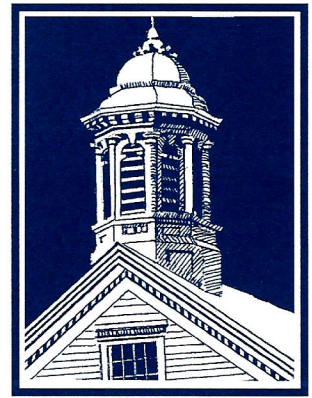


the CASTINE VISITOR

CASTINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

Summer 2011

vol. 21 no. 2



2011 Summer Exhibit at the Abbott School

HISTORY AND HEARSAY: TALES OF CASTINE HOMES

A few words are in order to describe how this exhibit came about. Our two previous exhibits told the somber story of the hardships and economic struggles of Castine during the Civil War Era. Despite the fact that 2011 is the 150th anniversary of the onset of the Civil War, the exhibit committee decided to pursue more cheerful aspects of our history.

We all agree that Castine is fortunate to have many beautiful homes representing various architectural styles and periods. The Society's archives contain a wealth of information for many of our historic homes, including dates of construction, original drawings, and abundant photographic images. However, is there more to learn about the people who lived in them?



Dr. J. W. Grindle's boat house on Perkins Street will be featured in the exhibit.

Photo courtesy of Bruce and Debbie Rogers.

Surely there are interesting stories to be told about their lives, but how much is fact and how much is fiction, hearsay or legend? Should we investigate the various ghost stories that have circulated in Castine for years? And what about the curious objects that have been found in the walls of many houses during renovation or preservation projects?

After much brainstorming, the committee decided that these stories and objects could be the foundation for a successful exhibit.



Adams School class in the CHS archives working on research that will be part of the summer exhibit about Castine homes.

Should Castine's younger generation become involved? This project seemed like a perfect fit for the Adams School students, and Principal Katie Frothingham was extremely enthusiastic about the idea. She quickly incorporated it into the curriculum of seventh and eighth graders and their work began. The students visited two historic homes where they were told ghost stories associated with previous occupants of the home. They also took a field trip to a 1790's farmhouse that happens to have an old burial ground on the property. A story was told and many questions were asked. Curator Paige Lilly spent several hours over a period of a few weeks with the students in the Archival Room of the Abbott School where they were introduced to the importance of historic preservation. We are now eagerly awaiting the completion of their research, which will become a part of this exhibit.

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CASTINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY SUMMER 2011 Schedule of Events

4-6 pm
Sunday
June 26

Opening reception of the Castine Historical Society's Summer Exhibit. "History and Hearsay: Tales of Castine Homes." Twelve Castine houses and their stories will be on display. The exhibit seeks to tell a few of the intriguing tales that circulate about objects found in walls, famous visitors and infamous householders. The reception is free and open to the public.

10 am-4 pm
Tuesday - Saturday
1-4 pm
Sunday

The Exhibit is on view from June 28 through Labor Day. Also on view is the permanent exhibit "The Penobscot Expedition" and the Castine Bicentennial Quilt. Closed Monday. Free admission.

7:30 pm
Wednesday
July 20

Third Annual Deborah Pulliam Lecture given by Pulitzer Prize Winning Historian Annette Gordon-Reed. Her major work, *The Heminges of Monticello: An American Family* (2008), won sixteen awards, including the National Book Award for Nonfiction and the Pulitzer Prize for History. The lecture will be given in Delano Auditorium on the campus of Maine Maritime Academy and is free and open to the public.

10 am-4 pm
Saturday, July 23
1-4 pm
Sunday, July 24

"Touring through Time," a collective open house of ten historical organizations of the Eastern Penobscot Bay area. Plan a visit to the nearby historical societies over a two day period. Free and admission. Further information is at www.eastpenobscothistory.org.

9 am-8pm
Saturday, August 6
9 am-12 pm
Sunday, August 7

20th Maine Civil War Encampment sponsored by "Touring through Time." Edgewood Farm, Pressy Village Road, Deer Isle. Free admission

5:30-7:30
Friday, August 19

Opening Reception for the twelfth **Castine Historical Society's Art Sale** in the Mitchell Room.

10 am-4pm
Saturday, August 20
1-4 pm
Sunday, August 21

Professional and amateur artists will display their original art, crafts and photography. All items are for sale and proceeds in part benefit the Society. Free and open to the public.

