

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

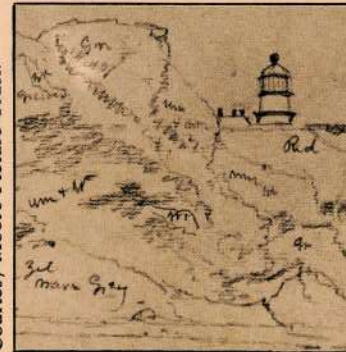


THE DUKES COUNTY INTELLIGENCER

VOL. 35, NO. 4

MAY 1994

Courtesy Moore Picture Trust.



Moore's Gay Head color guide.

An 1894

Vineyard Visitor:

Painter N.A. Moore

by

CHARLES H. RATHBONE

**The Island in the 1800s:
Its Economy and Life Style**

by REV. JOSEPH THAXTER

**Imaginative Edgartown Widow
Turns a House into a Mansion**

by ANNA JOSEPHA (SHIVERICK) NEVIN

Documents: Henry Baylies' Journal

The Society thanks the Moore Picture Trust for a grant which made it possible to include a full-color reproduction of Moore's Gay Head painting with this issue. Extra prints may be purchased at the Society.

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*Now as the years are fleeting by
He looks far back to early youth
And wishes with an inward sigh
He could have realized the truth

That like a train, now starting slow
Upon a steep and upward grade
He sees the journey making slow
The landscape scarcely seems to fade
Until up on some summit high
A downward slant, the roadway takes
And there amidst the whirl we spy
Some glimpses where an ocean breaks
And mid the roar of flying train
There comes the deeper solemn roll
Of the low thunder of the main
and warns him, he is near the goal

N. A. M.*

Moore wrote a poem on his 60th birthday. The final stanzas draw on images of a landscape artist: a train, the ocean main and a view from the summit.

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May 1994

The Island in the 1800s:
Its Economy and Life Style 155

by Rev. Joseph Thaxter

An 1894 Vineyard Visitor:
Painter N.A. Moore 166

by Charles H. Rathbone

Imaginative Edgartown Widow
Turns a House into a Mansion 180

by Anna Josepha (Shiverick) Nevin

Documents: Rev. Henry Baylies' Journal 191
Letters 200

Editor: Arthur R. Railton
Founding Editor: Gale Huntington (1902-1993)

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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 Island in the 1800s: Its Economy and Life Style

by REV. JOSEPH THAXTER

Rev. Joseph Thaxter, as Society members will remember, was minister of the Edgartown Congregational Church from 1780 to 1827, minus a brief interruption in 1794 when he went to Maine as a missionary, not to the Indians, but to the English. For many of those 47 years, he was the Island's spiritual patriarch.

In 1807, a Boston minister, Rev. James Freeman (1759-1835), visited the Vineyard on behalf of the Massachusetts Humane Society, selecting sites for its life-saving stations. He and Thaxter became close friends and through the years that followed Freeman drew on the Edgartown minister's local knowledge in his research at the Massachusetts Historical Society, of which he was a founder.

Like Thaxter, Freeman was a Harvard graduate and, early in the Revolution, enlisted in the army of independence. After the war, he served at King's Chapel, Boston's Episcopal church (Church of England) which later became the nation's first Unitarian church. Freeman was a founder of the American Unitarian Society and minister at King's Chapel until he retired in 1826.

A dedicated researcher and historian, Freeman, after his visit to the Island, published a "Description of Dukes County in 1807" which was reprinted in the *Intelligencer* in May 1971. His friend, Thaxter, helped with the work.

Through the years, Reverend Freeman continued to tap Thaxter's knowledge of the Vineyard. Two such cases are documented in the Massachusetts Historical Society archives, where two of Thaxter's letters to Freeman are preserved. The earlier letter was written during the War of 1812, which had brought economic disaster to the Vineyard (and New England generally). During this traumatic period in American history, New England, and especially Massachusetts, came close to sedition. The public uprising against the new Federal government was a serious threat to democracy's future.¹

¹ The War of 1812, one historian writes, "was not (as usually depicted in American textbooks) just a war against England for survival, but a war for the expansion of the new nation into Florida, into Canada, into Indian territory." Howard Zinn, *A People's History of the United States*, Harper & Row, N.Y., 1980, pp.125-6.

Thaxter had another reason to be upset. President Madison, author of the First Amendment of the Bill of Rights, was pushing the separation of church and state. Reverend Thaxter saw this as turning the citizenry away from religion. It is no wonder he so strenuously opposed the Jefferson-Madison-Monroe administrations, as his letters make clear.

Thaxter's second letter was written during his greatest personal disappointment. It was brought on by evangelicals, mostly Baptist and Methodist, who swarmed over the Island, persuading scores of Vineyarders, mostly young and female, to leave the Congregational church. Although Reverend Freeman seems not to have inquired about the state of religion, Thaxter makes sure he is informed of it, as we shall read.

We print the two letters, almost in their entirety, with the kind permission of the Massachusetts Historical Society. The first is dated December 12, 1814. Spelling, capitalization and punctuation are by Thaxter:

. . . I hasten by the first mail to answer your questions.

With respect to the Name Lumbert, I am apprehensive that it is not the original. About 20 years ago I became acquainted with one of the Family who moved from the Vineyard, who informed me that the true Name was Lambert. Names were often altered by the change of a Letter and it is often difficult to find what was the original. It has been so long spelled on the Island Lumbert that perhaps it is as well for you to spell it so. You will judge for yourself.²

There is a Cliff — which appears when you enter the Harbour - I know of no other in this Town — this has from the memory of the eldest amongst us always been called Matthew's Cliff. I have no recollection of any Conversation between us respecting any Cliff.³

Mrs. Benjamin Skiff was alive a few Days since and I believe is now living. My Son was at Gay Head the beginning of Aug't and at the House on her Birth Day which

² In 1714, Samuel Sewall had another spelling. When he came to the Vineyard on a small boat, he wrote in his diary: "We were ready to be offended that an Englishman, Jonathan Lumbard, in the [boat's] Company spake not a word to us, and it seems he is deaf and dumb." *Massachusetts Historical Society Collections*, Fifth Series, 1879, vol. VI, p. 432.

³ This must be the high ground along North Neck on Chappaquiddick. There is no cliff on the Edgartown side.

completed her 100th year. She appeared quite sprightly, was able to walk the House, did some Knitting.⁴

The account I gave you of gathering the chh [church] in this Town was taken from either a preface or appendix of the Sermon preached at the dedication of Mr. Newman by Exp. Mayhew and is probably correct.⁵

I have searched the records of the Town. They are transcribed from a former Record and go no further back than 1661. It is said the old Record was, for Reasons now unknown, destroyed. It is beyond a Doubt true that several years before the Mayhews had a grant of the Island, there were a Number of Families settled on the Island, of which I believe I gave you the Traditionary account. I am confirmed in this by the Division of the Town — the Mayhews and their associates had 25 Shares and others were called half-share men. These made the Number of Shares 42 — those it is presumed were settled here when the Mayhews obtained the grant.⁶

It is highly probable that the Mayhews, at least the Younger, had been on the Island some time before the Grant was obtained. He was a zealous Preacher and undoubtedly collected a Church in 1641. Experience Mayhew must have had evidence of the Fact, otherwise it is presumed he would not have said it.⁷

Goats. Many of these mischievous animals were formerly kept on the Island, but little Profit to their owners and greatly to the Injury of the present generation. That vast Plain of bitter Oaks between this Town and Tisbury would

⁴ It is unclear which Benjamin Skiff Freeman was interested in. Thaxter's report was incorrect. The Mrs. Skiff (Remember Gibbs Skiff) his son visited was the 100-year-old widow of Joseph Skiff, not Benjamin. She died May 23, 1815, five months after this letter.

⁵ The dedication was on July 29, 1747.

⁶ Thaxter here refers to the Pease Tradition, which states that John Pease and others settled in Edgartown before the Mayhews. Today, there are some who doubt it, but in the 1800s, when Thaxter was writing, it was accepted fact.

⁷ Thaxter is misstating Experience's remark: "It is now one Hundred and six Years, since the English first settled [here]. . . in the same Year [1641]. . . your Church was gathered." He said that the settlement and the church both began in 1641. Freeman questioned that statement. The settlement date is usually given as 1642. Some believe it was in 1643. The idea that young Mayhew was on the Vineyard even before the grant seems to have been forgotten by history. It is no longer mentioned.

doubtless have now been covered with Wood. There are still goats between Edgartown and Tisbury. I believe that for the last seven years their Number has not increased, nor diminished.⁸

I have now, my dear Friend, endeavored to answer your Questions as correctly as I am able —

You will excuse me for giving you some account of myself. Five Years war with Phanaticism in Democracy has not subdued my Resolution or so far lessened my Finances, but that I live comfortably and pay all my Debts except the Debt of Gratitude and that is so far from giving me Pain that it gives me Courage and Pleasure.⁹

I shall never suffer for the Want of the necessities of Life. My most painful Sensations are for the Difficulties which by this Wicked War has brought upon many of my People. They were never affluent, but their Resources from the Sea afforded them a comfortable and good living. Many are reduced to great Difficulty to obtain Bread. As to Meat, Butter and Cheese, they are strangers, but are well supplied with Fish. Many are reduced to Begary and the poor on the Town have increased and must and will increase.

Gloom is the [outlook?]. Many are cured of the Madison or Monro — some few are incurable.¹⁰ Not one has gone into the army — some few have been driven into the Privateering Business, which in the present mode of Conducting it is the greatest Curse that ever befell the civilized World. A [few?] will follow that abominable Practice of burning the Property of the Innocent because they cannot convert it to their own use.¹¹

⁸ In his 1807 "Description of Dukes County," Freeman wrote that the "mischievous" goats had prevented "the growth of trees on that vast plain of bitter oaks which lies between Edgartown and Tisbury." He seems to have asked Thaxter if the problem continued.

⁹ Thaxter strongly opposed President Madison's "Phanaticism in Democracy." The minister was not a fanatic about democracy. He was an elitist. In a letter in 1808, towards the end of Jefferson's administration, he criticized "mad-brained Democracy."

¹⁰ James Monroe was President Madison's Secretary of State. The American embargo on shipping virtually isolated the Vineyard (and Nantucket, where there were real famine conditions). Inflation had driven up prices and, with maritime activity banned, there was no source of income. These were among the most trying years in Island history.

¹¹ Privateering was a legal maritime activity. By mid-1814, American privateers had captured more than 800 British vessels. They were paid well.

The Season has been remarkably warm and open. The 4th of December, the MaryGolds in my Yard were in full and fresh Blossoms. That Night, Boreas made them drop and die.¹²

I retain my Strength in activity beyond what a man of 70 could reasonably expect. I am able to travel to Washque, preach a Lecture and return in an afternoon, but it makes me feel necessary.¹³

Mrs. Thaxter enjoys her Health about as usual. She has her poor Times, but keeps about — my little Ann, Grand child, is healthy, loves her Books and we think her very Promising.¹⁴

Oh, how old men love to tell their Tales. I will not torment you any longer, only remember in a short time you will become old. —

Mrs. Thaxter joins me in sincere Regards,

I am with Great Sincerity your Friend and Brother,
Joseph Thaxter

Dec. 13. P.S. I have always opposed of setting apart Days for Fasting and Prayer and for Thanksgiving. I have always read to my People from the Pulpit Proclamations appointing such Days, when sent to me and attended to the Duties of my Office at the Time appointed. But I never read a News Paper from the Pulpit to my People, nor do I ever intend to be guilty of what I deem a greater Impropriety. If Mr. Madison has so low an opinion of such Days and of the Clergy as not to think it of sufficient Importance to send a Proclamation to every Clergyman, I think it beneath the Dignity of a Clergyman to pay any Regards to his News Paper Proclamations. I never have, neither shall I while I entertain such views as I do at present.

I shall inform my People of the Day appointed and if they wish to set apart the Day at their Request I shall comply

¹² Boreas is the north wind.

¹³ He probably refers to meetings at the Smith farmhouse on Wasque Point, Chappaquiddick. The Smiths had remained true to Thaxter's church, though many on Chappy had become Methodists or Baptists.

