



THE DUKES COUNTY INTELLIGENCER

VOL.34, NO.4

MAY 1993

The Adventurous Life, On Land and Sea, Of Capt. LaRoy Lewis Of Edgartown

by ALVIN J. GOLDWYN

When the Island's Biggest Employer Was a London Missionary Society

From the Receipt Book of Samuel Sewall
1708 — 1719

The Visit by the New York Yacht Club in 1895 With Herreshoff's Defender of America's Cup

A Psalm for the Cape Poge Light

by FLORENCE KERN

Book Review: *She Was a "Sister Sailor"*

by CAROL CARRICK

Documents: Henry Baylies' Journal

IN MEMORIAM

With sorrow and regret, we record the deaths of two men who have played a vital role in this Society's work in recent years.

Victor Haeselbarth, our Superintendent of Buildings since 1988, died suddenly at his home in March of a heart attack. Victor was an indispensable element in our operation. His title tells only part of the story. Much of his time and talent were devoted to creating and constructing cases for our many exhibitions. No matter what complications arose, Victor had a way of overcoming them, and with artistry. His cases were, as cases should be, always subordinate to their contents, but never inferior. His work was invariably first class. On behalf of our members, we extend our sympathies to his wife, Diane, and family.

Alvin J. Goldwyn, our librarian for four years, died on April 8 in Sarasota, Florida. Alvin had moved south in retirement five years ago. He had developed serious respiratory problems which worsened into emphysema and, recently, into pneumonia, the cause of his death. He brought us a wide-ranging intelligence and deep respect for books and documents, having been professor of library science at Case Western University. And he brought much more, including a subtle and sublime sense of humor which cheered us on many gray days. We share our warm memories of him with his son, daughter and three grandchildren.

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The Dukes County Historical Society was founded in 1922 to preserve and publish the history of Dukes County for the public benefit. It is a non-profit institution, supported by membership dues, contributions and bequests, which are tax deductible. Its annual meeting is held in August in Edgartown.

The Society operates The Vineyard Museum on its grounds at School and Cooke Street, Edgartown. The Museum includes the Thomas Cooke House, circa 1765, a house museum of Island history, open from mid-June to mid-September. Also on the grounds are the Francis Foster Gallery, the Capt. Francis Pease House and the Gale Huntington Library of History, open all year, as are the Gay Head Light exhibit with its 1854 Fresnel lens and the Carriage Shed containing boats, wagons, an 1854 Button hand-pumper fire engine and many other examples of Vineyard memorabilia, including the gravestones of Nancy Luce's favorite hens, circa 1860.

All buildings are open free to members. Non-members are charged a nominal entrance fee. Research assistance is provided in the Huntington Library.

You are invited to join the Society. You will receive this journal four times a year with your membership.

The Adventurous Life, on Land and Sea, Of Capt. LaRoy Lewis of Edgartown

by ALVIN J. GOLDWYN

*Towards the end he sailed into an extraordinary mildness,
And anchored in his home and reached his wife
And rode within the harbour of her hand,
And went across each morning to an office
As though his occupation were another island.*

W. H. Auden

THE subject of these lines could have been Capt. LaRoy Sullivan Lewis (1839-1916) of Martha's Vineyard. Hardy mariner of old Island stock, he told and retold in his later years the stories of two adventures, antipodal in geography and in drama.

The first adventure began in 1863 in the South Pacific. "Bunged up by a dev'lish whale," LaRoy, a 24-year-old mariner, was "dropped done down there" on Norfolk Island among descendants of the survivors of the mutiny on the *Bounty*. Their story, now famous in history, became part of his, in a very odd way.

His second brush with history was in Cottage City on Martha's Vineyard in 1892, when the Island's finest hotel, the Sea View House, burst into flames. Captain LaRoy, by then Night-watch Lewis, "rung in the alarm from Box 41, at the Arcade."

• • •

One might think that academics and amateurs had studied the lives of mariners to the point of exhaustion. And many have. But not much attention has been given to the pattern

ALVIN J. GOLDWYN was Librarian/Archivist of the Society from 1984 to 1988 when he retired. That was his second retirement, the first having been from the faculty of Case Western University in Ohio, where he was Professor of Library Science for many years. While this article was being set in type, Mr. Goldwyn died in Sarasota. The editor deeply regrets that he did not live to see it in print and to receive the compliments he has earned for it.

of their later years on shore, living like normal mortals. As LaRoy Lewis's life indicates, not all seafaring men retired to stately mansions on North Water Street in Edgartown or on William Street in Holmes Hole. To paraphrase the old song that Gen. Douglas MacArthur made famous years ago, some old whalers never die, they just keep standing watch.

Such was the case with Capt. George Pollard of the whaler *Essex*, wrecked in the Pacific, her crew reduced to cannibalism to survive. Captain Pollard, in retirement, "beached himself on Nantucket and lived out his life as a nightwatchman."

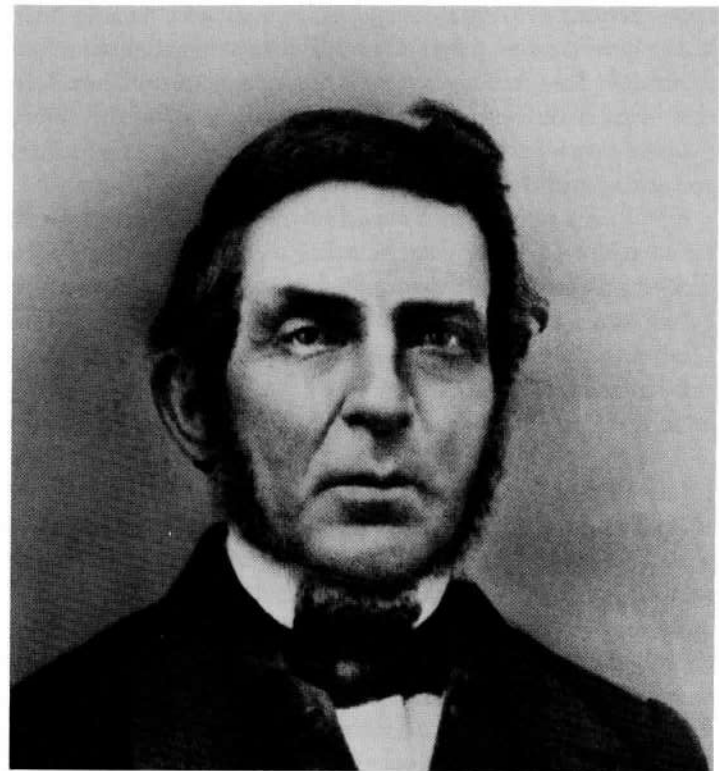
And such was the case with Capt. LaRoy S. Lewis. There is a kind of extended drama as the old captain himself stands watch late at night, after the fog rolls in on the hunt at sea. Night watchmen have time to remember. For Captains Pollard and Lewis, the dark was light enough for memories, of which both had more than their share.

The Lewis Family

LaRoy's great-great grandfather was John Lewis, born in Yarmouth, Massachusetts, in 1698. He moved to Tisbury about 1735, having bought some land there from brother-in-law Elisha Crowell. In Tisbury, he served intermittently as Surveyor of Highways, Fence Viewer, Hog Reeve and Tything Man.

John's son, Francis, also born in Yarmouth, was no doubt considered unusual by the folks of colonial Tisbury. Until he was 32 years old, "he dressed as a woman and was supposed to be such." When he finally bought a pair of trousers, he married Ann Luce. Coming late, but enthusiastically, to man's estate, he fathered five children, the last being Edmund, who was to become LaRoy's grandfather.

Edmund was the first of the line to set up on the eastern, or Edgartown, end of the Island, where he married Agnes Weeks, also of Tisbury. He was a housewright, modestly successful before his early death in 1811, at only 29, of a "scirrous liver." He mentioned children in his will, one being



Gift of R. L. Lewis

Edgartown builder, Ellis Lewis, father of Capt. LaRoy S. Lewis.

Ellis and another Samuel. Over the years, the brothers shared various business transactions, mainly involving real estate.

Ellis Lewis, only four years old when his father died, became, like him, a carpenter. In 1831, he married Deborah Norton, whose Norton and Adams forebears were old Island families. During the next 18 years, Ellis and Deborah produced eight children, LaRoy being the fourth, born in 1839. Mother Deborah died of "consumption," or perhaps from exhaustion, only two weeks after the birth of her eighth child (who died at birth) in 1849. LaRoy was only ten years old.

The motherless family of seven children, the oldest being 17 years old, lived in a large, handsome house on Maple

(now School) Street, Edgartown. It was new, having been built, local tradition has it, about 1847 with timbers taken from Rev. Joseph Thaxter's old Congregational Church in the West Side cemetery. A small building on the Lewis property was being used as a store in 1856. Both buildings are still standing.

Ellis Lewis remarried, twice. He continued his trade until his death in 1878. By then, son LaRoy had gone to sea. His older and unmarried sister, Emily, and their stepmother, Sarah Ann Hurd, lived in the family house during their lifetimes. When Emily died in 1892, LaRoy was the only one of the family still on the Island. The four other surviving sons had moved to San Francisco and Denver.

"Dropped done down there"

LaRoy, who had gone to sea at the age of 15, was away from home for much of his first 40 years. He was obviously a well respected mariner. At 24 years of age, he was made second mate on the whaling bark *Alpha* of Nantucket.

We know that in 1863, LaRoy was "dropped done down there" on Norfolk Island, far out in the South Pacific, but the events that led up to that may never be fully known. One story is the one that LaRoy himself often told. In 1936, his daughter, Celina, recalled it as "a part of the repertoire with which many an evening was made vivid."

In LaRoy's version, as she recounted it, the *Alpha* had raised a pod of sperm whales and, in the "lively" battle that followed, one of the whale boats was smashed to bits. Second Mate LaRoy, whose boat it was, clung to the wreckage for 14 hours before being rescued. The result, he said, was a serious case of inflammatory rheumatism, which left him an invalid.

"As there was no place for an idle hand on a whaler," daughter Celina explained, "where food and water belonged to those who worked, the question was: What to do with him? When Norfolk Island was sighted, a boat went ashore with the request that the ill man might be left there until the next whaler should happen by."

That was, as his daughter remembered it, LaRoy's version.

The log of the *Alpha* only partially confirms that version. It records no whale sightings at the time, no pursuit of sperm whales, no engagement or smashed whaleboat. However, under the heading, "Remarks onboard," it does record that she arrived off Norfolk Island on Sunday, November 22, 1863, and that Captain Caswell made several trips ashore during the next day or two.

In LaRoy's fireside account, the captain went ashore to try to persuade the council of adults on the island to accept the invalid second mate. This sounds plausible. Finally, the log tells us, at 5 a.m., on Tuesday, November 24, a boat went ashore and "landed Leroy [sic] S. Lewis sick with the Rheumatics, helpless."

The next day, November 25, the log states that "at 1/2 past 11 a.m., Capt. came aboard" from his last shore trip and the *Alpha* sailed away, leaving LaRoy to enjoy, for seven months, the kindness of strangers, who, he would say, "were the best people on earth."

Those "best people" were, almost all of them, descendants of the *Bounty* mutineers. The old names, made famous in literature and film, still survived: Adams, Young, Quintal, McCoy, Christian. The story has been told many times since first described by Captain Bligh and his exhausted crew who staggered ashore in New Holland on June 14, 1789. All we can do here is to recount the fate of two of the mutineers, forefathers of the Adams and the Quintal of Norfolk, whom LaRoy knew and was befriended by.

Those *Bounty* mutineers, led by Fletcher Christian, first made a settlement on Pitcairn Island, far out in the South Pacific, 3700 miles east of Norfolk Island. Nine years later only four of the men, all English, were still alive. The others, including Christian, had been murdered. Then, William McCoy and Matthew Quintal, working with *ti* leaves in an old copper kettle salvaged from the *Bounty*, succeeded in producing "ardent spirits." This was the end of them. McCoy threw himself off a cliff in a delirium and Quintal "became a raving drunk and a menace to the community," causing John Adams and ex-Midshipman Young to dispatch

him to a quieter place by splitting his skull with an ax.

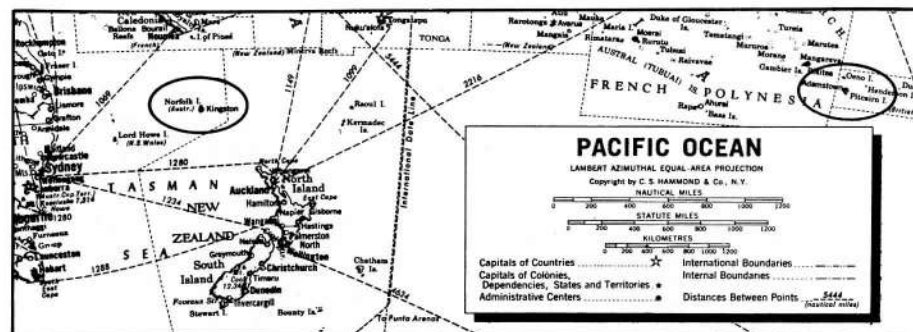
Young died a year or two later of natural causes. When the *Topaz*, out of Boston, discovered the Pitcairners in 1808, only John Adams of the 15 mutineers of the *Bounty* was still alive.

Survivor Adams was a remarkable person. Recruited on the *Bounty* from the slums of dockside London, he had signed on as "Alexander Smith," possibly to avoid prosecution for some crime. He enjoyed the months the crew had spent on Tahiti before the fateful voyage (Bligh's roster of the mutineers describes him as "much tatowed"). Those early bloody years on Pitcairn seemed to change him markedly. He and Young, then the only men left in the Anglo-Tahitian colony, spent their time in solemn pursuits. Young tutored Adams in writing and reading, mostly from the Bible out of Fletcher Christian's sea chest.

After Young died, Adams, although only 36, became a kind of patriarch to the clan. It was he who was responsible for the fact that when they were "discovered" later, the young people all spoke English that was fluent, if quaint, and demonstrated both a secular and religious education.

At the time of his death, John Adams was the "sole white man left on the island with some twenty-five Tahitian women and Anglo-Tahitian offspring." He lived until 1829, fifty years after the *Bounty* mutiny.

In 1856, only seven years before LaRoy Lewis entered their lives, the Pitcairners, convinced that their tiny island, all 1.75 square miles of it, was exhausted, set sail for a new home aboard a vessel provided by the British government. After a voyage of 36 days, those 194 persons from tiny Pitcairn landed on Norfolk Island, a former penal colony which the Australian government had abandoned in 1853. They moved into the empty government buildings and were given generous supplies of food, plus 1300 sheep, 430 cattle, 22 horses, 10 swine and many domestic fowl, all of which had been left under the care of a government agent when the penitentiary was abandoned. They learned new skills: how to plow, to shear sheep, to milk cows, ride horses and grind



Two tiny dots on a map: Pitcairn and Norfolk Islands, 3700 miles apart. corn. No doubt, they were still learning when LaRoy Lewis was unexpectedly dropped into their laps by Captain Caswell of the *Alpha* in 1863, only seven years after their own arrival on Norfolk.

LaRoy was taken into the home of the grandson of the old patriarch, John Adams, also named John, who was only two years older than the mariner from Edgartown. The Adams family lived in a fine brick house with a pleasant veranda. It had been the Officers' Quarters of the abandoned prison. Living in the house were Miss Ward, the schoolteacher, who became a close friend of LaRoy's, Byron, Polly and Fysh Adams, Cornish Quintal, and a brother of Mrs. John Adams. These were, surely, among those "best people on earth," as LaRoy wrote later.¹

An earlier visitor, Augustus Robinson, wrote of the colony:

Their modesty of demeanor, urbanity of manner, affectionate disposition and personal appearance, have won for them the esteem and admiration of all who have visited them. . . I never witnessed anything approaching to ill-feeling, or anger, amongst them; and a passage of Scripture inculcated into their minds by old John Adams, "Never to allow the sun to go down on your wrath," seems to have become. . . completely a part of their duty.²

Seven months after he arrived, LaRoy had recovered his

¹ Polly Adams, in 1872, was Mrs. Polly Christian and pregnant. She told Cornish Quintal that if she had a boy he would be named LaRoy Lewis Christian.

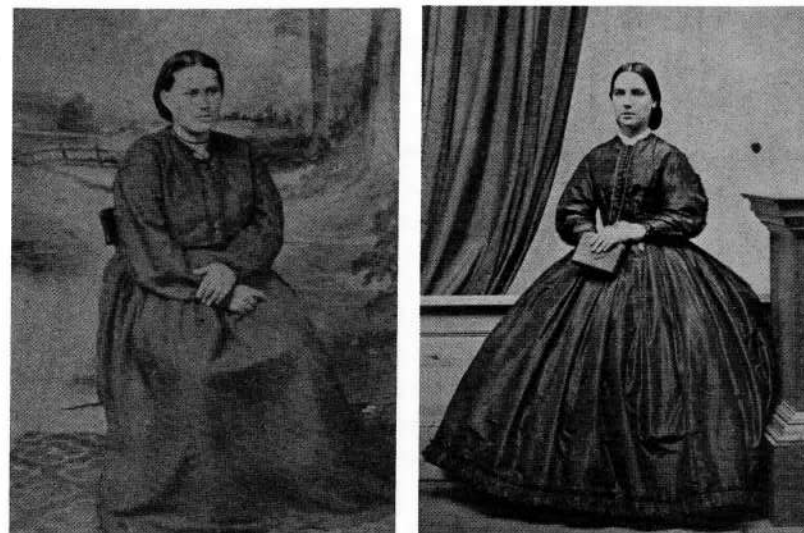
² Alfred McFarland, *Mutiny in the "Bounty!" and Story of the Pitcairn Islanders*, J. J. Moore, Sydney, Australia, 1884, p.225.

strength and was well enough to leave. Whether he had received any medical attention we don't know. It seems unlikely. Perhaps the gentleness of the "best people on earth" was medicine enough. Fysh Adams chalked a message on the wall of John Adams' workshop: "On the 14th of June 1864, LaRoy S. Lewis left for America."

The chalked note doesn't provide details of his "rescue", but the bark *Covington*, George T. Jenks, master, stopped at Norfolk for water and took LaRoy aboard. He must have been transferred later to a homeward-bound vessel because the *Covington* never made it back to New England. On that same voyage, in June 1865, in Bering Strait, she was captured and burned by the Confederate raider, *Shenandoah*, a victim of the Civil War.

Back home and fully recovered, LaRoy briefly went back to sea aboard a merchant vessel. But the thrill of whaling was irresistible and he shipped out as second mate on the bark *Arab* of New Bedford. In 1872, he was signed as master of the bark *Cornelia*, also of New Bedford. While the *Cornelia* was moored in Talcahuano, Chile, LaRoy "while conversing with my mate," was inspired to write a long-overdue thank-you letter to his Norfolk Island host, John Adams. The much-welcomed letter was answered by Adams at once: "You scapegrace you, why did you not write before? . . . I would not give the pleasure I received from reading that letter of yours, not for the best fifty dollars that was ever coined in Yankeedom."

The letter from Norfolk Island, dated September 14, 1872, was chatty, filled with news and good cheer. Adams sent messages in care of Lewis to old friends back at Pitcairn, in case the mariner should pass that way. Miss Ward, the school teacher, had married Captain Tilley of the Mission Schooner *Southern Cross*. Mr. and Mrs. Levin, who used to live at the pier, were killed by "the Maories in New Zealand." Adams sounds bright and chipper. "Mind if you should come I want you, if you have a yankee whaleboat to spare, to bring it to me, I want it, and must have it, Lewis,



Polly (Adams) Christian, left, and Miss Ward, the school teacher.

so there's an end of that affair."³

It was, indeed, the end. Forty years would pass before Capt. LaRoy Lewis was to read his friend's letter, which somehow had been placed in a book, unopened, and then forgotten.

After sailing from Talcahuano, Captain LaRoy sent back 278 barrels of sperm oil and 498 of whale oil before the *Cornelia* was condemned at Paita, New Caledonia, in March 1873. After making his way back home, despite the decline of whaling, he managed to find berths on the bark *Ospray* and the ship *Splendid* of Edgartown, the latter on a voyage of five years, ending in New Zealand, where she was sold, leaving him far from home without a ship for the second time. Returning to San Francisco, he continued whaling with the fleet that hunted in the Arctic. On his last two voyages, he served as first mate and master of the bark *Mars*.

In 1890, he returned to Martha's Vineyard to begin a new and very different career on land. More than 20 years later, in 1912, he opened the long forgotten book in which, tucked between its pages, was the unread letter from John Adams.

³ Letter, John Adams to LaRoy S. Lewis, Sept. 14, 1842, from Norfolk Island, DCHS.

It is easy, if rather dizzying, to imagine his feelings when he saw that letter, dated 1872, forty years earlier.

He sat down and answered it at once. But it was too late for John Adams. He had died in 1899.

Cornish Quintal's Response

When the long-delayed response did reach Norfolk Island, as John Adams's brother-in-law, Cornish Quintal, wrote, it was "handed round to many until it came to me, one perhaps you have forgotten, but as your letter has brought to life the dead and living things, perhaps this letter will do the same."

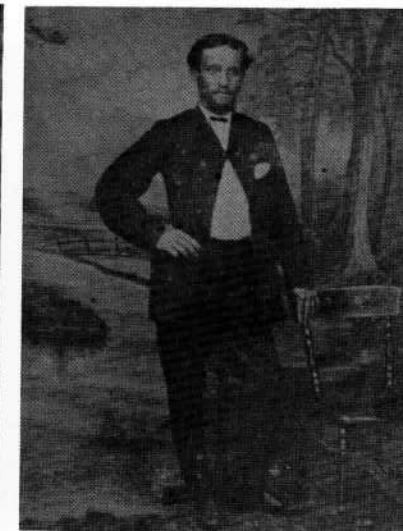
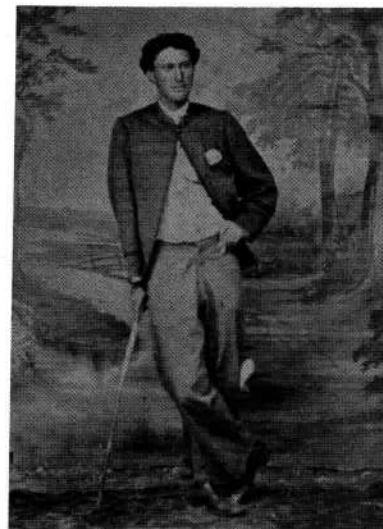
John Adams, Cornish wrote, had died in 1899, no doubt wondering why he had never received an answer from LaRoy. Byron Adams, he continued, had been killed by a whale. Fysh Adams had been fatally shot, by Cornish himself, in a hunting accident. Web died from sickness and William from heart failure. Only Cornish and Polly Adams, now Polly Christian, were left of the old bunch, "the best people on earth," to use LaRoy's words.

Life on Norfolk Island had not been happy, Cornish wrote: "I have lived to see some very evil days." The Australian government had charged the original Pitcairn settlers, who had thought "all the houses will be our own property" with "illegal possession. . . [turning them] out of the houses and left on the street at the mercies of others to give them shelter. . . This is the greatest of the evil days I have seen, and the fine house is rotting down, windows all smash in, cattle take shelter in them. . . it is a cursed shame, not a single care was taken of the houses, left to go to ruin."

The old Officers' Quarters, the house that LaRoy had shared with the Adams family and Quintal Cornish, had been taken over, "the Government turned it into a Post Office."⁴

It had been a tragic turn of events for those "best people on earth." During the wholesale evictions in 1908 that

⁴ Letter, Cornish Quintal to LaRoy W. Lewis, March 16, 1913, from Norfolk Island, DCHS.



Byron Adams, left, was killed by a whale; brother Fysh, right, by a friend.

Quintal described, six of the houses were set on fire by the Pitcairners. Cornish Quintal had played a leading role in the effort to protect the rights of his people. But it was to no avail.

Quintal's account contrasts mightily with conventional history, describing an almost idyllic existence of the Norfolk Islanders under a kindly administration of the New South Wales government. Because of this disparity, the present writer wrote to a former newspaperman on the island questioning the truth of the accepted version. His response upheld Quintal's story:

The "generally benign image" you refer to is probably a genuinely-held view so far as Australian establishment historians are concerned. But it is based on a belief that the Pitcairners were the victims of their own misunderstanding about the nature of the rights to Norfolk they'd been promised. Research on the 1850-1857 period makes it clear to me they didn't misunderstand at all — they were remembering quite accurately — and that the Australian authorities have misunderstood, and have enforced their incorrect view.

Cornish Quintal had seen his contentment disintegrate

in another way as well. He wrote with deep emotion of how he had killed Fysh Adams accidentally while they were hunting wild pigs and of how he had suffered. He, a deeply religious man, did not know whether Fysh had been "saved," before he died and he could not live "under the thought of being the means of hurrying Fysh out of this world into eternity. . . perhaps in torments."

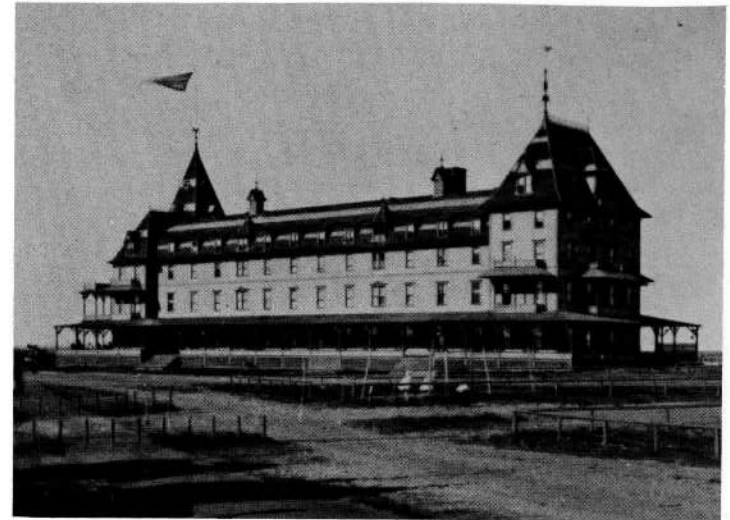
It was hardly the kind of response LaRoy Lewis had hoped to evoke when he answered the letter that had remained unopened for so many years. It must have caused him to wonder why he, unlike the Norfolkers, had been so fortunate.

Night-watch Lewis

Retiring from the sea to Cottage City in 1879, he had become content, well-established. He may have retired from one occupation, but he never quit working. He became what we would now call a real hustler. His services to the community during the 1890s and early 1900s were many and varied. They mirrored the changes in the town itself.

By 1907, the somewhat belittling name of Cottage City was abandoned and the town became Oak Bluffs. Its street lights were electrified, streets were "concreted," and, for the first time, it had a superintendent of schools. Until 1916, the year LaRoy Lewis, aged 77, died of "Arterio Sclerosis," he was deeply involved in town affairs, his activities recorded in every town report.

First, he was the town lamplighter, being paid up to \$230 a year, plus extra for painting lanterns (\$16, for example, in 1898). From the early 1890s to 1910, he was Town Constable. For 20 years, he was paid to post warrants, to supervise the polls on Election Day, to serve summonses in criminal cases. And he earned a small sum every year for cleaning the selectmen's room, plus extra pay for painting and providing firewood. He even held the part-time position of truant officer, receiving a little extra money for "rent of room for truants." But that wasn't all. He also served, at various times, as Tree Warden and Cemetery Commissioner. He was a busy public servant.



The pride of Oak Bluffs, the Sea View House, at the head of the steamboat wharf, burned to the ground Saturday night, Sept. 24, 1892.

But the most important post he had was none of these. It was his position as night watchman for Oak Bluffs. That was more important not only because it paid the most (averaging \$450 a year), and fit nicely with his lamplighter duties until electricity was laid on, but because it was as Night-watch Lewis of Oak Bluffs that he guaranteed his place in Island history.

The event was in 1892, on the night of September 24.

The *Martha's Vineyard Herald*, published in Oak Bluffs, carried the story first:

On Saturday night Oak Bluffs was visited by the only destructive fire since its origin a quarter of a century ago. About half past eleven, Capt. LaRoy S. Lewis, the night-watch, was making his rounds from the south end of the Camp Ground towards the Bluffs and as he came out on Circuit avenue he saw the reflection of fire towards the wharf and ran toward Circuit avenue yelling "Fire," and sounded the alarm at the post office, box 41, which promptly responded. He continued his course toward the Hydrant Hose house, yelling fire, and those who heard him credit him with a mammoth pair of lungs.

The *Vineyard Gazette* in Edgartown came along later with



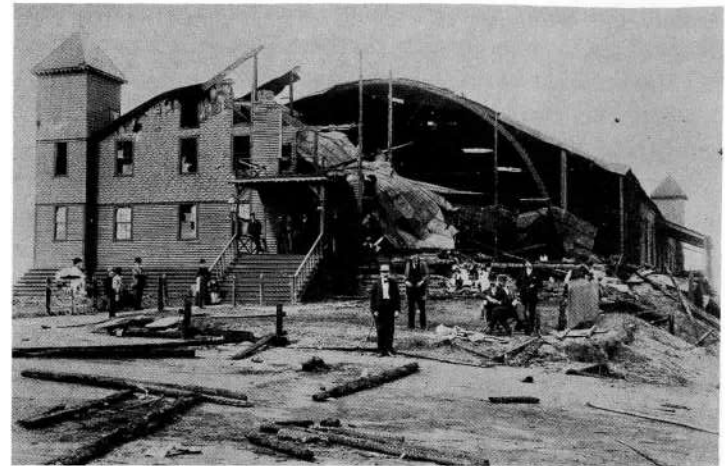
Built as a skating rink, this ugly building became the Island's first summer theater, the Casino, before it was destroyed in the Sea View fire.

a somewhat more coherent and poetic story. The fire was "one grand carnival of flame. . . the sky being overcast with heavy clouds, from which at times the rain descended, as if weeping in sorrow over the awful catastrophe." No doubt, the flames could be seen for miles.

Like the *Herald*, the *Gazette* began its report with a bow to the hero of the night: "At 11:45 on Saturday night, watchman Lewis rung in the alarm from box 41, at the Arcade, and people jumped from their beds and rushed to the windows."

Whether an act of God or man, the fire was too much for even LaRoy's mammoth pair of lungs. The Sea View House burned to the ground. Then twenty years old, it had only a few bathrooms and was, some hinted, out of date and style. Possibly over-insured as well, although the *Gazette* estimated a loss of \$80,000, with insurance covering only \$40,000.

Destroyed with the hotel, which was unquestionably the Island's finest, was the Casino, a one-time roller-skating rink, now a summer theater. Also greatly damaged was the steamboat wharf, at the head of which the huge hotel had stood, and the railroad ticket office on the wharf. It was



The ruins of the Casino. The charred hulk was not removed for more than two years, creating an eyesore for visitors arriving at Oak Bluffs wharf.

a genuine catastrophe for the Island's watering hole.

After two pages filled with commiseration for the developers, whose dreams had been reduced to ashes, the *Gazette* concluded with a rousing proposal. One would call it a toast, if that word did not seem inappropriate under the circumstances:

"Now, all together for a new and larger wharf, an enlarged Sea View, and a tasty Casino building which will be an ornament to the resort."

Never mind. Capt. LaRoy S. Lewis, night-watch, had done his job. Perhaps coincidentally, perhaps as a token of his valiant service and his mammoth lungpower, the next year he was named janitor of the Hydrant Hose house. His title was upgraded two years later to "steward," a job he held until 1915, usually at \$35 a year, sometimes with an extra dollar or two for painting or for cleaning hoses. Captain Lewis died in 1916 at the age of 77, two years after his golden wedding anniversary.

Conversations with old timers and a visit to Oak Bluffs help explain the captain's varied job connections. His home (still referred to by its present owner as "Captain Lewis's house") is on Pequot Avenue, next door to the building now

called Cottagers' Corner. Until the 1960s, that building housed the fire station on the first floor, the town offices on the second. LaRoy's longtime services in both the fire station and the selectmen's room could conveniently be performed with a minimum expenditure of time and energy.

It is difficult from this historical distance to establish why LaRoy Lewis committed himself late in life to so many responsibilities, most of which paid very little, even in terms of the 1890 dollar. His "big years" ran through 1901, when the position of lamplighter was abolished, made redundant by the arrival of electricity. Clearly, in Oak Bluffs, someone kept saying "Let LaRoy do it" until the year he died. Perhaps the voice was LaRoy's, saying, like Tennyson's Ulysses:

*How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life.*

The reader may have noticed a lacuna between his last sea voyage and the start of his town jobs in the 1890s. This is at least partly due to the lack of town reports for that period. We are not sure when he started working for the town. There may be other reasons. Family tradition has it that he worked in Australia during that period and there exists a picture of the steamer on which he returned home from there.

Whether he, like many retired whaling masters, had accumulated enough to supply his needs after settling down on shore is not known. When his widow died in 1927, the house on Pequot Avenue was still in her possession, along with some small investments. Son Ira Lawson Lewis had married in 1890 and his son, also Ira, married Nettie Congdon of Nantucket, who contributed much information to this report.

LaRoy's daughter, Celina, after college, became a high-school teacher in Brookline, Massachusetts. Her father's memory was much with her and in 1926 she published a poem called "Edgartown's Four Corners" in the *New Bedford Sunday Standard*. In the then popular style of Alfred Noyes, she imagines a midnight meeting of old whalers at the

intersection of Water and Main Streets:

*The light from the sky's great lantern shows
clear where two roadways meet;
On one corner stands a market with a
drug store across the street.
Then a splendid, long-built mansion,
now given to summer gain,
And across from that, a red brick bank,
discolored by sun and rain.*

She describes her father, LaRoy, with the other old whalers as wearing

*. . . the dandy's costumes of 'fifty to 'sixty-eight,
But for all their lubber's clothing,
They walk with a rolling gait.*

After each of the ghostly mariners tells his story, then LaRoy tells his:

*Yes, I lived on the Island, owned by the mutineers.
The Bounty's crew?
They settled there — past near a hundred years.
Yes, that was Norfolk Island — from Tahiti
a two days' sail.
My captain dropped me done down there,
bunged up by a dev'lish whale.*

In the half century that LaRoy Sullivan Lewis was to live after he was dropped off on Norfolk Island, a 24-year-old "bunged up" mariner, no event — not his voyages as whaling master, not even his mighty bellowing of "Fire! Fire!" along Circuit Avenue, could ever match his romance with the South Seas.

Acknowledgement

The author is grateful to Mrs. Ira S. Lewis of Brewster, Massachusetts, for her generous assistance in the preparation of this story of her husband's grandfather.

When the Island's Biggest Employer Was a London Missionary Society

From the Receipt Book of Samuel Sewall
1708 - 1719

IN 1649, the English Parliament created a corporation for the purpose of converting the Indians of Massachusetts Bay to Christianity. The motivation was not purely to save their souls, but also to make them more willing to accept the English way of life. The corporation was called the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in New England and the Parts Adjacent in America.

When Edward Winslow of Massachusetts went to London that year he had suggested that such a company be formed and that it be funded by collections in the English churches. With the money raised, city buildings and country estates were purchased and the rent they earned was distributed by the Society. The first two missionaries to receive financial help were Rev. John Eliot of Natick and Thomas Mayhew Jr., of Martha's Vineyard.

The largest single expenditure the Society ever made was its purchase of Gay Head Neck from Lord Limerick in 1711. The price was 550 pounds, which virtually exhausted the group's income for that year.*

In the archives of the Massachusetts Historical Society there is a bulky volume of about 80 pages. It was kept by Judge Samuel Sewall as a Receipt Book from 1708 to 1719, while he was treasurer of the Commissioners of the United Colonies, who were responsible for dispersing the Society's money.

Martha's Vineyard was a prime recipient of those funds, not only for the purchase of Gay Head, but for salaries to its missionaries, teachers and government officials. The following account has been extracted from the book, listing

* For details on the Gay Head Neck purchase see *Intelligencer*, February 1993.

payments to Vineyarders and others on the Elizabeth Islands. The payments were receipted, in most cases, by the individuals picking up the money, therefore the book contains signatures of many of the Island's early settlers.

The signature that appears most often is that of missionary Experience Mayhew, who, working with Sewall, brought about the acquisition of Gay Head, a step which led to its future status as Indian Lands. Without that acquisition, things would be much different today.

It is important to remember that the Sewall book covers only 13 years of an activity that began in 1654 and continued until the early 1800s. Five generations of Mayhews were involved during those 150 years, as were many other Islanders. But the Sewall record, while covering only a fraction of those years, is a valuable historical accounting. It was the book those early Vineyarders signed in Sewall's Beacon Hill office, after making the long trek from the Island.

Sewall's Receipt Book

1708

Japheth Hannit, Chilmark, Indian preacher

December 28 Salary: £20 0 0

£10 in cash; £10 in bills of credit.

(Picked up by Samuel Seabury)

1709

"For various persons at Martha's Vineyard"

February 23 . . .thirty eight pounds

in Bills of Credit: £38 0 0

(Picked up by Ebanazor [sic] Allen)

John Weeks, Naushon, teacher

March 7 Salary: £10 0 0

"For advance for teaching English
to the Indians."

(Picked up by Wait Winthrop)

Experience Mayhew, Chilmark, missionary

May 30 "Advanced on my salary": £4 0 0

October 29 Balance of salary : £46 0 0

December 7 Commissioners' order: £10 0 0

Rhodolphus [Ralph] Thacher, Chilmark, English minister
 March 19 Salary: £5 0 0
 December 16 Salary: £5 0 0
 Benjamin Allen, Chilmark, teacher of Indians
 April 15 Salary advance: £6 0 0
 October 18 Salary: £20 0 0
 (Picked up by Edward Bromfield)
 December 15 Salary advance: £3 3 4
 Josiah Torrey, Tisbury, English minister
 October 18 Salary: £25 0 0
 (Picked up by Robert Cathcart)
 Thomas Mayhew III, Chilmark, "Ruler of Indians"
 October 28 Salary: £10 0 0
 (Picked up by Robert Cathcart)
 Abel Wowompaqueen, Chilmark, Indian minister
 October 28 Salary: £5 0 0
 (Picked up by Robert Cathcart)
 Japheth [John] Hannit, Chilmark, Indian minister
 October 28 Salary: £5 0 0
 (Picked up by Robert Cathcart)
 December 16 Salary: £13 5 0
 (Picked up by Ebenezer Allon [sic])
 "Several Indians on Martha's Vineyard"
 October 29 £12 0 0
 (Picked up by Experience Mayhew)
 Daniel Shoko [Shohkau], Tisbury, Indian minister
 October 31 £5 0 0
 (Picked up by Experience Mayhew)
 Elisha, Vineyard
 December 16 "For Elisha and others.": £20 0 0
 (Picked up by Ebenezer Allon)
 Stephen Shoko [Shohkau], Tisbury, Indian minister,
 James Wapsha, Tisbury, Indian minister, and
 "Other Indians at Martha's Vineyard"
 December 20 "To above, a share of": £8 11 0
 (Picked up by Experience Mayhew)

Total paid in 1709: £204 19 4

1710

Ebenezer Allen, Chilmark
 January 14 Reason not given: £10 0 0
 (Picked up by Edward Bromfield)
 "Several persons at Martha's Vineyard"
 June 20 £17 1 0
 (Picked up by Robert Cathcart)
 Japheth Hannit, Indian preacher at Martha's Vineyard
 January 14 £10 0 0
 (Picked up by Edward Winslow)
 June 20 £0 11 0
 (Picked up by Zacheus Mayhew)
 Experience Mayhew, Chilmark, missionary.
 For work on translation £100 0 0
 For expenses in Boston £30 0 0
Experience did not sign the receipt book in 1710. He had been given a special payment because of his work on a translation of Biblical material into Indian.
 John Weeks, Naushon, teacher
 January 13 "For God's work." Salary: £10 0 0
 (Picked up by Wait Winthrop)
 Thomas Mayhew III, Chilmark, ruler of Indians
 June 20 Salary: £13 0 0
 (Picked up by Zacheus Mayhew, for his father)
 Sampson Natusoo, Naushon, teacher of Indians
 October 13 Salary: £3 0 0
 (Also given three pair of spectacles, two cases, two penknives, six horn books, one ink horn, three quires of hold paper, six Indian Primers, one book, "Practice of Piety.")

Total for 1710: £5 10 0

1711

Experience Mayhew, Chilmark, missionary
 January 20 Salary advance: £5 10 0
 (Picked up by Elizabeth Willard)
 February 13 Salary advance: £1 0 0
 (Picked up by Samuel Gerrish)
 November 16 Salary: £60 0 0

Josiah Torrey, Tisbury, English minister
 January 22 Partial Salary: £3 4 4
 (Paid to Boston merchant, E. Bromfield)
 February 6 Salary: £20 1 4
 November 2 Salary: £25 0 0

Rhodolphus Thacher, Chilmark, English minister
 February 6 Salary: £10 0 0

Thomas Mayhew III, Chilmark, ruler of Indians
 February 6 Salary: £10 0 0
 December Salary: £10 0 0
 "For my honored father, Major Tho. Mayhew"
 (Picked up by son, Zacheus Mayhew)

Japhet Hannit, Edgartown, Indian minister
 February 6 Salary: £30 0 0
 (Picked up by Ebenezer Allen)

Elisha Paaonit, Chilmark, Indian preacher
 February 6 Share of £20 0 0
 "For Elisha and sundry other Indians"

John Weeks, Naushon, teacher/preacher
 April 26 Salary: £10 0 0
 (Picked up by Wait Winthrop)
 December 29 Salary: £10 0 0
 (Picked up by Wait Winthrop)

Sampson Natusoo, Naushon, teacher/preacher
 November 17 Salary: £5 0 0
 "For teaching school and preaching for Mr. Weeks
 between whites"
 "For several Indians" on Martha's Vineyard
 April 5 £21 0 0
 (Picked up by Robert Cathcart)
 November 24 £57 0 0
 (Picked up by Experience Mayhew)

Total for 1711: £97 15 8

1712 [Many accounts not listed this year. Even Experience Mayhew's salary was not recorded.]

Japheth Hannit, Edgartown, Indian preacher
 March 21 "For Japheth Hannit and others" £31 0 0
 (Picked up by Ebenezer Allen)

Abel Wawompaqueen, Chilmark, Indian preacher
 March 22 Salary: £5 0 0
 (Picked up by Robert Cathcart)

Rhodolphus Thacher, Chilmark, English minister
 April 4 Salary: £5 0 0
 (Picked up by Ebenezer Allen)
 June 27 Salary: £5 0 0
 (Picked up by Robert Cathcart)

Experience Mayhew, missionary
 June 28 Bills of credit: £10 0 0
 (Picked up by Ebenezer Allen)

Penn Townsend, Boston, Commissioner
 October 1 Expenses: £30 0 0
 "Towards the charges of our Journey
 to Martha's Vineyard."

Total for 1712: £86 0 0

1713

Rhodolphus Thacher, Chilmark, English minister
 January 30 Salary: £5 0 0
 (Picked up by Robert Cathcart)

Widow Patience, Vineyard, widow payment
 March 3 £1 0 0
 (Picked up by Ebenezer Allen)

Widow Hannit, Edgartown, Indian preacher's widow
 March 3 "For Japheth Hannit's widow" £12 0 0
 (Picked up by Ebenezer Allen)

John Weeks, Naushon, teacher/preacher of Indians
 March 13 Salary: £10 0 0
 (Picked up by Katharine Winthrop)
 December 2 Salary: £10 0 0
 (Picked up by Wait Winthrop)

Thomas Mayhew III, Chilmark, ruler of Indians
 November 18 Salary: £10 0 0
 (Picked up by his son, Zacheus Mayhew)

Josiah Torrey, Tisbury, English minister
 November 18 Salary: £30 0 0
 (Picked up by Experience Mayhew)

Experience Mayhew, Vineyard, missionary
November 18 £57 9 0
"Upon sundry Accounts for the use of myself
and Indians."

Elisha Paaonit, Chilmark, Indian preacher
March 12 Salary: £5 0 0
(Picked up by Ebenezer Allen)

Total for 1713: £130 9 0

1714

Widow Hannit, Edgartown, widow payment
March 5 £15 0 0
"For John Hannit's widow and others"
(Picked up by Robert Cathcart)

Isaac Ompany, Christiantown, Indian magistrate/preacher
March 5 Part of: £33 0 0
"For salaries of Isaac Ompany and others"
(Picked up by Ebenezer Allen)

Experience Mayhew, Vineyard, missionary
August 25 Expenses: £10 0 0
"Reimbursement for expenses on journey to visit
the Indians at Connecticut."
November 8 Salary: £66 0 0

Samuel Thaxter, Hingham
September 1 Expenses: £6 0 0
"For expenses of trip to Martha's Vineyard"

Josiah Torrey, Tisbury, English minister
November 8 Salary: £25 0 0
(Picked up by Experience Mayhew)
"For several Indians at Martha's Vineyard"
November 8 £35 10 0
(Picked up by Experience Mayhew)

Total for 1714: £190 1 0

1715

John Weeks, Naushon, teacher/preacher to Indians
January 25 Salary: £10 0 0
(Picked up by Wait Winthrop)

Experience Mayhew, Vineyard, missionary
March 8 £1 10 0

"Account of my father, Experience Mayhew"
(Picked up by daughter, Reliance Mayhew)
March 11 £0 10 0

"Account of my father, Experience Mayhew"
(Picked up by daughter, Reliance Mayhew)
December 13 Salary: £60 0 0

Thomas Mayhew III, Chilmark, ruler of Indians
March 11 Salary: £10 0 0
"For my honored father, Thomas Mayhew"
(Picked up by son, Zacheus Mayhew)

Jabez, Naushon, Indian preacher
April 6 Salary: £2 0 0
(Picked up by John Weeks)

Indians, laborers, Gay Head
May 12 Wages: £17 14 0
Several Indian salaries and "making the Gay Head
Ditch that closed up the Neck."
(Picked up by Ebenezer Allen)

Josiah Torrey, Tisbury, English minister
July 11 Part of Salary: £5 0 0
(Picked up by Ebenezer Allen)
December 9 Rest of Salary: £25 0 0

Job Soomanan, Christiantown, Indian teacher
November 1 Salary: £6 0 0
(Picked up by John Allen)

Indians, unnamed, Vineyard
March 11 Salaries: £13 1 0
"For several Indians on Martha's Vineyard"
(Picked up by Robert Cathcart)
December 22 Salaries: £28 10 0
"For Several Indian teachers, rulers and others
at Martha's Vineyard."
(Picked up by Experience Mayhew)

Total for 1715: £179 5 0

1716

John Weeks, Naushon, teacher/preacher to Indians
February 10 Salary: £10 0 0
(Picked up by Wait Winthrop)

Indians, unnamed, Vineyard	
March 13	Salaries: £6 0 0
(Picked up by Robert Cathcart)	
Reliance Mayhew	
March 13	£1 0 0
("Twenty shillings for me — Reliance Mayhew")	
Jabez Crowell, Naushon, Indian	
March 13	Salary: £2 0 0
("For Jabez of Naushon")	
Thomas Sampson, Naushon, teacher at "Nashanna"	
March 19	Salary: £2 0 0
Indians, Gay Head	
April 9	Salaries, etc.: £28 15 0
"For sundry salaries and for making the Corporation Gate at the Entrance of the Gay-Head Neck."	
(Picked up by Ebenezer Allen)	
Josiah Torrey, Tisbury, English minister	
April 11	Salary: £5 0 0
(Picked up by Ebenezer Allen)	
Experience Mayhew, Vineyard, Missionary	
June 18	Partial salary: £8 0 0
"For my honored father, Experience Mayhew"	
(Picked up by daughter, Reliance Mayhew)	
July 7	Rest of salary: £52 0 0
Daniel Parker, Boston	
June 23	Payment: £12 0 0
"For my expense and service to Martha's Vineyard"	
Total for 1716: £126 1 0	

1717

Indians, unnamed, Vineyard	
January 3	£31 4 0
"Salaries and allowances for several Indians"	
(Picked up by Experience Mayhew)	
April 17	£33 0 0
"Several Teachers, Magistrates & Schoolmasters"	
(Picked up by Ebenezer Allen)	
July 13	£3 0 0

"For Several Indians on Martha's Vineyard"	
(Picked up by Experience Mayhew)	
Experience Mayhew, Vineyard, missionary	
January 3	Loan: £75 0 0
December 9	"My salary": £60 0 0
Josiah Torrey, Tisbury, English minister	
January 4	Salary: £30 0 0
(Picked up by Experience Mayhew)	
December 10	Salary: £30 0 0
"For Gospelizing the Indian Natives"	
(Picked up by Experience Mayhew)	
John Weeks, Naushon, teacher/preacher	
February 6	Salary: £10 0 0
December 5	Salary: £10 0 0
(Picked up by John Winthrop)	
Jabez Crowell, Naushon, Indian teacher	
February 6	Salary: £2 0 0
(Picked up by John Weeks)	
Thomas Sampson, Naushon, Indian teacher	
February 6	Salary: £3 0 0
"For Thomas Sampson, Indian teacher"	
(Picked up by John Weeks)	
Abel Wowompaqueen, Chilmark, Indian preacher	
April 12	Part of: £10 0 0
"For Abel Wowompaqueen and Daniel Shoko, our Indian preachers"	
(Picked up by Robert Cathcart)	
Daniel Shoko, Chilmark, Indian preacher	
April 12	(See above) Part of: £10 0 0
William Clark (account of Wowompaqueen)	
April 12	£2 0 0
"Repayment of loan by William Clark to Wowompaqueen to buy corn"	
Robert Cathcart	
April 20	No reason given: £5 0 0
(Picked up by Ebenezer Allen)	
Zacheus Mayhew, Chilmark, ruler of Indians	
October	Salary: £10 0 0

"Governing the Indians for one year . . . as my
 Father Thomas Mayhew Esq. was wont to doe"
 Josiah Potampan, Tisbury, Indian preacher
 December 9 Part of: £26 5 0
 "For salaries of Josiah Potampan and sundry
 other Indians at Martha's Vineyard"
 (Picked up by Experience Mayhew)
 Poor persons, unnamed, Vineyard
 December 13 £1 10 0
 "For three poor persons at Martha's Vineyard"
 (Picked up by Experience Mayhew)
 Simon Papmonnit, Vineyard, Indian preacher
 December 13 £6 10 0
Total for 1717
(includes £75 loan to Experience): £348 9 0
1718
 Jabez, Naushon, Indian teacher/preacher
 March 5 Salary: £2 0 0
 (Picked up by Joseph Parker)
 November 7 Salary: £2 0 0
 (Picked up by Joseph Parker)
 Phebe Cathcart, Chilmark, Administratrix
 July 28 £9 0 0
 "In behalf of my mother Phebe Cathcart,
 administratrix for Abel Wowompaqueen &
 Daniel Shoko, our Indian preachers"
 (Picked up by Thomas Cathcart)
 Indians, unnamed, Vineyard
 August 2 £38 15 0
 "For sundry Indians at Martha's Vineyard"
 (Picked up by Ebenezer Allen)
 Thomas Sampson, Naushon, Indian teacher/preacher
 November 7 Salary: £3 0 0
 (Picked up by Joseph Parker)
 Rhodolphus Thacher Jr., Chilmark
 November 12 Services: £5 0 0
 "In full for all demands for my administering
 Physick to the Indians while I dwelt at

Martha's Vineyard"
 Zacheus Mayhew, Chilmark, ruler of Indians
 November 17 Salary: £10 0 0
 "For account of Capt. Zacheus Mayhew"
 (Picked up by Paine Mayhew)
 Experience Mayhew, Vineyard, missionary
 July 25 "Part of my salary": £12 0 0
 November 24 "In part of my salary": £25 0 0
 December 13 Rest of salary: £38 0 0
 Jabez Athearn, Tisbury, Clerk of Courts
 December 13 Reason not given: £20 0 0
 (Picked up by Experience Mayhew)
 Josiah Torrey, Tisbury, English minister
 December 13 Salary: £30 0 0
 (Picked up by Experience Mayhew)
 Abel Wowompaqueen and others, Chilmark,
 Indian preachers
 December 13 Salaries: £38 10 0
Total for 1718: £233 9 0
1719
 John Weeks, Naushon, teacher/preacher
 February 9 Salary: £10 0 0
 (Picked up by John Winthrop)
 Jabez Athearn, Christiantown, teacher
 February 20 Salary: £20 0 0
 "Teaching school at Christiantown"
 Joash Panu, Chilmark, Indian pastor
 March 28 Part of: £44 7 0
 "For Joash, pastor, Eliab, preacher, and
 sundry other Indians"
 (Picked up by Ebenezer Allen)
 Eliab Coshomon, Chilmark, Indian preacher
 March 28 (See above) Part of: £44 7 0
 Thomas Sampson, Naushon, teacher
 March 31 Salary: £3 0 0
 (Picked up by Joseph Parker)
 Experience Mayhew, Chilmark, missionary
 May 25 From account of Mayhew: £20 0 0

(Picked up by Thomas Chase, Province
Bills of Credit)

Josiah Potampan, Tisbury, Indian preacher

June 8 Salary: £5 0 0

(Picked up by Paine Mayhew)

Total for 1719: £102 7 0

**Grand total for 13 years: 2113 pounds 10 shillings
12 pence***

*£2113 pounds was a lot of money. In 1711, the missionary society bought all Gay Head, over 4000 acres of land, for £550.

Acknowledgement

Many thanks to the staff of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Boston, for their assistance in the preparation of this account from Samuel Sewall's Receipt Book. In addition, valuable help was provided by a paper read by George Parker Winship at the October 1942 meeting of that Society, published in *MHS Proceedings*, vol.67, pp.55-110.

CORRECTIONS

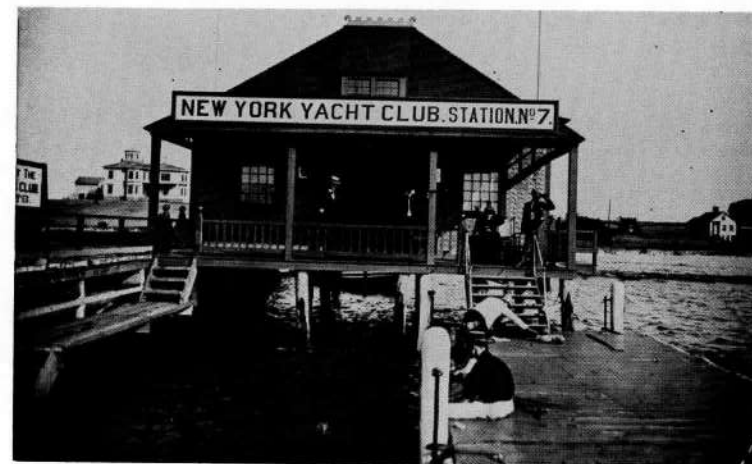
In the February 1993 issue, on page 135, the word in parenthesis (Halifax) should be deleted. It was left in by an editing error.

On page 163, same issue, the statement that the 1871 census was the first to include Gay Head is incorrect. The 1870 Federal Census did list Gay Head residents, although not in the detail of the one conducted the following year for the state.

These corrections were brought to the editor's attention by his colleague, Catherine Mayhew, Society genealogist.

Moments in History

The Visit by the New York Yacht Club in 1895, With Herreshoff's Defender of America's Cup



The New York Yacht Club built this station in 1891 at Eastville, a regular stopover on its annual cruise. The house on the left is still there.

IT was one of the most exciting weekends in Island history. More than 130 vessels of the New York Yacht Club, here on the annual cruise, filled Vineyard Haven harbor. Leading the fleet, as it raced from Block Island, was the *Defender*, a new, radical sloop designed by Nathanael G. Herreshoff, who served on her crew.

"*Defender* was built at the Herreshoff yard in Bristol of bronze, steel, and aluminium (used for the first time in an American yacht), under conditions of great secrecy. She was very lightly constructed and proved somewhat weak, a real racing machine . . ."¹

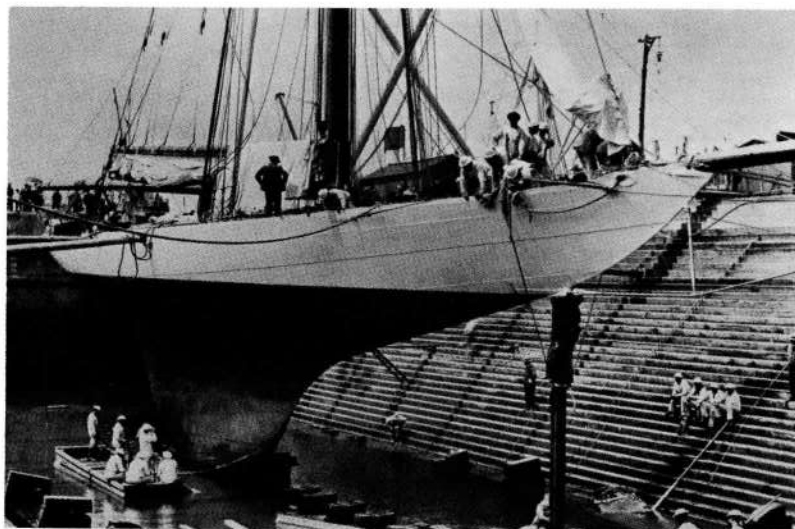
Editor Charles Strahan of the *Martha's Vineyard Herald* didn't like

¹ John Parkinson Jr., *The History of the New York Yacht Club*, 1975, v.1, p.160.

her looks: "*Defender* is a great racing machine no doubt, but as a thing of beauty of proportion she does not handsome a bit. Too much spread of unbleached canvas and on the whole too little hull."²

She was the first keel sloop America had entered in a cup race. Editor Strahan was wrong: her hull was not too little, being 123 feet overall, with 88 feet 6 inches at the waterline. Her sail spread was huge, no doubt about that: 12,602 square feet. Her appearance and her dimensions were very similar to those of the English challenger, *Valkyrie III*, then on her way to New York, sailing across the Atlantic, as challengers were required to do in those days.

² *Martha's Vineyard Herald*, August 7, 1895.



Defender being readied for the 1895 races. Her keel was bronze, her topsides aluminium, as it was then called. She was a rather fragile craft.

Her racing-machine design was radical, and she was fast, being the second of Herreshoff's five defenders of the Cup. She defeated the *Valkyrie* in September in what may have been the most unpleasant, unsporting and controversial series of races in America's Cup history. But that's another story. During the glorious August weekend on the Vineyard, nothing could spoil the fun, not even Strahan's editorials.

Strahan had another reason to be unhappy with the *Defender*: she had raced on Sunday. The editor didn't like that. "We are not a believer in the strictness of observance of the Puritan Sunday, but we are sorry that the owners of the *Defender* tested her sailing qualities for the first time on the Sabbath. . . millions of Americans. . . will be offended because these men have shown a disregard for the Lord's

Day."³

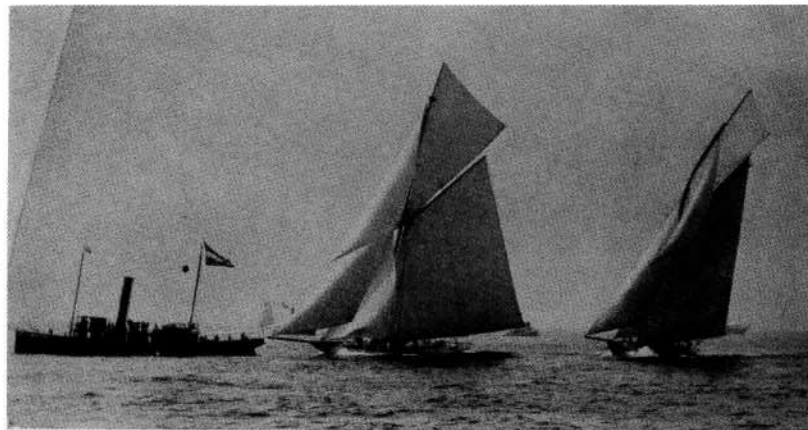
Editor Strahan tempered his objections slightly the following week: "We do not belong to that class of persons who believe that the Almighty will bring defeat on the American yacht. . . because she has made her trial races on the Sabbath day. . . [We] would endorse Messrs. Iselin and Morgan if they worked on Sunday to secure a hay crop from destruction. . . [but] condemn their actions of selecting Sunday for a yacht race. . ."⁴

The public, even two weeks before camp meeting at Cottage City, didn't hold a grudge against the yacht club and its fastest yacht. Thousands came out to watch the fleet come around West Chop.

Even Mr. Strahan was pleased that on Saturday and Sunday more than

³ *Herald*, July 13, 1895.

⁴ *Herald*, July 17, 1895.



Start of the second 1895 race. *Valkyrie*, left, had just fouled *Defender*, carrying away a topmast shroud. She was disqualified after the race.

12,000 passengers rode on the electric trolley that took them to Eastville, where the New York Yacht Club had built a station, one of seven between New York City and the Vineyard. What's more, despite earlier predictions of disaster, the carriage owners had also done well. "The electric cars did not ruin the livery business last Saturday and Sunday. The stable men were both tired and happy." It was a great time for all, horsemen included.

"When the fleet was announced coming down the Sound, every [electric] car and carriage was crowded with sightseers. . . and when the *Defender* rounded the West Chop with spinnaker and all sails set, a wave of American enthusiasm could be felt among the vast crowds. . . Sloop and schooner and steamer and yawl and cutter and catboats followed in quick succession until 135 sailing craft, representing millions of American wealth, were anchored off the New York Yacht Club station. Among the steamers was noticed the *Dugeness*, [a

brand new 119-foot screw schooner] owned and sailed by Mrs. Lucy C. Carnegie, the only lady member of the club⁵. . . Crowds by the thousand availed themselves of the electric cars, which were run twice as often both during Saturday and Sunday, to see the ships dressed and every sail and rowboat was kept busy carrying passengers around the fleet, while the steam launches and gigs of the fleet were busily engaged in carrying yachtsmen to make their social and complimentary calls."

The yachtsmen included such famous names as C. Oliver Iselin of New York, Walter and George Duryea, inventors of the automobile, E. S. Willard, John B. Herreshoff, the blind naval architect, and the above-mentioned Nathanael Herreshoff. All went ashore to visit the famed Oak Bluffs Club, headed by Dr. H. A.

⁵ Parkinson, v.1, p.156. She was the widow of Thomas W. Carnegie, brother of steel magnate Andrew Carnegie, and had just been voted into the club the previous year.



Chamberlain's photo from West Chop as the New York fleet starts its race to Newport. Steamer Island Home, left, is jammed with sightseers.

Tucker, the New York patent medicine king, who owned the most impressive "cottage" in Cottage City. It was a weekend to fill bosoms with local pride, especially the bosoms of those trying to sell lots in their subdivisions.

After a Sunday of pleasure, in spite of the editor, the yachtsmen boarded their vessels Monday morning to race to Newport for the Drexel Cup. Fog delayed the start of the race, but before noon, the gun was fired and the race

began, to the delight of thousands, who dreamed that, perhaps some day, they might own a rowboat.

Photographer Chamberlain of Cottage City set up his camera on West Chop to capture the delayed start. The Vineyard ferry, *Island Home*, loaded with spectators, was at the line, listing as the crowd lined the starboard rail to watch. It was a day to remember.

And the Chamberlain photograph captures that moment in history.



A Psalm for the Cape Poge Light

by FLORENCE KERN

On June 24, 1893, on the tip of Cape Poge, workmen unbolted the cast-iron lantern that was mounted atop the aging and erosion-threatened lighthouse tower. They slid the heavy lantern across a 40-foot-long staging to a brand-new tower and that night the present Cape Poge Lighthouse went into operation. Florence Kern pays tribute to that much-admired light on this, its 100th birthday.

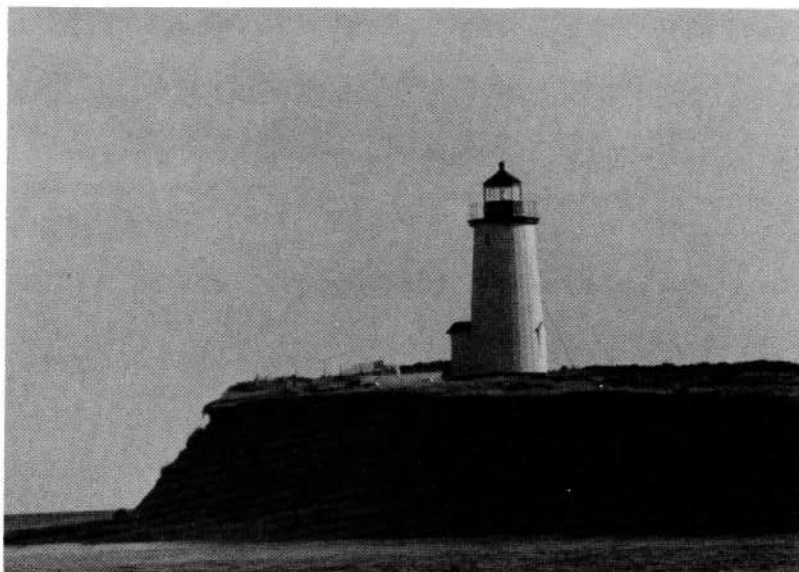
I am the past.
The ragmen do not need me anymore
To warn them off the shoals
That lie within my range,
On this, the ancient isle of Capoag.
They have new instruments today
To chart their endless highways in the sea.

But 'twas not ever thus.
When Old Town Turkeys split pine shakes
And fashioned my octagonal self to stand
On this steep cliff where hungry waves
Have appetites for boats, and land,
And lighthouses like me.

Crowned with an old turret made of iron
And lit with lamps that had been lit before.
My stairway, too, had served in bygone days
When whaling men were Vineyard majesties.

Then, anchored to the land, I stood,
A seemly distance from the sea,

FLORENCE KERN, a Chappaquiddick lover and long-time sailor, has a special fondness for Cape Poge Light, often having set her course by it.



But once, twice, thrice, they moved me back:
Ten, twenty, forty feet, to where I stand,
Safe until seas come after me again.

Once Keepers dwelt beside me
To keep my lamps alight, but now computers
And the sun's own rays can do their work,
And I am all alone, remote and lonely too,
Until some lad or lass, or oldster,
Comes by to take my picture
And to wish me well
On this, my hundredth year.

Books

She was a "Sister Sailor" The Whaling Journals Of Mary Brewster 1845 - 1851

Edited by Joan Druett. Published by Mystic Seaport Museum, Inc., Mystic, Connecticut. Illustrated. 449 pp. \$39.95.

Reviewed by CAROL CARRICK

MARY Burtch of Stonington, Connecticut, was eighteen when she married her sea captain, William Brewster, in 1841. During the first four years of the marriage, they would be together only five months. For this reason, despite local disapproval, Mary broke with tradition and on November 4, 1845, embarked with Captain William on a courageous two-and-a-half year whaling voyage to the Pacific Ocean.

Her diary, rather than being a private journal, was meant to be a source of future pleasure for herself and her husband and, no doubt, to justify her decision — and to demonstrate to family and friends that her time at sea had been "properly spent."

Joan Druett, an occasional contributor to the *Intelligencer*, has

CAROL CARRICK, a member of the Society, is a well-known author of children's books. Her most recent, *Whaling Days*, illustrated in woodcuts by David Frampton, was published by Clarion in March 1993.

placed Mary's journals in the context of the time, interspersing excerpts from journals of others, "sister" sailors as well as brother. She tells us that "New England women of the time were encouraged to be passive, demure, patient, hardworking, and religious to an extreme." Well-brought-up women were expected to keep a diary of their accomplishments and spiritual condition.

And so, Mary's account of her life on the whaleship *Tiger*, a life often boring, tedious, plagued with weeks of wretched seasickness, is filled with housekeeping details. She tells of the washing and ironing, the making and mending of clothes for herself, her husband and sometimes for the crew. And of nursing the sick.

Sundays were observed with devotional readings, remembering her dear ones in Connecticut, berating herself for being a backslider. One's grip on life being more tenuous in those days, and under those circumstances — in fact, there were several deaths on board the *Tiger* — Mary dutifully reminds herself that each sunset brings her closer to her Maker.

Mary Brewster's diary is the earliest publicly held journal by a sea-going whaling wife. Written for the approval of others, it omits any account that might put her husband in an unfavorable light. There are no mentions of the frequent discord among the officers, the flogging of a thief and the beating of the cook. However, thanks to Druett's interspersing technique, we see these two voyages from the different perspectives spelled out in the diaries of boatsteerer Luther Ripley Jr., and

crewman John Perkins, an unfortunate young man who was killed when a whale struck his boat and whose perceptive diary was returned to his family with certain pages torn out.

Nothing is so dull as a becalmed ship or a whaler with no quarry. For six whaleless months in the Pacific, faces aboard the *Tiger* grew long, and tensions between the captain and his officers increased, until their first whale was killed. Then Mary, as happy as the others, writes: "This is the first time I could willingly see blood shed so freely."

When the trypots are fired up for the first time, she notes: "All hands look happy and greasy." Also, "husband on deck and to work all day in good spirits and well, and I am perfectly willing to be along when whaling is the business."

But days were not always happy. Sickness spreads among the malnourished crew in the cold, damp and close quarters. Sailors jump ship, storms are destructive, seawater crashes through the skylight into Mary's cabin, its contents tossed about as she huddles in her bed.

Mary stays secure in her cabin during those dangerous times when blubber is tried out and heavy barrels are stowed below during bad weather, but footnotes and excerpts from other writings tell of the slippery decks, runaway casks and scalding oil that made a whaler's life hazardous.

Each time a boat is lowered with her husband aboard, Mary knows he might never return. And she is aware of how widows aboard ship were particularly vulnerable — far from family and friends. She hears that one wife, whose husband had died since the

two women gammed at sea, had thrown herself from her cabin window after borrowing passage home.

At Pacific island stops, the ship takes on recruits and Mary is entertained by missionaries. In many cases, the wife, half of a hasty marriage arranged by the missionary society, suffers from broken health and a large family. Herself a product of the time and its prejudices, Mary finds most of the natives "far from the state of civilization which they were represented to be," wishing them to be Westernized as much as to be converted. Adding and enriching Mary's entries are Druett's generous supplements, providing details from shipping news of the day, geography, history and impressions of related events from other "sister sailors," many from Martha's Vineyard.

Mary is adventurous. While Captain Brewster is on a northern cruise, she undertakes a twelve-day trek around Maui in the Sandwich Islands (now Hawaii), riding sidesaddle and, on occasion, hiking. Badly sunburned and often thoroughly soaked, she fords streams, climbs precipitous and slippery trails over the mountains, hampered, as she must have been on a rolling deck, by the constraints of corsets and petticoats.

The *Tiger* returns to Connecticut a full ship. Despite its slow beginning, the voyage had been successful. But Mary is not content to remain at home and socialize. In less than four months, she sails again, this time to become the first American whaling wife to enter the Arctic Ocean. Surrounded by enormous ice floes, the *Tiger* manages to exit through the Bering Strait



Mary Brewster, c. 1854. Daguerrotype by J. Gurney. Frontispiece of Joan Druett's book. (Mystic Seaport Museum photo.)

without damage.

Safe in Honolulu, Mary finds the city much improved since her earlier visit. It is now more to her liking. "The government is entirely under American influence. . . the king is merely a cipher."

Mary's journals, brought vividly to life by Joan Druett's editing, provide proof to today's reader, as they must have done to her contemporaries, that despite her hardships during two voyages aboard the *Tiger*, she had no regrets.

CONGRATULATIONS

The Society is proud to join in the acclaim for one of its members, David G. McCullough of West Tisbury. The cheering is brought on by his winning the 1993 Pulitzer Prize in Biography for his monumental work, *Truman*. Members will recall that, while the book was in progress, he, with the assistance of pianist Ed Wise, delivered a most entertaining and enlightening tribute to the former President Truman under the auspices of the Society. Congratulations, Mr. McCullough.

Documents

A Running Account Of Matters & Things.

by REV. HENRY BAYLIES

For those members who have become enamored of the style of Jeremiah Pease (whose diary has been serialized on these pages for many years), the journal that begins here will come as a shock. For Jeremiah, a man of few words, the important things were wind, weather, work, worship and death.

Our new diarist, Henry Baylies (1822-1893), cared not at all about the wind, only slightly about the weather and deeply about his work and religion. Deaths are incidental; he chronicles only those of personal interest.

His journal is not a daily record of Island happenings, as was Jeremiah's. His is introspective, the opposite side of the Jeremiah coin. We know what Baylies is thinking — sometimes more than we want to know. Such is the hazard of journal keeping. But after all, he wasn't writing for us.

There are other differences. Baylies is young, only 27. His wife of less than one year, Harriette (Budlong) of Providence, is 25. It is his second marriage, her first.

Harriette is ill. Hannah, Henry's first wife, had died of consumption before their marriage was two years old. Caring for sick wives has occupied much of Henry's time. While Jeremiah told us almost nothing about his wife, Eliza, Henry's journal is filled with information about the sickly Harriette.

The year is 1850, seven years before Jeremiah's diary ended. So this journal overlaps his for those years. It is the year of the Gold Rush, a year when many Island men left for California, lured by dreams of riches.

Henry Baylies was the second of seven children of Frederick Baylies Jr., an Edgartown architect and carpenter, who was also a merchant with a store on Main Street. Henry's grandfather, also Frederick, was teacher/missionary to the Indians. Henry's family was not a healthy one, he being the only one of the seven children to live through the first year. The family lived on Main Street opposite today's Town Hall, a building designed and built by his father as a Methodist Church in 1823, the year after Henry was born.

He went through school in Edgartown, attending the Thaxter Academy (see the *Intelligencer*, November 1992). As a boy, he helped build the preacher's stand for the Campground in 1835 (*Intelligencer*, February 1992). Graduating from Wesleyan College in 1846, he became the Methodist minister in Somers, Connecticut.

At the time the journal begins, he is on leave from the ministry because of his health. He and his bride moved in with his parents in Edgartown while he recuperates. Offered the position of headmaster at the Dukes County Academy in West Tisbury, he accepted it, although he had never taught school before. The Academy is in a new building, on the site of today's West Tisbury town offices. Earlier, it had

been housed near the cemetery. They are living in a boarding house run by Mrs. G.A. Smith on Music Street, only a few steps away, which becomes important during Harriette's illness, as we will see.

This journal, along with other Baylies journals, is the gift of Joanne Coffin Clark, to whom the Society is most grateful. We will publish as much of the journals as is relevant. Much of the time he was writing while off-Island.

West Tisbury, Mss., February 13, 1850 (Wed.). Commencing this new volume I dare not christen it a Journal or Diary, but rather as above: A Running Acc't of Matters & Things. My Diary, so-called, of 571 pp. commences on entering College, Aug. 1842 & closed by a final entry Feb. 5, 1850, leads me to fear a similar attempt would meet with similar results. Long neglects & brief attentions to such an undertaking are not successful in noting daily transactions.

The value of such a Diary decreases as the daily duties & events are more monotonous. Amid varying & stirring transactions such memoranda are invaluable in refreshing the memory. Had I kept my Journal faithfully when engaged daily in the duties of the ministry, I should prize it greatly for the little incidents with which it would awaken recollection for the lessons in human nature which would then be noted.

The commencement of the Vol. just concluded found me a College Student fresh from the Academy. It traced my

course during the four years of College life, my entrance upon my Ministry, my marriage to my Sainted Hannah — her sickness & death — portions of three years as a preacher of the Gospel — my marriage to my dear Harriette & my entrance upon the office of Principal of Dukes County Academy, etc.

The commencement of this vol. finds me with my beloved wife at my side — laid aside from the Ministry in consequence of poor health & a feeble constitution — engaged in the duties of a Teacher of Youth. Should I be spared to conclude it, Heaven only knows what records it shall contain. I pray that none so sad as the other contains — yet I fear.

I know not. But my Father knows & He doeth all things well. My life has been marked by many & deep afflictions & yet I can say & feel that goodness & mercy have followed me all the days of my life. All things work together for good to them that love the Lord.

"Nihil desperandum Christo duce."

"BIBLIA Anchora est mea: Et CHRISTUS est mihi Anchora et Omnia."

Since my last entry in Journal, Feb. 5. nothing of varying interest has occurred except our visit to Edgartown on Saturday morning, Feb. 9. Harriette thought she would like to visit my Parents as we had not seen them since the commencement of the Term, Jan'y. 9.

As she was not feeling very well I thought too the change perhaps might prove quite beneficial so after persevering effort I succeeded in obtaining a horse & carriage for our

journey. The weather was very mild & warm & we rode without inconvenience & arrived at Father's while they were dining, much to their unexpected joy.

By invitation I met with the Commissioners appointed by D.C. [Dukes County] Educational Institute to examine reading books. Efforts at uniformity in the best school books are very commendable in these days of book making. To effect uniformity in books in my school has been one of my chief difficulties. Yet I have succeeded.

The day was ~~thus~~ - crossed out] passed in visiting friends & conversation. It is really very pleasing to meet with such kind friends as I have after even a short separation. The unwearied Kindness of my dear parents I think I never so correctly appreciated as I have within the year & half last past.

On Sabbath enjoyed the great pleasure of attending Church with the Church of my choice. I was never before so long denied the privilege of attending Methodist Meeting. Religious privileges such as I have been accustomed to enjoy I have not here. That institution peculiar to Methodism — the Class Meeting — is one which my soul loves and longs to enjoy.

In consequence of the unpleasant weather of Sab. [Sabbath], Harriette was unable to attend Ch [church]. Bro. Upham preached in his usual style. Sat. night Hattie was very sick so that it seemed probable I must leave her & return to T. [Tisbury] A kind Providence which ever watches over me so ordered that on Mond. morning she was able, though still very feeble, to accompany me. On the whole, the

ride benefitted her. We arrived in season to commence school, but a few minutes after 9.

This week several new scholars have entered my school & several probably will leave. I have been gratified to learn of the great satisfaction now expressed with my school. From several sources I hear this is the best school ever taught in the Academy. This is more pleasing as this is my first attempt at school teaching. If I am successful, the praise of my success belongs to God.

My reading is now Townley's *Biblical Literature*, an invaluable work in its sphere. Half of the 2nd Vol., the third of Nusheim's [?] *Ecl. Hist.*, & Vol II of Watson's *Sermons* [?] will complete my conference reading.

I think this will answer for the first entry in this little vol. which Hattie has so kindly given me.

Friday Eve., Feb. 15, 1850: Another week of school closed & my term half concluded. The time passes off far more pleasantly than I expected. My health has improved rather than failed me as I feared it would.

Teaching is likewise a more pleasing employment than I had thought. Had it not been for the sake of employment & the remuneration during the few weeks previous to Conf. [Conference], together with the desire for a trial of the business, I should not have ventured what appeared to me & to my friends so hazardous an engagement. The Lord directed me in this enterprize, I doubt not & my success has been all I could ask. There have been a few slight circumstances which I would have gladly altered — these mostly or altogether false or mistaken reports relating to my

management or something connected with the school.

I yesterday understood that Miss Maria Smith, an orphan niece of Mrs. Jane Luce, had left my school because she had been ridiculed by myself. The fact is Miss Smith has behaved shamefully during all the term so that I have been obliged frequently to speak to her; & besides, she has constantly refused to write composition. Last Friday she [read a very short] was prepared with a composition which she refused to read. I told her she might get one of the young ladies to read it for her, which she did.

The composition was not of more than half doz. lines & concluded in what I consider a very insulting manner, so that I remarked I did not think strange she did not wish to read it. This simple remark has produced all the fuss & occasioned considerable talk. The fact appears Miss Smith is *non compas mentis* & her composition was the very best she could write. I was not aware of it before, having never seen any demonstrations of idiocy. I called to see Mrs. Luce who however was away from home.¹

I have done what I could in the premises & shall endeavor to leave the event & my reputation in the hands of the Disposer of all hearts. It is pleasant to have a friend, all wise, all powerful and all mindful in whom to

¹ Miss Maria Smith, 18, was the daughter of Ebenezer Allen Smith and Peggy Luce, both of whom died when she was an infant. Mrs. Jane (Smith) Luce was widow of Timothy Luce and aunt to young Maria, Baylies' pupil. His charge that she was "idiotic" seems exaggerated. She was not so listed in the 1850 Census, in which such a fact was required to be noted. She died in 1908, age 76.

confide under every varying circumstance of life.

Yesterday & today have been quite unpleasant — rain & high winds. Invited to tea at Mr. Bartlett Mayhew Jr., the young man who has been reading *Anabasis* with me. He leaves on Monday for the concluding term at the acadmey in Worcester, where he is preparing for College. In consequence of the walking, Harriett's ill health, etc., I declined the visit which however would afford me much pleasure.²

Learned today of the death Mr. [George] Richardson of East Ville or vicinity. I believe Mr. R. was remarkable for his Knowledge of the Bible, he being able to repeat it entire. I have heard him repeat chapter after chap. without mistake. At Camp Meeting once or more I have heard him stand up & appropriate portions of Scripture & sit down without adding any remarks of his own. Such Knowledge of Scripture is rarely attained even by very great study. I forget precisely by what means he was lead or enabled to commit the whole Bible.

Letters from California are very discouraging. Disappointments, disease & terrific suffering & death heads the list. Thus the love of Gold hath allured, ensnared & destroyed those souls who by economical industry might have lived very happily with their families for years.

I have this evening finished Townley's *Biblical Literature*.

Saturday Feb. 16, 1850. This has been a very pleasant winter day. I designed

² Bartlett Mayhew was 20 years old, son of Thankful and Bartlett Mayhew of Tisbury.

to procure a carriage & take Harriette to Holmes Hole to visit Rev. Bro. [Micah J.] Talbot, [Methodist] etc., but the cold rendered it inexpedient. About 4 p.m., H. accompanied me to the P. [Post] Office, store & Rev. Mr. [Henry] Van Houton's. At the Store saw Mrs. Jane Luce & had an explanation of the circumstances relating to her niece. Rather a pleasant call at Bro. Van Houton's. This is the second time H. has walked with me since we came to West Tisbury. We are now having longer days so that I find some time after school to walk. Disappointed in not receiving anything by mail. The Boat has not made her usual trip.

This has been a day of recreation, more so than any for months.

Have been perpetrating some repairs on an out building to render it more comfortable for use & fixing various other small things.

Have this evening given some attention to preparation for preaching tomorrow afternoon for Bro. Van Houton, Congregationalist. A pressure of other duties does not afford time to prepare new discourses.

For the first time since I was last married have I today shed a tear. I some time since let Harriette have the keeping of two Daguerreotypes of my Sainted Hannah which she has kept with great care. She has several times handed them to me & except then I have not looked at them, fearing least [sic] my frequently looking at them might occasion unpleasant feelings in Hatties' mind. Harriette showed them to me again this afternoon. Some conversation ensued in which I remarked to her I had frequently

thought I would like to see them but as they were in her trunk I did not.

She wept at the thought I would not take them from her trunk & look at them as I desired & remarked I did not understand her feelings. She had frequently thought strange I did not look at Hannah's pictures more frequently. Such was the peculiar combination of feeling at this point I could not restrain the tears which suffused my eyes.

I have thought a great deal of my dear Hannah within a fortnight past & have dreamed of her. Oh, I love her still. Although I have given my affections to one every way worthy of my most sacred love yet I cannot forget her who was ~~(to me)~~ my first wife & who loved me as her own life & was so amiable, affectionate & faithful during the year & a half of our earthly union. So! Hannah lives in Heaven & she lives [in my] enshrined in my hart's affections.

I love my dear Harriette as truly as ever man loved wife and she loves me with holiest love. This on my part is not a transfer of love — it is rather an out-gushing of a new fountain. The old one is not dried up or its ~~[waters]~~ love directed from Hannah to Harriette — That still flows though silently while this is new, yet pure, giving ~~[life & vigor]~~ comfort & cheer to passing life.

Harriette, dear, sometimes says "There will be one Mansion in our Father's House for us, will there not? Henry, Hannah & Hattie." This is a glorious thought & sweetens the sorrows of bereavement. There is the least selfishness in Harriette, my dear wife, than in any person I ever saw. I never saw the least manifestation or

indication of such a feeling or disposition. Were she in the enjoyment of good health it seems my happiness would be complete, so far as domestic relation is concerned. Now I am often fearing she too will shortly be taken from me & I shall be left a second time before 30 years of age a Widower. The Lord my Father Knows & doeth all things well. O, God, grant me needed grace to suffer & to No thy will all the days of my life.

I must preach on the morrow. Lord help me that I may speak some word that shall serve to [awaken] arouse this people to call upon thy name & awaken them to the interests of punishing sinners. Amen.

Sabbath, Feb. 17, 1850. The Sabbath of the Lord. The morning very mild & pleasant — toward noon a chilly wind arose. A bright moon-light evening. On the whole an uncommonly pleasant winter's day. Spent the morning in meditation & preparation for the pulpit. At 11 o'clock repaired to the Church & listened to a discourse by Bro. Van Houton on the history & preparation for revivals.

After half hour's intermission, the services were again resumed by myself in the name of my master. My text was Ps 69-9, "Help us O God of our Salvation." The Lord was pleased to lend me his aid in accordance with his promise & the word seemed to have much effect: quite a number were in tears. It was rather a pleasant & profitable time to me.

I felt the more encouraged from the fact of a conversion last evening at the prayer meeting held at Mrs. Hannah Look's. This is an omen of good to this people, I trust. The convert was a

young lady.³

The labor of the afternoon has exceedingly prostrated me. Before I had finished the discourse my throat became painfully affected & my voice was quite hoarse. A severe headach, great weakness in my limbs & in fine [?] general prostration is the result physically to myself of the labor.

I fear I must abandon the idea of preaching for the present. I can hardly think God requires me to preach at the loss of health, the ruin of an already fragile constitution & the disappointment of the people deprived of the services of their pastor. Yet if it be His will I am ready at the first indication again to enter the field & work & die. The unexpected providences [?] by which God has lead me to this place & this new employment & the success he grants me as a Teacher now seems to me an unmistakable intimation of his present will concerning me. The future I leave in his hands & myself at His disposal.

It now appears to me if I may be engaged in some employment which will but slightly tax my health & constitution, I may be able in a few years, perhaps by the time I shall be 30 yrs. old, to enter the ministry & labor uninterruptedly. I am satisfied from past experience that with the same labor & the same inroads upon health & constitution I should live but a short time & that to little purpose.

I am the Lord's, Soul, body & Spirit, & I leave all at his disposal. Oh, that I were more perfectly His by a closer intimate spiritual union. I need, I long, for a deeper work of grace in my hart.

³ There was an Island-wide revival going on at the time. Jeremiah Pease mentions it in his diary.

Harriette, as usual, has been obliged to remain at home from church. Poor girl. She longs to praise and worship God in His Sanctuary, but can not. She might easily walk so far, but the fatigue of sitting during service, added to the fatigue of walking so far, would prove quite too much for her.

It is not strange she feels sometimes low spirited. A week ago last Friday a humor-like rash appeared on her chest & stomach & shortly after struck in, I suppose, & from that time she has suffered greatly at times & some all the while, from a sinking sensation in her stomach. Today, it appeared again on the surface just after taking a dose of black pepper tea. The result I cannot foresee. She has great opposition to having the advice of the village doctor.

But I must close this scrawl for I am exceedingly wearied—more so than at any other time since I began my school. This is the fifth time only I have preached since the first Sabbath in August 1849.

Monday, Feb. 18, 1850. This has been rather a hard, "Mondayish" day. My rest during the night was very much broken as is usual with me after preaching, so that I was in the morning little refreshed from yesterday. Towards the close of the afternoon session I felt thoroughly exhausted. I must not preach again at present unless special need requires it.

This evening have been & am engaged in nursing Harriette, who has been very unwell today & yesterday. I have now (9 o'clk.) got her to bed having soaked her feet, giving pepper tea & have her in a fair way to sweat. Have also provided at hand a good

dose of Salts & Senna, which must be shortly administered.

I feel entirely "beat out." I have one thing to cheer me today—that is the addition of five new scholars to my numbers, making in all eight who have come in at the commencement of the last half of the Term. This is quite different from what the Trustees expected. They thought there would be great decrease at this time.

Away to bed!

Tuesday, Feb. 19/50. Have felt today almost incapacitated from my labors by reason of fatigue. The labors of Sab. [Sabbath] left me thoroughly exhausted. Designed, indeed engaged, to attend the social prayer meeting this evening but am not able to do so.

Harriette is quite unwell today, rather better this evening. I was about to send to H. Hole for Dr. [Nathaniel] Ruggles, Senior, yesterday for H. when she so strongly objected I desisted. If she is not very much better soon, shall do so by some means.

Rec'd. basket of clothes & papers from home today. They all well. A new scholar today—Mr. E. Payson Chase [the son of the Rev. Ebenezer Chase, Congregational minister]—in Latin Salust [?] etc. My Latin serves me better than I thought it would. Has not far fled me as I feared.

Have read some this evening in *Nusheim Ecl. Hist.* While I write I can scarcely wield my pen—exhausted & sleepy. Shall feel better in a day or two if I can get rest & regain my strength—am not sick with pain, only exhaustion.

(To be continued)

1992/93 Regional High School Historical Research Competition

A banner year! The Competition (formerly the Essay Contest) was established as a regular component of the High School's American Heritage curriculum; participants more than doubled (from 40 to more than 100 Juniors); projects were given equal footing with essays; the program was expanded from one to two cycles per school year, and the awards schedule was quadrupled. The Society is grateful to all the students who submitted essays and projects, and we hope the research has heightened their interest in Island history. We are pleased to announce the winners:

First Semester

First Prize, Essay, \$50:

Marissa Cavicchi
Black? White? Portuguese? CAPE VERDIAN

First Prize, Project, \$50

Jeremy Mayhew
Cranberry Day: The Annual Gay Head Holiday

Second Prize, Essay, \$30:

Chelsea Toole
African Americans Vacation in Oak Bluffs

Second Prize, Project, \$30

Theresa Baldwin
J.B. Vincent's Journal

Third Prize, Essay, \$20

Caitlin Lewis
Floating to the Top

Third Prize, Project, \$20

Angela Rankow
Nancy Luce

Second Semester

First Prize, Essay, \$50

Alec Gale and Rick Sylva
A Day in the Life of Henry Luce

First Prize, Project, \$50

Boise Rogers
James B. Vincent: Lost in Siberia

Second Prize, Essay, \$30

Stephanie Teixeira
A Day in the Life of Nancy Luce

Second Prize, Project, \$30

Daniel Larsen
Tracing the Route of the Whaler LACONIA, Voyage of 1866

Third Prize, Essay, \$20

James Andrews
Captain Hartson H. Bodfish

Third Prize, Project, \$20

Kristie Noyes
Cuttyhunk

Honorable Mentions

Alex Applebaum

Whalers Taking Eskimos to be Their Brides

George Baird

The Cranberry

April Governo

Mary Emilia Araujo (1909-1981)

Couri Davidson and Caleb Nicholson

Fugitive Slave Escapes to Martha's Vineyard

Chris Jones

Arctic Art

Rachel Jolliffe, Misty Tarter, Renee Jolliffe

Vineyard Cranberries

Dee Lobb

Nancy Luce

Junghoon Pak and Wayne Jackson

Herschel Island (Western Arctic) and Whaleships, 1893/94

David Sawyer

The Cranberry: A Symbol of Nationhood

Kim Requena and Amy Rogers

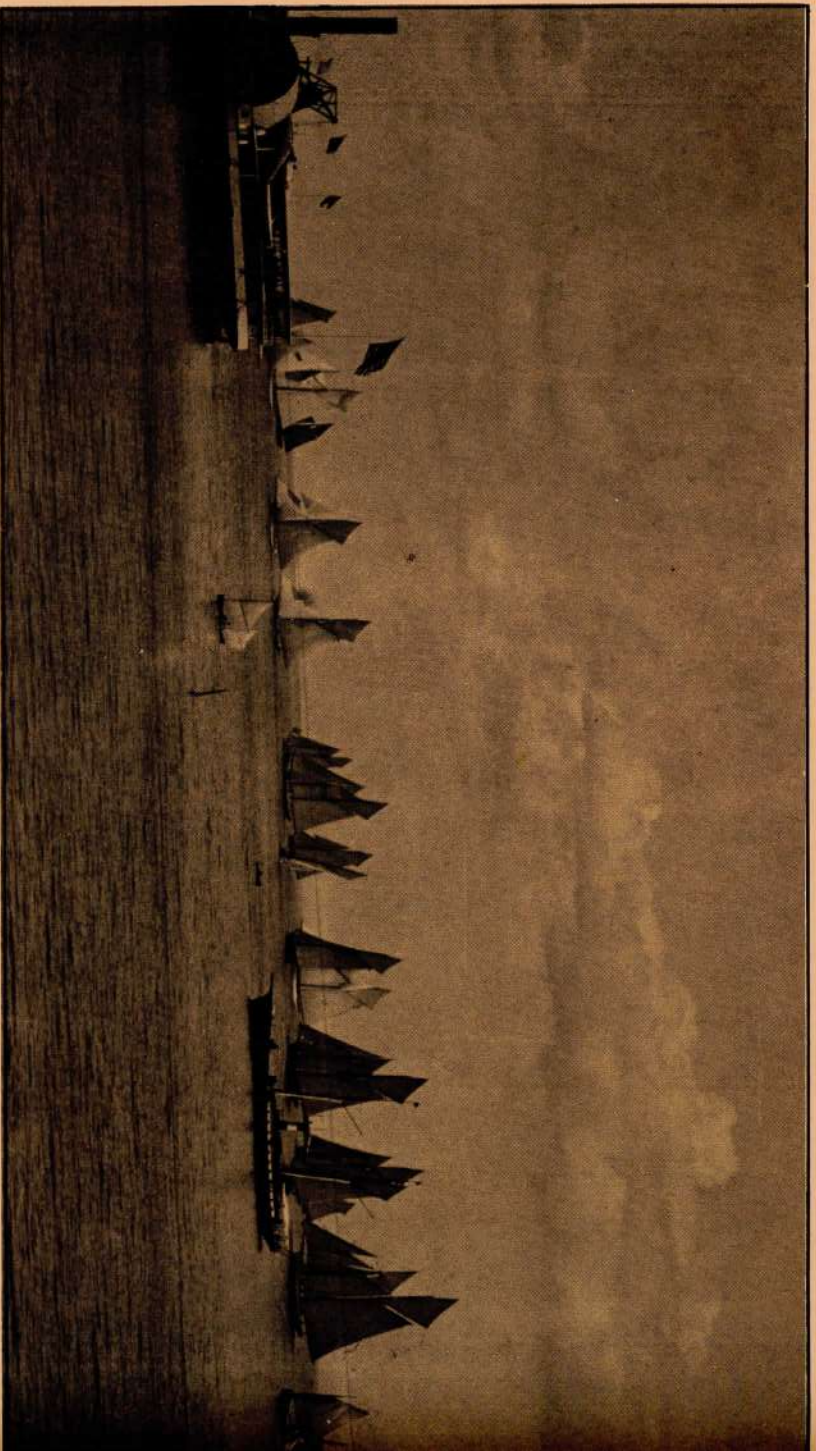
Nancy Luce

Bekki Vieira

Could Have Been a Witch

The Historical Research Competition Committee is appreciative of the efforts of Margaret Harris, head of the Social Studies department, and Quinton Bannister, American Heritage teacher, both at the Regional High School. Special thanks go to Ann Coleman Allen, Society Librarian, for her generous commitment of time and energy, and to Melissa Tinker Howland, Natalie Huntington and an anonymous donor for their contribution of prize-funds.

The New York Yacht Club Fleet Starts Racing to Newport in 1895



Photographer Chamberlain of Cottage City captures the start of the New York Yacht Club race from West Chop to Newport in 1895. (See page 197.)