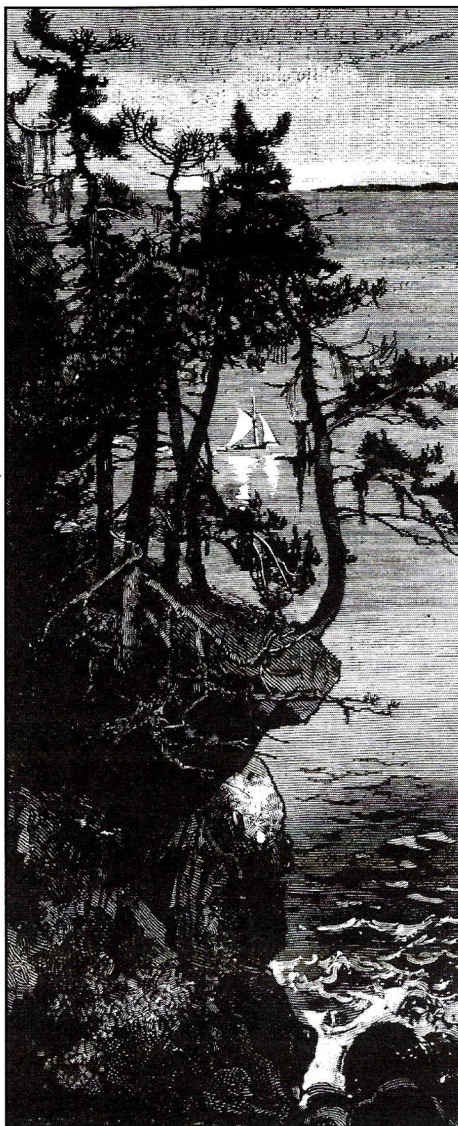
7:30 pm
Wednesday, August 24

Castine Historical Society Annual Meeting in the Mitchell Room of the Abbott School followed by program (to be announced). Light refreshments.

7:30 pm
Saturday, Sept. 10

"The Hessian Officer in America." a comedy in three acts, directed by Anette Ruppel Rodrigues and co-sponsored by Maine Maritime Academy and the Castine Historical Society. Delano Auditorium on the MMA campus. All proceeds to be donated to the Emerson Hall Restoration Project.

Please check our website, www.castinehistoricalsociety.org, and the local papers for any additions or changes in the CHS Summer Event Schedule.



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**

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Despite winter's tenacious struggle to stay around this year, I am assured that the longer days will inevitably result in summer. It is with this hope that we are working hard to prepare attractive and informative programs for the summer season.

The exhibit in the Abbott School this year has an unusual theme entitled "History and Hearsay: Tales of Castine Homes." We have had a lot of fun with this as we explore some of the legends that attach to various Castine residences. The 12th Annual Art Sale which has been so well received in the past is in August. For those of you who will be here in early September we will present a fascinating theatrical about the Hessian experience in Castine. Proceeds from the show will be going to the Emerson Hall Restoration Project.

I know I have already mentioned that Professor Annette Gordon-Reed of Thomas Jefferson fame will deliver the Pulliam Lecture on July 20. The response to this event has been enthusiastic and I urge you to put this one down on your calendar. The Pulliam Lectures have been very successful with Pulitzer Prize winning historians James McPherson and David Hackett Fisher making the first two presentations.

The Board of Directors will hold an important meeting on June 14 to discuss our strategic planning process and the future direction of the Castine Historical Society. I believe that our mission statement remains vital and relevant. The challenge is to interpret that mission in the light of our role as an important community institution and in the context of the next generation of Castine's supporters. I ask that you participate in this process by contacting me at pres@castinehistoricalsociety.org with any thoughts you might have about the future of the Society and how we can best meet your needs and expectations.

On June 26 the opening of the Castine Historical Society will be piped in by our traditional bagpiper and there will be ice cream for our members, their families and our friends and neighbors. I hope you can be there.

Michael Coughlin

**CASTINE
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY
2010-2011**

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Our thanks and recognition are
extended to those who have
recently added to the
Castine Historical Society Collections

Daniel Ennis

Bruce and Debbie Rogers

Amy Sullens

The Castine Historical Society
actively collects photographs, papers,
maps, memorabilia and artifacts to
document life in Castine and the
Bagaduce 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.

Erratum: In the Spring 2011 *Visitor*, we stated on
page 8 that the *Castine Gazette* was edited by two
daughters of George Wheeler. This was an error.
The *Gazette*, in fact, was edited by Louise Wheeler
and Jeannette Hooke. The latter was an ancestor
of Philip Booth. Our thanks to Sally Foote for
pointing this out.