¹⁴ The description of Ann as "grand child" does not mean grandchild. Ann was born to Thaxter, age 63, and his second wife, Ann, 45, in 1807. He called her the "child of my old age."

with a ready mind. Washington and Adams treated the Clergy with more Respect. I wish some able Hand would remind Mr. Madison of his neglect.¹⁵

Jos. Thaxter

The second letter was written in May 1824. The war against England is over and the disliked James Monroe has replaced the hated James Madison, but will soon be replaced by beloved John Quincy Adams, a politician more to Thaxter's liking. The reverend, in this letter, seems to be less interested in politics. Instead, he discusses the economic life of the Island, responding to Reverend Freeman's questions. His biggest concern is still religious. The evangelical invasion is at its peak and Thaxter describes it. He pours out his feelings, being in this letter more revealing than in anything else we have read.

Thaxter opens with an apology for his age [he had just had his 80th birthday] and reduced energy, which he suggests may make him inadequate to the task given him. Freeman's first question apparently concerns maps of the Island.

Some years ago there was a Survey made of the Town, but no Records are now to be found. . . Holmes Holes [is] where vessels wait for a fair wind to cross the Shoals. There is a Lagoon which runs up South three or four miles. This formerly offered plenty of fine Bass, both in Summer and Winter. This source of profit is now destroyed by the Use of Sains [seines].

From the East Chop to Cape Poge. . . about six miles, makes what is called Old Town Harbour, which runs between Chapaquiddick Island and Edgartown. It has an outlet at the south called Washqua. It is not sufficient for Vessels to pass, but thro' this Inlet the [small] Boats pass in the Spring and Fall, take Codfish and Hallibut. . .

There is a Pond with a small inlet from the Harbour [Cape Poge Pond], it abounds with Poquahogs or round Clams and Fish of various Kinds. This affords much support to the Natives from Chappaquiddick. . .

There are a Number of Ponds running [along] the South Side of the Island, Two of which are in Edgartown. The Great Pond, so-called, has an artificial Herrin Creek dug thro'

¹⁵ Apparently, the First Amendment had not yet reached Martha's Vineyard!

the upland which is a Propriety and has been a source of support to many, but Seins are the ruin of it as they have greatly injured the Bass Fishery which formerly were plenty.¹⁶

The other is called the Oyster Pond. It is small. By opening the Beach several times in the year to let out the Fresh water to keep the meadows from being overflowed, they reap great Profit by the Herrin and Perch which come in it. Twenty tons of Perch were taken at one time and sent to New York where they find a good Markett. The Herrin are dried and what are not consumed among ourselves are sent to markt, viz., New Bedford and some other places.

Old Town Harbor abounds in various kinds of Pan Fish, especially the Ponds abound in the fattest Ells [eels], perhaps in the Country. More than thirty thousand Weight, when clean and fit to roast (for the small ones are seldom eaten) are taken annually. This is a source of rich support to the People.

Edgartown is little more than a large Plain. There is little of it that rises more than one Hundred feet above the level of the Sea. There are miles square that are covered with bitter oak shrubs, with a few small scrubby oaks. It is a sandy soil. The Hay that is cut is mostly round the Ponds. There are small Patches of common clay scattered thro' the Town that are capable of high Improvement but greatly neglected. Indian Corn is raised, from 10 to 14 Bushels to the acre. Rye grain 4 to 6 [bushels to the acre], Potatoes 80. French turnips [next words illegible].

There are two or three small standing Ponds, but no brooks or Rivers in the Town. They water their Cattle and Horses at their Wells. They keep many Sheep. They are now of the [illegible] Breed, are seldom fed in the Winter, of consequence small and poor, about Four [?] pounds of Wool is the average. Orchards are few, very small. They produce not enough for Family use. Quantities are brought from the Maine.

There is one thing remarkable. Our shores are full of

¹⁶ Overfishing is an old story.

Springs of the purest fresh water. You may in a few minutes after the Tide has ebbd make a hole with your Hand in the sand. In a few minutes, it is filled with pure fresh Water. The Cows will go to the shore, push their noses into the sand and in a few minutes satisfy their thirst: the Quantity of Fresh Water thrown into the Sea is beyond all conception.

The Sea is the source from whence the People look for their Support. Few are contented to Work on the Land or at Trades. They seem by Nature formed for dancing [next word illegible], sprightly, ingenious and active. The Boys scorn to Hoe a field of Corn, but will row a Boat from morning till Night and never complain, till within a few years they sought Employment abroad. This was not a source of Wealth. Some years since, they joined and purchased a Ship and entered on the Whale Fishery. Their success was good and they, on the Return of each Voyage, purchased another. The fall in the Price of Oil has struck such a Damage to this Branch that of four ships, but one is gone in the whaling business. Two are gone into the merchant Service, the Fourth has just arrived with a great Voyage. The Ship's full, even to the Steerage, it is said they will not send her again for her whole cargo will scarcely fit her for another voyage.¹⁷

There are no Rich Farms [in Edgartown]. Those who cultivate them are generally industrious and prudent and find a ready market for what they can spare among those who git their living out of the Sea. They do not produce Beef, Butter or Pork enough to supply the Town. Tisbury and Chilmark supply some and Connecticut considerable.

There are Nine Stores, all Retailers of Ardent Spirits, three Taverns [in Edgartown]. The foreign articles are procured almost wholly from Boston.

Pauperism is increasing, principally from an undue use

¹⁷ In the 10 years before this letter, only 8 Edgartown-owned whalers made voyages, half were in one year, 1823. Whaling didn't pick up until the 1850s and 1860s when 5 to 7 Edgartown whalers returned each year. From the year of this letter until the Civil War, local whalers made 169 voyages. The war ended the boom. Thaxter was wrong about the ship *Almira*. She went back whaling four months later, returning in 1827, again full. She made 11 more voyages, her last being in 1869 when she was lost in the Arctic ice pack. Thaxter was too pessimistic.

of ardent spirits. There cannot be a greater curse than the multiplicity of Grog Shops. All our retailers are not guilty of dram selling. It is to be lamented that any one [is]¹⁸

There are no manufacturies carried on here. The [mainland] manufacturers have almost destroyed domestick manufacturers. A spining wheel and Loom is very rare to be seen.¹⁹ The girls spend their time in making pretty things, visiting and attending Night [religious] meetings. Their chief Labour is Knitting Sole Stockings and mittens and if they bring the wool and have it spun, they do not get two cents a Day — Such are poorly qualified to make good Wives. The young men from 18 to 22 or a little upwards appear much more promising than they did some years ago. They feel above going to the Grog Shops and overspending their Time and money. This is very promising and pleasing to the wise and good.

We have no learned men or literary Societies. Annual average Number of Deaths, about 16. One in 6 1/2 above 70. Births about 30. Marriages about 9. Within the past Forty Years, more than one Hundred Families have emigrated to the State of Maine, New York and Ohio.²⁰

Such is the Purity of the Air and Water that we have no Epidemick diseases except the Measles. Persons brought out of Vessels with yellow Fever have never communicated to a single Person tho' several have been brought on shore and died and were visited and attended by the Friends and Neighbours, as is usual in other Causes of Sickness.²¹

Inflammatory Fever, Pleurasy, occasionally Consumption, among the Females is common, owing to their Dress and narrow shoes. Insanity prevails much. This is owing to the Purity of the air and Water [that] produce a beared [bared?]

¹⁸ Dram selling refers to sale by the drink, not by the bottle. Amazingly, a tiny village of 1300 was able to support nine year-round retail stores.

¹⁹ Francis Cabot Lowell had just developed his power loom, leading to mill towns like Lowell (named for him), Fall River and Lawrence. Domestic knitting was doomed.

²⁰ Between 1810 and 1820, Edgartown's population increased only by 9, going from 1365 to 1374. By 1830, however, it had jumped to 1509 and by 1840, to 1736. Charles E. Banks, *History of Martha's Vineyard*, v.II, "Annals of Edgartown," p.16. Literary societies began about 1850 in Edgartown.

²¹ Thaxter had studied to be a doctor at Harvard, but became a minister. Sailors with contagious diseases were usually isolated in a lighthouse when on shore.

system of Nerves which, being effected, produces Delirious Fevers and after leaves the Person deranged.²²

We have been exempted from Capital Crimes. I believe no Instance has happened in the Town, none that has come to light.

Tho' the children swarm round the Wharfs and, like the Ducks no sooner out of the Shell than into the Water, not one has been Drowned for more than Forty years.

Piloting has been a profitable Branch of Business, but the State of Commerce has so changed within a few years that but few, especially large vessels, pass the Sound. Perhaps not one half so many. Piloting is a [illegible] and Dangerous Calling. . .²³

All was Peace and Harmony till July 1809 at which Time the Island was visited by Itinerant Congregationalists, Methodists and Baptists. For the first year, all was confusion and disorder. Edgartown was visited by from Two to Six preachers at a time.

They all joined Heart and Hand. The Congregational Church must and should fall. All the extravagances of the Days of Whitfield, Tennant and Davenport were acted over. The Methodists and Baptists built a Meeting House. They continued united till 1821, but then separated and built another Meeting House.

There have been Times when they were calm, but at Times Enthusiasm would burst out like a devouring Fire. This has been the case several Times within the last Three Years. Twenty-one meetings were held by them in one Week. Seventy-Four Preachers have visited this Place within the last Fifteen Years, some from the State of Maine, some from the Northern Part of New Hampshire, some from Vermont and some from Connecticut, and all sent here by the Spirit of God.²⁴

The Consequence is lamentable. I hope some have been

²² These theories don't add much luster to the medical education he got at Harvard! Narrow shoes causing consumption? Pure air and water bringing on insanity?

²³ Marine traffic grew dramatically in the next 50 years and piloting became an popular occupation.

²⁴ Is he being sarcastic?

made better, but Infidelity is now bold and open, which was not known before and there are many who now attend no publick worship. I have a few Friends who have not forsaken me. The best Characters for Understanding and good morals still attend my Meetings.²⁵

The other Towns are as much divided. The awful Expressions that have been [made] use of by some is enough to make the Blood chill in every Vein and A Spirit of Envy, Slander and [illegible] and Falsehood never was so prevalent. The friendly connection of Neighbours is Destroyed and the Union of Families. It is not uncommon to see a man going to one meeting, his Wife to another and his child to a Third. They may say what they please of me, but I cannot open my Lips in self defence without raising the bitterest outcries.

Forgive me for giving you an account of the remarkable State of Religion among us. — If there is anything worthy [of] the publick's Eye in this Communication, you are welcome to it, but by no means publish anything to please me. Blot and burn all that is of no value — all, all, if you please — I do not wish my name to be known. I have lived in obscurity and I am willing my Name should soon be forgot in the World. I hope it is written in the Lambs Backs of Life, never, never to be blotted out.

Yours to Serve, Joseph Thaxter

P.S. There are from 6 to 10 Preachers, Methodist and Baptist, constantly on the Island, who go from House to House to make Proselytes. I have neither strength nor Time to transcribe [this letter]. You must accept [it], rough as it is. That is quite hard enough.

Rev. Joseph Thaxter died July 18, 1827, a disillusioned man. He was 83 years old, 47 of his years having been devoted to the Edgartown parish. At his death, his church, the Congregationalist (now the Federated), was at a low ebb. Many members, especially the young, had joined the Baptists or Methodists, persuaded to do so by fire-and-brimstone evangelicals, whom Thaxter detested. Also a factor in the decline was Thaxter's Unitarianism.

²⁵ So much for those Baptists and Methodists. The best folks were still Congregationalists!

An 1894 Vineyard Visitor: Painter N. A. Moore¹

by CHARLES H. RATHBONE

Sometime late in the summer of 1894, Connecticut artist N. A. Moore (1824-1902) made a trip to Martha's Vineyard. As any artist might, he brought a sketch book, some paints, a portable easel and a sharp eye for detail. The results of his visit are two pencil sketches and a half-dozen oil paintings, most of them dated and signed with his customary overlapping monograph "NAM" to which is added an upward-rising "oore." As far as is known, this was his only visit to the Island. This article discusses his career as a successful landscape painter, his connections to Harthaven and Ocean Park, and his likely reasons for making his trip to the Vineyard.

NELSON AUGUSTUS MOORE was born in 1824, the eighth generation of his family in New England.² Soon after landing in Nantasket in 1630, the Moores moved to Connecticut, where, seven generations later, Nelson was born. There, in the town of Kensington, his father and grandfather operated several mills, including a cement mill and a grist mill. At age 22, Moore journeyed

¹ Some material for this article was taken from the recent book, *Nelson Augustus Moore*, published by Moore Picture Trust (distributed by Northeastern University Press). The book covers the life and work of the artist and includes many of his paintings in color, including two Vineyard scenes. Historian Ellen Fletcher prepared the main text of the book and the present author acknowledges his reliance on her work in the preparation of this article.

