



AN OLD TOWN WITH A HISTORY.

It is not easy to connect, even in imagination, the sterile coast of Maine, now inhabited by a plain, practical, and commonplace people, with any of the stirring scenes that were being enacted on the continent of Europe during the century immediately following the discovery of America by Columbus. But the rival European powers early took possession of the most notable points along the coast, and the struggle for ascendancy was maintained with such vigor that rulers of the houses of Medici and Valois, and the ambitious Plantagenets, and the most Catholic sovereigns of Spain, even in the midst of their schemes, plots and wars, were frequently obliged to turn their eyes in this direction.

The importance of the Penobscot River was early acknowledged by explorers, as well as by the nations engaged in the strife for possession of its bay and entrance. The region watered by this stream, and stretching for many leagues to the eastward, was inhabited by a warlike race known as the Abenakis. A subdivision of the community, the Tarratines, held the entrance to the river. At the mouth of the Penobscot, anciently known as the Norumbegue (and by other names), where that majestic stream broadens into the bay, and on the eastern side of the bay, is a peninsula formed by the Penobscot on the west, and by an arm of the sea on the east. The peninsula is irregular, and contains only about ten or twelve hundred acres; but the fighting for its possession which has distracted so many generations, would seem to indicate for it an importance very much out of proportion to its dimensions. This bit of land projects boldly into the bay, and, while it is bluff and even precipitous on the side next the mainland and toward the roadstead to the southward, it slopes pleasantly to the east, and on this sunny slope is built the modern town of Castine.

The arm of the sea was anciently known by as many names as were given to the Penobscot. The Indians called it Pentagoet, or entrance to a river. The Dutch, who, in their turn, had had a hand in the exploration of the region, corrupted this into Pentegeovett;

and, according to some authorities, another Dutch translation of Pentagoet was Pountegouycet. This was Gallicized into Maja-bagaduce by the next possessors of the country, and, finally, the estuary was dubbed "the Bagaduce," by which name it is known unto this day. Naturally, the peninsula was called Pentagoet, and by this name were all the early settlements on the point known to the historians of the time.

The voyager approaching these shores beholds a wonderful panorama of sea and land. The bay of the Penobscot is studded with unnumbered islands. These are covered, for the most part, with fir, spruce, and larch. The shores are bold and rocky, and rich tones of brown, gray and purple are reflected in the silvery tide. Far up the Penobscot, as one rounds the eastern end of Long Island, stretches a lovely vista of tender blue melting into more positive hues in the middle distance, where old Fort Point, once Fort Pownal, stands like a sentinel at the entrance of the river. To the right and eastward, the bluff and well-wooded extremity of the peninsula of ancient Pentagoet dominates the scene, its light-house marking, like a white finger, the highest point of that section of the shore. To the right of the light-house opens another vista where the Bagaduce, with the shores of Brooksville mirrored in its tide, leads the eye up into a tangle of hills and dales, over which rises the azure peak of Blue Hill. Still farther to the eastward, over the hills, and resting like a cloud on the horizon, are the heroic lines of the ridges of Mount Desert.

As early as 1556 there was a French trading and fishing station on Pentagoet, but it was not until 1613, so far as we know, that the French claimants erected any fortification on the peninsula. In that year, Captain Argall, of Virginia, was cast ashore here; and a year later the illustrious Captain John Smith paid it a flying visit. The Plymouth colony of Massachusetts, with an eye to trade with the Tarratines, set up a trading house at Pentagoet, in 1626, Isaac Allerton being at the head of the enterprise. In those days beaver-skins were ardently coveted by the

white traders, and in all the accounts of the doings of the first adventurers along the coast, we encounter wearisome recitals of beaver by the ton, beaver by the ship-load, and beaver in such enormous quantities that we may well understand why the much-hunted animal has now almost wholly disappeared from the region.

The pilgrims were driven out by the French in 1632, but the Englishmen came back and were again driven out, in 1635, by Razillai, then governor of Acadie. Razillai, dying soon after this, left the command of Acadie to his two lieutenants, De la Tour and D'Aulney. The first-named was a Huguenot and the latter a Catholic. Between the two there raged a long and arduous contest, each claiming priority in the government. D'Aulney's seat was at Pentagoet, and he fortified himself there in the work now in ruins, and known as the old French fort.

The English took possession of Pentagoet in 1654, under orders from Cromwell, then Protector, but the French remained in their peaceable pursuits of trading. By the treaty of Breda, in 1667, the much-disputed territory of Acadie, including Pentagoet by name, was ceded by the English to the French. It was not until 1670, however, that the French flag was hoisted over the place, when the Chevalier de Grandfontaine, acting under orders from Colbert, minister, took possession of the peninsula, with express instructions to hold it against the English.

About a quarter of a mile from the village of Castine, in a southerly direction and toward the entrance to the harbor, is the site of the old fort originally built by the Pilgrims, enlarged and occupied by D'Aulney, assaulted by De la Tour, and plundered alternately by French, Dutch, English, and by buccaneers. Antiquarians have run trenches across the plateau on which stood the ancient fortress, and have laid bare the solid masonry of the foundations. When the present writer revisited the spot a year ago, he found that vandals had carried off some of the stones laid in the early part of the seventeenth century, to repair the underpinning of the town-house. A copper plate, nailed by the unlearned finder to the bow of his boat, was discovered to bear an inscription in Latin setting forth the fact that the chapel of "Our Lady of Holy Hope" was founded here in January 8, 1648, by Friar Leo, of the Capuchin Mission. Another odd relic of the Romanist propaganda in North America is a rude copper disk, dug up near the old fortress, and stamped with emblem and date showing that it was a medal used as a badge by an Indian convert. It is said of the early Catholic fathers of California

that they were accustomed to lasso their Indian wards, baptize them, and let them run. The worthy Capuchins, it seems, labeled their dusky children of the faith.

