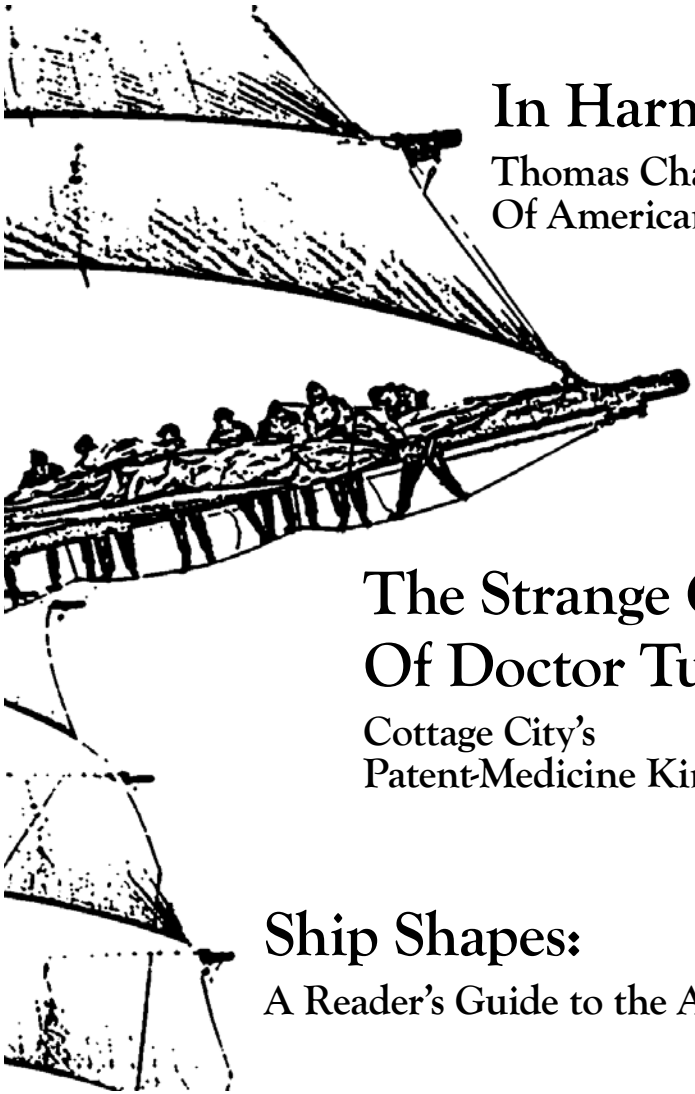
Journal of History of Martha's Vineyard and the Elizabeth Islands

THE DUKES COUNTY INTELLIGENCER

VOL. 58, NO. 1 WINTER 2016



In Harm's Way:

Thomas Chase and the Rise Of American Sea Power

The Strange Case Of Doctor Tucker,

Cottage City's Patent-Medicine King

Ship Shapes:

A Reader's Guide to the Age of Sail

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Threads

This issue of the *Intelligencer* is, as Phil Wallis notes in his essay at the other end of it, a three-part fugue in the key of forgetting-and-remembering: three articles about pieces of the past that have faded from our shared memories and are now, once again, being brought to light. That process of rediscovery is central to any exploration of history, whether it takes place in archives, in museum storage rooms, or in conversation with those whose memory extends deeper into the past than our own. To be a student of the past is to have your understanding of it revised, in large ways and small, on a regular basis. The next object you pick up, the next photograph or document you slide out of its folder, and or the next question you ask can be the thread that leads to some long-forgotten corner of a place and a time you thought you knew.

For Elizabeth Trotter, that thread was a tantalizing reference to Thomas Chase of Holmes Hole, having twice met—under circumstances worthy of a Dickens novel—the Revolutionary War naval hero John Paul Jones. For Robert Danielson, it was the appearance of a familiar name, that of respectable and prosperous Dr. Harrison A. Tucker, in an unfamiliar place: the shadow-world of mid-nineteenth-century spiritualism. For me, it was stumbling across a fleeting description of a ship as a "jackass brig." and wondering what, exactly, that meant. What we found following those threads are the three stories before you, but there are always—and always will be—more threads to follow. Nor would we have it any other way.

A. Bowdoin Van Riper

THE DUKES COUNTY INTELLIGENCER

VOL. 58, NO. 1 © 2016 WINTER 2016

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ISSN 0418 1379

Martha's Vineyard Museum

In Harm's Way

Thomas Chase and the Rise of American Sea Power, 1773-1781

by Elizabeth W. Trotter

Sometimes great events call men to great destinies and sometimes a man's destiny leads him to great events. Such were the times that ebbed and flowed around the island of Martha's Vineyard during the latter half of the 18th century. The men and women who participated in the events surrounding the Revolution were called to action in ways we can only imagine, and found destinies we can only admire. The Revolutionary War was a catalyst for the birth of the United States Navy—a navy that, especially in its early years, drew its strength from men of the sea who had spent years packeting, piloting, whaling, and (in wartime) privateering off the coastlines of the North American colonies. The skills of their trade and the circumstance of their times meshed in ways that allowed them to shape the country, its emerging navy, and the course of history.

Our island was no exception, the truth of which was evident to me when I recently opened the door on the long-forgotten story of one such islander: Thomas Chase. The thread of his life that I stumbled on seemed modest at first, but as I traced his path through the tumultuous years of the Revolution, it wove a tale worthy of Odysseus. His story begins before the war, in a chance meeting with the man who would become America's first naval hero. It continues—for Chase and three shipmates from Holmes Hole—through a privateering coup, a two year stint in England's infamous Mill Prison (complete with escape attempt), a surprise reunion, the greatest naval engagement of the war, and a turbulent sail home under the command of a deranged captain. Sit back, put your feet up, and enjoy the tale of four Vineyard sailors' journey through "the times that try men's souls".

A Coffin for the Mate

The story began, as Thomas Chase would explain to his grandson long after the war, in 1773.[1] Thomas Chase was then 18, and his fellow adven-

A graduate of McDaniel College with a BA in social work, Liz Trotter did extensive work with the elderly, followed by 15 years as a human resources executive. After moving to the Island, she began to research the history of her 17th century house and its ties to Vineyard lore, which led her to the Museum.

turers-to-be Thomas Luce and Samuel Lambert were teenagers as well—18 and 16, respectively—newly reveling in being a part of the voyages that anchored the world of their coastal village home. They learned, from their fathers, older brothers, and neighbors, the skills of helmsmanship, sail-handling, and carpentry, along with the intricate knowledge of winds, currents, and obstacles, required of pilots: local men hired by the captains of passing vessels to guide them in and out of the unfamiliar harbors and through the treacherous shoals of Vineyard Sound.

One can easily imagine these young men joining the crowd that must have gathered in at Holmes Hole the day an unfamiliar ship dropped anchor in their harbor and a dashing young sea captain rowed ashore with some of his crew to ask for assistance. Thomas Chase, according to his personal account, was there with the others and heard the captain ask if anyone could build a coffin for one of his mates who had died on the passage. Already in possession of strong carpentry skills, Thomas stepped forward and offered his services. The coffin was built in the next few days, and the dead mate was laid to rest in Holmes Hole, but the black ship did not immediately depart. John Paul Jones, being young and adventurous, enjoyed some time exploring, fishing, and "gunning" for waterfowl on the Island. Thomas Chase accompanied him, on at least one occasion, as a guide and shooting partner.[2] One of Jones' shipmates—Joseph Frederick, born in Lisbon, Portugal in 1748—evidently fell in love not only with the Vineyard but with young Jerusha Pease, for he had made the decision to leave Jones' ship, marry Jerusha, and build a life on the Island.[3]

John Paul (as he was christened) had been born in Scotland on July 6, 1747, less than a year after the Duke of Cumberland's redcoats had crushed the Scottish rebels loyal to Bonnie Prince Charlie at the Battle of Culloden.[4] His boyhood home was a small cottage at Arbigland—an estate on the shores of Solway Firth where his father worked as gardener—but by the age of 13 he had gone to sea, an apprentice seaman aboard an 85-foot merchant brig named the *Friendship.* At 21, already an experienced seaman, he was aboard the 60-ton brigantine *John* when the captain and chief mate died of natural causes. He took command, brought her safely to port, and later sailed her on a voyage to the West Indies. In 1772 he was appointed master of a full-rigged ship *Betsy* out of London, but an altercation occurred the following year when the ship took on some new crewmen in Tobago, one of whom attempted to stir up the crew in a dispute over wages, and threatened to seize control of the ship. John Paul ran his sword through the would-be mutineer's body, killing him, but claimed that the sailor had attacked him and he had acted in self-defense. Rather than face a jury trial that could lead to a conviction for murder, John fled the port, leaving considerable wealth behind, and—as he later claimed in a letter

Crossways Cemetery, overlooking Holmes Hole (now Vineyard Haven) Harbor, was the Chase family burying ground before becoming the village's first cemetery. Jones' mate was likely buried here (though no inscribed stone marks the site). Photo by the author.

retelling the incident to Benjamin Franklin—made his way to America "incog." It was also during this period when he adopted the surname of Jones as a ruse to throw off those who might be looking for him.

Jones' whereabouts between the fall of 1773 and the winter of 1774 (when he turned up in Virginia) are sketchily documented, but we know—from Thomas Chase's narrative, and from the separate testimony of "Aunt Sally" Claghorn, who kept a tavern in Holmes Hole[5]—that he spent time in New England waters, and at least a brief time on the Vineyard. Thereafter he made America his adopted home, by which time revolution was in the air: the Boston Tea Party took place in December 1773, and the battles of Lexington and Concord in April 1775. For a young Scottish buccaneer, born with the fallen rebels of Culloden still freshly in their graves, the stirrings of rebellion for a nation's independence were hard to resist.

As 1775 came to an end the Continental Navy was beginning to take shape, and on December 22, its first officers were commissioned—among them Lt. John Paul Jones. The following year, a squadron of eight ships under Commodore Esek Hopkins of Rhode Island, the newly appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Navy, embarked on the high seas to "seize crucial military supplies for the Continental Army and harass British bases and supply routes in the American theatre."[6] Jones sailed with them as commander of the 30-gun frigate *Alfred*, beginning an illustrious naval career.

Whaleboats and Privateers

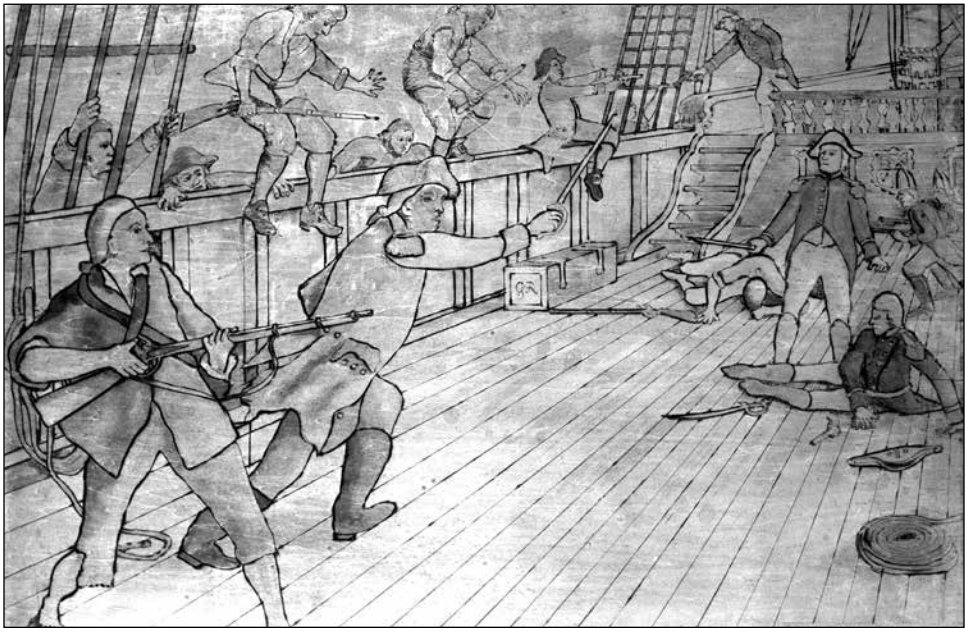
Even before the Continental Navy was formed, however, enterprising colonists had begun to harry the British at sea. On April 23rd, 1775—less

than a week after the "shot heard 'round the world" was fired at Concord Bridge—the Continental Congress passed a law that essentially legalized privateering. The capture of enemy vessels was duly authorized, with the caveat that the state was entitled to 2/3 of all prizes taken. When George Washington took command of the continental forces on June 15, one of his early acts was to arm and commission New England schooners to go after British supply vessels. Washington's schooners—early steps on the road toward the Continental Navy that would take shape at year's end—captured more than fifty British prizes between late 1775 and early 1777.[7] Just as snipers had crouched behind trees and walls, picking off Major John Pitcairn's redcoats as they retreated along the road from Concord to Boston on the first day of the war, colonial sailors used guerilla tactics to harry British ships along the New England coast.

The supplies seized in such raids were a tiny fraction of what British forces in the colonies required, and their loss was more an annoyance than a crippling blow. They were a windfall, however, to the colonists, helping to make good the shortages caused by British blockades and self-imposed boycotts. Along the way, they also enriched the privateer crews who risked their lives for a share of the booty. Above all, however, they wounded British pride and boosted colonial confidence. From Salem and Gloucester to New Bedford, Newport, and points south, therefore, there was no shortage of brave men willing to sign on to this informal, inshore navy for a chance at wealth, glory, and adventure. So it was on the Vineyard where members of Captain Nathan Smith's "seacoast defense" militia company went to war in a whaleboat.

Thomas Chase, Thomas Luce, Samuel Lambert and Joseph Frederick were, by January 1776, all members of Smith's company.[8] They were likely present when, on April 12, 1776, fate presented them with an irresistible opportunity to strike at the British.[9] As Shubael Cottle described the action in a September 10 petition to "the Honourable the Council and House of Representatives for the State of Massachusetts Bay" seeking compensation for the company: "Captain Nathan Smith spotted the *Volante*, a schooner of the British man-of-war *Scarborough*, coming into range. Loading his militia in three pilot boats Captain Smith took his crew to sea and in a surprise and valient [sic] attack boarded and captured the *Volante* with all its haul." A contemporary report in the *Boston Gazette* described the capture:

> The Schooner (Violenti) capt. (Stephen) Cleveland, which sailed from Salem for Winyaw, in North Carolina, the beginning of January last, was taken on her passage by the *Scarborough* man of war, and sent to George, where after lading with rum, sugar, &c. She proceeded for Boston, when on last Friday 7 night (not knowing the ministerial fleet and army had evacuated that place) meeting with a heavy gale of wind, she put into the Vineyard, where she was properly taken care of by some boats fro[m] thence.[10]



The April 1776 seizure of the Volante by Capt. Nathan Smith and the men of the Sea Coast Defense Company, as imagined by Dr. Charles Banks. The is one of a series of twelve by Banks, discussed by the author in the last issue of the *Intelligencer* (Summer 2016, 22-34).

The rum and sugar from the *Volante's* hold would have been welcome sights to Smith and his men—useful if kept, and valuable if sold—but it was not the extent of the "haul."

Two British officials were travelling aboard the *Volante* as passengers, and they, along with two members of the schooner's crew who Smith deemed to be of interest to the rebel forces in Boston, were handed over to Major Barachiah Bassett of Falmouth. Born in Chilmark in 1732, Bassett had settled on the Cape after serving with distinction in the French and Indian War, and was a member of the Committee of Correspondence as well as Smith's ranking officer in the state militia. On April 16, 1776, he wrote to the commander of the colonial armies in Boston:

> Sir
>
> I have sent you under the Care of a Sergeant four prisoners taken aboard the Schooner Valenti at Martha's Vineyard bound for Boston —Viz: Edward Marsh, Maste the Mate, & two passengers in the employent of the Ministerial Forces I am Sir (&c.)
>
> Bar Bassett Majr in the Provincial Forces[11]

The *Gazette* reported their arrival, and identified the two crewmen by name: "One Marsh, the master's mate, and a son of commodore Loring, as master's mate, with two passengers on board, were bro't to town for examination on Saturday last."[12]

"Commodore Loring" was Josiah Loring, a prominent Boston loyalist

who had retired to a farm outside of Boston when a French cannonball cut his distinguished naval career short in 1760. His youngest son, 16-year-old John, had been in the naval service for two years before being taken prisoner in the raid on the *Volante*. Loring was initially sent to the town jail in Concord, and kept under close guard, but the pleading of a well-connected uncle brought him a transfer to the home of a senior colonial officer (whose neighbors threatened to demolish it when young Loring denounced them as "rascally rebels"). By year's end, he was on his way to England, released as part of a prisoner exchange. In the years to come, Thomas Chase would not be so lucky.

The *Scarborough* moved on without her attending schooner, and the men of Captain Smith's company—including Chase, Luce, Lambert and Frederick—moved on with their lives, no doubt keeping a watchful eye out for other potential British prizes. The chance to annoy, surprise, and wear down the British forces, as well as to interrupt their supply lines, was too good to pass up, and the coup of seizing a vessel and forcing officers of the Royal Navy to strike their colors too thrilling to let go. The exuberance felt by the Vineyard men would have lingered, and perhaps heightened their willingness to take advantage of another opportunity that rode in with the tide in the waning months of the year.

Charming Sally and Mill Prison

The *Charming Sally*—a Rhode Island privateer sloop of 116 tons, carrying six guns and a crew of fifty—sailed into Edgartown harbor in November 1776, looking for men to sign on to her crew. A dozen Vineyarders answered the summons: Thomas Chase, Thomas Luce, Samuel Lambert, and Joseph Frederick, along with Barzilla Crowell, William Harden, John Lot, Jeremiah Luce, Abisha Rogers, Eliphalet Rogers, Cuff Scott and Manuel Swasey. The farewells that heralded their departure in Island homes, and the rounds of drink that toasted their success in Island taverns, were doubtless numerous and full of pride at the Vineyard's contribution to the cause. The *Charming Sally* weighed anchor on the morning of November 27th, and Commander Francis Brown announced for the first time—and to the dismay of some—that they were bound for European waters.[13] The cruise began promisingly. On December 6, they captured the 30-ton schooner *Betsey*, bound for Jamaica, and on December 24 narrowly escaped an ill-advised engagement with a 16-gun transport filled with soldiers.

Then, on January 16, the *Charming Sally's* luck ran out. At 3:00 AM, the darkest depths of the night, the lookouts spotted a large vessel that followed them until daybreak. It was the 64-gun British man-of-war *Nonsuch*, commanded by Captain Walter Griffith, and by 7:00 AM it was firing on the American privateer. Another round of fire raked the *Charming Sally* at 8:00, and by 9:00 Captain Brown felt the misery of defeat as the

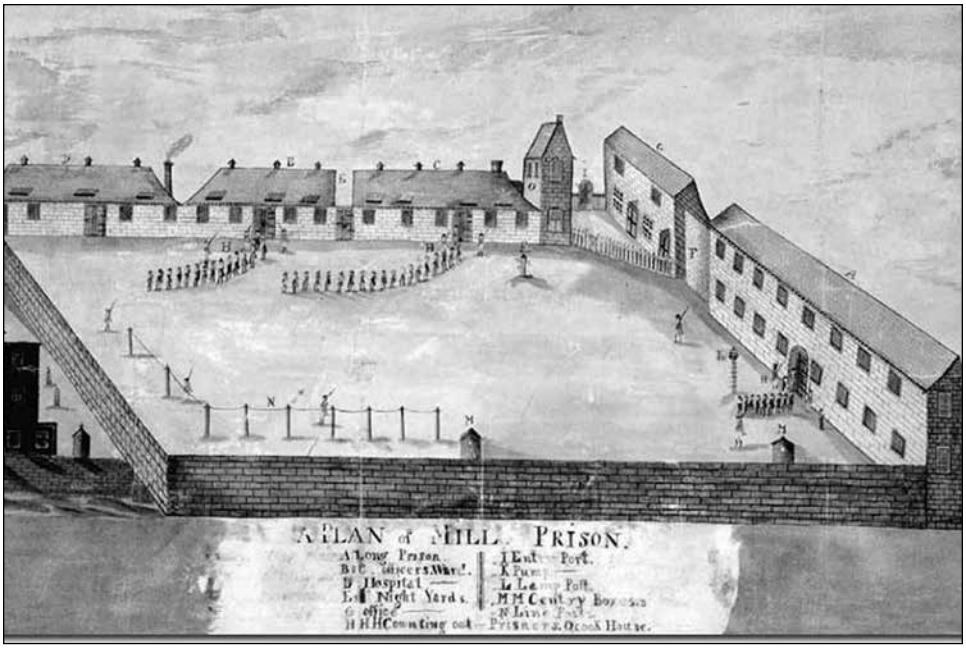
British pulled alongside and demanded his surrender.[14] Hopelessly outmatched, unable to run or to fight, he complied.

Brown and the crew, including the twelve Vineyard men, were charged with "treason on the high seas." The charge reflected the fact that, in 1777, Britain had yet to recognize the colonies as an independent nation, and treated prisoners from American ships as "rebels" and "pirates"—criminals rather than prisoners of war. The men from the *Charming Sally* transferred to *HMS Queen* and then to *HMS Blenheim*. Captain Brown managed to escape from the *Blenheim* in May, but the rest remained aboard until June 6, when they arrived at Plymouth. Once at anchor, Thomas Chase and Joseph Frederick tried, along with two other men, to make good their own escape. Thomas Chase the younger retold his grandfather's tale this way:

> They took to the water by star-light, keeping together, their escape not being noticed at first. The water was cold, and they had been starving for some four weeks, and were quite unfitted for swimming a mile at that time of night, and in cold water. One of the four sunk to rise no more. My grandfather found his strength failing, when close to another vessel at anchor, and put up to it, getting hold of something to support him. "Joe Frederick," who was a stout, powerful man, and the fourth still more enduring, reached the shore, but not until after the alarm was given, and Plymouth harbor was covered with boats, cruising in every direction. The fourth took his legs and was off…Joe Frederick attempted to do the same, but could not stand. He tried to roll himself into a secret place, but could find none, and they recaptured him. After my grandfather had held on as long as he well could, he called for "a rope" and was taken on board, and, with Joe Frederick, taken back to the prison-ship. They were "put in irons."[15]

The "prison-ship" was one of Britain's notorious prison hulks: worn out, multi-decked warships stripped of their masts and rigging and anchored near shore. As the war dragged on, however, more prisoners arrived in Britain than even their notoriously overcrowded decks could hold. Mill Prison was the answer. Built in Plymouth in 1777, it was designed to accept the overflow from the hulks: American, and (after 1778) French and Spanish prisoners as well. A period illustration shows a square brick structure: high walls on two sides and two-story cell blocks on the other two, surrounding a large central yard. Over 10,000 men were held there during the war.

Mill Prison became, upon its completion, the quarters for the crew of the *Charming Sally* for the next two years. For men used to the open air of the sea it must have felt like entering Hell as they walked through the gates of the prison and into a tightly enclosed world with illness and starvation lurking in its corners. Over time, the ranks of the twelve Vineyarders thinned. John Lot, the first to go, succumbed to illness on December 14,



Mill Prison, shown here in a period illustration, opened in 1777; by the time the Revolutionary War ended in 1783, ten thousand prisoners had passed through it. It would be used again in the Wars of the French Revolution and the War of 1812.

1778. Fellow prisoner Charles Herbert, captured on the American brigantine *Dolton*, noted the event laconically in his prison diary: "December 15—Last evening John Lott died with fever; he was an Indian that was taken with Captain Brown, in the sloop *Charming Sally*."[16] William Harden also died, of unknown causes, while confined. The fate of Manuel Swasey remains a mystery: His death is not recorded, but he was not listed (as the rest of the *Sally*'s crewmen are) among the prisoners exchanged in 1779.

There were many escape attempts from the prison—some successful, most not. One escape attempt described independently by Thomas Chase and Charles Herbert involved hand-digging a tunnel from the prison yard, under the fence, across the street and past a garden wall. The digging commenced at night and prisoners had to hide sand in their pockets to discard the next day without detection. Some 80-100 prisoners, including Herbert, left Mill Prison through the tunnel, but all except three were captured within days, and the last holdouts before a week had passed. One of the escapees was shot, and his body hung in the prison yard, as a warning to others.[17]

Chase's shipmate Cuff Scott was one of the lucky few who, in his own escape attempt, got cleanly away. For the rest there was nothing to do but wait for a change of fortunes. That change arrived, in the spring of 1779, from a welcome—though unexpected—source.

The Return of John Paul Jones

While the men of the *Charming Sally* were suffering in prison, Benjamin Franklin was busy in France trying to muster French support for the cause of the colonists. John Paul Jones, in command of the Continental ship *Ranger*, was racking up prizes, and hoping to exchange members of their captured crews for Americans languishing in British jails. Franklin and Jones arranged, in March 1779, for the release of 100 prisoners from Mill Prison, the price of their freedom being the release of 200 British sailors. Other prisoner exchanges followed, and in 1780 legislation was introduced in Parliament to treat American captives as prisoners of war, tacitly recognizing America as a sovereign nation and improving the lot (perhaps even saving the lives) of many Americans suffering in British jails. For this, too, Franklin and Jones deserve credit.

The prisoners released in the March 1779 exchange were chosen by lottery. Prisoners stood in line as names were drawn and called out, and Thomas Chase, Joseph Frederick, Samuel Lambert and Thomas Luce were among them. [18] The quartet said their goodbyes to their fellow islanders (Jeremiah Luce, Abisha Rogers, Barzilla Crowell and Eliphalet Rogers would all gain their freedom in later prisoner exchanges) and boarded a "cartel" ship bound for Nantes, France. Upon arrival, they were offered the chance to enlist in the Continental Navy; each of the four accepted, and they were posted to the new frigate *Alliance,* part of a new squadron being assembled under Jones' command to attack British shipping. Serving under Jones—already famous for his exploits in the *Ranger*, as well as being the architect of their release from Mill Prison—was doubtless a point of pride for all four, but it would have held special meaning for Chase, who had met the great man six years earlier, on a small island an ocean away.

The Continental Navy that Thomas Chase and his comrades now joined was very different than the one that had existed when they had taken up arms under Nathan Smith in 1776. Then, the rebels' naval strategy had been focused on aggressive guerilla tactics off American shores with the aim of disrupting Britain's force and gathering supplies for Washington's troops. Now, John Paul Jones was taking the fight to Britain, attacking British ports as well as British ships, and waging psychological warfare by disrupting British citizens' complacency about their own safety. Jones himself had risen from the rank of lieutenant to that of commodore, and now commanded not just a single ship but a small squadron. He flew his flag in the 42-gun *Bon Homme Richard*: a vessel originally built in 1765 (as the *Duc de Duras*) as an armed transport for the French East India Company, that had been bought by the Crown, renamed in honor of Benjamin Franklin, and placed at Jones' disposal in February 1779.[19] The brand-new

Alliance, mounting 36 guns, was the pride of the rapidly expanding Continental fleet, just off the ways of a new shipyard created for the express purpose of building American warships. *Alliance* was, like the prisoner exchange that brought Chase and his friends to her, a product of the emerging relationship between American colonies and pre-Revolutionary France. It was, in her case, "all in a name," as Jones himself recounted:

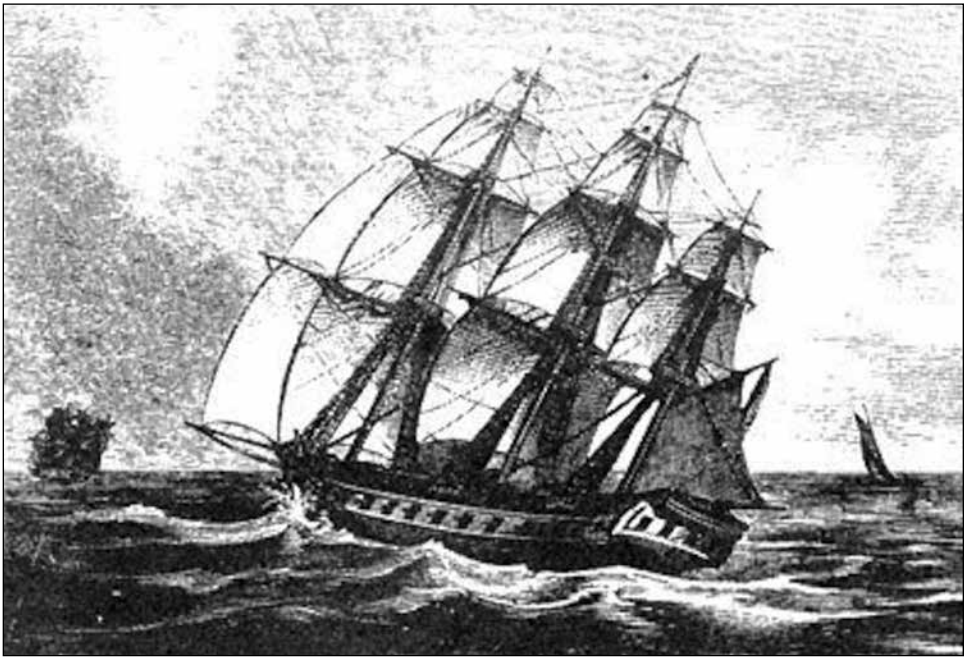
> When the treaty of alliance with France arrived in America, Congress, feeling the most lively sentiments of gratitude towards France, thought how they might manifest the satisfaction of the Country by some public set. The finest frigate in the service was on the stocks, ready to be launched, and it was resolved to call her *Alliance*.[20]

Alliance's maiden voyage was, appropriately, that which conveyed the Marquis de Lafayette back to France. There, she joined the *Bon Homme Richard,* the frigate *Pallas* (30 guns), and the smaller vessels *Cerf* (18 guns) and *Vengeance* (12 guns). The five ships left France on June 19, 1779, heading north . . . toward Britain.

"I Have Not Yet Begun to Fight!"

Jones took his squadron into the Irish Sea and, in time, around the northern tip of the British Isles and into the North Sea. There, off Flamborough Head on the Yorkshire coast, he sighted a British convoy—nearly forty merchant ships, on their way from the Baltic to ports in the British Isles, on September 23, 1779. The convoy's escorts, the frigate *HMS Serapis* (50 guns) and the armed auxiliary vessel *Countess of Scarborough* (22 guns) intervened, allowing the merchant ships to escape, and the single most famous battle of the Revolutionary War began around 7:00 that evening. It was the battle that secured Jones' reputation as a naval hero, and where he—when Captain Pearson of the *Serapis*, seeing no flag flying aboard the *Bon Homme Richard,* asked if Jones was surrendering—is purported to have uttered the immortal phrase: "I have not yet begun to fight!" Each of the four men from Holmes Hole took care to mention their participation in the famous battle in their postwar petitions. Joseph Frederick, for example, served as boatswain aboard the *Alliance* and received a gunshot wound in the leg that compromised his use of it for the rest of his life.[21] Chase, who described the battle in detail to his grandson, was a gun captain: an experienced seaman who directed the loading, aiming, and firing of one of the ship's cannon.[22] A brief 1842 newspaper story hailing him as "the last of John Paul Jones' men" describes him as having suffered severe hearing loss from his proximity to the great guns.[23]

The battle, like most naval engagements of the era, was a complicated affair in which ship-handling and shifting winds played as great a role as gunfire. Its details are amply recorded in books devoted to naval history, but the role of the *Alliance*—which carried Thomas Chase and his ship-



Launched in 1777, the frigate *Alliance* served the Continental Navy with distinction until 1785, when she was sold on the civilian market and refitted as a merchant ship. She made at least one successful voyage in the China trade in 1787-88, carrying tea from Canton to Philadelphia.

mates from Holmes Hole—deserves our attention here.[24] The battle commenced with the *Serapis* and the *Countess of Scarborough* turning to engage the three larger ships of Jones' squadron. Jones had commanded his captains to form a line behind the *Bon Homme Richard*, hoping to sail past the British ships and rake them with continuous fire from all four of his own vessels, but Pierre Landais of the *Alliance* had other ideas. Landais, plucked from an undistinguished career in the French navy by American envoy Silas Deane, was no asset to Jones' squadron. John Adams, after dining with him, confided to his diary that he had no gift for command, and "exhibited an inactivity, an indecision, that will ruin him."[25] Naval historian Evan Thomas notes that: "If he was not the worst of the frigate captains appointed by Congress, it was only because, with a few notable exceptions, so many of them were incompetent."

Possessed of a faster, more maneuverable ship than Jones, and believing himself to be a better tactician, Landais sailed away to windward in the *Alliance*. Fearing that he would circle around the escorts and attack the convoy, Captain Pearson dispatched the *Countess of Scarborough* to chase the *Alliance* while *Serapis* concentrated on the *Bon Homme Richard*. Jones did not see the *Alliance* for another two hours, by which time the *Richard* and the *Serapis* lay side by side, facing in opposite directions, locked together by

tangled rigging and grappling lines deliberately tied into place by Jones crew as they blasted away at each other. The *Alliance* then reappeared and fired a broadside that, although Landais insisted that it was aimed at the bow of the *Serapis,* smashed with even greater violence into the broad, unprotected stern of the *Richard.* Unbelievably, ignoring the shouts of Jones's crew, Landais carefully circled around the two ships and fired *another* broadside into the paired ships. This time, her cannonballs struck the bow of the *Richard* and the stern of the *Serapis*, and so probably did more damage to the British than the Continental ship. *Alliance* then sailed away again, missing the decisive phase of the battle when Jones and his men boarded and captured the *Serapis,* forcing Pearson to strike his colors.

Badly damaged and afire, the *Bon Homme Richard* went down on the evening of the 24th, despite her crew's best efforts to save her. Thomas Chase's grandson, in his book on Jones, summed the engagement up succinctly: "Jones took the *Serapis*, but Captain Pearson sunk the *Bon Homme Richard*." Pearson, however, had received more than a little help from Captain Landais of the *Alliance*, whose two ill-timed broadsides had made a bad situation worse. Joseph Callo, himself a retired U. S. Navy rear admiral, writes that "the evidence that emerged after the battle suggested that it was Landais's intention to actually assist in the sinking of the *Bon Homme Richard* and then capture the exhausted and damaged *Serapis* himself."[26] Jones may have suspected something similar. Writing to Franklin after the battle, his description of Landais suggested deliberate betrayal rather than simple incompetence. "His conduct," Jones seethed, "has been base and unpardonable."

What Chase and his fellow Vineyarders thought, history does not record. The newspaper story that mentions Chase's hearing loss, however, notes that his ears were damaged when he thrust his head out an open gun port during the battle. Why he might have done so is, likewise, unrecorded. It is almost irresistible to speculate, however, that—doubtless like Jones himself—he was desperately trying to figure out what Pierre Landais was up to.

How important, in the scheme of the revolution, was the duel between the *Bon Homme Richard* and the *Serapis*? On a purely tactical level, it was insignificant. Jones' flagship was sunk, and the rich convoy he had set out to attack escaped, undamaged. In terms of timing and motivation, however, the battle ranked with the land victory of Gates over Burgoyne at Saratoga two years earlier. The French felt more secure in their alliance, seeing that the American forces could claim victory against the British naval might. The Americans, for their part, felt a surge of pride and reassurance at a much needed point in the war. The impact on the British was psychological, but cannot be overstated. If the greatest navy in the world could not hold its own against a man they derided as a "rebel" and a "pirate," leaving him free to attack their well-defended

merchant ships and coastlines at will, then the Americans might, after all, have the tenacity and audacity to win.

The Long Way Back

Jones and his surviving crew, now aboard the *Serapis*, made a clean getaway with the *Countess of Scarborough* and the surviving ships of the squadron. They arrived at Texel Roads, the deep-water anchorage off the coast of Amsterdam, on October 3rd, with (according to rolls dated that day) Chase and his fellow Holmes Hole men still aboard.[27] The Dutch—officially neutral but notably pro-American—cheered Jones in the streets of Amsterdam and wrote songs celebrating his victory, while deflecting British demands that he be arrested. With British ships blockading the approaches to Texel, he had little choice but to stay, and as he did his problems multiplied.[28]

Two of the most pressing surfaced in a petition sent to Benjamin Franklin in late October. Signed by many of the *Alliance*'s officers and senior enlisted men, it expressed unqualified support for Landais' actions at Flamborough Head, along with the hope that the crew would soon be allowed to sail—with Landais still in command—for America. Almost all in the crew, they explained, had "long since fulfilled our obligation" to the ship, and suffered from a "long absence from our distressed country and families, many of us by a tedious confinement in a British prison."[29] The polite language of the petition masked serious discontent among the crew of the *Alliance,* which encompassed twelve different nationalities and included men who had been with the ship since she sailed from America, as well as refugees from Mill Prison and the *Bon Homme Richard.* Close quarters led to misunderstandings and frayed tempers led to fights, made worse by the fact that the crew was owed their prize money from the *Serapis* and the *Countess of Scarborough*, along with a year's worth of back pay.

The division between the men who had been on the *Alliance* and those who had been on the *Bon Homme Richard* was particularly acute. The former praised Landais (in the petition) for his "prudence, magnanimity, and vigilance," but the latter made no secret of their anger over his actions at Flamborough Head, and even threatened his safety. Joseph Frederick of Holmes Hole was among the signatories, and Samuel Lambert was absent—detached by Captain Landais to bring one of a prize to Bergen, Norway and subsequently stranded there in the winter of 1779-1780. Luce and Chase were present at Texel, but their names were notably absent. Many of the crew are said to have declared themselves sick and unable to sign, and Chase and Luce may have been among them, or they may have refused on principle, not wishing to sign a document that was, by implication, severely critical of Jones.

Jones, at last, had had enough of Landais. To avoid more problems, he

ordered the insubordinate Frenchman relieved of command, and *Alliance's* first officer promoted to acting captain. Landais reacted by challenging him to a duel, but Jones—aware that Landais was (unlike himself) far more skilled with rapiers than pistols—exercised his rights as the challenged party and selected the latter.[30] Landais left Amsterdam in a huff, headed for France, and Jones—having assumed command of the *Alliance*—refitted and resupplied her before slipping past the British blockade and into open waters on December 27th, 1779. When he returned to L'Orient, France, after several fruitless months hunting for British merchant ships along the French and Spanish coasts, both he and the long-suffering crew of the *Alliance* were exhausted. Jones soon departed for Paris, to enjoy the accolades of French society and dalliances with French women, but Chase, Luce, Frederick and the rest—stranded in a foreign port without pay, prize money, or prospects—were left to wait and dream of home. Samuel Lambert, who returned from Norway with the rest of the prize crew in April 1780, signed onto a vessel bound for the United States, only to be—for the second time in the war—captured by a British warship and sent to Mill Prison.[31]

Captain Pierre Landais, Jones' insubordinate subordinate, returned to the French navy after his 1781 court-martial, becoming a rear-admiral in 1793. He retired to the United States, settled in New York, and is buried in the churchyard of St. Patrick's Cathedral.

American diplomat Arthur Lee came to L'Orient in the spring of 1780, finished with his term of service in France and eager to return home. Seeing the idle *Alliance* as a means of doing so while also embarrassing his political enemy, Franklin, and Franklin's protégé, Jones, he persuaded Landais that Jones had had no authority to relieve him, and that Landais should return to "his" ship and depart immediately for America. When Franklin got wind of the plan in early July, he sent a terse letter chastising Jones for shirking his duty and urging him to return to his ship and crew. Jones complied, but too late. By the time he reached L'Orient, Landais had already taken command of the *Alliance* and set sail for America, with Lee aboard, on July 8, 1780. Jones followed, after another long delay, in a captured British sloop-of-war (the 20-gun *Ariel*) and loading it with arms and supplies for Washington's army that were supposed to have crossed the Atlantic in the holds of the *Alliance*.

Once at sea, conditions aboard the *Alliance* quickly deteriorated. Landais ordered the men from *Bon Homme Richard*—who had caused trouble for him in Amsterdam—imprisoned for the duration of the trip, perceiving them to be the most loyal to Jones and a threat to his command. He grew steadily more unstable as the voyage unfolded, quarrelling with the ship's officers, putting the First Lieutenant in irons, and even threatening his ally and benefactor Arthur Lee. His mental state—precarious in the best of times, as John Adams had realized—eventually deteriorated enough that his officers took matters into their own hands. Worried that Landais would lead the ship into mortal danger, they relieved him of command. When the *Alliance* docked in Boston Harbor on August 16, 1780, First Lieutenant Arthur Degge was in command, and Landais was carried ashore, delirious and incoherent, as the crew (including Chase, Luce, and Frederick) watched.

A court-martial convened in Boston in September 1780 found both Landais and Degge guilty and dismissed both from the service.[32] Captain John Barry, presiding officer of the court, was appointed commander of the *Alliance,* and set about overseeing the extensive work required to make her ready for another cruise. The crew, meanwhile, was paid off, and released to make their way home—in the case of Thomas Chase, Thomas Luce, and Joseph Frederick, to return to the Island they had left four long years earlier.

Home

Thomas Chase, Thomas Luce, and Joseph Frederick reached the Vineyard in September 1780. Samuel Lambert, eventually released from Mill Prison in another prisoner exchange, returned in 1782. A year later, the Treaty of Paris ended the war and Jones was sent to France in order to secure the prize money due to the crews in his squadron. A 1784 petition to the Continental Congress also sought compensation for Jones' men, with Thomas Chase and Joseph Frederick among the sailors mentioned by name as being due money for their service in the *Bon Homme Richard* and the *Alliance*.[33] Jones worked hard at his assignment, and at pursuing the money due to the prize crews of the ships sent to Bergen, and the money was eventually secured. Thomas Chase and Joseph Frederick, however, had long since gone on with their life. Chase's grandson mentions in his book that both collected what was due to them, but did so many years after the war when a later Congress called their attention to the fact that the money—still unclaimed—was being held for them.

They can, after so many years away, be forgiven for having other things on their mind: wives, sweethearts, families, and the future. Joseph Frederick returned to his wife Jerusha Pease, whom he had married on August 1, 1774, and from whom he had been more absent than present. They remained on the Island until 1795, then departed with their children for the small farming village of Starks, Maine. Thomas Chase, who married

Desire Luce on March 8, 1781,[34] had relocated to Maine five years earlier, settling in the larger town of Livermore, 40 miles to the south. In 1782, Thomas Luce and his distant cousin Thankful picked an auspicious day to marry: July 4. They remained on the Vineyard to raise their family, as did Samuel Lambert, who returned to the Island that year and married Thomas Chase's cousin Mary on April 4, 1787.

The long winter nights of those postwar decades must have been filled with the epic tales of sea adventures shared with family, friends, neighbors, and perhaps old shipmates. Thomas Chase lived well into his eighties, "surrounded by his children and grandchildren," and his grandson Thomas describes (in the preface to his book on John Paul Jones), how he would call on the elder Luce and "from his own mouth take the story of his own adventures in 'the times that tried men's souls.'"[35] The verse that began the book conveys a similar sense of awe:

We will speak of those worthies who fought for our freedom,
And suffered, yet nobly they won;
Though in dust they repose, in fond mem'ry we'll heed them,
While the earth shall as ever wag on.[36]

Anthony Luce, writing in support of his neighbor Mary Lambert's petition to continue receiving her dead husband Samuel's naval pension, chose more sedate prose to convey a similar idea. For many years, he explained, he had "attentively listened to the frequent conversations between my late Father, [and] said Samuel Lambert…respecting their services together in the Revolutionary Navy, and all incidents connected therewith. The truth of which was never called in question by any person to my knowledge. And from hearing the circumstances often repeated for a long succession of years, they became imprinted in my memory."[37]

What stories they must have been, and what it must have been like to hear them first-hand, laced with details we can now only imagine! The militia exploits of Nathan Smith's company, the short-lived cruise of the *Charming Sally,* escapes from the Plymouth hulks and Mill Prison, Jones' triumph off Flamborough Head, and the strange tale of Landais and the *Alliance* were told around tavern tables and beside home fireplaces before they found their way into books, newspapers, and petitions. Others, doubtless, were lost along the way: buried, passed over, forgotten, or never told at all. Thomas Chase and his shipmates from Holmes Hole, who sailed to Europe and back in the service of a revolution that birthed a nation, had packed a lifetime of adventure into five short years . . . and witnessed the birth of a navy that would one day rival, and then surpass, Britain's as the greatest in the world.

Notes

1 Thomas Chase, *Sketches of the Life, Character, and Times of Paul Jones* (Richmond, VA: C. H. Wynne, 1859), online at: https://archive.org/details/sketcheslifecha00chasgoog. The author of this book is the grandson of the Thomas Chase of this essay.

2 Chase, *Sketches*, 12.

3 Jerusha, born in February 1747, was 16 when she met Joseph, and 17 when the two were married in Edgartown on August 1, 1774. The marriage, though not her birth, is listed in the Edgartown Vital Records, online at: http://ma-vitalrecords.org/MA/Dukes/Edgartown/.

4 Biographies of Jones are numerous; the Museum library has a half-dozen or more, whose publication dates span well over 150 years. Joseph Callo, *John Paul Jones: America's First Sea Warrior* (Annapolis, MD: Naval Institute Press, 2006) is an excellent modern overview of his life.

5 Charles E. Banks, *The History of Martha's Vineyard, Volume II* (Boston: George H. Dean, 1911), Annals of Tisbury, 57.

6 Callo, *John Paul Jones,* 25.

7 Ibid., 21.

8 Banks, *History of Martha's Vineyard, Volume I* (Boston: George H. Dean, 1911), 342; "Enlistment of Islanders for the Sea Coast Defense of Massachusetts," Martha's Vineyard Museum, Revolutionary War Era Papers, RU 303, Box 1, Folder 9. Their service is also documented in their postwar petitions for Revolutionary War pensions; see Martha's Vineyard Museum, Vertical File Collection, VREF 1075 (Thomas Chase), VREF 1076 (Thomas Luce) and VREF 1077 (Samuel Lambert).

9 A number of histories, including Banks' *History of Martha's Vineyard* (vol. 1, 403-404), give the date as April 1775, which would have made it the first naval engagement of the Revolution. The confusion arises, as historian Walter B. Norris of the U. S. Naval Academy has noted, from a misinterpretation of the archaic phrase "April 12 last past" in a description of the raid written in September 1776. (See *Vineyard Gazette,* August 28, 1992; copy in RU 303, Box 1, Folder 29).

10 Cottle's petition is reprinted in Frederick V. Lawrence, Jr., *Journal of Occurrences Along the Rebel Coast: A Chronology of Revolutionary War Naval Events in the Waters South and West of Cape Cod* (Berwyn Heights, MD: Heritage Books, 2008), 57-58.

11 Lawrence, *Journal of Occurrences*, 58.

12 The *Boston Gazette* report is reprinted in Lawrence, *Journal of Occurrences*, 57-58. John Loring's story is told in James Henry Stark, *The Loyalists of Massachusetts and the Other Side of the American Revolution* (Boston: J. H. Stark, 1910), 425.

13 Sheldon S. Cohen, *Yankee Sailors in British Gaols: Prisoners of War at Forton and Mill, 1777-1783* (Newark, DE: University of Delaware Press, 1993), 49.

14 "Journal of Dr. Jonathan Haskins, Surgeon of the Rhode Island Privateer Sloop *Charming Sally*," in *Naval Documents of the American Revolution,* ed. William James Morgan (Washington, DC: Department of the Navy, 1980), 8:527-528.

15 Chase, *Sketches*, 23.

16 Charles Herbert, *A Relic of the Revolution* (Boston: Charles Prince, 1847), 197. Herbert was captured in 1777 from the *Dalton* and was placed on the

Blenheim and then sent to Mill Prison with our islanders; his prison journal which escaped detection by being hidden in his boots or on his person.

17 Ibid., 204-209.

18 Ibid., 217.

19 Franklin's *Poor Richard's Almanac* appeared in France under the title *Les Maximes du Bonhomme Richard*. The ship's name appears in French as *Bonhomme Richard,* but Jones preferred *Bon Homme Richard*, the form used in this article.

20 Herbert, *Relic of the Revolution,* 230.

21 Herbert, *Relic of the Revolution*, and Frederick's own description of his service in his postwar pension petition list him as *Alliance*'s boatswain (pronounced "bo'sun"): the "foreman" of the deck crew, responsible for seeing that the orders of the captain and mates were carried out. The crew list of the *Alliance* at the time of the Battle of Flamborough Head, reprinted in John Henry Sherburne, *Life and Character of John Paul Jones* (New York: Adriance, Sherman, and Co., 1851; online at https://archive.org/details/lifecharacterofc00sher), lists him as 4th mate, a role in which the boatswain often doubled in smaller vessels.

22 Chase, in *Sketches*, claims that his grandfather was selected for the role because Jones remembered the skills with small arms he had displayed during their hunting trips at Holmes Hole five years before.

23 "The Last of the Crew of Paul Jones," *Niles' National Register*, December 31, 1842, 16.

24 Sherburne, *Life and Character*, 118-123, offers a wonderful description of the battle.

25 Quoted in Evan Thomas, *John Paul Jones: Sailor, Hero, Father of the American Navy* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 2003), 162.

26 Callo, *John Paul Jones*, 95.

27 Sherburne, *Life and Character*, 146.

28 Callo, *John Paul Jones*, 101-126 gives a useful overview of Jones' troubles in Texel and L'Orient between October 1779 and July 1780.

29 "To Benjamin Franklin from the Crew of the *Alliance*: Affidavit, 23 October 1779," *Founders Online,* National Archives, last modified December 6, 2016, http://founders.archives.gov/documents/Franklin/01-30-02-0460

30 Callo, *John Paul Jones,* 104.

31 Released in a subsequent prisoner exchange, he returned home after his shipmates.

32 Callo, *John Paul Jones,* 129.

33 "To Benjamin Franklin from the Crew of the *Alliance*: Affidavit, 23 October 1779," *Founders Online,* National Archives, http://founders.archives.gov/documents/Franklin/01-30-02-0460.

34 The vital records of Tisbury (online at http://ma-vitalrecords.org/MA/Dukes/Tisbury/) give the year as 1780 with a note "[dup 1781]," but Chase was still in France in March 1780, and did not return to Boston until August. His petition for a Revolutionary War pension makes several references to the marriage taking place in 1781.

35 "Last of the Crew of Paul Jones"; Chase, *Sketches*, iv.

36 Chase, *Sketches*, 7.

37 Samuel Lambert, Revolutionary War Petition, VREF 1077.

The Strange World of Dr. Tucker, Cottage City's Patent-Medicine King

by Robert A. Danielson

The Dr. H.A. Tucker Cottage at 61 Ocean Avenue has been a landmark in Oak Bluffs since its construction in 1872, appearing in souvenir images of the island from the Victorian era. The expansiveness of the cottage, and Dr. Tucker's role as host to President Ulysses S. Grant during a fireworks display in honor of the presidential visit, are all that most Vineyarders about him. They suggest a respectable medical man, with some wealth from his patent medicines, but little else. Yet, to unravel the enigma of Dr. H. A. Tucker himself is to explore a little-known story in the history of medicine and religion, and learn some fascinating lesser-known aspects of the good doctor's life and career.

Early Years as a Medium

Harrison Allen Tucker was born March 18, 1832 in the town of Norton, Massachusetts. He was the first-born and oldest son of Allen Boyden Tucker (1793-1875) and his second wife Alice Davis (1807-1867). Harrison grew up with two older half-sisters, a younger sister, and two younger brothers. According to Dr. Tucker, his father had been a manufacturer of some wealth who lost most of his fortune in an economic crisis in 1837 when Harrison was five years old, retaining only a small farm outside of Norton. Harrison's early experiences with Spiritualism would be a major factor in his later life. He recounted his first experience to a reporter of *The Brooklyn Daily Eagle*:

> One day in December, when I was 14 years of age, I was sitting alone in a room of the farmhouse. My father was in the next room. I felt as if I was rising up, floating into space. I lost consciousness, and while in this condition I began to talk and, I think, to sing. Father came in and found me, with my eyes closed, talking and saying strange things. The spirit of my uncle, Harrison Tucker, who had died when I was an infant, spoke through me to my father and told him that he would be my guardian and would be with me always as it was permitted to him to do this. The spirit mentioned through me to

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> my father incidents which occurred to himself and father and things which had been within their knowledge years before I was born and which it was impossible that I should know. Two or three instances mentioned through me then were so striking that my father was first impressed with the utmost amazement, and afterwards with the deepest conviction that what he had heard was a supernatural communications. He cried out that it was a case of supernatural conversion. He was a strong Methodist, while my mother was a Congregationalist.[1]

It was shortly after this experience that, through the influence of a schoolteacher, Harrison was introduced to Spiritualism, but for the most part he rejected the idea that spirits were speaking through him.

> Spiritualists pointed at me as a medium. They tried to get me to their meetings and now and then I went. One day, while sitting in a chair among them, I went into a trance and spoke on biblical subjects and after that I spoke again in the same way under the same influence, but always on biblical subjects and almost always in a church. I hung back from associating myself with the Spiritualists till I heard Rosa M. Amody lecture upon it. Then I said, "If that is Spiritualism I am a Spiritualist." My power was shown then in private gatherings, and on two Sundays I preached in the Unitarian Church of Norton and all who heard me were astonished at the knowledge shown of subjects I had never studied. The Spiritualists claimed that it was spirit speaking through me, but I never claimed that, nor did I, except on one or two occasions, specify the spirits. I said it was an inspiration, coming I know not whence.[2]

According to one of Dr. Tucker's obituaries[3], he was a student in the medical department of Harvard University and graduated from the University of Pennsylvania[4] before he began his professional life in Foxboro, Massachusetts. But his career does not begin as a doctor. According to *The Spiritualist Register for 1859: Facts, Philosophy, Statistics of Spiritualism*[5], H. A. Tucker of Foxsboro, Massachusetts is listed as a public speaker on trance, which the book defines as "those who are sensibly influenced or controlled by spirits." In an article in the *Banner of Light*, a major Spiritualist paper of the day, an M. S. Townsend of Cambridge records in correspondence with the paper, "We called at Dr. Tucker's in Foxboro, and had a pleasant visit; found him doing a driving business among the sick and

1 "A Spirit Voice Has Guided Dr. Harrison A. Tucker," *The Brooklyn Daily Eagle* May 8, 1888, page 6.

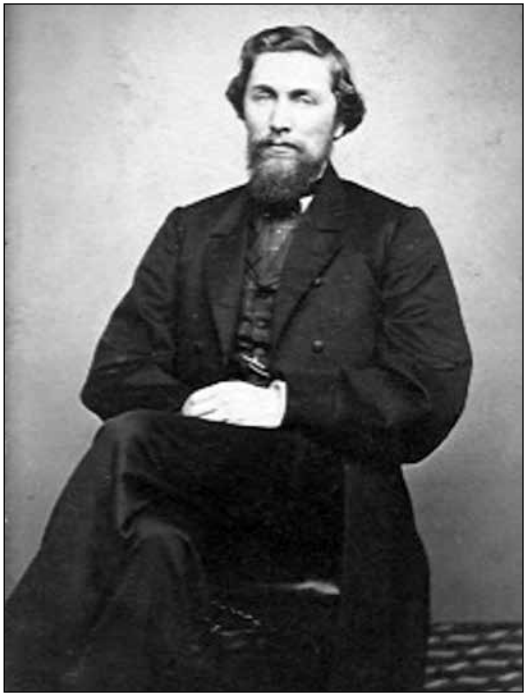
2 Ibid.

3 *The Proceedings of the Fifteenth Annual Meeting and Fifteenth Annual Festival of The New England Society in the City of Brooklyn*, 1895:17-18.

4 Consulting with the archivist as the University of Pennsylvania, they have no record that Dr. Tucker ever graduated from this institution.

5 Accessed on July 9, 2014 at: http://spirithistory.iapsop.com/1859_spiritualist_register.html

suffering, and I think generally meeting with good success."[6] This is the first reference I find to the use of the title "doctor." By 1863, H. A. Tucker of Foxboro is listed under the category of "magnetic operators, clairvoyants, and medical mediums" instead of simply a trance speaker.[7] The category is defined "to include that most successful though undiplomatized class of practitioners, who, as clairvoyants or mediums for examining and prescribing, or as manipulators and magnetizers for healing, are establishing their claim for recognition as valuable laborers in the work of physical progress." By 1865, he appears to be Dr. H. A. Tucker, a "clairvoyant medium" in Brooklyn, New York.[8]


Dr. Tucker as a young man.

In one article in *The Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, a reporter who interviewed Dr. Tucker wrote,

> At the age of 14, he claimed, the spirit of his uncle spoke through him to his father and sang his favorite song and did many other things to prove his identity. His uncle's spirit told his father that he would be Harrison's (the present Dr. Tucker's) guardian. After that time young Harrison A. Tucker's fame as a medium spread far and wide. In the trance he filled the pulpit of the Unitarian Church of Norton, Mass., on two Sundays and the Baptist Church one Sunday; in the same State he delivered many lectures, "always on Biblical subjects," so he says now, though he confesses that all he knows of what he says when in the trance state is what he is afterward told. At a later period his uncle's spirit again definitely announced its promise to him by a bright light and a voice, saying: "I will be always with you." Only on these two occasions did the spirit directly announce its presence in Dr. Tucker…[9]

6 "Correspondence," The *Banner of Light*, Sept. 22, 1860, volume 7, no. 26, page 6.

7 *The Progressive Annual for 1863: Comprising an Almanac, a Spiritualist Register, and a General Calendar of Reform*. Accessed on July 10, 2014 at: http://spirithistory.iapsop.com/1863_progressive_annual.html

8 This is from a photograph in the "Civil War Era Fobes Family Album." Accessed July 10, 2014 at: http://www.olivetreegenealogy.com/store/2-fobes.shtml

9 "Talmage Quiet" *The Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, May 12, 1888, page 1.

In this same article, the reporter notes,

> A dispatch from Bridgewater, Mass., to the Eagle, printed the next day after this talk with Dr. Talmage, stated that Dr. Tucker had lectured in the hall there under spirit influence and spiritualistic auspices, and that a host of the Spiritualists of Massachusetts looked up to him as one of the great apostles of their cause, and regarded communications and manifestations which had come through him as some of the most convincing things upon which they founded their faith. They said he gave out the secret of preparing the remedies used in his practice was imparted to him by the spirit of an Indian chief.

It was partially in response to this report that Dr. Tucker gave the extended interview earlier quoted from. In this report he admits to having spoken in Bridgewater, but rejects the idea that the spirit of an Indian chief gave him the recipes for the medicines he patented for his medical practice.

While Dr. Tucker continued to make his living in part from speaking as a medium and practicing as a medical clairvoyant, he also learned the trade of a shoemaker and worked with an uncle in that trade for a time, when he was about 29 years old. Then, just as he was planning on going to Indiana to set up a business, he relates an incident that changed his fortunes,

> I was living in Cochesett then and came home very tired. A man was waiting for me. He had been waiting a long time. I told him I could not go with him to treat his wife as he desired me, but he finally persuaded me. I found that the daughter was insane with religious excitement. Her mother had been reading the Bible to her till she imagined she was possessed by a legion of devils. I looked over the situation carefully and made a diagnosis. All I prescribed was prayer for the mother. Prayer had much to do with my treatment. The mother was much taken back and so were the other members of the family. It attracted attention to the mother and withdrew it from the daughter. I told the young woman to leave reading and thinking alone and go out riding and walking. I stayed over night and the next day made another diagnosis and prescribed, as before, simply a prayer for the mother. I told the daughter to continue riding and walking and she would be well by Saturday. She was. She is alive and well to-day and never afterward was attacked by insanity. My fame spread; my practice became a torrent and my project of going to Indiana was given up.[10]

Dr. Tucker ends his interview by relating that he then went to Harvard where he "took two full courses" against the advice of other Spiritualists who felt he would lose his power in the process. He then notes,

> I do not believe in the Spiritualists' religion. The foundation of that is infidelity and the tendency is downward. But I know that spirits can communicate to mortals, because I have received the communications from my uncle who mentioned his name on two occasions.

10 "A Spirit Voice", page 6.

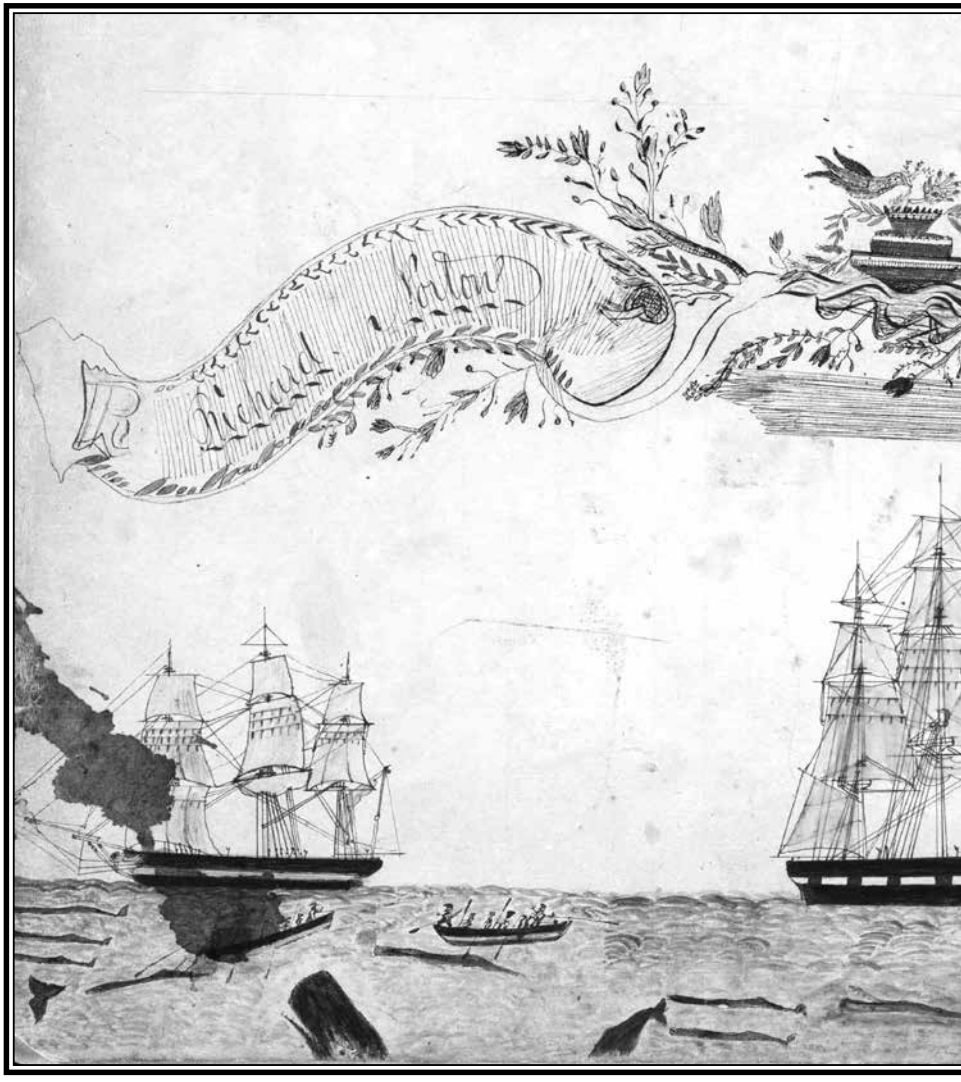
Print advertisement for No. 59 Diaphoretic Compound, Tucker's signature product

> What influence it is that dominates me in my trances every day I do not know. It may be the spirit of my uncle. At any rate it is some external and superior intelligence.

Dr. Tucker the Medical Clairvoyant

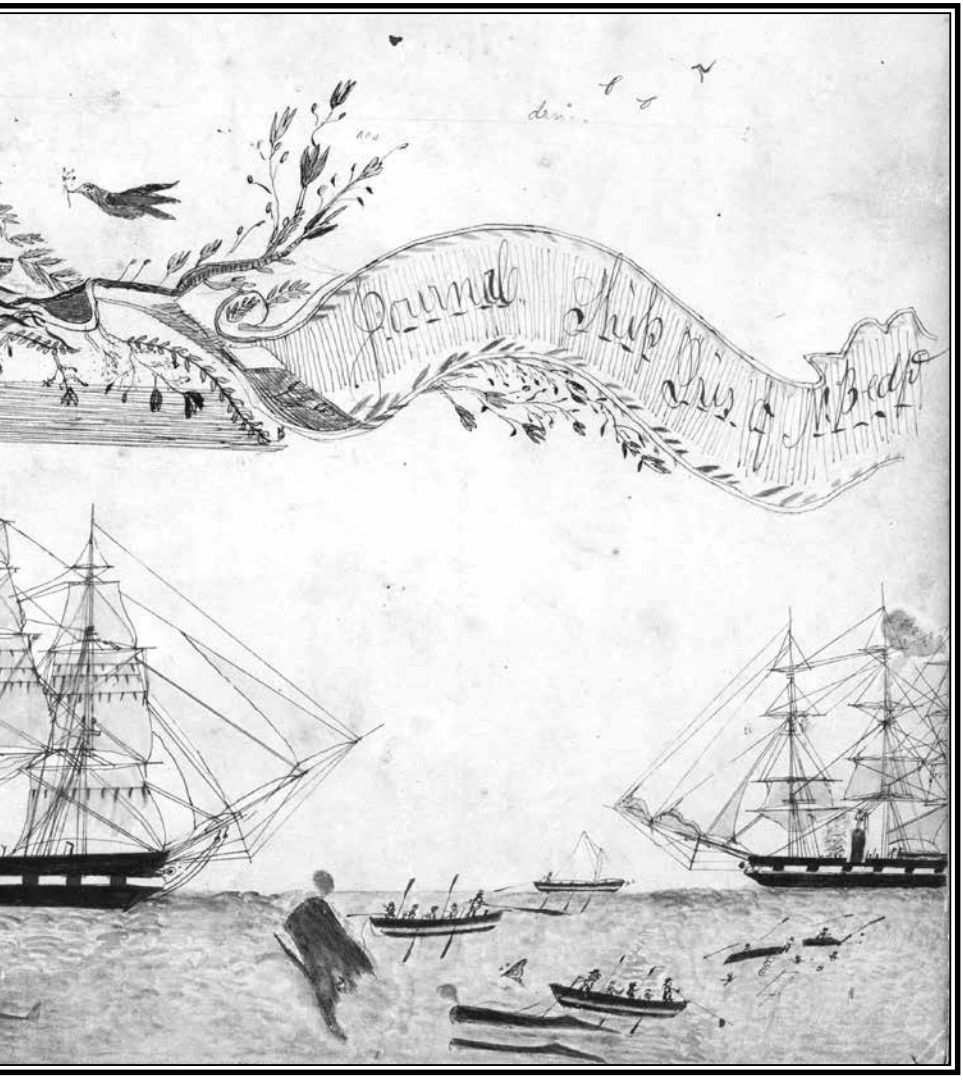
Somewhere between the ages of 31 and 33, Dr. Tucker appears to have moved from Foxboro, Massachusetts to Brooklyn, New York, where he ultimately set up residence and his offices at 393 Clinton Street. According to his obituary in *The Brooklyn Daily Eagle* he set up a branch office in Boston at the same time, and his unusual medical practice began to grow. By 1873, the practice had grown to the point that Dr. Tucker published a booklet, *Manual of Dr. H.A. Tucker's Specific Family Remedies, With Hygienic Suggestions*, which lists 58 different patent medicines created by Dr. Tucker, from a nerve invigorator to a worm remedy. By this time Dr. Tuck-

Art of the Logbook: Richard Norton



Many whaling logbooks were purely utilitarian listings o
however, rose to the level of art: embellished, by the sailors w
book of the *Iris*, kept by Richard Norton on her 1843-1847 v
Museum in 1968, is a particularly spectacular example. The p
an unusual blend mixture of naturalistic detail and baroque
that Norton observed in the western Pacific or an idealized v
will likely never know.

Illustrates the Adventures of the *Iris*



f positions, weather, and whales sighted or captured. Some, who kept them, with pen, ink, and even watercolors. The log- voyage from New Bedford to the Pacific, and donated to the page shown here, one of several full-color images in the log, is Victorian ornamentation. Whether it depicts an actual scene whaleman's paradise that existed only in his imagination, we

er's best-known medicine, No. 59 Diaphoretic Compound, was already in existence and listed in the booklet.

In the pages of Tucker's booklet we begin to get some insight into his unique methods as a medical clairvoyant. It notes,

> It is well known to the patients of Dr. H.A. Tucker that he possesses a peculiar, natural, *special gift* which is part of an entirely healthful organization. It is a *super-sense*, by which, having at will the power to withdraw himself from consciousness of external conditions, he is enabled to look within the human body, and read the mystery of its sufferings, and see the remedy for each ailment. This super-sense also discriminates to whom to reveal, from whom to withhold, and who has the right to the knowledge. Farther than this, it sees and advises concerning persons at a distance, as well as those who are present; just as a telegraphic message may be exact as a spoken word. This is possible by the vital currents that intersect all life, and connect human beings. Along such invisible lines impressions are conveyed to the physician.
>
> When Dr. Tucker's mind is thus withdrawn, it becomes a camera in which the image of the patient is imprinted, and it is this picture which he examines and describes; therefore it becomes unnecessary to question the patient in regard to symptoms, as he (Dr. Tucker) has the printed organism before him to read, and this mode of diagnosis is to be preferred for the reason that the person affected with disease is incapable of describing correctly.[11]

In May of 1888, a reporter from *The Brooklyn Daily Eagle* went to see Dr. Tucker as a test of his abilities and he recorded the following account of the experience:

> The doctor appeared before the reporter rubbing his eyes as if the light of the dimly illuminated room was painful. "I will see you now," he said, glancing with increasing keenness at his visitor. Passing into the little hall room used as the specialist's private office the reporter had an opportunity to look carefully at Dr. Tucker. He has a pleasant face, with soft, white hair and beard and a complexion clear and unfurrowed.
>
> "I am told," said the reporter, "that you do not need to be informed of the symptoms of a person's ailments in order to prescribe for him."
>
> "Well, that is true, do you wish me to give you a diagnosis according to my method?"
>
> "Yes, I wish that and also I wish a diagnosis of the case of a person who is ill in the western part of the state."
>
> "I will now take up your case," said the physician, and immediately he arranged himself as if for a quiet nap in his easy office chair. His eyelids gradually fell and his muscles relaxed so that his hands hung loosely over the chair arms. A moment of peaceful repose was followed by a series of muscular contractions, shrugging of the shoulders and twitching of the arms. These grew gradually less frequent,

11 H. A. Tucker, *Manual of Dr. H.A. Tucker's Specific Family Remedies, with Hygienic Suggestions* (1873), 1-2.

and in a dream like voice the doctor began to speak, at first rapidly and without inflection, but finally with clearness and emphasis.

"The fluid of the spinal cord is not a perfect conductor. There are impediments that check the even communication with the nerve ganglia, especially in the regions of the digestive functions. The result is a derangement of the whole system. The trouble is functional, not organic. It will yield somewhat to medical treatment. There are articles of food that cannot be assimilated. Chief among these are the starches. Numbers 107 and 111 are prescribed."

An early advertising card for No. 59.

There was much more of a character somewhat general and technical regarding the reporter's ailments, but on one thing the doctor was startlingly correct. The reporter had never been able to digest starchy foods such as oatmeal and rice. After the doctor had ceased speaking he began to show signs of awakening from his trance. His eyes appeared to be still heavy with somnolism and it required a good deal of rubbing before they were fairly opened. Then the doctor asked his patient if he had given any prescription.

"You mentioned Nos. 107 and 111 said the reporter.

"Please write those down, as they represent the medicines that will benefit you."

Dr. Tucker proved to be a very pleasant conversationalist in the few minutes interval before he tried the next test- to diagnose the case of a person living at a distance. Finally he said that he would try his powers on this, and, placing a pencil and paper before the reporter

for him to use in taking down the prescription that might be giving while he was in a trance state, he asked, "What is the first name of this person?"

"Timothy."

"How old is he?"

"About 58."

Then the performance of going into a trance was repeated, though the length of time before the muscular movements began was rather longer than in the first instance. This finished, the voice began:

"In looking into the cerebral condition the lower or physical brain has not sufficient depth. All the arterial condition of the body is impaired. The liver is small. There is a dropsical tendency. There has been going on a gradual loss of strength. Tuberculosis is present. He has most fearful forebodings. There is a rheumatic condition. The muscles have lost their elasticity. He is passing through a tremendous crisis, but is in no immediate danger of death. Medicines would be of little value. Nutritives are needed. Nervines would only do harm. Cocoa beef ten, I prescribe as likely to benefit him."

After the doctor had returned to a wide awake condition he asked the reporter what he had prescribed, and on being informed of some of the things he had said, which are only briefly touched upon in the quotation above, he proceeded to discuss with intelligence the case of the absent patient. He seemed but little surprised to find or interested when his visitor stated that the patient whose case he had used his alleged wonderful power on was, as he had said, suffering from tubercular consumption. Rheumatism had added to his troubles lately. "He is a man of strong vital powers," said the doctor, as if he had the main before him, or had known him intimately, "and may withstand the encroachment of the disease for a long time yet."[12]

For this same article, while Dr. Tucker avoiding saying whether he was a Spiritualist, the reporter noted that, "his home at Cottage City, Martha's Vineyard, is the rendezvous of Eastern Massachusetts Spiritualists."[13]

This is not the only similar type report of Dr. Tucker's powers being tested. Another account of Dr. Tucker being tested by several professors recorded Dr. Tucker being able to describe not only the illness of the patient, but also describe the house, gender, and physical description of the patient all from simply being told the address in Boston from his Brooklyn office.[14]

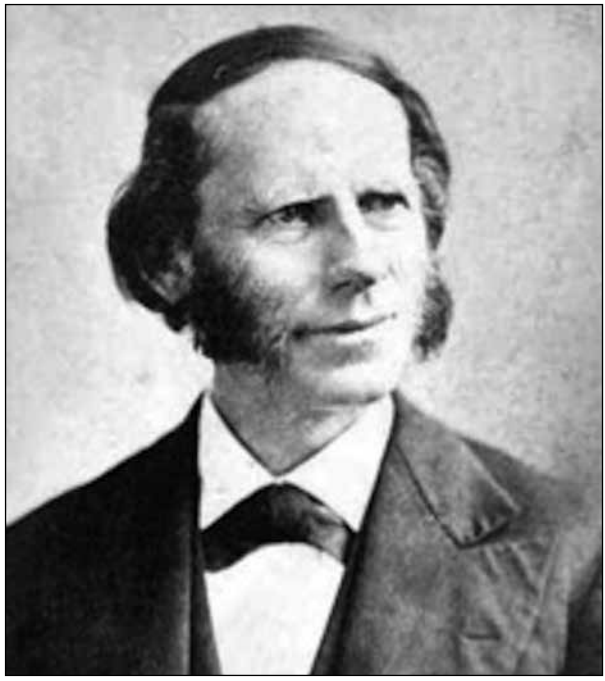
During this time, Dr. Tucker's fame grew through his many patent medicines. From his Number 1: Fever Remedy to his Number 138:

12 "Second Sight By One of the Tabernacle Trustees—How Dr. Tucker Diagnosed Two Cases While in a Sort of Trance- Building Up a Large Practice With the Aid of Clairvoyance," *The Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, May 4, 1888, page 6.

13 Ibid.

14 George Lansing Raymond, *The Psychology of Inspiration: An Attempt to Distinguish Religious from Scientific Truth and to Harmonize Christianity with Modern Thought*. (New York: Funk and Wagnalls, 1908), 65-66.

White Pine Compound, he had well over one hundred and thirty medicines he had developed. By far the most popular was his Number 59: Diaphoretic Compound, which was sold as both lozenges and as a liquid medicine by the bottle. On February 7, 1916, Dr. Tucker's son (also Dr. Harrison A. Tucker), who inherited the practice plead guilty and paid a $25 fine to the State of New York for the violation of the Food and Drugs Act regarding claims made by some of these medicines. The Number 64: Fever Drops was tested and found to contain 29% alcohol, along with tincture of opium, camphor, glycerin, and ipecac. Number 59: Diaphoretic Compound was found to be 71.5% alcohol with oils of cinnamon and anise.[15]



Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage, Tucker's friend and defender.

Dr. Tucker and Dr. Talmage

Perhaps as interesting as Dr. Tucker's medical practice was his close relationship with Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage and his Brooklyn Tabernacle, a Presbyterian mega-church of its day. Thomas De Witt Talmage was a gifted speaker and religious writer in his day. He had accepted an offer from the Central Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn in 1869, when it had only 17 members left in a large building[16], but his popularity continued to grow. In 1870, the church built a new sanctuary with 3,000 seats[17] to hold the growing crowds, but in 1872 a fire destroyed it. In 1874 they rebuilt the church with 5,000 seats only to have it destroyed by fire on October 13, 1889. Rebuilding at a new location, the third tabernacle, started in 1891, was again destroyed by fire in 1894. After this catastrophe Talmage retired, doing some ministry in Washington D.C., and continuing with his

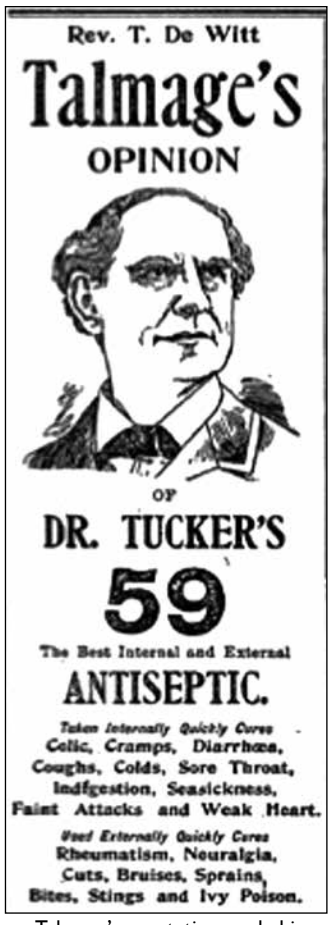
15 *Bureau of Chemistry Service and Regulatory Announcements, Supplement 19*, case 4411, 638-641.

16 Banks, Louis Albert, *T. De Witt Talmage, His Life and Work* (London: O.W. Binkerd, 1902), 61.

17 Ibid., 62.

writing until his death on 1902. At his height, Talmage's sermons were printed in 3,000 newspapers around the world, reaching an estimated 20 million readers in the U.S. and Canada[18], making him one of the most well known preachers of his day.

Dr. Tucker served as the President of the Board of Trustees for the Brooklyn Tabernacle, as well as treasurer at various times. The Brooklyn Tabernacle after the building of the second tabernacle maintained a tradition of pew rents, paid by members for the rights to use certain pews each year. However, due to the popularity of Dr. Talmage and in the need of raising funds, the church would hold an auction to decide the order in which members would choose their pew. This practice began in 1882. In 1883 at the second annual renting, Dr. Tucker paid $210 (plus $90 for the rent) for the first choice (pew 229 in the center of the main floor right in front of the preacher) and $150 for the second choice.[19] In 1885 at the third annual renting, Dr. Tucker paid $720 (plus $90 for the rent) for the same pew.[20] In 1886 at the fifth annual renting, Dr. Tucker again came in first, paying $760 (plus $90 for the rent) for his usual pew.[21] In 1887 at the sixth annual renting, Dr. Tucker paid $975 (plus $90 for the rent) for the same pew, again as the top bidder.[22] In 1888 at the seventh annual renting, once again Dr. Tucker won the first choice with a $700 bid (plus the $90 pew rent) and chose his same pew.[23]



Talmage's reputation made him a valuable symbol of authority.

18 Ibid., 67.
19 "Gone Up: The Rent of the Pews in the Tabernacle." *The Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, January 23, 1883, page 2.
20 "Pew Rents: Rev. Dr. Talmage's Very Successful Auction of Seats," *The Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, January 20, 1885, page 2.
21 "Pew Prices: Obtained at the Auction in the Tabernacle," *The Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, January 26, 1886, page 2.
22 "Brisk Bidding: Talmage's Pews Taken at High Premiums," *The Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, January 25, 1887, page 2.
23 "Growing Yet: The Strength and Interest of Dr. Talmage's Congregation," *The Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, January 24, 1888, page 4.

Dr. Tucker built on this friendship with Talmage by having Rev. Talmage endorse his products, especially his No. 59 Diaphoretic Compound. Talmage is quoted in one advertisement saying, "Dr. Tucker's 59 ought to be on the shelf of every nursery and in the satchel on every journey."

Their relationship, however, was not purely financial. It appears to have been a genuine friendship, and Dr. Tucker was quite committed to both Talmage and the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Dr. Talmage came to Martha's Vineyard to marry Dr. Tucker's daughter, Cornelia to Alden Seabury Crane on September 5, 1893[24], and Dr. Tucker's daughter had been a bridesmaid at Dr. Talmage's daughter's wedding.[25]

In the spring of 1888 a local controversy arose in Brooklyn that required Dr. Talmage to risk his reputation by defending his friend. On Sunday, April 29, 1888, Rev. Dr. Talmage delivered a sermon denouncing and attacking Spiritualism.[26] Dr. Tucker as President of the Board of Trustees and an elder of the church shook hands with Talmage after the service. A former judge, Judge Dailey, challenged Talmage to a public discussion of the subject in defense of Spiritualism. Talmage refused and criticized Spiritualism even more. The Spiritualists "in retaliation" pointed out Dr. Tucker's past ties with Spiritualism and his questionable medical practices. This led *The Brooklyn Eagle* to investigate Dr. Tucker and ultimately interview him on the subject.

The subject even came to the attention of more conservative religious voices, with a writer, Eleanor Kirk, being quoted in the *Advent Review and Sabbath Herald* (a weekly publication of the Seventh Day Adventists) in an attack on Spiritualism,

> When the Rev. Dr. Talmage remarked last Sunday that "Spiritualism was an unclean, adulterous, and abominable doctrine, and the sooner it goes down to the hell from which it came up, the better for earth and heaven," did he forget himself, or did he really mean to consign his chief henchman and deacon, Dr. Harrison A. Tucker, to the fires of *sheol*? Did he include all the members of his church and congregation who believe in this practical immortality of the soul?... I know of members of this church who go to hear Mr. Talmage in the morning and hold séances at their own or their friends' houses in the evening. Many mediums are well supported by the Talmage people. The pastor may not be aware of this state of things, but he does know that Dr. H.A. Tucker is a clairvoyant and a trance-medium, and I believe I am correctly informed that this exceedingly wealthy man-made so by this trance traffic- has prescribed and still continues to prescribe for the Talmage family. Now, if this man belongs in hell,

24 Marriage notices. *The Sentinel* (Hempstead, New York, Queens County), September 12, 1893.

25 "Miss Talmage's Wedding," *New York Times*, February 16, 1887.

26 "Talmage Quiet," page 6.

why is he allowed to occupy the best seat in the Tabernacle and manage the most important affairs of the church![27]

Tucker and Talmage were attacked by the Spiritualists as well. The British Spiritualist paper *The Two Worlds* attacked Talmage for his theological position and Tucker for hypocrisy,

> If all too many of them (Spiritualists) elect to follow in the wake of Dr. Tucker, and strive to serve the God who speaks through his ministering spirits, and the god of this earth- PUBLIC OPINION; if, in the face of what they know, they will still worship at the shrine of what they only *pretend* to believe, theirs is the responsibility, and theirs will be the hypocrite's doom. They act, speak, and write in the face of the truth for the sake of the applause of the world. When they have left that world behind them, and they stand revealed for what they are, not what they seemed to be, the consequences of their acts will fall on their own heads. Neither the falsehoods of a Talmage nor the time-serving hypocrisy of a Tucker can save them then from the just penalties they have incurred.[28]

Even as death neared for Dr. Tucker, the Brooklyn Tabernacle and Dr. Talmage remained a substantial force. In an article about Dr. Tucker being close to death in 1894, *The Brooklyn Daily Eagle* noted,

> The disease of which Dr. Tucker is suffering and from which it is apprehended he is passing away is in its present form chronic nephritis. The first traces of it were discovered over two years ago following an attack of the grip. It was then known that he had reduced his system in strength and in powers of resistance by his labors in superintending the building of the Brooklyn Tabernacle. During all the years of its construction he spent every week day afternoon in overseeing the progress of the work and in meeting the exigencies which arose in the making of it, from 2 o'clock until 5, no matter what the weather was. Always self-sacrificing and unthoughtful of his own welfare when that of others was involved, he found upon the completion of his task that the seeds of progressive dissolution had been sown in his system.[29]

In fact, Dr. Tucker had become ill while working so hard to build the third tabernacle and was dying shortly after the grand celebration for its completion. While the decorations from this event were still in the church, Dr. Talmage gave the last sermon before it too was destroyed by fire, and he especially took the time to pray for his friend,

> We pray for the dying elder of this church, Dr. Tucker. Some distance away from us this morning. We nevertheless hope to reach him

27 "The Prophecy for Spiritualism," *Advent Review and Sabbath Herald* (Battle Creek, Michigan), May 29, 1888, vol. 65 (22): 345.

28 "Talmage on the Rampage," *The Two Worlds* (Manchester, England), Friday, June 22, 1888, vol. 1 (32): 426-427.

29 "Dr. H.A. Tucker Passing Away," *The Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, May 13, 1894, page 1.

> by our prayers. Lord, he whom Thou lovest is sick. May his last moments be bright with heaven. If he still lingers this side of the shining gate, may all the sweet promises come in upon his soul and may he have the faith to say: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." But if he is already on the other side of the shining gate, then we thank Thee for his triumph. We thank Thee that all pain is gone and that that which he only saw by faith he now sees face to face. Shall we never see him pass up and down these aisles again? Shall we never clasp his warm hand again? Shall we never look into his illumined face again? We thank Thee for the long time we had him with us; that it was so easy for him to say kind things and to do kind things; for all the wounds he healed, for all the tears he wiped away; that he was not only a physician for the body, but a physician for the soul, and that when he gave the medicine to cure physical ailment he gave the medicine that cured the soul, and that the prescription went with the prayer: "My Father, My Father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof."[30]

The third Brooklyn Tabernacle, over which Dr. Tucker risked his very health, burned down on May 13, 1894. Dr. Tucker died the following day on May 14, 1894 at his beloved home in Cottage City on Martha's Vineyard, and was buried in Foxboro, Massachusetts. Dr. Talmage set off on a trip around the world the same day, taking up a ministry in First Presbyterian Church, Washington D.C. on his return, leaving behind the ashes and Spiritualist controversy in Brooklyn. Dr. Talmage would go on to become the spiritual advisor of President Grover Cleveland and continue to be one of the most famous preachers of his generation.

Dr. Tucker and Martha's Vineyard

Visitors to the island of Martha's Vineyard are still impressed by the majesty of the Dr. H. A. Tucker Cottage at 61 Ocean Avenue, Oak Bluffs, and historians on the island still recall Dr. Tucker's name for the fireworks in August 1874 when President Grant visited the island and Dr. Tucker's home. But little did they suspect his Spiritualist background, the strange methods of the medical clairvoyant, and his close alliance with one of the most prominent Christian pastors of his day.

One other little known and unexpected connection with Martha's Vineyard history has to do with Dr. Tucker's family. Dr. Tucker had two half-sisters from his father's first marriage to Polly Makepeace (1798-1825). One, Mary Sargent, lived with her family in Wisconsin. The second half-sister, Eunice Blandin (1823-1911), was the mother of Mary Ella Edwards (1851-1934), the wife of Chaplain Madison Edwards (1852-1926) of the Vineyard Haven Seaman's Bethel. A rare family picture taken July 4, 1884 at Dr. Tucker's cottage shows this relationship between one of the leaders of Martha's Vineyard high society (and a medical clairvoyant) and

30 "The Last Sermon Preached by Dr. Talmage in the Burned Tabernacle," *The Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, May 14, 1894, page 10.

Dr. Tucker's family on the porch of his Cottage City summer home, July 4, 1884

the religious chaplain who worked with homeless and poor sailors on the Vineyard Haven waterfront. In the photograph, Dr. Tucker can be seen sitting in a central chair, with his wife on his right. To his left, in another chair is Mary Sargent, and sitting to her left is Eunice Blandin. On the far left side of the photograph, a young woman sits in a chair, and this is Mary Ella Edwards. Sitting on a step at her knee is Madison Edwards, and he is holding their daughter Helen (1883-1942), who would later become the wife of Austin Tower (1880-1961), who succeeded Edwards as chaplain of the Seaman's Bethel.

There seems to be little or no evidence of Dr. Tucker's support of the Vineyard Bethel despite this family connection, and there is no evidence that the conservative religious values of Madison Edwards ever led to him speaking out against Spiritism on the Vineyard. These two worlds just seemed to never intersect, except for this family gathering. This is just one more interesting and perplexing fact to add to the strange case of Dr. Harrison A. Tucker. A medical clairvoyant with strong religious ties, Dr. Tucker straddled two very different worlds at a time when medicine and religion were not that far apart. His diagnoses made converts of patients and made him a wealthy man, but his attempts to balance his life and faith with Christian orthodoxy ultimately led to his death. Either way, he remains an enigmatic figure who sought to explore the spiritual dimension of early medicine and still maintain socially acceptable and politically valuable religious ties key to Victorian respectability for his life in business in Brooklyn and for his life of pleasure on Martha's Vineyard.

Ship Shapes: A Reader's Guide To the Age of Sail

by A. Bowdoin Van Riper

When once-common machines fade from everyday use, the language used to describe them fades as well. Austen and Dickens took for granted the differences between a phaeton and a four-in-hand, a barouche and a brougham. They, their characters, and their original audiences all lived in a world where the words, and the horse-drawn carriages they described, were commonplace. All of them read, effortlessly, the subtle signals that the choice of carriage could send about a person's social class, personality, or intentions. Today's readers, for whom horse-drawn vehicles are exotic relics of a bygone age, subsume all that diversity under a handful of words—carriage, coach, wagon, buggy—and move on. Asked to articulate the differences even between *those* broad categories, most us of us would have to stop and think. It is not that we are inattentive, or ill-educated, but that the world has changed. The nuances of sedans, station wagons, and SUVs matter in our here-and-now, but the nuances of horse-drawn vehicles do not.

So it is with the language of wind-driven ships. When whalers tied up at Osborn's Wharf in Edgartown to unload their cargoes of oil, and the skyline of Vineyard Haven Harbor was thick with the masts of schooners awaiting the turn of the tide, the differences between types of ships were second nature to those who watched from the shore, as well as to those who went to sea. The specialized language used to distinguish one from another—shared across a world that stretched from Nauset to Newcastle, and Halifax to Havana—distilled paragraphs of information into a word or two. To call one vessel a brig and another a bark, one a clipper and another a catboat, was to describe the size and shape of its hull; the number and position of its masts; and the layout and rigging of its sails. The terminology also allowed those familiar with the Atlantic world to make

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educated guesses (often highly precise ones) about the number of sailors aboard the vessel, and the kind of work in which they were engaged. Like the language used aboard ships by those who worked them, the language used to describe ships by those who lived among them was a tool for communicating efficiently about a complex subject.[1]

The age of working sail is long since over. The last commercial sailing vessel to call at the Island is said to have departed Vineyard Haven Harbor on a hazy morning in August 1943, and, in a sense, the need for a specialized language in which to discuss the differences between types of sailing vessels departed with it.[2] The sober gray storage boxes of the Martha's Vineuard Museum archives are filled, however, with logbooks, letters, and business papers created when sails had not yet given way to steam and diesel, and the shelves of its library with first-person accounts of lives lived in the shadow of canvas sails. If we want to fully enter the world described in those writings—doing research, chasing ancestors, or going vicariously to sea—we need to recapture something of that specialized language.

This article, the first in an occasional series, is intended to recapture that once-familiar, now-forgotten knowledge. It is a (relatively) brief, (mostly) non-technical guide to the types of ships that, between the 1740s and the 1940s, filled the waters around the Vineyard with sails.

Spars, Sails, and Other Basics

Every sailing vessel—from an 8-foot fiberglass dinghy weaving its way across sheltered waters under the unsteady control of a novice skipper to an 300-foot steel bark running before a Southern Ocean gale with all sails set—consists of two basic elements: the hull and the rig. Hulls are akin to the bodywork of motor vehicles, in that their shape and dimensions define where the vehicle can go and what kinds of work it can do. The numerous, subtle variations in hull shape are, however, beyond the scope of this article. The commercial sailing vessels that plied the waters around the Vineyard were—with one home-grown exception—defined and classified by their rig: the arrangement of their masts and sails that (to extend the automotive analogy just a little longer) served as their engine and drive train.

A sailing vessel is, by definition, powered *primarily* by the wind. Its rig is designed to capture the wind and use it, as efficiently as possible, to drive the ship through the water. Every sailing rig consists of three basic elements: the sails themselves, which catch the wind; the spars, which keep the sails spread before the wind; and the rigging, which supports both sails and spars, and allows the crew to position and reposition them to best advantage. The rigging on a sailing vessel longer than 25 or 30 feet encompassed both "standing" (for support) and "running" (for control), and learning the intricacies of both was an essential step on a young sail-

Sailors furling the square-rigged mainsail of the bark *Parma* in 1932 or 1933, photographed by Alan Villiers. *Villiers Collection, National Maritime Museum [Greenwich, UK], via Wikimedia Commons.*

or's years-long journey from a "landsman" or "green hand" to "able seaman." Like the intricacies of hull shape, however, the differences between bobstays and buntlines are incidental to the subject of this article. The different types of rig were named based on elements could be readily seen at a distance: the number and arrangement of sails and spars.

A sailing vessel's most visible spars are its masts: the vertical poles that carry the weight of the sails and other spars, and transmit the force of the wind to the hull. Small sailing vessels typically carried one or—if the skipper preferred flexibility to simplicity—two masts. Larger vessels typically carried two or three, though by the last third of the nineteenth century four masts were increasingly common and five was not unheard of. A handful of large cargo vessels—including the schooner *Mertie B. Crowley*, wrecked off Chappaquiddick in 1910—had six masts, and one, the *Thomas W. Lawson,* had seven. Masts on smaller vessels were short enough to be cut from a single piece of timber, but those on larger vessels were made in two, three, or even four sections.[3] The lowermost section was fixed in place: It passed through deck and its butt end fitted into a socket cut in the keel—the long timber that formed the backbone of the hull. The upper sections, however, could be detached from one another and lowered to the deck to facilitate repairs or accommodate extreme weather conditions.[4]

The tallest mast on a two- or three-masted sailing vessel is, by convention, called the "mainmast." A shorter mast positioned ahead of it is the "foremast," and a shorter mast positioned behind it is the "mizzenmast." On schooners whose three (or more) masts were of equal height, the first three masts were typically designated the fore-, main-, and mizzen- in that order, and the fourth mast, if one existed, was called the "jigger mast." On vessels with five or more masts, mast-naming conventions broke down entirely—probably because they were too uncommon, and too short-lived, for a consensus to form. Some captains added additional, unique names (pusher, spanker, driver), while others fell back on the practicality of numbers. Thomas W. Lawson, financial backer and namesake of the world's only seven-masted ship, is said to have named her masts after the days of the week—a story that, if not true, should be.

Sails came in a myriad of shapes—triangles, rectangles, and trapezoids—and sizes, but they were attached to the masts in one of only two basic ways. "Square sails," called that because of their arrangement rather than their shape, were set perpendicular ("square") to the long axis of the hull. They hung, by their top edges, from horizontal spars called "yardarms" (or "yards" for short) affixed to the mast at their midpoint, like the crossbar of a T. Square-rigged sails remained aloft until damaged or worn out. When not in use, they were gathered into tight bundles beneath the yard, and lashed in place with ropes; setting the sail was thus a matter of undoing the lashings and allowing the canvas to unfurl. The work of furling and setting was done by sailors who climbed the rigging and worked their way out along the yardarms, resting their bodies against the spar with their feet braced against "footropes" looped beneath it and their hands free to gather in the canvas and make (or unmake) the lashings.

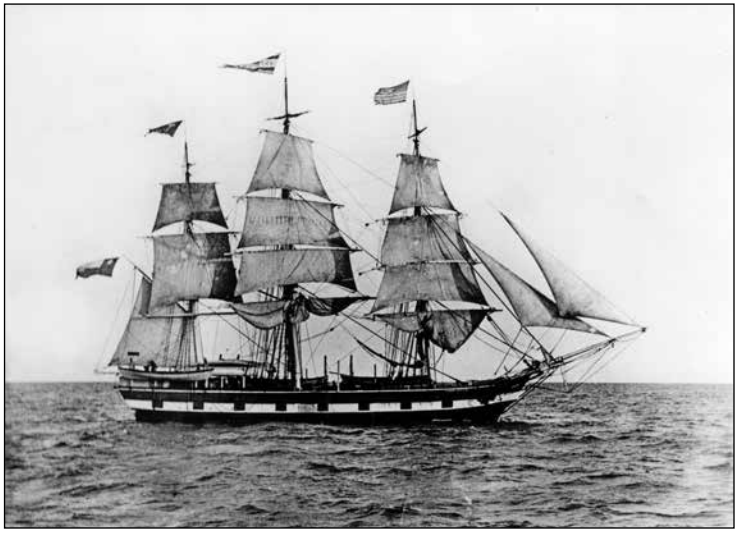
"Fore-and-aft" sails, as their name suggests, were set parallel to the long axis of the hull. They were—depending on their shape and placement—attached to pieces of the standing rigging that helped to hold the masts upright, or to the mast itself and to spars attached to it by pivots and designed to swing back and forth across the ship. Fore-and-aft sails set from the standing rigging, called "staysails" if set between the masts and "jibs" if set between the foremast and the tip of the bowsprit, were typically triangular in shape, with the hypotenuse of the triangle attached to the rigging and the two shorter sides hanging free. Those set behind their respective masts were, typically four-sided: their front edge attached (by sliding wooden hoops) to the mast, their top edge lashed to an angled spar called a "gaff," and their bottom edge lashed to a horizontal spar called a "boom." Fore-and-aft sails, because setting them involved lifting the sail toward the masthead rather than lowering it from a yardarm fixed high on the mast, could be handled without going aloft. Furling a gaff-rigged

mainsail, for example, was a matter of lowering the gaff until it rested on the boom, and then lashing spars and sail into place from the relative security of the deck, or deckhouse roof.

Fore-and-aft sails thus allowed very small crews to handle very large rigs, as well as enabling the vessels that carried them to sail closer to the wind.[5] Square sails, on the other hand, provided unmatched power and efficiency for sailing vessels when the wind blew from directly (or almost directly) behind them. The balance between the two was subject to a dizzying array of variations, of which only the most common are discussed in the sections that follow.[6]

Offshore Vessels

Vessels designed for long offshore passages tended, for the reasons just noted, to have rigs in which square sails predominated. With thousands of miles of open water to cover between ports, their captains deliberately made their ocean crossings at latitudes where the winds blew steadily and predictably in the direction they wanted to go. Ocean-going vessels carried some fore-and-aft sails to enhance maneuverability, but their designers and crews lost no chance to put the greatest possible square-footage of square sails in the path of the following winds on which they relied.



The whaler *Charles W. Morgan*, a classic full-rigged ship. *Photograph Collection, Martha's Vineyard Museum.*

The "full-rigged ship" of the mid-nineteenth century—like the whalers *Splendid* and *Champion* that sailed out of Edgartown in the 1840s, or the *Charles W. Morgan,* which visited the Island in 2014—embodied that design philosophy. It had three masts, each carrying at least four sails: the "course" on the lowest yard and the topsail, topgallant, and royal on successively smaller yards at intervals above it. The captains of such ships could also—to take full advantage of light winds—set "studding sails" (pronounced "stuns'ls") from temporary extensions attached to the end of

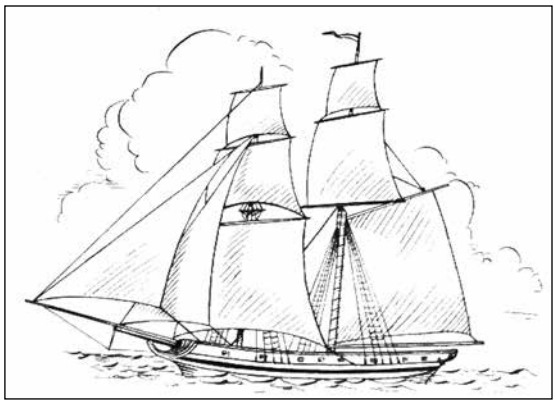
the topsail and topgallant yards, fly "spritsails" from similar spars mounted perpendicular to the bowsprit, or deploy "skysails" and "moonrakers" above the royals. The sails that flew from the masts of a full-rigged ship were, with one prominent exception, square sails. Only the "spanker"—a large, gaff-rigged sail that took the place of the mizzen course (that is, the lowermost sail on the mizzenmast)—was rigged fore-and-aft. Supplemented by two or three "jibs" set from cables between the foremast and the bowsprit, and "staysails" set from cables stretched between the masts, the spanker enhanced the vessel's maneuverability when circumstances required it to sail close to, or across, the wind.

The dominance of square over fore-and-aft sails on full-rigged ships reflected the logic behind their design: that the vessel could best turn a profit by getting to its destination as quickly as possible. Whaling ships, for example, served their owners' interests by getting to the whaling grounds as quickly as possible and, when their holds were filled with bundles of baleen and casks of rendered oil, coming home the same way. Clipper ships—a narrow-hulled, extravagantly canvased version of the full-rigged ship that evolved in the mid-1840s—were the ultimate expression of the idea. Built for speed above all else, they could reach speeds of 17 knots (20 mph), cutting the 200-day passage from New York to San Francisco or London to Melbourne in half. Knowing that even an extra fraction of a knot gained could shave days off a long passage—potentially making a ship's (or a captain's) reputation in the process—clipper ship captains deployed extra sail sooner, and kept it up longer, than the masters of less extreme vessels. The captains of whalers and oceangoing packets (the sail-driven equivalent of liners like the *Mauretania* and *Queen Mary*) did their share of pushing, however, knowing that their full-rigged ships were ideally suited to long ocean passages at high speed.

The "full-rigged brig" replicated the design logic of the full-rigged ship in a smaller package. They were built with two masts (fore and main) instead of three, and carried a full set of square sails—course, topsail, topgallant, and sometimes royal—on both, as well as jibs and staysails forward of the foremast. They also, however, carried a spanker set from a boom and gaff attached to the rear of the mainmast in addition to the square-rigged mainsail, set from a yardarm attached to the front of the mast. The combination of square sails and spanker, along with a shorter and lighter hull, made full-rigged brigs easier to handle than full-rigged ships, but it meant that they had relatively large crews (and thus relatively high operating costs) for their size and carrying capacity.

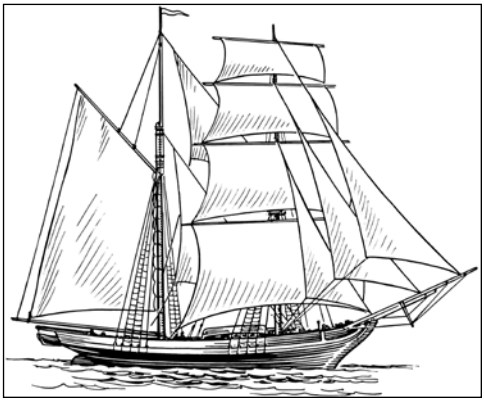
One solution to that problem was to dispense with the square-rigged mainsail, leaving the fore-and-aft-rigged spanker with a square-rigged topsail and topgallant above it, and creating a vessel known as a "brig-

antine" or (confusingly) "brig" for short. Another, more radical approach was to remove the all the square-rigged sails from the mainmast, leaving the spanker and, above it, a triangular topsail with one edge attached to the mast and a second edge attached to the gaff holding up the spanker. The resulting vessel, wholly square-rigged on the foremast and wholly fore-and-aft-rigged on the mainmast, went by various names: half-brig, schooner brig, and—because of its dual nature—"hermaphrodite brig."[7]



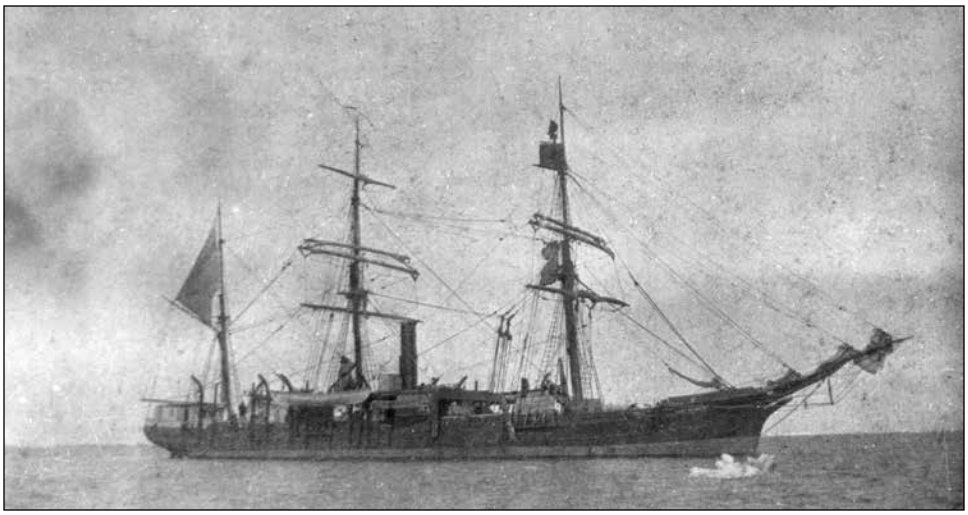
A brigantine, distinguished from a full-rigged brig by the absence of a square-rigged sail on the lower mainmast. Vessels rigged this way on the foremast as well as the mainmast, formally "double-topsail schooners," were colloquially known as "jackass brigs." *Pearson Scott Foresman Publishers, via Wikimedia Commons.*

The same logic, applied to vessels the size of full-rigged ships, produced the "bark" and its close relative the "barkentine."[8] Barks—which could have three, four, or even five masts—were fore-and-aft rigged on the rearmost mast, and square-rigged on the others, while barkentines (which could have similarly variable numbers of masts) were square-rigged on the foremast and fore-and-aft rigged on the rest.



A hermaphrodite brig, exclusively fore-and-aft-rigged on its mainmast and easier to handle than a full-rigged brig or brigantine. *Pearson Scott Foresman Publishers, via Wikimedia Commons.*

The partial replacement of square-rigged by fore-and-aft rigged sails was driven, in all three cases, by designers' and owners' willingness to trade speed and power (especially when running before the wind) for smaller crews and thus lower operating costs. The resulting savings enabled wind-driven ships to compete with steam-powered ones through the nineteenth century and into the early decades of the twentieth. On the open ocean, with a steady wind behind them late-nineteenth-century barks could outrun schooners of similar size and (at 15-16 knots) comfortably exceed the 11-12 knot cruising speed of many contemporary steam-powered freight-



The *Alexander*, a typical bark-rigged steam whaler of the late nineteenth century. *Photograph Collection, Martha's Vineyard Museum.*

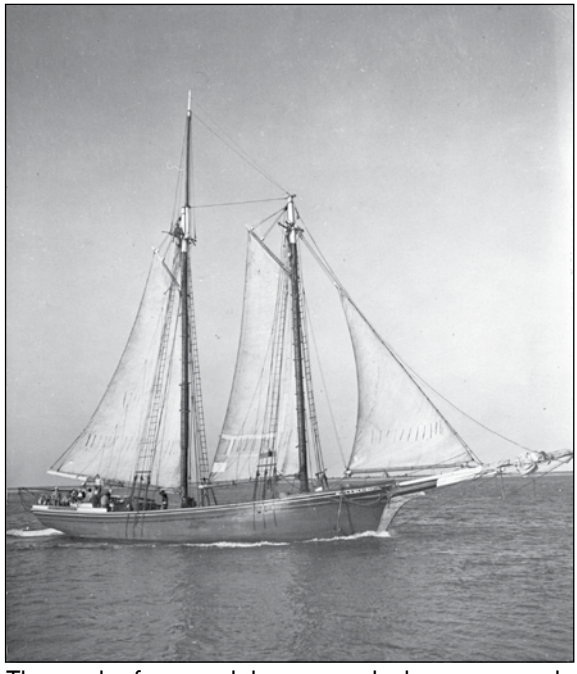
ers. Wind permitting, they could also run for thousands of miles at without stopping—as steamers were obliged to do—for fresh water to fill their boilers and coal to fire them. Where the ship-rigged clippers had specialized in high-value cargoes like Chinese tea and passengers with urgent business on the far side of the world, barks and barkentines found their niche hauling more prosaic goods: grain, wool, timber, and guano.[9] Profit margins in such trades were lower, but—especially over intercontinental distances—the vessels' low operating costs made them pay.

Lower operating costs also proved attractive to owners of whaling vessels as, in the decades after 1860, whale populations diminished and the rise of the petroleum industry undercut the market for whale oil. Whalers like the *Charles W. Morgan,* built as full-rigged ships in the boom years of the 1830s and 40s, were frequently re-rigged as barks later in the century.[10] The last major chapter in the history of American whaling was written, in the decades around 1900, by vessels that wintered in San Francisco and spent the months between April and October hunting in the frigid water of the Bering Sea.[11] Steam engines were then becoming standard equipment in the Arctic whaling grounds—they enabled ships to shoulder aside loose pack ice, and choose a course independent of the wind's speed and direction—but steam remained their auxiliary power source. Virtually all the ships listed as "steam whalers" carried masts and sails as well, using them wherever and whenever possible in order to conserve their coal (expensive, and not easily replenished) for times when nothing else would do. In keeping with that spirit of economy and efficiency, the vast majority of them were rigged as barks and barkentines.

Inshore Vessels

Vessels designed for inshore operations, sailing from port to port along the coast and threading their way through narrow channels and around barely submerged rocks and shoals, faced different demands. Offshore vessels could afford to seek out winds that blew in the direction they wanted to go. Inshore vessels had to work with the winds they had, whether those winds blew from astern or ahead. Speed mattered—speed *always* mattered—but maneuverability ("handiness," as sailors sometimes put it) and ability to sail close to the wind mattered more. Vessels designed for inshore work, therefore, relied almost exclusively on fore-and-aft rigged sails, deploying them in combinations almost as diverse as those in which offshore vessels set their square-rigged canvas.

Schooners were the queens of America's inshore waters during the golden age of working sail—the biggest, most powerful, and most impressive vessels to operate near land—though the crews who sailed them would likely have snorted derisively to hear them described as such. It is commonplace, today, to talk about schooners in the same romantic language once used for clippers and other oceangoing square-riggers: to call them "windjammers" and "tall ships." In their heyday, however, they were working vessels that chased fish on the offshore banks and, like the eighteen-wheeled trucks that crowd today's highways, hauled freight between cities. Schooners began their reign as cargo carriers in an era before railroads existed, and persisted long after the eastern United States was webbed with rails because—especially for moving bulky cargoes between coastal cities—they were more cost-effective than trains. Cost-effectiveness kept them in service, as it kept the last of the big oceangoing barks and barkentines in service, through the mid 1930s, hauling high-bulk,



Thousands of two- and three-masted schooners passed through Vineyard waters in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. The *Alice S. Wentworth* was among the last in commercial service. *Photograph Collection, Martha's Vineyard Museum.*

low-value cargo like lumber, coal, and stone.

A schooner was, by definition, fore-and-aft rigged on the lower sections of each of its two (or more) masts. Most schooners, except for the very largest, carried fore-and-aft-rigged topsails as well, and all carried the usual complement of jibs. The exclusive use of fore-and-aft sails gave schooners the maneuverability necessary for inshore voyages, and enabled them to operate with far smaller crews than square-rigged vessels of similar size. Early in the eighteenth century, for example, "four men and a boy" was established as the traditional crew for a two-masted fishing or cargo schooner. Small auxiliary steam engines, mounted on deck and used to raise sails and anchors, became standard equipment on large schooners in the late nineteenth century, enabling crews to remain small even as the vessels grew larger. The oceangoing clippers of the mid-nineteenth century carried 80 to 100 sailors, but the six-masted, 296-foot coal schooner *Mertie B. Crowley* sailed with only 14 on the ill-fated voyage that ended when she struck Wasque Shoals, southeast of Chappaquiddick, on the frigid morning of January 23, 1910.[12]

The five-masted schooner *Governor Ames* was the first of her kind and, at the time of her launch in 1888, the largest cargo ship in the world. Over 260 feet long and capable of carrying 160,000 cubic feet of lumber or coal, she was sailed by a crew of thirteen. *Library of Congress Prints and Photographs Collection; Charles E. Bolles, photographer.*

The schooners that *did* carry square-rigged topsails—typically on their foremast, above the big, gaff-rigged foresail—did so for the usual reason: the extra speed those sails provided when the wind was astern. Topsail schooners (as they were called) tended, therefore, to be concentrated in roles where speed paid tangible benefits. Narrow-hulled, sharp-bowed examples, known as "Baltimore clippers" for the Mid-Atlantic port whose shipyards made a specialty of them, were favored by privateers, slavers, and harbor pilots. The United States Revenue Cutter Service, charged with enforcing the new nation's customs regulations and stopping would-be smugglers, used topsail schooners as well; Jeremiah Pease, customs collector and lighthouse keeper at Edgartown, faithfully recorded their comings and goings at Edgartown in his famous diary.[13] A common thread linked all these maritime enterprises, whether law-abiding or nefarious: The need for fast, handy craft that could overtake, outrun, or outmaneuver vessels of less-extreme design. Topsail schooners delivered that performance,

and—though by serendipity rather than design—possessed a sleek and rakish beauty all their own, evident to anyone who has ever watched the Vineyard's own *Shenandoah* pass by under full sail.

Schooners straddled the line between inshore and offshore vessels. Though designed—and most often used—for inshore work, they could and did sail on the open ocean. Edgartown-based schooners like the *Malvina B.* and the *Hazel M. Jackson*, for example, fished George's Bank and the Grand Banks well into the twentieth century. Sloops, cutters, and catboats were another matter. Smaller, single-masted and exclusively fore-and-aft rigged, they were purely inshore vessels, designed for short passages, shore-bounded waters, and shallow, tricky harbors. As pilot vessels, they met larger vessels "from away" at the entrances to Vineyard and Nantucket Sounds, carrying local captains offering (for a fee) their services as guides and the benefit of their local knowledge. As packets, they carried fish and freight, packages and passengers to Falmouth, New Bedford, and even New York. Before the advent of steamboats and published schedules in the late 1810s (and for several decades afterward), they provided ferry service to the Vineyard and Nantucket. In the days when Ferryboat Island, in the western arm of the Lagoon, was the jumping-off point for the mainland, the ferries that called there were probably gaff-rigged sloops.[14]

Modern sloops—built for racing, cruising or recreational day-sailing—are descendants of nineteenth-century vessels called Bermuda sloops. Their defining feature is a tall mast with a triangular, fore-and-aft-rigged mainsail behind and a single triangular jib ahead, once called a "Marconi rig" because the tall masts evoked those built along the coast in the 1910s to transmit radio signals to ships at sea. Until the 1920s and 30s, however, the sloops that plied Vineyard waters were more like miniature schooners, carrying a gaff-rigged mainsail (and sometimes a topsail) on a comparatively short mast, along with one or two jibs. The logic of their design was similar to that of a schooner: enough speed and carrying capacity to make voyages pay, combined with the maneuverability necessary for confined inshore waters, and a rig that could be handled by a small crew and adjusted quickly and safely to adjust to what today's marine weather broadcasts delicately refer to "changing conditions."

Catboats, which began to appear on the Vineyard in the late nineteenth century, took the basic "sloop" concept in an extreme, but carefully considered, direction. Their hulls were short (few Vineyard "cats" reached 30 feet, and most were 20 to 25) and broad, with bluntly rounded bows and wide, squared-off sterns. They carried a single, large gaff-rigged mainsail on a conspicuously short, thick mast placed just behind the bow—no topsails, no jibs, no bowsprits, and an absolute minimum of rigging. These seemingly eccentric features combined to make catboats superbly efficient

platforms for working at sea. Their broad beam and forward-mounted mast gave them a wide, unobstructed cockpit with easy access to the small, enclosed (rudimentary) cabin at its forward end. Their low sides, rendered safe by the extraordinary stability imparted by their broad beam, made it easy to haul fishing lines or lobster pots aboard, and to load or unload the cargo that catboats carried when "packeting" between the Vineyard and mainland ports. Their rig, though less efficient than a conventional sloop when working into an oncoming wind, gave them sufficient power to drag for scallops or other shellfish under sail. Seaworthy enough to handle the often-turbulent waters of Vineyard Sound and Buzzards Bay, they could, with their centerboards retracted, navigate the shallows and shoals of Katama Bay or Cape Pogue Bay with equal ease—to sail, as the saying once went, "on a heavy dew."

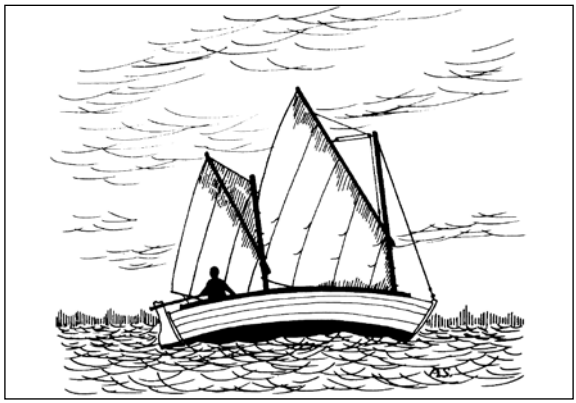
Catboats, in their heyday, were used up and down the coast of New England, as far south as the Chesapeake Bay, and even in Japan. The Nomans Land Boat—the other small, working sailing craft inextricably linked to the Vineyard—was much more localized. There were dozens of locally designed, locally built, locally sailed small workboats in the age of sail: Swampscott dories, Chesapeake Bay bugeyes, and North Carolina shad boats among them. The Nomans Land Boat was the Vineyard's, and specifically Chilmark's, contribution to that exotic fleet.[15] Until Menemsha Pond was opened to the sea in the early twentieth century and the current, sheltered boat basin dredged out, fishing in Chilmark was done from the beach—at Lobsterville and Squibnocket, and on Nomans Land.

Dragging for scallops under sail in the waters around , one of the many uses to which catboats were put in the decades around 1900. *Photograph Collection, Martha's Vineyard Museum.*

The Nomans Land boat evolved to meet those needs. Like catboats, they had relatively low sides and broad, open cockpits to facilitate fishing, but shorter (generally 17 to 19 feet), narrower in the beam, and double-ended—tapered to a point at both the bow and the stern. Nomans Land boats were designed to be hauled (bow-first) above the reach of the tide at night—a feat usually accomplished with the aid of a portable, ladder-like set of greased wooden skids and a team of horses or oxen—and then pushed (stern-first) back into the sea the next morning. The double-ended

design eliminated the need to turn them to face the waves, a welcome saving of energy and effort, especially when multiplied across dozens of boats and months of launchings and haulings.

The Nomans Land boat's typical rig was different from that of a catboat, but just as distinctive. The taller of its two relatively short masts was mounted, like that of a catboat, close to the bow; the second, shorter and carrying a sail roughly half as large, was positioned two-thirds of the way toward the stern. Early Nomans Land boats used a "spritail rig" on both masts. Only the leading edge of the four-sided sail was attached the mast itself; the sail—its other three edges left unsupported—was held aloft by a slender wooden spar, called a "sprit," that angled from the lower end of the mast and the top rear corner of the sail. Over the course of the nineteenth century, however, more modern, easier-to-operate gaff rigs gradually replaced them—first on the mainmast, and then, in most cases, on the mizzen. If the wind failed to cooperate entirely, the skipper of a typical Nomans Land boat had a last resort that would be impractical in a broad-beamed catboat: he could lower the sails, break out a set of oars, and row home.



A Nomans Land Boat under sail, as drawn by Alison Shaw for the cover of the November 1975 issue of the *Intelligencer*. Note the difference between the gaff-rigged sail on the mainmast and the sprit-rigged sail on the mizzenmast.

(Not Quite) The End

The age of working sail ended slowly and gradually; there was no decisive moment of transition, only a slow tapering off. Pictures of Vineyard Haven Harbor in 1900 show it full of schooners; twenty years later, pictures taken from the same angle show Union Wharf (where the Steamship Authority slips are now) crowded with steam tugs. The same period—roughly from the dawn of the twentieth century to the end of World War I—also witnessed a similar shift in the fishing fleet, from sail to internal combustion engines. Diesel-powered draggers and swordfishing boats gradually replaced the aging schooner fleet, and owners of catboats and Nomans Land boats removed their masts and installed gasoline engines.

The symbolic end came, at least for the Vineyard, in 1936. Captain Zeb Tilton of Chilmark—the legendary master of the *Alice S. Wentworth*, then the last commercial cargo schooner operating in southern New England—

retired from the coasting trade that year, surrendering to failing eyesight and mounting debts. He went on to a second career as a media celebrity, a colorful representative of a bygone age, and died in 1952. The *Wentworth* herself was bought, and maintained for several more years, by a group of Vineyard residents that included James Cagney, Katharine Cornell, Denys Wortman (Sr.) and Ralph Packer (Sr.). Sold to restaurateur Anthony Athanas, she became a fixture at the wharf near his Pier 4 restaurant on the Boston waterfront. Over a century old and worn out by years of hard use, too far gone to be rehabilitated as a museum ship, she was destroyed by a winter storm in 1977.

The fact that we remember, and revere, commercial sailing vessels that have been gone from Vineyard waters for most of a century—that we flocked to see the *Charles W. Morgan* in when she came to the Island in 2014, and stop to watch when the *Shenandoah* or the *Alabama* glide by—suggests the depths of their hold on our imaginations. They touch us in ways that abstractions like "maritime heritage" and "historic preservation" cannot encompass: ways simultaneously too simple and too complex to be precisely analyzed. If we love them that much, and that deeply, it is natural to want to understand what they were and how they worked. Facilitating that understanding—through articles and exhibits, a sail on *Vanity* or a chance to see one of the last original Nomans Land boats in person—is one small part of the Martha's Vineyard Museum's mission.

Further Reading

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Endnotes

1 The specialized language used aboard ships by those who worked them is worth an article of its own. Since this is not that article, I have consciously avoided using unfamiliar nautical terms except those (like "gaff" or "mizzenmast") directly related to the subject at hand.

2 A photograph of the unnamed three-masted schooner, taken from the West Chop shore and so annotated by an eyewitness to the event, is in the Museum's photo collection.

3 The second section above deck level was the "topmast," the third the "topgallant mast" and the fourth (where used) the "royal mast." When suitable timber was available, topgallant and royal masts were often combined into a single spar, and the (relatively) short masts required by smaller vessels—even some schooners and brigs—were made in a single piece.

4 The square-sectioned bottom end of the upper mast overlapped the round-sectioned top of the lower mast, and the two were bound together with iron bands, an example of which can (at this writing) be seen at the end of Beach Road Extension in Vineyard Haven, near the foot of the Black Dog Wharf.

5 No sailing vessel can travel directly into the wind; how close they can come to it—that is, how acute an angle they can maintain between their course and the direction of the wind—varies significantly with the size and type of rig. Modern, fore-and-aft rigged yachts can readily sail within 35-45 degrees of the oncoming wind; nineteenth-century square-riggers struggled to do better than 70-80 degrees.

6 Among the omissions: the pink, the snow, the cutter, and the lugger

7 According to some sources, "brigantine" eventually came to mean (in America though not in the rest of the world) a hermaphrodite brig, muddying the linguistic waters even further.

8 "Barque" is the spelling used virtually everywhere else in the world, but "bark"—more common in American English—is used here.

9 Guano was rich in nitrates—a key ingredient in explosives and chemical fertilizers and explosives that, until the development of the Haber-Bosch process in the early twentieth century, could not be synthesized on an industrial scale.

10 After her last voyage, the *Morgan* was restored to her original appearance; docked at Mystic Seaport in Connecticut, she is, once again, a full-rigged ship.

11 The rhythms of whaling life in the Arctic are captured in the logs of the steam barks *Alexander* and *Bowhead*, commanded by Capt. James A. Tilton of Chilmark (part of the Museum's logbook collection) and in *Chasing the Bowhead*, the autobiography of Captain Hartson H. Bodfish of Tisbury.

12 The story of the wreck, and the heroic rescue efforts by a crew of Edgartown fishermen that saved all those aboard the *Crowley*, is recounted in the Fall 2010 issue of the *Intelligencer*.

13 Kept from 1817 until his death in 1857, the diary is part of the Jeremiah Pease Papers (RU 220) in the Museum's archives, and was reprinted (in abridged form), in over fifty issues of the *Intelligencer* between 1974 and 1992. The Revenue Cutter Service was merged with the Lifesaving Service in 1915, forming the modern United States Coast Guard.

14 Well into the nineteenth century, vessels entered the Lagoon through a channel called Bass Creek, which ran—in terms of 2016 geography—from the Steamship Authority parking lot, through the Five Corners, and along Lagoon Pond Road, emptying into the Lagoon near the Vineyard Island Marina boat basin. Ferryboat Island, then a long strip of dry land just north of the eastern end of Bass Creek, is now a weedy sandbar visible from the open field north of the Vineyard Marketplace parking lot.

15 It is *so* closely associated with Chilmark, in fact, that one appears on the town seal.

From the Executive Director

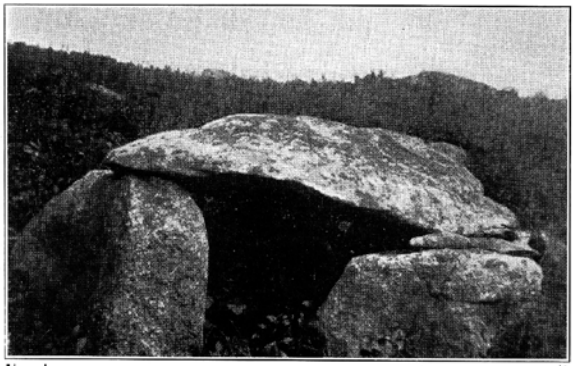
Forgetting and Remembering

What was once familiar is now forgotten. Yet what is forgotten can once again become familiar, and indeed help shape our present and future. Consider Thomas Chase's encounters with John Paul Jones, Dr. Tucker's spiritualist career, and the difference between a brig and a bark . . . all were once familiar to an earlier generation. Now these stories of yore are obscure, unfamiliar, relics of our past. But they live on when rediscovered and shared with us all. Making these stories familiar again is what we do at the Museum. We find the gems of our past, twinkling in the twilight. Then we shine a light on them through the pages of the *Intelligencer*, in multi-media exhibitions (such as the upcoming "Vineyard Lost and Found"), and in curriculum units like our new, multi-class exploration of the extinct Heath Hen and the grassland-and-scrub-forest world it once inhabited. We gather in new documents, images, and artifacts, and record the oral histories of hundreds of Islanders—all so that things long forgotten can be preserved, and shared, and thus made familiar again.

Soon we will be sharing all of this at our new/old home: the 1895 Marine Hospital in Vineyard Haven. It is not just a building, however . . . it's a repository of forgotten or barely remembered stories (about the landscape, early Wampanoag habitations, the maritime history of Vineyard Haven, the doctors and patients who dwelled within its walls, and children of the St. Pierre Camp who took their place in the 1950s. Soon we will reopen the Marine Hospital for all to come and explore the gems of our past, strengthening their connections to our past, present and future. We look forward to seeing you there when we open in 2018.

Phil Wallis

Executive Director



The Cromlech *of* Quitsa

FEW know of this rugged monument of the ancients, which bears mute testimony that one of the chieftains of the early Vikings, 500 years before Columbus, lies buried in Marthas Vineyard.

PAUL LYNCH
INCORPORATED

Funeral Directors

The "Quitsa Cromlech," standing on privately owned land in southern Chilmark, was named for its resemblance to the slab-sided burial chambers of erected throughout Europe in the early Neolithic era. Its builders, however, left no sign of their identity or their intentions, leaving Islanders free to speculate about both. This advertising flyer from the 1930s attributes it to Norse explorers who, according to a then-popular theory, landed on the Vineyard around the year 1000, and named it "Vinland."

The house that No. 59 Diaphoretic Compound built: Dr. Harrison Tucker's "cottage" on Ocean Avenue in Oak Bluffs (story on page 21). *Photo collection, Martha's Vineyard Museum.*