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Somes, G.K.

80 CP American Folklore

by

Mr. Edward Ives

Student Mrs. Gladys K. Somes

North Edgecomb, Maine

*very good* *PT*

## MY FOLKLORE AREA

The area from which I have collected most of my folklore includes the towns of Edgecomb, Newcastle, and Damariscotta Maine. These towns are located in the southern part of Lincoln County between the Sheepscot and Damariscotta river. Lincoln County was incorporated in 1790. Each year other pieces were taken, so now there are 17 towns and two plantations.

Farming is done on a small scale, except for three or four co-operative farms which is the principal occupation.

Damariscotta's population is the largest which is about 2000, Newcastle with 1,500, and Edgecomb with about 600.

In the early years shipbuilding was the chief occupation of both Newcastle and Damariscotta, also Newcastle had many brick yards. Both of these towns are full of tradition.

They contain the famous Indian oyster shell heaps which are believed to date back to 3200 B.C. The most ancient deposits in the world. Both Damariscotta and Newcastle boasts of their beautiful homes, modern stores and schools.

Edgecomb was settled in 1774. The occupation of the early settlers were sea-faring people. Many hazardous voyages were encountered. Mutiny was committed on the ship Borden, commanded by Captain William Patterson where his brother Charles was slain.

Edgecomb  
Newcastle  
Damariscotta  
Lincoln County  
Sheepscot R.  
Damariscotta

This rural town was incorporated in 1774, and named after Lord Edgecomb, a friend of the colonies. In recent years many small farms have been bought for summer residents by out of staters. An outstanding attraction of tourists is the old blockhouse at Fort Edgecomb built in 1809, to protect Wiscasset Harbor.

Today U.S. Highway Route 1, passes through these towns consequently many tourists are attracted by the delightful coastal region resulting in a flourishing summer business.

Gladys K. Somes

No. Edgecomb, Maine

*Wiscasset Harbor  
North Edgecomb*

360 03

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REMEDIES AND CURES

REMEDIES AND CURES

360 04<sup>4</sup>

These remedies and cures were told to me by my mother-in-law who is 86 years of age and assures me that her mother has tried some on her.

By wearing nutmegs around the neck will prevent nose bleeds. Tansy leaves crushed and put into a bag and worn around the neck will ward off worms and colds.

A bag made up of crushed dried hop blossoms moistened with hot water and placed over the ear and kept hot will ease ear ache.

A dirty woolen sock wrapped around the neck is good for sore throat.

Drink Nanny plum tea to drive out the eruption of measles. The chewing of gold thread ( a vine found in the ground ) will kill canker.

The drinking of strong catnip tea will enduce sleep.

Strong spearmint tea will stop nausea.

A syrup made of equal parts of the juice of boiled onions and molasses will cure a cough.

Poultices of onions and lard placed on the chest will draw out pneumonia.

Camphor bags hung around the neck will keep away germs.

Several drops of kerosene on sugar is good for sore throat.

Jennie B. Somes

NO. Edgecomb, Maine

North Edge

REMEDIES AND CURES

For bee stings and insect bites take 3 different green leaves crush them for the juice, rub the juice over the bites will relieve itching and stinging.

Rub a stolen bean over a wart, and throw the bean into a well will cure warts.

A remedy for the prevention of colds is the rum sweats.

Fill a large receptable half full of rum and the remaining half with hot water. Then take a good hot swig of rum internally. After you have removed all clothing, set yourself over the receptable and cover the body from head to foot with a heavy blanket and sweat it out.

Jennie B. Somes

No. Edgecomb, Maine

*North Edgecomb*

## REMEDIES AND CURES

Deafness

Take an~~s~~ eggs and onion juice mix and drop into the ear.

Drop into the ear on going to bed six or eight drops of warm urine.

Cutting Teeth

Make a necklace of the be~~n~~n called Job's tears and let the child wear it around its neck.

Worms

Take garden parsley make into tea and let the patient drink it freely.

Diabetes

Steep one ounce of ginger in one pint of good wine and drink two or three glasses a day.

Hoarseness

Make a strong tea of horse radish and yellow dock roots, sweeten with honey and drink freely.

Windy Stomach

Chew saffron leaves and swallow the spittle.

To Procure Sleep

Wash the head in a decoction of dill seed and smell frequently.

Cure for Toothache

Mix alum and salt together and apply small wad to the affected tooth.

Sore Throat

Catnip steeped and sweetened with sugar is good for sore throat.



## REMEDIES AND CURES

Wounds

Catnip mixed with fresh butter and sugar is good for fresh wounds.

Canker

Make a strong tea of the bark of the roots and berries of sumach and wash the mouth and throat.

Cough

A strong tea made with both bark and root of sumach and sweetened with honey will cure a cough.

