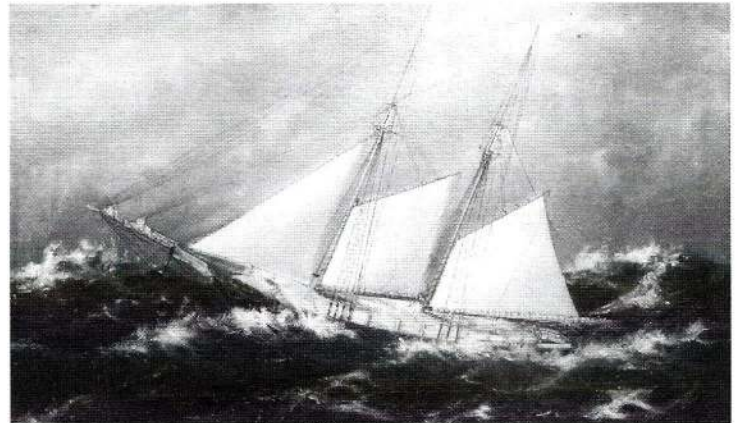
Last fall, during the annual conference of the American Association for State and Local History, I attended a session on working with private collectors and researchers. The relationship between collectors and museums or historical societies has the potential to be full of conflict, but open communication and an effort to share the excitement of research can lead to good partnerships. Private collectors, focused on a narrow field of interest, often prove to be critical resources for exhibits or programs. Collecting institutions, concentrating on long-term care, can offer expertise and a captive audience to collectors. Castine institutions have entered into a new partnership with collector Allie Ryan (1904-1992) twenty years after his death.



Allie Ryan (right) with MMA President Ken Curtis in Ryan's home, 1986

Allie spent his adult life collecting everything from seashells in the South Pacific during his WWII service to marine paintings he discovered at auctions later in life. According to tales of many who visited Allie's home museum in South Brooksville, he used only a small part of his house in which to live and eat. The rest of the space was stacked with books, hung with paintings, and cluttered with newspaper clippings, maritime artifacts and local history memorabilia. By one count, he collected 10,000 objects, books, photographs, and documents. Allie Ryan generously shared

both his collection and his expertise with museums and libraries. He authored articles on steamboat lore and produced a book of Penobscot Bay steamboat stories and photographs.



Schooner portrait by William P. Stubbs (oil on canvas)

Allie's generosity extended to giving his maritime collections to Maine Maritime Academy in the late 1970s, with the understanding that if the academy could no longer display the materials ownership would be transferred to the Maine State Museum in Augusta. The transfer did take place, and the Museum continues to care for the majority of Allie's artifacts and research materials. In the process of evaluating its two and three-dimensional holdings to ensure a close match with its mission, the Maine State Museum Commission voted last year to de-accession selected items from the Allie Ryan Maritime Collection. These items were removed from the Museum's holdings and offered to five Maine institutions in a unique process that made it possible to return a representative group of artifacts to Castine.



Model of Steamer Castine

continued on next page

Through a collaborative effort and in consultation with Maine Maritime Academy, the Wilson Museum and Castine Historical Society acquired forty six objects ranging from paperweights and tools to models and fine art. An exhibit this summer at the Wilson Museum will display all of the objects. Among the items acquired, more than a dozen carry provenance specific to Castine and the Penobscot Bay area, others are examples of artifacts relevant to Castine history, and all provide evidence of the scope of Allie's collecting interests. The three items pictured here were added to the CHS collections, with thanks to Allie Ryan for being a passionate collector.

BROOKSVILLE & BANGOR STEAMBOAT COMPANY

STR. TREMONT

BEGINNING APRIL 4, 1908

Leaves Arey's Wharf, West Brooksville, at 6 o'clock a. m.;
Tapley's Wharf, 6.10 a. m.; Castine, 6.30 a. m.; arriving at Fort
Point at 7.15 a. m.

Touching at West Penobscot, Sandy Point, Verona Park, Bucksport, Winterport.
Connecting daily at West Penobscot, with Express for Penobscot and South Penobscot.
Blue Hill Mondays and Saturdays

Arriving in time to get early morning train at Bucksport.

ARRIVING AT BANGOR AT 10.30 A. M.

RETURNING

Leaving Brooksville & Bangor Steamboat Wharf daily
at 2 P. M. touching all the above landings. Arriving at
Arey's Wharf, West Brooksville, at about 6.30 p. m.

CAPT. BENJ. AREY, Mgr.

1908 schedule for *Steamer Tremont*, leaving Castine
at 6:30 a.m. for Bucksport and Bangor

In Memoriam

Margaret Wheeler Hall (1908-2011)

Margaret Wheeler Hall, a longtime member and Honorary Director of the Castine Historical Society, died on November 3, 2011, aged 103. For many years she had resided at the Penobscot Nursing Home. One of two daughters of Clarence Wheeler, she and her sister Louise were granddaughters of Dr. George Wheeler, noted physician, historian, and prominent resident of Castine.

Born in Portland in 1908, she and her family moved to Castine four years later. She and Louise both attended Wheaton College, Margaret majoring in both French and History. She later received a Master's Degree from Radcliffe College, as did her sister. According to her daughter Louise Hall Chaffin, Margaret and Louise were "best friends all of their lives."

After graduating from Radcliffe she traveled to France, where she taught history for approximately a year, after which she returned to this country and married Dr. Robert King Hall, a Harvard-educated academic, in June 1938. They subsequently had three children – Louise, Margot and Marshall. In 1945, following the end of World War II, Dr. Hall was sent to Japan, where he participated in organizing the postwar Japanese educational system. Upon his return to the United States, Margaret accompanied her husband to New York City, where he joined the faculty at Columbia University. Following an eight-year stint there, the Hall family moved to Saudi Arabia in 1955, where Dr. Hall acted as an advisor to the Arabian American Oil Company, and later as an advisor on educational policy to the Saudi government. Margaret taught history at a consulate school.

Dr. Hall died suddenly in 1981, after which Margaret returned to Castine, where she was soon joined by her sister Louise. For the next twenty years the two ladies lived at the Wheeler family home overlooking the harbor at the corner of Perkins and Pleasant Streets. There they would entertain visitors, young and old, sharing memories of their youth as well as Margaret's experiences as a world traveler. Louise died in 2005. Rev. Mark Worth, who often visited Margaret and Louise in their latter years at the nursing home, remembered both sisters as "charming ladies, great conversationalists, cat lovers, dedicated Republicans and life-long Unitarians. . . and we miss them."

PART-TIME ADMINISTRATOR ON THE JOB

Sally A. Chadbourne

The Castine Historical Society is pleased to announce the appointment of Ms. Sally A. Chadbourne as its new part-time Administrator. She began work on the first of the year and will be on duty Mondays through Wednesdays.

Ms. Chadbourne brings to her new job a wealth of experience both here in Maine and in Washington, D.C. From March 2003 through May 2011 she was associated with the Marine Environmental Research Institute (MERI) in a variety of capacities, including Development Director, Senior Policy Advisor and Associate Director.

Before that she worked as a Budget Analyst at the U. S. Department of Defense (1985-86) and the Environmental Protection Agency (1986-1989), and as a Staff Director for Congressional Committees on Appropriations in both the House of Representatives and the Senate (1989-2002).

She is an alumna of Birmingham-Southern College in Birmingham, Alabama, and later pursued graduate studies at George Washington University in Washington.

In 2002 she moved to Castine, where she resides with her husband, Del Davis, and her three children.

She may be contacted at admin@castinehistoricalsociety.org.



Photo by Del Davis

CHS Appreciates Your Support

We would like to thank all of our members for their generous support of the Society. Including life members, we now number more than 600. Each new or renewed gift membership conveys all privileges of being a member of the Society, including a subscription to The Castine Visitor, published three times a year.

If you have an address change, winter or summer, please let us know. It is important to keep the files accurate so you receive all the CHS mailings. Thank you for your support. It is what makes the CHS and its members, near and far, an active part of the Castine Community.

☐ Student\$ 5.00

☐ Family \$ 25.00

☐ Contributing\$100.00

☐ Individual \$ 15.00

☐ Sustaining \$ 50.00

☐ Patron\$250.00

☐ Benefactor\$500.00

☐ Please renew my membership

☐ Please send a gift membership to:

Name _____

Address _____

Gift Membership Category Check _____ Or Money Order Enclosed _____

Clip and mail to Castine Historical Society, P.O. Box 238, Castine, Maine 04421

Castine Historical Society
Post Office Box 238
Castine, Maine 04421

Address Service Requested

Printed on recycled paper

U.S. Postage
Paid
Permit No. 76
Non-profit
Bangor, Maine



Hooper's Livery Boarding & Hack Stable on Main Street opposite the Post Office
Unattributed photograph late 1800s
Castine Historical Society Archives