² The earliest Moores to arrive in the colony were John and possibly his father, Thomas, on the ship *Mary and John* on May 30, 1630, from Plymouth, England. Along with others who came on that vessel, the Moores moved to Connecticut a few years later. Moore family history, including genealogical charts for both Moores and Harts, is in Ethelbert Allen Moore, *Tenth Generation*, privately published, under the direction of Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn., 1950. See also Charles E. Banks, *The Winthrop Fleet of 1630*, Genealogical Publishing Co., Baltimore, 1961, pp. 100-104.

CHARLES H. RATHBONE, a great-grandson of painter Nelson Augustus Moore, is a trustee of the Moore Picture Trust, created to further interest in and preserve the works of several Moore artists. Living in Cambridge, where he is an educational consultant and writer, he and his family spend holidays and frequent weekends in their house at Harthaven, Oak Bluffs.

to New York to enroll at the National Academy of Design under Gen. Thomas Seir Cummings and Daniel Huntington, first studying portraiture and later landscape painting.

After two years' study, he returned to Connecticut. He married, built a house, began a family and started his artistic career. Though Connecticut was his permanent base, for 25 years he trekked to upstate New York each summer to be where potential patrons gathered at the famous summer resort, Lake George. There he painted, *en plein air*, and there he sold his work, or, in some cases, solicited commissions for paintings to be completed during the winter. When winter work lagged, he sometimes established a temporary studio in another city, where he had not yet marketed his work.³

Local Acclaim

Along with many other painters of his generation,⁴ Moore never attained the fame of such greats of the Hudson River School as Asher B. Durant, Thomas Cole, Frederic Church and Albert Bierstadt, all of whom had a much grander view of mission. While these earlier Hudson River painters produced enormous canvasses that depicted portentous historical scenes or the adventures of noble explorers marking the march of "Manifest Destiny" across the American wilderness, Moore was content to render what he saw at the moment he saw it. He eschewed allegorical, religious or larger-than-life themes. His painting was almost never suffused with any mystical luminosity and his works, quite literally, were rarely larger than could safely rest on his portable easel out among the unpredictable breezes.

Despite the absence of grandeur, his paintings were sought after, bringing him sufficient earnings to support a family of six. Newspaper art critics of the time were also respectful.

"[A] faithful student of nature, and a thorough realist in his fidelity to what he sees. . . he puts in life enough to make

³ Sometimes in another Connecticut city, such as Meriden or Hartford; other times, as far away as New York City, Washington or even Minneapolis.

⁴ His Lake George contemporaries included Alfred Bricher, John Frederick Kensett, David Johnson and others. See *Nelson Augustus Moore*, foreword by Patricia C. F. Mandel, "Among the Lake George Regulars," p.xi.

a poem out of a landscape," noted the *Hartford Courant*.⁵ The *New Britain Herald* urged its readers to visit the Moore studio: "Lovers of the Fine Arts cannot spend an hour more pleasantly than in examining these paintings."⁶ The *Hartford Daily Times* described his work as "a portfolio of charming sketches."⁷ The *Hartford Evening Post* commented, "Mr. Moore's studio at present contains a number of superior productions, and lovers of art will be well repaid for a visit there."⁸

Although never a member of the National Academy, Moore exhibited in juried shows there on various occasions for 20 years.⁹

A Nation on the Move

Moore lived in an exciting time in history. He was in his twenties when Charles Dickens and the Bronte sisters were writing in England, and when Karl Marx was formulating his economic and political theory in Germany. In America, this was when Hawthorne, Melville, Poe and Harriet Beecher Stowe were much in vogue. By the time Moore was forty, the Civil War was at its height, oil was coming out of the ground of Pennsylvania, and construction of the transcontinental railroad was well underway.

Moore was in his fifties in the 1870s during the plethora of inventions that would revolutionize our way of life: the electric light bulb, the telephone, the phonograph, the typewriter. Despite the many potential distractions, Moore maintained an impressive serenity, a sense of order, and a certain routine. This was all the more impressive because he was living in the Connecticut River valley, where industrial progress was rampant.

Each summer, almost without exception, he would go to

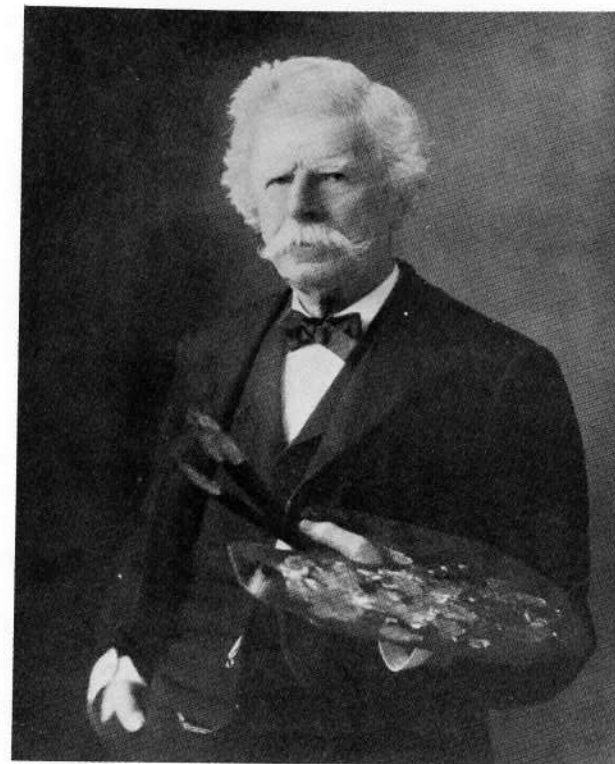
⁵ *Hartford Courant*, March 22, 1866; see also *Courant*, December 6, 1878. Research assistance on Hartford newspaper archives has been generously provided by Hildegard Cumming, Curator of Education, William Benton Museum of Art, University of Connecticut.

⁶ *New Britain Herald*, December 31, 1869.

⁷ *Hartford Daily Times*, October 10, 1878.

⁸ *Hartford Evening Post*, March 30, 1880.

⁹ Moore exhibited at the National Academy from 1860 to 1880. For several seasons, his showings coincided with those of his son, Edwin Augustus Moore (1859-1926), whose paintings of animals were much in favor at the time.



Moore was 70 when he visited the Island, about the time he posed for this classic photograph, "Artist with Palette."

Lake George where every day, as was his habit at home in Connecticut, he would paint. What he painted was what interested him at the moment. As he wrote in some lecture notes quite late in his career:

Every sketch or study I have ever made is to me a journal, and as I look over my work extending back nearly forty years, whatever piece I may take up brings readily to my mind the scene and many incidents connected with it (although until I see the sketch I have wholly forgotten it).¹⁰

Life During the Civil War

Although he never served in the military, Moore was certainly affected by the Civil War, personally and

¹⁰ N. A. Moore, "Quality of Pictures," undated ms.

professionally. In a retrospective account, Moore recalled crossing the border into Canada with his friend and fellow painter, Albert F. Bellows, in the summer of 1862:

I ought to mention here that, as it was the time of our Civil War, the officers at Rouse Point were supposed to be very strict in regard to contraband goods; and when I started from the hotel in Burlington, Vermont, the landlord said to me, You will be charged fifteen dollars' duty on that Maynard rifle. . . if they detect it.

I agreed that if I could not get it through, to express it back to him. We went on and, as the rifle (by removing one steel pin) was in two parts, I wound them into my sketching umbrella, thus hiding most of the parts which would look like a rifle.

At Rouse Point, where we crossed the Canada line, Mr. Bellows went ahead with his umbrella and traps. The officer said, "Have you anything contraband or any photographs in your handbag?" He replied, "No, sir. I am on a sketching trip to Canada and these are my materials I carry with me, and this is my friend who is also an artist on the same business."

He therefore without examination put his marks on our baggage and sent us along, much to my relief.¹¹

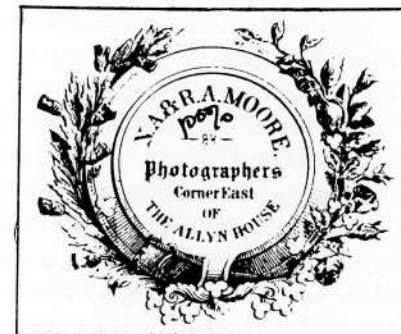
In another autobiographical fragment, Moore describes seeing recruiters working in Quebec, trying (with little success, he reported) to enlist Canadians into the Confederate army.¹² At the end of the war, Moore designed what many believe was the nation's first monument to Union soldiers. It is a simple obelisk, inscribed with the names of the town's war dead, and it stands next to the Kensington Congregational Church.¹³

The war's major impact on Moore was on his commitment to his work. Throughout his career, Moore was forced to make compromises in order to make ends meet. Unable to afford a New York studio and the usual study trip to Europe expected of artists in those days, his artistic development undoubtedly suffered. Much of his income during these early

¹¹ Moore, unpublished manuscript, dated September 12, 1899.

¹² Moore, unpublished journal, no date.

¹³ An oversized photograph of the installation ceremony is on permanent display in the church, showing a large semi-circle of behatted men in attendance. A nearby historical society in Berlin sells postcards featuring the monument.



The Moores were photographers in Hartford for a number of years.

years came from commercial photography, a trade he took up in 1850 with the arrival of the daguerrotype. He bought a camera and other equipment from a Frenchman, a M. Donat of Hartford, and with his younger brother, Roswell, went into business.

The Civil War caused a great surge in the photography business as Union soldiers, about to leave for war, wanted pictures to leave behind with their loved ones. It was also becoming fashionable to include photographs on social and business cards, the popular *cartes des visites*. As a result, the Moore studio in Hartford often had a line of customers awaiting their turn to pose for the camera.

A Man of Many Trades

At the same time, the Moore brothers saw a chance to capitalize on an earlier war, the Revolution. Using pension records from the Department of Interior, they assembled the names and addresses of the few Revolutionary War veterans still alive. They took their camera equipment and set out to visit each of them. They photographed and interviewed the veterans and made an engraving of each house. With text written by Rev. E. B. Hillard, a book about the veterans was published by the Moores in 1864.¹⁴

As would be expected, by 1864 most of the nine survivors they visited were over 100 years old. Most had joined the

¹⁴ N.A. & R.A. Moore, *The Last Men of the Revolution*, Hartford, Conn., 1864.

army late in the war and had served in non-combat roles. One was Alexander Milliner: "Too young at the time of his enlistment for service in the ranks, he was enlisted as a drummer boy; and in this capacity he served four years in Washington's Life Guard."¹⁵

Moore's imagination and entrepreneurial talents combined in a number of other financial enterprises. A decade after the Revolutionary War book, Moore took out a patent on an energy recycling apparatus that promised "Chambers Warmed and Supplied with Hot Water entirely by Waste Heat." It was called "Moore's Heating and Hot Water Drum" and seems to have used the heated air going up a chimney to warm a tank of water mounted within the flue. The Moore brothers also tried building and marketing a bicycle of their own design. Family papers include advertising flyers describing the Moore velocipede.¹⁶

Some years later, the artist's son wrote, "My ancestors, for three generations before mine, had been interested in manufacturing and activities requiring mechanical skill and administrative ability." That son was Ethelbert Allen Moore, who for many years was head of The Stanley Tool Works (now The Stanley Works).¹⁷

Moore's Vineyard Visit

Exactly why Moore came to Martha's Vineyard in the summer of 1894 is not known, though several possible explanations can be given. It was a period of restlessness in his life. After more than 25 summers at Lake George, he had started going elsewhere.¹⁸ In the summer of 1886, he went all the way to Lake Minnetonka in Minnesota. Three years later, he travelled along the coast of Rhode Island, painting as he went. Then, in 1892, he spent the summer at Nahant, Gloucester and Magnolia Beach on

¹⁵ N.A. & R.A. Moore, p.40.

¹⁶ The flyer boasts: "Our velocipedes finished are a superior machine, and sold at very low prices."

¹⁷ Ethelbert Allen Moore, *Four Decades with The Stanley Works 1889-1929*, privately published, New Haven, under the direction of Yale University Press, 1950, p.3.

¹⁸ Apparently he felt Lake George had become overdeveloped and overcrowded. He began making Lake Mohonk in the Shawangunk Mountains of New York his summer haunt.