Mrs. Raymond Thomas

Summer residence (North Edgecomb, Maine)

Mrs. Thomas who has recently fallen heir to property in Edgecomb, Maine gave me these old cures and remedies found in a diary dated 1824 which she found in the attic on the property. This property has been handed down from the Ryan family for several generations.

The late Mr. Hubert Ryan was a native born citizen of Edgecomb.

Permission to use by Mr. Ives

North Edgecomb,  
Edgecomb

SUPERSTITIONS AND FORERUNNERS

## SUPERSTITIONS

When rats leave a ship while in port the ship will never return.

Break a mirror seven years bad luck.

If a black cat crosses your path you will have bad luck.

Never start new work on Friday you will never live to finish it.

Always back a calf out of the barn when selling one, because if the mother sees the calf heading into the barn she will think it is coming in and not going out.

## FORERUNNERS

Dream of a birth hear of a death.

Birds flying at windows will bring death in the family.

Dream of white horses hear of a death.

Dream of seeing a minister hear of a wedding.

This is old tradition that has been in this family always.

Jennie B. Somes No. Edgecomb, Maine

James R. Bragg No. Edgecomb, Maine

*North Edgecomb*

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360 10

PROVERBS AND OLD SAYINGS

When your hand is in the lions mouth draw easy.

You can lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink.

It makes a difference whose cats tail is in the door.

It's a long lane that has no turn.

A barking dog seldom bites.

All is not gold that glitters.

The dog that brings a bone also carries one.

Riches like icicles have a habit of melting away.

What goes over the devils back will go under his belly.

Short horse soon curried.

A penny saved is a penny earned.

Many hands make light work.

Bad penny always returns.

Two fools well met.

Far away cows have long horns.

Dead men tell no tales.

Stir with a knife, stir up strife.

When the cats away the mice will play.

Bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

Chickens come home to roost.

Pretty is that pretty does.

None so deaf as those who won't hear.

Strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.

Behold, the mighty blazing star denotes, famine, pestilence,  
or war.

PROVERBS AND OLD SAYINGS

12  
360 18

Mend your clothes upon your back for poverty you never lack.

Takes one thief to catch another.

Time and tide waits for no man.

Close as the bark to a beech.

Slow as the growth of an oak.

Slow as cold molasses.

He who fights and runs away lives to fight another day.

A stitch in time saves nine.

Wear at the heel spend a good deal.

Wear at the toe spend as you go.

Don't worry about the future

The present is all you have.

The future will soon be present

And the present will soon be past.

Sneeze on Monday, sneeze for danger.

Sneeze on Tuesday, kiss a stranger,

Sneeze on Wednesday, receive a letter.

Sneeze on Thursday, something better,

Sneeze on Friday, sneeze for sorrow.

Sneeze on Saturday, joy to-morrow.

## PROVERBA AND OLD SAYINGS

These old sayings and proverbs I have collected from different sources, Mainly from the oldest residents of Edgecomb, Maine ages ranging from 81 to ~~86~~ years of age.

They have informed <sup>me</sup> that they can recall hearing these since their early childhood days. Edgecomb, Maine is reminiscent of the older generation.

My contributors were:

Jennie B. Somes ( <sup>No.</sup> Edgecomb, Maine.)

James R. Bragg ( <sup>No.</sup> Edgecomb, Maine. )

Doris P. Kimball (Newcastle, Maine)

Scott S. Somes ( <sup>No.</sup> Edgecomb, Maine.)

Edgecomb  
Newcastle  
North Edgecomb

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WEATHER AND THE SEA



WEATHER AND THE SEA

This collection I got from my husbands' uncle who has followed the sea for a great number of years.

" Weather Warning "

Evening red and morning gray  
Will set the traveler on his way,  
Evening gray and morning red  
Will bring a storm on the travelers head.

"Safety at Sea"

Green to green and red to red  
Perfect safety go ahead.  
When upon your port is seen  
A steamers stabbard light of green,  
There's not much for you to do  
For green to port keeps clear of you.  
When in safety or in doubt  
Always keep a good look out.  
Strive to keep a level head  
Mind your light and sounding lead.

James R. Bragg

No. Edgecomb, Maine

North Edgecomb

## WEATHER AND THE SEA

When the wind is in the North  
It's not suitable to go forth.  
When the wind is in the East,  
It's not fit for man or beast.  
When the wind is in the South  
It blows the bait in the fishes mouth,  
When the wind is in the West  
Then it is the very best.

James R. Bragg  
No. Edgecomb, Me.

These weather and sea collections I was able to get from  
James. R. Bragg are ones he has collected from his many  
sea voyages.

