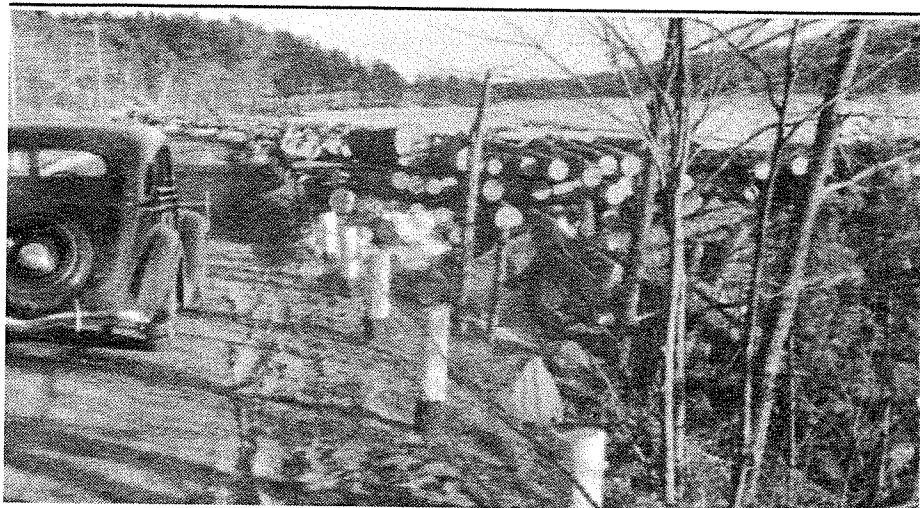


# Waterford Echoes

VOLUME XI Number 2 (Issue 28)

Summer 1998

Waterford Historical Society



This snapshot was taken in March, 1939, showing the "Hurricane timber" along Bear Pond. Acres of logs from the fallen timber filled the area and colored the pond, according to an attached note from Miriam Monroe to Margaret Werner.

## Warren House tour draws 60

by Chloe McIntire Colby

The Samuel Warren house, built in 1788 in a part of Waterford known as "Old Rowley," was the site of the September meeting of the Society. More than 60 people took advantage of this rare opportunity to see the architecturally significant home. As they drove up Greene Road from North Waterford on a dirt road lined with woods on either side, the large, foursquare center-chimneyed house suddenly loomed out of the trees. Across the road is a smaller Cape Cod house, built about the same time by Thomas Greene.

Marjorie Kimball and Mary Andrews opened the program with a skit depicting two housewives of Rowley, Mass. in the late 1780s. They were afraid that their husbands might join the group of men being recruited by Lt. Thomas Greene, who planned to go into an unsettled part of Maine where land was available for 50 cents an acre. "Nothing there but woods and Indians!" the women said. Greene was successful in persuading 14 families to buy land in what is now Waterford. The neighborhood they built was named for the town from which they came.

Marjorie Kimball described the few traces of the settlement which survive, including three houses: the Samuel Warren House; the Thomas Greene/Richard Kimball house; and the Jewett/Gage/McAllister/Andrews house, where Mary Andrews (Mrs. Richard) now lives. Names of other pioneers are found on the Warren "History of Waterford, Maine, 1775-1875," Warren Brook, Jewett Pond (one of the Five Kezars), the Chaplin Map, Plummer Hill, Greene Road, and the Saunders study at North Waterford Church.

Roger "Skip" Greene discussed the early his-

tory of the Warren family, including several marriages "across the road" between offspring of the Warren and Greene families. Mary Andrews told how, in the 1930s, a Warren family member that was on the faculty of Sarah Lawrence College persuaded six other faculty members there to buy old houses in the Rowley neighborhood as summer residences.

For many years, the Warren House, occupied by Constance Warren (Aunt Con) and her sister, Dorothy Warren Andrews, was the social center of the area. Many in the audience remembered the two elderly sisters and visits to the Warren home. The farm which surrounded the house was in operation well into the twentieth century.

Stanley Malcolm, Ph.D., a descendant of the Greene family, made the trip from Connecticut to attend the meeting. His recollections added many interesting details to the discussion and sparked memories in the audience.

Bea Fitts, granddaughter of Elizabeth Warren Greene, brought Elizabeth's gray silk wedding gown for all to see. In perfect condition, the hand sewn dress with long, pointed, caped sleeves and full train showed that in Waterford in 1860, a bride could be in style.

The group toured the house from entry to attic and enjoyed refreshments in the kitchen. The kitchen is the original structure, completed in 1789. The rest of the house, built over several years, was finished in 1798. Although it has been robbed of its antiques and early furnishings, the layout and rooms are still beautiful, and the hand-built structure is a marvel to modern eyes. The house is now owned and maintained by descendants of the Warren and Greene families.

## Witness to History

### Ann Sargent Gage - Part 3

By William A. Wheeler III

*This is the third installment of "Ann Sargent Gage: — Witness to History." She was the illegitimate daughter of one of Boston's most prominent men, Daniel Sargent. At age 14 she was considered to be too much of a social liability to the Sargent family. Daniel consulted his minister, William Emerson (father of Ralph Waldo), who conceived a plan to rid Boston and the Sargent family of the scandal. Three of Emerson's four sisters (Mary Moody Emerson, Phebe E. Ripley and Rebecca E. Haskins), lived in Waterford. The idea was that removing the child to the then quite distant area of Western Maine would, in effect, obliterate the memory of the scandal. In February, 1808, in the middle of the night, Nancy Brown (as she was called then) was spirited away from Dorchester in a sleigh to Waterford. The final act of concealment and personal insult was the requirement that she change her name to Ann Brewer. She was taken in and raised by Waterford's first Congregational minister and his wife, Rev. Lincoln & Phebe Ripley, and was befriended by Mary Moody Emerson (MME).*