Boston's North Shore.¹⁹

In this restless mood, he may well have decided to visit Martha's Vineyard, which at the time was well known as the Newport of the middle class. President Ulysses Grant had brought it to the nation's attention by his visit twenty years before.²⁰

There are other possible motivations, more likely and much more personal. Clearly, the Island was not an unknown vacation spot to Moore's family. He no doubt had heard often of its charms and artistic possibilities. Three years earlier, his son had married Martha Elizabeth Hart, daughter of William H. Hart, president of The Stanley Tool Works, one of Connecticut's largest industries.²¹ The Harts, although they had not yet built a summer house of their own on the Island, had been vacationing in Cottage City for years, renting and later owning a house there.²²

There was an additional family connection with Cottage City. Mrs. William Hart, Ethelbert's mother-in-law, was undoubtedly related to Deacon Charles Peck, also of New Britain, who owned a "cozy cottage on Samoset Avenue."²³ The Pecks were there at the time and, the press reported, would stay until fall. It is possible that Martha Peck, later Mrs. Hart, had spent summers in Cottage City as a child.²⁴

It is not known where the artist stayed during his visit, with the Harts, the Pecks, or it is even possible he stayed with another Connecticut family, the Philip Corbins. They were, no doubt, friends of the Moores in New Britain. Mr.

¹⁹ Evidence of these trips is mostly the dates he noted on his work. The year after his Vineyard visit, he spent the winter in Florida.

²⁰ Arthur R. Railton, "When Grant Took the Island," *Intelligencer*, August 1987.

²¹ Moore, *Tenth Generation*, pp. 77-8. Son Ethelbert, who started work at Stanley as a cost clerk, eventually became president of the company.

²² *Vineyard Gazette*, September 2, 1910, reporting on the celebration of William H. Hart's 75th birthday at his cottage on Pequot Avenue: "The senior Hart has been vacationing in Oak Bluffs since 1871." The cottage is thought to have been on the southeast corner of Pequot and Waban Avenues.

²³ *Gazette*, July 26, 1894. The *Martha's Vineyard Herald* described the house as being on Kennebec avenue, not Samoset. The two avenues intersect so that would seem to indicate it was at the intersection, opposite the Union Chapel.

²⁴ Although the exact relationship between Martha and Deacon Charles Peck is unclear, it is known that she named her youngest child Charles Peck Hart.



Photos by Szaszai

Moore's painting, "Ocean Park", shows the Episcopal church with steeple, now gone.

Corbin, president of Corbin Cabinet Lock Co., had recently built an impressive house on Ocean Park, exceeding in grandeur even that of his neighbor, Dr. Harrison A. Tucker.²⁵ These New Britain vacationers seem to have been a closely-knit colony and it would not be unusual for artist Moore, one of them, to be invited to stay in the large Corbin house overlooking Ocean Park.

At some time that summer, Corbin commissioned Moore to paint the scene from his house, looking north across Ocean Park. Whether it happened before the artist came to the Vineyard and was what brought him there or while he was on the Island is not known. He may have been specifically invited to paint the scene and to stay with the Corbins while doing it.

Aside from the circumstances of its commission, "Ocean Park" is noteworthy because of its timing. Had this painting been rendered two years earlier, the view would have included two very large buildings, the Sea View House, the Island's most prestigious hotel, and the former skating rink, recently converted into the Casino, a summer theater.

²⁵ Corbin was president of Corbin Cabinet Lock Co., earlier known as P. & F. Corbin. He built his "cottage" on Ocean Avenue in 1891. A century later, Peter and Eileen Norton sumptuously restored the house, which the *Gazette* (May 14, 1993) called "arguably the flagship of all the houses lining Ocean Park." Tucker died that summer, 1894.



Gay Head had a wide beach and little vegetation when Moore painted it in 1894.

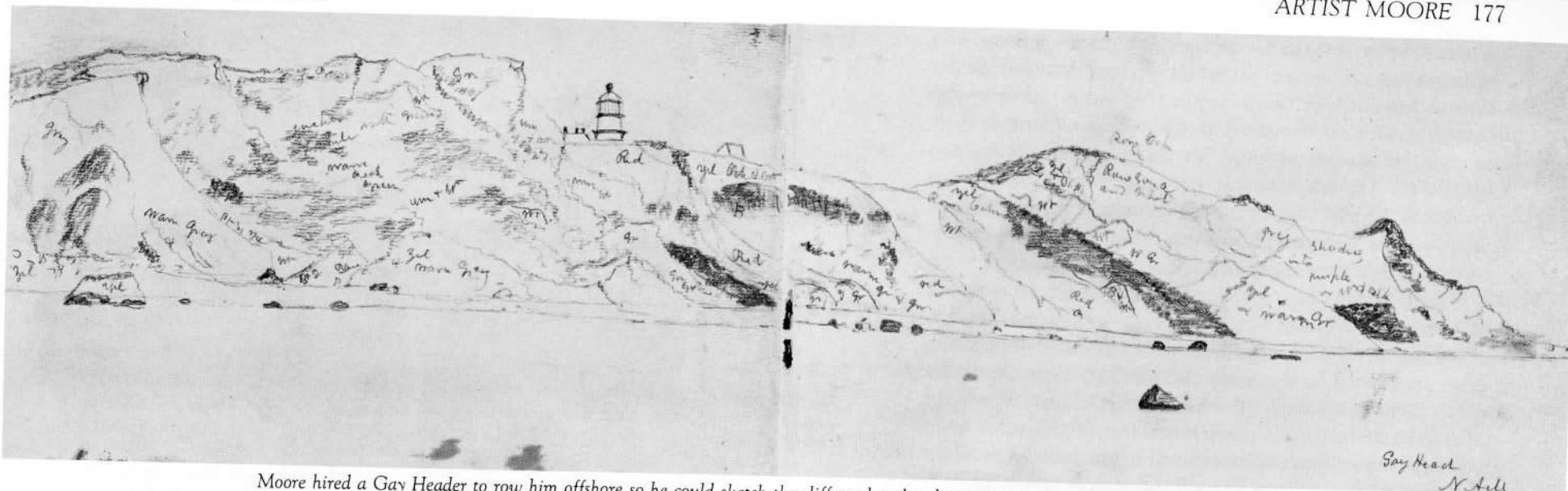
Both buildings had been destroyed by fire on the night of September 24, 1892.²⁶ Fortunately, Moore's viewpoint from the Corbin property revealed none of the fire's debris.

These ruins were so unattractive that the editor of the *Martha's Vineyard Herald* urged the townspeople to raise the money "to fill up the cellar of the old Sea View. . . and remove the ruins of the rink. . . Picturesque ruins are well enough. . . in the eternal city, but [these] will never strike the sober tourist as being that sort of remains. Let's bury them."²⁷

With the four-story-high Sea View House gone, the scene from the Corbin house presented a more open view of Nantucket Sound and Moore took full advantage of that. On the Sound, steaming past East Chop, is a very large steamboat, much larger than any Island steamer of that era. Also in the painting is a three-masted schooner along with several sailing yachts and the wharf where the ferries unloaded throngs of visitors each summer. Faintly visible on the steamboat wharf are the cars and locomotive of the narrow-gauge railroad train that ran between Cottage City

²⁶ See "The Adventurous Life, on Land and Sea, of Capt. LaRoy Lewis of Edgartown," by Alvin J. Goldwyn, *Intelligencer*, May 1993.

²⁷ *Martha's Vineyard Herald*, September 6, 1894.



Moore hired a Gay Header to row him offshore so he could sketch the cliffs and make these notes on the colors to use in his painting.

and Katama beyond Edgartown. The rails and trestle on the wharf had been destroyed in the Sea View fire two years earlier. The rebuilding had just been done that summer, as the *Gazette* reported:

The work of driving piles preparatory to laying tracks for the M.V.R.R. [Martha's Vineyard Railroad] is in progress, and we trust ere long to see the cars starting at the wharf instead of the Bathing Tower.²⁸

With Moore placing the train on the wharf, we can date his visit as being late in the summer, probably the end of August. The centerpiece of the work is the Ocean Park bandstand, which is unchanged today and is where concerts are still given on summer evenings.²⁹ This painting is not one of Moore's more inspired works and raises the possibility that it may have been painted as a bread-and-butter gift for the Corbins' hospitality.

Such was not the case with the second painting Moore made that summer, "Gay Head Cliffs." Here the artist clearly

²⁸ *Gazette*, July 12, 1894. The bathing tower was farther down the beach, not visible from the Corbin porch.

²⁹ A companion painting, possibly a sketch for the larger Corbin commission, exists

extended himself, devoting much energy and skill to produce a distinguished and polished work. According to son Ethelbert, he had taken the long carriage trip to Gay Head by himself and found lodging there with an Indian family. The spectacle of the cliffs obviously inspired him.

He hired a Wampanoag to row him out from the beach in a small boat to sketch the cliffs from that perspective. In his typical fashion, he then proceeded to note on the sketch all the colors he intended to use in his painting. The variety of paint colors included gray, warm gray, gray shadow into purple, umber, ocher, raw sienna, red, yellow and blue. As the surviving sketch indicates, he spent considerable time going into detail about how to portray this inspiring natural wonder.

The completed painting, however, is not from the perspective of a rowboat off shore. It was executed from land, where Moore could set up his easel and paint in his usual

in the collection of Maxwell Moore, grandson of the artist. Executed from a nearly identical perspective, this work also seems deliberately composed so as to include certain requisite features. In this respect, both are unlike most of Moore's work, where composition appears wholly dependent upon the perspective he chose at each site.

manner, as he saw the landscape. The painting presents a brilliance of color, set off by the sharp contrasts of the various hues of Gay Head clay as they were 100 years ago before erosion and atmospheric impurities muted their color.³⁰ He also introduced into the scene three human figures, no doubt to provide a sense of scale. Surely, this work was the one that brought true satisfaction to him on this, his one visit to the Island.

Family Connections and Lasting Influences

With the marriage of his son Ethelbert to Martha Elizabeth Hart, Nelson Moore had become a member of one of the most influential families in the development of the shore south of Cottage City. William H. Hart, Martha's father, was president of The Stanley Tool Works in Connecticut. In 1912, he purchased from the Beetle family and others ten pieces of property, which included more than two miles of beach from Farm Pond almost to the natural opening of Sengekontacket Pond to the Sound. The following year, he began making plans for what was to become Harthaven. The *Gazette* reported:

Wm. H. Hart of New Britain, Conn., is at his cottage on Pequot Ave. The Harts are here in the interest of their new property near the State road to Edgartown, having bought all the land along the shore front formerly belonging to Mr. Edmund Beetle.³¹

In 1914 and 1915, Hart built a rather grand summer home in the middle of the property and in a few years provided for his several children to establish themselves on nearby parcels. Eventually, some of this property was sold to others outside the family, but for years it tended to be to persons known to the Harts, usually from New Britain or nearby Connecticut towns. It was Martha Hart Moore, daughter-in-law of the artist, who coined the name "Harthaven."

³⁰ There was another reason for the muted color. For many years, clay from Gay Head and Menemsha was hauled away by cart and sent off-island for the "manufacture of fancy fire brick and tiling." *Gazette*, November 22, 1894.

³¹ *Gazette*, Oct. 23, 1913. Edmund G. Beetle had died in 1900. During the 1890s, he maintained a "gunning villa" near the natural inlet to Sengekontacket Pond. In September 1894, the year Moore visited the Island, Beetle hosted a fancy clambake at his "villa." Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Philip Corbin. His heirs sold the land to Hart in 1912.

Three important decisions by the Hart family have in the years that followed favorably affected the area and its growth.³²

First, the family decided to dredge and connect the chain of small fresh-water "cat tail" ponds that lay between the Beach Road and the barrier dunes at the north end of Harthaven, creating an opening of Farm Pond into the ocean. This new body of water, known on early charts as Hart's Harbor, has through the years undergone changes. Jetties have been built and channels dredged to permit the entry of small boats. Hurricanes and frequent nor'easters have sometimes helped, but more often negated, human efforts to control the shoreline.

The creation of this small-boat harbor and the restrictions on building in the adjacent land have contributed greatly to the maintenance of the natural beauty of the land along Beach Road.

The second decision was when the family sold to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts a one-mile stretch of pristine beach, which is now part of the Joseph A. Sylvia State Beach. The agreement stipulated that no structures were to be erected on it.

Finally, a one-mile strip of land running just to the west of Beach Road was rented on an extended (99 year) lease to Farm Neck Golf Club, again with the stipulation that no buildings were to be erected.

Thus, more than 125 years after the first Harts ventured to the Vineyard, their influence continues. Though he was not around himself to take part in these decisions, Nelson Augustus Moore, who personally cared very much about the nature of landscapes, would surely have given his enthusiastic approval.