*North Edgecomb*

TALL TALES

## TALL TALES

A new sailor came aboard a ship and was at the wheel when the captain entered the pilot house. Say, Jack, which way are you heading? South, Southeast, half-South, a little southerly. Why, you have got quite a lot of S's.

If you could have one more S, I would give you a present of a carton of cigarettes. "Very good," said Jack, South, Southeast, half-South, a little southerly, "Sir."

James R. Bragg

No. Edgecomb, Maine

This story was told to Mr. Bragg during his sea travels.

*North Edgecomb*

*This turns up in a story about who can have the biggest dream.*

19  
360 1

### Tall TALES

A farmer in Aroostook County claimed he raised the largest potatoes in the world. He said, "That they were so large that it took one railroad flatcar to carry one potato." A man from Pittsburg, Pennsylvania who worked in a steel mill said, "He was making the biggest kettles in the world. What do you use those big kettles for?" asked the farmer. Oh, to boil your huge potatoes in.

### TALL TALES

There were two men talking about large trees. One man said, "That he and his father had cut many a tree that would make three cords of wood." The other man spoke up and said, "You haven't seen anything yet." When I was out in the redwood forest in California, I came up to a big tree and a pair of stairs ascending, I walked up the stairs and came to a house. I knocked on the door and a woman came to the door. "Is your husband at home?" I asked. "No," he has gone out about a mile on a limb to get a load of wood.

James R. Bragg.

North Edgecomb, Maine

Mr. Bragg can't quite remember where or who told him these tales but probably aboard ship says Bragg.

*Aroostook Co.  
Pennsylvania  
California  
North Edgecomb*

JOKES

## Jokes

## "Cow Jumped over the Moon"

This old school-marm was tell stories to her young pupils one day, so she thought she would see how much attention they were paying to her. So, she told them three or four and then she told them about the cow jumping over the moon. When she got through she thought that one little fellow hadn't paid much attention, so she said, "Johnny, why do you think the cow jumped over the moon." "Well," Miss Beef, I should imagine the milk maids fingers were cold."

Scott S. Somes NO. Edgecomb, Me.

*North Edgecomb*

## JOKES

## "Pat and Mike"

Pat and Mike came to the United States and got a job digging ditches. They thought the old fellow they were working for was beating them on their time. So when they got paid they pooled their money and bot a dollar watch. *af*

Now, an argument arose as to which was to wear the watch.

Mike didn't have any pocket so Pat wore the watch.

About ten o'clock in the forenoon Mike wanted to know the time. Pat pulls out the watch, looks at it and said, "There she is Mike." Mike looked at it and said, Dam if it aint Pat. Neither one could tell time.

Scott S. Somes No. Edgecomb Me.

Two old settlers lived alone in an old camp in a lumber lot. One day they got to talking about food. One asked the other if he did much cooking. Yes, I do quite a lot. I bought me a new cook book about a month or so ago and I couldn't do a dam thing with it. What was the trouble? Too, much fancy stuff. You know every dang blame one of them recipes began the same way. How was that? "Take a clean dish." That settled me right there.

Scott S. Somes No. Edgecomb, Me.

These were told to me by my husband but he couldn't say who *or* where he got them from. *North Edgecomb*



## JOKES

## "Good Old Pussy"

A bet was made between an old lumber jack and two office men. The old lumber jack bet he could identify any kind of wood by smelling of it blind folded. The office men gathered all the different kind they could find. First they brought the Birch and stuck it under the old lumber jacks nose and he said, "that's Birch."

Then Maple was stuck under his nose and he said, "that's Maple." Then Beech was brought along and stuck under the old fellows nose and he said, "That's Beech."

Now, the last one was Hemlock which they stuck under his nose and he said, "That's Hemlock." So far he had won out 100 per cent. Now, there was an old cat asleep in one of the office chairs, one of the men picked the cat up and stuck her backsides under the lumber jack's nose.

He took one good long sniff, shook his head and said, "Boys, that's good old pussy willow."

Scott S. 'Somes

North Edgecomb, Maine

Scott was told these jokes by an old times woodsman who at one time lived here in Edgecomb, Maine. Now deceased.

North Edgecomb  
Edgecomb

SONGS

SONG

This song has been sung by my Great grandmother, my grandmother, and my mother has sung it to me many, many, times in my childhood days.

"Ragged Jack"

Did you ever hear the story of a ragged, jagged Jack.  
Here he comes down the street with his pack on his back.  
He comes in the morning and he comes at night, and he  
gobbles up every thing in sight.  
He wakes up the neighborhood for miles around,  
He's a regular alarm clock always wound,  
He gets beneath your window when you try to get to sleep;  
And he yells in a voice both loud and deep.

Any Rags ! Any Rags !

Any rags ! Any bones ! Any bottles today.