Elizabeth Palmer Peabody was as significant an influence on Ann Sargent Gage and her children as was Mary Moody Emerson. EPP was a constant collector of acquaintances and spent much time cross-fertilizing these friends' ideas. She was, in today's vernacular, a "busy body." Her brother-in-law, Nathaniel Hawthorne, suggested that the best thing EPP could do for her fellow man was to leave them alone. He was even harsher when he wrote "the conjugal relation is one which God never meant you to share and which apparently did not give you the instinct to understand." Why then would ASG want to have a friend such as EPP? Miss Peabody was a true friend when Ann really needed one. Elizabeth's mother recognized that EPP was equally desirous of a friend. In a letter to her daughter, "Tell your new and justly admired friends, the Gages, that I think your introduction to them one of the happiest events of your life, and that I think you now, the richest in friends of any

*Continued on center spread*

## Civil War info needed

The Waterford History Society is assembling information about men who served from Waterford in the Civil War. If you have family stories, letters, diaries, photos, uniforms, weapons, etc., please contact Chloe Colby at 6234 Eagles Lake Dr., Cincinnati, OH 45248 or call 513-598-6933. E-mail is 73737.3660@compuserve.com

# In Memoriam

**Robert L. Fraser**, 68, entrepreneur, businessman and **life member of the Society**, died Aug. 23, at his summer residence in Waterford Flat. He was a resident of Boca Raton, Fla. He was born in Rumford on Aug. 23, 1930, the son of Emile and Marie (Curran) Fraser. He graduated from Mexico High School in 1948, Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., in 1953, and Harvard Business School, Cambridge, in 1955. He served with the U.S. Navy from July 1955 to Nov. 1958 when he was discharged as a Lieutenant. He was founder and President of Conference Call USA, Inc. from which he retired in early 1997. He was married in Boston, Mass., in 1997, to Penny Peet-Fraser of New York City. He is survived by his wife; four sons, Robert and Ronald of Worcester, Mass., Richard of Hopkinton, Mass., and Russell of Shrewsbury, Mass.; three daughters, Rosemary Ford and Renee Johnson of Worcester, Mass. and Rita Marie Atkinson of Hopkinton, Mass.; two stepdaughters, Amanda and Alisa Peet of New York City; two brothers, James of Johns Island, S.C., and Thomas of Appleton, Wis.; and 12 grandchildren. He was predeceased by his first wife, Rita, and his second wife, Sheena, a life member of the Society. He is buried in Elm Vale Cemetery.



**Robert Fraser**



**Albert Rice**

**Albert H. Rice**, 83, of Waterford, a **life member of the Society**, died on Monday, Sept. 7 at the Stephens Memorial Hospital. He was born on Oct. 24, 1914 the son of George H. and Helen Hamlin Rice. He was a graduate of Bridgton Academy in 1932. He served in the U.S. Army during World War II. He worked as a dairy farmer and also worked on the Waterford town road crew. He was a member of the Swinging Bears Square Dance Club, Maine Farm Bureau, Farmers Draft Horse Club and attended Waterford Congregational Church. He is survived by two brothers, Charles H. of South Paris, and Richard F. of Waterford; a sister, Rachel Deans of So. Portland; eight nieces and nephews; several grandnieces, nephews and cousins. He is buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

**Theodore (Ted) H. Howe**, 84, of Waterford, died Monday evening, June 15, at his home. Born at Waterford, April 5, 1914, the son of Harold and Mildred Heath Howe, he owned and operated a saw mill and lumber business. During World War II, Mr. Howe was a first class machinist at the Portsmouth Naval Shipyard, building a home and living in the Kittery area. In 1945 he and his wife moved back to Waterford where they spent the rest of their lives raising two children. He served as chairman of the school board, a Waterford selectman and Chief of Police. He also served as an Oxford County Deputy Sheriff and as a court officer in Superior Court. After semi-retirement, he worked at Sanborn Machine as a machinist. Mr. Howe was a past master of Mt. Tiram Lodge 132, AF & AM and was a member of the Order of the Eastern Star. He married Alice Brown on May 26, 1934. She died Feb. 3, 1996. Survivors include his mother, who is 101 years old; one son, Robert of Spanaway, Wash.; one daughter, Cynthia Littlefield of Rochester, N.H.; two sisters, June Starbird of Waterford and Jean Grover of East Bethel; one brother, Paul (Bill) of Norway; five grandchildren; nine great-grandchildren; and several nieces and nephews. He is buried in Elm Vale Cemetery.



**Alice Marr**

**Alice K. Marr**, 97, of South Waterford, died June 4, at the Market Square Rehabilitation and Healthcare Center in South Paris. Born at Norway, Sept. 20, 1900, the daughter of Warner and Nellie Lord Kneeland, she attended school at South Waterford. Mrs. Marr had worked in her younger days at Morse Orchards and Camp Kokosing. She married Earl L. Marr on May 2, 1919. He died in 1983. They had four children and lived at their homestead at South Waterford for 74 years where they raised produce for the local canneries. She was a member of the South Waterford Grange. Survivors include a son Earl L. Jr. of Rumford; two daughters, Mary Andrews of North Waterford and Ann Forrest of Kissimmee, Fla.; 16 grandchildren; four stepgrandchildren; 40 great-grandchildren; 15 great-great-grandchildren; and several nieces and nephews. She is buried in Elm Vale Cemetery.