The next prominent historic figure in old Pentagoet, after the death of D'Aulney, was Jean Vincent de Saint Castin, a nobleman whose family-seat was near the town of Oléron, District of Béarn, in the Lower Pyrenees. As the archives of the town are supposed to have been destroyed during the French Revolution, very little is known of St. Castin's early history. When a young man, he joined with other youthful nobles the regiment of Carignan Salières, a famous organization that took part in the War of the Fronde, and afterward was incorporated into the French Corps furnished to Leopold, Emperor of Germany, by Louis XIV., to aid in the campaign against the Turks, who had overrun Transylvania, and were then threatening Germany. In 1665, the Carignans were transferred to Canada, after having achieved renown in the war against the unspeakable Turk in Eastern Europe. In the New World their services were required against an enemy equally savage, though perhaps less worthy of their steel—the Iroquois, who proposed nothing less than the extermination of the French colony on the St. Lawrence.

When the Iroquois had been reduced to submission, the Baron de St. Castin turned his steps toward the French post, at the mouth of the Penobscot, on the peninsula that now bears his name. Why he came here nobody seems to know. It was a strange adventure for a scion of the *ancienne noblesse*, with great expectations awaiting him in his native land. Perhaps he was fascinated by the stories told him by Madockawando, the chief of the Tarratines, who visited Quebec during St. Castin's sojourn there. At any rate, he was not only the friend and companion in arms of the great chieftain of the Tarratines, but he soon became his son-in-law, marrying his daughter Mathilde. There is no historical warrant for the glowing description of the Baroness de St. Castin, which is given in Longfellow's poem of "The Baron Castin, of St. Castin." But we do know that the baron was received by the subjects of Madockawando with great favor and even reverence. He was made a sachem of the tribe. He adopted its manners and costume, and so great was their veneration for him, that, when alighting from his expeditions, he was never allowed by the Indians to tread the common ground, but skins and mats were spread for his sacred feet to rest upon.

During Castin's time, in 1674, the Dutch took possession of Pentagoet, first sending



BARON CASTIN, OF ST. CASTIN.

“ * * * One whose bearded cheek
 And white and wrinkled brow bespeak
 A wanderer from the shores of France.
 A few long locks of scattering snow
 Beneath a battered morion flow,
 And from the rivets of the vest,
 Which girds in steel his ample breast
 The slanted sunbeams glance.

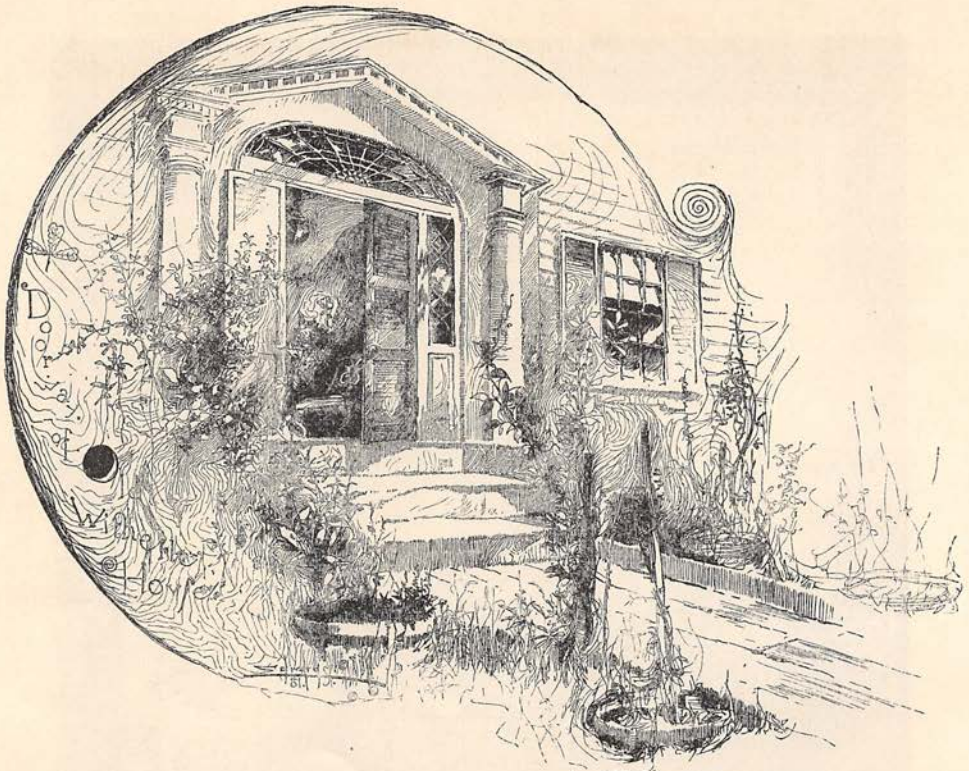
In the harsh outlines of his face
 Passion and sin have left their trace ;
 Yet, save worn brow and thin gray hair,
 No signs of weary age are there.