It's the same old story in the same old way.

If you happen for to leave a thing out all night,  
You get up in the morning and it's gone from your sight,  
You'll know then that Ragged Jack has been your way.  
He's a very bad omen, people say-  
He stole his furniture, he stole his wife, if he's  
steal from a friend, he'll steal your life.  
He never gets molested as he daily walks about,  
But things disappear when he yells out.

Any Rags ! Any Rags !

Mrs Herman Kimball. (My Ma)

P.O. No. Edgecomb, Maine

North Edgecomb

This song was sung over 70 years ago to James. R. Bragg  
by his father who was a woodsman.

"Lumberman's Lament"

I have hung up my saws and my axes  
Put the team in the hovel near by,  
I have bid farewell to the hemlocks  
And the pines I love so well.  
The long weary trail I must travel,  
To the end of its winding way  
For I've hung up my saws and axes,  
It's the end of my lumbering days.

My lumbering days are over,  
My work in the forest is done.  
And the faithful team of horses  
For me their work is done.  
No more will I drive the log sled,  
Nor the peavy will I lay.  
For I've hung up my saws and axes  
It's the end of my lumbering days.

James R. Bragg

No. Edgecomb, Maine

*North Edgecomb*



# Young Charlotte

THIS ballad, carried West by some New England converts to Mormonism, struck a popular sentimental chord and was chanted dolefully at campfires and hearths until it became one of the most widely known items in Western folklore. It was based by its versifier, Seba Smith, on an incident in a Maine community where he edited a newspaper. Smith became famous afterward as author of the fictional letters of "Maj. Jack Downing," who in the assumed role of best friend of Andy Jackson, poked fun at national political figures.

Illustrated by THEODORE NOWODZINSKI

Young Charlotte lived on a mountainside  
In a wild and lonely spot;  
There was no dwelling in five miles around  
Except her father's cot.

'Twas Christmas Eve, the sun was low,  
Young friends had gathered there.  
Her father kept a social cot,  
And she was very fair.

'Twas Christmas Eve, the sun was low,  
She seemed a wandering eye.  
And away to the frozen window (she) went  
To see the sleighs go by.

At length she spied a well-known sleigh  
Come dashing to the door.  
Next was heard young Charlotte's voice,  
Though loud the wind did roar.

"At a village fifteen miles away  
There is a merry ball tonight."  
"The air is freezing, desperate cold."  
"But our hearts are warm and light."

"Daughter dear," the mother said,  
"Put this blanket around you,  
For there's a desperate storm abroad tonight,  
And you'll catch your death of cold."

"Oh no, oh no," the daughter said, and laughed.  
"Like a Gypsy queen  
To ride with a blanket muffled up  
I never could be seen."

"My silken coat it is enough,  
It is lined throughout and out;  
Besides, I have a silken scarf  
To tie my neck about."

Her cloak and bonnet soon were on.  
She stepped into the sleigh,  
And away over hills and mountains went,  
And over hills and away.

"Such a night," said Charlotte, "I never knew;  
These lines I can scarcely hold."  
Then Charlotte uttered these few words:  
"I'm growing very cold."


"This ice," says Charlotte, "is freezing fast;  
It is gathering on my brow."  
Then Charlotte uttered these few words:  
"I'm growing warmer now."

He drove up to the tavern door,  
Then jumped out and said,  
"Why sit you there like a monument?  
Surely you are not dead?"

He asked her once, he asked her twice,  
He asked her three times o'er.  
He took her by her hands—  
"Oh, God, they are cold, to warm no more."

He twined his arms around her neck,  
He kissed her marble brow.  
His thoughts flew back to where she said,  
"I'm growing warmer now."

'Twas there he knelt down by her side,  
And the bitter tears did flow,  
Saying, "Oh, behold my blooming bride  
That I shall never, never know!"



BALLAD

"Young Charlotte"

During my collecting of Folklore, I called one afternoon on Mrs. Abbie Geyer who lives in Newcastle, Maine. She repeated this old ballad to me and told me that her father has many, many times recited it to her and her little sister while they were preparing for bed. She and her sister would sit and cry when he came to the part where Young Charlotte froze to death. She said she hadn't thought of it for years until recently she ran across it in a recent Portland Press Herald newspaper. Mrs. Geyer is in her 70th year, but has a very keen memory and tells her tales in a very humorous manner.

Mrs Abbie Geyer (Newcastle Me.)

Permission to use by Mr. Ives.

Newcastle  
Portland

LOCAL LEGENDS

This legend was told to me by my mother-in-law who is a life long resident of the town in which it happened.

(The Tale of Old Mis Lee)

The following tale of many years ago, are actual facts regarding the happenings in the life of old Mis Lee, who claimed to be a witch.