Third Annual Deborah Pulliam Lecturer



Annette Gordon-Reed

The Castine Historical Society is pleased to welcome Annette Gordon-Reed as its third Annual Deborah Pulliam Lecturer. Gordon-Reed is best-known for her research in the history of the Hemings family in Virginia and their relationship with our third president, Thomas Jefferson. Her book, *Thomas Jefferson and Sally Hemings: An American Controversy*, first published in 1997, examined the long-standing controversy over Jefferson's relationship with his female slave Sally Hemings, and whether he had fathered children by her. The book provoked serious discussion, not only about the subject matter, but about the impact of gender and racial bias in the writing of history itself. Following the book's publication, comparison of DNA from descendants of the Jefferson and Hemings families tended to confirm the relationship.

Her next major work, *The Hemingses of Monticello: An American Family* (2008), won no fewer than sixteen awards, including the National Book Award for Nonfiction and the Pulitzer Prize for History. The book is a painstaking study not only of Sally Hemings but her destiny and that of her siblings and children in early nineteenth-century Virginia.

On February 25 of last year, President Obama presented Gordon-Reed with the National Humanities Medal, and last September she was the recipient of a MacArthur Fellowship – often known as the “genius grant.” She is currently at work on the second volume of her history of the Hemingses.

Professor Gordon-Reed, an alumna of Dartmouth College and Harvard Law School, currently holds the rank both of Professor of Law and Professor of History at Harvard. She will be speaking at 7:30 pm Wednesday, July 20, at the Delano Auditorium on the campus of the Maine Maritime Academy.

In Memoriam

Alaric Faulkner 1945-2011

The town of Castine lost one of its best friends on March 18, 2011, when Dr. Alaric “Ric” Faulkner died at age 66. A native of New Hampshire, Dr. Faulkner graduated from Harvard University in 1967 and received his doctorate in Anthropology from Washington State University in 1972. He came to the University of Maine in 1978, where he was responsible for establishing their program in historical archeology. He retired in 2008.

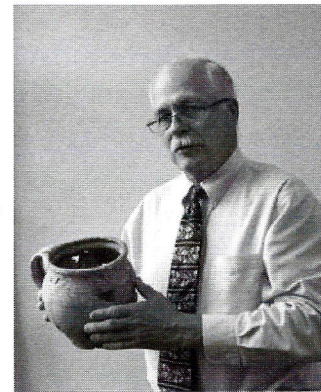


Photo courtesy University of Maine

Those who lived in or visited the area in the mid-1980s will remember the extensive and painstaking project he led, uncovering and recording the remains of the old Fort Pentagoët, built by the French in 1635. Major funding for the excavation was provided by the National Endowment for the Humanities, with additional help from the Maine Historic Preservation Commission. Along with his wife Gretchen Fearon Faulkner, Dr. Faulkner published the results of his work in *The French at Pentagoët* (Augusta, 1987). The book is a masterful and well-documented account not only of the Fort, but of Castine's earliest history. Dr. Faulkner subsequently conducted a second excavation at the site of Baron St. Castin's *habitation*, further up the Bagaduce River in 1991-93.

While he and his students were in Castine in the 1980s, they stayed in dormitory rooms at the Maine Maritime Academy and used the home of the late Phil Perkins for cooking and eating their meals. (*The French at Pentagoët* is dedicated to him.) During the summers of 1991-93 they stayed at the facilities of Lois and Paul Cyr. Two former students of Dr. Faulkner, Peter Morrison and Pam Crane, have carried on his Castine legacy by conducting archeological surveys of Witherle Woods.

Ben's Birthday in Castine

The item to the right is an example of what in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries was often called a "broadside" (a term derived from nautical warfare, in which a ship's "broad side" was its most vulnerable point, subject to a "broadside shot" from its opponent). They were a form of one-page advertisement promoting a cause, an event, or a politician.

This particular (and very rare) broadside was uncovered by your editors at the American Antiquarian Society in Worcester, Massachusetts, and is published with their permission.

At first we thought it was a joke, or a satire, not meant to be taken seriously. (Where was "Franklin Hall" in Castine anyway? And what was the "Castine Lyceum?") But a closer look convinced us that it was real, as were the names listed. A. F. Adams, for example was the son of Samuel Adams, longtime merchant and resident of Castine.