His step is firm, his eye is keen,
 Nor years in broil and battle spent,
 Nor toil, nor wounds, nor pain have bent
 The lordly frame of old Castine.”

Whittier's "Mogg Megone."

thither a privateer, and afterward a frigate.
 Next, the Boston English drove out the
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Dutch. The Baron de St. Castin, however,
 continued to hold his own during all these



DOORWAY OF WITHERLE HOUSE.

mutations. St. Castin had two sons by Dame Mathilde, Anselm and Joseph Dabadis, the former of whom succeeded to his father's estates and title. His second wife was Marie Pidiansge, by whom he had at least two daughters.

St. Castin returned to France in 1701, but he did not "come to his own again," as Longfellow, with a poet's license, has told us. He was cheated out of his inheritance, which amounted to five thousand pounds a year, the lieutenant-general of Oléron having seized it while St. Castin was dallying with the dusky women of the Tarratines. But, as the worthy baron carried home a fortune (according to the history of the period), "in good dry gold," he never came to want.

Permanent possession of the Penobscot country was taken in behalf of the English, in 1759, soon after the fall of Louisburg, by Governor Pownal, of Massachusetts. The governor built, near the mouth of the Penobscot River, at what is now known as Fort Point, a fortification which long bore his name, and which cost £4,969 7s. 2d., according to the governor's own accurate account. Pownal went over to the eastern side of the bay and inspected the peninsula of Pentagoet, for the occupation of which there had been so

much fighting and intrigue. He found the old French fort abandoned and in ruins, the descendants of the Castins having gone, none now knows whither. The worthy governor hoisted the king's colors and drank the king's health in token of the final subjection of Pentagoet to His Majesty's authority.

Under the fostering care of Governor Pownal, settlements were made at various points along the bays and shores of the Penobscot region, several families having taken sites on the peninsula of Pentagoet, or Penobscot, or Bagaduce, as the place was then variously called. During the war of the Revolution, in June, 1779, General Francis McLean, with a fleet of seven or eight sail, was sent from Halifax to take possession of Pentagoet, then known on the maps as Bagaduce, or Majabagaduce. The forces landed seven hundred strong, comprising detachments from the Seventy-fourth and Eighty-third regiments of His Britannic Majesty's foot. The precise spot at which the British disembarked is pointed out to this day. But of more account than this is the fort on the ridge above the town, in the construction of which McLean's forces were at once engaged, and which was called Fort George, in honor of the king. The seizure of Bagaduce greatly excited New England, and it was

resolved that the British must be dislodged at all hazards. An expedition, the most costly ever fitted out by the Americans during the Revolutionary war, and under the command of Brigadier-General Solomon Lovell, of Weymouth, Massachusetts, was sent to retake the place, General Dudley Saltonstall being in command of the fleet. General Peleg Wadsworth, the maternal grandfather of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, was second to Lovell

harbor, and dislodged the British. Another party was commanded by Lieutenant Moore, afterward famed as Sir John Moore, and killed at the battle of Corunna, Spain. Lovell landed at the western side of the peninsula, known as Block-house Point, under a galling fire, and, scaling a precipitous and woody bank, drove the British off and secured a foothold for his troops. Still Saltonstall would not go in and attack the



STAIRCASE AND GARRET OF OLD JOHNSTON HOUSE.

in command, and Lieutenant Paul Revere, whose midnight ride has since been celebrated by the poet, was in charge of the ordnance. The best account of the siege is found in the journal of General Lovell, recently published by the Weymouth Historical Society. It is sufficient to say that Saltonstall refused to go in with his ships and attack the three British war-ships then defending the harbor entrance. Wadsworth landed on Nautilus Island, which commands the mouth of the

British ships. Lovell's landing, of which he exultingly says, "I don't think such a landing has been made since Wolfe," was effected on the 28th of July, and it was not until August 13th that any decisive action was taken. Then the brave Lovell prepared an attack on Fort George, which had been greatly strengthened by the British during the long delay, and would possibly have carried it by assault. It was too late. As he moved, a British fleet of seven sail, carrying



IN THE OLD DAYS.

two hundred and four guns, was descried coming up the bay to the relief of the beleaguered garrison. The attack was abandoned, and Lovell, with rare ability, successfully reëmbarked his men without loss. The American fleet got under way, but, instead of attempting a defense, Saltonstall crowded on all sail and fled up the Penobscot River. By this blunder he was in a trap where he could have been easily picked up and dispatched at leisure by the British. The American ships and transports, that had cost so much, were set on fire, run ashore, or abandoned with all sail set. The men succeeded in getting ashore, on the west bank of the Penobscot, leaving their craft to the mercies of the enemy. So great a rout was never before known in the history of the country, and the disastrous end of the expedition was long remembered with rage and bitterness by

the patriots, who heard from many lips the story told by Lovell in his journal.

General Wadsworth was destined to visit Bagaduce again, and this time as a prisoner. He was captured in 1780, after a vigorous resistance, during which he was severely wounded, at his own home, near Thomaston. Brought to Fort George, he was lodged in the guard-house to await the sailing of a privateer bound for England. It was thought that he was too important a prisoner to keep on this side of the Atlantic. Joined soon afterward by Major Burton, who was also a captive from the patriot camp, and who had served under Wadsworth, the two prisoners contrived a desperate plan of escape, which they carried out under the most remarkable difficulties. The account of their cutting an aperture in the ceiling

of the prison, eluding the guards, plunging through abattis, chevaux-de-frise and moat, and finally crossing the Penobscot, is one of the thrilling stories of the war. The British privateer sailed for England without General Peleg Wadsworth, and perhaps it was this lucky chance that saved to us and to the world the best beloved of American poets.