**Ida M. Kimball**, 92, of Waterford, widow of Ober W. Kimball, died July 14, at the Norway Rehabilitation and Living Center. Born at Fannington, Aug. 25, 1905, the daughter of Mae Luce and John P. Moore, she was a graduate of Fannington High School and Mid-State College, formerly the Maine School of Commerce. In 1930 Mrs. Kimball married Ober Whitcomb Kimball. He died at Gainesville, Fla. in 1979. She was a retired teacher and taught in the schools of Rangeley, Fannington and Waterville. After retiring from Waterville in 1955, she moved to Waterford and continued her teaching at Oxford Hills High School until she retired in 1965. Mrs. Kimball was a member of the Waterford Congregational Church, a past matron of the former Keoka Chapter, OES, 12, a member of Oxford Chapter 168, OES, Norway, the Waterford Historical Society and the National, State and County Teachers Association. She was a member of other social activities locally and at Ivesness, Fla., where Mr. Kimball and she spent the winter months for 20 years. Survivors include two sons, Arthur O. of Williamsburg, Va., and Richard L. of Norway; one granddaughter, Jennifer Lynn Kimball of Jefferson; and one sister, Ruth E. Moore of Norway. She is buried in Elm Vale Cemetery.

**Manley H. Kimball**, 72, of North Waterford, died July 19, at Stephens Memorial Hospital. Born at Waterford, May 28, 1926, the son of Donald and Leah Hobson Kimball, he was educated in Waterford schools. Mr. Kimball was a self employed concrete contractor until 1979. He served as Chief of Police for Waterford and town constable for Stoneham. He was an active member of the Blue Knights American Legion Post 81 of Bethel and a member of the Sportsman's Alliance of Maine. Survivors include two daughters, Rhonda Kimball Haney of North Waterford and Serena Wilson of Thomaston; four sons, Bruce of Bridgton, Rick of Tampa, Fla., Dick of Conway, N.H., and Michael Damer of Rice Lake, Wisc.; seven grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.



**Manley Kimball**

# President's Column

The educational outreach of the Old Town House got off to a great start when Tony Waldeier's fifth grade class, dressed in old fashioned costumes, crowded through the front doors. The girls crammed into the corner desk on the women's side and the boys scuffled to sit at the desks on the men's side.

This is an age group that separates the sexes by preference, but this time, they were following the seating tradition of an old fashioned town meeting. Sawin Millett, former selectman of Waterford, led them in a lively mock debate about funding a school in the Flat. The boys and the girls spoke for and against the warrant, voted it down and had an experience they won't forget.

Some of the same children rode on our Fourth of July Float in the Waterford parade. My thanks to all who helped to make the float "fun" for the children and a special thanks to the good Samaritan who went home to get us some two by fours to display David Sanderson's antique flags on the float.

Two new members to the Board of Trustees — DOTTIE BELL will serve as assistant Program Director. Her family lives on Bell Road, off Blackguard Road. Dottie teaches at the Waterford Elementary School as a reading specialist. BESS DEWING is our new secretary. She is no stranger to the Historical Society. Her late husband, Dr. Stephen Dewing, was president of the Society in 1975-76. Before his poor health, they lived at the old Baker House on Baker Hill in South Waterford. She now lives in Norway and has a summer camp on McWain Pond.

The Society had a display at the Waterford School Reunion on August 16th at the World's Fair. Many of the items were from the collection of David Sanderson including a working clock from the Temple Hill school. The reunion

itself was well attended and David was able to present five "missing" report cards that his grandmother Minnie Sanderson, was unable to give to the fall term of her class of 1928. The students were Agnes Lahti, Virginia Tyler, Barbara Fillebrown, Margaret Morse and John Hubbard. All three society buildings were open for the returning alumni. Many history books and maps were sold and the display allowed for sharing memories.

The Program Committee is finding people "volunteering" to give presentations or suggesting other speakers and topics. The meetings this summer have been recorded on tape and thanks to Chloe Colby, the summer programs have been wonderful. Fifty-seven people attended the August dinner meeting held at the Society Hall to hear Bart Hague's talk "David McWain — The Man and His Property from the Frontier to the Present." Marjorie Kimball and Mary Andrews teamed up to present a program about the North Waterford area named after the town of Rowley, Massachusetts. The meeting was held in the beautiful historic Warren house on Green Street and it was like stepping back into time.

To expedite the running of the society and involve more people, several new committees have been formed. The Buildings and Grounds Committee repainted the interior of the Old Town House and will turn its attention to the needs of the North Waterford building. Now that we have three buildings, the Collections Committee is faced with what goes where. Curator Nancy Marcotte has a clear-cut plan of attack that includes moving file cabinets out of the way, getting the Waterford Hall cleaned, decorating the Town House with paintings and photos, planning new dis-

plays and cataloging the collection. Of increased importance is an oral history collection.

The Education/Outreach Committee will plan school tours, produce a traveling display about the society, place framed art work into public buildings of Waterford and plan the Fourth of July Float.

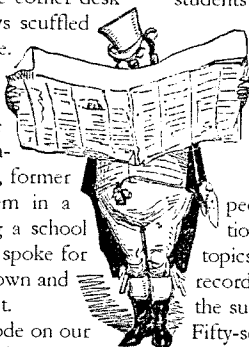
The Finance and Investment Committee will actively recruit sponsors and acknowledge contributions in the newsletter.

The Membership Committee is discussing fund-raisers for next summer that will be of educational enrichment and fun for the entire family. Postcards of Waterford, updated maps and Society gift items will be produced for sale. A membership drive is needed to try to regain those members we have lost and to "shake the family trees" for the next generation of historians.

The Committee of Volunteers is the most important committee of all. These are the people who can be called upon to provide short-term services that are so needed: provide flowers for meetings, help with hospitality and clean-up, transport older members to meetings, help with work or garden days or serve as tour guides for the annual open house or at the Town House for a few hours a week.

The increased activity in the Society is attracting new interest and new interest means new members, but it is my sincere desire that new members join because we are known as a caring group — one interested in fellowship and sharing. The knowledge about our town is out there in people's heads and in their attics. We are need to "glean it" in a supportive way and turn it into cohesive blocks of history for the generations that don't remember, but need to know.