³² Some decisions were made directly by Harts, others through a real estate corporation established by the family. The William H. Hart Realty Company, Inc., was set up in 1915 to manage the unsold property in the area and to make decisions about roads, sewers, harbors and beaches.

Imaginative Edgartown Widow Turns a House into a Mansion

by ANNA JOSEPHA (SHIVERICK) NEVIN

(Written c. 1933)

On Pease's Point Way, just south of Main Street, stands one of Edgartown's most imposing structures: the Dr. Clement F. Shiverick House. Today it is an elegant inn. But it was not such an imposing structure when Doctor Shiverick lived there, as you will learn from the following article, written about 1933 by his daughter, who grew up in the house.

Daughter Anna Josepha Shiverick, the author, married Dr. William C. Nevin in 1881. Doctor Nevin died in 1920; she lived until 1946. Mrs. Margaret Ruth Galley of Edgartown is their granddaughter.

Anna Josepha presented the following article as a talk, entitled "The Story of My House," probably to the Edgartown Woman's Club or the Daughters of the American Revolution.

First, a brief history of the Shivericks.

Dr. Clement F. Shiverick came from New Bedford to Edgartown about 1848 to practice medicine. Dr. Daniel Fisher, the town's doctor at the time, was devoting much of his time to his business as a merchant in the whaling industry. There was a need for another doctor. But Doctor Shiverick did not have long to practice, dying in 1857, less than 10 years after moving to the Island, during most of which he was an invalid. His wife, the former Mary A. McCashion, a native of Orange County, N.Y., seemed to have had difficulty adjusting to Edgartown's small-town ways. When the doctor died in 1857 at the age of 38, he left her with three young children, one being the author of this article.

Mary, as you will discover, was not a helpless widow. Nor was she destitute. Doctor Shiverick's uncle in New Bedford, Joseph R. Shiverick, was a wealthy merchant who helped the widow and her children financially. He set up a trust fund that continued to support them after he died in 1866.

Uncle Joseph, like Doctor Fisher of Edgartown, made his money as an entrepreneur in the whaling business. He died in New Bedford, but seems to have been buried in Edgartown. At least, there are two impressive stones in the town cemetery, one for him and another for his wife, Charlotte.

Widow Shiverick used the income from the trust to provide a good life for herself and her children. She spent winters in the South where

she got the idea to rebuild their Edgartown home, which Doctor Shiverick had bought from John Beetle in 1851.

When the doctor died in 1857, the inventory declared the original house and land to be worth \$2000. Listed are a front room, a middle room, a sitting room, a front chamber and a hall. The house contained five beds, two stoves, an office desk, a dry sink plus some crockery valued at \$20. Altogether, his estate, which was left to Mary, was valued at \$3591.75.

In 1875, Mary Shiverick, inspired by the southern houses she enjoyed each winter, decided to bring a bit of the Old South to Pease's Point Way by rebuilding their home. This is the story, as told by her daughter, of that transformation, but she begins with a description of the original house, the one Doctor Shiverick lived in.

FOR the last six years of his life, my father [Dr. Clement F. Shiverick] was a confirmed invalid from hip disease. Unable to walk except on crutches, confined closely to the house and to his invalid chair, obliged to give up the practice of his profession, he turned mentally in many directions to find something to occupy his mind and help him to forget severe bodily pain.

And so, there lies before me, a thin, square book, the binding of his own home workmanship, and marked on the back in his handwriting: "Memoranda." Between the covers I find short essays, perhaps a page or less in length, upon various old-fashioned subjects: "On Slavery," "On Perseverance," "On Hope," "On History," and so on. [There is] a copy of the laws of Gorham Academy, which he attended as a boy; notifications of his election to various societies; several water-color paintings done by my mother before and soon after her marriage; a short journal; then "Dates of Principal Events."

Following this down, I find "Moved into my own house, December 31, 1850," the "own" being underscored.

The story of the house is a very prosaic one. There were no haunted rooms, no mysteriously opening doors, no strange noises that could not be accounted for with a large attic and three active children. It was built in 1840 by Mr. John Beetle, brother of Mrs. Barnard Marchant (great-grandmother of Mrs. Harriet Davis), who, with her husband

and family, lived next door.

In plan and appearance, it was typical of many houses of that time: a plain, single, two-story-and-a-half building with gable end toward the street, a type that was rapidly taking the place of the old-time fashion of the front door in the side, though it retained the seats on each side of the front steps. Except that the plan was reversed, the door being on the right, [and] there was no side piazza, it looked very much like the house back of the D. A. R. Historical Building.¹

As in nearly all houses of its kind, you entered the front door into a good-sized entry. There were no "halls" in those days, they were all "entries." On the left was the door opening into the parlor, on the right, a window in the side and stairs running to the second story. Those stairs, with banister and newel post, are now in the second story, running to the third floor.

The space under the stairs was walled in as a closet. In this closet were three long shelves running lengthwise and my chief interest lay in the two handboxes that stood on the lower shelf and held my sisters' and my best bonnets (little girls wore bonnets in those days), while on the top shelf were jars and tumblers of homemade preserves.

Passing down the length of the entry, you came to the "keeping room," occasionally called the "sitting room." One never heard of a "living room." Opening into this, on the left, was a small bedroom. Next to these came the kitchen, also used as a dining room, and, again on the left, another bedroom and the back entry.

Now in this back entry was the back door, frequently used by neighbors in their afternoon calls, and sometimes by others not so neighborly in point of residence, but doubtless wishing to be friendly. My mother, from New York,² did

¹ That house, now part of the Dukes County Savings Bank, is the first house on the left side of School Street, going away from Main Street.

² Her mother was Mary Ann McCashion, born in Orange County, N.Y., in 1821. When Dr. Shiverick bought the house she was 30, he was 32. They had two children, Charlotte E., 3, and the author, Anna Josepha, 1. A son, Frances Clement, born later, died very young.



The Shiverick house looked like this before being rebuilt by the doctor's widow.

not understand these neighborly ways of a small New England town and, greeting her first back-door visitor with a look of horror and amazement, gasped forth, "I..I.. I have a front door." However, she learned in time and, let us hope, the callers understood the situation.

In the second story, the rooms corresponded with those below, except one in the back where a piece was walled off to accommodate the stairs running up to the garret. This garret was the size of the house, but at one end a small room had been built for the maid of all work, should one happen to be fortunate enough to find so rare a commodity.

Sometimes, we had one, but more often we did not. I can just remember, very dimly, Irish Eliza busy at the kitchen sink, which stood under a window on the side overlooking the Marchant yard. Then came Mary Ann, who was dismissed for indulging too freely in the cup that not only cheers, but also inebriates, and who, with tears rolling down her cheeks, took me up on her lap and, taking off her heavily embroidered collar, put it around my neck as a parting gift (please remember I was only a toddler) and pinned her breast pin, a glorious affair of glittering yellow glass, on the front of my sister's dress. We were dazzled! But I think she really loved us and found the going hard. The breast pin for a long time played a conspicuous part in dressing up my sister's

doll, but I never knew what became of the collar. Perhaps I was too insistent upon wearing it.³

The day for tiny panes of glass had passed and the windows were considered very up-to-date with their 10 by 12 [inch] glazings. Some of those windows are still doing duty in the back and on one side of the house. Nearly all the rooms had fireplaces. Over the fireplaces were mantelpieces so high that even the older generation sometimes found difficulty in seeing what might lie thereon. One of these, from the old keeping room, is now in the D. A. R. Historical Building.⁴ In the summer, and in the winter if the fireplaces were not in use, they [their openings] were filled with fireboards. The winter fireboards were solid to keep out the draught, but for summer they were made with swivels, like window blinds, to let in the air. Several of these old fireboards are now in my attic. One is covered with a vast expanse of blue-green paper, with a gorgeous border all around.

In the kitchen, beside the fireplace, was the brick-lined closet-like oven for baking, such as may still be seen in some of the old houses. Possibly this one may have been used for baking, though I have no recollection of it. Not altogether, however, for in my attic is the tin "baker" in which the meat was roasted or the bread baked as it stood on the broad brick hearth in front of the fire. In [the] course of time, the old brick oven became a play closet for us children.⁵

Incidentally, Mr. Beetle planted the two elm trees on the lane side and they were already flourishing young saplings when we came there.

About two years after my father bought the house [in 1851], he had the wing built. This stood at right angles with

³ Anna's memory may be playing tricks. In addition to the maids she remembered, there were others, as listed in the 1860 and 1870 Federal Censuses: in 1860, Jane Hyde, 21, from New York; in 1870, Jane Treadwell, 60, a black woman whose daughter, 9, also lived with them.

⁴ It is not clear where it is today. The D.A.R. building has been extensively remodeled since becoming a bank.

⁵ As we will read later, it was torn down and replaced by a closet. The children did not play in the oven!

the main building, overlapping it at the back a few feet, and extended out to the lane. It contained the new kitchen, the old one being remodeled into a dining room, used also as a sitting room. [The new wing also contained] an office, back stairs and small entry, with outside door reached from the lane by a long piazza-like step for office use. Back of these were a wood house, a new back entry with a new back door, and a small addition for various uses. To my sister and myself the most important part of this addition was the corner set aside for our cat's bed. The old back door now became the side door, altogether proper for neighborly calls.

My father followed the work with a great deal of interest and, after the kitchen floor was laid, a chair was kept there for him. Every day he would sit for a while, watching the work and chatting with the workmen, who were all friends and neighbors. Two of these, some of you will remember: Enoch Cornell and Deacon Thomas Coffin.⁶ I can just remember standing by my father's knee, looking on and listening. My father always called me "Topsy," because I seldom kept quiet for more than a few minutes at a time.

The second story not being needed was left unfinished for a play room. There were now two garret play rooms, known as the upper and the lower. The chief attraction of the latter was a "tilt board," which was sometimes a tilt board and sometimes a horse. One side of this lower garret was roughly partitioned off as a room for my father's medical and surgical paraphernalia and went by the name of the North Room. Among the things stored there were two fully articulated skeletons, hanging side by side against the wall. A few years later, when I was about seven years old, my sister two years older, a cousin came to visit us. We were so accustomed to the skeletons that, while doubtless they made us feel a little solemn, it never occurred to us to feel really afraid.

Not so with my cousin, however. To her, they were an absolute terror. Not realizing this, my mother, wanting

⁶ Enoch C. Cornell, 24 years old at the time, was a painter. He was the son of Gardner T. Cornell, a baker. In the 1860 census, he is listed as "Artist." After serving briefly in the Civil War, he became an Edgartown photographer. Deacon Coffin, 70, was a carpenter.

something one day from the North Room, sent her up to get it. She was scared, but she was plucky. Those skeletons were liable any minute to get down and walk! Catching up what she came for, she was about to run, but feeling the positive necessity of doing something to propitiate them, with her heart in her mouth, she stepped back, politely shook each skeleton by the hand and wishing each "Good morning," as she did so, turned and fled.

One day, about the same time, my sister dashed into the room where my mother was, exclaiming, "Oh, I feel just like screaming!"

"Well," said my mother, "go right up to the garret and scream if you want to."

Taking her at her word, upstairs my sister went. I went too. Drawing a long breath, she screamed. I drew a long breath and screamed too. But this did not meet the exigencies of the occasion, so she drew a very long breath and shrieked, at the same time throwing a tiny plate down stairs. I helped all I could. Mr. Marchant was in his back yard. My mother saw him through the window throw a startled glance around, then with a look of deep concern on his face, come hurrying over. It fell to her to make the explanation, but her only comment to us was "I didn't think you would make *quite* such a noise."

In the middle 1860s a few changes were made in the interior of the house, to modernize and make it more convenient.⁷ The keeping room and adjoining bedroom were thrown together, making one long room the width of the house. The fireplaces in the keeping and dining rooms were closed and the old high mantel pieces were taken down and relegated to the garret. The brick oven was taken out of the dining room and its place filled with a modern closet. Several other minor changes were made.

In the winter of 1871–72, my mother and I spent our first winter in the South. There, she became interested in the old southern homes, built with a broad hall running through

⁷ Though Anna doesn't tell us, her father, the doctor, had died in 1857, so all this was going on with her mother in charge.

Photo courtesy Mrs. Ruth (Nevin) Galley.



By 1912, the house was owned by Dr. C. C. Nevin, whose father, William C. Nevin, stands outside it.

the length of the house, with an outside door at each end. With each successive winter, passed largely in one of these houses, her interest increased and, after our return in the spring of 1875, she called in movers and carpenters.

[She] had the house turned, with the side toward the street and a 12-foot addition built on so that the long middle room became a long hall running through, with an outside door at each end. The old front door was transferred to the other end of the hall and is now doing duty as the back hall door, with the same outside trimmings.

Changes were made everywhere, the whole inside of the main building being torn out. Long [tall] windows were put in on the front and lane side, folding doors [were] put in and a piazza added [in front]. The kitchen again became a dining room and a second new kitchen appeared, making the third since the first building. Only two rooms, the parlor and the guest room, or as it was then called, the "spare room" above [the parlor] to some extent escaping the general upheaval. In these [two rooms], the wide windows and

fireplaces were taken out, otherwise they remained the same but with a different outlook.

When the old stone jail that stood on the corner of Main and Church Streets, in what is now the Court House grounds, was torn down, the builder who had charge of our work had taken some of the long stone beams. When he proposed to use one of these as a central supporting upright beam, my mother, who always wanted plenty of shelves, closets and convenient corners with nails to hang things on, said No. She wanted a wooden beam that nails, which were often convenient in a cellar, could be driven into. To her mind the matter was settled. When the cellar was finished and she went down on a tour of inspection, the first thing that greeted her eye was the old stone beam from the jail standing straight and upright in the middle of the cellar. It is still there.

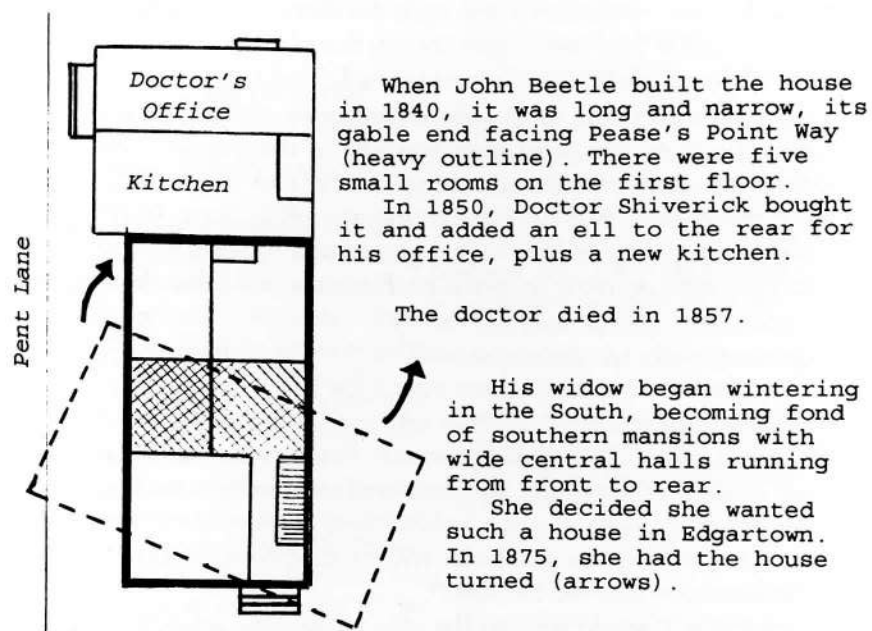
Contrary to my mother's plans, she was persuaded to have a cupola built on the French roof. Neither of us cared much about it. It had too much the effect of a handle. But, oh, the gorgeous sunsets it has enabled us to see! And how we all run [to it], when the fire bell sounds. The fatal persistency with which some of the men called it the "cupolon" and the dormer window the "dormon window," was funny and exasperating.

In those days, our carpenters and painters did not, as now, understand finishing hard woods. So when the walnut stairs were finished, two or three coats of heavy varnish were put on [while] the weather was damp. Then, someone said, "This hall is fine for dancing. You should have a dance." So, a dance I had.

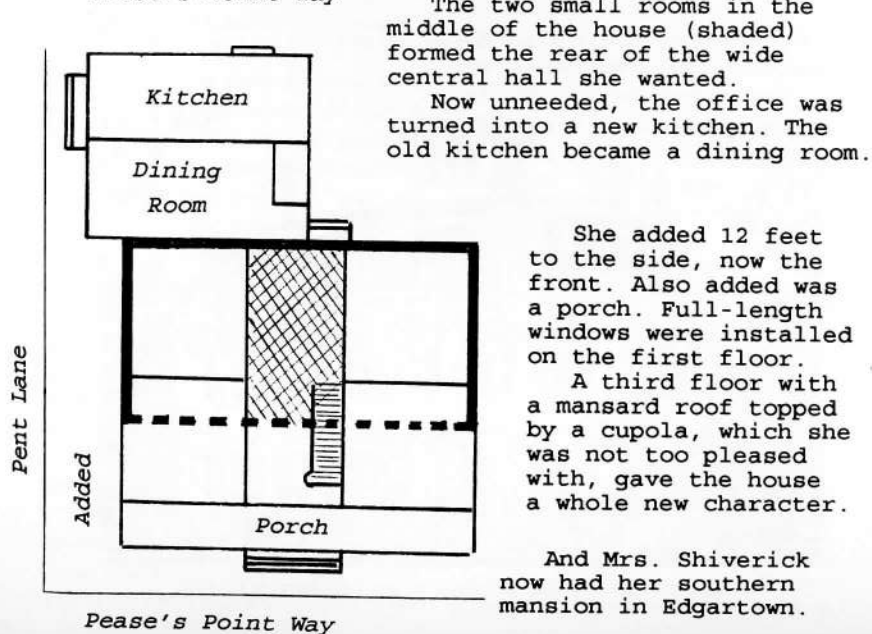
Those who did not dance sat on the stairs and looked on. Those were the days of voluminous skirts, trimmed with row upon row of fine knife-pleating. When the wearers tried to get up, those voluminous skirts stuck fast. As far as I know, no lasting damage was done to the skirts, but only time and dry weather put the stairs in condition.

The house bears no resemblance now, within or without, to that which Mr. Beetle built over 90 years ago. But here

Turning a House Into a Southern Mansion



Pease's Point Way



Pease's Point Way

and there are reminders if one looks for them. The old stairs with banister and newel post intact, the old windows, the broad floorboards with their wide cracks and cross-piecing, the Christian doors with well-defined cross, the old garret stairs (now on the third floor running to the cupola), the old front door with its trimmings at the end of the hall, the office entry and back stairs and the office door, (now on the lane side, but no longer in use and looking a little forlorn with no steps to guard it). Even the old brass door knobs are religiously preserved, though just now ignominiously lying in a pasteboard box on a closet shelf.

So there she stands, lacking only a few towers and turrets to be a good example of what was considered the correct thing in mid-Victorian architecture. Perhaps her day may yet return. Meanwhile, she may well possess her soul in patience, for with 93 years behind her, she surely cannot be in the infant class. And who will say that even the fourth kitchen may not yet be built!⁸

But how I would love to [be able to] say my house was built in 1776!

⁸ The building is now 153 years old. More beautiful than ever, it is now a lovely inn with, no doubt, a fourth kitchen.



Today's Shiverick Inn, a tribute to an imaginative widow.

Documents

A Running Account Of Matters & Things

by REV. HENRY BAYLIES

Although, he is headmaster of Dukes County Academy and a former minister, Henry Baylies is young, only 27 years old. His ailing wife, Harriett, is even younger, 25 years old. She is his second wife (his first, the beloved Hannah, died of consumption less than two years after their marriage). For someone only 27 years old, Henry has been through a lot.

He never tells us what is wrong with the youthful Harriett, no doubt he doesn't know. One of our members, Dr. Thomas N. Cross of Ann Arbor, Michigan, has found a hint of at least part of her problems. He wrote to the Editor:

"I always read the pages of the Intelligencer with an interested medical eye.

"When there is some doubt about a word, I'm interested enough to offer a suggestion. On the top of page 89 [November 1993], Harriette is suffering from 'a sharp taste, green . . .' and then there is a word that looks like 'goaccum.' I wonder if it's 'guaiacum,' which is a kind of wood which produces a resin used in medicine to detect the presence of blood; at the very beginning of A Study in Scarlet, Sherlock Holmes scoffs at 'the old guaiacum test' as being 'clumsy and uncertain.' And maybe Henry Baylies was a little uncertain about spelling 'guaiacum.'

"The one indication for 'bleeding' is hypertension. Since Harriette suffered from blood, which was 'black as tar . . . rush (ing) to her head' and was so much better

after the bleeding, I think one of her difficulties was hypertension."

Thank you, Doctor.

Friday, March 15, 1850. A delightful Spring's day. School not quite so full today, probably in consequence of the masters' services¹ being required on the farm. Several young ladies visited the school this P.M. Declamations & Compositions passed off as usual.

I proposed a Religious meeting for a few moments after school & was happy to see a large proportion of the pupils remain. I spoke to some length on the subject of Religion, both to professed Christians & non-professed. I proposed to all who felt they loved the Lord & that their sins were pardoned to arise. When all the professors, including several young converts, arose, I proposed to those desiring to become Christians, etc., to arise. What to my surprise seven or eight arose readily. I regret I had not commenced these meetings before. I think them very profitable. Two who tonight professed conversion, I learn, have felt different from the other meeting. Young Christians need a great deal of instruction. I feel that my coming to this place may not be in vain in the Lord.²

After ten I rec'd a letter, via Edgartown, from Rev. T. Ely, P.E. of Prov. Dist. inquiring whether I am able & design to receive an appointment at the next Conf. I have this evening answered him that it will be

¹ The "masters," of course, were the male pupils.

² Baylies felt guilty for having left the ministry, which he did because of chronic bronchitis. His voice couldn't take the long sermons delivered in those days. He hoped to go back to preaching.

impracticable for me to preach at present, solely in consequence of physical disability.

On reading his very kind & brotherly letter, I felt almost as if I would answer in the affirmative & this suggested to my dear wife. A moment's reflection, at her suggestion, brought me to my senses & I took my pen as above & set down & wrote No. I will not murmur No! It is all right. The Lord is my Father & He knows best. I'll trust Him in all things. He has never betrayed my trust & he never will! May I never betray mine!

Have this evening finished a slight review of Hornes [?] *Introduction*, an invaluable work to the Bible student. Duties at present press me very hard. I feel quite fatigued this evening, yet it is nothing more than I might expect.

Saturday, March 16, 1850. The morning bright & summer-like. In absence of Mrs. Hannah Look's carriage, which I have always hired, I procured Mr. John Look's horse & waggon to take my dear wife out to ride.³ I went first to the P. Office to mail a letter to Br. Ely & became full satisfied she would not be able to ride in such an uneasy carriage. Consequently, I procured Capt. James Mayhew's carriage, a very nice & easy one. I paid Mr. Look 25 cents but Capt. M. would take nothing for his carriage & offered it me any time I wished, together with his horse

³ Hannah was widow of David Look, who owned West Tisbury's two mills, a grist mill and a carding mill. When he died in 1837 Hannah sold the carding and weaving mill (now the Garden Club) to Thomas Bradley, but kept the grist mill on the Tiasquin River. She died in 1877. John Look, who lived near Hannah, was a distant relative of David. Both men married Nickerson girls, apparently sisters, from Dennis.

if not in use, m'welcome.⁴ This was certainly very unexpected from so entire a stranger. Certainly the Lord raises up funds [?] to me. We rode on the South Chilmark road about 2 1/2 miles to the top of the hill beyond the late Capt. Clement Norton's farm.⁵ The road to that point is very good & the prospect from the hill delightful. From the rode [sic] side I obtained a specimen of conglomerate containing bone — one bone in a very perfect state of preservation; also a small stone bearing marks of having been subject to great heat & of a different texture from any I have before seen. On reaching the summit of the hill I attempted to cross over to the hill to the north road near the Meth. M. House,⁶ but had not proceeded far when I gave it up as an almost hopeless undertaking & returned by the same road I went.

Hattie endured the ride finely, apparently much better than I did for I found myself exceedingly exhausted on return.

Have accomplished very little with Books today. Between riding, resting & company, the day has worn away rather tediously. Mr. Chas. P. Allen of Chilmark & for many years consul at Macapuh [Macapa] on the Amazon called upon me this P.M. for the second time. Mr. A. is quite communicative & much may be

⁴ Capt. James Mayhew lived on Music Street. He married Caroline Cottle. The last bit is unclear; m'welcome looks most likely. Is that an idiom for I'm welcome to it?

⁵ This would be, it seems, at Abel's Hill.

⁶ The "north road" is today's Middle Road, where the Chilmark Methodist Church was at the time. He seems to be trying to drive across open fields.

learned relative to the Brazilian People & country. I judge from his conversation that Mr. A. is a gentleman of no fortune, having spent his income in entertaining strangers & friends at his house while Consul. He was in Brazil during the Revolution & at one time threw his doors open to a very large number of refugees from an adjoining city (Parah), etc. He mentioned to me today the case of an Irish Gentleman of extraordinary accomplishments of person & mind whom he entertained a year. Mr. A. pronounced this Irish gentleman the most accomplished man he ever saw. Sad to relate he died a drunkard's death. This splendid genius was consumed by his own brilliancy — the caresses of noble admirers introduced him to vicious, delusive & destructive habits. What a comment on the frailty of poor unsanctified human nature!

I met once with a similar instance in Theodore Dwight, the nephew of Prest. Dwight. Heaven grant I may never become personally acquainted with another such instance.⁷

Have this evening been reading Watson's sermons, 2nd vol. This is the last vol. of the course. I regret I must hurry over this vol. somewhat rapidly. I shall certainly read these sermons at another time very carefully.

Thus has another week passed, crowned with divine mercies. What poor returns have I made for these generous mercies! Thus far the Lord

⁷ The uncle must be Timothy Dwight, famed president of Yale College from 1795 to 1817. Nephew Theodore Dwight (1796-1866) started to study theology under President Dwight, "but illness forced him to abandon it . . . and he visited Europe for his health." Appleton's *American Biography*, 1887.

hath led me on. Thus far his power prolongs my days. And every evening shall make known I am fresh in mind of his praise. He forgives my follies past & gives me grace for days to come.⁸

Monday, March 18th, 1850. Yesterday, Sab., staid at home with wife & spent most of the day in reading Watson's Sermons & the even. in writing on the relation the gold mania of California may hold to the diffusion of Christianity.

Harriette, the dear, was not so well yesterday. She probably took some cold Sat. & was distressed with something similar to stoppages in her stomach. She took a blue pill & three doses of Holman's Restorative before any actions of the bowels & removal of the distress. She is today better in this respect. For several days past she has vomitted up her food, which has wrenched her stomach & lungs very much. Her vomiting was doubtless caused by eating unsuitable food. Our food is not all cooked in the most approved style. Today she coughed up blood of a fresh color. I rejoice in her recovery with great trembling.

This noon heard a suggestion that Mrs. Look was not designing to take us to board & this P.M. I rec'd a note to this effect from her in which she says she was over persuaded to take us. Her business, she pleads, is such as to forbid her assuming any more cares.⁹

After school, although it was snowing quite severely, I called at Capt. James Mayhew's to inquire for board.

⁸ The ink has faded and these lines are very faint. Some words here may not be accurate.

⁹ Hannah Look, as mentioned above, was the widow of David Look. She managed the grist mill near her house on the Tiasquin River at the Chilmark-West Tisbury line.

Capt. & Mrs. Mayhew appeared very pleasantly & appeared ready to accommodate us, but such is the precarious state of Mrs. M's health so not to warrant taking boarders.¹⁰

I had made up my mind if I did not succeed then to look not further but announce to the Trustees I can not stay. Consequently, I immediately went up & saw Wm. A. Mayhew Esq., to whom I announced my purpose. He appeared almost thunderstruck & replied it must not be so. He seems to think he can assist me to a boarding place. I'll wait & see what he can do. I feel quite unconcerned or rather un-anxious, un-anxious about staying here. I have had such difficulty about board. I prejudged, in my record a day or two since, the providence of God concerning our boarding place, yet I have just as much confidence now as ever that it will all come out right.

Had an opportunity of sending a bundle & note to parents this morn & rec'd a return this evening. I have very kind parents who are ever ready to supply all our wants, often anticipating them.

Harriett suggests playfully that what I am writing (my journal) will some day be published. Perfect nonsense! Had I a thought these pages would ever be read by other than myself I should write more carefully. Composing carefully after a long day's work when it is full time one should be in bed is not an easy task. I have one consolation in my writings, whatever of worth they may contain must remain latent for no one will attempt

¹⁰ Captain Mayhew, mentioned above, lived on Music Street where it curves north towards Middle Road.

to decipher my hieroglyphics.¹¹

Thursday, March 21, 1850. The record of the last three days is one of suffering on the part of dearest Harriett & care & anxiety on my own. Tuesday morning she felt quite comfortable. At noon, ate a small piece of Bacon, at 2 1/2 felt some pain in the bowels & when I came in at 4 she was laying down in some pain. I very soon went to the Dr. & procured some Laudanum, of which I gave her a dose.¹² So severe the pain became that I hastened again to the Dr. & procured some Choline [?]. When I returned she was in greater agony & had discharged blood freely, her discharges had been frequent & scalding. Just after tea she fainted frequently from severe pain & thus she remained, fainting from agony all the evening. At 10 o'clock, some of the people coming in from meeting, we (Mrs. Smith & self) sent for Dr. Luce. He said he never saw any person suffer so severely — was surprised the medicine I had administered had no effect. He administered a dose of Morphine. It had no effect. Gave another dose which induced a little drowsiness. About 2 o'clock A.M. of Wednesday I lay down on the bed with her & she rested (slept) a little.

All Wednesday she felt very weak & very deathly — the effect of the pain & medicine. Towards evening I gave her an injection which very much relieved her. Wed. night I lay down

¹¹ How wrong Henry was, the Editor thinks, as he struggles with the fading ink and the lazy handwriting.

¹² Laudanum is a mixture of opium (then legal) and alcohol, an effective pain killer, as one might imagine.

with her with my clothes on, in case of emergency & we both slept finely all night. Today she is improving slowly — feels, as she might expect, sore & weak.

Friends as usual have been very kind. The immediate cause of this attack I suppose to be the Bacon she ate, for she threw up a portion of it at 5 o'clock unchanged & discharged some of it in that same state. Her stomach had become quite weak before by eating, I think, some unhealthy beef steak. She had not since her sickness thrown up her food before eating this steak, which she usually threw up — that is a portion. I ate of the steak & during the whole week's rundown in health I lay it to the beef, to which there was a very peculiar flavor & smell.¹³

During the greatest severity of agony which it seems possible a human being could endure, she was praising God for his benefits. She felt she could not live long unless she obtained relief & yet she expressed very frequently a strong desire not to murmur or complain, for it was all right. Her expressions of confidence in God were varied & strong. She had hoped she said to live & go with me on a Mission to some poor heathens — her only desire to live was for the cause of Christ & for me. 'Twas sad to witness her awful agony but 'twas joyous to observe her compassion, her peace, her joy. This was the triumph of faith.

She said to me since she felt God granted her power to suffer, she felt this grace was different from that granted when she appeared dying before, that was dying grace. She could distinguish.

¹³ It is unbelievable that such meat would be given to someone as sick as Harriet.

Praise God, for such great power. I felt he gave me grace to see her suffer & to give her into his hands to suffer as much as he should permit & if he should judge best to take [her] away to himself.

This is the third time since we were married I have felt called upon to hold her with an open hand & to offer her to the Lord if he should see best to take her. But he has spared her to such great mercy for which I will praise & magnify his holy name.

What leisure moments I could secure in school, beside the time taken to be in the house with H, I have spent in making up my accounts to settle with the Trustees. By some means or other my money falls rather short. I have not fully investigated. Perhaps it may come out right. Have not yet procured a boarding place. It now appears quite doubtful if a good boarding place, such an one as I want, can be obtained. I want a place in a neat, still family with comfortable accommodations — that's all.

Friday, March 22, 1850. The weather has very much moderated, so that this has been a very comfortable, pleasant day. Dear Hattie is this evening appearing very comfortable. She has been up frequently today & eating. Her appetite remains quite poor. I feel very grateful for her comfortable situation.

This being the last Friday in the Term, we had declamations & compositions for others than those whose regular term it was. Several of the friends were in, including some of the Trustees & the exercises passed off very creditably.

Called on Wm. A. Mayhew Esq.,

after school.¹⁴ He accompanied me home & we came to a settlement on accounts of Tuition & Books. I have paid the Institution, through him, \$114.50, the tuition bills of this term, & about \$40 on books sold & hired. Esq. Mayhew allowed me \$4 cash & \$2 deficiencies as my commission. The deficiencies arose from such an intricate & four-penny business [?] as selling books, pens & pencils & paper, etc.

Doubt still rests over my staying another term but the Lord directs & he will make all plain in the season.

Monday, March 25, 1850. Real Winter, perfect & entire, wanting nothing. Last Saturday, it commenced snowing in the morning, continued unabated till about midnight. Sab. [Sabbath] very pleasant "overhead." It is piercing cold. The wind almost a hurricane. Poor sailors, I pity them.

I accomplished very little in reading or anything else on Saturday. I called at Bro. Asa Johnson in the morn to make a final effort at obtaining a boarding place. I had hinted the subject to Sister J. Friday, even telling her I should call down in the morning & see her & she need not say No. When I called in Sat. morning I told her I had come down to see what room we were to have, to which she replied I suppose this, if any. She agreed to take us at \$5.00 per week, including washing, fuel & light. I called them this morning & concluded the bargain. Thus has kind Providence ordered affairs that at last I have secured perhaps the best boarding place in the

neighborhood. I have felt all along that it would come out right in the end, although I knew not whether I should be able to stay here or go away.¹⁵

Bro. J's is a Methodist family & that will be a very happy circumstance here, deprived as we are of our peculiar religious privileges.

Sabbath was spent with my dear wife at home. In consequence of the snow, the church was not opened. We spent the day, I trust, not unprofitably. I read perhaps 100 pp. of Watson's *Sermons*.

Last night dearest Harriett was attacked most severely with pain in her bowels, very like the attack of Tues. last. I gave her two doses of my Cholerine & a dose of morphine before any relief was obtained. I then gave a warm injection & a dose of Salts in absence of a better medicine. It all had the desired effect. She got asleep about three o'clock.

All this I did alone without alarming the family although H. fainted three times from the severity of the pain. The Lord was very Kind in granting so Speedy a relief.

Dearest H. has today felt about as well as yesterday, some weakness caused by the severe pain. From the appearance of the evacuations I judge the cause of this attack was some stewed (boiled) whortleberries which Mrs. Smith prepared, thinking they might regulate her bowels instead of medicine. My beloved wife is probably in a . . . [here follows a line in what appears

¹⁵ The Asa Johnsons (he was a farmer) ran a boarding house in the large residence next to Alley's Store, opposite Brandy Brow. In August 1850, five months later, there were 10 persons living there, but Henry and Harriet were not among them.

to be Greek, which the editor cannot translate].

My school today has been rather small in consequence of the deep snow & bad passing. I have this evening written to my parents stating H's health & our proposal for the future. But how uncertain the future! We know not what a day will bring forth. I feel the need of great grace to keep me prepared for the vicissitudes of life. The Lord has been very good to me & in mercy has ever afflicted me. "Goodness & mercy shall follow me all the days of my life." The Lord has thus far given me grace to meet the afflictions of my life with fortitude & why should I now distrust? "In the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion; in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me upon a rock." Ps. XXVII.5.

Tuesday, March 26, 1850. My First Term as Pedagogue is closed. My trunk is packed, carriage engaged & the time for leaving appointed at 8 ½ tomorrow morning, the Lord willing. Have settled with the Trustees & with Mrs. Smith, my landlady, etc., etc., etc., etc.¹⁶

Friday, March 29, 1850. Quite a change of place since my last entry. The closing of my school was not a scene void of interest. I made quiet extended remarks to the pupils upon various topics, naturally coming under review. Many of the young ladies were affected to tears.

A little incident occurred. The Clock

¹⁶ This, the briefest of all entries, was written with a lead pencil. Obviously, his pen and ink bottle had been packed. There is a slippancy to his handwriting. He was probably exhausted, emotionally and physically, after getting ready for the early morning move to Asa Johnson's.

in my school room ran down & stopped at precisely 4 o'clock, thus declaring its termination of labor for the Term.

The evening (Tuesday) spent in packing & preparing for our expected journey. Paid Mrs. Smith my board bill, amounting to \$33, to which I added \$5 for extra \$, etc., on acc't of H's sickness. She however refused to keep it & at length laid down \$2, keeping only the \$3. In accordance with a partial agreement I paid \$5 towards the payment of Miss Smith, my Assistant.¹⁷ Wednesday morning at about 9 o'clock, we started for Holmes Hole. The day proved very favorable for the journey — not very cold — no wind & no sun to shine upon the dazzling snow. Dearest Hattie made the journey to H.H. much more easily that I feared (hoped). Arriving at Rev. Bro. Talbott's, she laid down & rested near two hours before the arrival of the Boat for N.B. [New Bedford].

Meanwhile I called up Dr. Ruggles Sen. to see her. He pronounced quite as favorably upon her case as I hoped, yet I often seriously fear. I settled with him for his attendance upon her during her sickness. For the three visits & this one to Bro. T's, he charged only \$3.50. He said to me when I asked his charge, "If you were not a minister, I should charge you \$2 a visit but as it is, only \$1 a visit. I can live at that," said he, "& indeed I could afford to come for nothing, for your influence there is very great & would be for my benefit."

This bill was much more favorable at usual charges than I expected. Bro.

¹⁷ Miss Maria Smith was a teacher at the Academy. It is not known if she was related to landlady Smith. The Academy seems to have been subsidizing her room and board.

¹⁴ William Mayhew lived at the intersection of Old County and Edgartown-West Tisbury roads. He was the Treasurer of the Academy.

Talbott's hospitality enjoyed, on the arrival of the Boat we proceed on our journey.

Dear H. felt miserably on the boat but did not reveal her feelings to me. We arrived in N.B. at about 2 P.M. & proceeded to the Parker House undetermined whether to remain in N.B. over night or to go on to Prov. I left it all with dear H. yet I really felt exceedingly anxious lest she should fall sick there among strangers & be unable to reach home. I procured some medicine for her & she felt so much more comfortable she resolved to proceed & we reached Prov. about 1/4 past 5.

During the last part of the road, H. felt better, much than while on the boat although there she did not suffer at all from the motion of the boat or seasickness. While in N.B. I called for the first time since marriage to Harriett at Father Wilcox's. Elizabeth met me at the door & greeted me quite cordially as formerly. Mother W. shook hands with me & appeared nearly as formerly. Conversation turned on my ~~sudden~~ [crossed out] marriage & as Mother W. thought very sudden marriage. She said she at first felt very badly, as I doubt not she did, for what I have before heard, but she had now given up the subject. At first she thought she could not see Harriette but now she was willing to see her. Elizabeth said but little. None others of the family were at home. On the whole the old Lady appeared much better towards me than I expected. It was a severe trial for me, knowing the disposition of Mother W, to call for this first time. Not that I felt conscious of wrong in intention or act, however for

I felt the approval of my own judgment, conscience & God.¹⁸

They related to me a great deal of gossip about my second marriage which passes for nothing, its real value. My stay was necessarily short.

Our reception at Father Budlong's was very cordial — much more so that we expected, all previous circumstances considered. No one at home but Father & Mother B, Addie & Sewal [?] in Boston. Revelations since our return seem to explain A's tarrying in B. so long. Thursday as I anticipated was a very stormy day — snow. Spent day at home & down street. Furnished myself a pair of Boots & Slippers at Bro. Miller's. Friday, delightful weather but bad walking. Procured some cloth for pants, leather, etc. Dr. Fabyian [?] up this P.M. to see and bleed Harriette. He bled her & prescribed for her. The blood taken was dark & thick, but not quite of the consistency as that before taken from her arm.

Saturday, March 30. At 9 o'clock took stage & rode to Pawtucket & visited quite a number of my most intimate friends. All I met greeted me cordially. Very few changes in P. during my absence — indeed during the year. Rev. Bro. Giffin has about recovered & is able to preach for them. They wish him to return another year. Harriette is feeling better today.

Sabbath, March 31. I have the pleasure of attending prayers with H's family each morning & officiating. This is a privilege I had hardly hoped when I came into the family. I enjoyed the

¹⁸ The Wilcoxs were the family of his first wife, Hannah. This was his first visit to them since his marriage to Harriet Budlong, only a year after Hannah died. It was a touchy situation.

season of prayer this morning very much.

Father Budlong said he would be pleased to have me go to church with him & as I had not concluded where to attend I thought to please the old gentleman & accompanied him over to St. John's (Episcopal), 1 1/2 miles distant. It was with them Easter Sabbath Sacrament. Accordingly, we read prayers, etc., together from 10 1/2 A.M. till 1 P.M.

The walk over & the exercise while there of getting up & sitting down perfectly fatigued me so that my back really ached. I succeeded in finding all the readings very readily & accompanied the church in an audible voice through the whole service. At the invitation of Father B, I tarried to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. I should however have tarried of my own accord, but that we were dismissed so formally from which I was led to suppose the service all through. I was struck with the proceedings at the altar. While the elements were being administered to those kneeling, others

crowded around waiting their turn & as soon as those kneeling had partaken they retired, giving place to the others. It proceeded through the whole administration.

I stood waiting till three courses had partaken before I could kneel at the altar. I was reminded of the line of one of our hymns, "Crowd to your places at the feast."

I was so much fatigued on returning home I did not attend church in the P.M.

After tea, called at Rev. Bro. Carver's [?] & took Rev. Bro. J. B. Gould out on a short walk. Bro. G. spent the evening with me last eve.

H. attended this eve the prayer meeting at Chestnut St., & I went down to Bro. Path's [?] at the 3rd church which worships in Hoppins Hill.

Bro. Potter called on me & I offered the opening [sic] prayer in which I felt the assistance of the Holy Spirit. The meeting was to me one of uncommon interest. Praise God for Salvation.

Harriette, my dear wife, has today felt better than for a length of time.

To be continued.

Correction

On page 111, February 1994, *Intelligencer*, the photograph of the B. T. Hillman at the town wharf was printed in reverse. It mistakenly shows the schooner on the north side of the wharf. It was actually tied up on the south side. The photo, taken from DCHS archives, had been printed in reverse and had gone undetected all these years. Our thanks to S. Bailey Norton for spotting the error.

LETTERS

Dear Editor:

Thanks for Carl MacKenzie's article. It was very real and well written. (*Intelligencer*, February 1994)

In 1939, the big bucks in fishing made me drop out of Mass. State College. I started as cook on the *Medric*, Capt. Harold Benway. He was married to Gale Huntington's wife's sister, Bernice. They were daughters of Tom Tilton. I went swordfishing with Tom on the *Three Belles* later.

On the *Medric*, I was cook during the dragging season and mastheader during swordfish season. Junior Alley and Jesse Oliver, Del Trot were swordfish cooks over the five-year span that I stayed with the *Medric*.

We had a lot of great trips, fishing the southern edge of Georges, down at the corner where the *Andrea Doria* sank. In August we often fished behind Nomans in 20 to 22 fathoms.

I think the best mastheader from the Island was David Vanderhoop from Gay Head. And one of the best strikers was Duber (Dagbard) Larsen, brother of Bjarne and Louis. I was a classmate of Bjarne at Tisbury High and know all the Larsen family. I know Eric Cottle very well, he also attended Tisbury High.

At masthead, it was easy to distinguish between a sword and a shark. The sword's tail and dorsel fin always follow each other in a straight line. The "swing tail" or shark moves his tail continuously from side to side.

Another help to spot the sword at a long distance was his color — brilliant royal blue. After he has been ironed the color fades to black in less than an

hour. The swordfish caught from June to August were usually royal blue on the back and the color of splashed-on aluminum below. In August you would get the big chocolate fish. Their backs were royal blue, but their undercarriage was like bronze paint. These fish were always huge, never under 300 pounds. We had several that tipped 400 pounds.

I stayed with my Uncle Norman West (Hershel's father) at Menemsha Creek, only a stone's throw from Dan Larsen. Both were lobstermen. I used to go on the *Hershel B.*, Norman's boat, to haul pots and afterward we would go looking for swords. One time we got two. On Sundays it was quite common for Norman to take out a group of girls from the YWCA camp in Vineyard Haven for a swordfish trip.

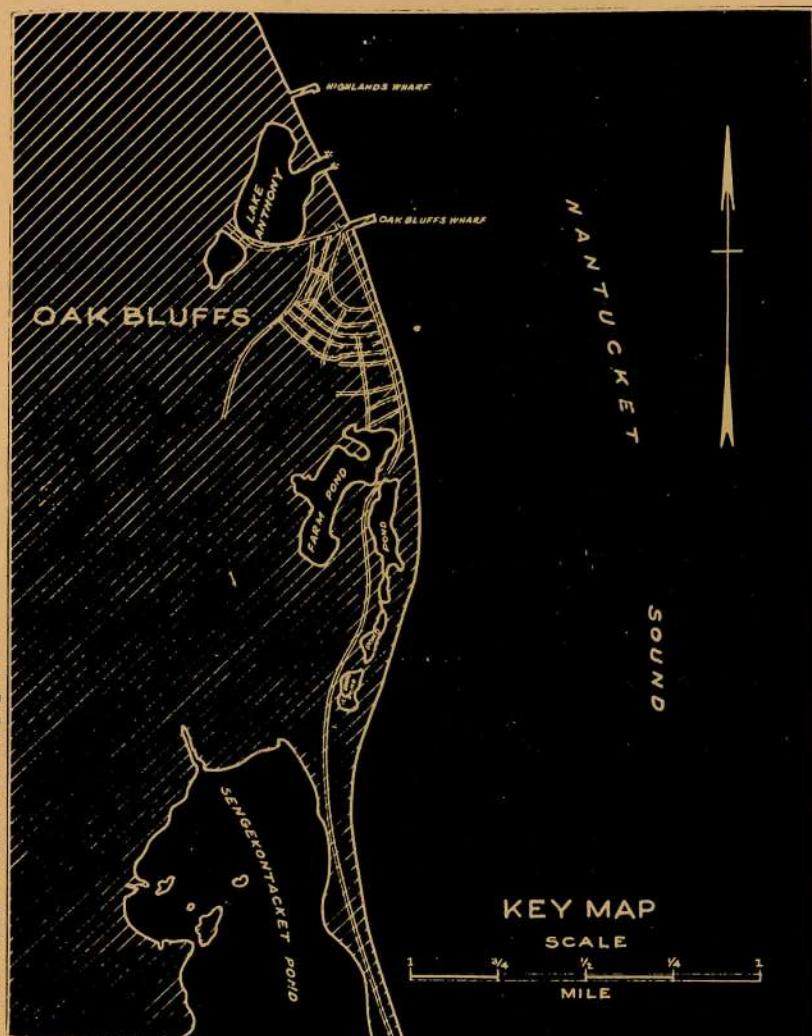
A harpooned fish is 50 times better eating and will keep longer with a pure pink color than one caught on long-line.

I had a fuel oil and kerosene business up-Island. Kerosene sales were great. Gay Head did not have electricity. Once a week I used to go to Gay Head and Chilmark and sell kerosene, that is why I know all the Indian families. Walter Manning, captain of the *Bozo*, once sold me a mounted wheel and tire he had pulled up while dragging for flounder on the backside of Nomans. German subs sank many merchant ships there and a lot of these wheels and tires were hauled up. I paid him \$20 for it.

Gay Head was the last town in Massachusetts to get electricity and even then not all the Indians had it.

Mel Cleveland
Framingham, Mass.

Dukes County Deeds, Book 144, page 543.



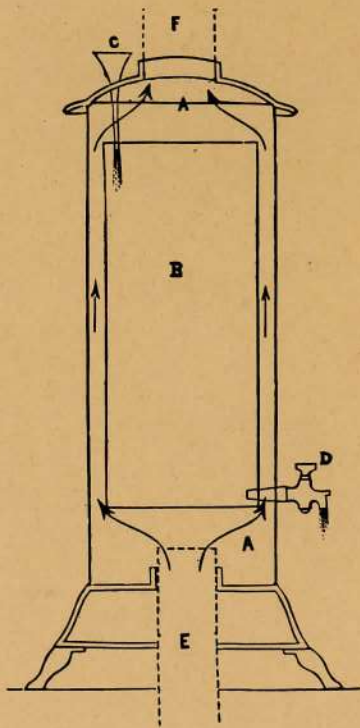
Before Harthaven was created, Farm Pond, south of Oak Bluffs, had no outlet to the Sound. About 1916, William Hart connected it and the string of smaller ponds, dredging and jettied an opening to the Sound.

MOORE'S

Heating & Hot Water Drum.

Patented December 7, 1875.

Chambers Warmed and Supplied with Hot
Water entirely by Waste Heat.



Nelson and Roswell Moore invented a hot-water heater that "recycled" wasted heat otherwise escaping up the chimney flue from "E" to "F".