She lived in a small one room shack in the rural section of a town in Lincoln County, Maine.

At Halloween and as the long evenings came in the fall; the boys of the neighborhood would meet at Mis Lee's hut, knock at the door, tap on the window panes, and other wise attract the attention of the old woman by singing;

Ole Mis Lee clim a tree  
Had a stick to boost her,  
Hit her tail against a rail  
And t'ght it was a rooster.

Then the boys would scamper away, as she would don a long black cape and with a broom stick would chase the culprits off.

For several years the boys kept up the playful pranks on the old woman, just to hear her many ejaculations and promising to bewitch the whole gang. A few years later Mis Lee moved into another larger hut in a different section of that town.

She was still pestered by rougish youngsters, and they too sang the same old ditty. Finally one night in a howling Nor'ster (snow storm) which rattled the doors and windows of her hut.

Mis Lee imagined the noise was being made by the boys out-

Lincoln



side, singing the hat~~ed~~ song. So wrapping the witch cape about her and with a broom stick in hand, she rushed out into the blizzard. She wandered about in the darkness and cold, evidently thinking she was returning home wandered in the opposite direction and thus became lost in the blinding storm.

The woman at last was so exhausted she fell and perished in the drifting snow. Several days later her frozen body was found by searching neighbors.

After that whenever a blustering snow storm came, the white apparition of a woman could be seen in the whirling storm and the wind whistling through the trees seemed to chant;

Ole Mis Lee clim a tree  
Had a stick to boost her,  
Hit her tail against a rail  
And t'ght it was a rooster.

The old road has long ~~since~~ been abandoned yet it is referred to this day as Witch Hill, where Mis Lee's body was found.

Jennie B. Somes  
No. Edgecomb, Maine

This legend has been handed down for the past 125 years.

LOCAL LEGENDS

This is said to be an actual fact and happened many years ago in the town of Wiscasset, Maine.

A schooner was in dock here at Wiscasset, Maine. The Captain arrived this day all ready for the voyage. As he was about to go aboard he met a flock of rats leaving the ship and he absolutely refused to go on the ship. People laughed at him because he said it was a bad sign when rats abandon ship. He said, "The ship will never return back to port."

The ship finally sailed without this captain and it was never heard from again.

James R. Bragg

No. Edgecomb, Maine

This was told to Bragg by an old sea captain who declares it was an actual fact.

*Here is a superstition that has become a story -*

*Wiscasset  
North Edgecomb*

## LOCAL LEGENDS

This episode took place in a small fishing village on the coast of Maine.

John was sent by his wife down to the wharf to fetch a fish for dinner. In this stage of life schooners were always going and coming from the West Indies with their cargo of rum. On this particular day a schooner was already to sail from this wharf for the Indies and John was asked to go.

John, who was very fond of rum and sea travel boarded the schooner and returned eight years later with barrels of rum and the fish.

A. Geyer Newcastle, M

( confidential )

Mrs. Geyes tells me that her grandfather has told her this fish story many, many, times.

The story of the man who sets out on an errand and returns eight (or some other figure) years later is well-known. See Hawthorne's story "Wakefield"

West Indies  
Newcastle

*There's a mitch on this one: It goes home, finds the teat still sewed there — and he finds!*

34  
360 34

#### LOCAL LEGENDS

One of my friends mother gave me these two stories while making a call on her one afternoon. She is a very humorous person, and I think a good story teller.

#### "The Peddler"

In the early 1800's it was the custom to sell products from door to door by horse cart. This little tale is of a butcher who sold meat from his cart through small neighboring towns of Maine. He was very careless of his general appearance, that is his fly was always unbuttoned.

One woman where he called with his products was always calling his attention to this fact by saying, "Flies out today." One day as he was butchering a cow he carefully cut off one of the cow's teats, and as the day came to sell the meat he sewed the teat to the fly of his pants. The woman as usual noticed the fly opened and said, "Flies out today." Taking his knife from his pocket and pulling the teat from the fly of his pants, he said, "Got no use for that dam thing" he cut the teat off and threw it on the floor. The woman was so stunned and shocked she fainted dead away and never did come to.

A. Geyer (Newcast  
Me  
(confidential)

Mrs Geyer said this local legend she has heard many times during her life.