Vivian Fisher Fanton



## Waterford Echoes

Vol. XV Number 2 Issue 28 Summer 1998

The Waterford Historical Society newsletter is published to benefit its membership. The Society, founded in 1965, is a non-profit Corporation created for the purpose of preserving and making available to persons interested, any and all historical and other material that shall be deemed valuable and worthy of preservation, in an effort to perpetuate for this and future generations, events, customs and traditions of local history, past, present and future, and to make possible the diffusion of such knowledge.

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### MEMBERSHIP CLASSIFICATION

Life member	\$150.00
Annual	\$10.00
Annual - Seniors (65 & over)	\$3.00

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P.O. Box 201  
Waterford ME 04088

# Ann Sargent Gage

(continued from front page)

being I know."

Moreover, EPP assured that ASG and her children were introduced to the best books and intellects of the time. EPP sent ASG all of Margaret Fuller's writings and correspondence so that ASG could benefit from Fuller's more liberated views. EPP was constantly recommending authors to ASG. When Ann could not get copies of the suggested books, EPP would loan them. When the majority of the Gage children went to Boston for advanced schooling, EPP made sure that they boarded with the most stimulating of families, either staying with EPP, her mother or with her sister, Mrs. Mary (Horace) Mann. Through EPP the children were frequent guests at the Hawthornes, Alcotts and the RW Emersons.

What then did Ann Sargent bring to the relationship between MME, EPP and herself? Besides being a friend to both she played three other roles:

- 1) Both of these domineering women had to have someone to nurture and to give solace. It is almost as if ASG brought out some latent maternal instinct in them.
- 2) Ann gave an opportunity for both intellectuals to expand their expressive skills by virtue of her poetic prowess.
- 3) Ann was the even-tempered mediator between these two titans of tyranny. MME and EPP were constantly at each other.

On one occasion, EPP accused MME of taking her reading glasses since she could not find them (they were left at ASG's house). In a letter to Ann, EPP takes affront at MME's "mode of dealing with me." MME writes to Ann, "No wonder you might have been disgusted with my improper treatment of Miss E P, the scurrilous pest." And, in the ultimate of hedging confidentiality, she then suggests that Ann "burn this information for she may yet be a redeemed saint."

Each protagonist would write and send out to Ann olive branches which they knew that Ann would pass on to the other. For example, EPP writes about MME, "She is an extraordinary creature. I think I never received a greater impression of her genius." And then, in a backhanded compliment, EPP concludes "the plough share of experience never seems to have broken the wild beauty of her character. I love her though she does stick hard things into all tender places."

On yet another happenstance, it is revealing how discussions in the parlor at Rydal Mount might have occurred. In this particular circumstance, EPP had read a private letter addressed to her sister, Mary Mann, and was taken to task. In an attempt at self-justification, EPP writes "If I were to tell Mr. Alcott that you read a letter in the above circumstances, he would consider it the evidence of a pure and exalted mind, which had centered into the region of the universal. But if I were to tell Mr. (Horace) Mann the same thing, he would tell me to take care of my purse, for a person who would do that, would break any commandment of the decalogue. I, on the other hand, should entirely disagree with both these judgements, and have another view of the matter, namely, that I had a very strong willfulness which I chose to have guide (me) in all the common affairs of life that this little caprice was the development of my love of knowledge."

This dialogue represents the Transcendental

thought process — take the accumulated wisdom of others and then annunciate your own thoughts, which is a synthesis of other views and your own additional thoughts, whether arrived at inductively or deductively. EPP came up with the most succinct description of the Transcendental thought process when, in crossing the Boston Common, she ran smack-dab into a tree. She said, "I saw the tree, but did not realize it."

It is instructive to follow ASG's thought process as she rationalizes the Civil War. Her thought process starts 2 days after the fall of Fort Sumter: "I have thought and said, we could not in prayer, get above or beyond Thy Kingdom come — but I think now it is worse to say, Father forgive them for they know not what they do." Five days later



she lays out the whole dilemma and her conclusion; "I was never so puzzled, in such a maze of thought, as that which often overtakes me now. But can you believe that war is right? Then again, can you withhold your Godspeed from our warriors? I cannot understand our dilemma. I have believed that war is wrong; contrary to the teachings of our Savior — it seems necessary to push on troops for the defense of our land — we are never necessitated by God to do wrong. What is the rest? I want some broad, deep heaven reaching words on the subject, think I shall write to (Rev.) Stone. It seems easy to most whom I meet to use war-like speech, and thus be very patriotic — indeed, woe is me! Where are the exceptions? One says 'Oh, you need not think of anybody looks into the Bible in such a case as this - they do not think of it - you must wait until the next Millennium comes for anything like that! We are bound to seek our Country's good — What is it? I think the goodness of each individual [Now ASG's transcendental thinking is in overdrive]. At the risk of being counted with traitors I will try to desist from wishing this and that evil thing to our enemies. I'm sure I cannot pretend to see now as the crisis develops, that the highest national conception of right is that to fight for it is glorious — I can see no way to peace, but horrid war — then let us look and wait and pray for a peaceful end, yea for peace by the sword. If this country's strength is doing its best, may it work vigorously and with dispatch, and will he whose mercy endureth forever, pity and govern for good."

In the end, ASG came around to what the Old Testament had said: A time for war and a time for peace. But rather than accept the jingoism of the day she rationalized her way to accept the inevitability of what she prayed would be an expeditious war (if there is such a thing). Interestingly, with the

exception of one brief mention of the Trent Affair, there is no further reference to the war in her voluminous correspondence. She had, in effect, put the subject to rest in her mind.

The application of Transcendental thought even carried over to her politics. The espousal of the individual and his beliefs was more important than the notions of the society collective. Following that logic, then one would expect Transcendental practitioners to be apolitical. Indeed, ASG writes, "You speak of politics. Our new and fresh Representative is broad awake, writes like a true Whig and one just out of the closet. Nothing is wanting to enlist (me) in politics, but an opportunity to be enlisted by no party!"