The "Lyceum Lectures" were a form of adult education in antebellum New England. They were a source of income for the Emersons, Beechers, Melvilles, Websters, and other intellectual and cultural icons of the age.

No date is given on the broadside, but it is not needed. Ben Franklin was born on January 17, 1706, thus we know that it was printed and published in late 1855 or early 1856.

We have to note that the "Tableux Vivants" (or "Living Portraits") did not have all that much to do with the Sage of the American Revolution. In "PART FIRST" the audience was rushed through only four scenes from Franklin's life before intermission. "PART SECOND" consisted of ten scenes having nothing to do with Franklin at all.

L. H. P.

1856

CELEBRATION OF FRANKLIN'S 150th BIRTH DAY!

A GRAND LEEVE

WILL BE HOLDEN AT
FRANKLIN HALL, CASTINE.

on THURSDAY EVENING, JANUARY 17th, by the members of the
CASTINE LYCEUM; assisted by the ladies of the SEWING CIRCLE, and
other kind friends.

The proceeds of the Levee will form a fund from which the deficiency
of the proceeds of the Lyceum Lectures will be made up.

The Hall will be tastefully decorated and brilliantly illuminated for
the occasion. We cordially invite ALL to meet with us in the promotion
of so laudable an undertaking.

The exercises of the evening will be interspersed with a variety of
DUETTES, TRIOS and PART SONGS by a special QUARTETTE with INSTRUMENTAL
ACCOMPANIMENT, under the direction of

MR. Z. H. WEBBER.

The performances will commence with the BAGADUCE MEDLEY by
the BRASS BAND. After which will be presented the following brilliant

TABLEUX VIVANTS!!

PROGRAMME.

PART FIRST. Scenes from the life of FRANKLIN.

1. Franklin's first appearance in Philadelphia. Meeting Miss Reed.
2. Ladies preparing Banners for Franklin's Regiment.
3. Franklin and Gov. Denny.
4. Franklin playing Chess in England.

PART SECOND. Miscellaneous.

1. Maying Party.
2. Departure.
3. An unexpected visitor.
4. Preparing for the Bridal.
5. Sparking.
6. The Dream of Youth.
7. The notorious individual who violently assaulted William P. Patterson, Esq.
8. Official Inspection.
9. An operation more frequent than agreeable. Three scenes.
10. Turkish Harem.

Immediately after the Tableux, OYSTERS will be served in the saloon
under the Hall. Refreshments and Hot Coffee about 9 o'clock.

Doors open at 6 3-4 o'clock, to commence at 7 o'clock.

Tickets (including refreshments) 25 cents. Oysters and Coffee extra.

A PIANO and a MELODEON will accompany the vocal music.

For further particulars—COME AND SEE.

B. J. WILSON,
A. F. ADAMS,
J. H. CRAWFORD.

}

Managing
Committee.

Castine Schoolmasters

Noah Brooks

Editors' Note: This is the second of two essays written by Noah Brooks in 1885 and published in the Castine Gazette. The first essay was printed in the previous issue of the Visitor. To our knowledge, they have not appeared elsewhere.

Even unto this day, I never read the name of Pingree without a shudder. He was my first schoolmaster. Possibly, he was no more austere than many of those who went before him or have succeeded him. But to my youthful apprehension he was a tyrant whose terrors were equalled by none other. He was the first human being who raised against me, with the calmness of seeming justice, the rod of punishment. Sometimes he seemed to me to be sixteen feet high. For I was only "a kid" of tender years when I went to Mr. Pingree's school. As I have narrated in[a] previous paper, my term with him was short. A translation to Miss Hawes' milder reign was a beneficence.

Mr. Pingree taught in 1838-9, and was succeeded next year, by Mr. Potter, who came from Bucksport, if I am not mistaken. It was in Potter's time that there obtained a doggerel, subsequently employed for the benefit of succeeding schoolmasters,

"Oh, Lord of love, look from above
Upon our school committee;
They've hired a fool to teach our school,
All the way from Bucksport city."

It was easy to change the locality referred to in this poem to fit any schoolmaster who might come along; and I dare say it had been used before Potter's time, as it was afterward. Mr. Potter was an accomplished mathematician, and on one occasion, gave a public exhibition of his skill as a lightning calculator, in the old school house. He also lectured occasionally, on temperance and kindred topics, for the Washingtonian movement was just beginning, and two reformed drunkards from Baltimore shook the old town to its centre, with their stirring appeals, as I remember. Mr. Potter was very domestic in his habits, and was reported to be so much addicted to the performance of household duties as to deserve the title of "Dolly Potter" by which he was universally known. He wore a snuff colored suit of clothes and also took snuff, two circumstances that seemed to my childish mind, to be wholly dependent upon each other.