*Newcastle*

## "DESTINY of DEATH"

Of the twenty-nine shipyards which were definitely identified in the great era of shipbuilding on the Damariscotta River, in Maine, one was operated by a partnership of two influential men, Elbridge Norris and Benjamin Metcalf. These were very active and built many fine ships. In 1875 the yard was still operating and Metcalf had died. A large and beautiful ship was contemplated and built on the ways and named for Mr. Norris who had become old and was in failing health. This ship was to be the crowning glory of his life. The Gala day arrived for the launching. Mr. Norris who was confined to his bed asked to moved near to the window that he might view this big event. The block were knocked out all preparations made for a spectacular send off. Whistles blew, bands played, and people gathered from miles around, but the ship would not budge. The men worked and worked and did every thing possible but still the ship wouldn't go. Mr. Norris who was so greatly disappointed said, "Take me back to my bed for as long as the namesake lives the boat will not move."

Mr. Norris died that night. The next day the boat went into the water with hardly a touch. The Norris goes into commission after 10 years. Captain John Barstow took his family and started with a load of coal from Philadelphia to Spain and was never heard from again.

Harold W. Castner (Damariscotta Me.)

Damariscotta R  
Pemaquid  
Spain  
Damariscotta

"THE EARTHQUAKE"

360 36 31

LOCAL LEGENDS

One afternoon I called on a Mr. Harold Castner, of Damariscotta, Maine whom I thought could supply me with some folklore. In talking I asked if he knew of any local legends, and he told me several.

The old original Thomas Gay's Grocery store of Newcastle, Maine was the scene of this episode about 60 years ago.

Men used to congregate at the store evenings, spin yarns, talk about the weather etc. There was a Charles E. Hall who never missed an evening. The men used to tease and tell him wild stories and he didn't know whether to believe them or not.

Charles knew one of the clerks who worked at the store by the name of Phineas, whom he thought he could trust. So he asked him to settle a question they were arguing about.

Phineas said, "he didn't know much about the weather, but he said, "I'll tell you one thing I will bet any one here a dollar bill that next Tuesday we will have an earthquake."

Now Charles who was a very saving man and counted his pennies pretty close said he would take Phineas up on his bet.

Now the men had this all planned to get their friends to swear that there certainly was an earthquake on that day and it did quite a lot of damage. Whenever any one of these men met Charles after Tuesday they ~~was~~ <sup>were</sup> to ask him how he survived

Damariscotta  
Newcastle

## LOCAL LEGENDS

the quake. He said, He didn't know there was any quake. Now, the men did so much talking that they made him really believe that there was one. Poor Charles lost his dollar and died ingorant of the fact.

Harold Castner.

Damariscotta, Maine

Mr. Castner tells me that these local legends he has told to me, he has heard all his life first from his grandfather and than his father. Mr. Castner's father was Edward Castner now deceased who for years owned a hardware store in Damariscotta, Maine.

*Damariscotta*

LOCAL LEGENDS

38  
360 38

Jack Burns and his wife Goldie lived in Nobleboro, Maine. One evening they were entertaining a couple who lived in the Burnses' back yard in a trailer. They were joking and telling stories and having a good time when Jack said, "Now, if anything should happen to me I shall return as a dandelion, right out there on the lawn and I will sit right up and look at you every day. Jack died very shortly after. And there appeared a big dandelion right on the lawn. No matter how many times the lawn was mowed the dandelion still appeared. The couple in the trailer being a bit superstitious moved away.

Harold Castner

Damariscotta, Maine

Mr. Castner told that Goldie, Jack's wife told this to him. It happened over 10 years ago.

"Joseph in Egypt"

Back Meadow is a part of the town of Damariscotta, Maine located in Lincoln County and was settled in the 1700's by Anthony Chapman and family. Anthony had 400 great-grand children and several of his own. One day he missed his son Joseph, and asked, "Where has Joseph gone?" the reply was, "That he has gone to Egypt to plant corn." This is how Egypt, Maine got its name.

Harold Castner (Damariscotta)  
Me.

Mr. Castner's grandfather was a Chapman and told this to him.

Back Meadow Nobleboro.  
Lincoln Co  
Egypt Damariscotta



## LOCAL LEGENDS

A man by the name of Zina Oliver and his mother lived together on a small farm in the town of Bremen, Maine.

This town borders Damariscotta, Maine in Lincoln, County. One day Zina's mother told him never to mow a certain patch of land. For if you do when I die I shall come back and call on you. For a long time after the mother died Zina never mowed this patch, but after a while he forgot and started to mow the grass. He broke his scythe, got another and that one broke. Finally he got a man with a mowing machine and that broke. That patch of land could never be mowed. No matter how many times he tried, the machinery would always break. Finally he gave it up.

Harold Castner

Damariscotta, Maine

Mr. Castner tell me that this legend is true and that he has heard it repeated many times during his life.

Bremen  
Damariscotta  
Lincoln County

## LOCAL LEGENDS

## "Witches Rock"

In Damariscotta Maine there is a cemetery near what is known as Round Top. There is a path close by called Tufts Run that leads to a large rock. The Chapmans who were the first settlers of this town, have always claimed that they would hear noises whenever they went near this place that sounded like hoofs of running horses. This has always aroused much curiosity, and to this day people are eager to visit the spot.