Indeed, she wanted "no burning words of radicals, no deprecating tone of conservatives." She advocated in true Transcendental fashion "more faith and inclination in the over-riding power of Love." For a while she supported the Free Soilers and the Abolitionists, but became disenchanted with their unidirectional and dogmatic advocacy of their cause. At one point she uncharacteristically roils at an acquaintance "lecturing me on slavery."

It is hard to ascertain whether the Transcendental emphasis on the individual or her rugged New England upbringing had a greater influence on her sense of self or, more than likely, there was a synergy which created the self-respecting person that she became. She called it her "Yankeeism," which she defined as being aggressive and the personal responsibility to make sure that people understood what she wanted or believed. That same respect for individual beliefs was transferred to her children. In a less tolerant time when homosexuality was considered by most as unbearable and anti-God, she could understand and strongly accept her daughter Mary's "beloved yoke-fellow," Almira. From the very beginning when "as you said to me (ASG) as you sat tearfully on the low seat, 'I must go, Mother.'"

Ann responded, "Yours is one of the best lives. Often I have allowed myself to be overanxious on your account, but every day I feel more sure that such a life as yours is blessed." The only person for whom ASG did not seem to attribute individual respect was her son George Manlius' wife, Lizzie Webber from Sweden (Me.), whom Ann dubbed a "calculating, insensitive woman."

But what of Ann herself? Everyone has characteristics that differentiate them from others. Ann was no exception. Her humor often came from Yankee understatement and/or sarcasm. For example, when she had not heard from her spinster friend, Rowena Coffin, for some months she wrote, "Enough time has elapsed since you wrote for you to have married and gone to the Far West! (Please) Immediately hail from some part."

On another occasion while in Byfield she starts a letter that she "hears nothing from Waterford — We have begun upon Astronomy and I am delighted." And a little later in the letter: "I begin to think I can live without friends! Almost. Perhaps 'tis the effect of converse(ing) with the stars. Yesterday we had some very pleasant aerial flights on the wings of Imagination."



There were times when her open-mindedness could go only so far. She had a fling at investigating the Baptists. She attended some services and lectures while she was teaching in North Yarmouth for a few months. However, after a few sessions she concluded, "But I can never cease to wonder how intelligent and pious persons can be Baptists." She hated thunderstorms and called railroad trains "Shrieking Monsters." Her bluntness was affirmed by Mary Moody Emerson: "I asked you why my sisters (whom I had always tried to please) did not love me? You answered in truth — that my peculiarities were not of the agreeable kind — (they were) different from other peculiar people."

And then there were the flip-flops. Ann would reverse herself, even in the same letter. In a letter to her son, Thomas Hovey, who was in medical school, she tries to boost him up: "I cannot possibly have you reckon on being only fair in your class — not that I care very much (or so much) how you rank, just feel good about yourself." So much for the *picker-uppers* for in the next paragraph, "You must be more careful in spelling and grammar — for one thing you double your Ls when you should not." The classic flip-flop was to her eldest daughter, Phebe. She was in school in Concord, NH and wrote that she was occasionally very sad. Ann wrote her in return that she must not be sad and gave her much maternal advice on how to overcome her sadness. The advice seemed to work as Phebe replied that she was very happy, whereupon Ann wrote back warning her "not to be too happy."

We know that Ann was a reasonably tidy person, at least more so than Mrs. Peabody (EPP's mother). Daughter Anna Louise was boarding at Mrs. Peabody's while teaching school in Boston. She writes to her mother, "I am somewhat surprised to find them so far from neat at Mrs. Peabody's. Everything is linty & dusty & remains so. Miss (EP)Peabody is as much a boarder here as she was in Waterford."

ASG could be quite colloquial when writing to her family. Expressions such as "Tis cool" and "I love you a heap" were frequent. But one area where she had a very low tolerance was that of alcohol consumption. In 1838, Ann writes of changes in Waterford, one of which was that "the sad, old tavern (was) replaced by a large handsome building which I suppose must be a rum-selling hotel." As was often her method of expressing her feelings, she wrote a long poem entitled "To Visitors in Bar-rooms and Stores." The second verse gives the sentiment of the poem:

Come out and quaff the renovating air,  
Let the free winds blow filth and fume away:  
Hast thou have no dear ones, who demand thy care  
"Rise up!" Go Forth! Do something whilst thou may.

ASG was instrumental in creating the Waterford Temperance Group which unilaterally declared that all townspeople were members. Immediately, a number of prominent citizens wrote requesting their names be stricken from the rolls. Among the names were three Kimballs, two Hales and Hamlins, and Artemus Ward's father. In all, 24 persons opted out of the noble experiment and we hear precious little more of the Waterford Temperance Group.

But of all the characteristics that ASG portrays, it is her stubbornness that helped her persevere through a life that was both cruel and happy. Leander recognized her stubbornness early in their

relationship. He writes, "My dear wife (is) always on tiptoe (making sure that she is a proper wife and mother), but you know she is capable of being firm upon her heel-tops and is really on them now!" That was considered fair warning that ASG had set her mind to some task or need.

The greatest and longest act of intractability was her continuous search for herself, her position in her family and the self-esteem that she felt she would gain from recognition by the Sargent family. She admitted that she had "a melancholy pleasure in gathering up fragments of my childhood's history." In 1834 Ann's last child, George, was born. Once she had fulfilled her *female* obligation, she then renewed her search. She contacted Mary Durfee (Walker), the daughter of Hepzibah Atkins Durfee and ASG's half sister. For reasons not fully explained, Ann wrote a letter as if it were composed and written by Leander. Mary saw through the ruse and was most happy to attempt to answer her half sister's inquiries about her mother. While Mary could recall little about Hepzibah since she died so soon after Mary's birth, she did provide some insights into Daniel Sargent. Mary visited ASG's father with the intent of determining on a hypothetical basis (Mary did not reveal her relationship to ASG) what his position would be if a fictitious person such as Ann were to present herself to him. Sensing that something was behind the query, he was cordial, but non-committal. Ann's correspondence with Mary continued until Mary's death. She then continued amicable communication with Mary's children.