After Potter, came Gamaliel Collins, of Massachusetts. My recollection of Collins is that I was somewhat of a favorite of his, as I remember of sneering cries of "parciality!" being flung at me on various occasions. But it was under Collins' rule that I had an awful experience. It was the custom in those days to open the school session with a prayer; perhaps this is still the rule. While the master prayed, one of the scholars played the part of monitor, writing down the names of those who behaved themselves unseemly during the devotions. This was my pleasant duty for a long while when Collins suddenly conceived the notion of putting the slate into the hands of another boy. And lo! My name led all the rest. I was ordered over to the girls' side of the school-room, by way of punishment. As I hesitated to obey, the school master came for me "with blood in his eye." He yanked me out of the seat, but, throwing myself desperately over the desk, I clung to the under side in an agony of terror and rage. The schoolmaster pulled and I held on until the seat, which was aged and infirm, came out of its anchorage by the roots, and boy, master and woodwork fell on the floor in a heap of ruin. I remember nothing that happened after this but a confused nightmare of switches, rulers, dust, tears, cries of girls and sighs of boys, and general blackness of darkness. Mr. Gamaliel Collins, if not a poet, was the occasion of poetry in others. One effusion, which found its way on the blackboard more than once during the term, ran thus:

"Gamaliel Collins, the Cape Cod fool,
Has come down to Castine to teach the town school."

Henry Weeks, now a reputable and orderly citizen, was not famed for scholarly or orderly qualities while he was a pupil of Collins. But his punishment was often greater than he deserved, if not greater than he could bear. Usually Henry gave vent to his feelings, when under the rod, in shrieks and cries, most terrifying to hear. On one occasion, while this was going on, David Pitchin, a half-brother of Henry, and then in his last year of school, arose in the top seat where he sat, and said "See here, Mr. schoolmaster, this thing has got to stop." I see him, now, Dave Pitchin, a mighty young giant, the tardy avenger of all our wrongs. A thrill of delight, not unmingled with apprehension, ran through the room. Amid a breathless silence, the champion of distressed youth made his way solemnly to the seat where Collins stood, well nigh paralyzed with astonishment. The master struck at Pitchin, and that young giant struck out from the shoulders, landing

the teacher in a heap among the nearest seats. The panic and excitement that followed are indescribable. The school was dismissed, and the presence of the town school committee was demanded for the afternoon session. My impression is that master Pitchin absented himself from school on and after that day. In honor of the occasion, he composed an epic poem thus;

"Master Collins he must yield,
When mighty Pitchin takes the field."

In 1842, Mr. Collins was succeeded by Mr. Anderson, under whose mild sway the master's school, it seems to me, reached its lowest ebb. The boys rode rough-shod over the teacher, and even the smallest of us — I was then twelve years old — derided him and defied him to his face. Master Anderson had a very small bell which he rung at the school-house door, to call us in from recess, the big bell being only employed to ring in the beginning of the two daily sessions. It was a tea-bell thus made to do duty, and on one occasion, we all refrained from coming in at the conclusion of recess, until the teacher came out and hunted us up in divers corners, where we were stowed away. When asked why we did not come in at the first call, one of the boys who had been appointed spokesman, replied, "we thought it was a cow-bell, sir." With his usual sweetness, master Anderson said, "My bell is melodious, and a cow-bell is only a rude jangling bit of copper." And the incident ended there.

All this was changed when my cousin, the late George B. Little, took charge of the school, in the autumn of 1843. At the early part of that session, Mr. Little taught in the western end of the school-house. I mean the end next to Mr. Whitney's, and one of the memorable incidents of the beginning of his reign, was the whipping of Nance Pegg. Nance was a big girl, very ignorant, and very unruly, at times. In consonance with the spirit of insubordination hitherto prevailing, she did about as she pleased, and "cut up" with delightful recklessness. Persisting after due warning, she was called up to the desk and told to hold out her hand. She complied, and received a cutting blow with a round rattan, at which she winced but made no outcry. The teacher's face flushed, but he bade her take another blow. As the s[t]inging rattan came down a second time, one of the big girls in the back seats began to cry. But Nance was compelled to take another, and then was sent to her seat. She gave the new teacher no more trouble, and boys and girls were taught a wholesome lesson.