Harold Castner

Damariscotta, Maine

Mr. Castner who told me this said, "I have never visited this spot but I certainly am this summer."

- Damariscotta

LOCAL LEGEND

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360 41

THE MARBLE STATUE

Captain Samuel Austin was a prosperous sea captain who lived in Newcastle, Maine. He had several children the eldest of these was Artell. His daughter Martha A. married the famous Colonel Joshua Lincoln, who was afflicted with syphilis and married against her parents wishes thus the curse of the Lincoln Family.

Artell became a successful sea captain and married Hannah C. Leighton in 1847, who went to sea with her husband. A little daughter was born 4 years later 1851, named Mary Weild Austin. Captain Austin was over joyed and showered all his affection on this child. While at sea the little girl died. Captain Austin was broken hearted and made arrangements to have the body brought and buried at the family lot at Damariscotta Mills, Maine. Captain Austin said, "If we have another little girl she shall be named Mary Weild 2nd." Two years later 1853 a little girl was born and named Mary Weild the 2nd. The father was over joyed, and two years later 1855 another little girl was born named Georgia Homans Austin. These two little girls were normal and most robust and the family continued to remain at sea. Mary Weild 2nd became ill and died. A great shock and loss. Georgia seemed destined to survive, but 5 years later at the age of 6 years she became ill and died, thus breaking the heart of Captain Austin. He had previously had a daguerreotype made of her while in France showing the little girl standing holding her

Newcastle  
Damariscotta Mills  
France

doll. Captain Austin went to Rome and engaged a noted sculptor to make a marble statue of little Georgia. The daguerreotype was change to show her kneeling in prayer. This required about two years to make, so Austin sailed away on his missions. Captain Austin was sailing under the Dutch flag when in the English Channel he collided with a British ship and charges were held against him and he was detained in a British prison. Captain Austin became ill and sent for his mate Captain Frank Smithwick. On Smithwicks arrival he found Austin in very low spirits and ill health. After much deliberation Captain Austin was denied a pardon. He called Captain Smithwick and asked him to grant his two requests. He pleaded with him to go to Rome and get the statue of little Georgia and the remains, take them to the family lot in Newcastle, Maine and if he died his remains to be taken back to his native country. Austin died in a British prison. Captain Smithwick went to Rome got the statue and remains and sailed for America. Today, in the Lincoln Cemetery At Damariscotta Mills, Maine there stands the magnificent white marble statue of little Georgia.

Harold W. Castner

Damariscotta, Maine.

Italy  
English Chan  
Newcastle  
Damariscotta M.

(continued)

THE MARBLE STATUE

The following epitaph is on the statue of little Georgia.

Gentle Jesus meek and mild  
Look upon a little child,  
Pity my simplicity  
Suffer me to come to thee.

Tain I would to thee be brought  
Gracious Lord forbid me not  
To the kingdom of thy Grace  
Suffer me to have a place.

Mr. Harold Castner tells me that through research and personal records given to him by his grand-father and his father has told him many times this one particular local legend. In relating these stories he takes the attitude of walking back and forth, smokes a cigarette now and then.

He would say, "I don't know where to begin I have so many to tell. I knowing the generation of Lincolns now in this area, made me more interest@dgin this legend.

Harold W. Castner Damariscotta Me.

*Damariscotta*

## (continued) THE MARBLR STATUE

One afternoon I started out with one place in mind that of the Lincoln Cemetery. I was most eager to visit this place after hearing the local legend of The Marble Statue. This snapshot: I was very happy to be able to get and this one afternoon will never leave my memory.

Gladys K. Somes

North Edgecomb, Maine

photo fell off  
page 12/96 -  
separately, accessions

Georgia Homans Austin  
Died Sept 26, 1861

North Edgecomb

## "THE BEAR FIELD"

John Cunningham appears to have the owner of land in the town of Edgecomb, Maine previous to 1763, as in that he sold land to John Moore and Daniel Scott. He made a home here and was known as "Giant John." Between the present location of this house and the river are traces of two old cellars, one near the water and the other and the other half-way up the hill toward the present site. I have been told that the main part of this house was first built on the upper one of these two cellars about 1770, probably by John Cunningham, and later moved up the hill to where it now stands. It is said that Giant John and some others captured a bear down near the river and undertook to lead him up to a point nearer the house, John went ahead leading the bear by a rope attached to a hind leg so as to protect the leader. On the way up, those behind had a little fun by slacking up on the rope until the bear was snapping at the heels of Giant John. His cry of "Hold back on that bear" has been remembered for years.

Mrs. Raymond Thomas.