In the pursuit of Ann's interest in temperance she had read a book entitled "Temperance Tales" and was much taken by its content. The author was one Lucius Manlius Sargent who turned out to be the 22-year-younger brother of Daniel Sargent. Under the guise of congratulating the author, she introduced herself and asked of details about Daniel. Lucius replied stiffly to each question that Ann posed. Then he added "Perhaps I might conclude my reply with perfect courtesy to an utter stranger at this point. But there is an air of earnest & deep interest on the face of your letter which induces me to be more particular." Thus began a friendship that lasted over 30 years.

Lucius became the next thing to her real father. He confronted his brother with his responsibility to Ann, he supported her cause to Daniel's son-in-law and grandson and, most importantly, he gave sympathetic yet sage advice. After one confrontation on Ann's behalf with Thomas Curtis, Daniel's son-in-law and executor, Lucius indicates there was no reply or inclination of empathy for Ann. Lucius then questions whether full recognition was in Ann's best interest.

"Would an absolute recognition have been better, a reception under the parental roof? Would you have been happier? You would have received attention from some & been slighted by others. Every inattention & neglect manifested to you would have operated, most painfully, upon the sensitive nature of another."

Lucius concludes with an anecdote that recognized the intractability of Thomas Curtis and Ann's poetical accomplishments: "For seven years of my early married life I lived in the neighborhood of John Adams, the first President Adams, & I remember a few words of his to me — 'You want only one thing to make a good poet.'"

"What is that, sir?"  
"Misery!"

By 1854, Daniel Sargent Curtis had assumed the responsibility for his namesake's estate which, thanks to his father's business acumen, was considered one of the largest in Boston. At the urging of Lucius, ASG wrote to her nephew of her situation. She had sold



her home in Waterford and taken her "thirds" (which was a widow's legal entitlement). She had no other means of income. Lucius presented the letter and her case to DS Curtis, who acknowledged that "This lady is clearly, on every score, entitled to respect and sympathy." A month later, young Curtis sent a check for \$100 to LM Sargent with the instructions that Sargent was to deposit the check in his own account and write a personal check to Ann. Finally, some form of recognition, although not the kind that Ann had hungered for the first 60

years of her life.

Sadly there was one other correspondence with DS Curtis. In 1856, Ann requested "pecuniary assistance." She writes, "my eldest daughter (Phebe) who resides with me and has a mental malady which has increased so much of late that she ought to be placed in some lunatic asylum. Superadded to the painfulness of this fact is my inability to meet the expense." Once again, the young Curtis forwarded a check to Lucius, this time for \$50, and expressed the desire not to be "known in the operation." The friendship between Lucius and Ann continued until six months before his death in 1865. The last correspondence is a short note to Ann where he acknowledges he is not well and he encloses the obituary of his son, who was killed in the service of the United States just a few months before the surrender at Appomattox.

There are postscripts to the above section: Phebe was placed in the Lunatic Asylum in Augusta where she stayed until she was transferred to the one in Worcester, Mass. where her brother, Thomas, was the Superintendent. Daniel Sargent Curtis and his wife took their considerable fortune to Italy where they resided in a palace they bought. One of John Singer Sargent's most famous works is of the Curtises at the palace.

By 1850, ASG had more than likely exhausted her probate and had sold all the possible land other than the barest minimum for survival. She routinely took in two or three boarders and was given a small amount whenever her older children had a few dollars to spare. The latter was not much since the older girls were school teachers and Thomas was completing medical school. George was home helping with the chores. Her son-in-law, Samuel Warren, acting on her behalf, started negotiating with townspeople in order to sell what remained of the farm. She described her financial state quite simply: She paid a butcher \$2 to slaughter a 340-pound hog. Olive Porter, the storekeeper, took all of the hog in payment for debt and Ann still owed him \$1.70.

The winter was severe and "wood goes fast. We are nearly on the last tier and (there is) nothing effectual done to have more." On top of this, Phebe was becoming more delusional and was beginning to require almost constant attention since she would sneak out and pester the neighbors.

In the winter of 1852, Ann reports again: "The long severe season is very expensive in many respects. We have not an ear of corn and, I think, very little hay." By November, 1852, Ann offered to sell to Oliver Porter.

*The saga of Ann Sargent Gage concludes in the next issue with the fourth and final episode.*



# Seeing Double: The Watson Paintings

By Vivian Fisher Fanton

Two identical paintings of Waterford Town House beach were donated to the Historical Society 50 years apart.

One is in the new town office on Valley Road and the other is in the Old Town House in Waterford Flat. They came to their present locations by different routes and the existence of two just alike was unknown until recently.

One of the paintings was hanging in the Captain Nathaniel Rounds House, built in 1820 in South Waterford, when the Seiler family bought it in 1948. The family treasured the painting and it hung over their mantle for years. The house is located across from the Bear Mountain Grange.

When one of the daughters, Lillian Seiler Willins, became very ill, she and her husband, Thomas Willins, asked Marion Chase, also of South Waterford, to present the painting to the Waterford Historical Society as a part of her will. The painting, in memory of Lillian and her sister Doris W. Seiler, was placed by the Society into the new Town Hall in the fall of 1997. The painting was not signed, but a small note attached to the frame attributed it to "Agnes Watson ... or her mother-in-law."

To our amazement, we discovered an identical oil painting in the collection at the Society hall in North Waterford. It is an exact duplicate in every way and also unsigned.

After the Town of Waterford voted to give the Old Town House to the Waterford Historical Society in the spring of 1998, the interior was given a new coat of paint and the duplicate painting was hung in its own place of honor over the selectman's raised podium. The Society held its annual meeting in the building in June. One of the guest speakers was Town Clerk Brenda Bigonski. A painting exactly like this one hung over her desk up at the new Town House. She was assured it was a duplicate and at work the next day, she was astounded at the similarity of the paintings.