The British held possession of Bagaduce until 1783, when the evacuation took place amid great rejoicings on the part of the inhabitants. A few Tories were left, how-

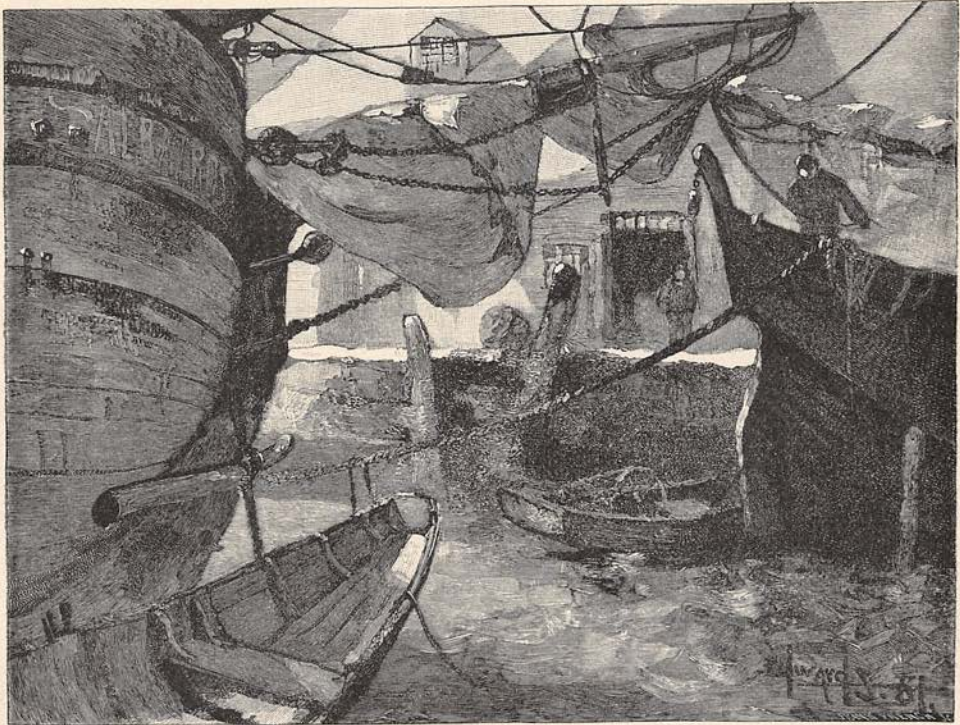


A "PIECE OF EIGHT."

ever, and they were commanded by proclamation from the people of the town, "to depart out of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on or before the 13th day of September, 1784, or they will gain the displeasure of the Subscribers and many others of the citizens who have suffered by the war."

It was not until 1796 that the name of the Baron de St. Castin was given to the town. Previous to that date, the town had been incorporated by the General Court of Massachusetts (of which commonwealth Maine was then a district), under the title of Penobscot. The township embraced the settlement on the peninsula of Bagaduce, that on the opposite

works. Exclusive of Fort George and Fort Pentagoet, there are fourteen batteries, or earthworks, still left in a fair state of preservation, on the peninsula, and five smaller works mark landing-places that were defended. The landing in front of D'Aulney's Fort was protected by a line of oaken palisades running parallel with the shore, and closed at one end of the narrow passage. From time to time the sharpened points of these sticks of timber are dragged out of the sandy ooze in which they have been buried for so many centuries, and are made into antiquarian relics by the lucky finders. A richer find is an occasional coin picked up by some stroller whose eyes are on



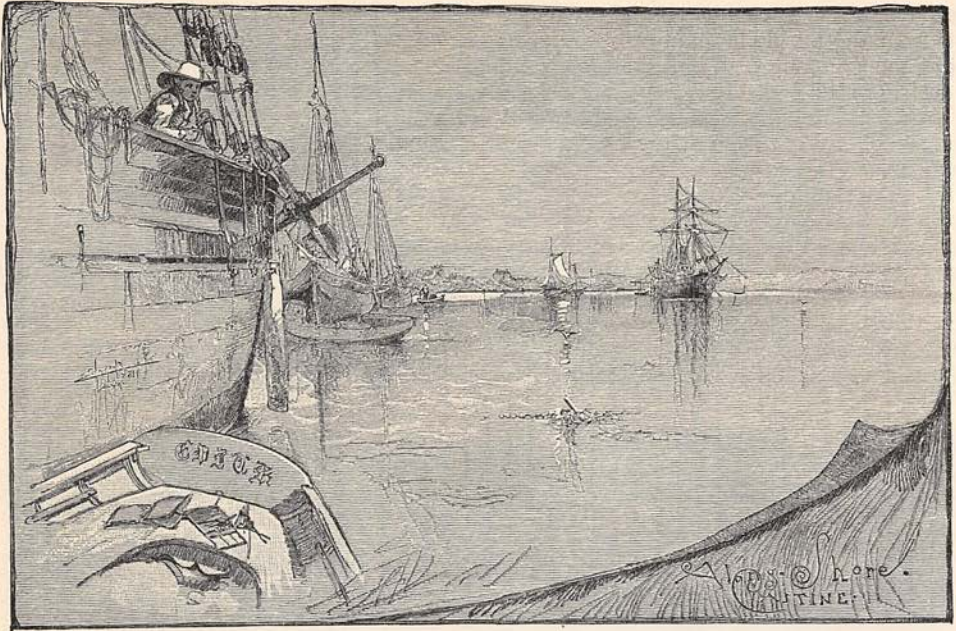
OLD WHARVES.

or eastern bank of the river, and that on the mainland, to the west and north. The settlement of the largest part of the mainland was set off in 1796 and retained the old name of Penobscot. The village of the peninsula was given its present name, Castine. Subsequently the settlement on the eastern bank of the Bagaduce was divided from Castine and was given the name of Brooksville.

As we have seen, Castine had not been without a garrison from 1630 to 1783. The peninsula is covered with the remains of fortifications, redoubts, pits for the breaking of advancing ranks of men, and other military

the historic soil rather than on the wonderful landscape that is spread around him. In 1840, about two thousand old silver coins were unearthed on a farm in Penobscot, a few miles from Castine. These were chiefly of foreign coinage, and are very curious and interesting. The dates are of the early part of the seventeenth century, and it is supposed that a deposit of treasure may have been made here by some fugitive early settler, flying before an invader.

Once more, in September, 1814, during what is now known as "the War of 1812," Castine fell into the hands of a foreign foe. A for-



ALONG SHORE.

midable expedition, commanded by Lieutenant-General Sir John Sherbrooke, and with the naval contingent under the command of Rear-Admiral Griffith, was sent from Halifax against this place. Major-General Gerard Gosselin, who subsequently was in command of the town garrison, and made himself very unpopular with the citizens by his pompous ways and his overbearing conduct, was with the fleet. The troops, numbering thirty-five hundred men, were detachments from the Twenty-ninth, Sixty-second, Ninety-eighth, and Sixtieth regiments, the first-named being notorious as "The Boston Regiment," as it figured as the firing party in the Boston massacre of historic renown.

A relic of the occupation of the British was a rude drawing made on a window-pane in the Whitney House, now standing on the village common. This was a scrawl representing the American flag upside down, around which was written the contemptuous legend, "Yankee Doodle upset." No words of mine can express the satisfaction with which the townspeople, to the latest generation, have regarded this bit of empty and premature boasting. Some of the officers of the staff of General Gosselin amused themselves with carving, apparently with pocket-knives, a rude picture of a naval engagement on the smooth oaken surface of the wainscoting of a mantel-piece in the Dyer Mansion, the glorification of the British flag being the evident purpose of this bit of vandalism.

The only road out of Castine winds over a

steep acclivity known as Windmill Hill, on which once stood a grist-mill. Just below the hill, going down the road leading to the main-land, and near an old battery erected by the British, is a spot that is haunted by tragic memories. Here, during the occupation of the town, six British deserters were shot. The poor fellows had managed to get as far up the river from Castine as Bucksport, twenty miles away, and, while chaffering with an American who kept the ferry at that point on the river, were induced by him to stay all night at the ferry-house. The wretch, knowing that a reward was offered for the apprehension of the deserters, sent word to the scouting party, and the men were captured in the morning, taken back to Castine, and shot. To this day the name of the faithless informer, Couliard, is held in execration by the inhabitants of the region. The date of this tragical occurrence is involved in some doubt, but it is well known that the ghosts of the betrayed soldiers reappear on the anniversary of their execution, and that the wayfarer through the pasture in which the old battery stands hears a ghostly volley of musketry, a far-off scream, and then sees six blood-stained forms pass in solemn procession into the alder bushes where the soldiers were buried.

A much more authentic ghost, however, is that of a little drummer-boy who was left imprisoned in the dungeon of Fort George, when the British evacuated Castine, after the signing of the treaty of Ghent. Forgotten in the hurry of embarkation, the lad was left to starve

to death. The dungeon was not opened until years afterward, and when the visitors explored its darkness they found the skeleton of the prisoner drooped over his dust-covered drum. Fortunately for the truth of history, the date of this tragical occurrence is fixed, and as the British evacuated the place in April, we can understand why, on the fifteenth night of each month of April, ever since, a ghostly drum-beat issues from the ruined dungeon, as if the shade of the imprisoned drummer-boy strove to attract the attention of the troops marching away from the fort to the shore.

Great was the rejoicing when the Treaty of Ghent was signed in December, 1814, and greater joy reigned, when, in the following February, the British evacuated the town for a second time. The overjoyed inhabitants illuminated their houses and indulged in general merry-making. During the British occupation the port was free for all imports, and the traffic of smugglers was brisk. Gold was plenty, and trade flourished, as the invaders paid good prices for whatever they bought. When this happy state of things was broken up by the peace, there were a few grumblers, doubtless, but the patriotism of the townspeople overcame all mercenary considerations.

It was thought necessary, however, for the General Government to maintain a garrison at Castine, and so once more the town was made a military post. Fort George was occupied with regular troops, and it is recorded that these successors of the British were not such desirable visitors as their predecessors. Betwixt the soldiers and the sailors of the port there was an irrepressible conflict. The former chiefly frequented a disreputable resort known as "The Hive," near the shore of the upper part of the harbor. "Oakum Bay," the rendezvous of the sailors and fishermen, was so near this house that frequent collisions and rows kept the town in an uproar. Curiously enough, this feud between the soldiers and the men of Oakum Bay was perpetuated until long after both parties had disappeared. Even to this time, for all that I know, there has been a standing quarrel between the inhabitants of Oakum Bay and "the down-towners." Sol Douglas, a fisherman's son, was chief of the Oakum Bay army, and when an attack was to be made on the other side, this valiant leader paraded his forces on Hatch's wharf, in full sight of the attentive enemy. Having thus struck terror into the hearts of the down-towners, the cohorts of Douglas, when night fell, assailed the foe with really dangerous vigor. The roughness of the boys



GENERAL GOSSELIN'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

of that period may be surmised when I say that one is told that a favorite means of extermination adopted by the down-towners was to raise a long and heavy plank against a tall poplar tree, in the darkness of the night, and, when the enemy from Oakum Bay were in position, drop it into their ranks with crushing effect. Sports like these resulted in so many maimings and woundings that the Selectmen were finally forced to interfere.

A tranquil sleepiness has come over the old port in these later years. The decay of American shipping has taken away from Castine one of its chief industries. The wharves are well-nigh deserted save where an old vessel's repairs engage the attention of a few solitary and leisurely workers. Along the water-front there is a flavor of mild decay mingled with the odor of the ancient fishing days. For Castine was once a famous fishing port, and from these weather-beaten wharves has sailed many a fleet for the Grand Bank, Bay Chaleur, and other fishing-grounds. And many a gray slab in the burying-ground, on the hill above the town, bears the sad inscription "Lost at Sea," last token of a mother's love for the brave young sailor who had gone out from the port never to return.

The town is pervaded by a semi-foreign aroma, reminiscent of the days when the chief

business of the port was with lands beyond the seas. In the more ancient houses the visitor sees odd souvenirs of the old-time marine life of the inhabitants—queer bits of bric-à-brac brought from distant climes, curious waifs from ports frequented only by sailors and solitary explorers, and pathetic reminders of the weary watch on deck and the leisure hours in the forecabin. Along the now deserted wharves one stumbles upon

comes, and who regard all of non-Castine birth as being little better than aliens and foreigners. Most of the great families of the elder days have decayed, leaving behind them but a few representatives of their renown. The pomp and glory of those old days linger only in tradition. There are those who remember when the yellow four-horse coach, with outriders, of the first United States Senator from Maine, Honorable John



BACK FROM THE BEACH.

suggestive relics of the days of ancient grandeur when the port of Castine was a famous depot for a thriving shipping trade, and when the sound of the ship-builders' mallet on the gnarled oak mingled with the "Yo, heave ho" of the sailor. These are all gone now, and the sleepy port, basking in the summer sun, seems a lotos-land, in which it is ever afternoon.

There is a curious fascination, too, about the old place. He who comes once, comes again and again, as if, like the fabled lotos-eaters, he were ready to cry "We will no longer roam." The people of the town have been divided into two camps—those who desire summer visitors and those who set their faces as a flint against all incursions of strangers. The former are those who want to see a little life infused into the old place and who have need to turn an honest penny by taking boarders, while the latter are of the old conservative party who have secured in-

Holmes, used to drive grandly hither from Alfred, two hundred miles away, to bring the Senator and his family to visit his relatives in Castine. Here, too, were the kin of General Cobb, Washington's friend, counsellor, and associate. Elegant people were there in those grand old days, when Castine was reckoned an aristocratic place, and when famous men and beautiful women, who had traveled the world around, used to say that they met nowhere in the young republic finer society than this.

Like many another community removed from the stress and strain of the world's activities, Castine has a social structure that is peculiarly its own. The line betwixt the upper and the lower crust is not so sharply drawn as in the elder days, perhaps; but it is there, nevertheless. There is a great gulf fixed between the upper and the middle class, although the population of Castine is so small that either of the two divisions



OLD TILDEN HOUSE.

mentioned cannot number more than a few score. Men and women attend the same church as their grandfathers and great-grandfathers did before them, greet each other with formal courtesy on the street, and consider each other perfectly respectable, and yet would no more think of exchanging visits than of flying through the air. There is an upper, a middle, and a lower class as well defined as in an old-fashioned English borough town.

The peninsula, according to the records, was nearly equally divided betwixt Captain Joseph Perkins and Captain John Perkins, and almost all the deeds of lands run back to one or the other of these two worthies. The documents signed by Captain John Perkins, by the way, bear, over his proper name, the legend "his X-mark," much to the chagrin of members of "the Royal Family," who probably do not know that their illustrious ancestor was afflicted with a palsied hand that made necessary that sign of inability to write. It was in front of Captain Joseph Perkins's house, near the

foot of Main street, that the British landed in the Revolutionary war. The family mansion bearing the name of this gentleman of the old school was built later, about one hundred years ago, and is a very good specimen of the antique gambrel-roofed habitation now so rarely met with, even in New England. There are yet standing in the village a few houses of the ante-Revolutionary period. In these days of renaissance, when eager searchers after the old and curious pervade the land, even so remote a place as Castine has suffered from the ruthless invader. Bric-à-brac hunters from the great cities have swooped down upon the place, begging permission to ransack old garrets in search of brass andirons, spinning-wheels, Washington pitchers, Dutch clocks, and the discarded paraphernalia of other generations. These forayers are held in contempt by the high-bred inhabitants, who resent the impertinence of those who have carried off, by main strength and assurance, many an heir-loom which the lawful owner would neither sell nor give away.

The human bric-à-brac, too, is becoming each year more scarce. The town is rich in traditions of queer characters whose adventures and whose racy sayings would be a mine of richness to a novelist. "Old Dave Sawyer" yet lingers to tell fortunes and chant his ditties for the rising generation as he did for the former one. But the visitor will miss old Fitts, the barber, bell-ringer, and general factotum of the village, who settled every question by lugging forth his only book, "Mackenzie's Five Thousand Receipts," that eminent authority being considered sufficient for all things. Then there was Daddy Morey, the author of "Morey's Dictionary," a work which existed wholly in the imagination of those who quoted from it, for the alleged lexicographer, a sort of "Caleb Quotem" of the town, used words of learned length and thundering sound, without the slightest idea

glorified air, we heard some such words as these:

"Twas March the twentieth day,
No bread corn to be found;
We were forced to go a-codfishing
Upon the fairy ground.

When we got to Deer Island,
Our anchors we let go,
We overboard our small skiff,
And on shore did quickly go.

"We bought two quarts of rum, my boys,
Our friend-folks for to treat,
And down to Bill Morey's
And joined the drunken fleet."

There are forty verses more of this delicious ballad, all of which tell the adventures of a party of fishermen who finally resolve

"Never to go to Bill Morey's
A long time for to stay."



LIGHT-HOUSE POINT.

of their meaning. But Dave Sawyer is still the poet-laureate of Castine, and, for the reasonable price of ninepence, he has been known to tell five very excellent fortunes; and for the moderate compensation of half a dollar, he will "chuck in" a few choice songs. Last summer, walking along the summits of the cliffs of Light-house Point, with an old friend, we heard, in the still summer air, the dip of oars on the sea below, and, looking over the woody margin of the cliffs, beheld Dave Sawyer lazily drifting along on the transparent water, which, sea-green and changeable blue, swam beneath his little cock-boat like another atmosphere. Descrying us far above his head, Dave paused, resisting the tide-flow with a backward stroke of his oars, and lifted up his voice in a strange, wild chant. And as he seemed to float in the

Of the old customs yet surviving, none is more delightful to the returning children of Castine than that of the ringing of the curfew. At nine o'clock at night, the old church-bell, which has swung in its belfry high for many a year, admonishes the villagers that it is time to extinguish lights and fires. The matin rings at seven o'clock in the morning, and the day is divided by a solemn peal at twelve, noon. Until 1817 the "meeting-house" was not warmed in winter, the families of the great being allowed the use of foot-stoves, little tin contrivances filled with live coals for the comfort of elderly ladies and invalids of the privileged class. As late as 1820, one of the members of the church was publicly excommunicated for the offense of "the selling of bull beef," and twenty years earlier, three persons were visited with the

same ecclesiastical discipline for having refused "to make public confession of sin committed before uniting with the Church." In the memory of the present writer, it was not uncommon for intentions of marriage to be proclaimed by "reading the banns of matrimony." After the morning service in the meeting-house, the town-clerk mounted a footstool, and, beseeching the attention of the congregation (every one of whom knew what was coming), read in a loud and formal manner the written proclamation of intended marriage. Subsequently, the "publication" of intentions of matrimony was written and posted in the church vestibule, and it was delightful for the smaller boys to stand by and watch for the coming of the promised bride, who needs must pass, with averted but self-conscious looks, under the bulletin whereon her impending fate appeared.

Until a very recent date, all matters ecclesiastical were regulated by a vote of the town. It was the town that voted, in solemn convocation, the money required for "the support of the preaching of the gospel," the minister's salary, the pay of the sexton, and all other incidental costs and charges, being matters for public debate. It is on record that when certain inhabitants of the peninsula, who objected to going several miles to the main-land to attend Divine worship, commenced a subscription to raise funds for an edifice nearer home, the town of Castine, in solemn assembly, resolved that it, the aforesaid town, "deems the undue and immoral measures which have been adopted by the agents of this subscription, as an insult offered to its inhabitants at large, and calculated to form a schism in their religious communion, and establish a party spirit." Nevertheless, the meeting-house was built, and the town, in consonance with the time-honored tradition and usage, assumed charge of this "immoral" establishment, and ultimately indemnified its daring projectors to the amount of its cost. To this day, the town in its corporate capacity rings the bell that has knelled the flight of the souls of many generations of sturdy New Englanders.

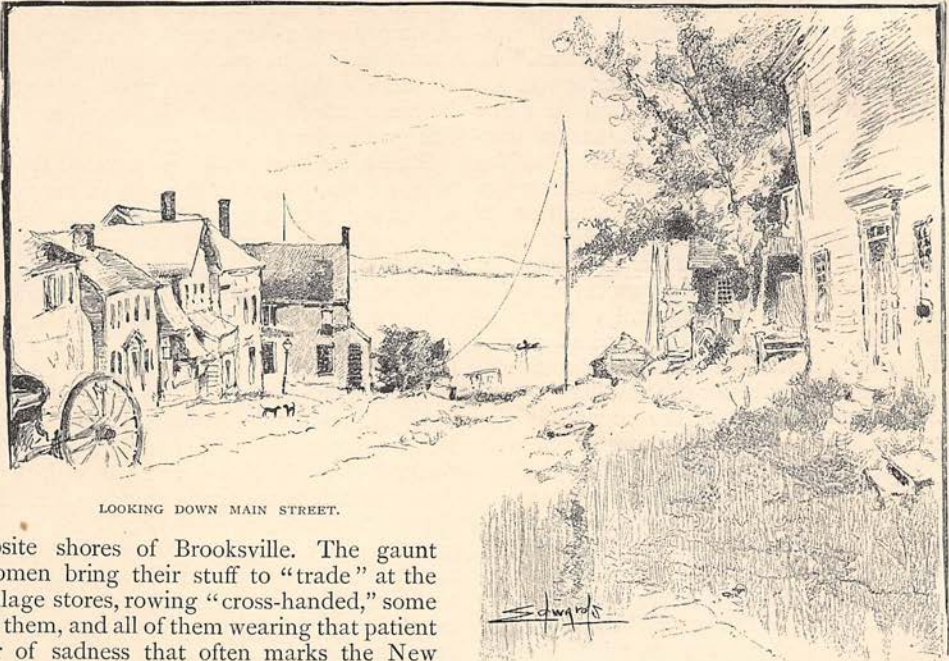
It does not require a great event to disturb the even current of social life in Castine. As in the old days, the coming of the daily stage down Windmill Hill, carrying the mail and heralded by a pompously blown horn, was the event of the day, so now the arrival of the steamer at the village wharf, twice a week from Portland, furnishes an occasion for a reunion of most of the leisurely inhabitants, men, women and children. To see the people come and go, to speculate upon the appearance of an infrequent stranger, and to watch the noble *Lewiston* as she

glides out of the harbor, is a diversion that never palls upon the senses. Even the stranger soon falls into the custom of sauntering down to see who has come and who is going, and he must indeed be dull who does not enjoy this gentle pleasure.

There is one drive—it is "around the ten-mile square;" but, for the aquatic rover with sail or oar, there are endless excursions. The town and its surroundings are saturated with the air of the sea. The current phrases are nautical, and local figures of speech are almost saline in flavor. With any native son of Castine, to climb a tree is to "go aloft," and he for whom the sexton has tolled the bell has "weighed anchor." The door-yards are "ship-shape and Bristol fashion," and he who has a competence of this world's goods has "salted down" what he has saved. Even the superstitions are drawn from the sea. The pig must be killed at high tide, if the pork is not to shrink in the cooking; the varying sounds of the rising and falling of the sea are tokens that presage disaster or good tidings. To go almost anywhere on pleasure bent, one must needs take a boat. Therefore almost everybody owns a sailing craft, and he who cannot row or sail any ordinary craft is little better than a "land-lubber" whose imperfect education unfits him for human fellowship. There is a tradition that Castine boys are born web-footed.

There are few more lovely and extended panoramas of land and water than that beheld from any one of a half-dozen points on the ridge above the village of Castine. The irregular peninsula is divided at its highest part by a sort of backbone, on one side of which the town is built; the other, which slopes to the north and westward, is mostly covered with woody pastures. Southward is the bright bay, skirted by the low blue line of Long Island, backed by the azure hills of Camden. North-westerly, the Penobscot winds around the bluff headlands, and disappears in the distance of purple and gray-green hills. To the eastward, the quiet town, half hidden in masses of foliage and bright with old-fashioned flower-gardens, stretches to the water's edge, where a few weather-beaten craft lie sleeping at the wharves. And, around all, the beautiful bay of the Penobscot, gemmed with innumerable islands, sweeps like an enchanted sea.

One street skirts the water, and along its edge are built the few shops or "stores" required for the modest wants of the inhabitants of the region. Here one may study character in the amphibii who bring hither their slender products of fishing and farming from the islands of the bay, or from the op-



LOOKING DOWN MAIN STREET.

posite shores of Brooksville. The gaunt women bring their stuff to "trade" at the village stores, rowing "cross-handed," some of them, and all of them wearing that patient air of sadness that often marks the New England provincial for its own. Up from the stores, Main street, embowered with horsechestnuts, maples, and elms, leads steeply to the ridge; and, cutting Main street at right angles, is the street called Court, grass-bordered and skirting the Common, a turfy mall given to common use by one of the founders of the town. Other thoroughfares branch out from this simple system of streets, and lanes and roads stray away delightfully from the center of the village and lose themselves in the sweet fields that environ the fringed and scattered groups of houses. There, on a breezy hill-top, is the village pound; beyond it the venerable burying-ground, which strangers and new-fangled people call a "cemetery." There is a hearse-house, which is a corporate care, and the town-house; and there floats the flag of our country over an ancient brick custom-house in which the records of a dead commerce are still scrupulously guarded.

Easily reached by steamer, and lying on one of the much-traveled routes to Mount Desert, Castine has, of late, attracted the cov-

etous eyes of pleasure-seekers and yachtsmen. The old town is half-startled into a vague expectancy, as one awakening from a dream. There are many signs of summer visitors. And, since all other sources of income have dried up or dwindled, the long-despised stranger is tolerated by some and welcomed frigidly by others. It is possible that Castine will never again be the slumbrous and tranquil town that it has been. But no rude influx of strangers, no incursion of unappreciative sight-seers, can destroy for the thoughtful and well-versed reader of history the subtle charm that invests the storied peninsula. The village may be said to be overlaid with traditions. Now and again the Maine Historical Society makes a pilgrimage hither, and a local chronicler, Dr. G. A. Wheeler, has gathered, with much care and loving labor, ancient records and documents into one valuable volume, whose pages well attest that Castine is, as Dr. Holmes has said, "one of those old towns with a history."

Noah Brooks.



THE PINE-TREE SHILLING.