This has been told to Mrs. Thomas by her uncle, no deceased many times on her visits with him. I asked another old settler if they new the legend of the bear field and the answer was "yes."

Edgecomb

## LOCAL LEGEND

In the field now owned by Drummond Giles of Edgecomb, Maine there about one hundred sixty years ago, two slate gravestones standings. About that time the owner of the land moved these stones from where they were and leaned them against the stone wall so the land could be plowed and cultivated. Afterward they were broken and have disappeared. All we are sure of now is that the name Huff was on each of the two. It is thought that they marked the graves of a James Huff and his wife. They are said to have had three daughters, possibly other children. One of the girls married a "Ham", and one married a "Bacon". The third said she should never marry unless she could have the whole hog, and she never did.

Mrs Raymond Thomas

(Summer residence) North Edgecomb, Maine

Mrs Thomas whose summer home is here in Edgecomb, Maine tells me this is a very old, old, legend her grand-mother who brought her up has told her this many times and she lived to be 98 years of ago.

Edgecomb  
North Edgecomb



BIOGRAPHIES OF INFORMANTS

Biographies

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360 48

Scott Schley Somes- 1898 was born in Edgecomb, Maine. Attended town schools and Lincoln Academy at Newcastle Maine. He spent several years at sea as an oiler. Later returned to Edgecomb, took up farming and carpentering which are now his chief occupations. He is a good impersonator of humorous tales.

Mrs. Doris Philbrick Kimball- my mother was born in Edgecomb, Maine 1888 age 72. Attended schools in Waldoboro. Then married and lived in Boothbay and Boothbay Harbor for several years as a housewife. In 1921 moved to Newcastle, Maine where for 25 years was a sales lady in Senter's Department Store in Damariscotta, Maine. Now retired and is living at Newcastle. She didn't have much in folklore to offer only the one song she has sung to me so many times when I was a child.

Mrs. Abbie Hanna Geyer- 1885 was born in New Harbor Maine. Here she spent her childhood and married life. Her grandfather was a sea faring man. After the death of her husband over 20 years ago she has made her home with her daughter in Newcastle, Maine. Abbie is a very humorous person and a good story teller.

New Harbor  
Damariscotta  
Edgecomb  
Newcastle  
Waldoboro  
Boothbay  
Boothbay Harbor

Biographies

Mrs Jennie B. Somes-is my mother-in-law was born in Bethel, Maine 1873. At an early age came with her parents to Edgecomb, Maine. During married life she was a housewife, but at the death of her husband became a school teacher for 15 years, teaching in Maine and Florida. Since retiring she has been at her old home in Edgecomb. Her memories of legends, old sayings, remedies and cures are many and varied at the age of 86.

James R. Bragg - 1879 was born in Edgecomb, Maine. In early life he was a farmer, taking a course in Marine engineering became Chief Engineer on ocean going tugs for 30 years serving on the Great Lakes and Alaska. Now he has retired and lives alone in Edgecomb, Maine. He is a good story teller of sea yarns.

Harold W. Castner- 1888 was born in Damariscotta, Maine. A native born son. Attended schools in Damariscotta, and Lincoln Academy, Newcastle. All his life he has had a hobby of history and has accumulated a tremendous record of local and Maine history. He teaches Maine and local history with out pay at the grade schools in his home town. He is a excellent story teller very sincere when telling his tales. He walks back and forth smokes his cigarette and exclaims, "I don't know where to begin there is so much to tell." He is a historical of local renown.

Alaska Bethel  
Damariscotta Edgecomb  
Newcastle Florida  
Great Lake

## BIOGRAPHIES

Mrs. Raymond Thomas - born in Edgecomb, Maine 1912, age 48. Attended local schools here and is a graduate of Lincoln Academy, Newcastle, Maine and Bryant Straton Business College, Boston Mass. Since her graduation from college she has served as secretary at Thompson's Academy Thompson's Island Boston. In 1935 she married Raymond Thomas, and has one son James Ryan.

Edgecomb  
Newcastle  
Boston Mass

My Evaluation

The three coastal towns included in my folklore area are rich in old sayings, remedies, and especially so in local legends. The folklore is of a strong regional quality although many of the smaller items are universal throughout the section.

I found the most difficult to obtain were tall tales and to accumulate old sayings.

My contact with Harold Castner, a local historian, was extremely educational and interesting.

I find note taking most helpful in the fact that it refreshed my memory as I proceed to rewrite the details of each subject. Visiting the location of the place where the legend occurred many years ago, brings about a clearer and better understanding of the legend itself.

One suggestion I might offer would be to <sup>to</sup> contact the narrator of needed material.

Gladys K. Somes

( North Edgecomb, Maine)

*North Edgecomb*