Mac Bean asked Annie Hamlin Gardner of South Waterford if she could

identify the artist. She was well acquainted with the painting that hung in a place of honor in the 'sitting room' of William W. and Mary Etta Watson in South Waterford. The sitting room doubled as a dining room in the summer and was where the artist, M. Etta, worked. She preferred to be called M. Etta because, "There were so many other Marys around."

As a child of 10, Annie, and one of the Watson granddaughters, Edith, used to sneak into the parlor from time to time where the other painting of the Town House beach hung. She dated the paintings

problems with M. Etta's painting supplies. He did his smoking while he supervised at his salt box factory or "Just sitting around in the barn."

Mary Etta's name appears in the second Waterford History on page 211, where we find she served as Matron of the Keoka Chapter #12 of the Order of Eastern Star in 1899. Her husband's salt box factory is pictured on page 38.

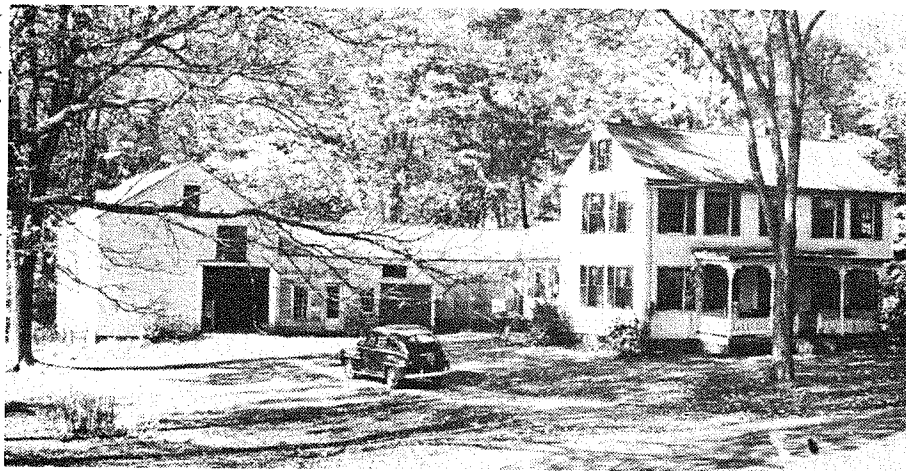
Annie recalls that many of her paintings were sold by her daughter-in-law and granddaughters when they decided to move to California. Apparently the auctioneer, Ober Kimball, was given very short notice to dispense with the house contents and he decided to give some of her paintings to the Historical Society.

How the two paintings found their separate ways to the Society is now known, but there still remained the mystery of how she could have painted two such identical images. The composition of the paintings is from a precarious spot close to the road and practically in the lake. Not a site

that a genteel lady, however "independent" she may have been, would have set up an easel to do one painting let alone two.

Then, David Sanderson happened to bring by some items he had recently uncovered in the house that he and his brother inherited on McWain Hill. One faded sepia photo of the town house beach was obviously the image source that M. Etta used for her two paintings. The pattern of reflections in the lake are the same. The boats on the shore are in the same position and the crop of corn in the field across the road from the Town House is the same height. She even repeated the optical illusion of the church spire coming from the top of the Masonic Hall.

The photo is dated 1901 and Annie Gardiner suggested that M. Etta may have asked a photographer, which Annie remembers as Mr. Johnson, to take the photo for her. Even though the photo gave her a portable source to copy in the comfort of her own home, it still leaves one in awe as to how she could have done two paintings so much alike with such true colors. One also wonders if there is another somewhere out there.



The Watson House as seen when the Seiler family bought it in 1948.

at about 1915. The parlor was set aside for special guests and more paintings were hung there. Annie remembers she and Edith were invited to listen to readings by a favored guest, Jessica Bennett. The two became bored with the lengthy prose and Annie had ample time to study the paintings in the room. "She never signed any of her works," Annie recalls.

M. Etta took painting lessons from a well-educated instructor and her paintings were done on canvas and glass. Annie describes them as being of "free design and were most colorful and M. Etta was an independent woman who had her own horse and buggy, so she drove to the place of her choice for painting or sketching."

M. Etta had a front porch built onto the homestead. When the Seilers bought it in 1948, the photo they took showed the ornate porch where she probably did a lot of her painting. Owners after the Seilers removed the porch to show off the original historic character of the home.

M. Etta required her husband to keep the parlor at a proper temperature for her paintings and he was not allowed to smoke his pipe in the house because it might create

# Waterford's Bicentennial farms

By Marjorie Kimball

Now that the town of Waterford has celebrated its 200th anniversary, let's look back at the beginnings. What led Massachusetts men to come to the wilderness of Maine in the post-Revolutionary age?

Was it the pay for military service? Was it the lure of free land offered by town proprietors for a "settling duty," which meant clearing three acres of land and building a 16-foot square house. This certainly was an alternative to working 10 years in Massachusetts to earn enough money to buy a small farm there. Or was it an independent spirit?

For whatever reason, two young Massachusetts farmers in their twenties came to Waterford in the early 1780s to seek a better life. They came, without families, over the slow and arduous trail from Bridgton, carrying with them survival supplies.