Miss Almira Hawes, I think it was, kept school in the eastern end of the school-house when Mr. Little began his first term. But the western end, occupied by the Master's school, became so dilapidated that it was impossible to keep it warm or dry. Boys of the present generation would be amazed if they could see what sort of a barrack their fathers and mothers were taught in, or to what uses a school-house was put. We stole into the school-room in the night, at times, darkened the windows by hanging up blankets, and cooked stolen rations or boiled molasses candy on the stove. Once, as I recall, a party of us, smaller boys, were thus surreptitiously making molasses candy when a band of bigger boys crept softly in, blew out the candle, and, in the darkness, spoiled our fun by filling the candy-kettle with inkstands, of which a plentiful supply could always be found on the desks. When it rained, the water ran down through the ceiling of the room, and the snow blew in at the windows and doors; and it was a favorite diversion of the rougher sort of boys to tear out the seats by the roots, Saturday afternoons, and during intermission.

In the fall of 1843 or '44, I forget which, Miss Hawes took her school to the Pleasant Street school-house, and Mr. Little took his boys into the eastern end of the building. During the next summer the building was remodelled, the entire structure being thrown into one, with a recitation room in the northern corner. The seats were on one level, the desks being supported on thick, turned wooden pillars. It was a favorite diversion, thereafter, for the scholars to lift a heavy desk-lid, let it come down with a tremendous bang, and then pretend it was an accident. The alteration of the old school-house was a notable event in our school history. It gave us unending amusement while it was in progress. At the time, I lived in our old house on the common, and after I had gone to bed, used to hear somebody come whistling across the common, fill some sort of receptacle with old shingles and rubbish from the carpenter-work, and depart. Determined to find out who this was, I slid out of my bedroom window one night and discovered Nance Pegg filling a wheelbarrow. She was then employed as a domestic at Mrs. Doty Little's and was burning up her old enemy, the school-house, for kindling-wood.

Under the firm and enlightened sway of Mr. Little, the Master's school of Castine became really an institution of learning. And when in July, 1844, Mr. Samuel W. Mitchell took up the rod of office, the boys of my age in the rising generation had taken a

new start up the rocky hill of knowledge. Mr. Mitchell was nervous and fidgety, but an accomplished teacher, and he ruled with no gentle hand, although to the deserving he was kind and most considerate. I think I owe him more of my school education than any other man in the world. As a token of my boyish regard for him, I named a toy boat, built by my own hands, the "St. Michael," and as she proved to be a phenomenally fast sailer, it was a great compliment to the pedagogue. Once, at least, I fell from his good favor. I had manufactured a squirt-gun from a hollow penholder, and, charging it with ink, I let fly a thin stream of that fluid at Ned Williams, who sat several seats obliquely on my front. Ned felt the moisture trickling down his ear, and crying "ouch!" put up his hand, to find it blackened mysteriously. Instant inquisition was made for the offender, but as the only circumstantial evidence found was my own inky hand, Master Mitchell contented himself with a withering speech addressed to the school, but intended for me, in which he said that when he found "young gentlemen" engaged in such games, he was tempted to quote from the Litany and cry out "Good Lord, deliver us!" I was then of the mature age of fifteen, but I never forgot that rebuke.

Mr. George M. Adams succeeded Mr. Mitchell, in January, 1846, and taught until the following August. By this time, the recitation room was abandoned and the female assistant was dispensed with. Mr. Adams carried out very effectively the system begun by Mr. Geo. Little, who had raised the Master's school from its humble position. Gradually too, the use of the rod and ferule became less frequent, and more rational punishments were substituted for the instruments of torture. "Staying after school" was one of the most dreaded of these, and I shall never forget the awful loneliness that shut down on me sometimes, when, my mates having gone and their joyous voices having died away down the common, I sat in silence while the master "set copies" or arranged his work in solemn stillness at his desk.

Mr. Adams was very tall and slender in his youth, and as every schoolmaster must needs have a nickname, one typifying his length of limb was bestowed on him. This was chalked on the blackboard, carved on the clapboards, and even shrilly cried after the teacher by boys who had a passing grudge. One day, we of the upper class were in the recitation-seats with our reading lesson, and nobody noticed anything peculiar in the lesson of the day until Charles L. Stevens stood up, and beginning

to read Southey's lines beginning "The cranes upon the mosque," when he stumbled at the fatal word "cranes" and stood suffocated with laughter. After a few trials, he was ordered to sit down, and I stood up, and with a similar grin and snort, gave it up and was ordered to my seat. It was then George Witherle's turn, and with bated breath we all waited to see him break down. To our great discomfiture, he read the obnoxious line with perfect composure, and we were overwhelmed with defeat.

After Mr. Adams came Mr. Charles A. Spofford, of Deer Isle, who taught from September 1846 to August, 1847. Mr. Spofford was then quite young, and some of the big boys were as "old in feeling" as he was. By this time we had each one his flame answering to flame among the girls on the "other side" of the school-room. My most vivid recollections of Mr. Spofford's reign, except his admirable methods, was our boyish jealousy of his manly charms. If the girls and boys of that day were not now elderly ladies and women and men, I might recall some of the comical incidents of the school life of 1846-7. But I forbear. How many of the boys have vanished since those far-off days! Some sleep in foreign lands; a few linger yet, respected citizens of the dear old town; some are scattered in various parts of the world, absent from the old home, but turning thither I doubt not, a frequent thought for the old school-days when the Stevens boys, the Adams boys, the Brooks boys and all the rest of the tribes of teacher-tormentors went unwillingly to school in the now-vanished drab school-house on the common. Gone is the gray hearse-house where we played at high spy; gone the hook and ladder shed at the foot of the common which we overturned on Fourth-of-July nights; gone is Old Fitts with his bobbing lantern and bulls-eye watch by which he rung the bell. The spot in the midst of the common where we stood to bat in the game of round ball and on which we kindled the fire of "night before fo'th July" has nearly disappeared. The old court-house has been transformed into a modern town-house, and the bell that cried "Lawyer! Lawyer! come to court! come and get your bread and pork!" swings no more. And gone thence too is the writer,

And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.*

*Oliver Wendell Holmes, "The Last Leaf" - eds.

Curator's Corner

Paige Lilly

Last year the CHS received the gift of a little book about a garden. It came from the Castine Garden Club, which received it from the public library in Tenants Harbor where it turned up in the book sale. According to the title page, *From Sheep Pasture to Flower Garden*, privately printed in 1926, it was a paper delivered at a meeting of the Castine Garden Club.

Before sending out letters of thanks to both the Castine Garden Club and the Jackson Memorial Library in Tenants Harbor, I took the time to read all ten pages of the book. Historical Society staff members do not, of course, have time to read every book and manuscript that comes in. But we do need to establish some provenance and context—this book has no author credited on the title page and the owners of the garden are named Hortensius and Hortensia. No town is mentioned for the location of the property, either. The next step was to search for libraries holding this book to see if their catalogers had discovered the author. No library in Maine has a copy, according to the statewide union catalogs, but four university libraries across the country do. They list the author as Susan B. Hutchins.

Susan Barnes Hurd Hutchins and her husband Edward Webster Hutchins lived in Boston. Here is how she begins her story for the Castine Garden Club in the 1920s:

When Hortensius returned from a cruise on the Maine coast some years ago, and said to Hortensia, "I've bought some land and am going to build a camp in Maine," Hortensia joyfully exclaimed, "Now I can have a garden of my very own!" But Hortensius looked a little guilty as he replied, "I think not, my dear, for this land is truly only a sheep pasture and is to be simply headquarters for sailing. It will not be possible to make a flower garden there."

She goes on to speak with humor about the decision to try to make a garden, the many years of

building up the soil, the different plants and pesticides she tried, the reactions of her neighbors, and the labors of the local boys she hired to work in the garden. It turns out that the property was probably on Cape Rosier, and the book mentions great quantities of "barnyard dressing" delivered from Castine in a scow. More research needs to be done to investigate both the Brooksville site and ties between the Hutchins family and their Castine friends.

In the spirit of the 2011 exhibit of legends and stories, Mrs. Hutchins's creativity is inspiring. She quotes (or invents?) detailed dialogue, inserts anecdotes about specific plants and garden remedies, and even brings in Roman historical references. Hortensia, daughter of Quintus Hortensius Hortalus, is known for giving a speech in 42 B.C. to protest the war tax imposed on wealthy women who had no part in creating the Roman government. Or is Mrs. Hutchins making a reference to the common name for the *hydrangea macrophylla* plant?

Near the end of the paper, she offered this advice to her garden club friends:

Hortensia's rule of life in the summer time is according to the following quotation:

Sunday. You may work in the garden because it is not really work, but all happiness and holiness. Draw the line at digging

Monday. Work all day in the garden so as to have it off your mind for the rest of the week.

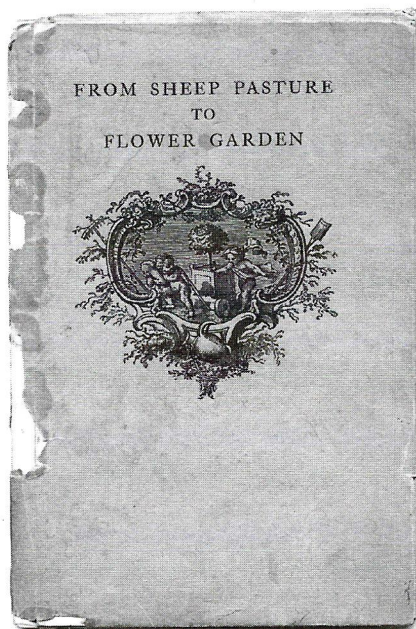
Tuesday. Continue work in the garden because this is early in the week. Time enough for other things to-morrow.

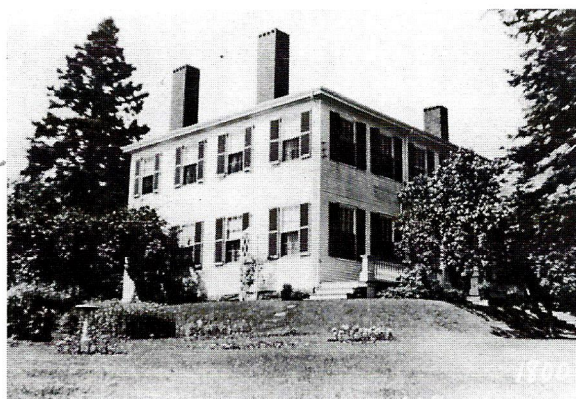
Wednesday. Begin the other things, but bring your reading or sewing into the garden, where you may enjoy it as a background: it will immediately become a foreground.

Thursday. Work in the garden, because you did not yesterday.

Friday. Work in the garden to make it quite tidy by the end of the week, as you do not intend to touch it on Sunday.

Saturday. Work in the garden because it is a holiday and you will do as you like.



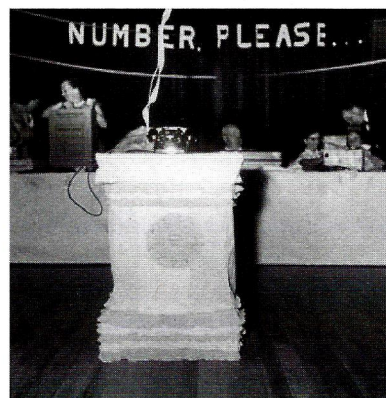


Abbott House on Battle Avenue.
A grand house with a less-than-grand staircase.
Detail of a postcard in the CHS collections.

More could be said about the specific content of the 2011 summer exhibit, but why not just come see it? The images and accompanying text are informative and certainly you will learn something new about the history of Castine.

For example, where was the Yellow Ball Tavern located? Did you know that it was the first, and perhaps the only, drive through tavern in America?

Why was a "Number, Please" party held at Emerson Hall in 1956?



Who called this dial phone in 1956?
Photo by Ed Langlois in CHS collections.

How many are aware that a Castine resident became First Lady of Hawaii in the early 1900s? Indeed, history can be fun!

Please join us at the opening reception on Sunday, June 26th. The exhibit is free and open to the public from June 28th through Labor Day.

#

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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.

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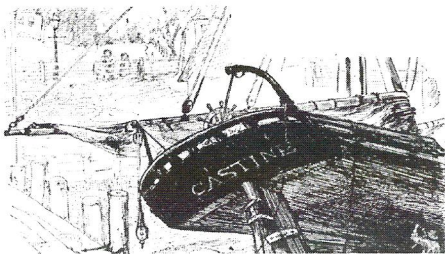
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This is probably the "modern town-hall" to which Noah Brooks refers in his 1885 article published in the *Castine Gazette* and reprinted in this issue of the *Visitor*. On the site of the original Hancock County Court House, it was later replaced by the Witherle Memorial Library.

This photo, taken by Wm. Geo. Sargent, reproduced from a glass negative is from the CHS collections.