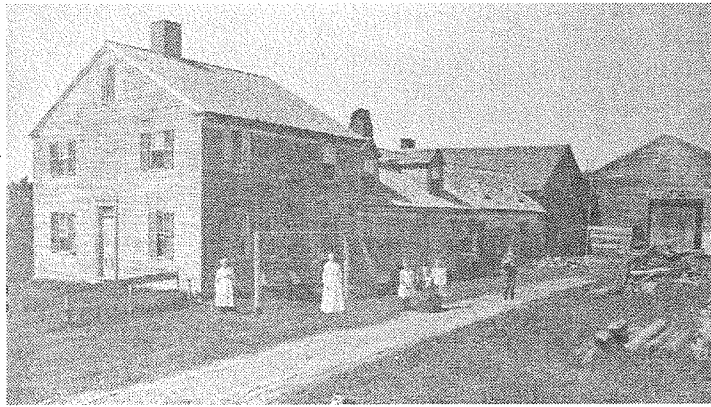
Eber Rice, a veteran of the Revolutionary War, and Josiah Proctor, a navy veteran, came to Waterford and acquired adjacent lands on what was to be called Rice Hill in North Waterford. Although the land was located on a north-westerly rocky slope, it was to be subdued and transformed into productive farms which have sustained their families for more than two centuries. Bringing with them the wisdom and culture of the mother state, these young men were soon caught up in the development of Waterford.

After purchasing land from Sam Warren, Eber Rice was recorded as being the seventh settler in Waterford. He established a home and returned to Massachusetts to marry Rebecca Gamwell. They came back to Waterford and raised a family of six children, some of whom would continue to farm the land.

As his farm developed, so did his participation in town affairs. Records show that he was a farmer, teacher, surveyor, town officer and Justice of the Peace. He was also a representative of the town to the Massachusetts Legisla-

ture and opposed the separation of Maine from Massachusetts in 1820.

Josiah Proctor's journey to Waterford followed a similar pattern of obtaining land, clearing it and building a



**The Jones homestead.**

house. He was also involved in the building and care of the Waterford meeting house and church.

Most of the early settlers were connected with the Congregational Church, that being the recognized church in all New England states. The parishioners bought or were assigned pews and taxed to support the preaching.

Josiah was involved with Benjamin Proctor in building a sawmill in Albany



**The Rice homestead looking toward Beech Hill.**

on Crooked River. The Proctor family owned a lot of land now known as North Waterford. With passing generations, additions were made to the original Proctor house and barns and more land was cleared. The farm now consists of about 300 acres.

Today, as we drive up the long lane to the Proctor/Jones house, there is no more beautiful spot to gain a view of the valley and the White Mountains. We see many ancient maples, attesting to the

planning of earlier generations to have a supply of maple syrup. The stone walls mark well the struggle of generations to wrest a living from the earth.

The U.S. Department of Agriculture recognized and honored these two farm families for their tenacity and continuous efforts to maintain the farms. In addition to raising food for the families and animals, the two farms have a few distinguishing characteristics. While the Rice farm maintained dairy herds, sold wood and increased their holdings to 500 acres, the Proctor/Jones farm has specialized in raising buffalo and running a sawmill.

Except for the use of modern equipment provided by electricity and gasoline motors, the lifestyle of earlier farmers prevails. The work influenced by the seasons follows the rhythmic patterns of planting, growing and harvesting. Respect for the way of life of their ancestors is evidenced by numerous generational pictures in the parlors of their homes.

The pioneer homesteaders carried out their visions and established working farms for the generations to come. Will the next generation continue to farm or will they seek greener pastures?

## Generations of Rice Homestead

Eber Rice  
Eber Rice Jr.  
Charles Rice  
George Rice  
Albert & Richard Rice  
Richard Rice Jr.

## Generations of Proctor/Jones Homestead

Josiah Proctor  
Benjamin Proctor  
John Proctor  
Carolyn Proctor Farmer  
Mary Isabell Farmer Jones  
Wallace Jones  
Richard Jones  
Wallace Jones

Information for this article came from the first (Warren) history of Waterford, newspaper articles and interviews with the Rice and Jones families.

# Oren Lord remembered

by Harvey R. Lord

*I am deeply indebted to Mariann Mills Durgin for the extensive and meticulous research that she has done to obtain the military records documenting her great, great grandfather's service to his country. My parents, Myron and Hazel Lord — and my two brothers and I — lived with my great grandfather, John F. Lord, during the last 10 years of his life on his North Waterford farm. John shared with me how his father, Oren, had died at home of wounds suffered in the Civil War.*

The earthly remains of Oren Lord are in a grave under a modest granite stone in the Bisbeetown Cemetery about two miles east of North Waterford. Close by is the grave of his widow, Achsah, who married Samuel Patterson a few years after Oren's death. Oren was not quite 27 when he died, but he was already the father of five children, and these would be a challenge for his widow to support and nurture.

Oren's death was not totally unexpected. He had been severely wounded in the Civil War. In fact, during the crucial battle of that war — Gettysburg — he had been wounded in the abdomen, transported to a military

hospital, bandaged up after primitive surgery, judged unfit for further service to his country and honorably discharged. When Oren returned home to Waterford, he saw that there was work to be done if the family were to have food on the table. So one day he went out into the orchard perhaps over the remonstrances of his wife. Attempting to do some strenuous task, he strained himself. His wound burst open and he died there, having become one more victim of the costly war to save the Union and free the slaves.

Oren received the wound that would prove fatal on a bloody wheat-field south of Gettysburg on July 2nd, 1863 while serving with the 17th Maine Infantry Regiment. That regiment battled valiantly and took heavy losses, standing shoulder to shoulder with regiments from Michigan, New York and Pennsylvania. They inflicted heavy casualties on the Rebel forces and played a vital role in the ultimate Union victory.

Today, an 8- by 10-inch photograph of Oren is on a special Hall of Faces in the museum of the Visitors' Center at the National Military Park just south of Gettysburg. His is one of dozens on



**Oren Lord died at 27 of wounds received at Gettysburg.**

display there. There are photographs of Confederates as well as Union soldiers, each with a brief caption. There are generals and captains beside sergeants and privates. Each photograph will remain on display for a period of several months. They are taken down only as it becomes necessary to make room for the photographs of other participants. Each is required to be presented with detailed documentation obtained through United States and Confederate military records.

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**ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED**